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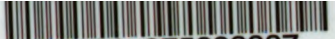
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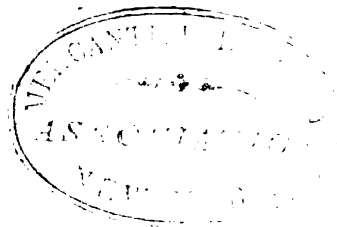
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# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Annual Biography and Obituary*, 1837, Vol. XXI. 8vo. pp. 474. Longman and Co.

As has been the case in all former years, and as will, no doubt, be the case in all years to come, almost every profession and employment has contributed its melancholy quota to the formation of the volume of *The Annual Biography and Obituary* under our notice. Religion—Bishop Van Mildert, Bishop Ryder, and Dr. Burton; Law—Lord Stowell, and Baron Smith; Medicine—Dr. Pearson; Literature—Mr. Godwin, Mr. Otley, Major Price, Sir Charles Wilkins, Mr. Colman, Mr. Wiffen, Mr. Mayne, and Mr. Walker; Science—Mr. Pond, Captain Horsburgh, and Dr. Henry; Arms—The Duke of Gordon, Lord De Saumarez, Sir William Inglis, Sir Christopher Cole, Sir Thomas Pakenham, and Sir John Gore; the Arts—Dr. Whitfield, Mr. Bannister, and Madame Malibran; Agriculture—Sir John Sinclair; Commerce—Mr. Rothschild, &c. &c. It would be exceedingly painful to contemplate this enumeration of what the country has lost, during the last twelvemonth, in piety, genius, learning, talents, valour, and industry, were it not for the consolation derived from the consideration of what it still possesses.

In a volume published under such peculiar circumstances, a large portion of original matter is hardly to be expected; but it is a strong recommendation of the work, that while, in its compilation, recourse is freely had to every available means of information, the sources from which that information has been obtained (the *Literary Gazette* among them), are particularised with scrupulous care. For instance, in the memoir of that eminent civilian and judge, Lord Stowell, which is the largest, and one of the most interesting in the volume, due acknowledgment is made to the *Law Magazine*, from which by much the larger portion of it has been derived. We subjoin two of the concluding paragraphs of that memoir.

"The varied life of Lord Stowell may be divided into three epochs, each of them marked by characters of peculiar excellence, and fraught with tokens of distinction. The first eighteen years were spent in classical pursuits at Oxford, in training the intellect of the aristocracy, in making philosophy teach by examples from the historian's chair. During the next fifteen years we trace through all the literary circles of London the 'Dr. Scott of the Commons,' the friend of Reynolds, and Burke, and Malone, the favourite of the Turk's Head Club, the oracle of the Consistory Court, delivering discourses on the regulation of the domestic forum, which Addison would have loved for their elegance, and Johnson for their morality. In the next thirty years we behold him in the admiralty chair, forming a system of national law from the ill-fashioned labours of his predecessors, erecting a temple of jurisprudence, and laying its foundations not on fleeting policy or on occasional interests, but in universal and immutable justice. His name has vanished from the peerage: he has left no son to transmit his honours. He had outlived his generation, and the candidates for noisy notoriety had concealed the retiring veteran from

the stage. He has sunk into the grave, not unwept, indeed, nor unhonoured, nor unsung, but with a less vivid expression of regret than if he had not exceeded the common span of human life. This is the natural penalty which extreme old age must be content to pay, and it would be idle to complain of it. But he has left a name which the proudest transmitter of hereditary rank might envy. The name of Scott, the title of Lord Stowell, can never be forgotten. 'Quidquid amavimus—quidquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis.' The honours he has won will be co-existent with the language, and require not for their preservation the blazoning of the Herald's Office. The piety of kinsmen will mark his head-stone: in the chapel of University College there is a vacant place near the statue of Sir William Jones which the gratitude of his friends may be expected to occupy with his name. But beyond the testimonies to departed worth of pious relations and affectionate friends, there is a national tribute due from his own country, which, for the sake of rising talent, and of those who shall come after, we hope to see cheerfully bestowed. National wealth is never more profitably invested than in recompensing national virtue, and they are little appreciators of human sympathies who undervalue the honours of the tomb. In his cathedral church, where a splendid cenotaph has been erected to the memory of Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood, the like memorial should not be wanting to his merit who raised the character of our country for justice to the same height to which his schoolfellow had exalted it by his valour; nor will that country escape the imputation of ingratitude to her most distinguished jurist, should St. Paul's be defrauded of his monument."

The following anecdote of Lord Stowell is, we believe, new; at least, we do not remember having met with it before:—

"Lord Stowell's love of 'seeing sights,' was on one occasion productive of a whimsical incident. A few years ago, an animal called a bonassus was exhibited somewhere in the Strand. On Lord Stowell's paying it a second visit, the keeper very courteously told his lordship that he could not think of taking money from him again, and that he was welcome to come, gratuitously, as often as he pleased. Within a day or two after this, however, there appeared, under the bills of the exhibition, in conspicuous characters, 'Under the Patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Stowell: an announcement, of which the noble and learned lord's friends availed themselves, by passing many a joke upon him; all which he took with the greatest good humour.'"

We will also select for quotation the brief Memoir of that well-known Oriental scholar Major David Price, which is entirely original, and written "by one of Major Price's old friends and companions in arms;"—we presume, Major Moor.

"The subject of this memoir embarked as a cadet for the Bombay establishment of 1780, in the Essex, when very young, but with the advantages of education at an English university; it is believed, however, that, although

he obtained a scholarship, he did not take a degree. He was a native of Wales. His father was of that meritorious class of rural ministers who labour through life on a small cure; little known beyond the limit of a narrow circle, but therein much revered and beloved. He is, however, respectfully recollected as a scholar of considerable literary and classical attainments. He was for many years engaged in preparing for holy orders young men of the principality, who, in his day, were not usually sent to a university. He was presented by the then Bishop of St. David's, in addition to the living of Aberystwith, to another benefice in Cardiganshire. This, it is understood, was in consideration of an able translation and publication of a volume of sermons. He grounded and forwarded his son's classical education at an early age. The death of his father reduced the means of meeting the expenses of education at Cambridge, and Mr. Price was removed thence and repaired to London; with what views and prospects we know not. It would appear, that, unprotected in this seductive metropolis, he fell into difficulties and distresses, from which he was relieved by the interposition of a friend, who obtained for him the appointment of a cadet in the army of India. On the voyage thither, the Essex bore a very distinguished part in the smart skirmish between the squadrons of Admiral Suffrein and Commodore Johnson, in Porto Praya Bay, off the island of St. Iago. Johnson committed the gross mistake of anchoring his fighting ships close in with the shore, and the merchantmen outside, so that the brunt of the action fell on the East India Company's ships. The increased facilities of watering gained by this dangerous position were, no doubt, the motive for risking it; but had the vigour of Suffrein's attack at all corresponded with that of his subsequent operations in the Indian seas, the result must have been deeply injurious to the reputation of the British navy. In the further prosecution of her voyage to India, the Essex was dismasted in a hurricane; but, after a variety of contingencies, some of them of a perilous nature, she reached Madras. Immediately on his arrival in India, Mr. Price, as an acting ensign, was thrown into active service on the Coromandel coast, under General Sir Hector Munro; and at Trincomalee, with the naval force of Admiral Sir Edward Hughes. Ensign Price arrived at Bombay in April, 1782, and proceeded with the ill-fated army under General Mathews; but escaped its destiny by an appointment to the 2d battalion of Bombay sepoy, commanded by Captain Daniel Carpenter. That very active and excellent officer, in a variety of detached operations of considerable duration, not less, we believe, than of eighteen months, and altogether unsupported either by reinforcements of men or by supplies of money, effectually secured, with only his own battalion, the northern district of Sadasheughur (or Carwar), against all the attempts of Tippoo to repossess it, until the peace of 1783. In all these energetic operations of a handful of men, left to their own resources in the country of an active and powerful enemy, which, although on a small scale,

laid a good foundation for a military education, Ensign Price was ever among the most forward, and won, in a high degree, the professional and friendly esteem of his able and discriminating commander. At the commencement of the next war with Tippoo, Lieutenant Price commanded a grenadier company in Captain Little's battalion; and with it joined the Mahratta army, under the Brahman General Purseram Bhow, intended to co-operate with the grand army of Lord Cornwallis in the reduction of Tippoo's country and capital. The Mahrattas, with Little's Bombay brigade, were delayed six months by the fortress of Darwar, on the Sultan's northern frontier. At the early assaults on the enemy's camp and town Lieutenant Price was very forward, and was more than once honourably mentioned in public orders. At an unsuccessful attack of the fort on the 7th of February, 1791, he was severely wounded in the arm and ankle, rendering necessary the amputation of his leg. On the surrender of the fort he proceeded to Poona, where he remained attached to the military escort of Sir Charles Malet, our political minister at that court, until the peace of Seringapatam. His brother officers of Little's detachment appointed Lieutenant Price their prize agent. He was then removed to a staff situation at Surat. It was in this city that he made his celebrated collection of Persian and other historical works. He had there leisure to pursue his researches, assisted by most of the standard historians of Persia and Arabia, which terminated in the publication of that great repository of Mahomedan history, of which further mention will presently be made. In 1795, being a captain by brevet, he was appointed judge-advocate to the Bombay army. This office he held until his departure from India. In 1797-8 he was with the detachment in active operation in Malabar, under Colonel Dow, as his military secretary and interpreter; during which Captain Price twice narrowly escaped being cut off by the enterprise and energy of our Nair enemies, then proverbial for their independence and high military spirit, in that turbulent portion of Tippoo's, now our territory. When the Bombay army took the field in 1799, with its commander-in-chief, General James Stuart, to co-operate with the armies of the other presidencies, under Lord Harris, in the reduction of Seringapatam, Captain Price accompanied General Stuart as Persian translator and judge-advocate. He was present at the memorable repulse of Tippoo's vigorous attack on the Bombay army, before its junction; and afterwards, at the operations of the siege and capture of the Sultan's capital. The Bombay army appointed Captain Price their prize-agent for that important booty, seldom, if ever, surpassed, as to amount, by any conquest of a British army. After arranging the slain sovereign's magnificent assemblage of jewellery, his fine library, and other matters connected with that confidential appointment, Captain Price returned to Bombay, and prosecuted with eagerness and industry his compilation and translations from his valuable collection of Oriental manuscripts. In June 1804, he attained a majority; and in February 1805, after a continued service in India of twenty-four years, he sailed from Bombay, arrived in England in September following; and in October 1807, he finally retired from the service. Major Price repaired to Brecon, in South Wales, and married most happily soon after his arrival in England. He became a magistrate of that borough, and of the county of Brecknock, and there completed

and printed the result of the laborious research of half an industrious life, in four quarto volumes,—a grand magazine of Mahomedan historical events; of which, in a brief notice of the loss of distinguished members, the following passages occur in the Annual Report of the Proceedings of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland for 1836:—‘He completed and published, in the years 1811, 1812, and 1821, the result of his labours, under the title of a ‘Chronological Retrospect; or, Memoir of the Principal Events of Mahomedan History, from the Death of the Arabian Legislator to the Accession of the Emperor Akbar.’ ‘Coming out,’ it continues, ‘under the disadvantages of a distant and rural press, and in single volumes, with intervals of several years, this work has been hitherto much less known and appreciated than the ability with which it is composed, and the originality of the sources which supplied its materials, entitle it to be. It was followed, in 1824, by another work in quarto, entitled ‘An Essay towards the History of Arabia antecedent to the Birth of Mahomed.’ To these passages in the ‘Report’ it may be added, that the last-mentioned is also a valuable piece of history, which has not obtained its deserved notice and circulation. The ‘Report’ thus proceeds:—‘The Oriental Translation Committee also numbered Major Price among the distinguished scholars whose translations it has given to the public. His translation of the ‘Autobiography of the Emperor Jehangir,’ and of the ‘Last Days of Krishna,’ were published by that Committee; and in June 1830, its gold medal was presented to him, as a mark of the Committee’s estimation of his talents and labours. Subsequently the Committee published his translation of ‘An Account of the Siege and Reduction of Chaitúr, from the Akber Nameh of Abál Fazl.’ To the ‘Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society’ Major Price contributed an ‘Extract from the Muallijáti Dara Shekóhi.’ The MS. of the valuable work from which this translation was made, and which is supposed to be the only one in Europe, with the exception of a copy of it taken about thirty years ago for the library of the king of France, is included in Major Price’s munificent bequest to the Society of his collection of Oriental manuscripts.’ The collection here and before mentioned, extended to nearly ninety volumes, and is, we understand, highly appreciated by the learned and useful society to which it was so appropriately bequeathed. Major Price died on the 16th of December, 1835, aged 73. It was intimated to his widow by the Society, and his friends of Brecon and its neighbourhood, that a public monument would be erected to his memory. And it may further serve to shew the general estimation in which he was there held, that the usual Christmas festivities (dinner, ball, &c.) of the town where he had passed more than a quarter of a century of his useful life, were omitted or postponed on the melancholy occasion of his then recent death. We are informed that an autobiography of the subject of this memoir is extant of his military services in India, and that it will probably be published. The public may expect a work of no common interest. It will tend to explain how ‘fertile in resources’ many of the East India Company’s officers have shewn themselves under various trying contingencies; how, when subalterns and captains, doing the duties, and incurring the responsibilities of officers of much higher grades, they have been profitably tutored in that severe and trying professional school. In conclusion, it may be recorded that few stood higher in the esteem of his brother

soldiers of the Bombay army, and of those who knew him in domestic and social life, than Major Price. He was generous, high-minded, of uncompromising integrity, an exemplary husband, a steady friend.”

The extracts from Mr. Otley’s letters, during that gentleman’s residence in Italy in early life, are curious and interesting, and place his character in a very amiable light; but our limits will not allow us to insert any of them; and we have only, once more, to repeat our warmest praise and admiration of the editor for his pure and most correct English style, his clearness, and generous impartiality. In these respects, he will long be a model to biographical writers.

*Zulneida, a Tale of Sicily.* By the Author of ‘The White Cottage.’ 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Macrone.

THERE is a good deal of picturesque incident in these pages, and the narrative keeps up its interest and its mystery to the last. The following scene, in which a fair Saracen avenges herself of her recreant lover, is a fair specimen of the general style. Zulneida, the heroine, obtains admission to the patient, who is suffering with fever, under pretence of bringing a remedy.

“Zulneida made no reply, but followed the monk to the end of the gallery, where, on the right hand, was Count Luna’s apartment. The door of it was opened, and she entered a large and lofty room, comfortably furnished. On the walls were some paintings of saints and martyrs; and, in a niche near the bed, was an image of the Madonna, with two lights burning before it. The count lay in a state of great debility, and occasionally uneasy from attacks of pain. Zulneida took the lamp from the monk who had shewn her in, and made a sign that he, and Luna’s attendant, should leave her alone with the invalid. When they were gone, she advanced towards the bed, and held the lamp nearer the face of her faithless lover, that she might enjoy a sight of his pale and deathlike countenance. She then placed the light on a table near the bed, and sat down beside him. Luna had been looking at her attentively, but was too languid, or too much disinclined to speak, till Zulneida had seated herself. At length he said:—‘I have suffered much from my disease; and the medicine given me has done no good. Canst thou cure me, penitent? I have confidence in that habit; and I expect thou wilt give me something, immediately, to relieve my pains. If thou hast not made a vow of silence, I would fain hear some words of consolation from thy lips. Tell me in how short a time I shall be able to resume my attendance at court?’ Zulneida, in replying, spoke in a low tone, that she might more easily disguise her voice. ‘Art thou impatient to get back to the world and its vanities? Is thy work of repentance already finished, that thou art ready to begin thy sins again? They tell me thou art married to a rare beauty;—dost thou fear thy wife’s love will cool, if thou art too long absent? There are cavaliers, doubtless, who would gladly teach her to forget thee. But I have here a drink which will calm this jealousy, and free thee from all pain. Its taste is not unpleasant; but not one drop must be left behind. Dost thou suffer much? Thou hast, surely, pain about thy heart.’ ‘I think I have; in truth, I feel pain and weariness throughout my whole body. I will take thy medicine, and leave none of it. Pour it from thy flask into that small silver cup, and give it me.’ ‘Thy countess, Margarita said Zulneida, as she slowly poured out the

liquor, 'must grieve that her lord is confined, and so vexed by sickness. Is she not fearful lest thy malady be fatal, and she be left on earth without thee? She loves thee, surely; but women's hearts have wandered when their rightful lords have lain long sick; so it will be well to cure thee speedily. Put out thy hand,—it trembles! art thou so weak? Thy skin is hot; this drink will cool thee: art thou athirst for it?' 'I am, good penitent. I thirst greatly; so, give me the liquor, and let me drink health in it. Thou shalt be well rewarded for curing me. Margarita will thank and bless thee. Why dost thou cruelly hold back the cup?' 'That your excellency's hand may become a little steadier: I fear lest you spill the liquor. Let me assist you to raise yourself. So! With this left arm I can support you. Do you feel that I support you well?' 'I do; thou art kind, and skilful. Margarita's arm could not support me better.' 'That, indeed, is praise! But you are thirsty: now, then, drink; with my right hand I will assist and steady yours. Drink slowly, but drink all. It will procure thee rest.' Luna grasped the cup with both his hands, and Zulneida assisted him to carry it steadily to his lips. He drank off the contents, as if eager to finish the draught; and, when the cup was empty, he resigned it to Zulneida. 'There, penitent; I thank thee. I have drank all;—now lay me down again. I have taken thy remedy, confiding in thy skill and honour; thou mightest have given me poison.' 'I might. But have you any enemy, whose hate is so deadly that he would seek your life, disguised in such a holy garb as this? Have you, Count Luna, so deeply injured any one?' 'A man of my rank, good penitent, will never want enemies, and I have a bitter one in Perollo. He would fain take my life by lance or sword, but I think he would not, in this disguise, attempt to poison me.' 'Lives there any being who could be so treacherous? Bethink you well: though Perollo would not offer you a deadly drink, you may have seen some woman for your enemy!—yes! some woman, whose eye would brighten as you drank the poison from the cup she offered;—whose heart would answer with a pleasurable beat to every movement of your throat while swallowing it:—is this not possible?' 'I know no Christian woman whom I have wronged, to fear such treachery; none that would risk her soul's damnation for the sake of destroying me. There is an infidel, Zulneida, Don Cabrera's daughter. True, I have done her injury, by robbing her of myself. She does not fear the cross, but prays to the impostor, Mahomet, and reads that guide to hell, the Koran.' 'Surely your excellency does not think the Saracen Zulneida would give you poison! It is said that your lips have sworn to her a thousand pretty oaths of love and constancy: could she offer them, in return, a drink to rob you of your life?' Count Luna fixed his eye upon the penitent, and did not immediately reply. Zulneida's voice had been less disguised, and he thought he recognised it. 'She may hate me,' he at length said, 'for, I tell thee, I did withhold from her myself; an object on which I think she had fixed some affection. But when Perollo intended to attack my life, she prevented him, and refused to send him against me as her champion: therefore I would have taken the cup from her, and have trusted for my safety to her heart.' 'She trusted to thine, and found it false,' cried Zulneida, throwing back the hood which concealed her countenance. Her beautiful hair hung in

disorder about her face. Count Luna met her gleaming eye, and her smile made him chill with terror. 'Her heart! wouldst thou trust Zulneida's heart? poor Christian fool! cousin of a king! Thou liest low for having trifled with that heart, and flung it back to her as if it were too poor a gift for one so brave and highly born. Thou didst believe I had affection for thee?' Zulneida paused for a reply, but Luna spoke not. 'Thou canst not answer! it matters not; preserve thy voice to give farewells to Margarita. Thou didst praise my beauty once, and used all art to gain my love. Hadst thou been constant, perchance I might have loved thee somewhat out of gratitude. Thou didst leave me, and for Margarita's fortune. Because I would not be a vile apostate, I was unworthy thy alliance, and thou didst scoff at my religion. Was I, a Saracen, to bear thy insults? Thou didst not give my love time to ripen into womanly devotion, else it might have lasted hitherto, and forbade the growth of darker passions. The slight affection I once bore thee withered, and seemed, in its decay, to make the soil more rank, and fitter for the hatred which supplied its place. Ay, Luna! I have hated thee. Mahomet, whom thou hast reviled, he filled for thee that cup by my hand. Thou hast drunk, and swallowed poison!' At this confirmation of fears which had been awakened when he knew it was Zulneida, the count trembled violently; his lips quivered; but, unable to utter a word, he clasped his emaciated hands together, and looked imploringly to Zulneida, that she should pity and help him. She smiled. 'Thou hast the poison, Luna, and it is too late to help thee. Thou hast drained the cup, and now I leave thee to the leech. Make haste, and bid thy wife farewell,—it is I who make her a widow. Kiss thy child—kiss it frequently—if thou hast strength, and at each kiss think that I make it fatherless. Then call in the priests, and give them money, that they may sing for thy soul's repose. Get shrived without delay, for to-morrow night thou wilt be dead; so fare thee well!'

The monk Eugenio, and his sister Costanza, are drawn in a high and poetical spirit—and our author is well acquainted with the history and manners of Sicily, where his scenes are laid.

*The Americans, in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations.* By Francis J. Grund. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. Lond. 1836. THIS is a work of much matter, the result of a long residence in the country, and a careful observation of its moral and social habits. Mr. Grund has applied German intelligence to the investigation of America; and, whether the reader agrees with or differs from him in his arguments and conclusions, it must be admitted that he has applied his mind vigorously to his subject, and stated his grounds with perfect fairness; thus, enabling us to reason for ourselves when we differ from him.

We feel that it would be altogether out of our way to enter into a minute criticism of his performance—it would require twenty times as much room as we can allot to it. At least, in the first instance, we shall very concisely introduce the author to the public. Some of his views, we think, are short-sighted; there is a long vista beyond which he either does not see, or with which he does not choose to trouble himself,—the latter the most likely in so able a man. There is also a copious sprinkling of foreign idioms throughout these volumes, and they are swelled with dissertation—con-

nected, it is true, with his inquiry—upon the fine arts, and other rather general than peculiarly American questions. Such are his few faults; for we consider him to be well entitled to his opinions, even when we dissent from them. We shall now proceed to quote a few passages on various points of interest. The following is very complimentary to the mother country and its big baby.

'Another remarkable trait of English travellers in the United States consists in their proneness to find the same faults with Americans, which the people on the continent of Europe are apt to find with themselves. Thus, it has been remarked, that Americans are much given to extolling the excellence of their own institutions, whether civil or political, and to undervalue those of foreign countries. This is precisely the complaint about the English, by their continental neighbours, the French and the Germans. If we were to investigate the matter, we should find the cause to be perfectly analogous in both countries: a certain satisfaction that they are themselves belonging to that glorious community whose achievements, in the field and at home, have astonished the world. Some apology may, indeed, be offered for this patriotic weakness, when we reflect on the actual superiority of British institutions, and especially on the immense influence they have had on the civilisation and happiness of the human race. But all the causes of British pride are equally operating on Americans. They are of the same origin; all the glory attached to the British name is that of their ancestors; and they have themselves had an honourable share in its acquisition. Their fathers were the bold settlers who first transplanted British laws and British genius to a new world, to perpetuate them to the end of time.'

Mr. Grund adds, that the Americans have improved upon their old mamma; and his whole work shews the how and where. One would imagine he had married an American wife, from the subjoined.

'The forms of American ladies are generally distinguished by great symmetry and fineness of proportion; but their frames and constitutions seem to be less vigorous than those of the ladies of almost any country in Europe. Their complexions, which, to the south, incline towards the Spanish, are, to the north, remarkably fair and blooming; and, while young, by far the greater portion of them are decidedly handsome. A marked expression of intelligence, and a certain indescribable air of languor, probably the result of the climate, lend to their countenances a peculiar charm, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in Europe. An American lady, in her teens, is, perhaps, the most sylph-like creature on earth. Her limbs are exquisitely wrought, her motions light and graceful, and her whole carriage at once easy and dignified. But these beauties, it is painful to say, are doomed to an early decay. At the period of twenty-four, a certain want of fulness in her proportions is already perceptible; and, once passed the age of thirty, the whole fabric goes seemingly into decay. As the principal cause of this sudden decline, some allege the climate; but I ascribe it more willingly to the great assiduity with which American ladies discharge their duties as mothers. No sooner are they married than they begin to lead a life of comparative seclusion; and, once mothers, they are actually buried to the world. At the period of ushering their children into society, they appear, indeed, once more, as respectable matrons; but they

are then only the silent witnesses of the triumphs of their daughters. An American mother is the nurse, tutor, friend, and counsellor of her children. Nearly the whole business of education devolves upon her; and the task is, in many instances, beyond her physical ability. Thus, it is customary with many ladies in New England not only to hear their children recite the lessons assigned to them at school; but actually to expound them, and to assist them in the solution of arithmetical and algebraic problems. There are married ladies who apply themselves seriously to the study of mathematics and the classics, for no other purpose than forwarding the education of their children; and I have known young men who have entered college with no other instruction, in any of the preparatory departments, than what they received from their mothers. But this continued application to the most arduous duties, the increasing care and anxiety for the progress and welfare of their children, and the consequent unreasonable confinement to the house and the nursery, undermine constitutions, already by nature sufficiently delicate; and it is thus, by the sacrifice of health and beauty, that American ladies pay to their offspring the sacred tribute of maternal affection. No human being can ever requite the tender cares of a mother; but it appears to me that the Americans have, in this respect, obligations immeasurably greater than those of the inhabitants of any other country."

The next goes further than we were prepared for.

"In point of fashionable accomplishment, American ladies are, perhaps, inferior to those of Europe; but the elements of an English, and even classical education, are in no country more widely diffused. In addition to Latin and Greek, a young miss of respectable parents is expected to become versed in the elements of chemistry, mineralogy, botany, natural philosophy, algebra, geometry, and astronomy, to which the more gifted add even Hebrew, and the higher branches of mathematics. In the pursuit of these studies they are generally allowed to spend quite as much time, and even more, than the young men at college; and it cannot, therefore, be surprising if the balance of general information should, in the United States, incline in favour of the women. There are few scientific topics of conversation on which an American lady would not be ready to join; and there are certainly less of English reading which are not perfectly familiar to the wives and daughters of respectable tradesmen.\* Music and drawing are, in America, less cultivated than they are in France or Germany; but there is quite as much parlour-amusement as in England, and certainly no lack of the graceful accomplishment of dancing."

Dancing, and speaking Greek and Hebrew to one's partners, would puzzle our dandies confoundedly; even Latin would be dose for most of them, whatever it may be in the United States.

In church concerns, Mr. Grund is a great advocate for the voluntary system:

"A hierarchy, from its superior organisation and discipline, may have its political advantages under peculiar forms of government; but I cannot see any spiritual benefit accruing from it to the people. Every member of a hierarchy is necessarily more interested in the continuance of the establishment, than in the discharge of his duties toward the people. He is paid by the establishment, of which he is

either a functionary or a pensioner, and is as much concerned in its welfare as a British mariner in the safety and endurance of Greenwich Hospital, or a clerk in the solvency of his employers. In America, every clergyman may be said to do business on his own account, and under his own firm. He alone is responsible for any deficiency in the discharge of his office, as he is alone entitled to all the credit due to his exertions. He always acts as principal; and is, therefore, more anxious, and will make greater efforts to obtain popularity, than one who serves for wages. The actual stock in any one of those firms is, of course, less than the immense capital of the Church of England; but the aggregate amount of business transacted by them jointly may, nevertheless, be greater in the United States. The subordinate member of a hierarchy does not act on his own responsibility; he merely discharges the obligations enjoined by his superiors. It is to them he must look for advancement, as a soldier looks for promotion to his commanding officers; and a fault of discipline is more severely reprimanded than an actual injustice towards a different order. Like the soldier, he has frequently an interest different from that of the people; and, like him, he is ready to turn his weapons against them whenever the establishment itself is in danger. A church establishment resembles always, more or less, a standing army. It is strong, enduring, and disciplined, but a severe tax upon the people, and nearly as dangerous an instrument for their subjugation."

We think every reader will detect the short-sightedness of which we spoke in perusing this quotation, which literally leaves every great bearing of the question in the distant clouds. But our author is willing to go considerable lengths in his admiration of America; and, not to touch on the slavery in the Southern states this week, we shall for the present conclude with his defence of Lynch law.

"There exists but one practice in the United States, which seems to be at variance with what I have thus far advanced; and yet, upon further consideration, I am almost inclined to consider it as a part of the common law of the country. I would refer to the 'Lynch law,' of which the most brilliant accounts are furnished in the British papers. The Lynch law of America, it must be remembered, is not a child of democracy; it is of a much more ancient and illustrious origin, and occurs already in the early history of the colonies. It was begot in those happy times in which religious customs took the place of the law; and in which the ingenuity of the settlers resorted to the simplest means of obtaining the most summary justice. It is, in fact, of a patriarchal nature, having for its motto the wisdom of Solomon: 'Do not spare the rod.' The pilgrim fathers, who settled the New England states, were a highly religious people, with whom the authority of the elders of the church was of more avail than any positive law of Great Britain; which, from its distance, and the manner in which it had been abused into an instrument of oppression, had considerably lost of its force. Their little community was more governed by mutual agreement and consent, than by any written code, except that to which their ministers pointed as leading the way to salvation. The Bible furnished them with precedents of the cheap, easy, and salutary correction of flogging; and there was no reason why their legislators should have attempted to improve upon the wisdom of Moses. The custom being once in-

troduced, and found expedient, was gradually increased in severity as the rigid morals of the Puritans began to relax; until, towards the American Revolution, when abuses had reached their climax, the original method of 'tarring and feathering' was substituted for the more lenient punishment of the rod. The commencement being made with the excisemen in Boston, was soon imitated in the other provinces; and being at first employed in a patriotic cause, created an universal prejudice in its favour. It became a national custom, which, as far as I remember, was only used in cases more or less directly affecting the people. Thus, whenever an individual gave a national insult, or did or practised any thing which threatened the peace and happiness of the people, they resorted to it as a domestic remedy; but, I am quite certain, not with the intention of opposing the regular law. They only resorted to it *ad interim*, till the regular physician could be called in; and, in most cases, effected a radical cure, without paying for the attendance of the doctor. In this manner the Lynch law was executed on gamblers, disorderly persons, and, latterly, also, on a certain species of itinerant ministers, who, a little too anxious for the emancipation of the Negroes in the Southern States, had betaken themselves to preaching the doctrine of revenge, instead of that of the atonement, and thereby forced the good people to apply the doctrine to those who evinced the most zeal for its propagation. But, as I have said before, the Lynch law is not, properly speaking, an opposition to the established laws of the country; or is, at least, not contemplated as such by its adherents, but rather as a supplement to them,—a species of common law which is as old as the country, and which, whatever may be the notion of 'the learned in the law,' has nevertheless been productive of some of the happiest results. I am aware there are different versions of the origin of 'Lynch,' but the above will be found to contain the essence and philosophy of all."

(To be continued.)

*L'Egypte et la Turquie, de 1829 à 1836.* Par MM. Ed. de Cadalvène et J. de Breuvry. Avec Cartes et Planches. 8vo. 4 vols. Paris, 1836. Bertrand; London, Barthes and Co. THERE were never published in France so many valuable accounts of voyages and travels into distant regions as are now, and for two or three years have been, issuing from the Parisian press. We need only appeal, for a proof of our assertion, to the numerous interesting articles in the catalogue of new books published by Arthur Bertrand, the principal publisher of such works. Many of these voyages have been undertaken and pursued either by the orders or under the immediate auspices of M. Guizot, the enlightened minister of public instruction, and others have been prosecuted under circumstances highly advantageous to the researches of those employed in them.

No country is at present more a subject of interest than Egypt, not only for the remains of remote antiquity with which it is covered, but also for more recent associations,—for the events which are but lately past, for its present position, and also for the consequences of those events and that position which are still to be looked forward to. We have very lately introduced to our readers an interesting narrative of the events to which we allude, by one of the authors of the work which is now the subject of our observations. The present work on Egypt and Turkey is the personal narrative of a residence and travels in those regions during an

\* This sentence is a sample of the occasional imperfection of style.—Ed. L. G.

extremely interesting period; and contains a mass of valuable and original observations on the country, people, manners, statistics, government, &c., of the Ottoman dominions in Asia and Africa, gathered during the last eight years. MM. de Cadalvène and de Breuvery have divided their work into four handsome octavo volumes, published one at a time, and each accompanied by an atlas of maps and plates in large folio. The first two volumes (all that is yet published) are restricted to Egypt and Nubia, the third will include Syria and Palestine, and the fourth will be devoted to Asia Minor and Constantinople.

The antiquities of Egypt and the aspect of the country have been so often described by different writers, that we will not repeat the accounts of our new French authorities; and, indeed, these are not the most prominent subjects on which they have treated. It would require far too much space in our columns—space on which we have so many other calls—to attempt a complete and connected view of the mass of information on the condition of the people; on the state of trade and manufactures; on the faults and virtues of the government and governors; on their effect upon the interior condition of the viceroyalty, &c., of Egypt, which is presented to us in the first volume. We must follow our ordinary plan of giving a few unconnected extracts, which will illustrate, more or less, the condition of Egypt under its present master.

And first, here is the portrait of Méhémed Ali's prime minister:

"Among the men attached to the fortune of Méhémed-Ali, few have rendered him so useful and important services as Boghos-Bey. Boghos-Yougouf, an Armenian, born at Smyrna, in his youth tried unsuccessfully various kinds of commerce. He arrived in Egypt at the time of the French invasion, and joined the pacha in the quality of interpreter; in which difficult post he distinguished himself by his talents and assiduity. The suppleness of his character did not save him from falling into disgrace with his master, who had, we are assured, given order that he should be thrown into the Nile. The interference of M. de Rosetti, consul-general of Tuscany, who then enjoyed great influence with the pacha, saved the life of Boghos, who soon resumed his functions of interpreter; and his credit has since that period never ceased to increase. None knew better than Boghos the art of prolonging business when interest required that it should not be terminated. Skilful in giving offence to nobody, in not contradicting, in not yielding, yet without ever refusing; his manners are always affable, his reception gracious, his politeness refined. Possessing more natural mind than acquired knowledge, more skilfulness in business than large administrative views, more finesse than real talent; but indefatigable in labour, endowed with a sound judgment, and entirely devoted to the viceroy, to whom he owes his fortune, it cannot be denied that, in many circumstances, he has given him important aid. Boghos-Yougouf-Bey is at present the first minister of Méhémed, over whose mind he exercises a very great ascendancy: we will add, that it is to be regretted that the fear of alienating the mind of his master, by opposing his favourite ideas, has more than once hindered him from giving more energetic and more conscientious counsels."

Nearly all the great men of Eastern history have risen from obscurity. Now, for a picture of the viceroy himself:—

"A sentinel was placed at the door of one of

the rooms which occupied the four corners of the great hall; Méhémed-Ali was there. When we entered, he was striding across the room, and talking with his minister, Boghos-Bey, who was standing before him in the most respectful attitude. He immediately made us a sign to be seated, and he himself placed himself on the angle of his divan. Three enormous candles of wax, in silver candlesticks, nearly three feet high, spread a dull light over the room, whose white-washed walls were ornamented only by a few rude paintings, and two frames, containing the drawings of the first two ships built in Egypt. The rest of the furniture consisted of a divan of scarlet, with a great round-table, surmounted by a chandelier. Méhémed-Ali is an old man, of small stature; his quick and piercing eyes, and the white beard which covers his breast, redeem, in some measure, the expression, which is rather common, of his physiognomy, habitually gay and open. By a remarkable singularity, the pacha, whilst imposing upon his troops the new costume adopted throughout the empire, has scarcely made any modification in his own. In the evening, he wears generally the long dress of the mamlouks, and his head is always covered by the folds of a large white turban, arranged in the Albanian fashion. Endowed with much natural intelligence, joining the most prepossessing manners to a great enthusiasm for the European innovations, the pacha possesses, in the highest degree, the art of captivating his hearers, and of imposing his manner of seeing things on those who are about him. We need not be surprised, therefore, at the reputation which has been given to him in Europe by the persons who have had an opportunity of approaching him. We were impatient to begin a conversation in which we expected that the regenerator of Egypt was going to reveal himself to us; but it turned almost entirely on questions of commerce, and we could not help feeling a kind of disappointment in finding only the speculator and merchant, where we thought we should have found the conqueror and legislator.

"Alexander the Great is the favourite hero of the viceroy. Having learnt that there existed a summary of the historians of this conqueror, he ordered the work to be procured from France. We were present when it was brought to him: arabesques in gold added to the elegance of this handsome volume, on which Thouvenin seemed to have exhausted the resources of his art. 'In how short a time can you give me this book translated?' was the question he put to one of his interpreters. 'In six months.' 'It is too long,' answered the pacha, with vivacity; and seizing immediately the yataghan of one of his khawass, he quickly parted the rich volume into three. 'In this manner three of you can work upon it; I must have the translation in two months. And I also,' said Méhémed-Ali to us, 'I intend that the events of my life shall be related to men. Every day I dictate to my *kiaïb* (secretary) a portion of my history; and it is wonderful how one fact brings up another, and how a crowd of circumstances, which I had forgotten, are brought back to my memory. Admire,' added he, after a moment's silence, 'how He who knows all things, is impenetrable in his designs. They tell me that Alexander and Ptolemy were Macedonians; and I, too, am of Macedonia. Our country, then, was destined thrice to give masters to Egypt; but my power extends much further than theirs in this country, and I hope, with the assistance of Heaven, to discover one day if, as your Cham-

pollion believes, the Pharaohs reached the sources of this Nile blessed by God.' Our conversation lasted more than an hour; the physiognomy of the pacha was animated, and we experienced an inexpressible charm in hearing this extraordinary man abandoning himself to his natural talkativeness and curiosity, and mixing more than once traits of ingenious ignorance with the observations of a subtle and penetrating mind. After we had been served with coffee in *zarfs*, ornamented with diamonds, the viceroy arose, and we took our leave of him, announcing to him, at the same time, our departure for Nubia. 'Go,' said he, 'visit without fear every part of my dominions; every where you will find aid and protection.'"

Our authors give us very numerous instances of the terrible and oppressive tyranny under which the Egyptians groan, of the fearful manner in which they are bruised, and the country depopulated by the iron sceptre of their viceroy, whose government presents so much outward splendour. The following is the process of conscription in Egypt during the pacha's wars: it must not be forgotten, in extenuation, that the "grand" Napoleon, the idol of the French revolutionists, did much the same thing for France:—

"When a levy is ordered, the governors divide the number of conscripts to be furnished among the villages; and then, in execution of the measure, they send, as secretly as possible, the irregular Albanians attached to their service, to carry off the number of men required. So soon as the presence of these agents is announced on any point, the cultivators take flight, and the soldiers pursue them across the cultivated fields, which are trodden under foot by the horses, and ruined in every direction. At last, after one or two hunts, the Albanians obtain the number of prisoners fixed by the authority; but, in spite of the exact orders which are given, and after even severe punishment, the greater part of the unfortunates who are caught, are always children, old men, or men unfit for service, who, less nimble in flight, must necessarily be first caught. All the men whom the irregulars have captured are carried, in chains, to the nearest town, and there imprisoned until the physician has examined them. The visit being ended, those who are judged unfit for service are sent home; but they are no sooner gone than there comes the question of replacing them: there is a new hunt, they are recaptured and taken again to the town to undergo a new visit, and, consequently, a new discharge; and this ceremony is repeated often more than twenty times before the number is completed. During this time the crops are ravaged, the fields are left uncultivated, and often, when people return to their labour, harvest or seed time is past, and the produce of a whole year is lost. By this it may be judged what an enormous sum a soldier costs the pacha before even he has entered the ranks. In vain the fellahs refuse, under pretext of former discharges, to follow the recruiting party. The cudgel and, at need, the sabre are ready to force them along; and we must confess, that it is very difficult to find a remedy for this serious inconvenience. The principle was adopted of giving certificates of discharge; but, independent of the errors which arose, as the greater part of the agents could not read, the fellahs who, by age or infirmity, were sure of being discharged again, gave their certificates to their relations or friends, and there were no more conscripts to be found."

The following is a specimen of the mode of



administering justice in Egypt, as witnessed by our travellers at Kelioub.

"The mémour received us in the most friendly manner. Whilst he was giving us information concerning the province intrusted to his administration, there were brought before him four men who had just been arrested on suspicion of murder. These unfortunate men were immediately sent to the kiahia (secretary-general) to be interrogated; the latter returned in about a quarter of an hour, and declared that, by the confusion of their answers, he had no doubt they were the murderers of the effendi, who had been slain some days before. 'Very well, inquire at Cairo, by the telegraph, what I must do with them.' The answer soon arrived. 'Since their guilt is acknowledged (said the chief of the council) they must be executed.' It happened to be market-day; moreover, we were on the road to Cairo, and the mémour was very glad that we should be able to give a good account of the manner in which justice was administered in his province. The order was given to hang them the same day. The delays of our reis did not allow us to depart before night, so we were present at the execution. The four sufferers were taken out of the warehouse, where they had been shut up for want of a prison, and were conducted to a small square near the house of the mémour. The merchants who were assembled there remained squatted beside their stalls, and saw pass, with the utmost indifference, these unfortunate people led by six soldiers and a sergeant. Every one quietly followed his business; and had it not been for the cries of the women and children, who followed to the place of execution a father, a husband, their only support, one would have supposed that nothing had occurred but what was in the habitual routine of every day. Four stakes had been planted at the four corners of the square. The soldiers asked for ropes of the neighbours; but it was a luxury which nobody possessed. So, the sergeant went and brought some string, which the soldiers began to plait. Some of the lookers-on obligingly lent their aid to this operation, which the sufferers regarded quietly, without attempting to run away: which they might easily have done, for their hands were only weakly tied behind their backs, and nobody paid attention to them. The fatal moment was arrived; the youngest was chosen to be hung first. 'Fool! that is not the way to do it,' (said one of the soldiers to his comrade, who began by passing the rope about the neck of his patient), it will be better to begin, by fastening it to the top of the stake.' Thereupon, he caused a ladder to be brought by one of the spectators, and proceeded in his work with the culprit, who, raised in the arms of another soldier, without the least resistance, expires quickly, after having cried out, that he is not guilty. Three of the victims were now dead. There remained the last, an old man with a white beard, who was surrounded by his wife and children, and who, as the only answer to their sobs and cries, repeated, at intervals, that he was innocent. 'Ali!' said the serjeant to one of his soldiers, 'if thou went to the mémour, to ask pardon for this poor old man, perhaps he would grant it—go!' And the soldier, shouldering coolly his musket, goes slowly to the governor to fulfil his mission. During the mean time, the old man conversed peacefully with his family. After a few minutes, the soldier returned; at sight of him, a gleam of hope and joy shone on the faces of the women: but the cries and sobs were soon redoubled: the mémour had refused his pardon.

'It is a pity,' said the serjeant, 'this old man has the air of an excellent fellow; but his *edjel* (last hour) is come.' With these words he began himself to put the rope round the neck of his victim, who, after having embraced, with admirable resignation, his wife and children, contented himself with exclaiming, 'God is great!'

If we judge by the numerous facts which are presented to us in this book, it would seem that the government of Egypt has been undermining its own power by the gradual exhaustion and destruction of its resources. The taxes are so exorbitant and so cruelly levied, that their result must be the throwing out of cultivation the land, and the reduction of the population to beggary.

Under the government of Méhémed-Ali there has been a great destruction of ancient monuments for the sake of their materials, even where excellent quarries are close at hand. Such progress has utilitarianism made in Egypt.

"We may search in vain at Achmouneyn (*Hermopolis Magna*) any vestiges of the monuments which had adorned the superb city, on whose ruins was built the town which is now itself in ruins. What time and fanaticism had respected has been destroyed by ignorance and cupidity, and the magnificent remains of Hermopolis Magna have been used to build a manufactory of saltpetre. The late Mr. Salt, the English consul, having learnt that they were going to destroy the remains of the city of Hermes, pleaded their cause with the viceroy, who, in consideration for the representative of Britain, promised to send immediate orders to hinder their destruction. But, vain hope! every thing was levelled; and there now remains nothing of the admirable portico which was looked upon as the most beautiful model of Egyptian architecture. It is with difficulty we distinguish, in the midst of the heaps of rubbish which mark the site of the ancient city, any of the bases of those columns now razed to the ground, about which lie, here and there, the remains of rich work, in the Grecian style, which have, by chance, escaped the devouring gulf of the lime-kiln. If the brutal despotism of the mamlouks forbade to science the knowledge of the monuments which time had spared, he respected them, at least, and preserved them to posterity. But who could tell the number of those which have disappeared, for ever, during the few years of the reign of Méhémed-Ali?"

At Samour, not far from Maufalout, our travellers found an immense grotto of mummies, little known even to the inhabitants of the country, and which has never yet been marked on a map. It appears, at some remote period, to have taken fire, either by accident or design, and, by tradition, is said to have burnt for many years.

We now leave our travellers for the present, with the end of their first volume, at Assouan (Syene), ready to pursue their further route up the Nile.

*Adventures in the Moon and other Worlds.* 12mo. Pp. 447. London, 1836. Longman and Co.

THIS is a curious book, full of " quaint fancies, and witty devices." One ingenious allegory succeeds the other, and we leave off surprised at the fertility of our author's inventions, and the variety of shapes taken by his sarcasm. One of the most amusing of these, is a philosopher who is taken at his word, and becomes all mind, his voice being all

that remains, by which means he communicates to his wife his wonderful change:—

"Cleopatra, being now left alone with the voice, which she was henceforth to regard as Aristus, remained silent, and plainly shewed by her dejected countenance that she did not consider this sound as equivalent to a husband; while Aristus, in suggesting arguments to console her, felt himself very insignificant, and was conscious that he greatly wanted personal advantages. The remainder of the day having passed in melancholy conversation, and the hour of rest being arrived, he said, 'We must now part, for the immortal soul does not lie in bed: your body insists upon sleep, but I, being intellect, am no longer liable to any such infirmity. While you and your body are asleep, I shall be engaged in meditation, and you see, therefore, how many valuable hours I have rescued.' Cleopatra retired alone, not a little indignant that this meditation should have supplanted her in her husband's affections, while he left the house and glided forth to pass the night in contemplation, as he said. The moon was bright, and the night calm and beautiful. He sat down on the sea-shore, and betook himself to the consideration of several philosophical subjects, being very desirous of arriving at some happy thought, which might justify him to his friend. He had been persuaded that as soon as he was reduced to pure intellect, he should be put in possession of extraordinary powers; and that whenever he applied himself to thinking, some great revelation would be made to him. He now, therefore, sat waiting for these new thoughts; but though he revolved one subject after another, on which he desired to gain information, to his great disappointment, his meditations did not seem to him more profound than when he had been detained in a body. After some hours, he was weary of these studies, by which he was surprised, having always imagined that the soul was not liable to fatigue, and having always laid to the charge of his body all the weariness that he had felt. Finding, however, that he was not the indefatigable intellect which he had expected to be, he returned home without having acquired any information except that it was a fine night. On arriving at home, he entered his wife's chamber, and sat down by her bed. She was asleep, and appeared very beautiful to him, and he could not refrain from stooping to kiss her, forgetting how incapable of such an enterprise he was become. On reaching her face, he endeavoured to press what he considered his lips against hers, and finding that no intercourse ensued, was reminded of the deception. Being distressed that all endearments were unattainable, he continued to gaze upon her, acknowledging to himself that she was a beautiful woman, and beginning to doubt whether he had done right. But he suddenly checked himself with the consideration that he was now a pure soul, and as such, could not possibly be affected by female beauty. Aristus had several young children, and the next morning Cleopatra endeavoured to explain to them the change that had taken place in their father. This, however, she was unable to make them comprehend; they were never to see him again, they were told, yet he was still with them, and by what means he had been put out of sight, was a mystery beyond their understanding. That figure which they had been used to consider as their father having vanished, they wondered how any remainder of him could be left, and were much perplexed by hearing that he had been divided into two. In vain their

mother tried to explain to them that the body might be gone, and the mind remain at home; this was a distinction that they could not reach. Aristus remained silent while his wife thus endeavoured to explain him to the children; but finding himself too abstruse for their understanding, in order to make his condition more intelligible, he spoke to them. They were at first terrified by this mysterious voice, and could hardly be prevented from running away; but hearing it solemnly assure them that it was their father, and had no design of hurting them, they took courage, and were then greatly amused to find how their father had hid himself,—they laughed violently whenever he spoke, and seemed to be delighted with the novelty. It was not long before Aristus found that the order and obedience of the family were likely to be much disturbed by his concealment. His wife, being of a gentle temper, had left to him all the duty of command, and never claimed much authority to herself; but now his influence was much lessened by his new singularity, and the household was soon in great want of control. He endeavoured to admonish and instruct his children as before, but the same obedience did not ensue. They had been accustomed to follow, without hesitation, the advice which came from a peremptory countenance; but now the advice which came out of the air made very little impression upon them. His positive commands were broken, and the lessons he enjoined were not learned. Their mother attempted to persuade them of the duty they owed to the voice which was going about the house, and which she affirmed was still their father; but her expostulations could procure no obedience to the venerable sound, and it was disobeyed every hour. In this revolt, Aristus, having nothing but a voice to govern with, made trial of all its tones, but still without success. Sometimes he remonstrated gravely, and at other times was provoked into very loud invectives. When the voice grew choleric the children were amused: they practised tricks to incense it, and laughed immoderately whenever the air began to exclaim. On one occasion, Aristus being exasperated beyond forbearance against his eldest boy, and forgetting how incapable of revenge he was become, attempted to inflict on him a severe blow; but the offender sitting quite insensible of the admonition which had been aimed at him, Aristus was obliged to confess that the mind, notwithstanding all its great endowments, cannot chastise a child without the aid of an arm."

The whole is very humorously carried out; and at last, thoroughly convinced of his folly, the philosopher is not a little thankful to return even into that encumbrance, a body. We commend the pleasant, and yet thoughtful, volume to our readers.

*An Essay on the Welsh Saints, or the Primitive Christians usually considered to have been the Founders of Churches in Wales.* By the Rev. Rice Rees, M.A., &c. 8vo. pp. 358. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Llandovery, Rees; Cardiff, Bird.

THE author was the successful candidate for the "National Eisteddfodd" premium, offered for the best essay on the subject, which he has now extended and enlarged into this octavo volume. The inquiry is a curious one, and he has bestowed great pains upon it. Perhaps, it would be difficult to throw more light, were it desired, or very desirable, upon the era which ensued from the end of the Roman power in Britain to the close of the seventh century; an era which Mr. Rees, however, tells us, has

never been sufficiently investigated. As it is, at this late hour, he has himself consulted such old writers as Nennius, Walter de Mapes, the doubtful Gildas, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bede, where he sheds a glimmering on the subject, and others; but his chief statements appear to be drawn from bardic and legendary sources. Thus, if we have not true history, we have, at least, the limbs and fragments of romance: necessarily somewhat drier than usual, but, in all probability, very little less fictitious. For the author says:—

"So numerous are the Welsh saints, that their history is, in a manner, the ecclesiastical history of their time; but it must be confessed, that nothing further is known of many of them than their genealogy and their churches;" and he adds, further explaining his purpose, "The question of the celebration of Easter, and other points, on which the Primitive Christians of Britain differed from the Romanists, have been ably discussed in other publications; the object of this treatise is, if possible, to add to the stock of information from materials which have been but partially investigated." The latter we leave to him and Mr. Moore, and proceed to take a brief notice of some of Mr. Rees' antiquarian pages.

Llan was originally the Welsh for a church or a chapel; but, in process of time, *Capel* became the distinguishing denomination of the last. The names of many Welsh places are compounded of these. It would break our Saxon jaws, if not our hearts, to utter them; and, indeed, we find a number of the saints themselves so christened, that we never could have worshipped them by name: such, for instance, as Glywys Ccrliniw, Gwrddelw, Gwrfyw, Gwrthwl, Rhwrydrys, Cynfelyn Drwagl, and the like; whom one might honour, but upon whom, in the hour of need, it would be impossible to call. The Welsh pedigrees in the Essay are still more unpronounceable; and we must, therefore, simply say, that there they are invincible to the united efforts of throat, palate, tongue, teeth, and lips.

But we must afford an example or two of the work, and so leave it to the public. The principal proposition to be solved is thus laid down:—

"As formal dedication in honour of saints was not the original custom of the Welsh, the question which remains is, the era of those chapels which have been built in honour of natives of Wales; that they are ancient may be shewn from the fact, that the great majority of them are parochial, and few of them are subject to churches dedicated to the apostles, and other saints, whose homage was introduced at a later period. When the Welsh began to honour saints after the catholic method, they would naturally direct their attention to those who deserved that respect among their own countrymen. But it appears to have been under certain limitations; and, compared with the apostles, and other celebrated names, the holy men of Wales could only rank as saints of an inferior class. To regard the founders in the character of tutelar saints of their respective churches was an obvious mode of proceeding; but in the establishment of new foundations, preference would be given to saints of more extensive reputation; and the only edifices erected in honour of Welshmen would be chapels in places where they had lived, or subject to churches connected with their history. In other countries, where the Romish church has prevailed, many persons who never were canonised have been allowed the honours of sanctity in their imme-

diate neighbourhood, and in this local character the saints of Wales must be considered. Accordingly, many of the chapels called after Welshmen are found to be dedicated to the saint of the mother church, to his relatives, or to persons whom tradition has connected with the place; and the prevalence of known cases of the last kind is sufficiently great to justify a similar inference being drawn where the tradition has been entirely forgotten. Chapels of this description must generally have been erected while the memory of their saints was comparatively recent, and may, therefore, be deemed coeval with churches of the second foundation. The perishable nature of tradition, and the occupation of several parts of Wales by foreigners, will sufficiently explain why no material increase was afterwards made to their number. That the Roman Catholics—or, at least, the various conquerors of Wales, all of whom professed that religion—hardly considered the primitive founders in the light of saints, will further appear from the circumstance, that in many instances they gave their churches a new dedication."

Mr. Rees fully sifts these points, as well as others too numerous for us to detail; and we conclude with the biographies of two saints, as samples of the most worthy of these ecclesiastical heroes.

"Elffin, the only son of Gwyddno whose name is preserved, was a saint of the College of Iltyd. A story, which, however, is confessedly a fable, relates that Gwyddno had a fishing wear on the sands between the Dovey and Aberystwyth, the annual profits of which were considerable. But Elffin was the most unlucky of men, and nothing prospered in his hands; inasmuch that his father was grieved at his ill successes, and feared that he was born in an evil hour. Wishing, however, to give the fortunes of his son a further trial, he agreed to allow him the profits of the wear for one whole year. On the morrow Elffin visited the wear, and found nothing except a leathern bag fastened to one of the poles. He was immediately upbraided for his ill luck by his companions, for he had ruined the good fortune of the wear, which before was wont to produce the value of a hundred pounds on May eve. 'Nay,' replied Elffin, 'there may yet be here an equivalent for the value of a hundred pounds.' The bag was opened, and the face of a child appearing from within, 'What a noble forehead!' exclaimed the opener. 'Taliesin be his name,' rejoined Elffin; and, commiserating the hard fate of the infant exposed to the mercies of the sea, he took it in his arms, and, mounting his steed, conveyed to his wife, by whom it was nursed tenderly and affectionately: from that time forward his wealth increased every day. Such is the story of the discovery of the chief bard of Wales, committed by his mother to the chances of the tide, and saved in the manner described. In return for his kindness of his benefactor, adds the tale, he composed, while a child, his poem, entitled the 'Consolations of Elffin,' rousing him from the contemplation of his disappointments, and cheering him with the prospect of blessings which still awaited him; and afterwards, when Elffin was imprisoned in the castle of Dyganwy by Maelgwn Gwynedd, Taliesin, through the influence of his song, procured his release."

"Bedwini, another bishop mentioned in the Welsh accounts, is said to have been the primate of Cornwall in the time of Arthur, and to have resided at a place called Celliwig. Stinan, or Justinian, according to his life by John of Teignmouth, was born of noble parentage in

Lesser Brittany; and, having spent his youth in the study of learning, he received the order of priesthood, and was, by a divine oracle, commanded to leave his country. After wandering for a while, he came to the coast of Wales, and landed in a certain island called 'Lemeney,' where he led a religious life in company with Honorius, the son of king Thefricius. Cressy says:—'The author of his life relates at large the envy and malice with which the Enemy of mankind impugned the devout and mortified life of this Holy man, seeking to interrupt it by severall and frequent illusions, and by suggesting scandalous lyes concerning him. But, in conclusion, when he saw himself every way vanquished by the Holy man, and that neither by violent assaults nor malicious suggestions he could withdraw him from the service of God: he attempted other arts and guilefull machinations: For he infused the poison of his malice into the hearts of three of the Holy mans servants: Inasmuch as they having been reproved by him for their idleness and mispending the time, they were inflamed with fury against him, insomuch as rushing upon him, they threw him to the ground, and most cruelly cutt off his head. But in the place where the sacred head fell to the ground, a fountain of pure water presently flowd, by drinking of which in following times many were miraculously restored to health. But miracles greater than these immediately succeeded his death. For the body of the Blessed Martyr presently rose, and taking the head between the two arms, went down to the sea shore, and walking thence on the sea, pass'd over to the port call'd by his name: and being arrived in the place where a Church is now built to his Memory, it fell down, and was there buried by Saint David with spiritual Hymns and Canticles.' Cressy next proceeds to explain, that the island Lemeney 'hath in English obtain'd a new name, being call'd Ramsey;' and that 'it lyes opposite, and in sight of, Menevia, the Episcopall seat of St. David.' The church, mentioned in this most outrageous legend, is evidently the chapel of Sinan in the parish of St. David's, Pembrokeshire, as the church of Llaustinan, in the same county, is too far distant to answer the description."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Glenlonely; a Novel.* 3 vols. (London, Longman and Co.)—This work is worthy of its affected and far-fetched title. The story is commonplace and wire-drawn, while the prolix digressions seem to have been "at a feast of the languages, and to have stolen the scraps."

*Lavater's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, No. LXXXIX. History, Vol. II. of the Reformation,* by the Rev. H. Stebbing, A.M. (London, Longman and Co.)—One of the most interesting, as well as important periods in the history of modern Europe, is here placed before us from about the year 1530 to 1570, and includes the progress of the Reformation in Germany, France, England, &c. It is done with Mr. Stebbing's usual talent and intelligence.

*Visible History: England from the time of the Ancient Britons to the Death of George IV.* by Ch. Williams, Author of "Visible Geography," &c. &c. Pp. 402. (London, Westley and Davis.)—It is a good notion to assist the mind of youth by correct pictorial representations of persons, objects, costumes, &c. &c. pertaining to the various periods of history which they are reading; and, in general, Mr. Williams has attended very fairly to this requisite. We should, however, like to know his authority for the musketeer weapons in the time of George II.; in our opinion, they would be more appropriate to the era of the Commonwealth.

*Aerial Sights and Sounds,* by the Same. Pp. 336. (Same publishers.)—Another nice work, but, perhaps, for a younger class of readers. It treats of many entertaining and instructive subjects.

*Childe Harold,* by Lord Byron. 18mo. pp. 328. (London, Murray.)—A new, and a gem of an edition of our famous and popular bard. We should like to see either continent, the old world or the new, try to rival it at double its price. *Childe Harold*, with valuable notes and an excellent appendix, a portrait of Byron, and a superb vignette of the Lake of Geneva (Stanfield and E. Finden), in this beautiful size, but yet clearly printed, is a tempta-

tion which even the possessors of former editions will hardly be able to resist.

*The Walk; or, the Pleasures of Literary Associations,* by W. Robson, Master of Clifford Lodge Academy. Pp. 84. (London, Smallfield and Son.) This is a charming, modest little book, which will furnish the youthful lover of literature with many themes for recreation and reflection.

*Digest of the Homoeopathic Principles,* by E. Williams, M.B. Pp. 42. (London, Renshaw.)

"Send for the Doctor and make him worse" is the old song; and homoeopathy is the *modus operandi*. A *Slight Sketch of Joan d'Arc*. Pp. 56. (London, Churton.) A neat little sketch of this very extraordinary character.

*The Muffled Drum, a Juvenile Drama,* by Mrs. L. Miles. Pp. 23. (London, Ackermann.) A thing we should hardly have thought worth printing.

*Winslow's Pocket Guide to the College of Surgeons.* (London, Cox.) A very small but useful surgical guide, and well worthy the purse, and then the pocket of the student.

*The Scientific Reader,* by T. Linnington. Pp. 248. (London, Souter.) A very nice school-book; the selections for reading and elocution judiciously made from modern writers.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ASTRONOMY.

*Extract of a Letter from Sir J. Herschel to Sir W. Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Ireland.*

*Feldhausen, Cape of Good Hope, June 13, 1836.*

By your last, which only reached me yesterday (though dated on the 16th of March), I learn that the meeting of the British Association will take place early in August. Had it been in September, it might have been practicable for me to have drawn up (not without difficulty) somewhat of a detailed report of my proceedings here. As it is, however, nothing short of a miracle could enable me to do so in time for your meeting. The fact is, since our arrival here, I have been so entirely occupied with the mechanical processes of observation, and the actual cutting and carrying of my harvest, that I have not had any time to tresh it out for consumption; or, to drop figure, I have got a monstrous collection of rough observations, but hardly a figure reduced. So much as this, however, I may say, that I have swept over all, or nearly all, that part of the heavens which is invisible, or hardly visible, in England, except just in the immediate vicinity of the pole (a most barren region), and (favoured by a season of almost uninterrupted clear sky, and a definition and tranquillity of the stars, under great apertures and magnifying powers, which I want language to express) have amassed a large collection of nebulae and double stars of all classes, orders, and degrees. Of some of the most remarkable objects which have occurred to me, I have sent a brief list to Schumacher, who may probably have inserted them in his astronomical journal; I can here only find time or room for a few general remarks. The general aspect of the southern circumpolar region, including in that expression 66° or 70° of S. P. D., is in a high degree rich and magnificent, owing to the superior brilliancy and larger development of the milky way; which, from the constellation of Orion to that of Antinous, is in a blaze of light, strangely interrupted, however, with vacant and almost starless patches, especially in Scorpio, near  $\alpha$  Centauri and the Cross; while, to the north, it fades away, pale and dim, and is, in comparison, hardly traceable. I think it is impossible to view this splendid zone, with the astonishingly rich and evenly distributed fringe of stars, of the third and fourth magnitudes, which form a broad skirt to its southern border, like a vast curtain,—without an impression, amounting to a conviction, that the milky way is not a mere stratum, but an annulus; or, at least, that our system is placed within one of the poorer and almost vacant parts of its general mass, and that eccentrically, so as to be much nearer to the parts about the Cross, than to that diametrically opposed to it.

The two Magellanic clouds, Nubecula Major and Minor, are very extraordinary objects. The greater is a congeries of stars, clusters of irregular form, globular clusters and nebulae, of various magnitude and degrees of condensation; among which is interspersed a large portion of irresolvable nebulae, which may be, and probably is, star-dust, but which the powers of the twenty-foot telescope shew only as a general illumination of the field of view, forming a bright ground on which the other objects are scattered. Some of the objects in it are of very singular and incomprehensible forms; the chief one especially (30 Doradus), which consists of a number of loops, united in a kind of unclear centre or knot, like a bunch of ribands disposed in what is called a true-lover's knot. There is no part of the heavens where so many nebulae and clusters are crowded into so small a space as this 'cloud.' The 'Nubecula Junior' is a much less striking object. It abounds more in irresolvable nebulous light, but the nebulae and clusters in it are fewer and fainter, though immediately joining to it is one of the richest and most magnificent globular clusters in the hemisphere (47 Toucani). It is somewhat singular, that this nubecula is placed a full hour too late in right ascension in all maps and catalogues, probably owing to a misprint, or other similar cause of error, in the authorities employed to construct them. The great nebulae in Orion and  $\alpha$  Argi are, however, by far the most surprising objects this hemisphere presents. The former appears to much greater advantage than in our latitudes, and presents many appendages, branches, and convolutions, which are not discernible in its low situation in Europe. The latter is an object *sui generis*, and which, without a figure, it would be useless to attempt a description of. I should mention that I have spared, and shall continue to spare, no pains to procure correct drawings of these and other the southern nebulae. I cannot trace in  $\alpha$  Argi, as seen in the twenty-feet, any resemblance to the figures published of it; though in the seven-feet equatorial (furnished with a five-inch achromatic object-glass) some leading features of those figures may be recognised. It is of immense extent, and crowded with stars, to which the nebulae form a brilliant back-ground. The planetary nebulae of the southern circumpolar sky are numerous (for the class of objects) and highly characteristic. I have discovered no less than five, quite as sharply terminated in their discs as planets, and of uniform light. Indeed, the first on which I fell was so perfectly planetary in its appearance, that it was not until several observations of it at the Royal Observatory, by Mr. Maclean, had annihilated all supposition of its motion, that I could relinquish the exciting idea that I had really found a new member of our own system, revolving in an orbit more inclined than Pallas. You may form some idea of this climate, as regards clearness of sky, from what was told me by our provisional governor, Colonel Bell,—viz. that out of forty-two successive days, he had only three times been disappointed in finding Venus, with the naked eye, in broad sunshine (at 9 A.M.). I read with ease, a few nights ago, the most involved parts of a lady's closely crossed letter by the light of an eclipsed moon, then near the zenith—(certainly the eclipse was not a great one). The finest double stars (not hitherto described) which I have as yet detected, are  $\gamma$  Lupi,  $\pi$  Lupi,  $\gamma$  Centauri,  $\beta$  Hydra, and  $\epsilon$  Chameleontis. The three first mentioned are of extreme closeness, ranking in that respect with the closest stars in the northern hemisphere. The admirable tranquillity of the air



for several months past, so different from the chaotic state of things all previous accounts had led me to expect, has given fair play to my reflectors; and by diminishing the discs of stars under high powers, nearly to points, has enabled me in almost every case either to detect the duplicity of stars examined, or (what is not less difficult) to prove a decisive negative. In the polishing of my mirrors I have been particularly successful: in fact, they gave me no trouble whatever; and having three of the great specula to replace one another, on the slightest dimness appearing on any one of them, I have no hesitation in consigning it at once to the polisher, whence, after losing about 1-200,000th of an inch of its surface, it comes forth like a snake that has thrown its skin, brilliant and ready for a fresh attack. No prior experience had led me to anticipate any thing half so favourable: I have not met with a single failure. I have looked well out, by Runcker's Ephemeris, for Halley's comet, with fresh-polished mirrors, but without success.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, January 4, Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair. — The first paper which was read contained some remarks on the elevation of the coast of Chili, by Mr. Caldcleugh, F.G.S. Previously to the author's return to South America in 1835, he was induced to suspend his opinion relative to the accounts which had been published of the effects of the great earthquake of 1822. Since his return, however, he has investigated the evidences of alteration of level on the Chilean coast; and he is now convinced that there are indisputable proofs of a relative change of land and sea, produced, not only by that earthquake, but by other similar phenomena. In detailing the results of his inquiries, Mr. Caldcleugh gives all the historical and documentary evidence which he has been able to consult; and he shews, by quotations from the works of the Abate Molina, Frezier, Ulloa, and Feuillée, that many rocks, during the last 120 years, have been raised either from a depth which did not require their being laid down in charts, or from a well-known depth below the level of the sea to a height of many feet above it. Thus the Belem rock, in the Bay of Concepcion, which in the chart of Ulloa is not laid down, has now only two fathoms upon it at low water. In the Bay of Valparaiso in a rock which, the same author says, "should be looked out for with care," not being then visible, but which has now always a ripple upon it; and other rocks near the Cruz de Feyes, which in 1821 were covered at all times of the tide, are now four feet above the level of high-water mark. In the port of Coquimbo, Feuillée, writing in 1770, guards mariners against some rocks on the west side of the southern entrance, which were then à fleur d'eau; but three of these rocks, called the Pelicans, are now about twelve feet above low-water mark. In the same port is a rock called the Tortoise, which in the time of Frezier and Feuillée was from five to six feet out of the water, though it is now about nine feet above the level of high tide. Mr. Caldcleugh gives, also, full accounts of the change of soundings, and the increase of land produced by the accumulation of debris brought down by the streams; separating the facts which they present from those connected with earthquakes. In addition to the proofs given by Mrs. Calcott, and an anonymous author in a paper in the *Journal of Science*, of the effects of the earthquake of 1822, Mr. Caldcleugh states, that in 1821, some timber, lying on one side of a street or causeway

which wound round an old fort, was secured by ropes to prevent its removal at high water, but that the spot is now seven feet above the action of the tide; and persons who escaped on board vessels remarked, that the sentries before an old fort on the summit of the hill over the ruins of the town, who were previously visible from the feet upwards, had, after the earthquake, half the body concealed by the fore part of the cliff. Mr. Caldcleugh also gives an account of the effects produced by the great earthquake of the 20th February, 1835, chiefly from the observations of Capt. Fitzroy; full details of which have been already laid before our readers. — The president then announced that he had received from the Foreign Office a translation of an article which had appeared in the South American journal, *El Arancano*, and written by Don Mariano Rivero; but, as none except original papers were read at the Society's meetings, he could only state, that Don Mariano Rivero dissents entirely from the opinion that earthquakes have produced changes of level in the Bay of Valparaiso. The communication was accompanied by a letter from Colonel Walpole to Lord Palmerston, the following extract from which was read by the secretary: — "I have seen the ground; I have heard, from persons long resident on the very spot alluded to, both previous to the earthquake of 1822, and still residing there — accurate observers of events — statements in direct corroboration of M. Rivero, and whom he could not have consulted: and it is difficult to conceive why those whose opinions he considers as inconsiderately put forth, should have drawn their conclusions from the mere appearance of a piece of ground not more than 200 yards of the whole circumference of a bay of considerable extent; unless it is from that very general failing, which permits individuals attached to a particular theory to draw their inferences in favour of that theory, without caring to investigate very accurately the premises from which they are deduced." — A short notice, on the proofs of recent elevations on the coast of Chili, by Mr. Charles Darwin, M.A. F.G.S., was afterwards read. The observations were made by the author during the surveying voyage of H. M. S. Beagle, commanded by Captain Fitzroy; and the part of the coast more particularly described, extends from sixty miles south of Valparaiso to eighty north of it. Throughout the whole of this line extensive beds of shells were found, elevated at various heights, from the level of the present sea-beach to 250 feet above it. A few were found at much greater elevations, but their origin was subject to doubt. At Valparaiso the position of these shells was examined with particular care by the author, together with Mr. Alison. The circumstances which led to the belief that they had been accumulated in their present position when the sea occupied a different level, were the following: — their great numbers, forming extensive and horizontal beds, whereas the heaps of shells which, in Tierra del Fuégo, are known to have been collected by the inhabitants, always retain a conical figure; their position at the extremities of inaccessible headlands, where there appears no possible inducement for the inhabitants to bring the shells for the purpose of eating; the large proportional number of extremely small shells; their brittle and decayed condition; and lastly, the state of decomposition, bearing an evident relation to the comparative height of the various situations at which the shells were lying. Mr. Darwin alluded to a case near Calao, on the coast of Peru, where, from the

nature of the climate, rain never falls, and where a most perfect gradation of change might be traced from the entire shells, only a little above the beach, to a mere layer of calcareous powder, without an indication of organic structure, which coated the ground at a greater elevation. The most unequivocal proof of a recent rise is drawn from *balanida*, found adhering to the rock, above the reach of the highest tides. Mr. Alison, upon removing the dung of birds from the summit of a projecting point at Valparaiso, found the attached shells at the height of fourteen feet above high-water-mark. Mr. Darwin also observed *balanida* similarly situated at the Rapel, sixty miles south of Valparaiso, and at Quintero, a few miles to the north of it. The present position of an ancient sea-wall, which was built in 1680 at Valparaiso, cannot be otherwise explained than by a change of level. The appearance of the granitic rocks, both to the north and south of the bay, also bear testimony to the same fact, of an elevation to the amount of about fourteen feet. The position of the church of San Augustin was ascertained with care, and it was found to stand nineteen feet six inches above high-water mark; hence, allowing for its probable position when built in 1614, the greatest amount of possible change cannot have exceeded fifteen feet in the long period of 220 years. Mr. Darwin considers it certain that the land was elevated during the earthquake of 1820. The rise of the land, even in the Bay of Valparaiso, was not equal; for a part of a fort which was not formerly visible from a certain spot, subsequently to the earthquake fell within the line of vision. There is good reason to believe that part of the most recent rise of the land, attested by the *balanida* and position of the sea-wall, has been due to changes acting previously to 1822, as well as to that earthquake itself, and likewise to an elevation produced by insensible degrees since that period. Mr. Darwin believes that the island of Chiloe is at present rising in a manner very similar to the coast of Norway. But it is a curious question, whether these changes take place by very small quantities during each trifling earthquake, or independently of such moments of disturbance? The opposite or eastern shores of South America (where earthquakes are never experienced) from the Rio Plata to the Strait of Magellan, have been elevated within the same recent period as the coast of the Pacific. It is impossible to doubt that these changes of level belong to one class of events. The earthquakes, the volcanic eruptions, and the sudden elevations of the ground, which all follow the coast-line of the Pacific, ought, perhaps, to be considered as irregularities in the order of some more widely extended phenomenon. To the northward of Valparaiso, extensive beds of shells were found, which the common people of the country attributed to the deluge. The author gives a very brief notice respecting the marine origin of the terraces at Coquimbo, described by Captain Basil Hall, and discussed by Mr. Lyell. The proofs rest on the occurrence of recent shells imbedded in a friable calcareous rock, and elevated 250 feet above the sea. This calcareous stratum passes into a shelly mass, chiefly composed of fragments of *balani*, &c.; and this again overlies a sandstone, abounding with silicified bones of gigantic sharks, mingled with extinct species of oysters and *perna*, of a great size. The intermediate bed contains some shells, in common with the upper, in which all are recent, and with the lowest, in which the greater number are extinct. The phenomena of the parallel terraces, and of the elevated

shells, occur, in a strongly marked manner, in the valleys of Guasco and Copiapó. The latter is situated 350 miles to the north of Valparaiso; and at an equal distance to the south of it, at Concepción and Imperial, there is an abundance of elevated shells. In conclusion, Mr. Darwin thinks that it is impossible for an observer to travel along the coast of Chili, and not to discover innumerable proofs of elevations of the land within the period of recent shells.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Mr. VIGORS in the chair.—Balance in favour of the Society carried to the January account, 1259l. 1s. 6d. About a dozen individuals were elected fellows. During December, 3715 persons visited the gardens and museum. Several valuable donations were announced; amongst them were, eighty-seven bird-skins, reptiles in spirits, and a curious collection of insects, procured by the Euphrates expedition, under Col. Chesney, and presented by the commissioners for the affairs of India. The stock on hand, at December 31, was 298 mammalia; 702 birds; 24 reptiles; in all, 1024. Satisfactory arrangements have been made for warming the museum, by means of heated air; so that visitors need not be afraid of taking cold when examining the objects,—now arranged with the greatest care and attention. A wax model of the intended gold medal, six of which it is intended shall be awarded annually by the Society, was exhibited. It is a beautiful and appropriate design, by Thomas Landseer, having on the obverse the rhinoceros, giraffe, &c.; the reverse is composed of birds.

#### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 2d, 1837. The Rev. F. W. Hope in the chair.—The memoirs read at this meeting were, Observations upon the nest of the trap-door spider (*Ctenisa nidulans*) of the West Indies, by Mr. Sells, by whom several very interesting particulars, hitherto unnoticed, in the construction of the nest and its door, were described. Continuation of Mr. Waterhouse's descriptions of the insects brought home by Mr. Darwin, containing the characters of sixteen Australian species of the genus *haltica*. On capriciation, as practised upon the figs of the Levant, and descriptions of the insects employed in the process; together with observations upon the *Agaon paradoxum* of Dolman, by J. O. Westwood. Mr. Raddon exhibited numerous insects, extracted by him from raw turpentine, and explained the process which he had adopted for that purpose; also, various insects extracted from gum copal, by means of the application of a solvent not hitherto adopted. A discussion ensued between this gentleman and the president, as to the nature and distinctions of the gum copal and gum animé, and the insects inclosed in each; the latter stating, that from the state of the varnish trade, it was highly desirable to continue these researches, in order to discover an available solvent, which had been hitherto a great desideratum with the varnish manufacturers. He also exhibited drawings of two species of lepidopterous insects, which feed upon the turnip, as well as several other interesting insects. The secretary exhibited a series of typical specimens of Belgian *Braconida*, received from Professor Westmael, of Brussels. A discussion ensued, wherein the president, Messrs. Mac Leary, Waterhouse, Struckard, and others, took part. The third part of the Society's Transactions was placed upon the table. The anniversary meeting of the So-

ciety was announced to take place on Monday fortnight.

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 5th. Mr. J. E. Gray in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Donations of plants announced from Dr. Macreight, and Mr. G. E. Dennes. A great many members were elected, and others proposed. A paper was then read by the curator, Mr. D. Cooper, (author of the "Flora Metropolitana, or Botanical Rambles within thirty miles of London"), on the plants found about Battersea Fields; by which it appears, there are found about that place 406 out of the 1500 plants found in Britain. After some discussion upon this paper, the secretary read a paper from Mr. Thomas Hancock, on the plants found by him about Bristol last year; and, when some discussion upon this paper had taken place between the president, Dr. McIntyre, and Dr. Macreight, the meeting adjourned to the 19th, when the conclusion of Dr. McIntyre's paper upon the plants found about Warley Common, Essex, will be read; and also a paper by Mr. Freeman, on describing and arranging British plants.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE.—Prize Subject.—1. The Marquess Camden, Chancellor's, third gold medal for the encouragement of English Poetry, "The conflagration of Rome in the reign of Nero."

2. The Representatives in Parliament.—Two prizes, of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin Prose Composition; and two other prizes, of fifteen guineas each.

The subjects are—1. For the Bachelors, "Quænam beneficia Academia, qualls nostra est constitutio ac forma, ad rempublicam afferat?" 2. For the Undergraduates, "Utrumque tempus consulas, tum antiquius, ut cognoscas, quid optimum fuerit; tum recentius, ut notes, quid fuerit aptissimum."

III. Sir William Browne's three gold medals.—1. The best Greek Ode in imitation of Sappho; 2. The best Latin Ode in imitation of Horace; 3. The best Greek Epigram after the model of the Anthologia, and the best Latin Epigram after the model of Martial.

The subjects are—1. For the Greek Ode, "Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinitus atque os Magnæ sonaturum, de nominis huius honorem;" 2. For the Latin Ode, "Newtonus;" 3. For the Greek Epigram, "Nil fuit unquam Sic impar sibi;"

4. For the Latin Epigram, "Proximum sum egomet mihi." The Greek Ode may be accompanied by a literal Latin Prose Version.

IV. The Porson Prize is the interest of 400l. stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident Undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek Verse.

The subject for the present year is—Shakespeare, *King Lear*, Act iii. Scene 2, the speech of *King Lear*, omitting the intervening passages by which its continuity is broken; beginning

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!" And ending "I am a man More sinned against than sinning."

N.B. The metre to be "Tragicum iambicum trimetrum catalecticum." These exercises are to be accompanied and accompanied by a literal Latin prose version, and are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1837.

The premium for the Hulian dissertation was on Monday last adjudged to John Murray, B.A. of Trinity College. Subject, "How far our Saviour's Miracles were typical of the nature of the Christian Dispensation."

Scotian Prize Poem.—The subject of the poem for the present year is, "St. Paul at Ephesus."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9.

Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts (Illustration on the Metallurgical History of Iron, by the Secretary), 8 P.M.; Belgrave Literary, &c. (Mr. J. Hemming on Chemistry), and three ensuing Tuesdays: Architectural Society (Essay by E. H. Browne); Meteorological, 8 P.M. (Progression of the Storm Periods, and Periodical Curves, described by the wind).

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund Committee, 3 P.M.; Club, 5½ P.M.; Me-

dico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Southwark Literary, &c. (Mr. Serle on the Language of the Drama).

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Thomas Moore, Esq.* Painted by George F. Mulvany, R. H. A.; engraved by George Raphael Ward.

WE can imagine few subjects so difficult to treat as our Anacreontic and excellent friend. We have the more pleasure, therefore, in saying, that this is decidedly the best and most pleasing resemblance we have seen of him, whether with reference to the general expression, or to the fine finish of the individual features. The former practice of Mr. Ward (whose admirable miniature copies of portraits of distinguished characters, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, are well known) has given him great precision and beauty of marking, in the department of art which he has recently taken up—mezzotinto engraving.

*Looking Out.* Painted by H. P. Parker; engraved by W. O. Geller. Ackermann and Co.

WE have been "looking out" for some time for a print from the startling picture under that name, described by us in one of our notices of the Gallery of the British Artists, in Suffolk Street. We are now gratified by the appearance, not only of a print, but of such a print as does at once great justice to Mr. Parker, and great credit to Mr. Geller. It is of a large size; and reproduces, with singular fidelity and force, the fine, determined character of the original.

*Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen.* No. III. Fraser; and Moon.

THIS is so beautiful a publication, that we almost regret its being confined to one class of our public men; thereby excluding some fine subjects for the pencil, and limiting the extent of its circulation. The portraits in the present No. are, "The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M. P." engraved by H. T. Ryall, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence; "The Right Hon. Sir Henry Hardinge, M. P." engraved by F. Hall, from a picture by J. Eddis; and "The Right Hon. Frederick Shaw, M. P." engraved by T. Scriven, from a drawing by F. Cruickshank. The first and the last are our favourites; but they are all admirable.

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—As we prophesied last week, Drury has come down in its prices; it was quite unable to bear the opposition. We are glad of this, and think that, at the present rational prices, and with a rational rivalry between the patents, the drama may begin to hold up its head again.

*St. James's.*—Mr. Braham produced two more new pieces on Thursday,—*The Wager*, and *Love is Blind*. We must defer our notice till our next, only observing, that the former is rather extravagant, and the latter, with Miss Allison as the heroine, very loudly applauded.

*Adelphi.*—*Jim Crow* has given place to one of Buckstone's beautiful dramas of the *Victorine* school. The present is an adaptation from the French, and is called *The Duchess of Vaubanière*. Mrs. Yates's acting, as the *Duchess*, is of a very high order, and equal to any of her former splendid efforts: she quite carries you

\* Wednesday, 12th, in the card, and, therefore, we are uncertain whether it stands for that day or Thursday. There is a mistake in all this year's dates.

away with her. It is one of the Adelphi pieces, and will be as great a favourite with domestic drama lovers as *The Wreck Ashore*, *Victoria*, &c.

*The Queen's* makes strenuous efforts, and goes on prosperously. Miss A. C. Gray manages most spiritedly, and deserves to succeed. We have *Eye-on*, the *Musical Bore*, and other novelties, and altogether, the entertainments afford an excellent evening's amusement. We recommend all our friends to see them.

*Olympic*.—Mr. Hill, with his very clever *Yankee Pedlar*, has starred it most successfully here during the week. His peculiar humour is better seen and felt on the smaller stage.

*Opera Buffa*.—Miss F. Wyndham, the young lady who came out the other night, and whom we noticed far too lightly for her merits, is a pupil of Signor Crevelli, to whom, after all the popular singers he has introduced to the public, she does, indeed, much honour. It is long since we have heard so fine a *contralto* as she possesses; and the beautiful training of her voice displays it to every advantage. It is long since so great an acquisition to the Italian opera has been made from the English school.

*The Duchess de la Vallière*. A play in five acts. By the Author of "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," &c. London, 1836. Saunders and Otley.

WELL, for once, we will make a book review, and a dramatic critique, one article. We entirely disagree with Mr. Bulwer in the wonder which his Preface expresses, that the dramatic capabilities of Madame de la Vallière's story should have been neglected. To us it appears a subject essentially undramatic. What is the history of the ill-fated favourite? First, a romantic, ideal, and timid love; next, that remorse which is the work of years, and whose ravages are as secret as they are fatal. These colours are too subtle and too faint for the strong lights required on the theatre; they belong to the sentiments rather than to the passions. Mr. Bulwer has done much with his subject, yet the most effective portions of his drama were those which prove the truth of our assertion; they were those the most indebted to his own invention, and the least based on the historic narrative. The plot is too well known for detail; and there is little variation from the original, excepting the necessary condensing, and the re-introduction of La Vallière's lover as a monk. Of the first point we must say, that, however needful, the rapidity of the change gave something both unnatural and revolting to the king's inconstancy. It destroyed the interest which belonged to him—that interest which is his gentle mistress's best palliation. But it is impossible to place Louis on the stage such as he actually was in his court. The poetry of royalty is gone by for ever. We have no sympathy with the enthusiasm which his personal qualities excited; his vices have descended to us, but they have long since left their glitter behind. Louis, on the English stage of to-day, can never be other than the selfish voluptuary; our sense of justice is disgusted by seeing him the object of a sincere and disinterested love. We dwell on this the more especially, as we hold that Mr. Bulwer has but made the first step in a long list of dramatic triumphs. What was the character that riveted the audience the other night—that left them breathless with the strong excitement?—that of Bragelone, the prophet monk, who denounced the vices of his hour in the awful presence of the future. Now, this character is essentially of to-day; it did not, it could not, have existed in its own narrow and profligate age. It belongs to our ætæm

sense of morality, grown out of our enlarged sense of political freedom. It is by such inventions that Mr. Bulwer will assert his own genius, and carry his audience along with him: a dramatic appeal must be made to existing feelings and actual principles. Who, better than Mr. Bulwer, understands the present, or carries it forward with more exalted views? In the closet we would not lose a line of *The Duchess de la Vallière*, but on the stage it is too long.\* Doubtless, after the first night, it will be curtailed. The interest ends with the separation of the king and the duchess; the mummery—for such it seems—afterwards, weakens the close. There is nothing in the chorus and ceremonies with which we sympathise. The great point of a play carried, it should not "drag its slow length along" through unmeaning pageantry. Mr. Bulwer's great strength lies, as might have been expected, in his delineation of character. The fourth act was the triumph of author and of actor. Macready's conception was as splendid as his execution. He began by a fine, bold portrait, of the plain, but high-minded soldier, with a quiet simplicity that made his after-bursts of eloquent passion doubly imposing. The scene when he urges upon Louise—not repentance, for she repents before—but that religious retirement in which alone repentance could be of aught avail, was one of the most touching, and yet most solemn, things, that we ever saw on the stage. The description of her mother's death—the recalling the tender remembrances of childhood around the path of penitence, was a beautiful ideal of the minister of religion, and of forgiveness. In the next scene, another display of power, belonging to a wholly different order, was evinced. Nothing could be nobler than his denunciation of the monarch's vices. True as terrible, it embodied the moral and sublime. But every new character in which we see Macready adds to an estimate that, till then, we had deemed of the highest. There is the fine feeling of the poet, the delicate perception of the artist, refined and made effective by the consummate judgment of the scholar. It is cold work, writing of remembered enthusiasm; but it is Macready's highest triumph, that reflection always confirms the praise offered in the excitement of the moment. In a completely different line was the *Lausun* of Farren. *Lausun* is the representative of his epoch. He is clever, thanks to nature; but every thing else about him is art. The dearest feelings and interests of life are only a succession of intrigues, the objects of which are of the smallest kind. Now, the constant pursuit of small objects must dwarf the mind confined to them; the narrow mind makes the callous heart; we learn to deny what we cease to revere, and the virtues to which we no longer aspire become matters of doubt; we cannot give others more credit than we do to ourselves; genius cannot exist in such cold and cutting atmosphere—it needs the warm and open air of belief; talent only remains, and talent is confined to shrewdness and sarcasm. Wit, bitter and worldly, that laughs at others because it first laughs at itself, is the sole resource of a man like *Lausun*. Profligate, reckless, and selfish, his sneers against the true, the sensitive, and the generous, are all that redeem him in his own eyes. He is witty in his own defence; ridicule is at once his resource and excuse. Mr. Vandenhoff did all he could for the king, and Webster was capital in the coxcomb marquess. Of Miss Faucit's per-

\* It lasted four hours, and has since been cut down more than an hour.—*Ed. L. G.*

sonification of the *Duchess de la Vallière* we can speak very cordially; our young actress improves every day. Her performance was sweet, touching, and gentle; nothing was exaggerated, and her last scene was full of natural pathos. As to her rival, *Madame de Montespan*, nothing could be worse than Miss Pelham's outrageous viragoism: surely, some substitute might be procured; she made the scenes in which she appeared absolutely ridiculous.

We have alluded to passages full of thought and of purity in this drama, and we now proceed to make a selection.

#### Early love.

I have watched thee  
Bud into virgin May, and in thy youth  
Have seemed to hoard my own—I think of thee,  
And I am youthful still! The passionate prayer—  
The wild idolatry—the purple light  
Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn:—  
Yes, all the soul's divine excess which youth  
Claims as its own, came back when first I loved thee  
And yet so well I love, that if thy heart  
Recall from mine,—if but one single wish,  
A shade more timid than the fear which ever  
Blends trembling twilight with the starry hope  
Of maiden dreams—would start thee from our union,  
Speak, and my suit is tongueless!

#### Again,—

As gallants love. "I loved thee not, Louise,  
Breathing through earth the lovely and the holy,  
And clothing Poetry in human beauty!  
When in this gloomy world they spoke of sin,  
I thought of thee, and smiled—for thou wert sinless!  
And when they told of some diviner act  
That made our nature noble, my heart whispered—  
'So would have done Louise!'—'Twas thus I loved thee!

#### Artificial society.

"Art has grown my nature,  
And if I see green fields, or ill-dressed people,  
I cry, 'how artificial!' With me, 'Nature'  
Is 'Paris and Versailles.' The word, 'a man,'  
Means something noble, that one sees at court.  
Woman's the thing Heaven made for wearing trinkets  
And talking scandal.

#### A footstep.

"Hark! I hear her:  
That silver footfall!—still it hath to me  
Its own peculiar and most spiritual music,  
Trembling along the pulses of the air,  
And dying on the heart that makes its echo!

#### Bragelone's address to the king—

"The world proclaims you 'Great!'  
A million warriors bled to buy your laurels;  
A million peasants starved to build Versailles:  
Your people famish; but your court is splendid!  
Priests from their pulpits bless your glorious reign;  
Poets have sung thee greater than Augustus,  
And painters placed you on immortal canvases,  
Linn'd as the Jove whose thunders awe the world:  
But to the humble minister of God,  
You are the king who has betrayed his trust—  
Beggared a nation but to blot a court,  
Seen in men's lives the pastime to ambition,  
Looked but on virtue as the toy for vice;  
And, for the first time, from a subject's lips,  
Now learns the name he leaves to Time and God!

Awake!—awake!  
Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream  
That earth was made for kings—marking for slaughter—  
Woman for lust—the people for the palace!  
Dark warnings have gone forth; along the air  
Lingers the crash of the first Charles's throne!  
Behold the young, the fair, the haughty king,  
The kneeling courtiers, and the flattering priests:  
Lo! where the palace rose, behold the scaffold—  
The crowd—the axe—the headman—and the victim!  
Lord of the silver lilies, canst thou tell  
If the same fate await not thy descendant?  
If some meek son of thine Imperial line  
May make no brother to yon headless spectre!  
And when the sage who saddens o'er the end,  
Tracks back the causes, tremble, lest he find  
The seeds thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion,  
Sowed in a heartless court and breadless people,  
Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold,—  
And the long glare of thy funeral glories  
Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave!  
Beware, proud king! The Present cries aloud,  
A prophet to the Future!"

#### Home.

"Once more, ere yet I take farewell of earth,  
I see mine old, familiar, maiden home!  
All how unchanged!—the same the hour, the scene,  
The very season of the year!—the stillness  
Of the smooth wave—the stillness of the trees,  
Where the winds sleep like dreams! and, oh! the calm  
Of the blue heavens around yon holy spire,

Pointing, like gospel truths, through calm and storm,  
To man's great home."

### Life.

"A never-heard philosopher is Life.  
Our happiest hours are sleep's; and sleep proclaims,  
Did we but listen to its warning voice,  
That rest is earth's elixir. Why, then, pine  
That, ere our years grow feverish with their toil,  
Too weary-worn to find the rest they sigh for,  
We learn betimes the moral of repose.  
I will lie down, and sleep away this world.  
The pause of care, the slumber of tired passion,  
Why, why defer till night is well nigh spent?  
When the brief sun that gilds the landscape sets;  
When o'er the music on the leaves of life  
Chill silence falls, and every fluttering hope  
That voiced the world with song has gone to roost,—  
Then let thy soul, from the poor labourer, learn  
Sleep's sweetest taken soonest."

We close with a new and lovely image.

"See, I wear thy colours still! Though Hope  
Wanes from the plate, the dial still remains,  
And takes no light from the stars."

Both for the closet and the stage, we must express our conviction that this drama is too political, and touches too much on religion and religious opinions.

We have nothing left more but to offer our congratulations, and to ask one question. Why is not "Cromwell" brought on the stage? There, indeed, were a subject that would come home to an English audience.

*Amsterdam, Dec. 20, 1836.*—Since several months we have here a new German Opera Company. As it is supposed that they intend going to London next spring, for the purpose of giving representations there, the amateurs of your metropolis will probably be glad to obtain some previous information about them. The director is a Mr. W. Ehlers, a person more than middle-aged now, but who was formerly an ornament to the principal German theatres, as tenor and dramatic player, and whose extensive experience and profound knowledge in his department are now universally appreciated. His manifest activity, science, and probity, gained unlimited confidence for him here. Among the members of the company are found to excel particularly, Mr. Nieser, as first tenor, whose delivery and acting would be difficult to surpass; Mr. Köhler, as second tenor; Messrs. Bercht, Mager, and Nagel, as baritones; and Messrs. Kölner and Weber, as bass-singers. Among the ladies, Mrs. Wieser, as bravura-singer; Miss Micolino, who is favoured by nature with a most exquisite alto-voice, and the Misses Betz, Herman, Graf, Holmer, and Mrs. Schmiedecke, as sopranos, have each of them gained great applause by their peculiar styles. The choirs are numerous, and, under the management of their director, Mr. Schmiedecke, they are sure to satisfy the most scrupulous judges. Hitherto, this company has performed the following operas: "The White Lady of the Castle," (Dame Blanche), "The Barber of Seville," "John of Paris," "Zampa," "Tancredi," "The Freyschütz," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Swiss Family," and "Titus," by Mozart: all which operas have been represented to crowded houses, and received the loudest applause, surpassing every expectation. It is further ascertained, that the most celebrated operas, both old and modern, will be given successively; and as the most excellent singers of Germany will be heard in them, our public has the pleasing prospect of enjoying an agreeable winter, in a musical point of view.—T.B.\*

\* This letter has been handed to us by a friend, and we insert it simply to afford our readers some information respecting the musical visitors who are mentioned in it; having ourselves no knowledge of them, nor any wish to do that job which is known by the name of puffing.

### VARIETIES.

*The Weather Prophets.*—Referring to our last (p. 842), and taking the experience of the present week (up to Friday), it will appear that both Mr. Murphy and Lieut. Morrison have, at least, begun the year wrong. Instead of the "tendence to drought," and "frost to set in about the 5th," of Mr. Murphy, we have had a decided tendency to moisture, and as thorough a thaw as ever was seen on the 5th!! With regard to the "aspects" of Lieut. Morrison, there was no rain on the 3d, and, instead of "cold increasing with wind, and sleet or snow about the 7th," Thursday and Friday have been two of the mildest and sunniest days of any January for ages!! We must give them another trial. Lieut. Morrison predicts for next week "a change milder. The weather improves, though rainy about the 10th and 11th." Mr. Murphy has upon record the greatest cold on the night of the 13th or following morning. *Encore, nous verrons!*

*Literary Curiosity.*—The copy of the *Bijou* presented by Mr. Schloss, the publisher, to the queen, is literally a little gem. It is bound in blue vellum, with the regal initials worked on the cover. The book is placed in a golden case superbly wrought, with the royal arms in enamel; and last comes a purple velvet cover. The verses, painted in golden letters, are on a sheet, placed in a white silk portfolio. We have seen nothing more elegant nor in better taste.

*Fine Arts.*—The lovers of art are much indebted to the spirited exertions of Mr. George Beaucherc, as they preserved, during the late fire at St. Peter's church, Hilton's noble painting of the "Crucifixion." It was presented by the Marquess of Westminster, and cost eleven hundred pounds. Mr. Beaucherc is known to have a great love and fine taste for the arts; but, certainly, he never proved it so effectually before.

*Ornithology.*—Thousands of seagulls, in flocks, passed over London, on Monday morning, keeping chiefly the direction of the Thames. We suppose they came to see how the new Ornithological Society was getting on! Very well, we understand.

*An American Declaration, not of Independence.*—Should any of our readers be at a loss how to make love, we recommend the following style, as being of the newest pattern. "Will you undervalue yourself so much, as to overvalue me so much as to keep company with me?" The propitious answer to this is: "No undervaluation at all, sir."

*The Snow-storm.*—Though we have got clear of snow about London, parts of Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, are still in an almost impassable state. Some of the accidents to surveyors on the Brighton Railroad have been ludicrous—clever engineers in ditches; and the beds of rivers certainly found levels for which they were not prepared.

*Bentley's Miscellany.*—We generally notice new contemporaries in the periodical field: in the present instance we received a copy of the work too late to enable us to speak of its general merits. It seems to be various; and the names of some of the contributors give assurance of originality, wit, and humour. We shall see, however, before next Saturday; and in the meantime, mentioning Father Prout's happy introduction, in two stanzas, to St. Januarius, and his other learned versions of common pieces, we have just time to copy a neat *jeu d'esprit* of Lover's, with the cut illustrating it.

"Who are you?—Who are you?  
Little boy that's running after  
Ev'ry one up and down,  
Mingling sighing with your laughter!"  
"I am Cupid, lady belle,  
I am Cupid, and no other."  
"Little boy, then pr'y thee tell  
How is Venus? How's your mother?"  
"Little boy, little boy,  
I desire you tell me true:  
Cupid, oh! you're alter'd so,  
No wonder I cry, Who are you?"

### II.

"Who are you?—Who are you?  
Little boy, where is your bow?  
You had a bow, my little boy."  
"So had you, ma'am, long ago."  
"Little boy, where is your torch?"  
"Madam, I have given it up:

Torches are no use at all;  
Hearts will never now flare up."

"Naughty boy, naughty boy,  
Such words as these I never knew:  
Cupid, oh! you're alter'd so,  
No wonder I say, Who are you?"



### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among forthcoming novelties, we rejoice to see announced from the able pen of Sir A. Brooke Faulkner, *Letters to Lord Brougham*, containing details of a recent visit to Italy, &c.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Americans*, in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations, by Francis J. Grund, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—*An Essay on the Welsh Saints*, by the Rev. R. Rees, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*The Scientific Reader*, by R. T. Linnington, 12mo. 3s.—*The Duchesse de la Vallière, a Play*, by E. L. Bulwer, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—*The Stories of Aunt Alice*, by Louisa F. Dibdin, 18mo. 2s.—*Plumbe on the Skin*, 4th edit. 8vo. 1l. 1s.—*The Dublin University Calendar*, 1837, 12mo. 5s.—*My Travels*, fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.—*Philosophy and Religion*, by W. B. Galloway, A.M. 8vo. 16s.—*The Principles and Practice of Levelling*, by F. W. Simms, 8vo. 6s.—*D. Jardine on the Use of Torture in the Criminal Law of England*, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—*Pensive Musings on the Pleasures of Melancholy*, a Poem, by W. J. A. Abington, 12mo. 6s.—*Marriage and Registration Acts*, by W. Eagle, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Home, its Joys and its Sorrows*, 2d edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d.—*An Autumn Dream, Thoughts in Verse*, by J. Sheppard, 12mo. 7s.—*The Tithes' Commutation Act*, by S. R. Bosanquet, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—*Camus on the Teeth of Wheels*, 2d edit. 8vo. with Plates, 10s. 6d.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries*, by H. Hallam, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 29	From 22 to 32	29.41 to 29.95
Friday.... 30	.... 23 .. 32	29.47 .. 30.14
Saturday.. 31	.... 20 .. 33	30.16 .. 30.30
January, 1837.		
Sunday.... 1	.... 25 .. 34	30.39 .. 30.37
Monday... 2	.... 6 .. 33	30.29 .. 30.28
Tuesday.. 3	.... 28 .. 40	30.22 .. 30.20
Wednesday 4	.... 24 .. 36	30.20 .. 30.24

Prevailing wind till the morning of the 2d, N. and N.W.; since, W. and S.W. Generally cloudy, till the 1st instant: since, generally clear, except on the 4th. A little snow fell on the 29th, 30th, and 31st ultimo.

The sudden and great fall of the thermometer on the morning of the 2d has not been equalled since February, 1830. The rise on the same day was even more rapid. The thaw has continued, with the exception of the night of the 3d; and the quantity of snow is gradually diminishing.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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Dec. 29, 1837.

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Paternoster Row, January 4th, 1837.

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It so happens, and to our shame be it said, that almost every people of Europe has paid more serious attention to their early national literature than we have done; and, consequently, that the literature of our forefathers, at least quite as interesting as that of any other people of the middle ages, is comparatively very little known. This circumstance may be remarked in Mr. Hallam's book; and in the introductory chapters there is very much that is inaccurate and defective. For instance, he has fixed upon the tenth century as the era of greatest barbarism in England, as a period totally ignorant and unproductive in literature. And yet our libraries contain abundance of manuscripts, both in the Latin and the Saxon tongues; and in the latter both prose and poetry; and that poetry of three kinds, religious, historical,

and romantic: which shews that, amongst our forefathers of the tenth and of the earlier part of the eleventh century, there must have been a very general love of books, as well among the laity as the clergy, and that that period ought to hold an elevated position in our literary annals. After the entrance of the Normans, the Saxon language went almost out of use in writing; and from that time to near the middle of the thirteenth century, when it first came again into general use, it had been but a language of conversation, and had thus undergone a change analogous to that which the Latin had experienced in the transformation which produced the different Neo-Latin tongues; so that, on its revival, it had become almost another language.

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The thirteenth century was the most prolific in German, French, Provençal, and even in Anglo-Norman poets. With the end of this century the Anglo-Norman language gave way before the reviving use of the English; and the fourteenth century was as highly distinguished in what we term middle English poetry as its predecessor had been in Anglo-Norman. The fifteenth century was in England by no means equally remarkable. It was, however, the fourteenth century that began,

and the fifteenth century which saw developed, in Italy, that ardent admiration of the monuments of the better ages of Greece and Rome which afterwards caused so great a change in the character of modern literature.

The middle of the fifteenth century will ever be famous in the annals of literature as the period at which was invented the *art of printing*. It is a good old proverb which tells us, that "Necessity is the mother of Invention;" and the rapidity with which this art was spread over Europe, after its first discovery, would seem to favour the idea, that the discovery itself was in some measure a consequence of the increasing love for literary pursuits. The sketch of the early history of printing, given by Mr. Hallam, is extremely clear and interesting. The invention of this art has lately been the subject of much discussion in Germany, and many important facts connected with it have been cleared up. Dr. Wetter, of Maintz, who has lately published an important work on the subject, has shewn that, contrary to the common opinion, that Gutenberg himself printed long with wooden blocks; and that, instead of the invention of movable types having been a result of long study, it arose out of a sudden fancy—that of sawing in pieces one of his block-books, boring holes through the letters, and stringing them in lines by means of threads.

We will pass over the early history of printing to extract that of bookselling, as being a very fair specimen of the pleasant and attractive manner in which Mr. Hallam lays his information before his readers, and as having, on the whole, more of novelty for ours.

"We shall conclude this portion of literary history with a few illustrations of what a German writer calls, 'The exterior being of books;' for which I do not find an equivalent in English idiom. The trade of bookselling seems to have been established at Paris, and at Bologna, in the twelfth century: the lawyers and universities called it into life. It is very improbable that it existed in what we properly call the dark ages. Peter of Blois mentions a book which he had bought of a public dealer (*a quodam publico mangone librorum*). But we do not find, I believe, many distinct accounts of them till the next age. These dealers were denominated, 'stationarii;' perhaps, from the open stalls at which they carried on their business; though *statio* is a general word for a shop, in low Latin. They appear, by the old statutes of the University of Paris, and by those of Bologna, to have sold books upon commission; and are sometimes, though not uniformly, distinguished from the *librarii*,—a word which, having originally been confined to the copyists of books, was afterwards applied to those who traded in them. They sold parchment, and other materials of writing (which, with us—though, as far as I know, no where else—have retained the name of stationery), and, naturally, exercised the kindred occupations of binding and decorating. They probably employed transcribers: we find, at least, that there was a profession of copyists in the universities, and in large cities; and, by means of these, before the invention of printing, the

necessary books of grammar, law, and theology, were multiplied to a great extent, for the use of students; but with much incorrectness, and far more expense than afterwards. That invention put a sudden stop to their honest occupation. But, whatever hatred they might feel towards the new art, it was in vain to oppose its reception: no party could be raised, in the public, against so manifest and unalloyed a benefit; and the copyists, grown, by habit, fond of books, frequently employed themselves in the somewhat kindred labour of pressmen.

"The first printers were always booksellers, and sold their own impressions. These occupations were not divided till the early part of the sixteenth century. But the risks of sale, at a time when learning was by no means general, combined with the great cost of production (paper and other materials being very dear), rendered this a hazardous trade. We have a curious petition of Sweynheim and Pannartz, to Sixtus IV., in 1472, wherein they complain of their poverty, brought on by printing so many works, which they had not been able to sell. They state the number of impressions of each edition. Of the classical authors, they had, generally, printed 275; of Virgil, and the philosophical works of Cicero, twice that number. In theological publications, the usual number of copies had also been 550. The whole number of copies printed was 12,475. It is possible that experience made other printers more discreet in their estimation of the public demand. Notwithstanding the casualties of three centuries, it seems, from the great scarcity of these early editions which has long existed, that the original circulation must have been much below the number of copies printed; as, indeed, the complaint of Sweynheim and Pannartz shews. The price of books was diminished by four-fifths after the invention of printing. Chevillier gives some instances of a fall in this proportion. But, not content with such a reduction, the University of Paris proceeded to establish a tariff, according to which every edition was to be sold, and seems to have set the prices very low. This was by virtue of the prerogatives they exerted, as we shall soon find, over the book trade of the capital. The priced catalogues of Colinaeus and Robert Stephens are extant, relating, of course, to a later period than the present (the fourteenth century); but we shall not return to the subject. The Greek Testament of Colinaeus was sold for twelve sous; the Latin for six. The folio Latin Bible, printed by Stephens, in 1532, might be had for one hundred sous; a copy of the Pandects for forty sous; a Virgil for two sous and six deniers; a Greek Grammar, of Ctenardus, for two sous; Demosthenes and Æschines (I know not what edition) for five sous. It would, of course, be necessary, before we can make any use of these prices, to compare them with that of corn."

Nearly the latter half of Mr. Hallam's first volume is taken up with the first half of the fifteenth century; with which period the volume ends. The first part of this period was, in Italy—the age of Aldus. The second decade of the half century introduces to us, Leo X., our own More, Erasmus, Luther, and Ariosto. The next twenty years embraced, throughout a great part of Europe, a period of change, of reformation, and of improvement, both in knowledge and opinions. In Italy, it supplied the best modern writers of Latin verse who have ever written: among them were Sannazarius, Vida, and Fracastorius. In France, this epoch produced Rabelais. In mathematics, it gave

us Cardan; and in the study of natural history, Agricola.

Before we leave this book, and for the sake of giving a further specimen of its style, we shall extract the concluding remarks on the fifteenth century:—

"In taking leave of the fifteenth century, to which we have been used to attach many associations of reverence, and during which the desire of knowledge was, in one part of Europe, more enthusiastic and universal than, perhaps, it has since ever been, it is natural to ask ourselves, What harvest had already rewarded their zeal and labour? what monuments of genius and erudition still receive the homage of mankind? No very triumphant answer can be given to this interrogation. Of the books then written, how few are read! Of the men then famous, how few are familiar in our recollection! Let us consider what Italy, itself, produced, of any effective tendency to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, or to delight the taste and fancy. The Treatise of Valla on Latin Grammar; the Miscellaneous Observations of Politian on Ancient Authors; the Commentaries of Landino, and some other editors; the Platonic Theology of Ficinus; the Latin Poetry of Politian and Pontanus; the light Italian Poetry of the same Politian, and Lorenzo de Medici; the Epic Romances of Pulci and Boiardo: of these, Pulci alone, in an original shape, is still read in Italy, and by some lovers of that literature in other countries; and the Latin poets, by a smaller number. If we look on the other side of the Alps, the catalogue is much shorter, or, rather, does not contain a single book, except Philip de Comines, that enters into the usual studies of a literary man. Froissart hardly belongs to the fifteenth century, his history terminating about 1400. The first undated edition, with a continuation, by some one, to 1498, was printed between that time and 1509, when the second appeared.

"If we come to inquire what acquisitions had been made between the years 1400 and 1500, we shall find that, in Italy, the Latin language was now written by some with elegance, and by most with tolerable exactness and fluency: while, out of Italy, there had been, perhaps, a corresponding improvement, relatively to the point from which they started; the flagrant barbarisms of the fourteenth century having yielded, before the close of the next, to a more respectable, though not an elegant or exact, kind of style. Many Italians had now some acquaintance with Greek, which, in 1400, had been hardly the case with any one; and the knowledge of it was, of late, beginning to make a little progress in disjunctive Europe. The French and English languages were become what we call more polished; though the difference in the former seems not to be very considerable. In mathematical science, and in natural history, the ancient writers had been more brought to light, and a certain progress had been made by diligent, if not very instructive, philosophers. We cannot say that metaphysical or moral philosophy stood higher than it had done in the time of the schoolmen. The history of Greece and Rome, and the antiquities of the latter, were, of course, more distinctly known, after so many years of attentive study bestowed on their principal authors; yet, the acquaintance of the learned with those subjects was, by no means, exact or critical enough to save them from gross errors, or from becoming the dupes of any forgery. A proof of this was furnished by the impostures of Amius of Viterbo; who, having

published large fragments of Megasthenes, Berossus, Manetho, and a great many more lost historians, as having been discovered by himself, obtained full credence at the time, which was not generally withheld for too long a period afterwards, though the forgeries were palpable to those who had made themselves masters of general history.

"We should, therefore, if we mean to judge accurately, not overvalue the fifteenth century, as one in which the human mind advanced with giant strides in the kingdom of knowledge. General historians of literature are apt to speak rather hyperbolically in respect of men who rose above their contemporaries; language frequently just, in relation to the vigorous intellects and ardent industry of such men, but tending to produce an exaggerated estimate of their absolute qualities. But the question is, at present, not so much of men as of the average or general proficiency of nations. The catalogues of printed books, in the common bibliographical collections, afford, not quite a gauge of the learning of any particular period, but a reasonable presumption, which it requires contrary evidence to rebut. If these present us very few and imperfect editions of books necessary to the progress of knowledge—if the works most in request appear to have been trifling and ignorant productions, it seems as reasonable to draw an inference one way, from these scanty and discreditable lists, as, on the other hand, we hail the progressive state of any branch of knowledge, from the redoubled labours of the press, and the multiplication of useful editions."

In conclusion, we wish it to be understood, that our slight censures apply entirely to that part of Mr. Hallam's book which treats of the earlier ages of literary history; where he has not made so much use as we could have wished of the late works on this subject, published both at home and abroad. They do not apply to the period which is his peculiar subject; and we can confidently recommend the "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," as a book that will support the reputation which its author has gained by his preceding works. It is, to the general reader, a most interesting book, and, to the scholar, an extremely useful manual; and, to both, it is infinitely valuable for that which, of all other things, we look for from Mr. Hallam, namely—opinions and inferences. We understand that it is to be completed in three volumes.

*Curiosities of Medical Experience.* By Dr. Millengen, 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Bentley.

In a desultory work of the character which these two volumes possess, it is not, we trust, absolutely necessary to have read them through and through, in order to present the world with a fair criticism; for, if it does so, we must confess to an imperfection in this notice: and, therefore, it must go, *quantum valeat*. People are amused and benefited by dipping into the sea—they can tell whether it be salt or pleasant, or very cold or disagreeable; and why may not one do the same in the ocean of type? We have dipped; we like our bath; and we will say so, and why. There is a vast quantity of very amusing matter here; a fund of anecdote—the result of a great deal of reading; and, of consequence, much to interest and instruct, as well as to entertain us. Many of the points and statements, it is true, smack of antiquity; but this was in the nature of things. No man would write a jest-book, now, without helping himself from Joe. We will endeavour

to avoid him in our cento of selections. The first chapter is on obesity; and our author has cut it fat:—

"There is no doubt that food materially influences this condition of mankind, although we frequently see enormous eaters who are miserably lean, and fat persons whose diet is most scanty. During the late war, a ravenous French prisoner was known to eat four pounds of raw cow-udder, ten pounds of raw beef, and two pounds of candles, per diem, diluting his meals with five quarts of porter; yet this carnivorous brute was a perfect skeleton."

"Various expedients, in addition to a better diet, have been resorted to, to restore lean persons to a better case; but amongst the most singular that we have on record is that of flagellation. Galen says, that horse-dealers having been observed to fatten horses, for sale, by flogging them: an analogous method might be useful with spare persons who wish to become stouter. He also mentions slave-dealers, who employed similar means. Suetonius informs us that Musa, the favourite physician of Augustus, used to fustigate him, not only to cure him of a sciatia, but to keep him plump. Meibomius pretends that nurses whip little children to fatten them, that they may appear healthy and chubby to their mothers. No doubt but flagellation determines a greater influx of blood to the surface, and may thus tend to increase the circulation, and give tone to parts which would otherwise be languid. With this intention, *urticatio*, or whipping with nettles, has been frequently used, in medical practice, with great advantage. Xenophon thawed his frozen soldiers by flagellation."

We pass by the discussion on *dwarfs*, as being too small to dwell upon; and on *gigantic races* as too large for our columns. *Unlawful cures* are more in our way.

"Nothing could be more absurd than the notions regarding some of these supposed cures: a ring made of the hinge of a coffin had the power of relieving cramps; which were also mitigated by having a rusty old sword hung up by the bedside. Nails driven in an oak-tree prevented the toothach. A halter that had served in hanging a criminal was an infallible remedy for a headach, when tied round the head; this affection was equally cured by the moss growing on a human skull, dried and pulverised, and taken as a cephalic snuff. A dead man's hand could dispel tumours of the glands, by stroking the parts nine times; but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows was the most efficacious. To cure warts, one had nothing to do but to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed, then interring it in any filth; and, as it rotted, the warts would wither and fall. The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, would cure the ague. A stone with a hole in it, suspended at the head of the bed, would effectually stop the night-mare; hence it was called a hag-stone, as it prevents the troublesome witches from sitting upon the sleeper's stomach. The same amulet, tied to the key of a stable-door, deterred witches from riding horses over the country."

Our next quotation may readily be seen through.

"*Spectacles*.—The origin of these valuable instruments is uncertain: that the ancients were acquainted with the laws of refraction is beyond all doubt, since they made use of glass globes filled with water to produce combustion; and in Seneca we find the following very curious passage:—*Litteræ, quamvis minutæ et ob-*

*scuræ, per vitream pilam aquâ plenam majores clarioresque cernuntur;* yet thirteen centuries elapsed ere spectacles were known. It is supposed that they were first invented by Salvino, or Salvino Armati; but he kept his discovery secret, until Alessandro de Spina, a monk in Pisa, brought them into use in 1313. Salvino was considered their inventor, from the epitaph on his tomb in the cathedral church in Florence: '*Qui glaci Salvino d'Armato, degl' Armati di Firenze, inventor delli occhiali, &c. 1317.*' Another circumstance seems to add weight to this presumption: Luigi Sigoli, a contemporary artist, in a painting of the Circumcision, represents the high-priest Simeon with a pair of spectacles, which, from his advanced age, it was supposed he might have needed on the occasion."

On the influence of the imagination, the following is striking:

"The most melancholy record of the miseries of hypochondriacism is to be found in the diary of Dr. Walderstein, of Göttingen. He was a man much deformed in person, and his mind seemed as distorted as his body. Although of deep learning and research, and convinced of the absurdity of his impressions, yet he was unable to resist their baneful influence. '*My misfortune,*' says the doctor, '*is, that I never exist in this world, but rather in possible combinations created by my imagination to my conscience. They occupy a large portion of my time, and my reason has not the power to banish them. My malady, in fact, is the faculty of extracting poison from every circumstance in life; so much so, that I often felt the most wretched being because I had not been able to sneeze three times together. One night when I was in bed I felt a sudden fear of fire, and gradually became as much oppressed by imaginary heat as though my room were in flames. While in this situation, a fire-bell in the neighbourhood sounded, and added to my intense sufferings. I do not blush at what might be called my superstition, any more than I should blush in acknowledging that my senses inform me that the earth does not move. My error forms the body of my judgment, and I thank God that he has given it a soul capable of correcting it. When I have been perfectly free from pain, as is not unfrequently the case when I am in bed, my sense of this happiness has brought tears of gratitude in my eyes. I once dreamt,' adds Walderstein, '*that I was condemned to be burnt alive. I was very calm, and reasoned coolly during the execution of my sentence. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'I am burning, but not yet burnt; and by-and-by I shall be reduced to a cinder.'* This was all I thought, and I did nothing but think. When, upon waking, I reflected upon my dream, I was by no means pleased with it, for I was afraid I should become all thought and no feeling.' It is strange that this fear of thought, assuming a corporeal form in deep affliction, had occurred to our poet Rowe, when he exclaims, in the '*Fair Penitent*, '*Turn not to thought my brain.*' '*What is very distressing,*' continues the unfortunate narrator, '*is, that when I am ill I can think nothing, feel nothing, without bringing it home to myself. It seems to me that the whole world is a mere machine, expressly formed to make me feel my sufferings in every possible manner.*' What a fearful avowal from a reflecting and intelligent man! Does it not illustrate Rousseau's definition of reason—the knowledge of our folly?"*

Now for physical powers: the "*Homophagous* and *Polyphagous*; appellations given to certain individuals of a depraved appetite, that

enables them to devour raw meat, and various other substances, which, most unquestionably, would destroy any person not gifted or cursed with such an omnivorous digestion. Various are the ancient stories related of such voracious wretches. Ovid describes one Erichthon, who, as a punishment for cutting down the groves of Ceres (very possibly to obtain fuel to cook his food), was sentenced to perpetual hunger, and terminated his gluttonous career by eating up his own limbs. The Thasian Theaganes thought nothing of an ox for his dinner; and the famed Crotonian athlete, Milo, knocked down bullocks with his fist for his daily meals, which usually consisted of twenty *minæ* of meat, and the same ration of bread. Vopiscus relates that a man was brought before the Emperor Maximilian, who devoured a whole calf, and was proceeding to eat up a sheep, had he not been prevented. To this day, in India, some voracious mountebanks devour a live sheep as an exhibition. Dr. Boehmen, of Wittenberg, witnessed the performance of one of these polyphagous individuals, who commenced his repast by eating a raw sheep, a sucking-pig, and, by way of dessert, swallowed sixty pounds of prunes, stones and all. On another festive occasion, he ate two bushels of cherries, with several earthen vases, and chips of a furnace. This meal was followed up by sundry pieces of glass and pebbles, a shepherd's bagpipe, rats, various birds with their feathers, and an incredible number of caterpillars. To conclude his dinner, he swallowed a pewter inkstand, with its pens, a penknife, and a sand-box. During this deglutition he seemed to relish his food, but was generally under the influence of potations of brandy. His form was athletic, and he could carry four heavy men on his shoulders for a league. He lived to the age of seventy-nine, but died in a most emaciated state, and, as might be imagined, toothless. Helwig knew an old man who was in the habit of eating eighty pounds of different articles of food daily. Real Colomb mentions an omnivorous glutton, who, in the absence of any salutary aliment, satisfied his cravings with any other substance; and was once known, when hungry, to eat the contents of a sack of charcoal, and then to swallow the bag to facilitate their digestion. One of the attendants on the menagerie of the Botanical Garden in Paris, who bore the euphonous name of Bijou, used to devour all the offals of the Theatre of Comparative Anatomy, and ate a dead lion in one day. He was active, and lived to the age of sixty. A cannibal once desolated the Vivalais, by dragging human victims to his den, where he devoured them. On the opening of the corpse of a convict in the galleys of Brest, there were found in his stomach about six hundred pieces of wood, pewter, and iron. All these accounts might appear most exaggerated, perhaps fabulous, had not many physicians in Paris known the celebrated Tarrare. The history of this monster is as curious as his habits were disgusting. He commenced his career in life in the capacity of clown to an itinerant quack, and used to attract the notice of the populace by his singular powers of deglutition, swallowing, with the utmost ease, corks, pebbles, and basketsful of apples. However, these experiments were frequently followed by severe pain and accidents, which once obliged him to seek assistance in the Hôtel Dieu of Paris. His sufferings did not deter him from similar experiments; and he once tried to exhibit his wonderful faculties by swallowing the watch, chain, and seals, of Mr. Giraud, then house-surgeon of the establishment. In this repast

he was foiled, having been told that he would be ripped up to recover the property. In the revolutionary war Tarrare joined the army, but was soon exhausted on the spare diet to which the troops were obliged to submit. In the hospital of Sultzén, although put upon four full rations, he was obliged to wander about the establishment to feed upon any substance he could find, however revolting, to subdue his voracious hunger. These singular powers induced several physicians to ascertain how far these omnivorous inclinations could carry him in his unnatural cravings. In presence of Dr. Lorentz he devoured a live cat, commencing by tearing open its stomach, and sucking the animal's blood with delight. What was more singular, after this horrible feat, like other carnivorous brutes, he rejected the fur and skin. Snakes were to him a delicious meal, and he swallowed them alive and whole, after grinding their heads between his teeth. One of the surgeons, Mr. Courville, gave him a wooden lancet-case to swallow, in which had been folded a written paper. This case was rejected undigested, and the paper being found intact, it became a question whether he might not be employed to convey secret correspondence; but, having been taken up at the Prussian outposts as a spy, being disguised as a peasant, without a knowledge of the language, he received a severe bastinado, which effectually cured him of an appetite for secret service; and, on his return, he had recourse to the safer means of obtaining food in kitchens, slaughter-houses, and dunghills. At last, a child of fourteen months old having disappeared under suspicious circumstances, he was driven out of the hospital, and lost sight of for four years, when he applied for admission into the hospital of Versailles, in a state of complete exhaustion, labouring under a virulent diarrhoea, which terminated his hateful existence in his twenty-sixth year. He was of the middle size, pale, thin, and weak; his countenance was by no means ferocious, but, on the contrary, displayed much timidity; his fair hair was remarkably fine and soft; his mouth was very large, and one could scarcely say that he had any lips; all his teeth were sound, but their enamel was speckled; his skin was always hot, in a state of perspiration, and exhaling a constant offensive vapour. When fasting, the integuments of his abdomen were so flaccid that he could nearly wrap them round him. After his meals, the exhalation from his surface was increased, his eyes and cheeks became turgid with blood, and, dropping into a state of drowsiness, he used to seek some obscure corner where he might quietly lie down and digest. After his death, all the abdominal viscera were found in a state of ulceration. Instances are recorded where a similar facility to swallow fluids had been observed. At Strasburg was exhibited the stomach of a hussar who could drink sixty quarts of wine in an hour. Pliny mentions a Milanese, named Norvellus Torquatus, who, in presence of Tiberius, drank three *congi* of wine. Seneca and Tacitus knew a man of the name of Piso who could drink incessantly for two days and two nights; and Rhodiginus mentions a capacious monster called the Funnel, down whose throat an *amphora* of liquor could be poured without interruption."

With this long extract we must, for the present, conclude.

*The Magnolia, for 1836 and 1837.* Edited by H. W. Herbert. 2 vols. 8vo. New York, Monson Bancroft.

THESE very handsome Annuals come from

across the Atlantic, and are named after the flower which gives such splendour to an American annual. A hill covered with the magnolia in full bloom has, at a distance, the appearance of being on fire. It is a good omen for American literature, and gives goodly promise of a glorious harvest. In the pages now before us the prose is superior to the poetry. The latter is not more harmonious than graceful; but the former has the better part, originality. "Cavendish the Rover" is a story as spirited as it is picturesque. "Amy Cranstoun," and "The Young Devotee," are equally good in different style; while that of "Daniel Prime" is as thrilling as it is characteristic. "Marie Grenne" is a lively sketch from French history, into which the supernatural is introduced with great effect. But, commend us to "Dick Moon," the very beautiful of a Yankee pedler—from his school days till a director in the Guatemala gold mines—he is perfect. We can only show how he sustained his character with a planter in Virginia, whose hospitality he shares for a night. Dick finds that there is on the part of his host rather more than a slight prejudice against his calling.

"Not many words had been interchanged, before the planter indicated still more intelligibly his half-dissatisfied humour, by asking abruptly, 'Well, brother Jonathan, I reckon you've brought along a power of notions to please the Virginians, eh! What have you?' 'Pretty much every thing, I guess; tin-ware, pins and pepper, drums, needles and shuttle-cocks, fiddles, dolls, warming-pans, mouse-traps, and other sweet-meats.' 'Together with a heap of wooden nutmegs, I reckon; how do they sell?' 'Why, sax-a-fax sell pretty lively yet, but white oak don't go very well of late.' The planter was by no means insensible to the ludicrous; and the promptness of the pedler's replies, the peculiar cast of gravity with which they were uttered, and their oddity withal, soon dissipated the prejudices which had chilled his welcome, and placed Dick Moon at once upon a different footing for the evening. Major Dinwiddie discovered that he was entertaining a very clever fellow, albeit a pedler; and, after sipping a cheerful julep together, the Virginian sunk the aristocrat, and conversed as freely of his tobacco crop, his negroes, his horses, and his hounds, as though talking with one of the Droomgooles or Merriwethers of his own country. He made many inquiries of the pedler respecting matters and things in Yankee land, and, in the course of the evening, was very inquisitive on the subject of the 'Yankee tricks' of which he had heard so much. The pedler, on his part, sustained the conversation very creditably, for himself, his country, and his calling. In regard to the peculiar 'tricks,' for the practice of which his countrymen were enjoying such unenviable notoriety at the south, he disclaimed, and truly, any practical knowledge of them himself, while engaged in his itinerating commercial intercourse with the plantation states, nor did he acknowledge them to be exclusively characteristic of the Yankees. There were tricks in all trades and occupations, and tricky men in all countries. The adroitness with which they were practised, would, of course, depend upon the shrewdness of the artist—not upon his parentage, or the place of his birth; and he was greatly mistaken, if Virginian horse-jockeys could not be found equalling any wooden-clock vender that ever came from Connecticut. But the planter was incredulous. He had heard so much of the tricks of the

Yankee pedlers, that he could not divest himself of the idea that the study of the art was a part of their profession. Hence, he supposed them to be a sort of roving brotherhood, bound by a mystic tie like the freemasons, with the art of working tricks by a process known only to their own hopeful fraternity; and so curious was he to behold a legitimate Yankee trick, that he begged of his guest to work one for his own special gratification. Our hero had no desire to gain notoriety in that way, and he repeatedly begged to be excused, modestly alleging his inability to perform any such exploit, either of dexterity or of wit. Importunity, however, at length prevailed over resolution; and as the family separated for the night, Dick promised to shew the major a trick before he took his departure in the morning. An ebony damsel, lustrous from very blackness, lighted Dick to his chamber, and pointed him to a high bed, into which, when he threw himself, he sunk as into a sea of down, so light and lively were the feathers. The sheets were sweet and clean, and over all was spread a superb Marseilles counterpane, beautifully wrought in delicate figures, as if the needle-work of some fairy fingers, and rivaling the driven snow in whiteness. The pedler awoke with the lark from a glorious slumber, and was dressed before a single inmate of the mansion was on the move. Having completed his toilet, in regard to which he was always somewhat more attentive than is usual with his profession, he took the counterpane from the bed, folded it carefully as though just taken from a bale of merchandise, attached a commercial mark to the fringe, and carried it out in the gray of the morning, before any of the family had risen, and placed it in his cart. The wants of his faithful horse were next consulted, and, after measuring to him an ample supply of provender, he regained his apartment, yet unperceived, and in due season presented himself below with the family. In the country, where time is employed according to the design of the Creator,—where the night is taken for repose, as the day was ordained for labour, and where it is thought no mark of disrespect to rise before the sun,—breakfast is truly a morning meal. Accordingly, it was found smoking upon the table, as the pedler descended into the parlour, where, in a moment afterward, he was joined by the hospitable major and his lady. Of course the morning repeat, inviting and bountiful to an excess, according to southern custom, was not to be declined, and Dick gave practical testimony that he was not afflicted by the dyspepsia. In due season, and without unnecessary delay, the pedler's horse was in harness, and he was just preparing to ascend his box to depart, when, as though suddenly recollecting himself, he called to the lady, and informed her that he had in his box one article, and only one, which he was exceedingly desirous she should possess. It was a splendid Marseilles counterpane, wrought exactly after a pattern which had been drawn for the Duchess of Berri, and in consideration of the kindness with which he had been entertained, she must have it. He thereupon brought it forth from his cart, and opened it to the admiration of the whole family. It was so fine, so beautiful, so much handsomer than any thing of the kind they had ever seen, that the vote was unanimous that it must be purchased. And then, it was so cheap—only forty dollars! 'My dear,' said Mrs. Dinwiddie to the major, 'how lucky! It is just the thing that I was wanting for the blue chamber, against Mr. Calhoun comes along on his way to congress.' And so the counter-

pane was purchased. The pedler pocketed the money, bade them good morning, and mounted his cart. 'But, stay a moment, Mr. Moon,' called the major, as the pedler began to raise his whip for a flourish; 'Where is the Yankee trick you promised to shew me before your departure?' 'Never mind,' replied Dick, 'you will find it out soon enough!' and with a crack of his whip, he drove off at a rapid gait—more after the pattern of Jehu than he had ever driven."

Years afterwards, Dick meets his entertainer at an inn, where he has been turned out seized with the cholera and left to die. The pedler nurses him through it, and leaves him the following letter:

"Regions of Inhumanity, Nov. 25, 1832.

"Dear Sir,—As I calculate you are now safe to do, I have concluded to start this afternoon, and get quit of this peaky place as soon as possible; especially as I am obliged to be in Orleans next week, before the brig Snap-dragon sails for Vera Cruz. You have had a pretty tight squeeze on't, or I'm mistaken. Your face was about as thin as a hatchet when old Hardscrabble turned you out of doors; and if it hadn't been for the Yankee pedler, I think you'd have twisted yourself into a corkscrew in an hour more. I make no merit of what I have done, and I only hope that hereafter you'll believe that all Yankees are not so unfeeling that they cannot weep except when they are cutting up onions; and as I have scorned to receive your money, I guess you may also admit that it's not every pedler who is so greedy for gain, as to skin flints and shad-scales to get it. The niggers have all done what they could for you, and if you can give them a few notions, without letting the old alligator in the house know it, I calculate it won't come amiss. Enclosed I leave you a dose or two of mercury, and Doctor Reese's receipt, which, if you have a relapse, you can swallow for yourself—not the receipt, I don't mean, but the calomel. But mind you don't eat any more grapes, or drink any juleps, until the cholera's gone. Enclosed I also send you a forty-dollar note of 'Squire Biddle's bank, which, for your use, I guess is pretty considerably better than specie, being the amount which you paid me fifteen years ago for Mrs. Dinwiddie's counterpane. If you'll look close, I guess you'll find the bill is an old acquaintance. It's the same I took on you, whether or no. Howsomever you have forgotten me, though I expect you don't forget to remember the 'Yankee trick.' I had tho'ts of putting in the interest; but as it was a trick of your own axing, I conclude you may lose that much, for knowing more than you did before. But I must be stirring.—Your obedient,

"RICHARD MOON.

"To Maj. Dinwiddie, of Virginia.

"P.S. I hope you'll not forget to remember to present my best compliments to Mrs. Dinwiddie, and tell her, she must not lay that matter up agin me; I expect I saw your son on parade at West Point, in September—his mother all over. His eyes are as bright as a button, and he walks as trim and straight as a coffin-stalk."

For the sake of variety, we add other two characteristic illustrations.

*Conversation between a Landlord and a Traveller.*—"Stran-ger," said the traveller to the publican, 'can I get to stay with you to-night?' 'Well, I reckon,' was the affirmative reply, in the Red River dialect. Whereupon, the horse-man dismounted, and the proper directions were given to the sable ostler. 'Cæsar, hang

the stranger's horse finent the spring, and when he gets cool, wash him and rub him down, and give him a smart chance of roughness. Hack, now, and draw a bee-line quick: and here, Jube, tote in the stranger's plunder. Come, patter along.' While these arrangements were making, some little conversation ensued between the publican and guest. 'From the up-country, I reckon?' inquired the former. 'From Old Virginia.' 'Smart sprinkle of niggers there yet? though a power of them has been brought to Orleans, and up to Bayou-Sarah, within a few years past. This sugar-making does the business for a heap of 'em every year. The cholera cuts them off this fall most banduciously. Mr. L'Amoreaux, at the last plantation back, which you passed, has had a touch, and is powerful weak yet.' The traveller, who was rather less sociable than the publican, and who was, in fact, making an overland journey homeward from New Orleans, whither he had been to dispose of forty or fifty of his slaves, uttered some indifferent reply, and was turning to enter the house, when he discovered the cart of a New England pedler, standing under a shed a short distance from the door. 'This universal Yankee nation!' he exclaimed, 'you find them every where. I reckon they would go to Tophet to sell a pistareen's worth of mammoth pumpkin seeds, if they could clear fourpence by it. I say, landlord, I think you should keep a quick eye upon the sharpers who ride upon carts like that. No honest man is safe against their tricks, and for a keen shave I reckon old Brimstone himself could'n't beat them. Indeed, I believe he's in partnership with most of 'em. 'Never mind me for that,' replied the landlord. 'I never seed a Yankee yet, from Mike Fink the boat-man—and he was a rip-roarer, you know,—down to the slickest pedler that ever found his way to Baton Rouge, who was up to Bill Mackintosh, and that's my name, stranger, to your service.' 'So I should think: but what sort of a man has carted himself hither upon that box?' 'I don't mind that I ever seed him afore; but he is a likely looking chap, and his horse swings a fine tail. He's gone over the hill to find an old neighbor of his, by the name of Dudley, who toted himself into these parts about fifteen years ago, and has made himself richer without any niggers, than any of the rest of us who have fifty on 'em. I don't reckon that Dudley will now let on that he ever know'd the pedler.' 'Well, I advise you to keep a look out for him, that's all. These Yankee tricks—' 'Oh, never fear: should he play any of his tricks upon Bill Mackintosh—you see that are rifle?—he'd soon find himself obaquastulated, and a streak of daylight shining through him.'"

There is great variety in the embellishments; but the execution is very far behind our own highly finished school of art.

*The German Tourist.* Edited by Prof. O. L. B. Wolff, and Dr. H. Doering; translated by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. 8vo. pp. 200. London, 1837, Nutt: Berlin, Asher.

THIS is a very prettily illustrated volume, having no fewer than seventeen fine engravings, from drawings by Mr. A. G. Vickers, which exhibit architectural and characteristic features of the German cities very well described in the text. These are Lübeck, Ham-burgh, Berlin, Marienburg, Dantzic, and Königsberg; and, from the writer's native and intimate knowledge of them, he has been enabled to produce far better accounts than we have been accustomed to receive from travellers.

Still it is a work that offers us little for extract; and we shall simply select a few passages of the greatest novelty, as examples of Mr. Lloyd's usual fidelity in translating from the German.

At Lübeck, we are informed, "There is no want of peculiar pictures, remarkable only for their subjects, such as the taste of our ancestors, who took delight in strange and odd allegories, used to exhibit even in their churches. Thus, for instance, the monument of Kerkering and his family is very droll. The good man has had himself represented, with his family, as a flock of lambs, led by a shepherd;—whether looking or bleating at our Saviour on the cross we will not decide. Some wags affirm, that, instead of the grave and well-meant Latin verses, which now adorn it, the following facetious inscription, in Low German, was originally affixed to it:—

'Here burgomaster Kerkering lies,  
Who limp'd with such an awkward gait;  
O God, let him to Heav'n arise,  
And make his crooked sheep-shanks straight:  
Thou kindly dost receive the lamb,  
So don't reject this poor old man.'

A most remarkable production of this kind, though by no means of equal value as a work of art, with a similar representation by Holbein at Beale, though formerly falsely ascribed to him, is the well-known 'Dance of Death,' consisting of a number of paintings on panel, which are in a side chapel below the small organ, and in which Death invites men of all ranks and ages, from the pope to the infant in the cradle, to dance; and, at length, forms with them a long chain,—the ancient city and environs of Lübeck appearing in the background. Formerly, each panel had some Low German rhymes, which, as the people became more enlightened, were unfortunately expunged, in the eighteenth century, to make room for some fine verses in High German, from the able pen of Nathaniel Schlott. Among the former, the words put into the mouth of the infant were distinguished by their touching simplicity:—

'O Dood, wa schall ick dat verstaan  
Ick schall dansen und kann nicks gahn.'  
O Death! what means this strange command?  
Thou'dst have me dance—I cannot stand.'

At Königsberg we are told of a ceremony, which we could have wished had been described more in detail. The author says—

"Under the government of George Frederick, in 1583, the strange ceremony of the procession of the Great Königsberg Sausage took place, which is said to have measured 596 ells in length, and to have weighed 434 lbs."

This was a German sausage! ye modern Eppings, polonies, saveloys, black-puddings and white, hide your diminished heads!

We conclude with three extracts; the first two shewing the horrors of war, and the cruelties exercised by the French during the late campaigns; and the last, something of their even-handed issue.

Lübeck.—"The battles of Jena and Auerstadt had been fought. General Blücher, who had followed the retreat with the Prince of Hohenloe, on the left flank, was separated from him, threw himself, with his corps, into the territory of Mecklenburg, and, being pursued by Bernadotte, Soult, and Murat, found himself more and more closely pressed. He, therefore, passed the Trave, and, with 25,000 men, entered Lübeck, in spite of all the remonstrances of the free imperial city, which would have most willingly maintained its neutrality. The French followed him closely, and, on the 6th of November, 1806, a sanguinary conflict took



place between the two armies, which was but too soon continued within the walls. After an heroic resistance, Blücher was obliged to leave the city. The victors, perfectly ignorant of the real circumstances, considered Lübeck as an hostile city, and turned all their fury upon the unfortunate inhabitants. A dreadful scene of pillage ensued, which was not fully checked till after the lapse of three days. The citizens were ill treated by the French in every possible manner: Blücher capitulated at Ratekau, on the 7th of November, and the unhappy city had now to receive and maintain the whole hostile army of 75,000 men. The humanity of Bernadotte succeeded in putting an end to these horrors, and, by enforcing a strict discipline, at least to check the progress of such awful devastation. But Lübeck was wholly unable to recover itself; from that time it was depressed under intolerable burdens. Enormous contributions exhausted its treasury, its commerce was annihilated, and, with that, its principal resources dried up, and even the hope of better times vanished, when, on the 10th of December, 1810, it was incorporated with the French empire, and its constitution abolished by an act of violence, after it had existed 600 years. \* \* \*

"On the Sunday after this catastrophe, the free corps of the French colonel, Ameil, loaded with the pillage of friends and foes in Mecklenburg, &c., and, with the spoils of the unhappy Lübeck, arrived at a village near Hamburg, where they held a kind of fair for the sale of their plunder. We ourselves saw soldiers, eager to lighten their burden, sell quantities of silver coin (a handkerchief full) for a Louis-d'or; silver table-spoons for a shilling. Horses, many of them very good, but, of course, dreadfully jaded, were sold from half-a-crown to thirty shillings each. A friend of ours bought a horse, which proved to be a very fine one, for four shillings, English. It was reported, that a splendid diamond necklace was sold for two Louis-d'or. A noble-minded Frenchman, M. Charles Villiers, then residing at Lübeck, gave an animated and affecting account of the enormities committed by his countrymen, in a letter to Madame Fanny Beauharnois, aunt to the Empress Josephine."

At Hamburg, under Davoust and Vandamme (1813), "a contribution of forty-eight millions of francs imposed upon it, its bank plundered, and, lastly, when the allied troops approached to its relief, it was declared in a state of siege. From this moment the French laid aside all moderation, burnt and devastated the environs with such precipitation, that the poor inhabitants could save little or none of their property, and 40,000 persons, who were too poor to furnish themselves with a sufficient stock of provisions, were expelled from the city, exposed to the dreadful inclemency of a most severe winter, to famine and the ravages of an epidemic nervous fever. \* \* \*

The French proceeded with the greatest cruelty. Thus Davoust caused a number of unfortunate citizens to be taken from their beds on the night of Christmas Eve, 1813, to be shut up in St. Peter's church, and, at day-break, to be driven by his blood-hounds, like a flock of sheep, out of the gates. The neighbouring town of Altona received the fugitives with kindness, and, though itself in great distress, did its utmost to relieve them. It may be interesting to compare with this another historical event. Just a hundred years before, the Swedish general, Stenbock, reduced Altona to ashes; and, during the dreadful conflagration, the senate of Hamburg closed the gates of the city, to keep off the crowd of fugitives; gave a

banquet to the ferocious conqueror, and accompanied him to the ramparts, to view, in all its horrors, the spectacle of the burning town."

We now conclude with a trait of the *finale* after the retreat from Russia.

"Count de Segur, in his history of the expedition, and the disastrous retreat, says:—'We were soon obliged to carry our humiliation to Königsberg. The grand army, which for twenty years had shewn itself successively triumphant in all the capitals of Europe, now, for the first time, reappeared, mutilated, disarmed and fugitive, in one of those cities which had been most humiliated by its glory. Its population crowded on our passage, to count our wounds, and to estimate, by the extent of our disasters, that of the hopes which they might venture to entertain. We were compelled to feast their greedy looks with our miseries; and, while dragging our misfortunes into the midst of their odious joy, to march under the insupportable weight of hated calamity.' \* \* \*

At Königsberg, the winter, already severe, became extremely rigorous: in one night, says Count Segur, 'the thermometer fell twenty degrees: this sudden change was fatal to us.' In this great distress of the French army, one of the first steps was, in their old style, to demand from the magistrates large supplies, especially of clothing, of which they were in extreme need; but to this requisition they received an answer, which was doubly bitter, from its undeniable truth. The magistrates regretted that they were unable to comply with this demand, because the large stock of English woollen, and other manufactures, had been burnt, in compliance with the emperor's orders. Count Segur, of course, does not relate this anecdote; but, speaking of the fatal effects of the cold, he says, 'Eblé, the pride of the army, fell a sacrifice,' without any further observation; but we recollect that his fate, and the manner of it, was greatly regretted in Germany, where he was highly esteemed, in consequence of his conduct, on a particular occasion, of which the following account was given: Being stationed in a small town or village in Germany, his kindness to the people, and the good discipline of his soldiers, had gained their affections, when an individual, who was never discovered, either by accident or design, shot a French soldier. This circumstance coming to the ears of Napoleon, he resolved to make an example, by way of striking terror, and sent orders to General Eblé to burn the town within twenty-four hours after the receipt of the despatch. The general, sensible that the inhabitants were wholly innocent, assembled his men, and acquainted them with the emperor's commands, which, he observed, must be obeyed; but, added he, 'you know that the inhabitants have always treated us with the greatest hospitality, and you will be unwilling to do them injury. Now, though the town must be burnt, I mean to give notice to the inhabitants, that they may remove all their effects, in which, I have no doubt, you will readily assist them.' The soldiers cheerfully assented; and, accordingly, proceeded with the inhabitants, to remove, not only every article of furniture, but even, it was said, the doors and windows of their houses; after which they set fire to the place, though with no great efforts to make it spread. The inhabitants, in their gratitude, subsequently expressed a wish to make a considerable present to the general, which he positively declined. However, as they still urged him, he at length said, 'that he would accept a medal commemorating the circumstance, to carry home to his wife, as the only trophy of

his campaign.' It was reported at Hamburg, by French officers returning from the expedition, that this excellent man had been missing three or four days, when he was found nearly expiring in a forest, where, unable to move, he had subsisted on the dry leaves which he could reach in the narrow circle round him. To relieve the mind of the reader from the melancholy impression of the above anecdote, we will relate one or two others, which Königsberg recalls to our recollection. When the French fugitives entered Königsberg, many of them made a most ludicrous and motley appearance, having, in their retreat, accommodated themselves with garments of every description and colour. One of the most conspicuous instances was a French general, who arrived, riding on a little pony, wearing a lady's pink silk cloak, with hat and feathers to correspond. Another general, who, on the retreat, found himself alone, riding through a forest at night, scarcely knowing in what direction he was proceeding, was not a little pleased at perceiving a light, which seemed to issue from a cottage. He accordingly rode up to it, and hearing, as he approached, loud voices within, dismounted, and went cautiously forward, uncertain whether the inmates were friends or foes. Happily, he heard them talking French, and, on entering, was still more gratified at recognising some men of one of his own regiments. His first question was, whether they had any thing to eat? to which they replied, they had a piece of meat at the fire. This was, indeed, good news; and some hot steaks being served up, the general, as well as his men, did them ample justice. The former, however, remarked, that it would not be prudent to stop longer; and that, as they were now strengthened by a good meal, it would be best to set out immediately, and desired them to bring him his horse. Your horse, general, said they, why you have just been eating a piece of him. How do you think we should have got meat, if you had not so luckily brought us a supply? We intend, now, to carry off as much as we can of the choicest parts, to subsist on by the way."

Having thus illustrated this illustrated volume as well as we can, we again recommend it to the general reader.

*Grammaire Turke; précédée d'un Discours Préliminaire sur la Langue et la Littérature des Nations Orientales; avec un Vocabulaire volumineux, des Dialogues, un Recueil d'Extraits en Prose et en Vers, et enrichie de plusieurs Planches Lithographiques, Extraits de MSS. anciens et modernes.* Par Arthur Lumley Davids, Membre de la Société Asiatique de Paris, &c. &c. et traduite de l'Anglais par Mad. Sarah Davids, Mère de l'Auteur. 4to. Londres, 1836.

ALTHOUGH we devoted two articles to the review in 1832 of the original English edition of this singularly interesting work, and have given more than one additional notice of its highly gifted author, yet we must require the reader's attention to the volume before us, both from the circumstances of the juncture at which it appears, as connecting philology with political relations, and from the rarity, if not absolute novelty, of the undertaking. On this last head we shall simply observe, that the fair translator must share with the immortal author of "Vathek," the praise of writing a foreign language with accuracy and elegance; and that this pious labour of maternal affection, to enlarge the monument of her parted child's genius and fame, fully justifies the maxim which the best of us are proud to recall, that

the glories of the son are, in the first instance, due to the mother. That the sovereigns of Turkey and France have successively testified their opinion of the work by their magnificent presents, is a compliment that must be divided by the parent and the child.

From the specimen before us we shall hope, indeed, to meet Mrs. Davids again in the same field. In the progress of his researches into a subject unfortunately so little known and studied hitherto, Mr. Davids must have left behind him some, and probably not a few, of those giant vestiges that still preserve the mouldings of antiquity, and serve to guide the footsteps of future travellers in the path. Rumour speaks, though darkly, of at least one immense undertaking which the writer's untimely fate left incomplete: let us trust there is enough scholarship, even of this unfrequented tract, in England, if not to perfect, at least to present the *Torreo* to public view.

The nature of the work before us necessarily brings it into comparison with the Turkish grammar of Amadée Jaubert. Nothing of the kind existed previously in English, for Vaughan's so-called Grammar of the Turkish, about a century since, contains little of grammar or of Turkish. Of continental writers, Meninski, who included three languages in one labour, is necessarily obscure; Holderman's is a compilation, and the two or three others are as complex and confused as ingenuity could make them.

The art of grammar is of necessity simple — to present the student with the leading features, the *skeleton*, so to say, of the language. This fixed in the mind, to cover it, if we may carry on the simile, with the *muscular* portion, of words and phrases. The vitality of syntax next requires attention; and, subsequent to this, the nicer investigations which, like the nervous, vascular, and other systems, though subject to laws, are often themselves unperceived, or else confounded in those knots and ganglions that bear, we know not how, their impressions to the stomach or the brain. But, in the generality of grammars, the primary form is either so imperfectly given, or so broken up and separated, as to defy a succinct and general view of the subject; and, as in algebra, the student understands nothing till master of the whole.

The rival works we are considering, both merit the praise of clearness; and there can be no better proof that both writers understood their subject. But, concise as it is, and as a Turkish grammar out of Germany must be, the work of M. Jaubert differs from Mr. Davids'. The former is more profound, the latter more practical: the first is for the philosopher, the second for the student. We reason and think with Jaubert, but we learn with Davids. The luminous comprehension of the one fits it for the philologists of France; the diversified conciseness of the other renders it invaluable to England and to Europe at this crisis. The body of both is excellent, but such are the characteristic differences; and it reflects the highest honour on the generous and learned Frenchman that he has praised the rival volume, and has avowedly adopted Mr. Davids' idea of a vocabulary. In this portion, however, M. Jaubert has omitted the corresponding sounds of the Turkish, which are given by Davids in the English and French editions.

It is curious, indeed, to compare the original and translation with each other on this head. The French better represents some, the English language, other sounds of oriental tongues. The system of vocalisation, therefore, partially dif-

fers: and a comparison of the two would afford the surest means of obtaining the correct pronunciation of the Turkish. We must notice, also, that Mr. Davids' work is evidently, from the slightest inspection, compiled originally for his own use, as he proceeded in the study of Turkish, and afterwards corrected and enlarged from his matured experience. Such, we ourselves have ever found the most efficient means of progressing; for, while it omits superfluities, it brings all that is requisite before us at the time we most require it: it is experience supplying, not subtlety theorising. Though following the general outline of Sir W. Jones's grammar, Mr. Davids' spirit was too earnest, and his attainments too sound, to be misled by the brilliant superficialities of that author, whose flowery work is rather a *gulistān*, than "a ladder to learning," of the language it would teach.

The early fate of this accomplished scholar prevented him, doubtless, from a severer scrutiny into the grounds of some few opinions, which we incline to question. To confine the designation of *Tatar* to the Mongols would not only restrict a widely circulated epithet, but raise an obstacle to the view of history. The origin of the word is, in all probability, we had almost said unquestionably, not a proper name of prince, place, or river, as variously assigned to it, but a verb: arising, perhaps, from a substantive, if the general theory of this is correct, but a different substantive from that, the proper name referred to; though, as was usual in the case of approximating sounds with ancient natives, confounded with it. But the subject opens a field of boundless inquiry, into which we cannot enter. With errors so few, so trifling in themselves, and so generally received amongst the learned, it is scarcely possible to find another work of research in existence; and the loss of him who first in England directed attention to a point of such archaeological, philological, historical, and political interest, must be deeply deplored by every mind that contemplates the slow progress of research and the toils of learning, or, from the neglected and mouldering pages of earliest record, would yet seek to snatch the feeble traces not all obliterated by forgetfulness and time.

From the valuable and amusing preliminary discourses our former reviews have extracted, we should almost fear, too largely, but that the fund is inexhaustible, lost as the source of amusement and information, and as the ground of thought. The most cursory, and the most profound reader will there find amassed a treasure that elsewhere he might search for as collected in vain. A careful collation of the Chinese historians is a desideratum for our knowledge of antiquity. How long must we wait for the earliest and most interesting portion in the land of Staunton, Morrison, and Davis?

This French translation is beautifully got up, better and cheaper than the original English.

*Buokland's Bridgewater Treatise.*  
(Geology: concluded.)

THE following note which the professor gives us in the 22d page is important; and so curious, that we cannot refrain from presenting our readers with it:—

"I have much satisfaction in subjoining the following note by my friend, the regius professor of Hebrew in Oxford, as it enables me to advance the very important sanction of Hebrew criticism, in support of the interpretations by which we may reconcile the apparent difficulties arising from geological phenomena, with

the literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis.—'Two opposite errors have, I think, been committed by critics, with regard to the meaning of the word *bara*, created; the one, by those who asserted that it must in itself signify, 'created out of nothing;' the other, by those who endeavoured, by aid of etymology, to shew that it must in itself signify, 'formation out of existing matter.' In fact, neither is the case; nor am I aware of any language in which there is a word signifying necessarily 'created out of nothing;' as, of course, on the other hand, no word, when used of the agency of God, would in itself imply the previous existence of matter. Thus, the English word create, by which *bara* is translated, expresses that the thing created received its existence from God, without in itself conveying whether (God called that thing into existence out of nothing, or no; for our very addition of the words 'out of nothing,' shews that the word creation has not, in itself, that force: nor, indeed, when we speak of ourselves as creatures of God's hand, do we at all mean that we were physically formed out of nothing. In like manner, whether *bara* should be paraphrased by 'created out of nothing' (as far as we can comprehend these words), or, 'gave a new and distinct state of existence to a substance already existing, must depend upon the context, the circumstances, or what God has elsewhere revealed, not upon the mere force of the word. This is plain, from its use in Gen. i. 27, of the creation of man, who, as we are instructed, chap. ii. 7, was formed out of previously existing matter, the 'dust of the ground.' The word *bara* is, indeed, so far stronger than *asah*, made, in that *bara* can only be used with reference to God, whereas *asah* may be applied to man. The difference is exactly that which exists in English between the words by which they are rendered, created and made. But this seems to me to belong rather to our mode of conception than to the subject itself; for making, when spoken of with reference to God, is equivalent to creating. The words, accordingly, *bara*, created; *asah*, made; *yatsar*, formed; are used repeatedly by Isaiah, and are also employed by Amos, as equivalent to each other. *Bara* and *asah* express alike a formation of something new (*de novo*), something whose existence in this new state originated in, and depends entirely upon, the will of its creator or maker. Thus God speaks of Himself as the Creator, *bores*, of the Jewish people, e.g. Isaiah, xliii. 1, 15; and a new event is spoken of under the same term as 'a creation,' Numb. xvi. 30, English version, 'If the Lord made a new thing;' in the margin, Heb. 'create a creature.' Again, the Psalmist uses the same word, Ps. civ. 30, when describing the renovation of the face of the earth through the successive generations of living creatures, 'Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.' The question is popularly treated by Beusobre, 'Hist. de Manichisme,' tom. ii. lib. 5, c. 4; or, in a better spirit, by Petavius, Dogm. Theol. tom. iiii. De Officio sex Dierum,' lib. 1, c. 1, § 8. After having continually re-read and studied this account, I can come to no other result than that the words created and made are synonymous (although the former is to us the stronger of the two), and that, because they are so constantly interchanged; as, Gen. i. 21, 'God created great whales;' ver. 25, 'God made the beasts of the earth;' ver. 26, 'Let us make man;' ver. 27, 'So God created man.' At the same time, it is very probable that *bara*, created, as being the stronger word, was

selected to describe the first production of the heaven and the earth. The point, however, upon which the interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis appears to me really to turn is, whether the two first verses are merely a summary statement of what is related in detail in the rest of the chapter, and a sort of introduction to it; or whether they contain an account of an act of creation. And this last seems to me to be their true interpretation; first, because there is no other account of the creation of the earth; secondly, the second verse describes the condition of the earth when so created, and thus prepares for the work of the six days; but if they speak of any creation, it appears to me that this creation 'in the beginning' was previous to the six days, because, as you will observe, the creation of each day is preceded by the declaration that God said, or willed, that such things should be ('and God said'), and therefore the very form of the narrative seems to imply that the creation of the first day began when these words are first used, i. e. with the creation of light in ver. 3. The time, then, of the creation in ver. 1, appears to me not to be defined: we are told only what alone we are concerned with, that all things were made by God. Nor is this any new opinion. Many of the fathers (they are quoted by Petavius, *l. c. c. 11. §i. - viii.*) supposed the two first verses of Genesis to contain an account of a distinct and prior act of creation; some, as Augustine, Theoret, and others, that of the creation of matter; others, that of the elements; others, again (and they the most numerous), imagine that, not these visible heavens, but what they think to be called elsewhere the 'highest heavens,' the 'heaven of heavens,' are here spoken of, our visible heavens being related to have been created on the second day. Petavius himself regards the light as the only act of creation of the first day (*c. vii. 'De Opere primæ Diei, i. e. Lucæ'*), considering the two first verses as a summary of the account of creation which was about to follow, and a general declaration that all things were made by God. Episcopus again, and others, thought that the creation and fall of the bad angels took place in the interval here spoken of: and misplaced as such speculations are, still they begin to shew that it is natural to suppose that a considerable interval may have taken place between the creation related in the first verse of Genesis and that of which an account is given in the third and following verses. Accordingly, in some old editions of the English Bible, where there is no division into verses, you actually find a break at the end of what is now the second verse; and in Luther's Bible (Wittenburg, 1557) you have in addition the figure 1 placed against the third verse, as being the beginning of the account of the creation on the first day. This, then, is just the sort of confirmation which one wished for; because, though one would shrink from the impiety of bending the language of God's book to any other than its obvious meaning, we cannot help fearing lest we might be unconsciously influenced by the floating opinions of our own day, and therefore turn the more anxiously to those who explained Holy Scripture before these theories existed. You must allow me to add, that I would not define further. We know nothing of creation, nothing of ultimate causes, nothing of space, except what is bounded by actual existing bodies; nothing of time, but what is limited by the revolution of those bodies. I should be very sorry to appear to dogmatise upon that, of which it requires very little reflection or reverence to confess that

we are necessarily ignorant. 'Hardly do we guess aright of things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us; but the things that are in heaven who hath searched out?'—Wisdom, ix. 16.—E. B. Pusey."

We shall not quote further from this part of the work, and we have purposely refrained from attempting to shew the successive steps of the Professor's argument, as, had we done so, we must have extracted the whole chapter. All we wish is, if possible, to tempt our readers to address themselves to the perusal of the work itself, assuring them, that the gratification they will derive will amply repay them. After settling the point between geology and sacred history, Dr. Buckland next proceeds to notice the several rocks, stratified and unstratified, and gives an admirable detail of the various organic remains found in each. We can only present our readers with a few extracts, confined to the coal formation, than which scarcely any part of the earth's surface subserves so much the comfort and luxury of man.

"Some idea may be formed of the vegetation which prevailed during the deposition of the upper strata of the transition series, from the figures represented in our first plate. In the inferior regions of this series plants are few in number, and principally marine; but in its superior regions the remains of land plants are accumulated in prodigious quantities, and preserved in a state which gives them a high and two-fold importance; first, as illustrating the history of the earliest vegetation that appeared upon our planet, and the state of climate and geological changes which then prevailed: \* secondly, as affecting, in no small degree, the actual condition of the human race. The strata in which these vegetable remains have been collected together in such vast abundance, have been justly designated by the name of the carboniferous order, or great coal formation. (See Conybeare and Phillips' 'Geology of England and Wales,' book 3.) It is in this formation, chiefly, that the remains of plants of a former world have been preserved and converted into beds of mineral coal; having been transported to the bottom of former seas, and estuaries, or lakes, and buried in beds of sand and mud, which have since been changed into sandstone and shale.† Besides this coal, many strata of the carboniferous order contain subordinate beds of a rich argillaceous iron ore, which the near position of the coal renders easy of reduction to a metallic state; and this reduction is further facilitated by the proximity of limestone, which is requisite as a flux to separate the metal from the ore, and usually abounds in the lower regions of the carboniferous strata. A formation that is at once the vehicle of two such valuable mineral productions as coal and iron, assumes a place of the first importance among the sources of benefit

\* "The nature of these vegetables, and their relations to existing species, will be considered in a future chapter."

† "The most characteristic type that exists in this country of the general condition and circumstances of the strata composing the great carboniferous order, is found in the north of England. It appears, from Mr. Forster's section of the strata from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to Cross Fell, in Cumberland, that their united thickness along this line exceeds 4000 feet. This enormous mass is composed of alternating beds of shale, or indurated clay, sandstone, limestone, and coal: the coal is most abundant in the upper part of the series, near Newcastle and Durham, and the limestone predominates towards the lower part; the individual strata, enumerated by Forster, are thirty-two beds of coal, sixty-two of sandstone, seventeen of limestone, one intruding bed of trap, and one hundred and twenty-eight beds of shale and clay. The animal remains hitherto noticed in the limestone beds, are almost exclusively marine; hence, we infer, that these strata were deposited at the bottom of the sea. The fresh-water shells that occur occasionally in the upper regions of this great series, shew that these more recent portions of the coal formation were

to mankind; and this benefit is the direct result of physical changes which affected the earth at those remote periods of time when the first forms of vegetable life appeared upon its surface. The important uses of coal and iron in administering to the supply of our daily wants, give to every individual amongst us, in almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern, of which but few are conscious, in the geological events of these very distant eras. We are all brought into immediate connexion with the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth, before one-half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the soil and atmosphere by which they had been nourished; but, treasured up in subterranean storehouses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which, in these later ages, have become to man the sources of heat, and light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is shining with the light of gas, derived from coal that has been buried for countless ages in the deep and dark recesses of the earth. We prepare our food, and maintain our forges and furnaces, and the power of our steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth ere the formation of the transition strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which we construct, by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore for the most part coeval with, or more ancient than the fuel by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus, from the wreck of forests that waved upon the surface of the primeval lands, and from ferruginous mud that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron; those two fundamental elements of art and industry, which contribute, more than any other mineral production of the earth, to increase the riches, and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition, of mankind."

The following extract is important; and we trust that the hint which the Professor gives will not be thrown away—

"As there is no reproduction of coal in this country, since no natural causes are now in operation to form other beds of it; whilst, owing to the regular increase of our population, and the new purposes to which the steam-engine is continually applied, its consumption is advancing at a rapidly accelerating rate; it is of most portentous interest to a nation that has so large a portion of its inhabitants dependent for existence on machinery, kept in action only by the use of coal, to economise this precious fuel. I cannot, therefore, conclude this interesting subject without making some remarks upon a practice which can only be viewed in the light of a national calamity, demanding the

deposited in water that was either brackish or entirely fresh. It has lately been shewn, that fresh-water deposits occur, also, occasionally, in the lower regions of the carboniferous series. (See Dr. Hibbert's account of the limestone of Burdie House, near Edinburgh; Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. xiii.; and Professor Phillips's notice of fresh-water shells of the genus *Unio*, in the lower part of the coal series of Yorkshire; London Phil. Mag. Nov. 1832, 349.) The causes which collected these vegetables in beds, thus piled above each other, and separated by strata of vast thickness, composed of drifted sand and clay, receive illustration from the manner in which drifted timber from the existing forests of America, is now accumulated in the estuaries of the great rivers of that continent, particularly in the estuary of the Mississippi, and on the River Mackenzie. See Lyell's Principles of Geology, 3d edit., vol. iii., book iii., ch. xv.; and Professor Phillips's article *Geology*, in Encyclopedia Metropolitana, part 87, p. 695."



attention of the legislature. We have, during many years, witnessed the disgraceful and almost incredible fact, that more than a million chaldrons per annum, being nearly one-third part of the best coals produced by the mines near Newcastle, have been condemned to wanton waste, on a fiery heap perpetually blazing near the mouth of almost every coal-pit in that district. This destruction originated mainly in certain legislative enactments, providing that coal in London should be sold, and the duty upon it be rated, by measure, and not by weight. The smaller coal is broken, the greater the space it fills; it became, therefore, the interest of every dealer in coal to buy it of as large a size, and to sell it of as small a size as he was able. This compelled the proprietors of the coal-mines to send the large coal only to market, and to consign the small coal to destruction. In the year 1830, the attention of parliament was called to these evils; and, pursuant to the report of a committee, the duty on coal was repealed, and coal directed to be sold by weight instead of measure. The effect of this change has been, that a considerable quantity of coal is now shipped for the London market in the state in which it comes from the pit; that, after landing the cargo, the small coal is separated by screening from the rest, and answers as fuel, for various ordinary purposes, as well as much of the coal which was sold in London before the alteration of the law. The destruction of coals on the fiery heaps near Newcastle, although diminished, still goes on, however, to a frightful extent, that ought not to be permitted; since the inevitable consequence of this practice, if allowed to continue, must be, in no long space of time, to consume all the beds nearest to the surface, and readiest of access to the coast; and thus enhance the price of coal in those parts of England which depend upon the coal-field of Newcastle for their supply; and, finally, to exhaust this coal-field at a period, nearer by at least one-third than that to which it would last if wisely economised. (See Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the state of the Coal Trade, 1830, page 242, and Bakewell's Introduction to Geology, 1833, pp. 183 and 543.) We are all fully aware of the impolicy of needless legislative interference; but a broad line has been drawn by nature between commodities annually or periodically reproduced by the soil on its surface, and that subterranean treasure, and sustaining foundation of industry, which is laid by nature in strata of mineral coal, whose amount is limited, and which, when once exhausted, is gone for ever. As the law most justly interferes to prevent the wanton destruction of life and property, it should seem, also, to be its duty to prevent all needless waste of mineral fuel; since the exhaustion of this fuel would irrecoverably paralyse the industry of millions. The tenant of the soil may neglect or cultivate his lands, and dispose of his produce, as caprice or interest may dictate; the surface of his fields is not consumed, but remains susceptible of tillage by his successor; had he the physical power to annihilate the land, and thereby inflict an irremediable injury upon posterity, the legislature would justly interfere to prevent such destruction of the future resources of the nation. This highly favoured country has been enriched with mineral treasures, in her strata of coal, incomparably more precious than mines of silver or of gold. From these sustaining sources of industry and wealth let us help ourselves abundantly, and liberally enjoy these precious gifts of the Creator; but let us not abuse them, nor, by wilful neglect and wanton waste, destroy

the foundations of the industry of future generations. Might not an easy remedy for this evil be found in a legislative enactment, that all coals from the ports of Northumberland and Durham should be shipped in the state in which they come from the pit, and forbidding, by high penalties, the screening of any sea-borne coals before they leave the port at which they are embarked? A law of this kind would at once terminate that ruinous competition among the coal-owners, which has urged them to vie with each other in the wasteful destruction of small coal, in order to increase the profits of the coal-merchants, and gratify the preference for large coals on the part of rich consumers; and would also afford the public a supply of coals of every price and quality, which the use of the screen would enable him to accommodate to the demands of the various classes of the community. A further consideration of national policy should prompt us to consider, how far the duty of supporting our commercial interests, and of husbanding the resources of posterity, should permit us to allow any extensive exportation of coal from a densely peopled manufacturing country like our own; a large proportion of whose present wealth is founded on machinery, which can be kept in action only by the produce of our native coal-mines, and whose prosperity can never survive the period of their exhaustion."

We have now endeavoured to give our readers a fair specimen of the work: we may, however, take another opportunity of directing their attention more particularly to certain portions of it; and at present conclude, with offering our sincere congratulation to the learned author, for the production of, if not the best, at least one of the best and most interesting treatises of the series. The plates are of the most costly description; and must nearly, if not entirely, have absorbed Dr. Buckland's portion of Lord Bridgewater's legacy.

*The Holy Wells of Ireland; containing an authentic Account of those various Places of Pilgrimage and Penance, which are still annually visited by thousands of the Roman Catholic Peasantry; with a minute Description of the Patterns and Stations periodically held in various Districts of Ireland.* By Philip Dixon Hardy, M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1836.

If Mr. Hardy had fulfilled the promise held out by his title-page, which we have copied, we believe that he might have presented us with a folio volume of 660 pages, instead of a pamphlet of 66. This little work is made up of extracts from the publications of Inglis, Crofton Croker, Carleton, and Barrow; with some original communications, respecting the superstitious ceremonies still practised in Ireland, and which connect themselves with wells, lakes, caves, rocks, and other local objects. These are accompanied by illustrative woodcuts, and linked together by remarks from the pen of Mr. Hardy; who seriously calls the attention of the Christian public of Great Britain to practices that not only degrade, but demoralise, the Irish peasantry.

The account of St. Patrick's Purgatory, an island in Lough Dearg, in the north of Ireland, would, if completely treated, with its historical and literary associations, form one of the most curious pieces of history of the human mind that could be written. We are assured, by good authority, that the pilgrims who resorted to St. Patrick's Purgatory, in the year 1835, numbered no less than thirteen thousand! and this in the nineteenth century!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Walton's Complete Angler.* Parts X., XI.

XII. (the latter a double Part).

MR. PICKERING has splendidly fulfilled his conditions with the public. The original notes and memoirs, by Sir Harris Nicolas, are worthy of that diligent and able antiquary, and of the subject. Nothing can excel the appropriateness and beauty of the illustrations after Stothard and Inskipp. As a miscellany, reflecting the times, as well as the author, the whole work is one of infinite attraction.

*The Church of England Quarterly Review*, No. 1. London, Pickering; Cambridge, Deighton; Oxford, Parker; Dublin, Milliken; Edinburgh, Laing and Forbes.

MUCH learning and talent are displayed by our new contemporary, who has taken up the cause of the church with a strong and zealous hand. Among the articles is one of a literary character, on Lord Brougham's "Introduction to Paley;" and a rather long but literarily interesting one, on the Sacred Poetry and Poets of England.

*Philosophy and Religion, with their mutual Bearings comprehensively considered, and satisfactorily determined on clear and scientific Principles.* By W. Brown Galloway. 8vo. Pp. 544. Lond. Smith, Elder, and Co. WE have only time this week to notice a performance of very great ability, and by a very young author. His work reflects honour both on himself and his school (Glasgow); but it requires a degree of attention which induces us to defer remark altogether till we have fully examined it.

*Birmingham and its Vicinity, as a Manufacturing and Commercial District*, by W. Hawkes Smith. 8vo. (London, Tilt; Birmingham, Radcliffe and Co.; Showell; Drake.)—A complete and useful account of this celebrated manufacturing town: it merited such a record of its principal features, manufactures, &c. &c.; and the author has diligently executed his task. A number of well-executed plates add to the value of his descriptive labour.

*Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, Vol. III. (London, Moxon.)—This volume contains the Miscellaneous Sonnets; a rich treasure of English poetry.

*The Life of Alcuin*, by Dr. F. Lorenzo Halle; translated from the German by J. May See. 12mo. Pp. 283. (London, Hurst.)—Few individuals deserve better than Alcuin to be rescued from the shadowy mass of eminent men who illuminated a darker age, and set before us as an object for undivided attention. The great influence and importance which marked his career are ably traced; and the period of Charlemagne is curiously illustrated by the whole tenor of his life.

*La Hougue Bie de Hambie, a Tradition of Jersey; with Historical, Genealogical, and Topographical Notes*, by J. Bulkeley, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. (London, Whitaker.)—This production is so strangely mixed, that we must recommend Vol. I. to romance readers for a very romantic story of De Hambie, a companion of Robert Duke of Normandy, near the middle of the 11th century; and the 2d to antiquaries, for a collection of very curious notes. The illustrations are no less so.

*A Treatise on Penmanship*, by W. Dove. 4to. (London, Simpkin and Marshall; Huddersfield, Dewhurst.)—An excellent book of instruction, full of good advice and useful lessons for beauty in writing.

*Captain Marryat's Novels*, Vol. I. *Peter Simple*. (London, Saunders and Otteley.)—A new edition of these popular works, with illustrations. In the first instance, the latter do not appear to us to be worthy of the captain's sea-scenes: they are but indifferently executed.

*Theological Library*, Vol. XIV. (London, Rivingtons.)—Biographies of the early fathers, with a portrait of Polycarp, make an interesting volume of this valuable series.

*Testimonies of Heathen and Christian Writers of the First Two Centuries to the Truth and Power of the Gospel*, by the Rev. T. Browne. Pp. 170. (London, Rivingtons.)—Selected and separated from several large works, the testimonies to the early progress of the truths of Christianity, here thrown together in a popular little volume, well merit the encouragement of the religious world.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## DISCOVERY IN SCIENCE.

OUR readers will see, from our weekly list of scientific meetings, that those of the Royal Institution commence for the season on Friday next. Always interesting, we believe we may

truly announce, that the opening of this session will produce matter of higher importance than has recently been brought under the notice of the philosophers of England. Few persons in this country are aware of the remarkable labours of Professor Mossotti, of Corfu. This gentleman has, we are informed, by recent clever and deep investigation, shewn that it is probable the phenomena of *electric attraction and repulsion*, with the attraction of *aggregation* and the attraction of *gravitation*, may be reduced to one simple law, as much more universal than gravitation as these three sets of effects exceed those of gravity alone! This novel and extraordinary proposition will be developed in its most popular form by our distinguished countryman, Faraday; and our scientific friends will, therefore, anticipate, with us, that Friday is likely to form an epoch in the history of the Newtonian theory.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE Secretary on the Metallurgical History of Iron. Part II.—Mr. Alkin, suffering by an attack of influenza, did not finish the illustration. His remarks were chiefly confined to the manufacture and properties of Indian iron. In India, iron was manufactured from the earliest period; and the manufacture is still pursued in its primeval rudeness. The furnaces are all of the same construction, simple, and ill-adapted for the process: in the smaller, fusion lasts six hours, in the larger, twelve. The Indian smelter, with his rude apparatus, cannot smelt iron-stone, though abundant in various parts of the Indian territory, with any thing like a remunerating profit: hence it is not followed to a great extent. The fuel employed is charcoal, made from the bamboo;—this gigantic grass furnishing the fittest substance for that purpose. The process of smelting has been sometimes dispensed with here. The Sultan Tippoo, being once sadly in want of cannon-balls, and unable to obtain a sufficient quantity, set some of his people to the hammering of crude iron, and so supplied the want. Amongst the many specimens of iron which were exhibited, there was one from Ceylon, part of which had been forged by a member of the Society, who had also made a rivet-nut out of it; that being the best test for trying the tenacity of the material, which proved to be of excellent quality. Iron was found in plenty in that island, and iron-works were established under the auspices of the last governor; but they failed, in consequence of financial difficulties, and had since been abandoned. The secretary then described the ancient furnaces of Styria—a country famous for the excellence of its iron. He then pointed out the difficulties of reducing manganese steel to iron; but, owing to the cause mentioned above, the remaining branches of the illustration were postponed until another occasion.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart. in the chair.—Members were elected, and several donations announced. Read, Letter from Mr. Willshire, dated Mogadore, 28th November, 1836, in which the writer states, he has much pleasure in acquainting the Society, that Mr. Davidson started from Wednoon on the 9th November, on his journey to Timbuctoo, with a guard of thirty horsemen, accompanied by the eldest son of the Sheikh of Wednoon, to pass him through that district to Yeisat, and Sheikh Mohammed El Abd of the Tajacanth, under whose protection, and some picked men of the tribe, he

travels across the desert of Sahara to Timbuctoo. Mr. Willshire was in hourly expectation of receiving letters from Mr. Davidson, which he promised to write before he sets out from Yeisat; after which, it is very doubtful if any further intelligence of him will be received until his arrival at Timbuctoo, as the party will avoid the Cafla track, and push on straight for Arowan. Every possible precaution had been taken by Sheikh Beyrook for the personal safety of Mr. Davidson in crossing the desert; of whose success Mr. Willshire expresses the greatest confidence. Read also, Extract of a letter, received from Swan River, dated 22d May, 1836, addressed to Major Irwin. It is from Mr. Moore, the judge-advocate, and describes his discoveries to the N.N.E. of Perth, Swan River, in the month above mentioned. Mr. Moore, it appears, had made an excursion to the N.N.E. for ninety miles, and had discovered another river, with an extensive country of rich pasture land beyond it, as far as the eye could reach—decidedly the best he had seen in the colony; he traced it down towards the sea, for about eighty miles, and then returned, having been out eleven days: he was only accompanied by one policeman and a native; the force was too small for him to attempt any thing more, and the time allowed him by the governor had expired. The natives he met with were friendly; the communications, however, which he held with them, have induced him to come to the conclusion, that there is a great inland lake in the interior, so large, that they conceive it the terminus of the country—that it runs north and south, and that they cannot see across it. On his return, having stated his surmises, reports confirmatory came to him, among the rest from Drummond's sons, who had heard of such a salt inland sea from the natives, so large, that if a man in the prime of life were to walk round it, he would be gray before his return (such was their idea of its size); that there were many rivers falling into it; that the winds were high, and the waves large upon it; the beach sandy, like that of the sea. Mr. Moore was so fully impressed with the idea of such a lake existing, that he had determined to apply for permission of the governor to make an expedition in search of it. The natives say, it would not take many moons to enable them to go and return; from the writer's calculations, this would give a distance of between 400 and 500 miles to it: too much to be undertaken by an individual, at his own expense; but, as the question is one of great importance to the colony, and also in a geographical view, it would be well worth the attention, observes the judge-advocate, of the Geographical Society; and it is probable they would give funds to assist in the enterprise, if applied to. It is suggested that a few camels, taken in such an adventure, would be more useful than horses, on account of their not requiring such regular supplies of water, carrying more luggage, and travelling with greater rapidity. Suppose the expedition to consist of twelve persons, viz. five gentlemen, four policemen, and three natives, they should push forward 250 miles to the north-east from their starting-place (say, head of the Swan); this, at twenty-five miles per day, would occupy ten days. They should then form a resting-place, and a depot for provisions, where one gentleman, two policemen, and a native, should remain; whilst two gentlemen, a policeman, and a native, should push on from thence due north 200 miles, or eight days, and a like force proceed due east the same distance; then fall back upon their

supplies, if their provisions are exhausted, and no discovery made; but, if their provisions lasted, and game should be found plentiful on the way, to keep pushing forwards, in their respective directions, so long as they, from circumstances, should deem it expedient. The writer, after making some allowances, states, that such a party would be able to make 500 miles to the N.N.E. of Perth, and 500 to the E.N.E. in about two months. He does not think any of the natives ever went so far, and that, if it has been seen by them, this long-conjectured lake would be found within that distance. There was, likewise, read a letter from Captain Alexander, dated Clan William, 200 miles north of Cape Town, 27th Sept. 1836. At this place the gallant officer arrived a week prior to the date of his letter, on his way to the Damara country. In a day or two, after some necessary repairs of the wagon were completed, and the oxen rested, he intended to resume his journey: his next halt would probably be the missionary station at Kamiesberg. He left Cape Town on the 10th, and the first week his party had many difficulties to contend against, but they afforded the travellers excellent lessons. The wagon was very heavy, much rain fell, and the roads were full of mud-holes: in one of these holes they remained stuck fast two nights. After many accidents and delays, with swollen rivers, &c. they crossed the Berg river, and since that have got on smoothly. Captain Alexander visited the cedar mounts in this neighbourhood, and was about to inspect a Bushman's cave, with rude drawings in it: he, also, intended to see the mouths of the Elephant's and Orange rivers, and one or two undescribed bays.—Sir John Barrow had great pleasure in stating to the meeting, that the expedition under Lieutenants Grey and Lushington into Australia, had now received the sanction and support of the Admiralty.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

*Hulsean Dissertation.*—The following is the subject of the Hulsean dissertation for the present year:—"To compare the evidence, which Christians of the present age have for the truth of the Gospel, with that which the first converts possessed."—*Cambridge Chron.*

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY evening.—A highly philosophical paper by Dr. Ritchie, being an attempt to account for the actual discrepancy in sound, and that in theory, was read. The effects of the prevailing influenza were, however, so overpowering, that the paper could neither be distinctly read nor heard, and our reporter was unable to note distinctly consecutive sentences of the author's communication. Thus much, however, he is able to state with certainty,—that Dr. Ritchie differs from Laplace, whose theory on the subject the doctor considers unfounded.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—Mr. Akerman exhibited a small bronze bottle found at Autun, in France; it was curiously ornamented, and apparently belonged to the best period of Roman art. The Rev. Mr. Ellercomb communicated a memoir written by Mr. Pearsall, on a horrible instrument of death, called the Virgin, by which persons were privately despatched, after being condemned by the old irresponsible tribunals in Germany: one had been stated to have been erected at Nuremberg, in 1533; but, after a careful search there, Mr. Pearsall found

no "Virgin," although he met with the remains of a rack, and other instruments of torture. Part of the memoir being read, the remainder was postponed.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medico-botanico Anniversary, 8 P.M.; Marylebone (Mr. Hemming on the art of Embossing Paper), 8 P.M.; Russell Institution, (on Geology, by T. Webster, Esq., and five ensuing Mondays).

*Tuesday.*—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.; Civil Engineers, Anniversary, 7 P.M.

*Wednesday.*—Geological, 8 P.M.; Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Southwark Literary, (Mr. Phillips on our National Melodies), 8 P.M.

*Thursday.*—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Islington Literary (Mr. Goadby on the Anatomy of Insects, illustrated by the Oxy-hydrogen Microscope), 7 P.M.; Russell Institution (Dr. M. Truman on the Comparative Physiology of Respiration).

*Friday.*—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.

*Saturday.*—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Domestic Architecture, in the Tudor Style; selected from Buildings erected after the Designs, and under the Superintendence, of P. F. Robinson, Architect, F.A.S., F.G.S., &c.* Williams.

This is the first of an intended series of publications on the subject. It describes and exhibits alterations and additions recently made, by Mr. Robinson, in the house of J. H. Vivian, Esq. M.P., near Swansea; and, certainly, if we may judge from two of the plates—the one representing the original form of the mansion, and the other, its present condition,—it has been vastly improved, not only in commodiousness, but in that picturesque appearance which is the distinguishing character of old English architecture. The plates, which shew the changes that have been made in the interior of the edifice, are highly curious and interesting.

*The History and Antiquities of Haddon Hall: illustrated by Thirty-two highly finished Drawings; with an Account of the Hall in its present State.* By S. Rayner. Derby, Moseley; London, Weale.

This is the first Part of Mr. Rayner's work. "It consists of a review of the history of Haddon, from the original grant of the territorial domain, by William the Norman, to his natural son, William Peverel; the subsequent transfer of the property from the family of the first grantee to the Avenells, the Vernons, and the family of the present noble owner, the Duke of Rutland; with accounts of such individuals among the successive proprietors as were at all distinguished on account of their talents or offices; and notices of all those national events in which they were concerned. The second Part will comprise a description of the house in its present state, with such information as can be collected relative to the periods at which different portions of it were erected."

The lithographic views of this ancient and singularly curious and picturesque edifice, are from sketches by Mr. Cattermole, some of which were noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, when they were exhibited at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. In transferring them to stone, Mr. Rayner has been very successful in preserving their spirited and masterly character. It is due to all parties to mention, that Mr. Rayner states, that "the sketches were presented to him, without any remuneration, at a time when more than one publisher was negotiating for the purchase of them." In these sordid days, such an anecdote is peculiarly pleasing. The getting-up of the

work, which has been lithographed and printed at Derby, does great credit to the taste of that town.

*Twenty-one Views in Belfast and its Neighbourhood.* Dublin, Hardy; London, Groombridge.

ENGRAVINGS in wood, possessing little or no merit as works of art, but interesting, as shewing the growing prosperity and importance of the metropolis of the north of Ireland. They are accompanied by a brief historical record of the town of Belfast.

*Down Charge.—The Gamekeeper's Stable.* Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; engraved by T. Bromley. White.

Two as pretty little prints of the kind as ever were engraved. Mr. Cooper's merits, as a painter of animals, are too well known to require any eulogium from us; and Mr. Bromley has entered fully into the character and spirit of the originals. To any sporting friend we cannot imagine a more agreeable present.

*The Father Confessor; or, The New Year's Gift.* J. Knight.

Oh, fie! A double entendre! Very clever, however.

#### MUSIC.

##### VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE fifth season commenced on Monday night, with a selection of a highly popular cast, if we may judge from the unprecedented number of *encores* which occurred during the evening. The madrigals were as delightful and as cordially received as ever. The first was Willbye's charming one, "Sweet honey-sucking bees;" the other (a new one), "Come, gentle swains," from the *Triumphs of Oriana*. The name of the composer, Cavendish, is not so well known as, judging from this specimen, it deserves to be. As regards one item in the bill, we cannot forbear remarking, that the Vocal Society ought not to administer to a taste that can be gratified by any thing so puerile and commonplace as the music (?) of Sir J. Stevenson's round, "Come, buy my cherries." We never expected to have heard such a thing in a concert-room,—least of all, in the concert-room of the Vocal Society. The glees were admirably performed, and warmly applauded. Mozart's noble choral motet, with the English version, by Mr. E. Taylor, "O praise the Lord!" was an especial treat. Among the songs, Purcell's "I attempt from love's sickness to fly" shone pre-eminent. Mr. Hobbs evinced no less good taste in selecting than sound judgment in singing it with correctness and simplicity; and he was duly rewarded, by a hearty and unanimous *encore*. All that the singer lacked was a spice of that fervour which animated the poet and composer. Horn's song, "Come, mariner, down in the deep," is a pretty affair enough for a drawing-room, but hardly possesses raciness and vigour sufficient to recommend it to a classical concert. Miss Hawes displayed the well-trained musician, by varying her embellishments on the repetition of this song. In Mozart's scena, "Mi tradi," Mrs. Seguin succeeded so far as physical force was required; but in the nicer shades of expression—in the transitions from indignation to tenderness, she was by no means effective. Her voice was also distressingly loud and overpowering in Winter's lovely duet, "Vaghi colli." This lady, who is a correct, and, in many essential respects, a most valuable performer, appeared, on this evening, to forget

that the Hanover Square Rooms and the King's Theatre are not precisely alike, as regards the volume of sound required to fill them. Among the solo performers, we must not forget the veteran Bellamy, who executed a song from one of Handel's operas with a degree of spirit and energy that could hardly have been expected from one who has witnessed two commemorations of the great composer. After the first part of the concert, Mr. Eliason performed some variations on the violin, which gave him an opportunity of displaying considerable execution in the modern school of difficulty and new effects. The concert was of so reasonable a length as to be over at an early hour, notwithstanding the numerous *encores*. This is good: a musical feast should never amount to a surfeit. Q.

#### DRAMA.

*Adelphi.*—A new farce, from the pen of Mr. Coyne, entitled, *The Humours of an Election*, was produced here on Monday, with good effect. It introduced "glorious John" as a parish overseer, and we hardly ever saw him more funny, or more perfect. Mrs. Stirling, as a young lady who wishes her sweetheart returned for the borough of Puddlewell, was very good; but the chief novel feature was Mr. Fitzgerald, whose imitations of O'Connell were excellent. He preserved all the originality of the agitator, without offending the politics of any one; and Whig, Tory, and Liberal, joined in a hearty laugh at his personation. Mr. F., on the stage, is remarkably like O'C. in every thing except height and age. The piece is full of capital *equivoque*, but rather too long. We have no doubt that it will draw bumpers for some time, for it is a treat that we recommend our readers not to miss.

*Queen's Theatre.*—A new piece, called *Caspar Hauser*, with beautiful scenery and good acting throughout, introduced, on Monday, Mr. Hill, the Yankee Pedler, in a new character, as a *Dr. Lot Whittle*; in which he loses none of his former celebrity. His jokes are capital, and the quaint way in which he tells his stories keeps the audience in a continual roar. Miss Grey played *Caspar*, a half-dumb boy, very beautifully. The piece is too long, we think; but, with a little shortening, it is sure to have a run.

*Opera Buffa.*—On Thursday, *Nina*, by Coppola, was produced here, with entire success; a Mlle. Giannoni, a fine mezzo-soprano, made an equally fortunate *début*, as *prima donna*. Puzzi, in a horn accompaniment, enchanted the audience. These entertainments are, indeed, altogether charming.

#### GARRICK CLUB AND C. KEMBLE.

ON Tuesday the members of the Garrick Club gave a dinner to Mr. C. Kemble on his retirement from the stage. There not being sufficient accommodation in the club-house, the company met at the Albion Tavern, with Lord F. Egerton in the chair, and about a hundred sat down to table. After the usual loyal toasts, the president addressed the meeting; but, previous to proposing that health which was the occasion of their assembling, called for a musical composition which had been prepared in honour of the day. The following lines, written by Mr. Theodore Hook, and composed by T. Cooke, were accordingly sung by Messrs. Balfe, Cooke, C. Taylor, Duruset, Hobbs, and others, in a masterly style, Sir George Smart accompanying them on the grand piano. The effect was extremely fine; and it was felt by every musical person present,

that instead of being a work produced for a temporary occasion, it would have done honour even to Mr. Cooke's genius had it been executed as the most important piece in a standard opera. Great applause and an *encore* rewarded his exertion.

"Sacred to Genius be this festive day,  
In music be our thoughts express'd,  
While friendly voices swell the lay,  
In honour of our welcome guest.  
Then fill a bumper to his name,  
Fill, fill it to the brim,  
Long since 'twas registered by Fame,  
Long well maintained by Him.  
Still in the wine-cup drops a tear,  
A tribute from the heart,  
That could too soon his bright career,  
This Master of his art;  
No more his varied skill revealing,  
Shall wake each mournful, mirthful feeling,  
Which he so ably could impart.  
Yet banish care, with joys in store,  
No sorrowing grief shall blend,  
For though the Actor's life be o'er,  
We still possess the Friend.  
Then fill a bumper to his name,  
Fill, fill it to the brim,  
Long since 'twas register'd by Fame,  
Long well maintain'd by Him.

The chairman then delivered a most touching and eloquent speech, in which it was difficult to say whether there was most to admire in the aptitude and beauty of the sentiments, or in the rare felicity of the language in which they were clothed. After the loud cheering which attended its close, when the health of Mr. Kemble was given, had ceased, that gentleman returned thanks in a feeling and grateful manner; and Mr. Balfie sung admirably the subjoined charming song, written by Mr. J. H. Reynolds, and composed by him.

Song, by Mr. Balfie.

Farewell! all good wishes go with him to-day!  
Rich in name—rich in fame—he has play'd out the play.  
Though the sock and the buskin for aye be remov'd,  
Still he serv'd in the train of the drama he lov'd!  
We now, who surround him, would make some amends,  
For past hours of enjoyment—we court him as friends;  
Our chief—nobly born—genius crown'd, our seal shares,  
Oh! his coronet's hid by the laurel he wears!  
Well! wealthy we have been, though Fortune may frown,  
And, 'they cannot but say, that we have had the crown!"

Shall we never again see the Spirit infuse  
Life—life—in the young gallant forms of the Muse!  
Through the heroes and lovers of Shakespeare he ran—  
All the soul of the soldier—the heart of the man!  
Shall we never in Cyprus his robe retrace;  
See him stroll into the garden with insolent grace,  
Or greet him in bonnet at fair Dundunane,  
Or meet him in moonlight Verona again!  
Well! wealthy, &c.

Let the curtain come down—let the scene pass away!  
There's an Autumn, when Summer hath squander'd its day!  
We may sit by the fire, when we can't by the lamp,  
And re-people the banquet—re-soldier the camp!  
Oh, nothing can rob us of memory's gold;  
And though he quit the gorgeous, and we may grow old;  
With our Shakespeare in hand, and bright forms in our brain,  
We can dream up our Siddons and Kembles again!  
Well! wealthy, &c.

This also obtained the just honours of a unanimous *encore*; and the chairman proposed the toast of the Authors of the Poetry, and the Composers, to whom they were, this evening, so much indebted. Mr. Reynolds acknowledged the compliment in a few words. On the healths of the Vice-Presidents of the Club being drank, Sir George Warrender, in a neat speech, returned thanks for Lord Mulgrave and himself, and, having paid a just tribute of admiration to the abilities displayed by the noble Chairman, proposed his name as the toast. This was accepted with much of enthusiasm, and his lordship thanked the company. Other toasts of the night: "The immortal Memory of Shakespeare," was introduced in a humorous preface by Mr. Poole; "The Stage and its Professors," by Mr. S. Price, who drew

a melancholy picture of the stage and its prospects; "The living Dramatists of England," by the Chair; "The Fine Arts in their connexion with the Stage," by Mr. Jerdan, who did honour to the artists present, Messrs. Clint, Stanfield, Roberts, and Grieve; "The female Ornaments of the Stage, and particularly those of the Kemble family," by the Chair: these various themes called up Mr. Sheridan Knowles, Mr. James Smith, Mr. Macready, Mr. Kemble, &c.; and at 12 o'clock, the meeting, which might truly be said to possess "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," separated, every individual apparently highly delighted with the entertainment. The glees performed, and songs by Cooke and C. Taylor, contributed much to this result; and we should not omit to notice an imitative address by Mr. Yates, whose prose rivalled the verse of C. Taylor in recalling the living likenesses of members who have graced, or still grace the stage.

#### VARIETIES.

*The Weather-wise.*—Our weather-wise friends had not been over-successful this week. The 10th, it is true, was rainy, as Lieutenant Morrison said, but it cleared off into a very hard frost, and the 11th (his alternative rainy day) continued to be brilliantly frosty. As for Mr. Murphy's "greatest cold on the night of the 13th," it is unusually mild. Well! the lieutenant tells us the "16th is still for rain, and the 17th and 18th have aspects for high winds and heavy rains at times. The aspects of Venus to Saturn and Herschel near the full moon, denote much falling weather; thick, gloomy clouds, rain and wind."

*The Adelaide Gallery.*—We would be doing an injury to our young readers, who visit the capital at this season, did we not earnestly advise them to spend a day or two (the best of their holidays) in these rooms: nor will their parents or tutors be disappointed if they accompany them. The multitude of new and instructive information they will gain will last them for many years; and, in truth, there is hardly a branch of practical science of which they will not be enabled to acquire some knowledge, through apparatus and experiments of the most delightful kind.

*A Dear Lobster.*—The late Duke of Norfolk was fond of the luxuries of the table, and, although apparently as joyous and blithesome as any one, he could be as morose and ill-tempered as any person breathing. Those who knew him could pretty well anticipate when a breeze was likely to spring up, as an ebullition of temper was always preceded by a convulsive heaving of his ponderous shoulders, as exemplified by the following trait. A select party, about twelve in number, had assembled in St. James's Square, and were partaking of a sumptuous dinner, when on a sudden the earl-marshal's shoulders began to undulate, and the following short colloquy between a then favoured servant and his grace took place. "I do not see a lobster on the table, Dodson." "No, your grace." "I think I ordered one, sir?" roared the duke. "Yes," replied Dodson, "you did, your grace, and I bid as far as 4l. 16s. for one; but, there being but one in the market, I could not get it; the same lobster being divided between the Lords Angelsea and Sefton, who were resolved to have it!"—Jockey of Norfolk said no more.

*The Guide to Knowledge.* New Series. No. I.—The old series having closed its pages in the complete and useful manner described a few *Gazettes* ago, a new phoenix has started from its pyre. A portrait of Francis Bacon, which

is presented with it, is a highly creditable work of art, and such as, in other days, would have cost shillings sterling. How any publishers can afford (except by very extensive sale) to give such bribes, we cannot imagine. The sheet itself, with its varied information, is worth the price charged for it.

*The Churches of London*, No. I. (By G. Godwin, jun., assisted by G. Button, Esq. F.S.A. Tilt; Hatchard; Seeley; Weale.)—This undertaking is worthy of the rising talent of Mr. Godwin, and promises to be a very complete and interesting production. The first Number is devoted to our great metropolitan cathedral, St. Paul's; and, besides a good historical and artistical account of the edifice, presents two beautiful views, an exterior and interior, from drawings by Billings, engraved by Le Keux and Challis. The specimen is altogether a very favourable one.

*Gresham Prize Medal.*—The Rev. W. H. Haverhall, A.M. author of *Cathedral Chants*, &c., has been the successful candidate this year.—*Musical World*, No. 43.

*The Big Balloon* again ascended from Paris on Monday, and traversed twenty-five miles in fifty minutes, when it reached the earth in safety.

*Jack*, the ourang-outang of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, is really dead at last.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Conspectus of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis of 1836, by Dr. Castle.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Glenlonely, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Lectures on local Nervous Affections, by Sir Benj. C. Brodie, Bart. 8vo. 4s.—Selection from the Museum of the Vatican, by George Whitwick, folio, 10s. 6d.—The Nervous System of the Human Body, by Sir Charles Bell, 3d edit. 8vo. 24s.—A Dialogue in the Devonshire Dialect, with a Glossary, by J. F. Palmer, post 8vo. 5s.—Veterinary and Physiological Essays, by R. Vines, 3s.—Services suited to Public Ordinances, by W. B. Collyer, D.D. fcap 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Modern Society, the conclusion of "Modern Accomplishments," by Miss C. Sinclair, post 8vo. 7s.—A Supplementary Dissertation on the Sacred Chronology, being Part 2 of "The Fulness of the Times," by W. Cunninghamham, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Sermons, by the late Rev. Hugh Stowell, 12mo. 5s.—Phillips's Translation of the Pharmacopœia, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Sermons, by the late Rev. W. Sharpe, 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Pocket Guide to Modern Geography, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Sermons preached at Rotterdam, by the Rev. C. R. Muston, 8vo. 12s.—Spain and Barbary, Letters to a Younger Sister, fcap 8vo. 6s.—The Second Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, 8vo. 6s.—Zulneida, by the Author of "The White Cottage," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Digest of the Homœopathic Principles, by E. Williams, 18mo. 2s.—Despatches of the Marquess Wellesley, Vol. III. 8vo. 25s.—The Ornithological Guide, by C. T. Wood, post 8vo. 5s.—History of Ireland to the Union, by Elizabeth Blackler, 12mo. 4s.—A Chemical Treatise on the Epidemic Fevers of the West Indies, by W. J. Evans, 8vo. 9s.—Sermons to a Country Congregation, by A. W. Hare, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.—Juvenile Sunday Library, Vol. II. Lives of the Apostles, &c. 12mo. 4s.—Barton and Castle's British Flora Medica, Vol. I. 1l. 1s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 5	From 29 to 37	30.10 to 29.85
Friday... 6	.... 35 to 47	29.61 to 29.57
Saturday... 7	.... 33 to 42	29.54 to 29.79
Sunday... 8	.... 25 to 37	30.04 to 30.15
Monday... 9	.... 31 to 48	30.49 to 30.07
Tuesday... 10	.... 41 to 49	29.72 to 29.84
Wednesday 11	.... 30 to 33	29.98 to 30.08

Winds S. and S.W. Alternately clear and cloudy; rain on the 6th and 10th. Rain fallen, .15 of an inch.  
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from Mr. Hering, reclaiming against our expression in the critique upon the Great Seals of England (L. G. No. 1041, p. 842), viz. that the process by which they were engraved had been improved upon by one of our own countrymen. Anxious only to do justice in this respect, *palmam qui meruit ferat*, we are devoting a thorough sifting to the question (one of much interest to the arts), the result of which shall appear in an early L. G.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Branches of the Country; or, Descriptions of Rural Customs, Objects, Scenery, and the Seasons.* By Thomas Miller, author of "A Day in the Woods." 12mo. pp. 425. London, 1837. Van Voorst.

As we felt on reading the "Day in the Woods," we have again experienced a sense of pleasure in dwelling on the natural freshness and poetical imaginings of Mr. Miller. His are no Cockney scenes of rusticity to be mistaken for rural beauty; no caricatures of suburban patches to be welcomed as the wild exuberance of Nature. He has lived in the country, and has observed its features; and he paints them faithfully and well. His trees actually luxuriate; his streams flow; his fields are spread out in all their varieties; his sunshine produces languor on the flocks and herds; his moonlight sheds a calm lustre o'er the silent earth; his images are just; his effects true; and his reflections full of interest and character. We have seen with regret, in some of our contemporaries, a fling at "the basket-maker;" as if it were a general principle in literature to depress the lowly aspirant, and discourage every attempt which did not proceed from rank or wealth in the paths of poetry and fancy. Never shall we participate in this cruel course: if there be merit, let the individual, not the class, be tried; if he fail, let us lament that the prompting power was greater than the executive; but if he succeed, let us, as in the present instance, freely and cordially award the palm to humble and untaught genius. To illustrate the author's claims to this high honour, we copy from his pages the vivid description of Spring.

"Spring is come at last! There is a primrose colour on the sky—there is a voice of singing in the woods, and a smell of flowers in the green lanes. Call her fickle April if you choose—I have always found her constant as an attentive gardener. Who would wish to see her slumbering away in sunshine, when the daisies are opening their pearly mouths for showers? Her very constancy is visible in her changes: if she veils her head for a time, or retires, it is but to return with new proofs of her faithfulness, to make herself more loveable, to put on an attire of richer green, or deck her young brows with more beautiful blossoms. Call her not fickle, but modest—an abashed maiden, whose love is as faithful as the flaunting May, or passionate June. Robed in green, with the tint of apple-blossoms upon her cheek, holding in her hands primroses and violets, she stands beneath the budding hawthorn, her young eyes fixed upon the tender grass, or glancing sideways at the daisies, as if afraid of looking upon the sun, of whom she is enamoured. Day after day she wears some additional charm; and the sky-god bends down his golden eyes in delight at her beauty; and if he withdraws his shining countenance, she is all tears, weeping in an April shower for his loss. Fickle sun! he too soon forgets the tender maiden, robed in her simple robes, and decorated with tender buds, and, like a rake, hurries over his blue pathway, and pines for the full-bosomed May, or the voluptuous June, forgetting April, and her sighs and tears. Oh!

how delightful is it now to wander forth into the sweet-smelling fields; to set one's foot upon nine daisies—a sure test that spring is come; to see meadows lighted with the white flowers; to watch the skylark winging his way to his blue temple in the skies,

'Singing above, a voice of light!'

to hear the blackbird's mellow flute-like voice ringing from some distant covert, among the young beauties of the wood, who are robing themselves for the masque of summer! All these are sights and sounds calculated to elevate the heart above its puny cares and trifling sorrows, and to throw around it a repose calm and spirit-like as the scene whose beauty hushed its heavings. There is an invisible chord—a golden link of love, between our souls and nature: it is no separate thing—no distinguished object, but a yearning towards the universal whole. We love the blue sky, the rolling river, the beautiful flowers, and the green earth; we are enraptured with the old hills and the hoary forests. The whistling reeds say something soothing to us; there is a cheering voice in the unseen wind; and the gurgling brook, as it babbles along, carries with it a melody of other years—the tones of our playfellows, the gentle voice of a lost mother, or the echo of a sweet tongue that scarcely dared to murmur its love. Who is there that is not a worshipper of Nature? Look at the parties who emerge from the breathless alleys of the metropolis, when the trees have put on their summer clothing!—listen to their merry laughter floating over the wide fields from beneath the broad oak where they are seated: the cares, and the vexations, and the busy calculations of this work-a-day world are forgotten, and they loosen their long-chained minds, and set them free to dally with the waving flowers. They join in chorus with the birds, and the trees, and the free streams; and, sending their songs after the merry breeze, triumph o'er pain and care.

An English village is the next picture with which we will adorn our columns.

"I never look upon the free, open green in our English villages, which no one seems to claim for his own, and see the large old solitary oak, elm, or sycamore, towering in its centre, and spreading its shadowy branches above the rude benches that surround its trunk, but I think of the many good and evil tidings which have, for ages, been talked of there. It is so perfect an English picture, to see the old men, when their day's work is done, assemble there one after another, smoking their long pipes, and sitting down to talk over the progress of crops, the appearance of the weather, the health and prosperity, or adversity of their neighbours; while their children are rolling and laughing upon the unclaimed grass, or playing with the harmless shepherd's-dog. And then to observe the knowing looks of the older children, drinking in the words of the elders with wonder, and marvelling, in their little minds, how such things can be—how care can exist in a world where there are so many bird's-nests, so much good milk, such large lunches of brown bread

and cheese, and so many green fields and beautiful flowers! And then the strange conclusions they leap to when among themselves—the various versions of what they have heard, and the wonderful constructions they put upon things too weighty for their intellects! Even then you may trace vestiges of the stronger mind; the doubting look; the unwillingness to give credence to the decision; the knowing shake of the head, and all those little motions which indicate doubt. The questions they put to their parents, the sparkling of their eyes when their minds are just grappling to advantage with the subjects, and the shrewd way in which they make their inquiries, are well worth studying. Then to look round the green, and see all those little whitewashed cottages, so neatly thatched, seldom containing more than one story, but each standing upon plenty of ground, with a little garden at the front, a few beehives, or a row of milk-pans all clean and arranged in order; some of the fronts overgrown with woodbine, which in their unchecked luxuriance had partially hidden the parlour-window. Then to think of the beauty, the health, the repose, that breathe around such spots; the singing of birds, the humming-bees, the gaudy butterflies, passing or crossing each other, the waving of the trees, the lowing of kine, the bleating sheep, the neighing of young colts, the milkmaid's song as she walks past with well-filled pail, or sits under some pleasant tree. All these are things that sink into the heart—sights that we sigh for in the dense city, amid the roll of carriages and the vociferations of jostled passengers. Then to sit and see the sun set upon such a tranquil scene; the blue smoke rising in unbanded pillars and mixing with the deep foliage; the sloping beam gliding a distant rivulet, or bathing in crimson the top of a far-off wood; the church-spire, rising in its gray antiquity, and looking down upon the lovely groves scattered at its base; the dim outline of the hills, the faint mist spreading over the valleys, a bell just heard from some neighbouring village, the falling weir, the bay of a distant mastiff, the clasp of an old gate, the song of the ploughboy returning home! Live not all these images in the heart, chasing away even care while we contemplate them, and throwing a soothing tranquillity over the soul, a rest which we remember, a poetry which owns no words, a delight which can never be forgotten?"

Valentine's Day affords another example of Mr. Miller's graphic powers.

"'Good morrow to my valentine!' sings sweet Ophelia; and we turn back our memories, and remember with what anxiety we arose on the morning of Valentine's day, hoping that the first person we saw would be she whom we loved, and sometimes shutting our eyes and turning aside at the sight of some old woman emerging from her cottage, whom we would fain not own as our valentine. And in villages where we had no postman, excepting, perhaps, the old servant at the hall, who brought letters from the market-town twice a-week, or as he might be sent by the squire, we were compelled to deliver our own productions. Well do I remember our stealing softly up the

gardens, and looking for some crevice in the cottage-door, depositing the messenger of love under the chink or between the window-shutters. Others, more daring, would throw open the door, and hurl the love-breathing document in the centre of the family. Then there were shoutings of fathers and hobbling of old mothers to see who it was that had selected their rosy daughter for his valentine. But the youth was generally too nimble; and ere they had crossed the threshold, he was over the garden and away across the fields hidden by the darkness. Then the candle was snuffed, and the blushing girl to whom it was addressed, after many entreaties from father and mother, drew it from her bosom and allowed them to look at the pictures. And although the female face was hideously drawn, with a nose projecting like a buttress, and an eye horribly black with ink, and a patch of hideous red upon the cheek, still the mother declared 'that it was the very moral of their Mary.' And there were little Cupids, limbed like callow crows, and flying like harpies, with red hearts in their hands; some round and suspended by a string, pierced with arrows resembling hayforks. Then there was a tree, like a walking-stick with a piece of green baize twined round the top, thick in the middle and tapering upward; and beneath that, something which was intended to represent a man, whilst from his mouth issued the following couplet:

'Cupid with his fatal dart  
Has deeply wounded my poor heart.'

And all along the edges ran such lines as,

'The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
Carnation's sweet, and so are you.'

'The ring is round, and has no end,  
So is my love to you, my friend.'

'First we cast lots, and then me drew,  
And Fortune said, it must be you.'

But these rude hieroglyphics, are, to the heart of the love-smitten maiden, as plain as pike-staves; and her candle will be seen burning an hour later in the cottage window that evening, as she sits, half-drobbled, twisting the rude figures in her own mind into meanings that to others would be incomprehensible: and, committing the simple rhymes to memory, she will warble them all day over her work to a tune of her own. And if she is fortunate enough to wed the youth who was the donor, she will have her valentine framed after marriage; and the callow Cupids, and the pointed tree, and the red hearts, and two figures with blotches for legs and feet, will grin at each other under a glass for many a year."

"May Day" is yet more sweet and pastoral.

"The May-boughs were brought home were suspended from windows, and fastened above the doors, like leafy porches; others were bound together in the form of arches, and stuck into the ground at regular distances—the openings between being filled with lesser branches and trailing flowers, until a beautiful green arbour was formed. At the end of the arbour, elevated above the rude seats, rose a rustic throne, covered with flowers of every hue: this was erected for the May-queen. Ladders were now reared against the May-pole, and the village girls brought out the garlands which they had woven, of flowers and gaudy ribands; and many a boy gave up his string of birds' eggs to decorate it. Old and young assembled upon the green; and many a dim eye glistened with joy when they saw the rich garlands wave in the sunshine, and heard laugh, and shout, and song, mingled with bursts of music. Then we commenced dancing, forming

ourselves into a circle, and wheeling rapidly round the May-pole. Hand in hand we flew in giddy mazes, the roses trembling in the long locks of our fair partners as their measured steps bounded from the greensward. Within the ring which we had formed stood a youth, holding in his hand a garland of roses: this he presented to the village girls as they danced around him. How beautiful they looked, as, with averted heads, they turned from the flowery chaplet, blushing, and glancing downward abashed—each one expecting to be crowned Queen of May, yet uncertain upon whose brow the garland would be placed. At length it was thrown around the nut-brown ringlets of Mary Gray, and all with one acclaim hailed her 'Queen of May!' She was, indeed, the most beautiful girl in the village. How lovely she looked, robed in white, with a pink sash round her slender waist, as she was led, blushing, to her flowery throne, amid the clapping of hands, and silver-sounding music, and the waving of scarfs! The day was spent in innocent amusements; such as singing, dancing, love-making, and feasting. How much happier should we be if these good old customs were universally kept! I like not to see our peasantry seated over their humming ale, discussing politics. The garlanded May-pole, the festive merriment of bringing home harvest, the sheep-shearing feast, and the dance upon the village green under the old oak-tree, are more in accordance with their simple habits. Such scenes infuse a poetry into their hearts, and soften down their ruder habits, causing them to venerate their green woods and flowery meadows. Why should we envy sunny Italy, or the classic shores of Greece, while our own green hills lift up their wood-crowned foreheads to heaven, and our velvet valleys are musical with brooks? Are we not rich in golden poetry? Old Chaucer has shed a glory over our plains: and Spenser has hal-lowed our forests. Shakespeare, the immortal, has 'warbled his wood-notes wild,' and let loose an eternal music through our land, whose melody can never die; and the god-like Milton hath struck a harp-string whose vibration shall never cease while an echo haunts our lovely hills. Let us look with an eye of love upon our country: the greenery of sweet groves invites us,—the violet and primrose call us forth with a still voice of music, which our ancestors heard,—the daisy waves its white head as if beckoning us to the fragrant fields. Up, and away, then, to the woodlands, to worship the month of love and flowers!"

His picture of "Summer" shews that the author has read the poets of Nature, as well as studied Himself.

"Summer is come again, waving her green garlandry over hill and valley, and bending the long grass with her breezy foot-steps in the luxuriant meadows. She has spread her gorgeous carpet of crimson heath-bells over the wide forest wastes and brown moors, and left a deep twilight in the dense foliage of the trees; you hear her clear voice whispering through the green corn, and smell her fragrant breath in the balmy hay-field; you catch the deep blue of her skyey eyes mirrored in the sleepy rivers, and see the skirts of her golden drapery trailing over a thousand flowers. She touches the green leaves with her sunny fingers, and they bound upon their branches in rustling music; the silvery willow nods gracefully before her, and the scarlet poppy waves its rich velvet banner as she passes. There is but one voice lifted up in the earth, exclaiming, 'Summer is come again!' What is there so pleasant as to

enter an old wood on a sultry summer's day, and to throw oneself at the root of some goodly tree on the cool moss or long grass? Perchance a brook murmurs at our feet, welling away between its shelving bank, now in sunshine, now in shade, while myriads of lovely flowers bend over it, gazing upon their own beautiful shadows; how like Narcissus appears a solitary primrose arching its slender stem as if to kiss its own image in the clear water! and it will die away, gazing upon its own beauty! Oh, what delight to ramble from glen to glen, from thicket to thicket! How like Jason we seem, threading such leafy labyrinths! What if he bore off the golden fleece—cannot we carry home the golden saxifrage, with its rich-wrought flowers? Poetry—nothing but dreamy poetry seems to haunt us here. Hark! heard you Ophelia singing, 'Oh, willow! willow!' No! it was but the dashing water. Surely, yonder is Una leading her milk-white lamb! passed she not the glade? No! 'twas but a sunbeam that fell for a moment upon the white trunk of a noble tree, then vanished. But did not Gurth, the swineherd, blow his horn, and summon his dog Fangs to drive the herd to Cedric's castle? or did he laugh at Wamba's jest? No! 'twas but the woodpecker that sent his merry laugh through the greenwood. Hark! it 'came as near as near could be!' Was it not Geraldine complaining to Christabel that they had 'bound her to a palfrey white!' No! 'twas merely the wood-pigeon cooling to its distant mate. Oh! delusive poetry!—dreamy old wood! I will shut mine eyes, and then I shall hear nymph, and faun, and dryad, steal lightly past me, as if afraid to waken the flowers!"

But we have quoted enough to enable our readers to judge of the Basket-maker, and prove that he is not a book-maker, in its depreciating sense; and we conclude with his note on flowers.

"Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for his images of beauty if they were to perish for ever? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence—the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily; the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet, and the sweet voice is like a breeze kissing its way through the flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with the fragrant bells, when she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in the narrow coffin, and they become symbols of our affections—pleasures remembered and hopes faded, wishes flown, and scenes cherished the more that they can never return. Still we look to the far-off spring in other valleys; to the eternal summer beyond the grave, when the flowers which have faded shall again bloom in starry fields, where no rude winter can intrude. They come upon us in spring like the recollections of a dream, which hovered above us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties, and purple delights, fancy-broidered. Sweet flowers! that bring before our eyes scenes of childhood—faces remembered in youth, when Love was a stranger to himself! The mossy bank by the wayside, where we so often sat for hours drinking in the beauty of the primroses with our eyes; the sheltered glen, darkly green, filled with the perfume of violets, that shone in their intense blue, like another sky spread upon the earth; the laughter of merry voices; the sweet song of the maiden—the downcast eye, the spreading blush, the kiss ashamed at its own sound—

are all brought back to the memory by a flower."

We have only to add, that the volume is embellished with twenty-six beautiful wood-cuts.

*Indian Reminiscences; or, the Bengal Moofussul Miscellany.* Chiefly written by the late G. A. Addison, Esq. 8vo. Pp. 339. London, 1837. Bull.

THIS appears to be a republication of an Indian periodical of considerable literary variety and talent; and it is stated that the profits arising from its sale are to be devoted to a charitable purpose. The merits, however, of its chief contributor are sufficient recommendation to notice: and while we peruse his effusions, we are doomed to experience great regret that one so gifted should have perished in the very flower of youth. Mr. Addison was the son of John Addison, in the civil service of the East India Company, of whom it is stated, that he, "as the nearest collateral descendant, was heir-at-law to the celebrated moralist,—that great man having a daughter only in the direct line, who died unmarried." His son, born in Calcutta, was educated in England, and, returning to the land of his nativity, became private secretary to Sir Stamford Raffles, the Governor of Java, where he died, beloved and lamented, in the twenty-second year of his age. To his compositions a few others have been added by other hands, and the whole forms a very light and agreeable miscellany. As a sample, we copy the account of a singular mode of taking bees' nests.

"A large swarm of bees had fixed their abode on the ceiling of a verandah, and, in due time, when their honey was deposited, we wished to collect it, but were for some time at a loss for the means. Hearing, however, that there was a gardener who possessed a peculiar art of doing it unhurt, he was sent for and desired to bring down the honey. I watched him closely through the whole process, and was told by him, and believe, that he used no other precaution than the following. He took some of the plant called *toolay*, and rubbed it over his body, face, arms, and hands; he then chewed a little, and held a sprig of it in his mouth. With no other than this apparently slight defence, he mounted a ladder, a large dish in one hand, and a sharp knife in the other; and though as thinly clad as his class usually are, with thousands of bees swarming about his naked body, he with the greatest *sang froid* cut immediately through the upper part of the comb, where it was suspended to the roof, and receiving the whole of it in his dish, brought it down without having suffered from a single sting!

The plant is the black ocymin of botanists. Its aromatic odour is, perhaps, the strongest there is. I know that some of the species of this genus are cultivated with success in England: this, therefore, might be, in all probability, if it is not so already. Sir William Jones addresses it in one of his poems—

'Hail! sacred toolay, pride of plains!'

This epithet he has given to it from its particular prevalent use in the Brahminical rites: indeed, the extraordinary sanctity attached to it is evinced, by its forming, with Ganges' water, the basis of the Hindoos' most solemn oath: his mode of swearing is by touching these. The legend respecting it in the Sanscrit records is, that it was once a most beautiful nymph of the same name, passionately beloved by Krishna, who, to perpetuate her memory, transformed her into this plant, and

ordained that no worship to him should be availing, or complete, which was not graced by her presence: hence it is invariably used in all *poojahs* made by the followers of Vishnu. On such a metamorphosis, with the circumstance added of the bees still paying so deep a respect to her charms, how elegant an Ovidian tale might be formed!"

The subjoined "Anecdotes" will shew what the slighter features of the Moofussul are.

"One of the first English vessels that visited the Indian seas, fell in, when off the Comandul coast, with a catamaran; there were two natives on it, whose bodies, of course, seemed to be rising out of the water, and they were paddling in their usual manner, that is, with quick strokes alternately to the right and left. The crew of the ship, as may well be imagined, were greatly surprised and alarmed at this strange and unheard of phenomenon; and the report of it entered in their log-book, ran as follows:—'Good ship. The trades increase. August 15th, 1616—lat.—, long.—, at 2 P.M.—beheld, distinctly, two black devils in the water, playing at single-stick!!! They were within twenty fathoms of the ship, and the whole crew saw, and can vouch for the truth of this statement: these infernal imps remained visible for at least an hour, and were then lost in the distance. 'They who go down to the sea in ships shall see the wonders of the deep;' and from this learn, ye incredulous, how vain be the hardness of your hearts! N.B.—Certe, this matter should portend a great storm; or some revolution in the states of Europe; or, peradventure, somewhat relating to the pope of Rome!! Heaven send no ill betide us!'"

It would be curious if the following piece of D. Garrick's should have first appeared in India:—

"To Miss Ann Wilton, by D. Garrick.  
O Nanny! why, when ardent love  
Beats in each trembling pulse of mine,  
Dost thou the generous flame reprove,  
By ev'ry killing look of thine?  
But, Nanny, thou wilt nothing stake,  
No little trifling danger run,  
For him, who, freely for thy sake,  
A thousand ways would be undone."

The correspondent adds, "the above was set to music by Dr. Burney, but it has never yet, I believe, appeared in print. It certainly is not in Kearsley's collection of Garrick's poetical works, though nothing can be more beautiful. Of the lady to whom these lines were addressed, I will only observe, that this is not the only tribute paid to her by Garrick; nor was he the only poet that broke a lance in her honour. Of her beauty and accomplishments what testimony can be given superior to the verses themselves?"

Our next quotation is pompo-ludicrous enough.

"In a conversation I some time since had the honour of holding with the present Emperor of Hindostan, Achar Sanees, his majesty recited to me an anecdote of his royal and ill-starred father, Shaw Allum; which at once displayed his own manly and nervous appreciation of character, and fineness of tact, in seizing on that happy minuteness which marked, more than the most elaborate description could have done, the form and measure of his illustrious father's mind; and displayed both the deepest sensations of respect and veneration for that great and much-suffering descendant of Timour. 'My father,' said his majesty to me, 'was a great man: he possessed an exalted mind, and a firmness of character perhaps unequalled. Of this, I will adduce a strong proof.

He was affected, sir, with a disease, which, I believe, is vulgarly termed the Bengal itch. It was represented to him by the most learned of his physicians, that nothing would more exasperate, and, consequently, retard longer his case, than scratching himself; and at the same time it is known, that in this disease the desire of scratching most violently predominates, and is indeed considered invincible. Yet what was my father's conduct on this occasion? He perceived that to scratch would be unwise—and this was for him sufficient. Strong as the inclination must naturally have been, he determined to repress it; and I now assure you, on my royal word, that what I am about to tell you is a solemn truth: Shaw Allum had the magnanimity, sir, not to scratch himself once!! 'Magnanimous indeed!' said I, in a rapture of enthusiasm, 'thus greatly to deny himself a luxury which one of our kings (James the First) has declared to be too exquisite for any but sovereigns to enjoy!'"

Here is a tolerable epigram:

"Epigram from the French.  
This rhymist says he can't write prose,  
However much he tries;  
Now read his verse—It plainly shews  
How much the fellow lies."

"The following is a ridiculous Grub Street mistake I once met with. Lord Bacon mentions as a proof that the Turks are barbarians, 'their want of *stirpes*, or hereditary rank.' A learned writer, who did not quite understand the term, said, 'he thought it very hard that a whole nation should be stigmatised as barbarians, merely because they did not ride with stirrups!'"

There is some fair poetry, but we leave it to the reader of the work; and conclude with one anecdote more.

"During the administration of Lord Clive, when fashion was in its extreme of richness, there came out a letter from the Court of Directors, positively prohibiting their servants from wearing any gold or silver lace on their clothes. Immediately after the receipt of this, Mr. Hosea appeared in the council-room in a dress rather repugnant to the order; his lordship perceiving this, and pointing to the gold binding of his coat, asked him how he reconciled it with the late injunction? Mr. Hosea immediately replied, 'This article of dress, my lord, is in no way affected by the court's letter; for it is notorious, and your lordship must know, that the Company's orders are not binding.'"

*The Pictorial Bible; being the Old and New Testaments, illustrated with many hundred wood-cuts: to which are added, Original Notes, explanatory of passages connected with the History, Geography, Natural History, and Antiquities, of the Sacred Scriptures.* Vol. I. London, 1837. Knight.

THIS is an admirable idea, and improved upon and carried out excellently in the work before us. Illustrations of the Sacred Volume need no argument to prove their high and influential importance on the youthful mind. The experience of every parent convinces him how attractive these pictured forms of history are for the generation growing up under his eye: the experience of every individual recalls the interest with which his infancy pored over these spells of thought; the eagerness with which he sought the explanatory details of passages that otherwise might never have caught his attention; and the depth and clearness of the impressions thus fixed indelibly on the memory. Stamped with mystic awe upon

our infantine reverence, they still rise holiest in the heart, whatever its subsequent wanderings: still, through after life, preserve in the bosom the better half of our religion,—its earliest, purest, and untainted sense; and, amidst the sorrows and sadness of the world, come back upon us, bright in the innocence of former days,—an oil upon the troubled waves, a note of music amidst tempest, breathing peace through all the devastation around us.

We dwell upon this feeling because it is the strongest, the most beneficial, and the most conservative against later errors: and the force of these impressions can never be undervalued by those who have ever recalled their hours of childhood, and who has not? The necessity, therefore, of making wisdom tangible, of realising belief, and rendering religion a sense, is too obviously a duty for the journalist to pass over, especially in a case where, as before us, imagination stamps reality through the eye on the spirit; and it is no small praise to the work in question, that the illustrations are so numerous, that not one material passage of the Scriptures need escape the observation.

Nor is the pictorial form adopted the only claim of this very useful edition. We have looked in vain for years through the various commentaries published on the Bible, with a wish that something should present itself of a popularly instructive shape. The learning of Calmet, Clarke, &c., the disquisitions on words and texts, however admirable in themselves, and useful for the profound and the curious, are too erudite and too subtle for readers at large. Nor was this all that was wanted. The most important was also the most ancient history in the world; full of incident and allusion to a long vanished state of existence, and preserving traces that served to link the categories of past and present humanity, in a historical and physical, not less than a religious view. The researches of travellers and antiquarians, the advance of cultivation and inquiry, and the progressive emancipation from bigotry and prejudice, have enabled us to look, with a widely different eye from of old, upon the relics that remain to us, and the spirit in which we should receive them. And when we find, as we now constantly do, that the passages once most railed at by *pseudo-learning* as erroneous or impossible, are precisely those which the light of modern investigation has brought into the fullest day of reality and living demonstration, we turn the more eagerly to points hitherto less dwelt upon, and ask for all the information that these can afford to our desiring faculties. Truth has prevailed over argumentative ingenuity, even upon its own chosen ground; and the *reasoning* that arrogated to itself the name of *reason*, sinks now in the oblivion of ignorance: the scorner is scorned; and, satisfied of truth, we seek but to obtain its illustration.

It is, then, on both the points we have instanced, the sensual and the intellectual illustration, that the *Pictorial Bible* demands our attention. We shall give it, freely and in full; for the subject is one of the deepest importance, pregnant with consequences to society and to eternity.

We have not forgotten, since we can refer only with praise to, the Bible, published some years since, with notes by D'Oyley and Mant. Admirably explanatory as those notes were of the text, and clear as was the insight they gave into the Scriptural language and doctrines, the historical and local details required by the reader,—they still differ, widely and essentially, from the work under review; for they are

confined to reflecting light upon the common centre of Biblical lore. The *Pictorial Bible* has taken another, and, in this inquiring age, a wider ground of investigation. If we may call the tendency of Mant's note *centripetal*, the *Pictorial Bible* has, in the same sense, a *centrifugal* force, carrying out into investigation all the questions arising from the sacred text. Every point touched upon, even though casually, in the sacred text, of history, geography, or science and manufacture, among the ancients, is taken as the basis of an inquiry or elucidation; and, we are bound to say, in a fair and candid spirit. In rendering passages of some difficulty, the original word is generally given, and rationally commented upon, though not to any unreasonable degree. Of customs and usages that still exist, extracted illustrations are given, sometimes of extreme length: the geographical points are freely discussed, but without either prolixity or parade; so that they are interesting and intelligible to every reader. Of history, a fair, and frequently striking, view is taken, so that even superior minds may refer to the passages with advantage. Botany and natural history receive a large portion of attention: ancient traditions are continually referred to, with the comments of able writers upon them, and upon chronology; and the trade and commerce, as well as manufactures, of the early ages, offer much to reward the reader's curiosity, and infuse unexpected information.

Steering clear, therefore, so far as we have yet seen, of the abstruser portions of philology and doctrine, the *Pictorial Bible* is in itself a popular library of the points more generally required: and, whilst the wisest may read it with advantage, the casual reader cannot fail to have his interest excited and his mind improved by every reference to the volume. Errors, it is true, will occur, and such the partition of extreme opinions is ever able to discern in every work: differences of judgment as to the management of portions, curtailments or extensions, and conclusions, will, of necessity, be found every where; but, in our candid and impartial opinion, these faults are slight, and incidental almost to the merits of the work. The learned may seek in vain for solutions of difficult and abstract questions; the ignorant may pass over the higher branches of inquiry touched upon. The former may think it holds too little; the latter, too much: but it is, and was intended to be, essentially popular; and it has the merit of raising the tone of the general reader's mind to a higher and healthier state; of introducing him, without effort, to a wider field of thought and investigation; and, mingling knowledge with amusement, giving to ignorance itself the seeds of information and the show of research. For young people we consider the work indispensable; and the ample details of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman, and Eastern customs, architecture, and antiquities, together with the numerous cuts that illustrate these, and the accounts from the best and most recent authorities,—as we would evidence in the case of Egypt so universally interesting at present,—all conspire to render the work deserving the patronage it has received from the public.

Upon the various parts we shall probably enter, with some little spirit of analysis, before long, and point out, also, what appears to us most striking in portions of the argument. But the utter want of a map, however slight a one, is a grievous omission in the earlier part of a work of historical geography; and the atlas promised at the end is of little use for the beginning. A

common lithograph, from existing information, would supply the deficiency easily, instead of leaving the reader to wait twelve months or more for his elucidation on this head. We trust, from the quantity of valuable matter in the notes, which require frequent comparison, that an index will be given to these at the conclusion of the third volume, as so much amusing and instructive reading can seldom be met with in so small a compass, and so perfectly adapted for the perusal of all denominations of Christians.

#### *Millengen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

(Second notice.)

HAVING briefly described the amusing character of this work in our last *Gazette*, we shall now proceed to afford our readers a further taste of Dr. Millengen's various powers. On the subject of the use and abuse of food, we have much curious information and anecdote: witness the following extracts:—

"The diversity of substances which we find in the catalogue of articles of food is as great as the variety with which the art or the science of cookery prepares them; the notions of the ancients on this most important subject are worthy of remark. Their taste regarding meat was various. Beef they considered the most substantial food; hence it constituted the chief nourishment of their athletes. Camels' and dromedaries' flesh was much esteemed; their heels more especially. Donkey-flesh was in high repute; Mæneas, according to Pliny, delighted in it; and the wild ass, brought from Africa, was compared to venison. In more modern times we find Chancellor Dupret having asses fattened for his table. The hog and the wild boar appear to have been held in great estimation; and a hog was called 'animal proper convivium natum;' but the classical portion of the sow was somewhat singular—'vulvâ nil dulcius [pulchrius? *Ed. L. G.*] amplâ.' Their mode of killing swine was as refined in barbarity as in epicurism. Plutarch tells us that the gravid sow was actually trampled to death, to form a delicious mass fit for the gods. At other times, pigs were slaughtered with red-hot spits, that the blood might not be lost; stuffing a pig with asafoetida, and various small animals, was a luxury called 'porcus Trojanus;' alluding, no doubt, to the warriors who were concealed in the Trojan horse. Young bears, dogs, and foxes (the latter more esteemed when fed upon grapes), were also much admired by the Romans; who were also so fond of various birds, that some consular families assumed the names of those they most esteemed. Catus tells us how to drown fowls in Falernian wine, to render them more luscious and tender. Pheasants were brought over from Colchis, and deemed at one time such a rarity, that one of the Ptolemies bitterly lamented his having never tasted any. Peacocks were carefully reared in the island of Samos, and sold at such a high price, that Varro informs us they fetched yearly upwards of 2000*l.* of our money. The guinea-fowl was considered delicious; but, wretched people! the Romans knew not the turkey, a gift which we moderns owe to the Jesuits. Who could vilify the disciples of Loyola after this information! The ostrich was much relished; Heliogabalus delighted in their brains, and Apicius especially commends them. But, of all birds, the flamingo was not only esteemed as a *bonne-bouche*, but most valuable after dinner; for, when the gluttonous sensualists had eaten too much, they introduced one of its long scarlet feathers down their throats, to disgorge their dinner. The modern



gastronome is, perhaps, not aware that it is to the ancients he owes his delicious fattened duck and goose livers,—the inestimable *foies gras* of France. Thus Horace:

'Pinguibus et fcis pastum jecur anseris albi.'

The swan was also fattened by the Romans, who first deprived it of sight; and cranes were by no means despised by people of taste. While the feathered creation was doomed to form part of ancient delights, the waters yielded their share of enjoyments, and several fishes were immortalised. The *murana Helena* was educated in their ponds, and rendered so tame, that he came to be killed at the tinkling of his master's bell or the sound of his voice.

'Natat ad magistrum delicata murena.'

says Martial. Hirtius ceded six thousand of these fish to Cæsar as a great favour, and Vitellius delighted in their roe. The fame of the lamprey, or the *mustela* of Ausonius and Pliny, is generally known; and the sturgeon, the *acipenser sturio*, was brought to table with triumphant pomp: but the turbot, one of which was brought to Domitian from Ancona, was considered such a present from the gods, that this emperor assembled the senate to admire it. Soles were also so delectable, that, punning on the word *solea*, they were called the *soles* of the gods: the dorad, *sparus auratus*, was consecrated to Venus; the *labrus scarus* was called the brain of Jupiter, and Apuleius and Epicharmus maintain that its very entrails would be relished in Olympus. The *garum*, or celebrated fish-sauce of the Romans, was principally made out of the *sciæna umbra*, and the mackerel; the entrails and blood being macerated in brine until they became putrid.

'Explantis adhuc scombrî, de sanguine primo Accipe fastuosum munera cara garum':—

thus says Martial: and Galen affirms that this disgusting preparation was so precious, that a measure of about three of our pints fetched two thousand silver pieces. So delightful was the effluvia of the *garum* considered, that Martial informs us it was carried about in onyx smelling-bottles.\* But our luxurious civic chiefs are not aware that the red mullet—for such I believe was the *mulus*—was held in such a distinguished category among genteel fishes, that three of them, although of small size, were known to fetch upwards of 200*l*. They were more appreciated when brought alive, and gradually allowed to die, immersed in the delicious *garum*; when the Romans feasted their eyes in the anticipated delight of eating them, by gazing on the dying creature as he changed colour like an expiring dolphin. Seneca reproaches them with this refinement of cruelty—'Oculis quoque gulosi sunt'; and the most renowned of Apicius's culinary discoveries was the *alec*, a compound of their livers. Snails were also a great dainty. Fulvius Herpinus was immortalised for the discovery of the art of fattening them on bran and other articles; and Horace informs us they were served up, broiled upon silver gridirons, to give a relish to wine. Oysters were brought from our coasts to Rome, and frozen oysters were much extolled. Grasshoppers, locusts, and various insects, were equally acceptable to our first gastronomic legislators. Acorns, similar to those now eaten

\* What would *garum* be compared with the modern sauces of our London *Lovetts*? His Duke of Gloucester sauce, his Sicilian, his Episcopate essence, &c. &c. which impart such delicious flavours to every kind of fish—to every sort of flesh—to all poultry—to every variety of game—to bolls, broils, roasts, stews, hashes, hot or cold, young or old—that appetite is created, and the palate gratified by their piquant provocativeness, till the most ignorant feeder becomes, as it were, a capital gourmet, and, instead of merely eating, is taught to enjoy his meal.—Ed. L. C.

in Spain, formed part of a Roman dessert; the best were brought from Naples and Tarentum. It does not appear that the ancients had a great variety in their vegetable diet; condiments, to stimulate the sluggish appetite, seemed to be their principal research: amongst these, the *asafoetida*, which is to this day highly relished in the East, was an indispensable ingredient: this has been doubted by various naturalists, but it appears certain, since Pliny informs us that it was frequently adulterated by *sagapenum*, which bears the strongest resemblance to it. This substance was called *laser*, and, by many tasteless persons, such as Aristophanes and Apuleius, considered offensive and disgusting; hence the latter, '*lasere infectas carnes*,' and '*laseratum porcellum*.' According to Theophrastus, *asafoetida* was collected and preserved, as it is at present, in skins; and, despite its estimation as a culinary ingredient, it was not unfrequently named *stercus diaboli*. In addition to this gum, they seasoned their food with various other strong articles, such as coriander and cummin seeds, sumac, saffron, cinnamon, thyme; with diverse peppers, salt, and sal-ammoniac. Instead of bread, which was only introduced in Rome A.D. 580, they used a heavy kind of unleavened paste, similar to the present *polenta*. This nourishment occasioned frequent indigestion; hence the use of warm water after meals, and the necessity of emetics. Warm water was sold about the streets in their thermopolia, and Seneca observed the paleness and debility that arose from its use and abuse:

'Et potet calidam, qui nihil livet, aquam.'

While water was thus freely drunk, wine was not disregarded; but the various articles with which it was adulterated, must have rendered it any thing but a delectable potation, according to our received ideas. Thus we see the Greeks putting salt and sea-water in theirs; at other times dissolving mastic and myrrha, or infusing wormwood, in their choicest Falernian. Like modern tasters, however, they knew the method of developing the *bouquet* by warmth; and, to appreciate the flavour, they frequently added hot water. That wines of a resinous taste were esteemed, appears from Martial:

'Resinata bibis vina, Falerna fugis.'

But we may conclude that, according to our modern taste, their boasted wines did not equal ours either in flavour or in delicacy. \* \* \*

"So refined was the taste of the ancient *bons vivans*, that Montanus, according to Juvenal, would proclaim, at the first bite, whether an oyster was of English produce or not. Sandwich is believed to have been the favoured spot whence Rome imported her oysters and shell-fish. \* \* \* Our early ancestors were remarkable for their frugality, and it is supposed that luxurious, or, at least, full living, was introduced by the Danes: it has been even asserted that the verb *gormondise* was derived from *Gormond*, a Danish king, who was persuaded by Alfred to be baptised. Erasmus observed that the English were particularly fond of good fare. William the Conqueror, and Rufus, were in the habit of giving most splendid entertainments; and the former monarch was such an irascible epicure, that, upon one occasion, an underdone crane having been served up by the master of the *cury*, he would have knocked him down but for the timely interference of his *dapifer*, or purveyor of the mouth. This office of *dapifer*, with that of *lardrenius*, *magnus coquus*, *coquorum prepositus*, and *coquus regius*, were high dignities in those days. Cardinal Otto, the pope's legate, being at Ox-

ford in 1238, his brother was the *magister coquorum*; and the reasons assigned for his holding that office were his brother's suspicious fears '*ne procuraretur aliquid venenosum, quod valde timebat legatus*.' These officers were not unfrequently clergymen, who were elevated to the bench for their valuable services. \* \* \* That hard drinking was introduced from Flanders and Holland, and other northern countries, seems probable from the derivation of many of the expressions used in carousing. The phrase of being '*half-seas over*,' as applied to a state of drunkenness, originated from *op see*, which, in Dutch, means *over sea*; and Gifford informs us that it was a name given to a stupefying beer introduced in England from the Low Countries, and called *op see*; thus Jonson in his Alchemist:

'I do not like the dulness of your eye;  
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis up *see Dutch*.'

An inebriating draught was also called an *up see freeze*, from the strong Friesland beer. The word '*carouse*,' according to Gifford and Blount, is derived from the name of a large glass, called by the Danes *rouse*, or from the German words *gar, all, and auss, out*: hence, *drink all out*. \* \* \* In the middle ages, drinking was resorted to by the monks as a religious libation; and they also drank to the dead, a custom which was condemned as idolatrous. These excesses were restrained by various regulations, and in 817 the quantity of wine allowed each monk was fixed at five pints. Charlemagne, in his Capitularies, forbids the provocation of drinking healths and hob-nobbing (*pléger et trinquer*). Temperance societies are not modern institutions. In 1517, Sigismund de Dietrichstein established one under the auspices of St. Christopher; a similar association was formed in 1600 by Maurice Duke of Hesse, which, however, allowed a knight to drink seven *bocaux*, or glasses, at each meal, but only twice in the day. The size of these *bocaux* is not recorded, but no doubt it was an endeavour to obtain a comparative condition of sobriety. Another temperate society, under the name of the Golden Ring, was instituted by Frederic V. Count Palatine. Whether the influence of temperate societies or their advocates will tend to diminish the consumption of wine and spirituous liquors in the British empire, it is difficult to say. Hitherto, every act of interference, either from individuals or on the part of the legislature, has proved not only abortive, but has increased the evil it was intended to remedy. The imposition of heavy duties only threw the distillation of spirits into the hands of illicit speculators instead of respectable capitalists; and, as Mculloch justly remarks, '*superadded the atrocities of the smuggler to the idleness and dissipation of the drunkard*.' During the latter part of the reign of George I. and the early period of George II. gin-drinking was so prevalent, that it was denounced from the pulpit and the press. At length, ministers determined to make a vigorous effort to put a stop to the further use of spirituous liquors except as a cordial or medicine. To accomplish this end, a duty of twenty shillings was laid on spirits, exclusive of a heavy license duty to retailers, while a fine of 100*l*. was levied on all defaulters. But, instead of the anticipated effects, this act produced results directly opposite: the respectable dealers withdrew from a trade proscribed by the legislature; and the sale of spirits fell into the hands of the lowest and most profligate characters. The officers of the revenue were hunted down by the populace, and did not dare to enforce the law; and Tindal, in his Continuation of Rapin,

says, 'within two years of the passing of this act, it had become so odious and contemptible, that policy as well as humanity forced the commissioners of excise to mitigate its penalties.' During these two years, twelve thousand persons were convicted of offences connected with the sale of spirits, while no exertion could check the torrent of smuggling, and seven millions of gallons illicitly distilled were annually consumed in London and its environs. Our present consumption of British, Colonial, and Foreign spirits, is immense, but not equal to what it was at the period alluded to. The following is the account of this consumption in 1832:—

In England,	1,530,688 imperial gallons, Foreign.	—
	3,377,507 — Colonial.	—
	7,289,387 — British.	—
In Scotland,	89,236 gallons, Foreign.	—
	112,086 — Colonial.	—
	5,407,087 — British.	—
In Ireland,	33,413 — Foreign.	—
	24,438 — Colonial.	—
	8,657,786 — British.	—

In that year, 1832, the total amount of spirits that paid duty in the united kingdom was 2,646,258 gallons, yielding a revenue of 8,483,247. In the same year, the appearance and dread of the cholera produced a singular increase in the consumption of brandy. In the preceding year, 1831, the entries for home use in England had amounted to 1,194,717 gallons; but during this state of alarm it increased to 1,508,924; in 1833, the danger having subsided, the consumption declined to its former level, and did not exceed 1,356,620 gallons. From the above observations it may be inferred, that no penal enactments, no denunciations of canting senators or fanatic preachers, will ever succeed in checking the evils which must arise from excesses in the use of spirituous liquors. Gluttony and drunkenness can only be combated by the salutary effects of good example held out by the superior classes of society; by a gradual improvement in the moral education of the lower grades, for whom salutary amusements should be procured when a cheerful repose from their weekly labour will no longer be considered a breach of the sabbath."

The author, we observe, is a little bit of a phrenologist, though he halts far short of the apostles of that science: we will not, however, enter upon the topic, but rather give a small portion of the notice of that propensity, which is known by the name of longing.

"Roderic à Castro relates the case of a lady who could eat twenty pounds of pepper, and another who lived upon ice. Tulpus mentions a woman who, during her pregnancy, longed for salt herrings, and ate fourteen hundred of them at the rate of five herrings per diem. Longius affirms, that a lady in Cologne, who was in that state that ladies wish to be who love their lords, took such a fancy to taste the flesh of her husband, that she actually assassinated him; and, after indulging in as much fresh meat as the weather permitted, salted the remainder for further use. This cannibal inclination seems not to be uncommon. The said Roderic à Castro knew a woman in the same thriving condition, who felt an inexpressible desire for a bit of the shoulder of a neighbouring baker; and her husband was persecuted, by her constant prayers and lamentations, to prevail on the worthy man to allow her one bite for charity's sake; but the first bite was so heartily inflicted, that the crusty baker would not submit to a second taste. In the 'Philosophical Transactions' there is a case related of a woman, whose fauces were not quite so solid, and who used to gratify her aerial appetites by putting the nozzle of a bellows down her throat, and blowing away until

she was tired. These longings of parturient women are most common; but it is rather curious, that, among our negroes in the West Indies, the husbands pretend to long for their wives, and endeavour to gratify them by proxy. Possibly such might have been the fancy of Cambes, the Lydian prince, who, according to Ælian, took it into his head, one night, to eat up his beloved wife."

Reserving ourselves for another complimentary turn to our worthy physician, we, for the present, conclude.

#### GRUND'S AMERICANS.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

MR. GRUND takes a favourable view of the rising literature of America; but, as we are often in the habit of taking our own, we shall pass it by with the concluding portion of the author's concise and catalogue-like enumeration:—

"Washington Irving's style is superior to Cooper's in elegance and finish; but his pictures are diminutive, and he succeeds best in sketches. His acquaintance with, and I may perhaps say, predilection in favour of, European characters, rather please the Americans, who are flattered to see him ranked amongst the most classical English writers of the age. James Paulding is likewise one of the most fertile novelists of America. 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' 'John Bull in America,' 'Westward Hoe,' &c. are well known even in England, and are honourable productions of a descriptive mind. He has, also, written several plays, and a parody on Walter Scott's 'Lay of the Minstrel,' entitled, 'Lay of the Scotch Fiddler.' Among the lyric poets of the Americans, James G. Percival holds decidedly the first rank, though Bryant and Dana have, perhaps, more taste and elegance. He is a calm contemplative genius, joining a powerful imagination to a masculine style, and a patriotic ardour which we only recognise again in the works of Fennimore Cooper. His poems, entitled 'Clio,' were republished in England; and he was the coadjutor of Webster in the publication of his dictionary. Bryant was, for a time, editor of 'The New York Evening Post,' and George Dana, editor of the 'North American Review.' The best prose work of the latter is, 'The Man of Leisure;' and amongst his poems, 'The Buckaneer' is justly entitled to the high reputation it enjoys in America. John Howard Payne and Hill-house are the Coriphaes [sic] of American dramatic literature. The best works of the latter are, 'The Last Judgment,' 'Percy's Mask,' and 'Hadad.' The plays of Payne appeared first in England, and, I believe, met with a favourable reception. The author has since returned to America, where some of them have been revived on the stage, and performed to fashionable audiences. Besides these authors, there is yet a number with whose names the British public are familiar. Miss Searney, Miss Sedgwick (author of 'Hope Leslie'), Mrs. Child (particularly known as a moral and political writer), and Charles Brockden Brown (author of 'Edgar Huntly,' 'Carwin and Wieland'), need no commendation from my pen. Nathaniel P. Willis, the youngest of the American minstrels, has earned glory and the minstrel's reward in England, and Mr. Theodore S. Fay is well known as the author of 'Norman Leslie.' Mrs. Child has just published a new novel, 'Philothea,' replete with imagination and classical learning, and imbued with that spirit of morality which distinguishes all her productions."

The following is a curious addendum to the sketch of literature:—

"But, if the Americans are not all poets, they, at least, read poetry with an avidity which borders on gluttony. Poetry is the necessary condiment of an American newspaper. The first page of it is always adorned by a poem, and there are some which are even graced with half a dozen. Supposing only two thousand daily papers to be published in the United States (which is but a small average, exclusive of semi-weekly and weekly publications), and their annual number will amount to 730,000. Allowing but one out of a thousand to be good, and you will have 730 good poems in the course of a year, which will make two volumes 12mo. and, consequently, more than is published in a twelvemonth in any other part of the world. I wonder no American bookseller has ever thought of collecting these fugitive poems, which would certainly present a greater variety of entertainment than any one single volume. But the want of enterprise in the venders of books is supplied by the kindness of youths, who are in a habit of composing volumes by pasting the best 'daily poems' to the blank leaves of their albums; satisfying, in this manner, the cravings of their tastes, by paying a just tribute to the merits of the author. Let no one smile at the simplicity of this description. Children are sometimes better judges of poetry than adults; and, if they do not always understand what they are reading, their feelings are often better guides than the nicest distinctions of critics. Besides, who of all that read poetry pretend to understand it? Is poetry not often found the more beautiful the more it is unintelligible? Let any one read Lord Leveson Gower's translation of Goethe's 'Faust,' or some of Coleridge's translations of Schiller, and he will at once be satisfied of the truth of my assertion. Is the author himself obliged to comprehend the sense of it? Would this not be crushing genius in the cradle? As long as these questions are not satisfactorily answered, I am for the pasting system of America, as being at once an easy, cheap, and comprehensive method of transmitting the fame of our contemporaries to the latest posterity. Poetry is produced and consumed in America in most enormous quantities. Besides the publications in the newspapers, to which I have already alluded, there hardly passes a day without ushering a new volume into existence, which is greedily read, admired, censured; but, at any rate, sold. There are, certainly, more poets among the Americans than prose writers, owing to a kind of musical impulse, which makes them express themselves in rhymes. But, above all, it is the prevailing taste of the readers which calls for this extraordinary exertion on the part of the authors, as the manufactory of goods must increase with the consumption. The Americans, as a nation, are the most reading people on the face of the earth. I can safely assert, that there are annually more volumes read in the United States of America than either in England, France, or Germany; but the favourite works are poetry, and, next to them, novels."

The second volume treats of American activity and industry, strong passion for trade, internal communications, national means of offence and defence, political relations and prospects, and the southern provinces, with their system of slavery. Mr. Grund justifies the extirpation of the red men, and considers it to be a law of nature. It is not "reasonable to suppose (he says) that the quitting of their favourite hunting grounds can give the Ameri-

can Indians the same pangs which an everlasting farewell to the paternal soil, the scene of all early attachments, and the habitation of all that we love, fraught with the memory and tradition of centuries, can cause to a civilised nation. The Indians quit what never was precisely their own; they leave no object of memory or tradition behind; and, although the loss may be felt by the tribe, no individual is actually despoiled of his own. But it is the feelings of individuals which we must here consider, not that of the tribe or nation. A people cannot be said to feel the wrongs and pains inflicted upon it by another, except in proportion as the sufferings of the whole are felt and responded to by individuals. This, however, presupposes a degree of moral development, and a pitch of national enthusiasm, of which even history is sparing in furnishing us with examples, and of which, certainly, but few traces are to be found in the Indian character. Let no one mistake the hatred which the coloured races bear to the whites, and to each other, for a strong love of country and an attachment to their native woods. Hatred of others is but a negative and barbarous qualification of nationality, and is by no means a necessary concomitant of its positive virtues. The hatred between the different races is something animal and instinctive, and is far removed from the noble disinterestedness of genuine patriotism. Whatever colour poetry may lend to the removal of the Indians, it is, nevertheless, but the removal of a sick-bed from a place where death is certain to one from which it is more remote. Neither is it the death of youth or of manhood, but that of old age and decrepitude, which the Indian is doomed to die; and in his mouldering ashes germinates the seed of empires destined to change the face of the world. This is but applying the universal law of nature to man: there is no life without death to precede it; no seed without destroying the blossom; no offspring without destruction to its genitors. One nation must perish to make room for another; and it is the peculiar good fortune of America that she can suffer these revolutions to go on without a feverish excitement of her vitals, or hurrying the succession of events by the horror and bloodshed of war."

Our author admires, but we cannot, the propensity to stick to traffic and think of nothing else, which he states to be a peculiar characteristic of the Americans.

"Neither (he says) is this hurry of business confined to the large cities, or the method of travelling; it communicates itself to every village and hamlet, and extends to and penetrates the western forests. Town and country rival with each other in the eagerness of industrious pursuits. Machines are invented, new lines of communication established, and the depths of the sea explored, to afford scope for the spirit of enterprise; and it is as if all America were but one gigantic workshop, over the entrance of which there is the blazing inscription, 'No admission here except on business.'"

This must be a very disagreeable mode of life and country to live in—no cessation, no enjoyment, no repose, no rest, but in the grave. We must, however, bring our illustrations to a close, which we shall do by adverting to the author's opinions on the slavery question. It is striking to read such doctrines from a republic-loving pen; but, like all the south-folks, Mr. Grund strenuously denies that negroes are to be reckoned human beings, entitled to similar consideration with whites.

"Slavery cannot be defended on philosophical or religious grounds; but, where it once exists, it is but reasonable to look to the proper means by which it is to be abolished, and not to choose those which, without advancing the moral condition of slaves, ruin and destroy their proprietors. The question admits of three distinct considerations; viz. the legal, the political, and the moral. Let us begin with the legal one. The slaves in the southern states are the property of the planters; a kind of property which is not transferable, except amongst themselves, and which would be of no value to the inhabitants of the northern states. When the northern states emancipated their slaves, it was really because the expense of maintaining them was greater than the profits obtained from their labour; and because the same kind of work could be obtained as cheap, or cheaper, by hiring the services of the whites. The negroes, moreover, are the foundation of every other species of property in the southern states; for without them real estate would be of no value, as it is physically proved that neither the climate nor the soil will ever admit of the independent labour of the whites. It is evident, then, that if the negroes be emancipated, they must be retained to cultivate the plantations, and the proprietors obliged to hire them, which amounts to paying interest on their own capital.

"I do not pretend to describe the situation of the West India planters, but it can scarcely be doubted that their prosperity is on the decline. The emancipation of negroes may precipitate events, and must, at least for a time, render the position of the proprietors precarious. The white and black races can never be made to amalgamate, and, where they exist mutually independent on one another, must always assume an attitude more or less hostile to each other's interests.

"It remains for us only to give the definition of slavery. If we define it as an abuse of power in one man, and a forced submission to that power in the other, we shall find that it exists in almost every part of the world; though it is disguised in a variety of shapes, and often in the form of justice. We must, therefore, seek for a more narrow definition, perhaps in these terms,—'Slavery consists in reducing or retaining those who would otherwise be our equals, in a state of servitude, by means of absolute force.' I have added 'absolute' force; because the idea of violence is most revolting to our feelings. We would hardly commiserate a slave who should have voluntarily submitted his person to the will and pleasure of another, in order to obtain a subsistence. But even this definition does not apply to the negroes. It remains to be proved that the African negroes are equal to the whites; and that, in forming part of the same state, in any other condition, they would not be subjected to the will and pleasure of the latter. If it could be made out that the negroes are naturally inferior to the whites, or incapable of enjoying the same rights and privileges, without endangering the safety of moral and political institutions; if it could be established, that their physical passions are greater, and their judgment and understanding more limited, than those of the white race, then these facts would, at least, contain an apology for retaining the negroes in bondage; though it would not establish a right to abuse their inferior capacities. When I speak of slavery, I speak of what exists, and not of the principle which established it. The first introduction of slavery I consider as an act of abomination,

which, in its fatal retribution, has retarded the progress of the white race wherever it was admitted. But the states which are now burdened with it must naturally adopt a different method of reasoning. They must start from given premises, and not from general principles. They must apply their philosophy to a particular case; not to humanity in general. It is very certain, that the negroes would not have left Africa, if they had not been carried away in European vessels; and it is equally certain, that they would not have been introduced into America, if they had not been brought thither to be sold. They have since increased in numbers, and become naturalised on the American soil. They have had the means of acquiring a certain degree of civilisation, and have, in their intercourse with the whites, assumed a particular character. This character, in its relation to the original African, and to that of the American people, we must now consider, in order to pronounce on the claims of the blacks to a philosophical equality with the whites. But, before I proceed further, I must state that I write this as a German, and not as an American partisan; as a person whose education made him detest slavery, in all its various ramifications, whether the slaves were black or white; and as one who has no further interest at stake than that which is identified with truth. I have lived in several slave-holding states in North and South America, and have had an opportunity of impartial observation. I never held any property in the least connected with slavery, and was a stranger to the inhabitants of those countries. I must then give it as my honest conviction, that the negroes are an inferior human race, and not capable of enjoying, without excess, the same degree of freedom as Americans. In order not to be misunderstood,—as the latter clause will hold of the people of many other countries,—I will add, that I think the negroes wholly unincited to, and entirely incapacitated for, living in a state of society similar to that of the whites; and that, if they were capable of forming such a state of society, they would not form it while surrounded by the whites. With regard to the mental inferiority of the negroes, the argument may be divided into an examination of the reasoning of those who pretend that they are equal to the whites, but only backward in education, and a proper illustration of facts calculated to establish the proposition. Those who take it for granted, that the negroes have the same capacity as the whites, belong, generally, to a set of philosophers accustomed to reason *a priori*; in whose minds the idea of humanity is so abstract and exalted, that they cannot apply it to any particular race, without bestowing on it its inestimable attributes. 'They are men,' they say; 'why should they not be possessed of the same qualities as men?' In vain will any one plead the difference in colour, conformation of limbs, and especially the different formation of the skull. 'They possess the main physical characteristics,' they will reply, 'and therefore the principal qualities of the mind.' But the argument is exactly the reverse. They have very marked distinctions from any other race of men; and where nature points out a physical disproportion, we may, in all cases, safely conclude that a moral one corresponds to it. And how does history support their arguments? All other people have either themselves laid the foundation of their civilisation, or of their own free will imitated the refinements of others. The negroes have been known to the remotest people of antiquity,

but always in the same state in which we know them now; though they have had commercial intercourse with foreign nations, and visited, in part, other countries. What are their manners and customs now? The same as two thousand years ago. It is usual for a people to express their natural inclinations in their favourite amusements, among which the national dance occupies the foremost rank. The Scotch dance is expressive of strong martial inclinations; the German waltz bears the strongest characteristic of the peculiar frankness and gaiety of the Germans; the French quadrille expresses the desire of pleasing, by graceful attitudes; the fandango is indicative of unrestrained passion: but the original negro dance is stamped with the marks of brutal sensuality. So are their ornaments. Those of their bodies consist chiefly of the entrails of animals; those of the interior of their houses, of ordure. The same brutality they evince in their worship. Their idols are the most hideous, and their adoration the most ferocious, of any people with which we are acquainted; and they are almost entirely destitute of that noble virtue of barbarous nations, for the sake of which we willingly pardon a number of other faults—bravery. Compare the negroes to the American Indians. The former, with his frightful gods and base cowardice; the latter, with his sublime belief in the 'Great Spirit,' and his utter contempt for human sufferings and death: the eloquence and poetry of the Indians, and the dulness and want of imagination of the negroes. And yet there are few persons who have had an opportunity of observing the Indian character, would believe the 'red men' capable of the same degree of civilisation as the whites; and the experience of two centuries seems to warrant this ungenerous belief. What, then, are we to think of the moral perfectibility of the negroes, who are avowedly inferior to the Indians? The civilisation of which the negroes are reputed to be possessed they have not acquired of their own accord; it has been forced upon them, and is, thus far, only upheld and nourished by the whites. No other human being is, by nature, so entirely adapted to his climate, as if to prevent him from spreading over other parts of the world. The skin of the negroes, their colour, hair, and feet, are made for the African sun; and, being naturally heedless of the future, they are surrounded by trees and plants, which blossom and bear fruit at the same time. The negro is the slave of nature; the white man is her companion. Born in a more northern latitude, and, consequently, less exposed to the most powerful physical agent, the sun, his mind waxes superior to the scenes which surround him. His physical wants rouse his energy, and quicken his ingenuity; and the approaching winter commands his cares of the future. He is born to subdue and improve nature, and not to be dependent on her generosity. All that has ever improved the condition of man, every valuable principle of philosophy and religion, poetry, painting, and music, are the offsprings of the temperate zones. The universal history of all ages is but the history of that clime; the moral lever of the world was ever moved by its children. But, to return to the negroes; who, to this moment, are ignorant of the mechanic arts, and are even slow in acquiring dexterity, when instructed and guided by the whites; who have never prospered or improved in their own country; on whom the lights of science or religion never dawned, except through the intercession of other nations; to whom the refine-

ments of poetry and the arts are entirely unknown; whose worship is the most hideous and barbarous on earth; who war upon one another, for the sole purpose of reducing each other to slaves; who first sold one another, and enriched themselves with the blood of their brethren; who, during more than three thousand years of their known existence, have not even made the first step towards civilisation, by improving their soil with agriculture, and are unequally unskilful in the chase, and destitute of courage or ambition; who possess nothing of the natural skill and agility of other races; who never dreamt of an equality with the whites, before it was discovered by European philosophers; who never knew the definition of liberty, but are slaves in their own country: to that race, finally, who, in whatever relation we have known them, have always shewn themselves inferior beings, and declare them equal to the whites, and inferior only in point of education!! There is not one point in which the equality has been established; and should we be entitled to a general conclusion? This is not elevating the negroes, but degrading the whites, by ascribing to accident the development of those eminent qualities which have rendered them masters of the world."

But we have done enough to exhibit the character of this work; which we now submit, without further comment, to the public. As the work of a foreigner upon America, the views it takes deserve to be contrasted and compared with those of native and of English writers.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Rambles in Egypt and Candia, &c.* By Capt. C. Rochfort Scott, H. P. Royal Staff Corps. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

CAPTAIN SCOTT gives us a lively account of a tour in Egypt, which, however, did not go over any new grounds; and, as we have of late reviewed several works on the same country, and are, indeed, yet in arrear with extracts from Mr. Lane, we shall abstain from details in the present instance. The gallant officer gives us his views of the military condition of Egypt, and the government of the present Pacha. He also relates the incidents of a journey in Candia to Canea; the whole being written in a pleasant manner, and conveying the opinions of an eye-witness on the interesting points connected with this portion of the world.

*The City of London Corporation Annual, &c.* Pp. 170. (London, J. Thomas.)—An annual quiz upon the ward elections on St. Thomas's day, not very important out of the city, if it create a laugh within it, where the parties are better known.

*The Pocket Guide to Modern Geography.* Pp. 64. (Glasgow, M'Phun.) With no fewer than thirty-three maps, this very small guide is a particularly neat and useful one. *Spain and Barbary: Letters to a Younger Sister during a Visit to Gibraltar, Cadix, Seville, Tangier, &c.* Pp. 196. (London, Hatchard and Son.) A graceful volume from a young lady who took this excursion for her health; and who, in a pleasing style and manner, relates to her sister at home what struck her most in the course of her travels. It is quite a young lady's book, and will be interesting to female readers.

*The Christian's Penny Magazine, Vol. V. for 1836.* (London, Hodgson.)—Embellished with a number of well-chosen woodcuts, this work contains a fund of curious matter, selected from many sources; together with some instructive original writing; the whole well deserving the attention of serious and well-disposed family circles. A new series is, we observe, announced.

*Goethe's Novel.* Translated from the German. Pp. 63. (London, Moxon.)—A novel in sixty-three pages—a little monster! Why was it not spun into three volumes? We have seen such things with little more materials, and far less design or imagination. As it is, this fragment of Goethe is not extremely well, though fairly translated; and his German effects and lyrics do not tell so strongly in another language.

*The Voluntary System,* by the Rev. S. R. Maitland. Second edition. 12mo. Pp. 377. (London, Rivingtons).

—Originally published in the *Gloucestershire Chronicle*, these papers present a vigorous high-church attack upon the Voluntary system for upholding religion, and upon dissent and dissenters on many other points. We may say, that, in one way or other, it raises and embraces the whole question at issue.

*Home: its Joy and its Sorrows; a domestic Tale.* Pp. 141. (London, W. Ball.) The words "second edition" say all that need be said for this natural and touching story.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

THE following communication was read, on a remarkable phenomenon that occurs in total and annular eclipses of the sun, by Mr. Baily.—The author states, that, having read of certain singular appearances that are recorded as having taken place in annular eclipses of the sun, at the moment that the whole disc of the moon enters on the disc of the sun, he was desirous of witnessing those phenomena at the solar eclipse of May 15th last; and, finding that the central path of the moon's shadow would pass nearly in a straight line from Ayr, on the western coast of Scotland, to Alnwick, on the eastern coast of Northumberland, he proceeded to Scotland for that express purpose. Having computed, from the elements given in the *Nautical Almanac*, that the central line of the moon's umbra would pass directly over, or very near to, Jedburgh in Roxburghshire; and having ascertained that this place was within eight or ten miles of Makerston, the seat of Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane, Bart., who has a well-furnished observatory there, and from whom he was sure of obtaining the correct time for his chronometers, he resolved to make that town his head-quarters. Mr. Baily took with him a 34-feet refracting telescope by Dolland, 2½-inch aperture, and magnifying about 40 times; a 20-inch Rochon's prismatic telescope, for measuring the distances between the borders of the sun and moon; two thermometers; a burning glass; and four pocket chronometers. Mr. Baily took up his station at the house of Mr. Veitch, a very ingenious gentleman, residing at Inch Bonney, about half-a-mile to the southward of the town of Jedburgh, who afforded him every facility for making the observations. The morning of the 15th of May is described as being remarkably fine and clear; not a cloud to be seen in any part of the heavens during the whole time of the eclipse. Observations on the times of the beginning and ending of the eclipse, and of the formation and dissolution of the annulus, Mr. Baily does not lay much stress on—more especially those connected with the annulus—since his attention was taken up with other more interesting phenomena. He says he was in expectation of meeting with something extraordinary at the formation of the annulus; but imagined that it would be only momentary, and, consequently, that it would not interrupt the noting of the time of its occurrence. In this, however, he was deceived, as the following facts will shew: for, when the cusps of the sun were about 40° asunder, a row of lucid points, like a string of beads, irregular in size, and distance from each other, suddenly formed round that part of the circumference of the moon that was about to enter on the sun's disc. This he intended to note as the correct time of the formation of the annulus, expecting every moment to see the thread of light completed round the moon; and attributing this serrated appearance of the moon's limb (as others had done before him) to the lunar mountains; although the remaining portion of the moon's circumference was perfectly smooth and circular, as seen through

his telescope. He was somewhat surprised, however, to find that these luminous points, as well as the dark intervening spaces, increased in magnitude; some of the contiguous ones appearing to run into each other like drops of water. Finally, as the moon pursued her course, these dark, intervening spaces were stretched out into long, thick, black, parallel lines, joining the limbs of the sun and moon: when, all at once, they suddenly gave way, and left the circumferences of the sun and moon in those points, as in all the rest, apparently smooth and circular, and the moon perceptibly advanced on the face of the sun. This moment of time Mr. Baily considers to be that which most persons would assume and record as the formation of the annulus; but he adduces strong reasons afterwards to shew that the true formation of the annulus was some seconds prior to that event. After the formation of the annulus, as thus described, the moon preserved her circular outline during its progress across the sun's disc, till her opposite limb again approached the border of the sun, and the annulus was about to be dissolved. When, all at once (the limb of the moon being at some distance from the edge of the sun), a number of long, black, thick, parallel lines, exactly similar in appearance to the former ones above mentioned, suddenly darted forward, and joined the two limbs as before: and the same phenomena were repeated, but in an inverse order. For, as those dark lines got shorter, the intervening bright parts assumed a more circular shape, and at length terminated in a fine, curved line of bright beads (as at the commencement), till they ultimately vanished, and the annulus consequently became wholly dissolved. This remarkable and singular phenomenon was also observed by Mr. Veitch, and also by Sir Thomas Brisbane, as well as by Mr. Henderson at Edinburgh; with some slight differences, however, in the detail. The appearance of the dark lines, or threads, was likewise noticed by Mr. Bell, at Alnwick, who sent an account of the same to the Philosophical and Literary Society at Newcastle. Mr. Baily describes them to have been as plain, as distinct, and as well-defined, as the open fingers of the human hand held up to the light; and that there could not have been any doubt as to their form and existence, since they were seen by different observers, at different places, and with different telescopes. Several drawings accompanied the paper, shewing the appearances at various stages of the annulus. The number of these dark lines, or threads, Mr. Baily considers to have been about eight; in which opinion he was confirmed by Mr. Veitch. Sir Thomas Brisbane, however, thinks there were not more than six; whilst Mr. Bell, who noticed four at the dissolution of the annulus, says that there were only two at its formation. On these and other points Mr. Baily thinks there is ample room for a diversity of opinion, since the observer is taken, as it were, by surprise, and the phenomenon itself, during the short period of its existence, is constantly varying in some minute particulars. Mr. Baily remarks, that the diminution of light was not so great during the existence of the annulus as was generally expected, being little more than might be caused by a temporary cloud passing over the sun: the light, however, was of a peculiar kind, somewhat resembling that produced by the sun shining through a morning mist. The thermometer in the shade fell only about three or four degrees. The birds in the hedges were in full song during the whole time of the eclipse. About twenty minutes before

the formation of the annulus, Venus was seen with the naked eye; and a few minutes afterwards it was impossible to fire gunpowder, with the concentrated rays of the sun, through a lens of three inches in diameter. The same lens, likewise, had no effect on the ball of a thermometer during the existence of the annulus.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday, Mr. Lyell in the chair, several communications were read. 1. An account, by Mr. Bowerbank, of a deposit containing recent land shells at Gore Cliff, in the Isle of Wight. The cliff consists of the upper green sand capped with chalk-marl, on which rests the bed containing the recent shells. It consists of detritus of chalk and chalk-marl, is 10 feet thick, and ranges to the foot of St. Catherine's Down, a distance of about 660 yards. The shells are dispersed through every part of the bed, and belong entirely to well-known recent species. Similar deposits were observed by Mr. Bowerbank near St. Lawrence, and between Ventnor and Bonchurch. 2. A letter from Mr. Wyatt to Dr. Buckland, on a trap-dyke in the Penryn slate-quarries near Bangor. A few months since, in carrying on the highest opening in the quarry, the men came suddenly in contact with trap. The width of the dyke is 11 feet; its direction apparently between WNW. and NW., and it intersects the strata nearly at right angles. The slate immediately in contact with it, is in some parts, highly indurated, having lost its fissile character, and the colour is changed from purple to black; but at the distance of two or three feet from the dyke, the slate recovers its usual colour and fissile structure. 3. A notice, by Mr. Richardson, of a successful boring for water at Mortlake, in Surrey. The point at which this undertaking was commenced is within 100 feet of the Thames, and on the property of Mr. John Randall. In the first instance, an auger 7 inches in diameter was used in penetrating 20 feet of superficial detritus, and 200 feet of London clay. An iron tube, 8 inches in diameter, was then driven into the opening, to dam out the land-springs and the percolation from the river. A 4-inch auger was next introduced through the iron tube, and the boring was continued until the clay having been perforated to the depth of 240 feet, the sands of the plastic clay were reached, and water of the softest and purest nature was obtained; but the supply was not sufficient, and it did not reach the surface. The work was proceeded with accordingly, and, after 55 feet of alternating beds of sand and clay had been penetrated, the chalk was touched upon. A second tube, 4½ inches in diameter, was then driven into the chalk to stop out the water of the plastic sands, and through this tube an auger, 3¼ inches in diameter, was introduced and worked through 35 feet of hard chalk abounding with flints. To this succeeded a bed of soft chalk, into which the instrument suddenly penetrated to the depth of 15 feet. On the auger being withdrawn, water gradually rose to the surface and overflowed. The expense of the work did not exceed 300l. The general summary of the strata penetrated is as follows:—

Gravel .....	20 feet.
London clay .....	240
Plastic sands and clays .....	55
Hard chalk with flints .....	35
Soft chalk .....	15
	365

4. A paper on the strata usually termed plastic

clay, by Mr. John Morris. After alluding to the description of the Paris Basin by Cuvier and Brongniart, and to the memoirs of Mr. Webster, Dr. Buckland, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Rofe, on the strata immediately above the chalk in England, the author proceeded to detail the results of his own observations on the lower portion of the same beds. He divided them into three groups; (a) the oyster-beds; (b) the Woolwich and Upnor strata; and (c) the lower arenaceous beds of the London clay. (a) The oyster-beds, well known at Reading, rest upon the chalk, and consist of green or gray sands, containing great abundance of a large species of oyster. The localities at which they have been examined by Mr. Morris, are Hertford, Northam, and Hadley. (b) The Woolwich and Upnor strata consist chiefly of clay, sand, pebbles, and a calcareous rock; and are distinguished by containing fresh-water, estuary, and marine shells. In the local distribution of these remains, the author has noticed considerable differences; thus, at the Woolwich pits the greater number of the shells are fresh-water or estuary, while at Plumstead and Upnor, near Rochester, marine remains prevail. The principal localities mentioned in the paper are, Woolwich, Sunbridge Park, near Bromley, Chiselhurst, Orpington, Beckenham, Sydenham, Counter-hill, between New Cross and Lewisham, Bexley-heath, Erith ballast-pit, Green-street, near Stoke, and Upnor. They are said to occur, also, at Stifford and Plaistow, in Essex. The thickness of the beds varies greatly even within a few yards, and the order of their succession differs in every pit. The following is the section presented by the opening on Bexley Heath:

Vegetable mould and gravel .....	2 feet.
Sand and pebbles .....	6 inches.
Ferruginous sand .....	3 feet.
Mottled clay .....	2
Brown clay with shells .....	1 foot.
Blue slaty clay, lower part sandy .....	2 feet.
Loam with numerous shells .....	3
Ferruginous sand .....	depth unknown.

(c) The lower arenaceous beds of the London clay consist of gray or green sands with calcareous sandstone, and have been long known for containing, at Bognor, great abundance of shells which belong to marine genera. The localities mentioned by Mr. Morris are numerous; but those which have produced the greatest number of fossils are, Bognor, Herne Bay, Pegwell Bay, Alum Bay, Binfield, Bray Hampstead (in sinking a well), and Faversham. He is also of opinion that the sandy limestone of Lainscourt in France, is of the same age. 5. A memoir on the geology of Suffolk, by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, was commenced. The portions which were read described the physical features, the drainage of the country, the chalk and the plastic clay. As we shall have occasion to notice this memoir when the remainder has been read, we shall defer, till then, our analysis of the part brought forward on Wednesday evening.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Read, the commencement of a paper by J. O. Westwood, Esq. entitled "Illustrations of the relationships existing amongst natural objects, termed affinity and analogy, selected from the class of insects." A short abstract of this paper will be given in an early No. of the *Literary Gazette*. The chairman exhibited a specimen of the sugar obtained from the sugar-maple (*Acer saccharinum*) from New Brunswick; a fruit of the golden apple of Otaheite (*Spondias dulcis*); fruits and root of the *Tacca pinnatifida*, which yields the arrow-root of the Sandwich islands.



Specimens of a purple grape, producing berries of a large size, were sent for exhibition from Kimmel Park, the seat of Lord Dinorben, by command of the Duke of Sussex. Several new members were proposed; and, amongst the books presented were five volumes of memoirs of the Natural History Society of Geneva.

#### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

MR. PORTER in the chair.—A valuable paper, entitled, "A Statistical Account of the Mineral Products obtained in France during the Year 1834, taken from official Documents," by the chairman, was read. In the commencement of his paper, the author observes that it is to the mineral treasures of this country that we are indebted, primarily and principally, for the means of prosecuting those branches of industry which have made England the first among manufacturing and commercial countries, and which have mainly enabled her to take and maintain the proud station which she holds among the nations of the earth. Under these circumstances, it might naturally be imagined that every thing connected with our mining industry would have been sedulously explained; that, at least, we should have made ourselves acquainted with its extent and progress throughout its various branches. This, however, is not the case; and, except where the interest of the revenue has been concerned, no systematic effort has been made to acquire authentic information upon these important points. After noticing McCulloch's recently published statistical account of the British empire, Mr. Porter proceeds to state truly, that Englishmen may well consider it a reproach to the nation collectively, that our best-founded suspicions as to the correctness of our statistical data concerning the production of coal and iron, the most important by far of our mineral treasures, are derived from the researches of a French gentleman, who, in the course of a recent tour through the three kingdoms, has visited every iron-work, and, with very few exceptions, every coal-field, in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and has ascertained on the spot, and within the smallest possible limits, the capability and actual working of each individual establishment: and it may be stated, that the estimates of production hitherto formed in regard to both coal and iron have been ascertained by Mons. Le Play, the foreigner alluded to, to be very far below the truth. The fact, that a foreign gentleman, known to be the agent of a foreign government, has been able, through the frank and liberal kindness of the coal-owners and iron-masters throughout the united kingdom, to obtain satisfactory answers to his inquiries, is highly honourable to our countrymen, and may be offered as some set-off against those feelings of mortification which we cannot but experience at the necessity which compelled him to make a long and toilsome journey in search of information which ought to have been accessible to him without leaving his own country. It is well known that the French government has established a board of commissioners, under the control of the Minister of the Interior; the duties of which are pretty well defined under the title of "Direction Générale des Ports et Chaussées, et des Mines." This board has under its orders a competent staff of well-educated engineers, part of whose duty it is to collect the statistical details of the works they are appointed to inspect. A report, in which these details are embodied, has very recently been made, in which the amount and value of the industry of each department of France during the year 1834, are given with a degree of mi-

nuteness and of accuracy, that cannot fail to be satisfactory and practically useful. The following is a very brief extract of the results brought forward in the report of the commissioners. The subject is divided under six heads,—viz. iron-works; fuel; metals, other than iron; salt, alum, and copperas (sulphate of iron); quarries; and lastly, various operations connected with mineral substances. The iron-works of France are spread over a great part of the kingdom, there being only twelve out of the eighty-six departments into which France is divided, where iron-works are not carried on. The quantity of ore extracted from the whole of the iron-mines of France in 1834 amounted to 15,750,990 metrical quintals, equal to 1,551,473 tons, English weight; and the value, 3,606,308 fr., or 144,252*l*. The number of smelting furnaces in use is stated to have been 374, and the weight of iron produced, 221,886 tons. About five-sixths of this quantity was made in the form of pig-iron, and the remainder into castings of various kinds. The value added to the material by these operations, was 32,437,551 fr., or 1,297,502*l*. Under the head of mineral combustibles, the French report includes coal, lignite, and anthracite. Coal-mines are worked in thirty-four of the departments of France, but only to a very small extent in most of them; the whole number of coal-mines is stated to be 209, of which only 140 were worked during the year. The quantity of coal extracted was 15,741,430 metrical quintals, equal to 1,550,530 tons; the value, at 95 centimes per met. quin., or 7*s*. 6*d*. per ton, amounting to 581,448*l*. Lignite is found in fourteen departments. The number of mines of this mineral is seventy-five; only forty-eight of which were in operation in the year. The produce amounted in quantity to 702,302 metrical quintals, or 69,177 tons; in value, 557,840 fr. or 22,314*l*. Anthracite is produced in four departments: out of thirty-two mines, twenty-two are in activity, and yielded in the year 389,830 met. quin., or 38,398 tons; the value of which, calculated at the rate of 1*l*. 31*c*. per met. quin. was 512,080 fr., or 20,483*l*. Mineral bitumen is found in three departments. The author then, in detail, notices the production of peat, lead, silver, and copper; and then recapitulates the value created, and the number of workmen employed in the different mining operations. After the paper was read, Mr. Porter stated that, from the inquiries already alluded to, it appeared that the quantities of iron and coal raised in the united kingdom had been very much underrated; the former having been, in the year 1836, no less than 1,000,000 tons; and the latter, which had never been rated above 23,000,000, and generally accepted at 15,000,000, amounted to 30,000,000. Notice was given of the appointment of a committee upon criminal statistics, and, the secretary having read an extract upon the same subject from a French newspaper, a conversation of considerable interest ensued. A report of the Statistical Society of Manchester was laid on the table, containing an account of the number of schools, and of children at school, in Liverpool, and of the general state of education in that town. Foreign members were elected.

#### MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 11. Henry Cope, jun., in the chair.—A paper was read from Dr. Hancock on the *Coaruvalli* of British Guiana. The plant is a large and very elegant herbaceous perennial, growing in considerable abundance in light, sandy soils, on the sides of hills and ravines. It is a species of *Alpinia*, but whether the

*Alpinia exaltata* of Meyer, or not, is a matter of doubt. Great uncertainty, however, exists in regard to the whole of this natural order of plants, which are very abundant in the forests of Guiana: this proves the great importance of not neglecting the native names to those who go in search of new plants. The *Coaruvalli* has been administered, in Demerara, with very great success in cases of dropsy, dysentery, fever, colic pains, asthma, and whooping-cough—more especially in the latter. By the natives it is regarded as a sort of panacea, like the *Ginseng* among the Chinese and Tartars. The root, which is the part more usually employed, is diaphoretic, diuretic, and, in large doses, emetic. The leaves are laid over the parts affected, and not unfrequently the whole body is enveloped in them, by which means a profuse perspiration is induced, and the patient becomes quite free from his complaint. The bruised root is also employed in cases of poisoned wounds, a decoction of it being taken inwardly. Great stress was laid by the author on the value of attending to the indigenous remedies of the country; and he considered that much advantage might be derived from the external application of leaves of certain plants of our own country in aid of internal medicaments; such as the *Clinopodium*, *Arum maculatum*, and others.

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

ON Thursday, Mr. W. H. White in the chair, preliminary business was transacted, donations received, and members balloted for and elected. A paper was then read from Dr. MacIntyre, being the continuation of his paper on the plants met with about Warley Common, Essex. It appeared, that the following ferns are found about this district: *Aspidium filix femina*, *Aspidium dilatatum*, *Aspidium angulare*, *Aspidium libanum*, *Aspidium trichomanes* (sparingly), and *Asplenium adiantum nigrum*. The paper contained some general remarks on the plants in this vicinity; and Dr. MacIntyre stated, that he, in conjunction with a friend, had observed there 205 in one day. After some discussion, the chairman announced that, at the next meeting, the continuation of Mr. Dennes's paper on the plants found about Deal, Walmer, and Dover, Kent, would be read.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, 7th. Sir George Staunton, V.P., in the chair.—Several donations to the library were laid before the meeting, and members were elected.—A paper, by J. M. Dickenson, Esq., of the Bombay civil service, on the ancient history of Assyria, as connected with the destruction of the kingdom of Israel, was read. The writer endeavours to reconcile the apparent discrepancies found in the Greek, Persian, and Hebrew accounts of Assyria, by a process of reasoning, which it is impossible to abridge; the result of which is, that the Median sovereigns mentioned by Herodotus and Ctesias form, in fact, two separate dynasties; that of Ctesias being the one which had possession of the throne of Western Asia, and was Median in name only, being founded by Arbaces the Mede; that of Herodotus, on the other hand, was a dynasty of revolted Medes, who, under Cyaxares, obtained the supremacy, and expelled the more ancient dynasty of Ctesias. This will account for the agreement of the last two reigns in both authors; as the accession of the revolted dynasty to the supreme throne



gave it a place in the legitimate list furnished by Ctesias. — This difficulty once conquered, the other accounts are more easily reconciled; though, from the loose chronology of orientals, much exactness is not to be expected. A striking conformity is, however, shewn to exist in the period assigned by the Greeks to the establishment of the Assyrian empire under Ninus, with that of the Pashadian dynasty of Ferdui; and this is in perfect accordance with the era of the division of the earth in the time of Peleg, as deduced from the accounts of Scripture. The remainder of the paper, which treats of the location of the ten tribes of Israel when carried into captivity, was reserved for another meeting.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Pearall's memoir on the old German instrument of execution called the Virgin, was concluded. Mr. Pearall was informed, that all the instruments of torture had been removed from the vaults of Nuremberg on the approach of the French army. He then pursued his inquiries in various other places, but with so little success (although all the common people spoke of having heard of such a thing), that he began to think that such an instrument had never really been in existence, but that the accounts of it were mere legendary fables, invented by some of the feudal barons to awe the people; at length, however, his perseverance was crowned with success, and he found the machine in a collection of arms and armour, in the possession of Baron Diedrich, at Feistritz; and several circumstances led him to believe that it was the same that was erected at Nuremberg, in 1533, and subsequently removed. It was made of iron, and represented the wife of a Nuremberg citizen of the 16th century, in a cloak reaching to the ground; the figure opened in the front by two doors, on the interior of which were fixed dagger-blades, two in the upper part to meet the eyes, and several below, opposite to the chest. The victim was placed in the figure with his face forwards, and these horrible doors closed upon him. A somewhat similar machine is said to have been formerly in use in the Spanish Inquisition, and it is supposed to have been communicated from Spain to Germany. The mode of disposing of the body appears to have been as follows:—the floor beneath the figure was removed by machinery, and the body fell through into a vault beneath upon a number of intersecting swords, fixed on two parallel movable beams, and having balance-weights attached below; these, being set in motion by the weight of the body falling on them, kept vibrating for some time, and literally minced it, while a stream of water ran beneath to carry off the morsels as they fell through this infernal chopping-machine, and oblivion closed on the unhappy wretch for ever.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; Entomological (Anniversary), 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Russell Institution (Dr. Truman on the Physiology of the Voice); Southwark Literary (Dr. Southwood Smith on the Animal Economy), 8 P.M.; Islington Literary (Annual Meeting for Elections, &c.)

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

AT an ordinary meeting of the members, held on Monday last, P. F. Robinson, Esq., V.P., in the chair, Lord Viscount Kingsborough, W. R. Hamilton, Esq., and J. B. Greenbough, Esq., were elected honorary members.—The secretary announced donations from the Society of Literature, the Society of Civil Engineers, Mr. Railton, Mr. Inman, and others, for which thanks were voted. Mr. G. Taylor explained the construction of some of the roofs lately erected by him over the Admiralty Docks and building-slips at Woolwich and Chatham; a model of which he presented to the Institute. Some of these roofs, it was stated, cover an area of an acre and a half, and the average cost is about 6500*l.* each. Mr. George Godwin, jun., then read a paper on the means lately employed at Paris to raise the obelisk brought from Luxor by M. Lebas; in the course of which he made some interesting remarks on the form and object of obelisks generally. On the origin of the term, obelisk, there is much difference of opinion. These monoliths appear to have been dedicated, in the first instance, principally to the sun; and, according to Pliny, the name in the Egyptian language expresses the idea of a ray of that luminary; others, however, suppose it to proceed from *obelos*, Gr., a needle or skewer. The practice of setting up single stones to commemorate events, or in honour of individuals, was not confined to the Egyptians, although carried out by that nation to a greater extent than by any other. The Roman emperors bore away a great number to decorate their capital; in fact, Publius Victor speaks of forty-two transported for that purpose, but of these not more than twelve remain. Mr. Godwin detailed all the circumstances connected with the transport of the obelisk from Luxor, and explained the operation of raising it in the *Place de la Concorde* at Paris, by means of some excellent diagrams and models; instituting, at the same time, a comparison between the course pursued on this occasion, and a similar operation as conducted by Fontanor in 1586, when 40 capstans, 140 horses, and 800 men, were employed. The apparatus used by Lebas was much more simple, and its success redounds greatly to his honour. The weight of the obelisk, it is calculated, is more than 200 tons. The paper was listened to with profound attention by one of the most numerous meetings of the season. In addition to many other models in illustration of the discourse, there was a fine cast of the upper part of an enormous obelisk at Carnac, covered with hieroglyphics, which was made by M. Bonomi.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Civil War in Spain. Characteristic Sketches of the Different Troops, &c., Scenes of Military Operations, and Costumes of the Peasantry, &c.* By Major C. V. Z., Staff of the Queen's Army. No. I. London, J. Dickinson.

THESE are but amateur sketches, as productions of art; but they are so extremely characteristic, that they possess an interest "beyond the reach of art." Don Carlos, Zumalacarréguí, and other prominent persons, are faithfully represented; and the various troops,—Christinos, Carlists, Chapelgories, British Legion, &c. &c., as well as peasantry, smugglers, Spanish women, &c., appear in their habits as they live. It is lamentable to see our countrymen as such tattered demilions,—shoeless, shirtless, and ragged.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD  
WESTALL, ESQ. R.A.

By Mrs. Gent.

He's dead!

We've strewn him o'er with flowers,\*  
The lovely things he lov'd in life,  
When human cares and human strife,  
Embittered his sad hours.

Alas, he's dead!

His was a polish'd mind,  
Enrich'd with Poetry's bright store,  
Enamour'd deep of Nature's lore—  
But now he's dead.

His was a gentle soul,  
He had communion with all fair things;  
The birds, the flowers, lent sweet imaginings  
To him that's dead.

Fancy was his—  
Sweet Fancy, with her radiant brow,  
Inspiring visions few can know.  
But he is dead.

Fled is the master mind;  
The skilful hand to light that brought  
Those graceful forms his genius wrought,  
Is cold, and he is dead!

Closed is his eye—  
That eye that kindled with a poet's fire:  
But the bright soul that struck the living lyre,  
That is not dead.

It mounts to heaven;  
Rapt in its new-found ecstasy,  
It soars, it cleaves, the upward sky,  
Where are no dead.

His cold clay rests:  
Amidst the glories of his fame,†  
The tracings of a deathless name,  
He's laid—till, with imperious claim,  
Earth takes her dead.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## LADY FARNBOROUGH.

THE fine arts, and the highest society, have lost one of their most graceful ornaments in Lady Farnborough, who died at Bromley on Sunday last. Lady Farnborough was a daughter of Sir Abraham Hume; and, both from her descent and from her union with her now bereaved lord, inherited and imbibed that love of art for which she was so eminently distinguished. Her taste was of the purest order, and her own productions marked by a degree of genius far above the usual class of amateur painting. Some of her landscapes were exquisitely natural; and, amid touches of spirit and beauty, evinced a tone of feeling which shewed that the best effects of mechanical execution were the least of her merits. In private life her ladyship adorned the station to which she belonged; and, rich in acquired information, accomplished in the noblest sense of the word, and at once simple and refined in her manners, she was the true pattern of what an Englishwoman ought to be. Her loss will be greatly felt by the poor, to whom she was a judicious friend and a generous benefactor.

## DRAMA.

*Covent Garden.*—On Thursday, the *Country Squire*; or, *Two Days in the Hall*, written by Mr. C. Dance, was produced here. It is

\* One who esteemed him for his virtues, and admired him for his talents, sent a sweet offering of flowers to be strewn upon his corpse.

† The remains of Mr. Westall were placed in a room adorned with some of his most splendid works, both scriptural and poetical.

founded on the ballad of "The Old English Gentleman," whom Farren represents to admiration, and is altogether a charming and amusing sketch of character, with excellent stage situations. The other parts are ably played by Misses Vincent and Lee, Mrs. Glover, and Messrs. Pritchard and J. Webster. Success was complete.

**St. James's.**—Mr. Braham has produced *Love in a Village*, compressed into two acts, with a capital cast and great *éclat*. Mr. Leffler, who took Phillips's place at the English Opera House, made his first appearance here as *Steady*, in *The Quaker*, on Thursday, to a good house; he was received throughout with great applause, and the piece announced for repetition with unanimous approbation.

**Adelphi.**—Mrs. Yates's beautiful acting in *Vaubalière*, and we ought not to omit the notice of some exquisite strokes of dramatic art and skill in Yates, Mr. Fitzgerald's inimitable imitation of O'Connell, and Reeve's rich humour as the overseer, continue to draw bumpers to the Adelphi. *Jim Crow Rice* is to return here shortly.

**Queen's Theatre.**—After an arduous campaign, Miss Grey is reaping the fruits of her enterprising and judicious management in well-filled houses. During the week, Sheridan Knowles has been *starring* as *Master Walter*, in *The Hunchback*, ably seconded by the dramatic corps; Miss E. Clifford's *Julia*, and Miss Grey's *Helen*, are equally excellent in their way, and Mr. Green's *Modus* is a very praiseworthy performance. *Caspar Hauser* goes on prosperously, *Dr. Lott Whittle* being characteristically adapted to Mr. Hill: there is a dry quaintness in his manner which is perfectly irresistible; and we hope that he will long continue to amuse us Londoners with his Yankee peculiarities.

#### VARIETIES.

**The Weather-wise.**—No high winds have obeyed the summons of Lieutenant Morrison, either on the 16th, the 17th, or the 18th,—the whole week has been distinguished by very dense fogs. Never mind! The air, he predicts, will be "milder about the 22d and 23d, yet mist and small rain prevail. The sun, coming to the same declination as Mars, will render the air mild about the 25th or 26th, but there are some signs of high winds."

**Cold.**—A note of the 12th, from Sir D. Brewster, Allerley, near Melrose, says: "Last night and this morning have been the coldest I have ever observed; so that, if your prophet changes his day to the 12th, he will be right. At 2, p. m. yesterday, the 11th, the thermometer was at 25°; at 5, it was 20°; at 7, 15°; and, after several oscillations from 15° to 17°, and 17° back to 15°, it began to fall regularly after 9 o'clock, and at 2 in the morning of to-day, the 12th, it was as low as 10°. It has kept about 32° all to-day, but now (1½ p. m.) has risen to 34°, and thaw has commenced."

**M. Gerard**, the celebrated French painter, some of whose works have been brought to, and greatly admired in, England, died at Paris on Wednesday week, aged 66.

**Mrs. Irvine**, the poor woman who last week fell from the rope at Covent Garden Theatre, and was very seriously injured, continues to be in considerable pain and danger. Surely, such an accident ought to put an end to these disgraceful exhibitions in any national theatre.

**The Metropolitan Society of Florists and Amateurs** held their anniversary at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, on Thursday. Arrangements were made for shows

during the ensuing season, and above a hundred persons dined under the presidency of Mr. Glennie.

**Vesuvius.**—By the latest accounts from Naples, volumes of smoke were issuing from Vesuvius, and an eruption was anticipated.

South Molton Street, Jan. 19.

**Cheap Literature.**—Sir,—I have just seen an American paper, that, besides a large quantity of other matter, as well as numerous advertisements, foreign and domestic news, contains the whole of this year's Annual, "Friendship's Offering," consisting of 384 pages, price (I believe) 18s. or a guinea!! This paper is published weekly, at two dollars per annum, or about twopence per paper. One of its titles is "The Literary Gazette;" and it contains 64 closely printed columns, of nearly 240 lines in a column. It is printed with a small type, and is about as large as four *Literary Gazettes*; and can be forwarded to all parts by post. Your obedient servant,

W. A. SCRIPPS.

"Malouin, physician to the Queen of France, was so fond of drugging that it is told of him, that once, having a most patient patient, who diligently and punctually swallowed all the stuff he ordered, he was so delighted in seeing all the phials and pill-boxes cleaned out, that he shook him cordially by the hand, exclaiming, 'My dear sir, it really affords me pleasure to attend you, and you deserve to be ill.' The London practitioners must surely meet with incessant delight."

**Millengen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.**—"A bit in the morning is better than nothing all day. After dinner sit awhile, after supper walk a mile. After dinner sleep awhile, after supper go to bed. If you would live for ever, you must wash milk from your liver. Butter is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night.

An egg and to bed.

You must drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy.

Qui couche avec la soif, se leve avec la santé.

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

Si tibi deficient medici, medici tibi fiant.

Hec tria; mens laus, requies, moderata diæta.

You should never touch your eye but with your elbow.

Non patitur ludum fama, fides oculus.

That city is in a bad case, whose physicians have the gout.—*Hebrew Proverb.*

Who goes to bed supperless, all night tumbles and tosses.

*Ibid.*

**Payne and Foss's Catalogue, for 1837**, is a splendid list of books in all languages; and peculiarly interesting from its Aldine Catalogue, numerous remarkable manuscripts, papal bulls, and other literary curiosities. The numbers extend to nearly 10,000 articles!!

**The New London Magazine, No. I.** (London, Wilson, jun.)—This is another cheap publication, without any feature in its first No. to distinguish it from the usual run.

*On a Pair of Lovers who were always billing.*

Oh! who can paint these lovers' bliss!

The day to them was one long kiss:

You would have thought, sir, had you seen them,

They'd but one pair of lips between them.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Literature and Art.**—Bent's List of New Books and Engravings for 1836, with their sizes and prices, exhibits a decrease of new publications last year, the number of books amounting to 1250 (1500 volumes), exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being 150 less than in 1835. The number of Engravings is 56 (including 40 portraits), 17 of which are engraved in the line manner, 60 in mezzotinto, and 15 in chalk, aquatinta, &c.

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January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . 12	From 19 to 36	30.06 to 29.65
Friday . . . 13	29 . . . 49	29.44 . . . 29.53
Saturday . 14	30 . . . 39	29.82 . . . 30.10
Sunday . . . 15	26 . . . 38	30.25 . . . 30.28
Monday . . 16	25 . . . 37	30.20 . . . 30.20
Tuesday . . 17	31 . . . 43	30.19 . . . 30.17
Wednesday 18	33 . . . 39	30.08 . . . 30.01

Winds N. and N.W. Except the 14th and 15th, generally cloudy; rain on the 13th, 16th, and 17th; snow on the afternoon of the 12th.

Rain fallen, .425 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

*Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society, December 1836.*

Thermometer—Highest . . . . . 55.25 . . . the 5th.  
Lowest . . . . . 32.50 . . . 29th.  
Mean . . . . . 38.90766  
Barometer—Highest . . . . . 30.15 . . . 31st.  
Lowest . . . . . 29.71 . . . 9th.  
Mean . . . . . 29.54344

Number of days of rain and snow, 21.

Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimals, 2.24375.

Winds.—0 East—9 West—4 North—1 South—0 North-East—1 South-East—11 South-West—5 North-West.

**General Observations.**—The maximum of the thermometer was above any, in the same month, in the last thirteen years; and the mean temperature was higher than in the last two years. Rain or snow fell on twenty-one different days; yet, the whole quantity of rain and melted snow was less than in any December in the period before-mentioned. The barometer was lower than in the corresponding months in 1834 and in 1835, and than the average of the month. Snow fell on the last seven days of the month; and the whole quantity, if added together, was but little more than eight inches in depth, where the influence of the gale, in the night of Christmas, did not affect it. In the vicinity of High Wycombe, the snow was drifted to the depth of seven and eight feet; and in the town, while the southern side of the street was covered by only a few inches, on the northern side the snow was three and four feet deep; this, too, under the lee of the houses, the wind having been from the northward; much of eddy wind must therefore have prevailed during the gale.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**On Medal Engraving.**—Having now examined the claims, read the evidence, and compared productions involved in this question, so important to antiquities, numismatics, and national history, as to the Fine Arts, we shall in our next *Gazette* state our opinions upon it, and illustrate them by extra and beautiful engravings. Orders for the Number are requested to be sent on or before Friday; and means will be adopted to supply our country and foreign subscribers with the plates.

S. H. declined.

**ERRATUM.**—In notice of "The Churches of London," in our last Number, 3d column, line 9, for "assisted by G. Button, Esq." read "assisted by John Britton, Esq."

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Dec. 23, 1896. H. T. ROSE, B. D. Principal.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

1. *The Book of the New Covenant of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.* By Granville Penn, Esq. 8vo. pp. 470. 2. *Annotations to the Book of the New Covenant; with an Expository Preface, in which is reprinted, J. L. Hug, De Antiquitate Codicis Vaticani Commentatio.* By the Same. 8vo. pp. 509. London, 1837. Duncan.

MR. PENN is well known to biblical scholars, as a gentleman who has devoted a large portion of his life to the illustration of the Scriptures. Actuated by the desire, the most honourable, pure, and wise of all, of giving his tribute to the cause of God and the well-being of his fellow-men, he has been a vigorous assailant of the infidelity which, in his judgment, has attempted to shake the Mosaic history. In his latest work, the volumes before us, bringing to his noble task the aids of intelligent scholarship, clear judgment, and religious sincerity, he has conferred an inestimable service on the Christian world.

From the commencement of the eighteenth century, a remarkable degree of attention had been directed to the Greek text of the New Testament: Mr. Penn calls it the New Covenant, and justly; but we retain the name, in this fugitive notice, merely from its common use. A great deal of most valuable information was obtained by comparison of the MSS. which then began to be drawn from the libraries abroad and at home; but this was scarcely more than an exhibition of scholastic dexterity. The practical application of the discoveries was still wanting; and when the application was made, it was, unhappily, made by hands, of all others, the most unfitted for a duty of such incomparable importance. Of all the nations that tread the earth, the Germans possess the least of that faculty which enables men to draw a rational conclusion. They are admirable pioneers. No nation can toil with more indefatigable drudgery; but when the way through the wilderness is once opened by those sturdy serfs, hands of a much higher order must convert it into usefulness, or cover it with beauty. One great misfortune which pervades the German theological school is, that nearly all the leading scholars are professors in their universities, and dependent on the casual popularity of their lectures. The general result is, that truth gives way to income. The professor must consult novelty; cultivate the fashionable mode of thinking; be supremely cautious of offending public prejudice; and, above all, in-  
~~duce~~ <sup>duce</sup> his hearers in those daring defiance of scriptural reality, and in those flighty and fantastic views of scriptural mysteries, which gratify the presumption of the immature. The example of Frederic the Second, the witty and singularly worthless king of Prussia—himself the mimic of Voltaire, as he made his kingdom the mimic of France—spread infidelity through Germany; a crime for which his country afterwards feebly atoned, by years of chains and torrents of blood.

Another great misfortune of Protestant Germany is, the want of an Established church, thereby wanting all the invaluable advantages

that are to be derived to religion—from a public and acknowledged repository of doctrine from ancient times;—a perpetual provision of learning and learned men, expressly appointed to the defence and illustration of the ancient truth;—a standard of sufficient authority to restrain the caprices, without controlling the freedom of the human mind, and a power, invested with that salutary civil discipline, by which men are kept from outrage until they have learned to reason; and gross insults and voluntary violence to religion are held in a degree of order, essential less even to the peace of the church than the safety of the community.

The number of the MSS. of the New Testament already collated, is about 500. Many of those are copies of each other; many are fragments; and nearly all exhibit marks of that haste, error, and ignorance, which were to be expected from copyists, untaught, hurried, or terrified by the fear of persecution. The extinction of the Scriptures has been the especial object of persecution, from the days of Trajan, down to the last decree of the pope, which actually describes the Bible Society as “the operation of the devil.” Four classes, or families, of those MSS. have been supposed by the German scholars. Griesbach, their most celebrated name, arranges those “Recensions” under the Alexandrine, the Occidental, and the Byzantine. Michaelis has added the Edessene. Scholz reduces them to two, the Alexandrine and Constantinopolitan, of which he regards the former as the inferior. Mr. Penn, on the contrary, regards the Alexandrine as palpably the superior, and substantiates its claim.

Our authorised translation is chiefly from the Latin vulgate, an unfortunate source, for the vulgate is frequently inaccurate; and the Latin, by wanting the article, is unequal to give the *exactness* of the Greek. The text of our Greek Testament is nearly in the same condition. It is based on the text published by Erasmus, originally in 1516, and subsequently corrected in four editions. He does not appear to have had more than four MSS. for this work; and even to the last he had but eight, and none of those older than the tenth century. The “*Editio Princeps*” of Erasmus, in 1516, successively corrected by himself, Stephens, Beza, and Elzevir, is our present *textus receptus*. Thus, its authority rests upon about four MSS. of low date. We have since had between six and seven hundred MSS., some of them rising up to the fifth century. It is to give the world the advantage of those important aids, that Mr. Penn has produced his translation.

On the first principle of criticism, that of presuming the oldest MS. authority to be nearest the truth, he has taken the entire text of the most ancient surviving MS., the “Codex Vaticanus,” or Vatican MS., noted 1209 in the Vatican catalogue, and marked B by Wetstein. This celebrated MS., from its acknowledged priority in age to all other existing MSS., possesses an authority to which none of those can lay claim, by which the latest revisers of our authorised version sought to improve the English translation. It is the

only surviving MS. so ancient as to have been written, not only before the general adoption of the Ammonian and Euthalian divisions of the Scripture, but also before the incorporation of the name of “Ephesus” with the context of St. Paul’s introduction to the circular Epistle to the churches of Asia Minor. Of this MS. Scholz says, “that it takes precedence of all MSS. in point of venerable antiquity, for it was written in the fifth century.” Other authorities place it higher still. Schulz says, that Hug has *proved* that it was written before the middle of the fourth century.

But the Christian student is not to be alarmed by such announcements of discoveries in the text of the Scriptures: it is his business to know the truth, and to follow it. Yet, it is remarkable that those varieties of the MSS. are almost wholly confined to points which, in any other book, would be regarded as scarcely more than the play of criticism. A sentence here and there is taken away, which, in the course of time had crept from the note in the margin into the body of the text. A misreading of a part of a word, which confused the sense, is corrected, and the sense is thus far restored; and this is nearly all. There is no impeachment of any of the great received doctrines; no obscurity thrown on any of the received facts; no aid given to any of the ancient or modern heresies, which have with such melancholy effect oppressed the career of Christianity: they have not been able to stain the purity of Scripture. On this point we have, with especial respect to the great primary doctrine of Christianity—the *divinity of our Lord*—the valuable testimony of Michaelis. “After the most diligent inquiry,” says this celebrated scholar, “especially by those who would banish the divinity of Christ from the articles of our religion, not a single serious reading has been discovered in the two principal passages—John, i. 1, and Rom. ix. 5; and this very doctrine, instead of being shaken by the collations of Mill and Wettstein, has been rendered more certain than ever. The adversaries of the Christian religion, then, have no reason to triumph in the formidable number of our various readings.” (Introd. vol. i. 266.)

It is not our purpose to detail the many examples in which an adherence to the Vatican MS. has cleared the text, and, through it, the excellent translation which Mr. Penn offers to the public. Without any touch of pertinacity or pedantry, he has shewn the uses of calm and vigorous knowledge applied to the elucidation of Scripture difficulties. Some of his new translations of words and sentences are undeniable; and, if we do not always agree with them in their full generality, we are sure to find reason for very closely examining our previous opinions. Thus, in the instance of the word, *δικαιοσύνη*, Mr. Penn pronounces it to be, in every case, *justification*, and not, as is usual, *righteousness*. We fully admit that the doctrine of “imputed righteousness,” taken literally and coarsely, is a hazardous one; that it produces boasting, and that it is wholly impossible to conceive how the virtues of one man can be substantially transferred to the person of another. But, if this word is always to be



threshold of the cottager, and betakes itself to the budding woods, where it joins the vernal chorus. It now loses much of its familiarity with man, and its habits become fully as shy and secluded as the rest of the sylvan choristers. Still, however, though it seldom enters our houses during the summer months, yet it evinces its attachment for the dwellings of man by frequenting, chiefly, such woods as are in the neighbourhood of them. Thus, if you enter the heart of an extensive wood, you are not likely to meet with it; but as you advance to its skirts, and especially where there are houses, you are sure to be saluted with its 'wood-notes wild.' Like the house-sparrow, it is not met with in uninhabited places, bleak moors, extensive commons, &c., but occurs, and that plentifully, near the dwellings of man. Thus far, certainly, it has claims on our protection; but when, on the other hand, we look to its pugnacious and relentless habits, its revengeful and vindictive propensities, one would almost feel inclined to close one's door against it in the time of need. The whole summer is spent in quarrelling, and this warfare is carried on without regard to either sex or age. Like game-cocks, the young redbreasts begin to fight as soon as they leave the nest: nor do they pay more respect to their own relations; nothing being commoner than to see the adults pursuing even their own offspring, with unrelenting ardour, amid the very bushes, perchance, where, but a few days ago, they had been so fondly cherished and protected in the nest. So much for the parental affection of this apparently lovely and innocent bird. But, kind reader, if you will only have patience, I can tell you some more tales about your favourite—tales, too, which you might verify any day with your own eyes, if you would just take the trouble of strolling through the grove adjoining your house in summer. My esteemed correspondent, Mr. Blyth, says he has seen two of these birds fight in his garden until one was killed; and, though I have never known their battles come to that extremity, yet I have, on many occasions, observed them skirmishing with such relentless ferocity and unabated ardour, that, had I not interposed, fatal consequences must inevitably have ensued to one party. On one occasion, especially, I remember to have found two of these birds engaged in such glorious conflict, under a laurel bush, that neither of the combatants observed my approach, or, at all events, they heeded it not; and both of them fell into the hands of the 'prying naturalist.' On putting them into a cage, capacious enough to have held a dozen birds of a more peaceful nature, to my no small surprise they renewed the combat as fiercely as ever. I now released one of my prisoners, and each of them instantly poured forth its song in defiance of the other—the one within the wires, and the other at full liberty. The next day I set my other captive at liberty, and, on the evening of the same day, found the champions again at their post, fighting each other 'tooth and nail.' I now separated them for the third and last time. This is what one would call carrying the spirit of revenge rather too far. The organ of destructiveness must be very fully developed in this bird. I have often taken advantage of the extreme pugnacity of the robin-redbreast, for the capturing others of its species. The method alluded to is as follows:—if you tie a robin-redbreast by the leg inside a small cage, and leave the door open, many minutes will not elapse before another of its kind, attracted by its fluttering, approaches the cage, hops round it two or three times, uttering its

note of menace, and, lastly, boldly rushes into the cage, and enters into close combat with the unfortunate captive. How the battle might terminate, if the birds were left to themselves, I know not; but suffice it to say, that the new comer may be captured, and, in his turn, be tied to the cage, as a lure for its brethren. But it is unnecessary even to use a cage for this purpose. The birds may be tied, as soon as caught, to a stake, or any thing that is at hand; for the robin redbreast, when intent on destroying one of its fellow-creatures, is little mindful of any danger that may threaten itself. Whether or not that dreadful enemy to birds, the wily cat, would have any influence on them at such times, I am not aware; but, so far as I have observed, man has not. It may also be captured by smearing the edges of a vessel, filled with hemp or canary-seed, with birdlime; but this is apt to soil its delicate plumage to such a degree, that the bird is scarcely 'fit to be seen' afterwards. If it were worth while, however, it might be wiped off with sand or dry earth. There are many other ways of capturing the robin-redbreast, but these it is unnecessary to detail; for, whatever excuse there may be for keeping other birds in cages, there surely can be none for confining this, as it may be both seen and heard at all times and all seasons, with very little trouble. While it requires the enthusiasm of a Wilson, an Audubon, a Montagu, or a Mudie, to investigate the habits of the feathered inhabitants of the rock, the mountain, the swamp, and the river, the ways of our familiar songster are always open to the view of the most careless observer. And this it is which has caused it to become so general a favourite in all the countries it visits or inhabits. The song of the robin-redbreast is not very loud, but is remarkable for its sweet, soft, and melancholy expression. In summer, as I have before observed, it is little noticed, but in autumn it is peculiarly delightful; though I am certain of the truth of Selby's supposition, that the notes which are heard in autumn and winter, proceed from the throats of the young of the year. Nor do I ever remember to have heard the adult bird singing, in its natural state, during the inclement seasons; but, when confined to the house, or in a cage, both old and young will carol away 'right merrily.' In sweetness and softness, I think the song of the robin-redbreast is unexcelled by any of our other sylvan choristers, though, as a whole, it is surpassed by many. Witness, for instance—leaving the brake-nightingale, the 'leader of the vernal chorus' out of the question—the ethereal strains of the garden-fauvet, the black-capt-fauvet, the wood-lark, and many others. But none of these—no, not even the brake-nightingale itself, possesses that ineffably sweet expression which we must pronounce to be peculiar to our humble favourite."

Mr. Wood has tried some curious experiments in placing the eggs of one bird in the nest of another, a practice well worth the notice and pursuit of every observer of their habits; and he tells us,—

"I once added to a garden thrush's nest, containing five eggs, other five eggs belonging to a garden ouzel in the neighbourhood, whom I had taken the liberty of robbing of her lawful property. Eight of these were hatched, and nearly the whole got safely through their infancy. The parents appeared to have some difficulty in providing for so large a progeny, and, after a few days, one of the young garden ouzels died; though I believe it was rather crushed than starved to death. I had the pleasure of

seeing this motley brood follow their parents among the long grass and low bushes many days after they had quitted the nest, but observed that after a time they parted company, and the garden ouzels were no longer seen. The rest remained with their parents a considerable time (as is their custom), and were fed by them."

Again, speaking of sparrows:—

"I once found a nest in a small hole immediately over a passage, amongst some offices, where servants were constantly passing and re-passing. Having taken out the eggs, six in number, I replaced them by an equal number of garden thrush's eggs, which, notwithstanding their large size, were duly hatched. After this, I visited the spot every day; but three of the young birds died in succession, having been either squeezed or starved to death. Two now remained, and I saw them till they were fully fledged, when they disappeared, and probably escaped in safety. I was very desirous of seeing how the young birds were fed, but never succeeded in attaining this object."

The following, respecting the ivy-wren, is singular:—

"It is a curious, and, to naturalists, a well-known fact, that this bird varies the materials of its nest according to the situation in which it is placed; and, accordingly, those built in ivy-clad walls or trees, and in mossy places of any kind, invariably consist almost wholly of green moss outside. But when it builds in raspberry bushes, scarce a particle of green moss is used; the whole structure, both externally and internally, being composed of the leaves of the raspberry. This is one of the most extraordinary departures from the ordinary mode of nest-building with which I am acquainted; and, though three or four instances of it have fallen under my observation, it appears to have been noticed by no writers on British ornithology whose works I have consulted."

As Londoners aforesaid, and used to their company, we are sorry to find that Mr. Wood is a determined enemy to sparrows, which he calls familiar and detested creatures.

"Few birds," he declares, "are so common, or so universally met with, as the pert, mischievous, thieving house-sparrow."

"The house-sparrow has never been a favourite with me; and, looking at its bold, vulgar, and impudent aspect, one would scarce imagine it to rank in the same family as the common goldwing, the hedge coalhood, the buntings, or, in short, with any of the other British *Fringillidae*. Indeed, its 'radically plebeian' manners go very far to justify the train of maledictions poured upon its hapless head by the eloquent and illustrious, but faulty Buffon. It everywhere carries with it a bad reputation; though, of course, its extensively frugivorous propensities, and its voracious appetite, weigh infinitely more—and, perhaps, justly—with the multitude, than any defects in plumage, manners, or even voice."

It is not, perhaps, for us to endeavour to stem this torrent of abuse; but we would urge, in exculpation to a certain degree, that it may be owing to his near neighbourhood and constant intercourse with mankind, that the sparrow has become voracious, thieving, bold, vulgar, impudent, and plebeian. These are all human propensities and habits, and birds may catch them as we catch birds: at any rate, we should like to hear a sparrow's version of the matter, or read a small volume from his quill, dedicated to his esteemed and highly gifted friend, Chaff Finch, Esq. F.O.S. But inimical as our author is to these *Fringillidae*, he is

obliged to confess they have some good qualities—some virtues that would do honour to their human associates. For,

"Few birds are more careful of their young than the present species, and fewer still of our small birds take such effectual means of preserving them. The parents will follow their caged young to any distance; and, if they happen to be absent at the time of the capture, scent them out in an incredibly short space of time. I remember, on one occasion, caging four young birds, from a nest in the thatch of a cottage. They were instantly carried off to a distance of about two miles, in the absence of the parents, and were imprisoned in a small out-house, where their cries, if they made any, could not possibly be heard by the old birds. Scarcely had they been there five minutes, however, when the parents arrived, and made their way to the young captives through a broken pane of glass. As soon as they had been fed and fondled, the parents departed, in search of more food, as the young birds were by no means satisfied. I now carried them to quite a different part of the house, and lodged them in a kind of cellar, with but one small aperture for light and air. Here they made no noise, but lay perfectly still, and must have been very hungry. For some hours the old sparrows were observed flying about in all directions, in search of their young. At length, I perceived them fly over the very spot where they were concealed, when the prisoners instantly set up loud cries. This acted like an electric shock upon them—they dropped down as if 'thunder-struck;' but, recovering their wings before they reached the ground, a few minutes found them feeding the young birds, which were now allowed to escape. This proves how great is the affection of the house-sparrow for its young, and how sagacious it is in searching them out when lost."

They need no Foundling Hospitals. But these few selections must suffice for all we have to do for Mr. Wood's book, which is altogether a very pleasing one, and full of that sort of observation which is invariably delightful to readers of every description. We have now to notice—

*The Ornithological Guide, &c.* By C. Thorold Wood, Esq. pp. circ. 240. London. Whitaker.

IN this the author discusses (as he says on his title-page) several interesting points in ornithology, particularly the subject of nomenclature, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the science. The early part of the work is occupied with a rather strongly worded argument against the opinions of Mr. Strickland, addressed to *The Analyst*, on this question, which we must leave to the original fields of fight. Mr. Wood then passes under brief review most of the works on ornithology which have recently been published, and, we think, very justly remarks on their merits and defects. But his best portion is an appendix—a catalogue of the birds of Britain; which, in spite of the uncertainty and multiplicity of names still given to almost every genus and family (and, in spite of some of his own rejections and innovations much confusing the student), will be found to be of essential use to the ornithologist in every district of Great Britain.

*Recollections of Europe.* By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., author of "The Pilot," "The Spy," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Bentley.

"I HAVE (says Mr. Cooper, in his Preface) no excuse of haste, or of want of time, to offer for the defects of these volumes. All I ask is, that

they may be viewed as no more than they profess to be. They are the gleanings of a harvest already gathered, thrown together in a desultory manner, and without the slightest, or, at least, very small pretensions, to any of those arithmetical and statistical accounts that properly belong to works of a graver character. They contain the passing remarks of one who has certainly seen something of the world, whether it has been to his advantage or not; who had reasonably good opportunities to examine what he saw; and who is not conscious of being, in the slightest degree, influenced 'by fear, favour, or the hope of reward.' His *compte rendu* must pass for what it is worth."

This is a fair statement and challenge; in observing upon which, we can truly say that we have found many things to interest and amuse us in these "desultory pages." They are an *omnium gatherum*, as folks call things of the sort; but when they proceed from observant persons, they, however slight, are almost sure to have enough to gratify observant readers. We will follow in Mr. Cooper's track, as given in his letters, and endeavour to illustrate this position. In June 1826, he left New York, and arrived safely in England, where we select his first experience (this voyage after twenty years) at Cowes:—

"The Isle of Wight is celebrated for its butter, and yet we found it difficult to eat it! The English, and many other European nations, put no salt in their table butter; and we, who had been accustomed to the American usage, exclaimed with one voice against its insipidity. A near relation of A——'s, who once served in the British army, used to relate an anecdote on the subject of tastes, that is quite in point. A brother officer, who had gone safely through the celebrated siege of Gibraltar, landed at Portsmouth, on his return home. Among the other privations of his recent service, he had been compelled to eat butter whose fragrance scented the whole Rock. Before retiring for the night, he gave particular orders to have hot rolls and Isle of Wight butter served for breakfast. The first mouthful disappointed him, and, of course, the unlucky waiter suffered. The latter protested that he had executed the order to the letter. 'Then take away your Isle of Wight butter,' growled the officer, 'and bring me some that has a taste.'"

Among the London sights and sensations, the following smacks of the originality with which an intelligent American will view what to us are familiar objects,—it relates to Westminster Abbey:—

"I stood gazing at the pile, until I felt the sensation we term 'a creeping of the blood.' I knew that Westminster, though remarkable for its chapel, was by no means a first-rate specimen of its own style of architecture; and, at that moment, a journey through Europe promised to be a gradation of enjoyments, each more exquisite than the other. All the architecture of America united would not assemble a tithe of the grandeur, the fanciful, or of the beautiful (a few imitations of Grecian temples excepted), that were to be seen in this single edifice. If I were to enumerate the strong and excited feelings which are awakened by viewing novel objects, I should place this short visit to the abbey as giving birth in me to sensation No. 1. The emotion of a first landing in Europe had long passed; our recent 'land-fall' had been like any other 'land-fall,' merely pleasant; and I even looked upon St. Paul's as an old and a rather familiar friend. This was absolutely my introduction to the Gothic,

and it has proved to be an acquaintance pregnant of more pure satisfaction than any other it has been my good fortune to make since youth."

From England Mr. C. proceeded to France, and landed at Havre, where every thing was most uncomfortable. Thence he steamed up the Seine for Rouen, and, by land, to Paris. At Paris the annexed remarks on centralisation strike us:—

"It was the policy of Napoleon to create a system of centralisation, that should cause every thing to emanate from himself. The whole organisation of government had this end in view, and all the details of the departments have been framed expressly to further this object. The prefects are no more than so many political *aides*, whose duty it is to carry into effect the orders that emanate from the great head; and lines of telegraphs are established all over France, in such a way that a communication may be sent from the Tuilleries to the remotest corner of the kingdom in the course of a few hours. It has been said, that one of the first steps towards effecting a revolution ought to be to seize the telegraphs at Paris, by means of which such information and orders could be sent into the provinces as the emergency might seem to require. This system of centralisation has almost neutralised the advancement of the nation in a knowledge of the usages and objects of the political liberty that the French have obtained, by bitter experience, from other sources. It is the constant aim of that portion of the community which understands the action of free institutions, to increase the powers of the municipalities, and to lessen the functions of the central government; but their efforts are resisted with a jealous distrust of every thing like popular dictation. Their municipal privileges are, rightly enough, thought to be the entering wedges of real liberty. The people ought to manage their own affairs, just as far as they can do so without sacrificing their interests for want of a proper care, and here is the starting point of representation. So far from France enjoying such a system, however, half the time\* a bell cannot be rung in a parish church, or a bridge repaired, without communications with, and orders from, Paris."

In Paris, Mr. Cooper met Mr. Canning at an entertainment given by the American minister, and he tells us:—

"Mr. Gallatin did me the favour to present me to Mr. Canning. The conversation was short, and was chiefly on America. There was a sore spot in his feelings in consequence of a recent negotiation, and he betrayed it. He clearly does not love us; but what Englishman does?"

Speaking more generally, he adds:—

"I have learned early to understand, that wherever there is an Englishman in the question, it behoves an American to be reserved, punctilious, and sometimes stubborn. There is a strange mixture of kind feeling, prejudice, and ill-nature, as respects us, wrought into the national character of that people, that will not admit of much mystification. That they should not like us may be natural enough; but, if they seek the intercourse, they ought, on all occasions, to be made to conduct it equally, without annoyance and condescension, and on terms of perfect equality; conditions, by the way, that are scarcely agreeable to their present notions of superiority."

We are glad to see such sentiments at least partially corrected in a note:—

\* The meaning here seems obscure.

"The change in this respect during the last ten years is *patent*. No European nation has, probably, just at this moment as much real respect for America as the English, though it is still mixed with great ignorance, and a very sincere dislike. Still, the enterprise, activity, and growing power of the country are forcing themselves on the attention of our kinsmen; and if the government understood its foreign relations as well as it does its domestic, and made a proper exhibition of maritime preparation and of maritime force, this people would hold the balance in many of the grave questions that are now only in abeyance in European politics."

We abstain from the past politics and revolution in Paris, respecting which Mr. Cooper's details possess considerable interest, and rather refer to his more peculiar topics. His meeting with Sir Walter Scott (with whom a Princess ——— had promised to make him better acquainted) is characteristic. A carriage drove up to his residence as he was going out, but he returned to ascertain if the visit might be to himself.

"The carriage-steps rattled, and presently a large, heavy-moulded man appeared in the door of the hotel. He was gray, and limped a little, walking with a cane. His carriage immediately drove round, and was succeeded by mine, again; so I descended. We passed each other on the stairs, bowing as a matter of course. I had got to the door, and was about to enter the carriage, when it flashed on my mind that the visit might be to myself. The two lower floors of the hotel were occupied as a girl's boarding-school—the reason of our dwelling in it, for our own daughters were in the establishment; *au seconde*, there was nothing but our own *appartement*; and above us, again, dwelt a family whose visitors never came in carriages. The door of the boarding-school was below, and men seldom came to it at all. Strangers, moreover, sometimes did honour me with calls. Under these impressions I paused, to see if the visitor went as far as our flight of steps. All this time, I had not the slightest suspicion of who he was, though I fancied both the face and form were known to me. The stranger got up the large stone steps slowly, leaning with one hand on the iron railing, and with the other on his cane. He was on the first landing as I stopped, and, turning towards the next flight, our eyes met. The idea that I might be the person he wanted, seemed then to strike him for the first time. 'Est-ce Mons. — que j'ai l'honneur de voir?' he asked, in French, and with but an indifferent accent. 'Monsieur, je m'appelle —.' 'Eh bien, donc — je suis Walter Scott.' I ran up to the landing, shook him by the hand, which he stood holding out to me cordially, and expressed my sense of the honour he was conferring. He told me, in substance, that the Princess ——— had been as good as her word, and, having succeeded herself in getting hold of him, she had good-naturedly given him my address. By way of cutting short all ceremony, he had driven from his hotel to my lodgings. All this time he was speaking French, while my answers and remarks were in English. Suddenly recollecting himself, he said—'Well, here have I been *parlez-vous*ing to you, in a way to surprise you, no doubt; but these Frenchmen have got my tongue so set to their lingo, that I have half forgotten my own language.' As we proceeded up the next flight of steps, he accepted my arm, and continued the conversation in English, walking with more difficulty than I had expected to see. You will excuse the vanity of my repeating the next observation he made,

which I do in the hope that some of our own exquisites in literature may learn in what manner a man of true sentiment and sound feeling regards a trait that they have seen fit to stigmatise as unbecoming. 'I'll tell you what I most like,' he added, abruptly; 'and it is the manner in which you maintain the ascendancy of your own country on all proper occasions, without descending to vulgar abuse of ours. You are obliged to bring the two nations in collision, and I respect your liberal hostility. This will, probably, be esteemed treason in our own self-constituted Mentors of the press, one of whom, I observe, has quite lately had to apologise to his readers for exposing some of the sins of the English writers in reference to ourselves! But these people are not worth our attention, for they have neither the independence which belongs to masculine reason, nor manhood even, to prize the quality in others. 'I am afraid the mother has not always treated the daughter well,' he continued, 'feeling a little jealous of her growth, perhaps; for, though we hope England has not yet begun to descend on the evil side, we have a presentiment that she has got to the top of the ladder.' There were two entrances to our apartments; one, the principal, leading by an ante-chamber and *salle à manger* into the *salon*, and thence, through other rooms, to a terrace; and the other, by a private corridor, to the same spot. The door of my cabinet opened on this corridor, and though it was dark, crooked, and any thing but savoury, as it led by the kitchen, I conducted Sir Walter through it, under an impression that he walked with pain; an idea of which I could not divest myself, in the hurry of the moment. But for this awkwardness on my part, I believe I should have been the witness of a singular interview. General Lafayette had been with me a few minutes before, and he had gone away by the *salon*, in order to speak to Mrs. —. Having a note to write, I had left him there, and I think his carriage could not have quitted the court when that of Sir Walter Scott entered. If so, the general must have passed out by the ante-chamber about the time we came through the corridor. There would be an impropriety in my relating all that passed in this interview; but we talked over a matter of business, and then the conversation was more general. You will remember that Sir Walter was still the Unknown, and that he was believed to be in Paris in search of facts for the Life of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the former circumstance, he spoke of his works with great frankness and simplicity, and without the parade of asking any promises of secrecy. In short, as he commenced in this style, his authorship was alluded to, by us both, just as if it had never been called in question. He asked me if I had a copy of the — by me; and, on my confessing I did not own a single volume of any thing I had written, he laughed, and said he believed that most authors had the same feeling on the subject: as for himself, he cared not if he never saw a Waverley novel again, as long as he lived. Curious to know whether a writer, as great and as practised as he, felt the occasional despondency which invariably attends all my own little efforts of this nature, I remarked that I found the mere composition of a tale a source of pleasure; so much so, that I always invented twice as much as was committed to paper in my walks, or in bed, and in my own judgment much the best parts of the composition never saw the light; for what was written was usually written at set hours, and was a good deal a matter of chance, and that going over and over the same subject in proofs

disgusted me so thoroughly with the book, that I supposed every one else would be disposed to view it with the same eyes. To this he answered, that he was spared much of the labour of proof-reading, Scotland, he presumed, being better off than America in this respect; but still he said he 'would as soon see his dinner again after a hearty meal, as to read one of his own tales when he was fairly rid of it.' He sat with me nearly an hour, and he manifested, during the time the conversation was not tied down to business, a strong propensity to humour. Having occasion to mention our common publisher in Paris, he quaintly termed him, with a sort of malicious fun, 'our Gosling;\*' adding, that he hoped he, at least, 'laid golden eggs.' I hoped that he had found the facilities he desired, in obtaining facts for the forthcoming history. He rather hesitated about admitting this. 'One can hear as much as he pleases, in the way of anecdote,' he said, 'but then, as a gentleman, he is not always sure how much of it he can, with propriety, relate in a book; besides,'—throwing all his latent humour into the expression of his small gray eyes,—'one may even doubt how much of what he hears is fit for history on another account.' He paused, and his face assumed an exquisite air of confiding simplicity, as he continued, with perfect *bonne foi* and strong Scottish feeling, 'I have been to see my *countrysman*, McDonald, and I rather think that will be about as much as I can do here, now.' This was uttered with so much *naïveté* that I could hardly believe it was the same man who, a moment before, had shewn so much shrewd distrust of oral relations of facts. I inquired when we might expect the work. 'Some time in the course of the winter,' he replied, 'though it is likely to prove larger than I at first intended. We have got several volumes printed, but I find I must add to the matter considerably, in order to dispose of the subject. I thought I should get rid of it in seven volumes, which are already written, but it will reach, I think, to nine.' 'If you have two still to write, I shall not expect to see the book before spring.' 'You may: let me once get back to Abbotsford, and I'll soon knock off those two fellows.' To this I had nothing to say, although I thought such a *tour de force* in writing might better suit invention than history. When he rose to go, I begged him to step into the *salon*, that I might have the gratification of introducing my wife to him. To this he very good-naturedly assented, and, entering the room, after presenting Mrs. — and my nephew, W., he took a seat. He sat some little time, and his fit of pleasantry returned, for he illustrated his discourse by one or two apt anecdotes, related with a slightly Scottish accent, that he seemed to drop and assume at will. Mrs. — observed to him that the *bergère* in which he was seated had been twice honoured that morning, for General Lafayette had not left it more than half an hour. Sir Walter Scott looked surprised at this, and said, inquiringly, 'I thought he had gone to America, to pass the rest of his days?' On my explaining the true state of the case, he merely observed, 'He is a great man;' and yet I thought the remark was made coldly, or in complaisance to us. When Sir Walter left us, it was settled that I was to breakfast with him the following day but one. I was punctual, of course, and, found him in a new silk *douillette* that he had just purchased, trying 'as hard as he could,' as he pleasantly observed, to make a Frenchman of himself—an undertaking as little likely to be successful, I should think, in the case of his

\* His name was Goselin.



Scottish exterior, and Scottish interior, too, as any experiment well could be.

"He did not appear to me to be pleased with Paris. His notions of the French were pretty accurate, though clearly not free from the old-fashioned prejudices."

At the princess's evening party,—"As a matter of course, all the French women were exceedingly *empresses* in their manner towards the Great Unknown; and, as there were three or four that were very exaggerated on the score of romance, he was quite lucky if he escaped some absurdities. Nothing could be more patient than his manner under it all; but, as soon as he very well could, he got into a corner, where I went to speak to him. He said, laughingly, that he spoke French with so much difficulty, he was embarrassed to answer the compliments. 'I am as good a lion as needs be, allowing my mane to be stroked as familiarly as they please, but I can't growl for them in French. How is it with you?' Disclaiming the necessity of being either a good or a bad lion, being very little troubled in that way, for his amusement I related to him an anecdote. Pointing out to him a Comtesse de —, who was present, I told him I had met this lady once a-week for several months, and at every *soirée* she invariably sailed up to me to say,—'Oh, Monsieur —, quels livres! — vos charmans livres — que vos livres sont charmans!' and I had just made up my mind that she was, at least, a woman of taste, when she approached me with the utmost *sang-froid*, and cried—'Bon soir, Monsieur —; je viens d'acheter tous vos livres, et je compte profiter de la première occasion pour les lire!' I took leave of him in the ante-chamber, as he went away, for he was to quit Paris the following evening."

*Flittings of Fancy.* By Robert Sullivan, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn. Most of these flittings are familiar friends, having appeared in different annuals, periodicals, &c.; but Mr. Sullivan is welcome, in any shape, for the vein of originality which characterises his sketchy productions is always delightful. These two volumes consist of tales in prose and verse, dramatic pieces, &c. from which medley we extract portions of a *fil* which is new to us: it is entitled, "Editors and Authors," and faithfully tells some of the sufferings of the unfortunate caterer to public taste.

"I dare say there are few amateurs or incipient professors of literature, who do not think that the editor of a magazine is the most comfortable workman in the craft."

Now, to prove the contrary, we have a reply to a polite note.

"The Editor of the — Magazine presents his compliments to Mr. —, and begs to offer his best thanks for the perusal of his 'Essay on Pathos,' which he regrets exceedingly his great supply of that article obliges him to return. Sir,—I am extremely glad to have my 'Pathos' again, as it was only sent for the support of a magazine which has no chance of succeeding by its wit. At the same time, I must inform you, that it was a matter of some condescension for a person so well known as myself (in private circles), to submit my works to the judgment of one who is only likely to be conspicuous from his incapacity to appreciate them. My friends, upon whose taste I can fully rely, are of opinion, that my 'Essay on Pathos' has great power; for it was read before them a month ago, and they have been dull ever since. This, however, is not said that you may send for it back, and I think

it right to inform you, that I shall listen to no future solicitations to write for the — Magazine, and remain, sir, yours," &c. &c.

Some are so heartless as to find fault with praise: thus, a juvenile Apollo.

"Sir,—I have just seen in your magazine, a review of my poem, which you clearly do not understand, and of which you have materially injured the sale, by misleading the public opinion. You call it sublime, when, in fact, it is pathetic. People are tired of the sublime, and the comparison with Milton is ruinous to me. I will defy you or any one else to find a single passage which might be mistaken for Milton's. You call it harmonious, when it is meant to be abrupt and impassioned throughout. You call the conclusion to the story moral and edifying, when nothing can be more the reverse. In short, you have played the deuce with all its greatest beauties, and the consequence is, that nobody will read it. My friend, Mr. —, the artist, is with me, and begs that you will not mention his picture again, having put him to great inconvenience in contradicting all that you have said. It is not like Claude, or Nature, or any thing else, but is entirely original. The colouring is upon a new principle, and is not transparent, but opaque throughout. The figures are not well drawn, but are touched off with a graceful negligence; and, instead of an evening scene, it is intended to be sunrise.—I remain, &c."

In addition to these woes, hints from friends, recommendations from other editors, &c. our unfortunate friend was lionised, which he thus feelingly describes:

"When I first took office, the celebrity of the magazine was a fair guarantee for the talent and taste of the new editor, and my heart was elated by invitations to every house in town where those qualities were most estimated and patronised. I thought myself (and I believe my mistake was very common to most other folks in my station) a very superior character, and considered that, as I was to lead the public judgment, it was incumbent upon me to shew my capabilities. Besides, I knew I was asked out in order that I might entertain the company, and do credit to those who introduced me. A great deal was expected of me, and I never liked to cause disappointment if I could help it. I used to take pains to be a brilliant talker. The blue-stockings got to think me an oracle, and I never made my appearance without being surrounded by a coterie of delighted listeners, as though I had been a crier on a market-day, or a juggler at a fair. My opinions were adopted, my *bon-mots* repeated, and I had the reputation of half the good things which had been said by other people. I was 'the glass of fashion,' and used to see myself at second-hand in troops of young aspirants, who thought to steal into the temple of Fame in masquerade. Alas! the triumph was of short duration; my wits broke down under my cares. I had started from my zenith, and was on the wane from the first. I went to my displays with a sore heart, and a nervous dread of finding society as fastidious respecting my opinions, as I had found my legion of authors. I began to think that the attention bestowed upon me was to ascertain how much nonsense I could talk, and that all my listeners were laughing in their sleeves. When a man doubts himself, he is sure to be doubted by every one else. All those who had never ventured to think anything right or wrong till they had looked to me for the cue, were heard to decide for themselves, to differ

with me, to argue, and to make their case good. I was considered a vapid composition of small beer, with a little froth when I was first poured out, and nothing but deleterious drugs behind. Parties were given to which I was not invited, and I felt that general opinion denounced me as a stupid dog, and that all who had been so lavish of their praises, were obliged to retrieve their credit by retracting every word."

Our editor finished his career at the end of one month. In the following note to the publisher, he announces his retirement, hinting that, had he waited another post, his own epistle might have been needless.

"Dear sir,—It is with deep regret that I feel myself under the necessity of resigning my high and honourable post, which requires qualifications to which I have no pretensions; for I have neither the quills of the porcupine nor the hide of the rhinoceros. Should the gentleman whom you may be pleased to appoint as my successor, be desirous of any hints descriptive of the community over which he is destined to preside, I shall have great pleasure in gratifying him: it will also be a heart-felt satisfaction to turn over to him a large pile of contributions, which I trust will suit his purpose, for I really have not nerve to send them back to their owners. If any one should inquire for me at your house, pray be good enough to have him bound over to keep the peace. The state of my health renders it absolutely necessary that I should go to some retired watering-place, where I may enjoy, without molestation, the benefits of sea-bathing and asses' milk.—Believe me, dear sir,

"We shall conclude here, recommending these volumes as light and pleasant friends, which may be taken up and thrown aside at pleasure."

#### *Millengen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.* [Third notice: conclusion.]

Books like this recommend themselves to publications like ours, inasmuch as, while we can offer a fair and exemplary portion of them to the public for the formation of judgment, the extracts serve to lighten and relieve the more grave departments of our weekly labour. Still, we must not suffer them to encroach too far; and, therefore, with the present sheet we have to say farewell to our pleasant doctor. His first paper in the second volume treats of mandragore; but concludes with another plant of high superstitious reverence, viz. the *Gin-seng*, respecting which the following are entertaining particulars:—

"According to Jartoux, *Gin-seng* signifies 'the representation of man.' It appears, however, that the learned father was in error. *Jin*, it is true, signifies 'man'; but *chen* does not mean 'representation,' but 'a ternary body. Hence *gin-seng* signifies the ternary of man, making three with man and heaven!—no doubt some superstitious tradition, since this root bears various names in other countries, that plainly denote the veneration in which it was held. In Japan it is called *mindsin*, and *orkhoda* in the Tatar-Mandchou language, both of which mean, 'the queen of plants.' Father Lafitau informs us, that the name of *garent-oguen* of the Iroquois, which it also bears, means the thighs of man. The *gin-seng* is a native of Tartary, Corea, and also thrives in Canada, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, in shaded and damp situations, as it soon perishes under the solar rays. The Chinese attach considerable value to it. Thunberg informs us that it sometimes fetches forty pounds a-pound; and



Osbeck states that, in his time, it was worth twenty-four times its weight in silver. This enormous price frequently induced foreign smugglers to bring it into the Chinese territory; but the severest laws were enacted to punish this fraudulent traffic. The Tartars alone possess the privilege of cultivating and collecting it; and the districts that produce this precious plant are surrounded with palisades, and strictly guarded. In 1707, the Emperor of China, to increase his revenue, sent a body of ten thousand troops to collect the *gin-seng*. According to the Chinese physicians, this root possesses the faculty of renovating exhausted constitutions; giving fresh vigour; raising the drooping moral and physical faculties; and restoring to health and *embonpoint* the victim of debauchery. It is also said, that a bit of the root, chewed by a man running a race, will prevent his competitor from getting the start of him. It is somewhat singular that the same property is attributed to garlic; and the Hungarian jockeys frequently tie a clove of it to their racers' bits, when the horses that run against them fall back the moment they breathe the offensive odour. It has been proved that no horse will eat in a manger if the mouth of any other steed in the stable has been rubbed with the juice of this plant. I had occasion to ascertain this fact. A horse of mine was in the same stall with one belonging to a brother officer; mine fell away and refused his food, while his companion thrived uncommonly well. I at last discovered that a German groom, who had charge of the prosperous animal, had recourse to this vile stratagem. It is also supposed that men who eat garlic knock up upon a march the soldiers who have not made use of it. Hence, in the old regulations of the French armies, there existed an order to prohibit the use of garlic when troops were on a march."

The progress of chirurgical art is a short paper, but of curious information; and so is another on life and on the blood: two on dreams, and on flagellation, have not so much of novelty. There is next an able account of, and disquisition on, the homœopathic doctrines; to which, passing over from scepticism, our author, in some cases, attaches more consideration than, in our opinion, they deserve. For curiosity's sake, we extract a piece of the early history of its Oracle, Hahnemann.

"The medicine is to be tried in its most pure and simple state, possessing all its energies, taking special care that it is not combined with any heterogeneous substances during the day it is exhibited, and the time while its action is supposed to last. The diet must be moderate; all spices and high-seasoned food to be avoided, as well as green vegetables, roots, salads, &c. which are known to possess medicinal properties. The dose of the medicine to be similar to that which is usually prescribed by practitioners. If, at the expiration of about two hours, no effect is observed, a stronger dose is to be given. Should the first dose operate powerfully at the commencement, but gradually lose its influence, the second will be given the following morning; and a still stronger one, four times the strength of the first, be administered on the third day. The result of these experiments being recorded, homœopathic agents are selected to oppose morbid symptoms; and when the choice of remedies has been appropriate, an aggravation of the symptoms is observed. This aggravation is usually considered as an increase of the disorder, whereas it is solely the effect of the homœopathic remedy. 'For these phenomena,' say the homœopaths, 'are frequently observed by physicians, who

little thought, at the time, that they were the result of the medicines they had given.' Thus, when the pustules of itch became more rife after the exhibition of sulphur, it was thought that the increase of the eruption was merely the affection coming out more freely; whereas, the aggravation was occasioned by sulphur. Leroy informs us that the heart's-ease, *viola tricolor*, increased an eruption in the face. Lyrons says that elm-bark aggravated cutaneous affections, which were cured by this remedy; but neither of them were aware of the nature of this homœopathic development. For further information on this head, the Organon of Hahnemann must be consulted. Such were his doctrines for a period of about twenty years,—doctrines which he emphatically pronounced infallible, and founded on the immutable laws of homœopathy. In 1828, however, convinced, by numerous failures in the treatment of chronic diseases, that other causes than those which he acknowledged,—such as the improper preparation of the medicine, or dietetic neglect on the part of the patient,—contributed to these disappointments, he announced that he had discovered the hidden source of the obstacles he encountered; and that, after many years of experiments and meditation, he had come to the conclusion, that almost all chronic diseases originated from constitutional miasmatic affections or predispositions, which he divided into *sycosis*, *syphilis*, and *psora*, or, in plain English, the itch. To this latter affection he attributes innumerable disorders. In diseases of a syphilitic character he had found his mode of treatment infallible, and he therefore concluded that all obstinate and rebellious affections were the result of some other constitutional predisposing circumstances. He tells us that he laboured in profound secrecy to discover this great, this sublime desideratum: his very pupils knew it not; the world was to remain in ignorance of his pursuits until he could proclaim the most inestimable gift that Divinity bestowed upon mankind. This immortal discovery was neither more nor less than the itch, to which malady, according to his views, since the days of Moses, seven-eighths of the physical and moral miseries to which flesh is heir were to be referred. Whether rendered evident by eruptions, or latent from our cradle, it was a curse transmitted to us, by the modification and degeneration of leprosy, through myriads of constitutions; and which only disappears from the surface to fester in malignity, until it bursts forth again in the multifarious forms of innumerable diseases, amongst which we find scrofula, rachitis, phthisis, hysteria, hypochondriasis, dropsy, hydrocephalus, hæmorrhage, fistula, diseases of the head and liver, ruptures, cataracts, tic douloureux, deafness, erysipelas, cancers, aneurisms, rheumatisms, gout, apoplexy, epilepsy, palsy, convulsions, stone, St. Vitus's dance, nervous affections of every description, loss of sight, of smell, of taste, stupidity and imbecility. In support of this doctrine Hahnemann adduces ninety-five cases recorded by medical writers, in which the disappearance of the itch was followed by various acute and chronic maladies. The next miasmatic generator is *sycosis*, or the disposition to warty excrescences; but this source of disease Hahnemann does not consider so prolific as syphilis, or his favourite psora. Such are the principal features of the homœopathic system. I have already stated that its followers consider the most minute particles of medicine more powerful than larger doses: they, therefore, have recourse to infinite trituration, or

dilution in three vehicles, which they consider free from any medicinal property,—distilled water, spirits of wine, and sugar of milk; by these means they procure a decillionth or a quintillionth fraction of a grain. One drop of their solution is considered sufficient to saturate three hundred globules of sugar of milk: and three or four of these globules are deemed a powerful medicine."

Enough, however of *itch* and homœopathy; and, leaving all other matters, we conclude with a quotation touching quackery, and another on memory and the mental faculties.

"Some of the stratagems resorted to by needy empirics to get into practice are very ingenious, and many a regular physician has been obliged to have recourse to similar artifices to procure employment. It is related of a Parisian physician, that, on his first arrival in the capital, he was in the habit of sending his servant in a carriage, about daybreak, to rap at the doors of the principal mansions, to inquire for his master, as he was sent for to repair instantly to such and such a prince, who was dying. The drowsy porter naturally replied, with much ill-humour, 'That he knew nothing of his master.' 'What! did he not pass the night in this house?' replied the footman, apparently astonished. 'No,' gruffly answered the Swiss; 'there's nobody ill here.' 'Then I must have mistaken the house. Is not this the hotel of the Duke of —?' 'No. Go to the devil!' exclaimed the porter, closing the ponderous gates. From this house his valet then proceeded from street to street, alarming the whole neighbourhood with his loud rap. Of course, nothing else was spoken of in the porter's lodge, the grocer's shop, and the servants' hall, for nine days. Another quack, upon his arrival in a town, announced himself by sending the bellman round, offering fifty guineas reward for a poodle belonging to Dr. —, physician to his majesty and the royal family, professor of medicine, and surgeon-general, who had put up at such and such an inn. Of course, the physician of a king, who could give fifty guineas for a lost dog, could not but be a man of pre-eminence in his profession."

"Cases are recorded of the forgetfulness of a language constantly spoken, while one nearly forgotten from want of practice was recovered. A patient in St. Thomas's Hospital, who had been admitted with a brain fever, on his recovery spoke an unknown language to his attendants. A Welsh milkman happened to be in the ward, and recognised his native dialect; although the patient had left Wales in early youth, had resided thirty years in England, and had nearly forgotten his native tongue. Boerhaave relates a curious case of a Spanish poet, author of several excellent tragedies, who had so completely lost his memory in consequence of an acute fever, that he not only had forgotten the languages he had formerly cultivated, but even the alphabet, and was obliged to begin again to learn to read. His own former productions were shewn to him, but he could not recognise them. Afterwards, however, he began once more to compose verses, which bore so striking a resemblance to his former writings, that he at length became convinced of his being the author of them."

We have known several people quite the reverse of this, who fancied and asserted that the works of other persons were their own; such are the strange differences of human nature.

*Some Inquiries in the Province of Kemaon relative to Geology and other Branches of Natural Science.* By Assist.-Surgeon John McClelland. 8vo. pp. 334. Calcutta, 1836, Thacker and Co.; Cantor and Co.; London, Richardson.

MR. McCLELLAND appears to be a zealous geologist and naturalist; and, while thus contributing his offering to our knowledge of India in these respects, he feelingly deprecates the little that has hitherto been done for science in that quarter: but, as the train is now lighted, let us hope that the reproach of neglect will soon cease to be applicable, and that the important features of our vast empire will attract the investigation to which they are so eminently entitled. In the present instance we have a satisfactory report of the geology of the province of Kemaon, a district of much interest, though we find it impracticable to make any abstract which would be acceptable to our readers. Granite, gneiss, hornblende, mica-slate and clay-slate, various limestone, dolomite, floetz rocks, and alluvium, are the principal formations; all of which are distinctly described. There is also a chapter on zoology; and a treatise on goitre, which occurs in Kemaon.

We select a passage relative to the copper-mines at Gungowly and Barabice, "which, from want of the attention usually paid to such works in Europe, appear to be only a source of misery to those who are engaged in working them; while the revenue they afford to the state is merely nominal. These mines are farmed, or let at a trifling rent, to mercenary contractors or Teekedars, whose only object is to procure the greatest quantity of metal, at the smallest possible expense. These Teekedars again contract (as well as I could understand) with the owners of slaves for the labour of extracting and smelting the ores; and, between both parties, the unfortunate workmen are ground down to such a degree that, if their squalid looks did not bear testimony to the truth of their complaints, I could not have believed them. The origin of these mines must be referred to a very early period, yet no improvement in the mode of operations adopted appears to have marked their progress; so that it is probable the art of mining was as perfect in Kemaon a thousand years ago as it is at the present day: a fact which illustrates the baneful influence of tyranny and oppression, rather than a condition of the human mind that is incapable of profiting by experience. The drifts or passages of the copper-mines are so contracted as only to allow children to creep into them with any degree of facility; and it is this imperfection that occasions much of the cruelty already adverted to. About a hundred persons are employed at the mines of Gungowly and Barabice. They are nearly all frightfully deformed; and, although this has been, in another part of my researches, referred to criticism, yet it is by no means incompatible with what is there stated, to suppose that their evils are caused, in some measure, or at least aggravated, by the practice of sending them into the earth, while they are mere children, for the purpose of dragging out the ores; a labour which they are forced to commence at the age of nine or ten years, and to continue during the remainder of their lives. For this, their only reward is a small quantity of earth and stones, containing particles of copper-ore; from which, with much additional labour, they extract about eight annas worth of copper a month. At these two mines there are from thirty to fifty children, under the age of twelve, thus em-

ployed, without the hope of release during the period of their natural lives; and, if disqualified by age or infirmities for this duty, they are then employed, as long as they are fit for labour, either in the workings of the mines, or in the smelting-houses; but, if quite incapable of further employment, they are left perfectly destitute, or, at best, only dependent on their miserable offspring, who are brought up to the same bondage. On mentioning the cruelty of the practice to the Teekedar, he informed me that it has existed since the earliest times, and that it prevails generally in all copper-mines throughout every part of the neighbouring provinces. In the company's territories, however, I am sure the evil of employing children in the mines only requires to be pointed out in order to be soon suppressed, when it is to be hoped that Nepal and other mountain states will follow the example. The next step towards the improvement of our mines would be the introduction of machinery, which might be easily furnished from the great military arsenals; and a few European mechanics and practical miners might be placed over the natives, with a view to instruct them in the European principles of working mines. A new establishment of this kind would at first be attended with some little expense; but, if conducted with the requisite skill, it would ultimately prove no less important to the commerce and welfare of the nation, than to the advancement of the native character. Under the present policy, the province of Kemaon, though abounding in ores of copper and iron, with inexhaustible forests for the supply of fuel, barely affords sufficient revenue to support its own establishments. The repositories of metallic minerals which have occurred to my observation are only of two kinds, and they belong to that class which is of contemporaneous origin with the rocks in which they exist. The first is where the ores are disseminated in the strata seams, and in the substance of rocks in nests and kidneys; and the second is where they occur in lying masses. Examples of the first are presented by the repositories of copper, and of the second, by those of iron. The copper is found only in the slate of yellow sulphuret; but of this there are three varieties, which differ much in value from the quantity of metal they afford, as well as from the labour required to reduce them."

The following are examples from the zoological portion of the volume:

"The domestic dog of the higher Himalaya regions, a variety of mastiff of great size and power, is different from any of the dogs of Europe. He is distinguished by the smallness of his eyes in proportion to the breadth of his forehead, by a short thick neck and body, with rather long hair, and of a stupid expression, and sulky indifferent manner. These dogs accompany the merchants of Bhotan in their travels across the mountains between Tartary and Hindustan, during which the hardy mountaineers pass the nights in the forests, equally secure, under the protection of their dogs, both from wild beasts and robbers. The necks of the dogs are decorated with strong collars of brass or iron, which answer the purpose of armour during their encounters with wild beasts. They are extremely docile, but uncertain in their temper. They are also said to be more liable to hydrophobia in hot climates than other dogs. They are of all colours, such as gray spotted, black sides, white breasts, reddish yellow, brown, &c.

"*Canis Aureus*.—The jackal. This animal is much larger than the jackal of the plains.

He is distinguished from the wild dog above described, by being of a stronger make; by having a dusky hue on the back, the crown of the head, and tail; by its eyes as well as head being rounder; by being tameable, while the wild dog is not; and by its hideous howl. The jackal is remarkably shy and cautious, so much so as never to allow itself to be caught in a trap. They have, in Kemaon, much of the intelligence ascribed in England to the fox, from the dexterity with which they elude pursuit; and, if hunted by a single dog, other jackals assemble and intercept his return, and, unless quickly relieved, the dog is soon destroyed.

"*Canis Vulpes*.—The fox. He has gray legs, becoming darker to the feet; dark, sharp nose; bushy tail—that of the male having a white tip: the upper surface of the ears velvet black, inner surface cream yellow. They are somewhat larger than the English fox, and are very easily caught in traps.

"*Felis Tigris*.—The tiger is one of the greatest scourges to which the inhabitants of Kemaon are subject. Their haunts are the deep valleys and lower ranges of mountains which skirt the plains, where the warmth of the climate is congenial to them in the cold season; but, during the hot weather and the rains, when the herds return to the higher altitudes, the tigers then penetrate into the interior of the mountains, keeping possession of the deep valleys, where they prey upon unfortunate travellers; or, when pressed for food, they even approach the villages in open day, and seize the first animal they meet. It is calculated, as I have been informed, that the loss of human life by tigers, in Kemaon alone, amounts on an average to no fewer than two hundred and fifty per annum. This is a most frightful proportion of victims out of a country so thinly inhabited. Extensive tracts are, indeed, quite deserted from this cause; and, although the government allows a reward of ten rupees for every tiger's head that is produced at Almorah, their number is very slowly, if at all diminished. There is, however, some reason to fear, that in the remote parts of the province, great abuses exist as to the payment of the reward so humanely given by government, and thus the important object for which it was intended is, in some degree, thwarted.

"*Felis Leopardus*.—The leopard is the most numerous of the feline genus in Kemaon. Unless on the defensive, they never attack human beings; but they are very destructive to sheep, goats, and to cattle in general. Dogs are also their favourite prey; and to procure them, I have known instances of the greatest audacity and cunning resorted to by the leopard; such, for instance, as concealing himself in a dark corner close to his intended victim, and there awaiting a favourable opportunity, when, by one spring, he seizes his prize, and carries him off in defiance of the yells and bludgeons of surrounding spectators. Some of the leopards are nearly as large as the panther, and others, as small as the common hunting leopard; but, except in size, there does not appear to be sufficient reason to describe them as distinct varieties. If the form of the spots be a sufficient criterion, they would all be described by some authors as panthers."

With these specimens we commend Mr. McClelland's work to the European world.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Sacred Songs for British Seamen*, by the Lady Jane Willehelmina St. Maur. 12mo. pp. 59. (London, Shaw.)

This is rather a singular book for a lady of rank. We do not see that the compositions are, except in the use of the word in addressing them, very peculiar to *Seamen*, and, indeed, when she adopts naval phraseology her ladyship is not very successful. But the main purpose is wrought out with a benign spirit, and the poetry is not unworthy of the religious feelings which animate the writer. We add an example.

"Anchor a-hoy."

'Anchor a-hoy!' the bontawain's cry,  
Echoes aloft the world's wide strand;  
'All hands,' and hoist your signals high,  
Get under weigh for Canaan's land!

Ye breezes rise, propitious blow,  
And waft us to yon distant shore;  
Ye tides and rapid waters flow,  
For we can linger here no more.

Unfurl the sails! and through the deep,  
The vessel steer and safely guide;  
The Lord of Love our souls shall keep,  
Through dark oblivion's rolling tide.

Farewell! our earthly friends, farewell!  
We leave you for a happier clime;  
List! the last stroke of Time's loud knell  
Falls on our ear with grateful chime.

Now launch'd into the stormy main,  
Earth's passing scenes fade on our sight;  
Oh, rend the veil of night in twain,  
That we may hail the realms of light!"

The merits of the following are more questionable; but it exhibits the author, and with it we leave her to the public:—

"The many Miracles wrought by the Disciples.

Who heard the sick, who rais'd the dead,  
When the last hope of life was fled,  
And cheer'd the drooping mourner then?  
Say, poor seamen!

Who chas'd the shades of night away,  
Restor'd, through Christ, the visual ray,  
And on the blind pour'd sight again?  
Say, poor seamen!

Who spake, and made the deaf to hear,  
To slumbers brought salvation near,  
And fill'd with praise each vale and glen?  
Say, poor seamen!

Who heal'd the impotent and lame,  
And taught the dumb to bless the name  
Of Him, the chiefest among men?  
Say, poor seamen!

Who made the evil spirits flee,  
And preach'd the Word from sea to sea,  
Wand'ring in desert, cave, or den?  
Say, poor seamen!

Who suffer'd with their Saviour here,  
Nor chaf'd nor death for Him to fear,  
His promise was their sure amen?  
Say, poor seamen!

Who stands around yon glorious throne,  
Praising with notes of sweetest tone,  
The Lord, whose eye does all things ken?  
Say, poor seamen!

'Twas seamen made the deaf to hear,  
The dumb to speak, and sinners fear;  
'Twas they who rais'd the hopeless dead,  
And suffer'd all for Christ their Head.

And seamen form yon glorious band,  
Who round the Lord Jehovah stand,  
And all th' eternal glory see;  
E'en those poor men of Galilee!"

*The Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence of the Marquess Wellesley, K.G., during his Administration in India.* Edited by Montgomery Martin. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 677. London, 1837. Allen and Co.

THIS volume continues the able and statesman-like documents of the noble marquess, and chiefly relates to a very important period in the history of India—the beginning of the present century—when the Mahrattas required, indeed, all the powers of even a Wellesley to preserve and consolidate the British Empire in the East. The papers are of vast importance, and tend more and more to exalt our admiration of the conduct and skill of the governor-general.

*My Travels: a Series of Conversations with a Younger Sister, after returning from Journeys in France, Italy, Malta, and Turkey.* Pp. 302. London, 1837. Wesley and Davis.

WE do not remember to have met with any work precisely like this. It is evidently the result of actual travel, and acquires though youthful female observation; and thus, albeit it is addressed to the young, there are a number of remarks in it which possess much originality

and intelligence, such as have not occurred to male travellers, men of science and learning. It is altogether one of the most pleasing volumes of its kind, and admirably adapted to give an early taste for a species of reading not generally made prominent enough in the system of youthful instruction.

*The Christian Correspondent: Letters, Private and Confidential, by eminent Persons of both Sexes, exemplifying the Fruits of Holy Living, and the Blessedness of Holy Dying. With a Preliminary Essay, by James Montgomery, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. W. Ball.*

THIS selection from a hundred works, some of them of great size, will be recommended to religious popularity by the name of the distinguished individual with whom the idea of forming it originated, and to whom we are indebted for an interesting preliminary essay on letter-writing. It refers to, and is taken from, the epistolary correspondence of men of all ages, from our early churchmen to the present period. Many of the letters are very striking, and all of them fully illustrate the solemn subjects announced in the title-page.

*Enigmatical Recreations, &c. &c. By L. Hake. 12mo. pp. 130. Printed for the Author by Gilbert and Rivington; sold by W. Buck, Mount Street, Westminster Road.*

THE young are already indebted to Mrs. Hake for some instructive books; the present is one to exercise their ingenuity and amuse them. Rebuses, enigmas, conundrums, charades, &c. are interspersed with historical and biographical anecdotes; the whole being, what the well-meaning author wished, a medium "to enliven and exercise the mental faculties."

*An Essay on the Force of the Negative Particle, considered with Reference to Poetry, and Composition in General; with an Appendix, chiefly illustrated by Example. By M. Gordon, A.M. Painter.*

"THE past belongs to History, of which only any thing can be positively predicated; the present and the future, on the contrary, are the province of Poetry, of which nothing can be positively asserted; hence, the Negative has been, always, a favourite of the Muse."

Such is Mr. Gordon's dictum in his Introduction. We confess that we very imperfectly understand it; but, as far as we do understand it, we deny its justice. With respect to the Essay itself, it really communicates no information of which every decently educated person is not already in possession. We are tempted to exclaim, in the elegant language of Lord Duberly, "What's the use of telling us a cock and bull story of what we knew before?"

*The Album of the Cambridge Garrick Club, containing Original and Select Papers on the Drama, and the Proceedings of that Society. With Illustrations. Edited by a Member of the Club. (Cambridge, W. H. Smith.)*—This club has been instituted by dramatic amateurs; and, during some three years, has pursued an agreeable course for promoting a love of the drama, and of dramatic and polite literature. Its objects appear to be very laudable, and the means adopted to accomplish them of a character to encourage taste and social feeling. This volume is for the benefit of the society, which is, however, in a green and flourishing condition. The papers do not offer us any thing for extract, though they are miscellaneous and amusing. There are portraits of S. Knowles, Garrick, Macready, Miss Mitford, C. Kemble, Braham, Liston, and Douglas Jerrold; but, except the last (which is, we believe, almost, if not the only likeness of this distinguished writer which has been published), they do not deserve very favourable notice. There are some characteristic letters in the correspondence, relative to electing honorary members; and the little volume is well worth a place in libraries where theatrical matters are preserved.

*Memoir of Therrouanne, &c. &c. By Christopher Godmond, Esq. Pp. 94. (London, Bull.)*—This curious little antiquarian volume gives us the history of Therrouanne, the unfortunate capital of the Morin, and

situated near St. Omer; which, after being desolated by Romans, Huns, Franks, and other barbarous conquerors, was finally taken by storm by the generals of Charles V., its population butchered, its walls raised, and the ground on which it stood sown with salt, in 1553. This is followed by a discourse on the *Portus Itius* of Caesar, which the author adduces strong reasons for concluding to be Wisant, about ten Roman miles west of Calais; and the *Portus Ulterior*, or Superior, to be at Sangatte, higher up the Channel. We shall not enter into the details of this antiquarian question; but, by way of variety, copy a good story of the "real presence."

"The following anecdote," he says, "was related to the author by his father, many years since. A person of eminence was sent on an embassy to one of the popes: having fulfilled his mission, he made preparation for his departure to England. His holiness had, in the mean time, attempted to make a convert of his son: the doctrine of transubstantiation was the chief obstacle in the argument. On taking leave, the pope lent this personage a fine horse, highly caparisoned, which he was to return on his arrival on the coast. It so happened the promise was forgotten, and the horse taken to England. On this breach of good faith, a letter of remonstrance was written by his holiness, to which his unconverted son sent the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

'Nonne meministi,  
Quod mihi dixisti.  
De corpore Christi?  
Credo quod edis, et  
edis.

'Idem tibi scribo  
De tuo palfrido—  
Credo quod habes, et  
habes."

Thus attempted:

Sir, don't you remember,  
One day in September,  
What to me you did say,  
Of Christ's body, I pray?  
Believe that you eat, and  
You do eat.

Of your horse too, I say,  
He's eating oats all day;  
He's now in your stable,  
Believe it you're able,  
Munching away,  
Munching away!"

*The Bible Garden, &c. by Joseph Taylor, (London, Dean and Monday), is a charming little book for children; with brief descriptions of all the trees and plants mentioned in the Scriptures; and accurate and picturesque etchings of them on steel, by W. H. Brooke. Solar Eclipses; or, the Two Almanacs, by R. Maria Zornlin. (London, Ridgway).—A taking lesson on astronomy, and an excellent child's book. The Child's Help to Self-Education, by H. S. Herschel. (London, Unwin).—Far above its subject, and, in our opinion, as dangerous and improper a book as could be placed in the hands of youth and inexperience.*

*A Visit to London, &c., by F. Coghlan. Pp. 107. (London, Baily and Co.)—A useful guide for strangers who may visit our Babylon; pointing out the lions, and furnishing the usual useful information.*

*Botanist's Manual. Pp. 107. (London, Groombridge.)—A list of British flowering plants and ferns, according to the Linnaean system, and the clear arrangement of Hooker: very convenient for collectors.*

*Marriage the Source and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty, by the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M. Pp. 148. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—This is a second marriage, or rather a second edition; and the author stands up manfully for the blessedness of conjugal life, giving much good advice upon the subject both to wives and husbands.*

*A Treatise on the Teeth of Wheels, &c. &c. Translated from Camus, by J. T. Hawkins, Civil Engineer. 8vo. Pp. 181. (London, Hodson.)—Camus, one of the best authorities upon this, among other mechanical subjects, is here faithfully rendered in an improved second edition, with eighteen plates. It is a volume of infinite value to mill-wrights, and all other mechanists.*

*The Penny Cyclopaedia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Vol. VII. (London, Knight.)—Not one of the productions under this appellation and sanction has deserved better to be classed under the standard of useful knowledge, coupled with its cheap and, consequently, popular diffusion, than the Penny Cyclopaedia, of which the seventh volume is now before us. It ranges from the letters Char. to Cop. (Charlton to Coppyhold), and is truly a valuable dictionary, brought down to the information of the present day.*

*Deville; Introductory Lessons in the French Language. Pp. 77. (London, Groombridge.)—With exercises, &c., and is a very nice elementary book.*

*The Use of Talents, by Mrs. Cameron, author of the "Fruits of Education," &c. Pp. 225. (London, Houlston and Son.)—A moral tale of pleasing construction.*

*The Sacred Muse; No. I. Pp. 24. (London, Hodson.)—A cheap monthly selection of religious poems, and, as far as this sample goes, displaying no great poetical taste.*

*A Geographical, Statistical, and Commercial Account of the Russian Parts of the Black Sea, &c. Pp. 48. (London, Schloss.)—With a map, and a tabular report of the European commerce of Russia in 1835, this pamphlet, from authentic German sources, contains a straightforward and useful account of matters very desirable to be generally known and understood by the politician and merchant.*

Much of the information is curious; and the shores of the Black Sea, as well as the trade of its ports with various parts of the world, are well described and explained.

*The Imperial Classics, Parts I. II.* (London, W. Smith; Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.; Dublin, Curry and Co.)—This new undertaking, in large 8vo., commences with "Burnet's History of his own Times;" a work which never can be too often reprinted. Historical and biographical notes are added, and the parts nearly got up.

*The Student's Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts, XIX. XX. Scientific Series, I. and II.* (Edinburgh, T. Clark; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Dublin, Curry and Co.; Milliken.)—This deviation from the preceding trade is one of which we highly approve. Professor Hitchcock's essay, on the connection between geology and the Mosaic account of the creation, contains much valuable matter and learning; and Professor Stuart's philological view of the modern doctrines of geology, though holding different opinions, deserves a similar character.

*British Colonial Library.* (London, Whitaker and Co.)—Mr. Montgomery Martin's Second Volume of the West Indies, and quite a credit to this small and cheap edition.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. FARADAY'S lecture on Friday was just what we anticipated; one of the most admirable and important ever heard within these walls. Purposing to give a more ample report of it, we shall now merely notice, that, after explaining as a ground-work, and demonstrating experimentally the leading principles of the Newtonian theory, the lecturer expounded the new doctrine in the clearest manner. Its element is, that every atom of matter is surrounded by a fluid electricity: every atom attracts and repels every other atom, till they repose in a state of neutrality: electricity attracts and repels electricity; but electricity attracts matter, and it is the balance of this third power which sustains all that is upon the earth, and the entire universe of worlds, in their actual condition.

### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JAN. 23d. Mr. Baily in the chair.—Extracts from various papers were read. 1st. Another letter from Capt Alexander, on his way to the Damara's country, from the Cape of Good Hope, dated Kamiesberg, October 17, and stating, that he had arrived there quite well, and was to start the following day for the Orange River. 2d. Letter from Mr. Willshire, dated Mogadore, 13th December, 1836; in which the writer mentions, that he had had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from Mr. Davidson, dated Yeist, 15th and 16th ult. Mr. Davidson says, in his communication, "All is at length settled, and we start to-morrow morning, at first day. I believe, also, the Caffla will be allowed to proceed, although one mital a head is to be paid by all who pass. We have here about 50 persons and 100 camels. I am unable to tell you, for certain, the route I take; this is to depend upon circumstances; but two persons besides Mohammed El Abd accompany us, so that, after all the talk of Wednoon, I am going in my original way, of a party of only five, including Abd and self." Mr. Willshire then proceeds,—"Yeist is three days' journey south of Wednoon; from Tamzerst to that place Mr. Davidson describes as a beautiful ride of eight hours, and speaks in high terms of the attentions and civilities of Sheikh Hammo, who, with a party of twenty horse, accompanied him from Tamzerst to Yeist." Mr. Davidson remarks: "Every step we have taken from Wednoon we found the people better, more liberal, more hospitable, and, although somewhat savage, having yet a little nobleness of character, of which there is none at Wednoon." From the latest letters received from Sheikh Beyrook, Mr. Davidson had been

gone from Yeist eighteen days, without there being any intelligence of him, which argues favourably for his safety; the greatest danger being upon the borders of the desert, where there are many wandering and warlike tribes. I have reason to believe, continues Mr. Willshire, that Mr. Davidson and party have pushed on as fast as possible; the journey must be done in a very short time, as the camels were only to drink six times, and by not visiting the tents of the Tajacanis, nearly six days' journey would be saved. Mr. Davidson, in the concluding paragraph of his letter, writes:—"I am happy to say, I have picked up amazingly, and have now no fears about my health; and I beg to assure you, I flatter myself with the hope, that the intrepid traveller may pass a merry new year's day at the famed city of Timbuctoo, which event I trust to have the high pleasure of announcing to you in about three months. Sheikh Mohammed El Abd having promised to be the bearer of a letter, which he is to deliver to say, 'there is a letter from Yayba Ben David—the Tajacanis have kept their word.'" "God grant he may, is the hearty and sincere prayer of (signed) Wm. Willshire." 3d. An account of Mr. Barker's travels in Syria, in September 1834, from Beyrút to Batrún and Kanobin, over Mount Lebanon to Baalbec,—thence across Anti-Lebanon to the source of the Orontes, returning by Ain-nata to Tripoli,—thence along shore to the northward 120 miles, as far as Suedia: a distance of 400 miles altogether. "From Baalbec," says Mr. Barker, "I started for the source of the Orontes,—a place little known, and visited by few, if any, European travellers, from the danger said to be attending it. The Mutualis, who are in possession of these parts, are known for their hatred of all sects that differ from them in point of religion; but, by passing myself for an officer of Ibrahim Pacha, I procured a guide, with whom I slept that night in the forest; we lighted a fire, and had a provision of bread and cheese for ourselves, and barley for my horse. My daring thus to confide myself to the honour of reputed robbers, has been the astonishment of every one to whom I have since stated the circumstance." Traversing the plain, Mr. B. regained the Labroe, along the banks of which a two hours' ride brought him, towards evening, to the source of the Orontes, called by the people "the rebel," from the many windings it takes in its violence and inundations in a northerly direction, through Hams and Hamma; and, finally, discharging itself into the sea at Suedia, near Antioch. The source springs with some violence from a natural basin of a triangular form, of about fifty paces on each side, cut in the rock, round which grow so many trees and bushes, that it is nearly concealed. The chestnut, willow, and a low wild oak, are the commonest of the trees. The fourth communication, extracts from which were read, is entitled, Narrative of a Journey from the Tower of Bae-l-haff, on the southern coast of Arabia to the ruins of Nugub ul Hadjar. By Lieut. Wellsted, I.N. The author is the first Englishman who ever proceeded so far into the interior; he gives an interesting account of his travels amongst the Bedouins. Speaking of the numerous ruins of buildings which he met with, Lieut. Wellsted observes, that there is no appearance of these ruins having suffered from any other ravages than those of time; and, owing to the dryness of the climate, as well as the hardness of the material, every stone, even to the marking of the chisel, remains as perfect as the day it was hewn. We were naturally

anxious to ascertain if the Arabs had preserved any tradition concerning these buildings, but they refer them, in common with the others met with, to their pagan ancestors. "Do you believe," said one of the Bedouins to the author, upon his telling him that his (the Bedouin's) ancestors were then capable of greater works than themselves, "that these stones were raised by the unassisted hands of the Kafirs? No! no! they had devils, legions of devils (God preserve us from them!) to aid them." And this was generally credited by others. Lieut. Wellsted concludes his paper by stating, that, "by the assumption of a Mohammedan, or even of a medical character, and by sacrificing every species of European comfort, a traveller might have very little doubt of penetrating to the very heart of this remarkable country."

*St. James's Ornithological Society.*—The aquatic birds turned out on the sheet of water in the New Gardens, by the St. James's Ornithological Society, are in full feather, and go on swimmingly. Among them, we notice the Chinese, bean, white-fronted, Egyptian, and barnacle goose. Of the duck tribe are to be seen, the sheldrake, Muscovy, hook-bill, pintail, tufted, and call. The list of members is rapidly on the increase.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 16, the first day of Lent term, the following degrees were conferred:

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. G. D. Hill, Trinity College; Rev. H. Blisset, Balliol College.

*Bachelor of Arts.*—R. Alexander, Christ Church.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—A paper on the Structure of the brain in the marsupial animals, by Richard Owen, Esq. was read. We are afraid that, without the delicate drawings which accompanied this valuable paper, we cannot convey a satisfactory notion of the author's researches. The object of the paper was limited to a description of the modifications of the brain in these singular animals; which, Mr. Owen considers, belong to a distinct class of mammalia—*habitat*, South Australia. The following is an abstract of a paper, entitled, Researches towards establishing a theory of the dispersion of light, by the Rev. B. Powell, M.A. F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford, accidentally omitted in our last *Literary Gazette*. This paper is a continuation of two former ones inserted in the *Phil. Trans.* 1835 and 1836. In these, the author had compared with theory all the refractive indices for definite rays in different media, which had as yet been determined by observation, and found them agree very closely with the formulæ resulting from the system of undulations developed by M. Cauchy. In the present paper a similar comparison is carried on for another series of observations, including some of highly dispersive media, which are by far the most important, derived from the author's own observations (an account of which was given at the Bristol meeting of the British Association, and which have since been published by the Oxford Ashmolean Society). The calculations are given in a tabular form; and the author deduces the general conclusion, that for all substances *not very highly dispersive* the formulæ hold good perfectly. As we advance to the *higher cases*, the differences increase, and are too great to be ascribed entirely to errors of observation. Hence we infer that some further development must be given to

the formula, so as to include as a simplified case the formulae hitherto used, and which applies so well to low dispersive bodies.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. HALLAM in the chair.—Mr. S. Smirke exhibited three curiously carved Norman capitals, found in the walls of Westminster Hall, and a longitudinal section of the east side of the Hall (interior) restored, from existing portions, to its appearance before the alterations of the 14th century. Sir Thomas Phillippe communicated a copy of the will of Augustine Phillippe, an actor of the time of James I. residing at Mortlake; giving to William Shakspeare a 30s. piece of gold: several musical instruments are mentioned as legacies, and Burbage appointed one of the executors, in the event of the testator's wife marrying again. Sir Frederick Madden communicated a paper on the subject of an autograph of our great dramatist, on the fly-leaf of a copy of the first edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, the property of a gentleman, in whose family it has been ever since the year 1780, and, probably, much longer. It has been subjected to the examination of several gentlemen eminently qualified to decide on the question, who are unanimous in the opinion that it is free from all suspicion of spuriousness. That *Shakspeare* (so spelt in the autograph) possessed a copy of this work is highly probable; several lines in the second act of the *Tempest* being, with little variation, borrowed from it. The author of the paper entered at some length into the disquisition respecting the orthography of the poet's name; and expressed his conviction that, in all the genuine autographs yet discovered, including the present one, the spelling agrees with that just mentioned. The copy of Montaigne remains, for the present, in the custody of one of the librarians of the British Museum.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—British Architects, 8 P.M.; Marylebone Library, 8½ P.M. (Mr. M. Wyle on the Arabian Empire), and Feb. 6th.

*Tuesday*.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Islington Literary (S. Knowles on the Drama), 8 P.M., and following Thursday.

*Friday*.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Islington Literary Meeting.

*Saturday*.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE BRITISH GALLERY.

A GLANCE at the Annual Exhibition of Works from our own Native School (though, in the midst of touching, wiping, and varnishing, &c.), enables us to have the pleasure of saying, that the public will be much gratified with its opening on Monday. Without a catalogue, we could, under any circumstance, and with plenty of time, give but a meagre account of the paintings: as it is, we have only space to state, that Turner and Howard have fine specimens, and that Stanfield, M'Clise, Chalon, Cooke, Grant, Burnet, Partridge, Fraser, and other contributors, have adorned the walls with an interesting variety of subjects, in every class of art, and of very high merit.

#### ETRUSCAN AND GREEK ANTIQUITIES.

ONE of the most remarkably curious exhibi-

\* Mr. Knowles is also announced in the card of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, to lecture on the Drama, February 2d, 9th, and 18th, 8½ P.M. This is our latest notice, and he cannot be in two places, "like a bird."

tions of such antiquities, ever witnessed in London, has been opened at 121 Pall Mall. The chambers of the ancient dead, in their exact proportions, with fac-similes of the tombs, and the paintings on the walls; together with most interesting specimens of armour, vases, female trinkets, candelabra, &c. &c. found within them, even to the poor remains of humanity, with golden and glittering ornaments, form, altogether, a museum well worthy of the inspection of the classic, the antiquary, and the community at large.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Sunday*. Painted by W. Collins, R.A.; engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Boys.

If we were required to say which of the many pleasing productions which we have seen from Mr. Collins's pencil struck us as being the most pleasing, our unhesitating answer would be, that from which the clever print now before us has been engraved. We do not refer merely to the beauty of execution,—although, in that respect, it was never surpassed,—but to the subject, and the manner in which that subject is treated. It is, indeed, Mr. Collins's distinguishing merit, that, not being content with being one of the most admirable landscape painters of whom England, rich in that charming department of the arts, can boast, he always introduces into his scenes a few simple human beings, to tell some story of rustic interest and happiness. In the present case, what can be more touching than the figure of the old farmer's widow, leaning on the arm of her dutiful and affectionate son, and advancing, with tottering step, to the faithful steed which is to convey her to the village-church? Her attendant daughter; her grandchildren—one offering Dobbin the refreshment of an apple, another placing a chair to enable his grandmother to mount to her pillow, and a third, whose spatterdash a little charity-girl is lacing; the clergyman, pacing slowly along the green lane, chequered with shade and sunny gleams; and the various members of the congregation, gathering from different quarters, gratefully to worship their divine Creator and Protector: altogether, form a composition which cannot be contemplated without feelings of strong emotion, and of self-congratulation on belonging to a country, of the character and habitual sentiments of so large a portion of the inhabitants of which it is the unexaggerated representation. The print is finely engraved, in mezzotint; and is published, most appropriately, "under the especial sanction and patronage of her majesty the queen."

*Views of Dudley Castle, the Lime Caverns, &c.*

From Drawings, by Cox, Walker, and others: with Notices, Historical and Descriptive, by William Hawkes Smith. London, Tilt; Birmingham, Radcliffe and Co. "DUDLEY CASTLE," says Mr. Smith, "is a relic of feudal strength, of baronial magnificence, lingering—an isolated guest of another age—among the evidences of modern change, and commercial bustle; bearded and put out of countenance by the encroachments of trade and manufactures, and its glories obscured, and its solitude invaded, by the noise and smoke of mechanical arts. From the elevated site on which it is placed, and which it once occupied in regal state, the lords of Dudley Castle looked forth and saw nothing but the forests and chases which ministered to their pleasures; the dwellings of those who waited their commands, laboured for their accommodation, and sought their protection; or the

more distant lands of those who owed them 'suit and service,' and who periodically attended, as vassals, to pay their homage at the court of their paramount lord. The change is total. The castle is dismantled and ruined; the forests have vanished; the extensive surrounding campaign country, on all sides, is occupied by independent seekers of their own fortunes; and the neighbouring town of Dudley has rapidly increased in magnitude, as one of the centres, or nuclei, towards which the results of the prevalent industrial occupations are congregated."

Is this alteration for the better? "We have our doubts." But we are travelling out of our province. Our sole business is with the graphic illustrations of Mr. Smith's book, nine in number; and of them we can justly say, that they are very picturesque and pleasing. Among the most striking are, "Dudley Castle, from the Birmingham Road," and "Cavern at the Wren's Nest, near Dudley."

*Transactions of the Institute of British Architects of London. Sessions 1835-1836. Vol. I. Part I. 4to. Pp. 127. London, 1837. J. Weale; Williams.*

THE names of the members, and the constitution of this excellent and much-needed Institution, appear on the earlier pages, after which the communications and transactions are given. Having reported these as the meetings occurred, and done, though certainly but slender, justice to their interest and importance, we shall now simply repeat our great satisfaction at seeing an institution so much wanted proceeding in a course of excellent management, and producing effects which promise to realise every thing its most sanguine friends could have hoped or anticipated.

#### MUSIC.

##### VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE best among many good things at the second concert, on Monday last, were Purcell's fine anthem, "O give thanks!" the *Gloria* of Haydn's first mass; and the quartet from *Oberon*, "Over the dark blue waters." The madrigals, "Have I found her?" by Bateson (first time of performance); and "So saith my fair," by Luca Marenzio, were effective, as usual: the basses here are particularly fine, both as to the quality of the voices, and the admirable management of the lights and shades. "The Pirate's Song," by Mr. E. Taylor, sung by himself, was less warmly received than it deserved to be. Not only was the composition melodious and pleasing throughout, but it was instrumented with great taste and judgment; the symphonies and accompaniments presenting an uninterrupted succession of charming effects for the orchestra. Miss Birch is a new and very decided acquisition to the vocal corps. We feel it due to Mrs. Seguin to observe, that she sang the recitative preceding Zingarelli's song, "Ombra adorata," with much delicacy; and the applause which followed must have convinced her that a considerable impression may sometimes be made on an audience, without the exercise of any uncommon physical force. The glees were well selected and charmingly sung; those for the male voices only, are especially delightful. The spirited chorus, "Quoniam," which forms the last movement of Haydn's *Gloria*, went with the utmost precision, and was most keenly relished by the audience, who *encored* it with enthusiasm. Between the two parts of the concert, a young *harpiste*, Miss Coward Richardson, performed a *fantasia*, in which she manifested a command



over her instrument, that gave considerable promise of future eminence. Q.

### DRAMA.

**Opera Buffa: English Opera House.**—Ricci, whose music is little known in this country, will become a favourite with the English, for the two best operas produced at the Lyceum have been his; namely, *Scaramuccia* and *Chiara di Rosenberg*, acted, for the first time, on Tuesday, to a very full house. The music is of an original order, and there are many sweet arias in the opera. The story is a simplified *Siege of Rochelle*\*—leaving out cannon and soldiery. The cast was strong, and did its best; but their forte is comic rather than serious, which this opera is. Miss F. Wyndham appeared as the *Princess*, and warbled most sweetly. Mdle. Blasia was like a canary; Miss Glossop as usual; and Signors Torri, Catone, Bellini, and Ruggiero, in excellent voice. There were many encores.

**Adelphi.**—Mr. Yates has added the *real* Bedouin Arabs to the *real* *Jim Crow*—and his house, with such attractions, is nightly crowded.

**St. James's.**—*Guy Mannering*, with one of the best casts we remember for many years, was revived at Mr. Braham's beautiful little theatre, on Monday, with much success. We cannot individualise, as the whole was so excellent, that to particularise would be invidious; suffice it to say, that it embraces the whole strength of certainly the best English opera company in London. Mr. Leffler is in good repute as *Steady*, in the *Quaker*, which has been played very often, Harley being *Solomon*; Bennett, *Lubin*; and Miss Rainsforth, *Gillian*.

**Olympic.**—On Monday, a new burletta, which has been continued during the week, entitled, *Folly and Friendship*, was produced with tolerable success, Mrs. Honey being the magnet: she sang a couple of ballads in a most charming manner. We have seldom witnessed greater improvement, in a short time, than she exhibits both in her acting and singing. Selby, Vining, Oxberry, and Wyman, added, by their acting, to the success of this trifle, which will but "fit its hour on the stage." Madame Vestris, we are sorry to add, has been too unwell to act. Miss Murray played *Emeralda*, in *Riquet*, with much spirit.

**Queen's Theatre.**—Mr. Hill appeared in a new character on Wednesday, in an amusing farce called *A Down East Bargain*: he has so much humour, that he is sure to succeed; and it is well worth while to go to the *Queen's*, if it were only to hear him play the flute, a tune on which instrument is nightly encored: we have no doubt he will be as great, if not a greater, favourite than his countryman, Mr. Hackett. The other characters were well played by Messrs. Loveday, Reid, W. Davidge, Mrs. Loveday, Miss Wroughton, and Miss A. C. Grey; the last lady's place was, on Thursday, filled by Miss Treble, as Miss Grey was laid up with the influenza.

### VARIETIES.

**Weather-wisdom.**—This week has been more obedient to prediction: in the ensuing—"The sun, coming to Saturn's declination on the 30th, the month ends cold, with snow-storms." [This is very decided]. About Feb. 2d, "heavy rains and violent storms" are predicted. "Wind and sleet continue, and thick fogs or heavy clouds."—*Meteorological Almanac*. We are in-

\* This story has been very much dramatised during its existence, in addition to that already mentioned; at the Adelphi it was *The Chain of Gold*, and at the English Opera, *A Father's Crime*.

debted to Lieutenant Morrison for the annexed meteorological report at Cheltenham, contemporaneously with Sir D. Brewster's in Scotland; and it is but justice to him to quote a passage in his note to us:—"P.S. I find that I fell into an error as to the sun having the declination of *Saturn* on the 30th instant; it should be *Jupiter*; the weather will not, therefore, be quite so severe as I have predicted."

State of the Thermometer at Cheltenham, January 11th and 12th, 1837.

11th day, 2 P.M. 31°-3, 32°-4, 31°-5, 29°-6, 29°-7, 29°-8, 29°-9, 29°-10, 29°-11, 29°-12.  
12th day, 8 A.M. 31°-9, 32°-10, 33°-11, 34°-12, 34°-1 P.M. 35°-2, 35°-3, 35°-4, 35°-5, 36°-6, 36°-7, 41°-8, 42°-9, 44°-10, 44°.

**Dr. Macnish**, of Glasgow, the author of several literary and medical works of high merit, including the *Philosophy of Sleep*, and the *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, both very interesting productions, died last month, after a few days' illness, aged only 35. Dr. Macnish was of very retired habits.

**The Italian Opera** opens in three weeks. The season begins with the *Hermit*.

**Australian Expedition.**—The *Beagle* is fitting out at Woolwich, under Captain Wickham, and is to proceed, in a few weeks, with Lieutenants Gray and Lushington, for Swan River, on their expedition to explore Australia. Mr. Porter accompanies them as surgeon and naturalist.—*Newspapers*.

**King's College.**—The council of this Institution, in consequence of the charter to the London University doing away with religious distinctions, have issued a declaration of adherence to their original principles, and that, in their judgment, "there is no other sure foundation for national education, than the doctrines of the Christian religion." In their own establishment they continue to adhere to the church of England.

**The Epidemic.**—It has been calculated that about a thousand funerals took place within the bills of mortality on Sunday last.

**An advertisement in the Times** of Tuesday, reclaims, *inter alia*, a lost "knife, and other memorandums, of no use to any person but the owner." The knife, at least, must be an odd one.

**Sir John Soane.**—This distinguished and venerable professor of architecture of the Royal Academy died yesterday week: in our next we propose to give a brief memoir of his life and works.

**Loudon's Magazine of Natural History, No. 1.**—*New Series*, conducted by E. Charlesworth. (Longman and Co.)—This No. is what might be anticipated from Mr. Charlesworth's talents—the promise of a very excellent scientific work, in which the editor will dare to take his own original views, and offer his own independent opinions, without following any servile track, or giving us the Balaam of compilation. He distinguished himself in the geological section at Bristol; and this magazine shews that he is likely to continue in the same course of distinction. A notice of shells in the crag formation is a very interesting paper. Mr. C., we observe, criticises "The Naturalist" (and the Messrs. Neville and T. C. Wood) rather severely: *non nostrum*!

**Medical.**—*The Lancet* (January 21) gives us a long and interesting report of a meeting at Exeter Hall; the object of which is the formation of a British Medical Association, to redress grievances complained of in the existing constitution of the medical tripartite body—

\* Moon south, being 135° from *Mars* (a sesqui-square aspect), when the thermometer began to rise.

physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries,—chartered and incorporated with many privileges. Some strong language was used on the occasion; and a constitution was finally adopted. The same periodical contains a singular statement of the mal-conformation of the poor creature found in the Edgeware Road; and an account (with an engraving) of a remarkable operation in *lipoma*, performed by Mr. R. Liston, at the North London Hospital. It appears from this that our great operator reduced the extraordinary nasal protuberances of a shoemaker, named Snell; and sent him off *beautifully* cured in the space of a little month. Previously, the unfortunate man could hardly eat or breathe from the oppression and size of his monstrous deformities.

**The Wrangler.** No. 1. (Whittaker; and Watts, Wilsbeach.)—A new literary monthly journal; the papers in which are honourable to the tastes and talents of the writers, and embrace a variety of well-chosen subjects. A poem, on Banwell Cave—that osteological wonder—is its most original feature.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God, from the Facts and Laws of the Physical Universe, being the Foundation of a Natural and Revealed Religion, by the late Dr. John McCulloch.—*The French Revolution*; a History, by Thomas Carlyle.—Poems, original and translated, by Charles Percy Wyatt, B.A.—*Modern India*; or, Illustrations of the Resources and Capabilities of Hindoostan, by Dr. Henry H. Spry, Bengal Medical Staff.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Rouillon's Bibliothèque Portative des Dames, Vols. IX. and X.; Histoire de la Grèce, par M. le Comte de Ségur, 3s. 6d. each.—Curiosities of Medical Experience, by Dr. Millingen, 2 vols. 8vo. 22s.—Recollections of Europe, by J. F. Cooper, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Path of Peace, by John S. C. Abbott, 2mo. 12s.—Bellerose's French Conversations, by Coglian, 18mo. 4s.—Songs of the Sanctuary, by P. E. Butler, M.A. 32mo. 3s. 6d.—Discourses on the Beatitudes, by the Rev. R. Anderson, 12mo. 4s. 6d.; Discourses on the Romans, by the Same, new edition, 12mo. 9s.—Rev. T. Adam's Exposition of the Four Gospels, by the Rev. A. Westoby, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—A Geographical, Statistical, and Commercial Account of the Russian Parts in the Black Sea, from the German, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Rev. H. Venn's Essay on Zacharias, 32mo. 1s.—Memorial of F. R. H. Scoresby, by his Father, 12mo. 4s.—Manuela, the Executioner's Daughter; a Story of Madrid, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Historical Memoirs of his own Time, by Sir N. W. Wraxall, new edition, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—The Young Christian's Anecdote Library; Christian Martyrs, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Falkner; a Novel, by the Author of "Frankenstein," 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 19	From 30 to 39	29.89 to 29.90
Friday... 20	... 30 .. 37	29.71 .. 29.64
Saturday... 21	... 33 .. 43	29.59 .. 29.54
Sunday... 22	... 37 .. 51	29.41 .. 29.28
Monday... 23	... 45 .. 51	29.38 .. 29.35
Tuesday... 24	... 44 .. 51	29.44 .. 29.57
Wednesday 25	... 41 .. 44	29.55 .. 29.58

Winds, S. and S.E.  
Cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.  
Rain fallen, .025 of an Inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS. I  
Latitude.....51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Medal Engraving.—The orders for the *Lit. Gaz.* on this subject having exceeded the possibility of getting impressions of the plates from the printer in time to meet the demand, we are compelled to defer the publication till next week.

Correspondents who, under particular circumstances, request us to send them single copies of the *Literary Gazette*, had much better take it in regularly. This is the wisest way to learn what is thought of their own productions, and what others engaged on similar pursuits are doing. *Verb. sat.*—Ed.

We are sorry we cannot give H. (Harriet) the invitation she requests.

E. H. is also declined, with thanks.



## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,  
PAUL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, will be opened on Monday next, the 30th inst. and continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

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*Report from the Select Committee on Record Commission; together with the Minutes of Evidence, &c.*

THIS long-delayed volume has, at last, reached us, and we take an early opportunity to give our readers a sample of its contents. Considering it merely as a work affording a vast mass of information respecting the depositories and actual condition of our national records, it is of the greatest value: but it has higher and more serious claims upon the attention of government and the public; since it offers the only detailed information that can be obtained concerning the management and expenditure of the present Record Commission, and involves, to use the words of a member of the committee, "the character and the fortune of individuals, as well as the reputation of a public body, and the interests of the country, in a large expenditure of the public money." It will be recollected, that, in a series of articles which appeared in this journal during the past year, we endeavoured, with but scanty materials for our guidance, to point out the errors of the Commission; and the object of the present, and a future article, will be to shew, that the evidence affords the fullest proofs that can be required of its constitution being, in every respect, inadequate to the fulfilment of the measures proposed at its formation.

The Commons, in the fourteenth, were as anxious for the due care and preservation of the records as their descendants in the last and present century; but the brief and energetic expression of their sentiments on the subject, in the reign of the third Edward, was productive of more benefit than the elaborate report of the committee of 1800. To the former we are indebted for those precautionary measures which have served to hand down to us the records of five centuries, comparatively free from all injuries but those inflicted by the delinquencies of record-keepers and their servants: while to the latter we are indebted for the establishment of a series of imbecile commissions, nominally inquisitorial, and, in some respects, dangerously executive; absolutely without power to remedy any one of the many evils reprobated in the report, but possessing sufficient authority to squander thousands in printing a score or two of trashy volumes, edited by individuals whose attainments would have scarcely qualified them for a seat on the lower form of the most indifferent public school in the country. Unfortunately, the waste of public money is the least of the charges to be brought against them: in the opinion of a competent witness, "More of the Records of England have been destroyed since the Record Commission was first instituted, in 1800, than were destroyed during the four previous centuries."—*Sir Thomas Phillips*, q. 7551.

The method adopted by the present board, in selecting works for publication, is well illustrated by the evidence. We have hinted, more than once, that, if the ability of the commissioners to decide upon the propriety of printing any one record was presumed, rather than understood, there could be no doubt as to the

general principles upon which they, or their secretary, acted in making choice of the works already before the public. Among the individuals, twenty-two in number, forming the present board, are two to whom the world attributes some credit for their historical writings; we allude to Messrs. Hallam and Allen. Any one ignorant of the chicanery of the day would naturally suppose, that to these gentlemen the board would have left the task of selecting records worthy of publication, and of securing the services of competent editors: moreover, it might not only be rationally concluded, that the board had deferred to the judgment of persons of such literary notoriety, but that they themselves felt some anxiety to forward the interests of that branch of literature in which they obtained their reputations, by taking care that no absurd and useless productions were allowed to swamp the public money, and to disgrace the commission. What are the facts? Let Mr. Hallam speak for himself.

"You have been a commissioner since 1831? I have.—Have you frequently attended the board? I have attended pretty frequently.—From your experience as a commissioner, should you say, that you have had an accurate knowledge of the proceedings of the board all that time? By attending the board, I have had so far a knowledge, that I have known the proceedings when I have been present, which has been generally the case.—Have you generally known what works were going to make their appearance, under the sanction of the board? Not entirely. The meetings have not been very frequent; I should think, upon an average, six or eight in a year: but the general management of the board has rested with the secretary, and some commissioners with whom he has had communication. I cannot say that I have always known what was going forward, but I have always had the power of doing so."

Mr. Allen answers,—"Will you explain the phrase which you used, that you could not say whether they were all selected with reference to those which remain unprinted, and which you, a commissioner, knew nothing of, or knew very little of? I should say that I know very little of a work that I never considered with a considerable degree of attention. I do know that the Pipe Rolls are very valuable; but I must confess that, except the Pipe Roll of Stephen,\* I know nothing of the Pipe Rolls but through Maddox.—How is it that, as a commissioner, you have been allowing works to be selected for printing and publication, not knowing whether or not there were more valuable works? It is to be considered that two persons may have different opinions as to the comparative value of different publications: the publications that were ordered to be printed I know to be valuable; whether they are more or less valuable than others is a matter of opinion, upon which I might have one notion, and another person another notion.—But, not knowing what was in the office, you could hardly form an opinion upon that subject? I knew from Maddox that a great deal of valuable

matter was to be got from the Pipe Rolls; and perhaps a particular record might be preferred because there was a person qualified to edit it!"

Thus, it is quite clear that these gentlemen knew but little about the relative value of Records; that they were no better informed concerning the works proceeding under the direction of the commission; and it is doubtful whether they cared to learn any thing relating to them. But, circumscribed as their knowledge of Records appears to be, it is great compared to the utter innocence of their colleagues, and might have been turned to account had they not been mystified by "the secretary, and the commissioners with whom he was in the habit of communicating." Mr. Allen, also, lets out that their plan was to publish a work for the sake of the editor, and palms upon the committee the astonishing and absurd sophism, that different Records require editors of different degrees of knowledge! Mr. Hallam acquired a little insight into the affairs of the commission in a very odd way. "The secretary, and the commissioners with whom he was in the habit of communicating," discovered in that gentleman a latent talent for arithmetic, and, with a laudable anxiety to develop it for the public benefit, they set him to audit the accounts of the secretary. In the discharge of his labour—for labour it must have been if he succeeded in understanding the most confused and unbusinesslike statements ever made by a highly paid and responsible servant—the historian of the middle ages learned, for the first time, that the commissioners had purchased a library at the cost of several hundred pounds; that they employed agents abroad to collect materials for British history; and, lastly, by the same process, he became acquainted with the names of many persons in the employment of the board, and of works already printed, of which, as a commissioner frequently attending the board, he had never before heard. The evidence of Mr. Protheroe, his fellow-auditor, is to the same effect, and goes, perhaps, somewhat further, as the following extracts will shew:—"In auditing the accounts, did you become acquainted with any expenditure or payment of which you had been previously ignorant? Yes, a great many.—Of any amount? A very considerable amount.—At which audit did you first become acquainted with any expenditure of which, as a commissioner, you were ignorant? We became acquainted with expenditure, of which we were ignorant as to its nature and object, only, perhaps, at the first audit; but in all subsequent audits I have become acquainted, and I should say that my colleagues have become acquainted, with payments to individuals with whose names, even, we were wholly unacquainted, although the objects for which those payments had been made had become known to us at the previous audit. Perhaps I shall best explain my answer by stating that, for instance, in the purchase of books, we became acquainted, for the first time, with any large expenditure of that nature on our first audit; but subsequent bills for books were sent in from other booksellers, which purchases we had not been previously acquainted with. We became cognisant at the

\* There is no such Roll!



first audit of sums paid for foreign collections, said to be for the continuation of the *Fœdera*. At our subsequent audit we became acquainted with the names of other parties to whom payments had been made, besides those whose names had occurred the year before.—By whom were those payments made? By Mr. Cooper.—By any authority from the commissioners? I am not aware of any general order for incurring this expenditure: certainly none for the particular payment.\* And a little further on we have the following important questions and answers:—"The accounts did not come to you as accounts sanctioned by the board, but accounts presented by Mr. Cooper, as what were afterwards to be certified to be accounts incurred by the sanction of the board by a quorum commissioner? The result of the demand for the subsequent signature of a quorum commissioner proves that this representation is correct; but we received those bills as bills of expenses incurred by the secretary in the discharge of the business of the commission.—In fact, the same gentlemanlike indifference pervaded the accounts as the Records? I should certainly say, yes. . . . Do you think it possible for you, or any other commissioner, to say what is the amount of any particular branch of your expenditure? Certainly not: I could form a pretty accurate opinion for one or two years, but I should be sorry to put in evidence from such a statement, inasmuch as it is made upon very rough calculations.—Do you think that the other commissioners are better informed than you are upon these subjects of finance? I should conceive not so well informed: no one, I believe, has attempted any thing like an analysis or digest of the accounts but myself." In detailing the manner in which the best practical men on the commission became acquainted with its principal operations, we have purposely strayed into the financial evidence, which is so closely connected with the subject we are discussing; and we have quoted enough of it to convince any unprejudiced person that reform cannot be too soon extended to this department of the commission: perhaps, our next statements may prove that the whole system is thoroughly bad and corrupt. "The secretary, and the commissioners with whom he was in the habit of communicating," having disposed of Mr. Hallam in the way we have mentioned, went on and expended upwards of a thousand pounds in collecting abroad for the "Materials for British History;" and, having omitted to consult the most competent member of the board respecting them, they also scrupulously concealed from Mr. Petrie, the editor of the work for which these researches were principally undertaken,\* the efforts they were making to assist him, but worked on from year to year, silent as the grave, and chuckling, perhaps, at the thoughts of the glorious moment when, having hatched their golden eggs, they should be at liberty to surprise the learned gentleman by announcing to him their past exertions, exhibiting their accumulation of treasure, and insinuating how much they had learned of which he was ignorant. Alas, for the plans of men! In the meanwhile comes the parliamentary inquiry; and Appendix C., the silly mouse of this second edition of the *Mountain in Labour*, is handed to the committee, and unquestionable evidence is given that almost all the documents contained in it, collected abroad at a great—we may say a vast, expense, are enrolled either at the Tower or the Town Clerk's office!! The *Rotali Selecti*, and

the Chancellor's Roll, and their blundering editors, sink into nothing compared with this amazing charlatany. Here our learned, unpaid, irresponsible commissioners, and their "enlightened secretary" (*vide* Preface to *Ancient Fines*), have actually been carrying coals to Newcastle; and, in return for the compliments of *doctissimi, illustrissimi*—we had almost said, *ineptissimi*, which are matters of course to a German senate, and cost but a few strokes of the pen, spending the broad gold pieces of England in the employment of learned Hamburgers to copy copies of instruments, of which the legal and authentic enrolments might have been consulted and transcribed at the cost of a few shillings, and the trouble of a walk into the good city of London. We may add, as an appropriate termination of this capital farce, that the copies thus procured were so exceedingly incorrect that a further expense was incurred to render them intelligible, which was accomplished by collating them with enrolments in the Tower. Thus, the cost of the raw materials of Appendix C. may be classed under the following heads:—Expense of printing the titles of the commissioners, their patent, and certain questions, the same having been previously written either in Latin or German,\* to send to Hamburg; postage of answers from Hamburg to London; postage back again of orders to copy; expense of transcripts and carriage of the same to London; cost of rendering the same intelligible; and, lastly, the heavy expenses of printing and corrections: and all this for an appendix to a report not yet printed, which was to be eventually treated as waste paper, while the documents were to be incorporated in the new edition of the *Fœdera*, or the "Materials for British History," and would thus have been twice printed at the public expense. We leave our readers to make their own comments on these facts, observing, that there are many other appendixes of a similar character, which we may fairly presume to be of equal value with volume C.; and adding, by way of elucidating the case, the following passages from the Report of the Committee:—

"The business of the commission was [is?] nominally conducted at meetings or boards, held at the official or private residence of some one of the commissioners. It appears from a Return laid before your committee that, in a period of nearly five years, thirty-eight boards were held, and only seven of the twenty-five commissioners attended at more than half of these. These boards were called by the secretary at his discretion. They sat rarely more than two or three hours, their duration depending on the time at which some of the leading official members could conveniently come, and that at which they were forced to go away to attend to other business. The business to be done at these boards was arranged by the secretary. The correspondence of the commission was carried on by the secretary. Letters of great importance were not laid before the board. Notices and communications of the commissioners themselves appear, in the same way, to have been liable to be suppressed, or only partially communicated to the board. Some business of the commission was also done by committees."

In fact, the administration of the affairs of the commission appears, in a great measure, to have been vested in the hands of the secretary, consulting occasionally two or three of the commissioners.

It appears also, from the evidence of Mr.

\* Translated, also, into French and Portuguese.

Protheroe, "that it was an express understanding between him (the secretary) and Lord Brougham, that the Record business was to yield to his private law avocations; and, to use his (the secretary's) own words, 'that the condition on which he accepted the office of secretary was, that its duties should be made in all respects secondary and subordinate to his professional avocations.'"

To conclude, for the present, with the result come to by the committee:—

"The undefined and almost unlimited authority exercised by the secretary exhibits, in the judgment of your committee, an obvious defect in the constitution and management of the board: since he possessed, as will appear from the following more detailed statement, the entire control over the funds and disbursements of the commission; of the preparation of its works; of the engagements, salaries, and duties, of all persons in the employ of the commission; and of the distribution of its publications."

*Falkner. A Novel.* By the Author of "Frankenstein," the "Last Man," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

Mrs. SHELLEY wields a powerful pen for a female hand. Energy and highly wrought passion are her most characteristic features; and when she smiles, it is very *Cassius-like*. The relief of playfulness does not suit her pictures; and she therefore rarely attempts that variation, but substitutes, instead, passages of tenderness and pathos. The whole becomes a production of highly wrought excitement, with only the repose—if repose it can be called—of some natural touches of infantile and common feelings; and thus, though forcible in detail and general effect, the prevailing colours are sombre and gloomy.

Falkner bears a near resemblance to Sir Edward Mortimer; and Elizabeth Raby, the heroine, his adopted daughter, reminds us (only that she is of another sex) of the general construction of the plot and the incidents of the "Iron Chest." The principal characters, as well as the leading events of the story, belong rather to the regions of romance than to that representation of actual life which we understand by the term, "Novel;" and the reader, without being much at a loss to guess the mystery enveloped in the narrative, or the way in which affairs will end, is led along by the talent of the writer through certain walks of imagination, till her task is completed, and the *dénouement* allowed.

\* This Review will probably be displeasing to our worthy contemporary, the *Gentleman's Magazine* (or the writer therein upon the subject of the "Record Commission," over whom the editor is civil enough to throw the shield of his responsibility); but, as the *Literary Gazette* took the lead in calling the public attention to this subject, we have not felt that we could be justified in retiring from the disagreeable task of following it up, truly and impartially, to the end, to the best of our judgment, without prejudice or favour towards any one. That we have thus cooled some of our friends, we must regret; but, at the close of nearly twenty years' discharge of a public duty, which we took upon ourselves to perform, there could be no inducement sufficient for us to compromise the character of this journal. We refrained from noticing the *Gent.'s* attacks upon us last July; whether we shall put up with his new assault, remains to be seen. We made allowance for his zeal to protect a contributor and ally; though we thought he need not try to bespatter us so much in the job. His conduct reminded us of that of the old Highland wife in the anecdote of the rebellion, who, when her crouny, talking over public affairs, said, "God defend the right!" replied, with vehemence, "God defend the right! What d'ye mean, Janet? God defend Hamilton's regiment, quoth I, whether right or wrong!" So the *Gent.'s* *Mag.* has its Hamilton's, or Hunter's, regiment; and the more wrong the more stoutly does it stand up for the cause.

\* A few appear to have been collected for the *Fœdera*. We speak on the authority of Mr. Cooper's evidence, and that of Mr. Petrie.



With these few remarks we shall (without removing any of the veil which covers the plot) give a few examples of Mrs. Shelley's genius, in different lights. Her description of the orphan Elizabeth, whose father and mother have died, and are buried in the churchyard of a remote sea-bathing village in Cornwall, is very affecting.

"The little orphan grew, meanwhile, as a garden-rose that accident has thrown amidst briars and weeds—blooming with alien beauty, and unfolding its soft petals, and shedding its ambrosial odour beneath the air of heaven, unharmed by its strange position. Lovely as a day of paradise, which, by some strange chance, visits this nether world to gladden every heart, she charmed even her selfish protectress; and, despite her shabby attire, her cherub smiles, the free and noble steps which her tiny feet could take even now, and the music of her voice, rendered her the object of respect and admiration, as well as love, to the whole village. The loss of her father had acquainted the poor child with death. Her mother had explained the awful mystery as well as she could to her infantile intellects, and, indulging in her own womanish and tender fancies, had often spoken of the dead as hovering over and watching around his loved ones, even in the new state of existence to which he had been called. Yet she wept as she spoke. 'He is happy,' she exclaimed; 'but he is not here! Why did he leave us? Ah! why desert those who loved him so well, who need him so dearly? How forlorn and cast away are we without him!' These scenes made a deep impression upon the sensitive child; and when her mother died too, and was carried away and placed in the cold earth beside her husband, the orphan would sit for hours by the graves, now fancying that her mother must soon return, now exclaiming, 'Why are you gone away? Come, dear mamma, come back—come quickly!' Young as she was, it was no wonder that such thoughts were familiar to her. The minds of children are often as intelligent as those of persons of maturer age, and differ only by containing fewer ideas; but these had so often been presented to her, and she so fixed her little heart on the idea that her mother was watching over her, that at last it became a part of her religion to visit, every evening, the two graves, and saying her prayers near them—to believe that her mother's spirit, which was obscurely associated with her mortal remains reposing below, listened to and blessed her on that spot. At other times, neglected as she was, and left to wander at will, she conned her lesson, as she had been accustomed at her mother's feet, beside her grave. She took her picture-books there, and even her playthings. The villagers were affected by her childish notion of being 'with mamma,' and Missy became something of an angel in their eyes; so that no one interfered with her visits, or tried to explain away her fancies. She was the nursing of love and nature: but the human hearts which could have felt the greatest tenderness for her beat no longer, and had become clods of the soil,—

'Borne round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.'

There was no knee on which she could playfully climb, no neck round which she could fondly hang, no parent's cheek on which to print her happy kisses: these two graves were all of relationship she knew upon the earth; and she would kiss the ground and the flowers, not one of which she plucked, as she sat embracing the sod. 'Mamma' was every where

around. 'Mamma' was there beneath, and still she could love and feel herself beloved. At other times she played gaily with her young companions in the village, and sometimes she fancied that she loved some one among them. She made them presents of books and toys, the relics of happier days; for the desire to benefit, which springs up so naturally in a loving heart, was strong within her, even in that early age: but she never took any one with her in her churchyard visits—she needed none while she was with mamma. Once, indeed, a favourite kitten was carried to the sacred spot; and the little animal played amidst the grass and flowers, and the child joined in its frolics. Her solitary gay laugh might be heard among the tombs—she did not think it solitary: mamma was there to smile on her as she sported with her tiny favourite."

The love of children is well illustrated in the annexed:—

'We human beings are so unlike one to the other, that it is often difficult to make one person understand that there is any force in an impulse which is omnipotent with another. Children, to some, are mere animals, unendued with instinct, troublesome, and unsightly—with others they possess a charm that reaches to the heart's core, and stirs the purest and most generous portions of our nature.'

The young hero, Neville, is perhaps drawn too strongly for his tender years. At sixteen, this seems to be more of creative fiction than truth:—

"He was wondrously handsome; large, deep-set hazel eyes, shaded by long dark lashes—full at once of fire, and softness; a brow of extreme beauty, over which clustered a profusion of chestnut-coloured hair; an oval face; a person, light and graceful as a sculptured image—all this, added to an expression of gloom that amounted to sullenness, with which, despite the extreme refinement of his features, a certain fierceness even was mingled, formed a study a painter would have selected for a kind of ideal poetic sort of bandit stripling.'

Then Elizabeth, at thirteen, is equally premature:—

"Every other arrangement for their voyage was quickly made, and it remained only to determine whether Miss Jervis should accompany them. Elizabeth's mind was divided. She was averse to parting with an unoffending and kind companion, and to forego her instructions—though, in truth, she had got beyond them. But she feared that the governess might hereafter shackle her conduct. Every word Falkner had let fall concerning his desire to die, she remembered and pondered upon. To watch over and to serve him was her aim in going with him. Child as she was, a thousand combinations of danger presented themselves to her imagination, when her resolution and fearlessness might bring safety. The narrow views and timid disposition of Miss Jervis might impede her grievously."

We conclude with the original sketch of the last representative of one of the oldest families in England, the grandfather of Elizabeth; to whose protection, Falkner, for urgent reasons, is most desirous to consign her.

"The first step he took, in furtherance of this new resolution, was to make inquiries concerning the present state of Elizabeth's family; of which, hitherto, he knew no more than what he gathered from her mother's unfinished letter: and this was limited to their being a wealthy Catholic family, proud of their ancestry, and devoted to their faith. \* \* \* The present head of the family was an old man; he had long been a widower, left with a

family of six sons. The eldest had married early, and was dead, leaving his widow with four daughters and one son, who was heir of the family honours and estates, and resided with his mother, for the most part, at the mansion of his grandfather. Of the remaining sons, little account could be gained. It was the family custom to concentrate all its prosperity and wealth on the head of the eldest son; and the younger, precluded by their religion, at that time, from advancement in their own country, entered foreign service. One only had exempted himself from the common lot, and become an outcast, and, in the eyes of his family, a reprobate. Edwin Raby had apostatised from the Catholic faith; he had married a portionless girl of inferior birth, and entered the profession of the law. His parents looked with indignation on the dishonour entailed on their name through his falling off; but his death relieved their terrors—he died, leaving a widow and an infant daughter. As the marriage had never been acknowledged, and female offspring were held superfluous, and an encumbrance in the Raby family, they had refused to receive her, and never heard of her more."

Falkner proceeds to Northumberland to restore the orphan, his adopted daughter.

"At length he arrived at his destination, and reached the entrance to Belleforest. The mansion, a fine old Gothic building, adorned by the ruins of an ancient abbey, was in itself venerable and extensive, and surrounded by a princely demesne. This was the residence of Elizabeth's ancestors—of her nearest relatives. \* \* \* Every thing around denoted grandeur and wealth: the very circumstance that the family adhered to the ancient faith of the land—to a form of worship which, though evil in its effects on the human mind, is to the eye imposing and magnificent—shed a greater lustre round the place. On inquiry, Falkner heard that the old gentleman was at Belleforest—indeed, he never quitted it; but that his daughter-in-law, with her family, were in the south of England. Mr. Raby was very accessible: on asking for him, Falkner was instantly ushered in. He entered a library of vast dimensions, and fitted up with a sort of heavy splendour; very imposing, but very sombre. The high windows, painted ceiling, and massy furniture, bespoke an old-fashioned, but almost regal taste. Falkner, for a moment, thought himself alone, when a slight noise attracted his attention to a diminutive, and very white old gentleman, who advanced towards him. The mansion looked built for a giant race; and Falkner, expecting the majesty of size, could hardly contract his view to the slender and insignificant figure of the present possessor. Oswi Raby looked shrivelled, not so much by age as the narrowness of his mind, to whose dimensions his outward figure had contracted itself. His face was pale and thin; his light-blue eyes grown dim: you might have thought that he was drying up and vanishing from the earth by degrees. Contrasted with this slight shadow of a man, was a mind that saw the whole world almost concentrated in himself. He, Oswi Raby, he, head of the oldest family in England, was first of created beings. Without being assuming in manner, he was self-important in heart; and there was an obstinacy, and an incapacity to understand that any thing was of consequence except himself, or rather, except the house he represented, that gave extreme repulsion to his manners. It is always awkward to disclose an errand such as Falkner's; it was only by plunging at

once into it, and warming himself by his own words, that he contrived to throw a grace round his subject. A cloud gathered over the old man's features; he grew whiter, and his thin lips closed as if they had never opened except with a refusal. 'You speak of very painful circumstances,' he said; 'I have sometimes feared that I should be intruded upon in behalf of this person; yet, after so many years, there is less pretence than ever for encroaching upon an injured family. Edwin himself broke the tie. He was rebellious and apostate. He had talents, and might have distinguished himself to his honour: he preferred irreparable disgrace. He abandoned the religion which we consider as the most precious part of our inheritance; and he added imprudence to guilt, by, he being himself unprovided for, marrying a portionless, low-born girl. He never hoped for my forgiveness; he never even asked it. His death—it is hard for a father to feel thus—but his death was a relief. We were applied to by his widow; but with her we could have nothing to do. She was the partner of his rebellion—nay, we looked upon her as its primal cause. I was willing to take charge of my grandchild, if delivered entirely up to me. She did not even think proper to reply to the letter making this concession. I had, indeed, come to the determination of continuing to her a portion of the allowance I made to my son, despite his disobedience; but from that time to this no tidings of either mother or daughter have reached us.' 'Death must bear the blame of that negligence,' said Falkner, mastering his rising disgust. 'Mrs. Raby was hurried to the grave but a few months after your son's death, the victim of her devoted affection to her husband. Their innocent daughter was left among strangers, who did not know to whom to apply. She, at least, is free from all fault, and has every claim on her father's family.' 'She is nothing, and has no claim,' interrupted Mr. Raby, peevishly, 'beyond a bare maintenance, even if she be the person you represent. I beg your pardon, sir, but you may be deceived yourself on this subject; but, taking it for granted that this young person is the daughter of my son, what is she to me?' 'A grand-daughter is a relation,' Falkner began; 'a near and dear one—' 'Under such circumstances,' interrupted Mr. Raby, 'under the circumstances of a marriage to which I gave no consent, and her being brought up at a distance from us all, I should rather call her a connexion than a relation. We cannot look with favour on the child of an apostate, educated in a faith which we consider pernicious. I am an old-fashioned man, accustomed only to the society of those whose feelings coincide with mine, and I must apologise, sir, if I say any thing to shock you; but the truth is self-evident: a child of a discarded son may have a slender claim for support—none for favour or countenance. This young person has no right to raise her eyes to us; she must regulate her expectations by the condition of her mother, who was a sort of servant, a humble companion or governess, in the house of Mrs. Neville of Dromore.' Falkner grew pale at the name, but, commanding himself, replied, 'I believe she was a friend of that lady. I have said I was unacquainted with the parents of Miss Raby; I found her an orphan, subsisting on precarious charity. Her few years, her forlorn situation, her beauty and sweetness, claimed my compassion: I adopted her—' 'And would now throw her off, again interrupted the ill-tempered old man. 'Had you

restored her to us in her childhood; had she been brought up in our religion among us; she would have shared this home with her cousins. As it is, you yourself must be aware that it will be impossible to admit, as an inmate, a stranger—a person ignorant of our peculiar systems—an alien from our religion. Mrs. Raby would never consent to it; and I would on no account annoy her, who, as the mother and guardian of my heir, merits every deference. I will, however, consult with her, and with the gentleman who has the conduct of my affairs; and, as you wish to get rid of an embarrassment, which, pardon me if I say you entirely brought on yourself, we will do what we judge due to the honour of the family: but I cannot hold out any hopes beyond a maintenance—unless this young person, whom I should then regard as my grand-daughter, felt a vocation for a religion out of whose pale I will never acknowledge a relation.' At every word Falkner grew more angry. He always repressed any manifestation of passion, and only grew pale, and spoke in a lower, calmer voice. There was a pause; he glanced at the white hair and attenuated form of the old man, so as to acquire a sufficient portion of forbearance, and then replied, 'It is enough: forget this visit; you shall never hear again of the existence of your outraged grandchild. Could you for a moment comprehend her worth, you might feel regret at casting from you one whose qualities render her the admiration of all who know her. Some day, when the infirmities of age increase upon you, you may remember that you might have had a being near, the most compassionate and kind that breathes. If ever you feel the want of an affectionate hand to smooth your pillow, you may remember that you have shut your heart to one who would have been a daily blessing.'

*A New and Enlarged English and Latin Dictionary, containing all the chief Words and Phrases in the English Language, and a classical Latin Version of each Word; to which is added a New and Improved Latin and English Dictionary, on the Plan of Schrevelius's Greek Lexicon.* By the Rev. J. W. Niblock, D.D., F.R.S.L. &c. London, 1837. Valpy.

WE have always opposed, to the best of our power, that rage for cheap knowledge and speedy learning, which seemed disposed to manufacture wisdom by steam, and infuse it by high pressure into the mass of mankind: an excellent idea in itself, and only wanting practicability to render it generally effective. The influx of penny, or, rather, catchpenny publications has, therefore, more than once called forth our decided reprobation; for, if their cost was next to nothing, their value was even less: while the injury they do, by substituting superficiality for soundness, is, by this time, we suppose, tolerably obvious to all but the blind. In fact, a man who would attempt, on the strength of such reading, to pass himself as a scholar upon the public, would be about as well received as a guest who should enter a drawing-room by the window, with the assistance of similar rubbish heaped outside the walls.

The outcry against the old and wholesome system of gradual improvement is, in truth, as rational as to object against a foundation in building. The groundworks in learning, as in architecture, may be unseen, but what security is there for superstructures without them? and what for the people's heads amongst whom they are suffered? The child, in his education,

acquires not merely Latin and Greek, but the lessons that antiquity utters in them; his memory is stored, not with words alone, but with maxims and facts; he learns, not barely to repeat as a parrot, but to reason as a man; his judgment grows with his intellectual powers, themselves slowly formed: and he thus gradually acquires that invaluable habit of application, and consequent self-confidence, so indispensable for mastering difficulties in after life, and without which no man ever became great, or wise, or worthy.

Yet, we have never denied that improvement was necessary in our scholastic system to keep pace with the increasing wants of the age. The most learned of our schoolmen have felt this necessity, and the elementary works now put into the hands of pupils are of a far higher character than formerly. The greatest desideratum was, however, that of a good Latin dictionary; and such, we think, is the work before us. Dr. Niblock has, for nearly thirty years, applied himself to the compilation, and has been satisfied in this thankless task to devote to it no common portion of learning, classical, modern, and even oriental. In the case of Entick's, the common school-dictionary, the rapid demand and increasing circulation of the various, and successively improving, editions, evidence how strongly the most competent judges felt the errors and deficiencies of its former state. Entick was edited by Crackelt, then revised by Sarjant, then improved by Carey,—great names, doubtless, especially the last; but every scholar acknowledged the omissions they tolerated, and the barbarisms they retained.

We have closely scrutinised the work before us, and compared it with the two prevailing dictionaries, Entick's and Ainsworth's. If the reader turns to the most confessedly defective, i. e. the English-Latin portion of the latest Entick, for *light-house*, it is not there! for *observatory*, he is concisely informed that it is *specula ex qua sidera observantur*! This substantive appears singular, and, we think, plural also, needing little increase in the genitive, whatever that may be; can it not be declined altogether? *Poker* we find difficult to handle as *ferrum ad ignem excitandum*. There are its *similia* innumerable throughout Entick, and Ainsworth also, on the principle, probably, of the Latin rule, *aliquando oratio supplet locum substantivi*. We need but one instance more of this from Ainsworth, who gives to *lumber* the one formidable definition of *instrumenta domestica ponderosiora* (and certainly nothing can be *more ponderosa* than this) in his English-Latin portion, while the Latin-English supplies to *scruta* and *frivola* the very quotations overlooked in the former part: and this has lasted for a century!

Dr. Niblock has not revised, but reframed, or, in the language of the day, *radically reformed* the English-Latin portion of the work; cleansing out the mass of monkish barbarisms from the Augean stable, in a style that may prevent little boys from being *horsed* as heretofore. Those ingenious *didactic* and *descriptive pieces*, as Enfield's "Speaker" would call them, and to which we have referred above as *definitions*, are supplied by terms taken from good authority and Augustan Latinity. Thus, *light-house* is *pharos*, *observatory* is *augurale*, on the authority of Tacitus; *poker*, *suscitabulum ignis*. *Lumber* is *scruta*, on the authority of Horace, and *frivola* on that of Juvenal, as well as *impedimenta*, its sole equivalent in Carey's Entick, to say nothing of *quisquilia*.

From modern blunders to monkish barbarisms the ascent is fortunately easy, owing to the

successive links so carefully preserved in the two dictionaries commonly used. We have, in our ignorance, held it an invariable maxim that words not incorporated into a language did not receive its rules. Dr. Niblock's volume gives us *centuria* for *wapentake*, and this we can comprehend: but, in Entick, that intractable Saxon term (and what modern could incorporate it into the Latin language?) politely changes its native *k* into *g*, out of regard for the Romans, doubtless, and takes its place in pure Latinity with a *w*, of which they were unconscious, passing muster by tacking on a final *um*! The authority that sanctioned this required an authority for itself; much in the manner of the abbot, who proved in court that his monks, and not he, should pay for paying the chancel, by the passage from St. Peter, *illi paveant, non paveam ego*.

The subject is so important for education, that we have gone carefully over the work we are reviewing; and we would recommend comparison between it and its predecessor (or must we call it, rival?) Entick, in such words as *any, attendance, bow, cancerous, comic, demand, dose, ears, feeling, gold, &c. &c.* of which we could furnish more than one hundred and twenty specimens which we have ourselves examined, down to *zone*, which is *going round the alphabet*, as proofs. For instance, the word *half* is above twice the whole given in Ainsworth, and ten times more than Entick offers on the subject; and there can be no competition on the head of additions, accent, classification, corrections, conciseness, purity, and simplicity: unless the reader should conceive, with Entick and his revisers, that the word *hundred* rendered *hundredum* is a superior proof of the last-named attribute, and *wardmole, wardemotus*!—*quo warranto*, we should like to know.

The place of excluded barbarisms is supplied by our author with the addition of nearly *three thousand words*, so as to avoid swelling the bulk of the volume; the insertion of signs of accentuation, quantity, and relative value; the distinction of the parts of speech; of *I* from *J*, of *U* from *V*, so uselessly perplexing in general; the lucid arrangement and valuable notes; the restoration of the mythology to its separate place, which renders this portion amusingly instructive, instead of being lost, as hitherto, in the general alphabet; and, further, the accentuation of the English words also, which dispenses for the scholar with the necessity of *Walker* as well as *Labbe*,—all add to the value of the first part: while similar improvements in the Latin-English portion; the heteroclite cases and tenses; the etymologies, where required for distinguishing similar words,—make this work, in our careful and candid judgment, invaluable for the teacher and student, as it early stamps on the mind, without effort, the purity or impurity of Latin terms and phrases. Perhaps, an appendix of the *two thousand* barbarisms, which need not occupy a dozen leaves (thirty-six columns), would be advantageous; and a quarto, or octavo at least, for our public schools and colleges, we shall hope for speedily from the learned and indefatigable lexicographer.

*Manuella, the Executioner's Daughter; a Story of Madrid.* 3 vols. London, 1837. Bentley. WE hardly know what to say of this half novel, half travels. The multitude of the characters, and the great variety of the scenes and incidents, perplex us; and we whirl through a concatenation of plots, intrigues, assassinations, massacres, Spanish scenery, and Spanish society. In the midst of the civil war, we are not

sure which side we are on, or to what cause our companions really belong: it is the puzzle of a masquerade.

The author is evidently familiar with the present circumstances of Spain, and those who figure on both factions. These he has wrought into an animated story, and presented us with a series of pictures, which pass, like those of a magic lantern, vividly before our eyes. Of their variety we can afford no notion, and are, therefore, glad to select one of them (after a defeat of the Christians) as a sample of the rest.

"The battle-field was deserted: the plunderers of the dead, scared by the pursuit of El Pastor's troops, remitted their harvest. Night for once spread a silent and hallowing veil over the wounded and the slain. Where the contest had most fiercely raged, some bodies were heaped as they had fallen. A young dragoon, Christino officer, who had dropped from loss of blood, occasioned by a sabre wound, was buried beneath them. Freshened by the night and the keen air of the mountains, he recovered his presence of mind, disengaged himself from the gory heap around him, and faintly and with difficulty endeavoured to effect his escape. The well-known track which his buoyant and warlike division had followed but a few hours before, needed not the sun to guide his steps. A toilsome way had been that of the wounded soldier, when the bark of a distant watch-dog proclaimed his approach to the habitations of man. Following the direction of its sound, time and mental energy brought him, exhausted, to the nearest dwelling of a secluded hamlet in a defile of the mountains. Mirth resounded from within: the laugh of exultation struck dismay to the heart of the benighted and weary applicant for hospitality. Beside a huge fire were seated a peasant, his young and handsome wife, and the village curate. 'All—*all sacrificed!*' and the curate's face was lighted up with a triumphant but ungodly joy. 'The glorious arms of our blessed Carlos shall ever be successful, for his is the cause of the holy church.' The peasant crossed himself with instinctive devotion. 'Thus perish every renegade!' continued the curate, when a groan from without startled the trio. The peasant rose from his seat; and, snatching the ever-ready escopeta, proceeded to open the door. 'Gente de paz' was the faint reply to the inquiry he made previous to raising the latch; and, on doing so, the tall and handsome form of a cavalry officer of the defeated troops of Christina was revealed by the light of the blazing hearth. The simple mountaineer, though he beheld in the soldier an enemy to his favourite cause, yet felt, for the moment, his scruples overcome at the supplication of a wounded and defenceless fellow-countryman. The reception of the young officer on the part of the priest was sullen and silently morose; and the peasant's wife, who first glanced at him in order to resolve on her own conduct towards the stranger, veiled the natural expression of her features with a corresponding frown. But hospitality was granted; the modest request of the traveller for a night's repose assented to; and he was suffered to rest his weary limbs in the loft which forms, in ordinary, part of a Spanish hut. The mirth, which had first created forebodings in the breast of the wounded traveller, was hushed, inasmuch as measures of policy and revenge now occupied the mind of the priest. First, he determined to destroy the fugitive partisan of Isabel, so opportunely within his grasp: and, next, to unfold this design to the artless peasant, so as to obtain means of carrying it into execution. The young wife, it was re-

ported in the village, was more frequent at the confessional than the measure of ordinary iniquities might require. Of her aid, we will, therefore, suppose the priest to feel secure: and now, when the officer had taken possession of his humble couch, the curate began, in an under key, to recapitulate the enormities of the queen's partisans, and vehemently to condemn all allegiance to her; whilst excommunication and curse were lavishly bestowed upon her adherents;—lastly, he held out that their extermination alone could be the means of obtaining for the nation celestial grace. Meanwhile, the unfortunate soldier retired to rest. The flooring of the loft, upon which he lay, was rudely constructed; and, through the apertures between the planks, the light from below was visible. He essayed in vain to compose himself: the inhospitable scowl of the friar, the churlish reception of the mountaineer and his wife, failed not to make their full impression; and gloomy thoughts took possession of his mind. The acute pain of his wounds, too, fevered his imagination, and gave rise to frightful fancies. Occasionally closing his eyes, he started anew, as if the step of an enemy approached. At length, the subdued voices of the inmates below reached his ear—a cold sweat bedewed every limb. He eagerly made to a friendly crevice, through which the light was admitted. Their ghostly companion was reciting the *benedictio* to the peasant and his wife, the former of whom held the assassin's knife, and was receiving absolution for premeditated homicide. This task performed, the priest flung his black capa around him—cast a significant look towards the ceiling—and, with a last word of encouragement, 'Corazon!' stole away. With the presence of his holy counsellor vanished the resolves of the peasant, and the knife dropped from his hand. But another adviser was there; and the dying embers on the hearth, in their expiring light, revealed the fury of a Gorgon. The countryman quaked again—it was now from the dread of his better half. Once more he seized the knife. Isidro Imnaz, conde de Nuñez, for such was the intended victim, had watched their proceedings till the light from the hearth no longer aided his observation. He had marked the irascible features of the priest;—the hand which should be uplifted only to invoke a blessing upon the meek and lowly of his flock, was raised in an attitude of fearful menace. He overheard the whispered threat of the wife, spiriting her husband on to the deed of blood. At length, distinctly could he trace the slow, stealthy step of his murderer ascending the ladder. A propitious gleam of moonlight, admitted through the roof, enabled him to discern the opening in the floor of the grange, by which he had gained his dormitory, and at that moment the form of his intended assassin stood before him. Self-preservation will suggest desperate means of rescue to the most timid; but the man of moral courage, of collected energies in the trials of life, surveys danger with a steady eye; whilst, with the same comprehensive view, he embraces every chance of escape. Imminent was the peril of the unarmed guest: his thought and his deed were one. Springing upon the murderer ere he had gained firm footing from the ladder, Isidro's hand at once grasped his throat, and, by compression, effectually prevented his shrieks. Having, with the other, possessed himself of the knife, he hurled his faithless host headlong into the abyss. At the foot of the ladder stood the peasant's wife, also armed with a knife, to complete the work

of murder, should the hand of her husband vacillate in the deed; and, as he fell into the now dark space below, in her eagerness to fulfil the priest's decree, she sprang upon the supposed guest, and severed the head from the body. Armed with the weapon which was destined to destroy himself, Imnaz sprang down the ladder, found the door, and, emerging from the abode of crime, sought a more secure resting place; leaving his hostess to discover, with return of day, in whose blood were imbrued the hands of an hospitable."

*Paynell; or, the Disappointed Man.* By Miles Stapleton, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. John Richardson.

To deny the author talent, would be to deny truth; but to say he had made a good use of it in these volumes, would be to compromise our honest opinion. Paynell is a sort of Byron, without poetry; and his headlong passions and melancholy amours, are the staple of a web of disappointment, which could not, and ought not, to have been other than a drugged tissue, without a golden thread or a lively sprig to relieve the sombre pattern. Some removes from a peerage, the hero half *misanthropes* and half indulges in excess, till he succeeds to wealth and title. He is then about to marry a Miss Morville; but, in consequence of morbid sentiment, takes a fancy to her cousin, Lady Harland, the wife of an honourable baronet. He *congé*s the miss, but is not bad enough to attempt the mistress: flies to his hereditary hall, and indulges in a sort of Newstead Abbey revels, to induce oblivion; but in vain. He seeks change of scene on the Continent, and meets the Harlands at Avignon. Here the steps of passionate seduction and yielding virtue are traced in the Rousseau fashion; but, at last, from motives, not easily comprehended by the simple in a state nearer nature, he abandons his conquest in the hour of certain victory, and travels about Greece and Turkey, a wanderer, for a number of years. His *liaison* with Zaphia, a lovely lady, of no very good repute, is a sad tragical episode, after the manner of Anastasius; and we feel little for the death of this voluptuous beauty, or for that of her child. Paynell, in the midst of his journey, reminds himself of Lady Harland, and writes to her by a special messenger; but she returns his letter, unopened, to Constantinople. This is a sting; and he resolves for Avignon and personal satisfaction. Circumstances favour him, and the wife of Harland falls. They elope, and are miserable. In Paris he sees a sycophant, Allen, married to a Lady Julia, ruined by gambling: in a jealous fit he challenges and kills his own friend, De Wroth: his lady dies in childbed and wretchedness, and a black pall covers the whole *dramatis personæ*. The intended moral is excellent; but the evils are so unnatural and forced, that they fail to point it, or adorn the tale. There are crowds of sententious, and, many of them, just and laudable reflections, but they smack so thoroughly of Joseph Surface, that we confess we would hang up all the philosophy, expositions of life and society, and religion, without uttering a single sigh of regret.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Results of the Parliamentary Inquiry relative to Arts and Manufactures.* By George Foggo, Historical Painter. Pp. 16. Boone.

MR. FOGGO'S "Results" do not enter upon the many questions embraced by this Inquiry; but are compressed, within sixteen pages, into

points connected with the New School of Design; leading him to a determined attack upon the Royal Academy, its constitution, its administration, its president, and its secretary. Condemning these in every way, the writer naturally censures, in unmitigated terms, the superintendence and patronage of the New School of Design (for establishing which 1500*l.* has been voted by parliament) being vested in the Royal Academy. He speaks very strongly on the subject; which, on that account, we are disposed to leave, without a comment, to the artists and manufacturers of Great Britain, who are all concerned in the proper regulation and government of a plan for employing the former, and improving the latter.

*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Biography. Lives of British Admirals.* By R. Southey. Vol. IV. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THIS volume contains most interesting memoirs of Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, and Sir Walter Raleigh—two great and memorable names in our history. We observe, in the former, that Dr. Southey utterly discredits the popular story of the ring being withheld from the queen by Lady Nottingham: indeed, a most improbable affair. With the memory of Raleigh, who can forget the introduction into England and Ireland of tobacco and potatoes? Who ever produced a greater change on people and country?

*On Deformities of the Chest and Spine, illustrated by Plates.* By W. Coulson. 2d Edition. Pp. 290. London, 1837. Hurst.

OF this much improved edition, we have only to say, that it not only deserves the best attention of the faculty, but ought to be read, studied, and acted upon, by every female in the empire.

*Sketch of the Comparative Anatomy of the Nervous System, &c. &c.* By J. Anderson, M.E.S. 4to. Pp. 63. London, 1837. Sherwood and Co.; Paris and London, Baillière.

A VERY curious and interesting investigation of a subject on which not only the pains and pleasures of man in a great measure depend, but which also involves the sensations of all, or nearly all, created and living beings. Mr. Anderson has traced and illustrated his inquiry, from humanity to the lowest insects; and his conclusions are, that the foetal brain, at different periods, viz. 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th months, is analogous successively to the brains of fishes, reptiles, birds, mammalia (*ruminantia*, *carnivora*), mammalia (*lower quadrumana*), and mammalia (*quadrumana*). The plates are as curious as the work.

*The Numismatic Journal.* Edited by J. Young Akerman, F.S.A. Nos. I., II., III. 8vo. pp. 207. London, 1837. Wilson, Jun.

WE have waited for the publication of three Nos. of this work (since June last), that we might have sufficient data for a correct judgment; and it affords us much gratification to state that, in our opinion, the editor is producing precisely such a work as is wanted. His subjects are all of high numismatic interest, not to mention their great historical and classical value; and his descriptions of them are at once clear, intelligible, and well-informed. The variety of curious matters to be found in every part relating to Jewish, Persian, Greek, Greek Colonial, Roman, Roman Colonial, Roman Consular, Roman Family, British, Saxon, English, &c. &c. &c. coinage, are a treat to the unlearned as well as to the learned. The publication will, we trust, be patronised, as it deserves to be, universally.

*Compendium of Lithotripsy, &c.* By Henry Belinaye. 8vo. pp. 215. London, 1837. Baillière.

THIS is one of the most complete and comprehensive treatises we have seen, on the means and effect of removing stone without incision. It brings down the history of the process to the present time; gives engraved specimens of the instruments used; and warmly advocates the adoption of this mode of curing a very painful and distressing disorder.

#### FRENCH WORKS.

*Théorie des Volcans.* Par le Comte A. De Bylandt Palsterscamp. With Atlas. 3 tomes, 8vo. 1836. Paris et Strasbourg, F. G. Levrault; London, Dulau.

AFTER thirty years of indefatigable research, the author has, in a *luminous* manner, developed what he designates as a new opening to science. He is well entitled to say, as he does of himself, and comparing with theoretical dogmatists, that he has not cited Nature before him as a judge, but interrogated her as a son would a mother. In a foreign tongue, and comprehensively treated, it is not within our scope to enter at large upon this able publication. It declares that there are no exceptions in nature: the whole which we witness results from the actions of solids and fluids.

The Count observes, that, though the mineralogy of volcanoes has been sedulously examined, there has been little or no inquiry into their causes and connexions. This philosophical course he has followed out, and submitted all the principal volcanoes in the world to test and investigation. The bare accounts of them and their phenomena are very interesting. Humboldt and Saussure appear to be the guides on whom he most surely relies: but his entire work, statements and inferences, is of a very important character. The following passage pretty accurately explains its object and opinions:

"Selon ma manière de voir, l'élevation des montagnes doit être attribuée à quatre causes, quelquefois isolées et quelquefois réunies. La première est due à l'éruption du feu igné central, dès la première époque du développement de la matière. La seconde, à l'affaissement de la croûte minérale après son extension, jusqu'au dernier point de son élasticité, effet du feu central dans l'exercice de toute sa puissance. La troisième, à l'éboulement d'une partie des couches souvent contradictoire dans la même montagne. La quatrième, enfin, est l'exaltation de la croûte supérieure par la passion intérieure dirigée vers l'extrémité sur quelques rayons du globe, lorsque la diminution de la force du feu central ne lui laissait plus que la puissance de soulever les points qui lui opposaient le moins de résistance; et c'est à cette dernière cause que j'attribue la direction verticale des roches et des couches qui se fait remarquer dans plusieurs montagnes; mon ouvrage développera ces idées."

The atlas is a striking and superb appendage to the three volumes of text.

*Manuel des Consuls.* Par Alex. de Miltitz. Tome I. 8vo. London and Berlin, 1837. Asher.

M. MILTITZ has here entered into and expounded the duties of consuls; and his volume is one eminently entitled to the attention of the commercial and diplomatic world. It is full of information on

*Etudes sur l'Economie Politique.* Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. Tome I. 8vo. London, 1837. Treuttel and Wurtz.

ANOTHER production of great value and in-

terest. It consists of essays on the most important questions, and they are treated in a very able and enlightened manner.

*Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde.* 8vo. Tome Septième. London, 1837. Same publishers. We lately noticed earlier volumes of this work. The present goes on with the letter D, and is quite equal to its precursors.

*Tales, in Prose, for the Young,* by Mary Howitt. Pp. 201. (London, Darton and Son.)—Never is the pen of this excellent person better employed than when tracing moral instruction for youth, and combining it with such playful fancies or attractive anecdotes as are calculated to pave its way most agreeably to the inquiring mind. The present is altogether a pretty volume. An anecdote of a bullfinch dying of sudden joy struck us much, and we believed it: but we were staggered by another of a raven attracting all the knives, forks, and spoons, laid for a stage-coach company, and placing them for the chickens in the yard, while he ceremoniously fed them with bread: "Can such things be?"

*The Land Log-Book, &c. &c.,* by Sarah Hodgins. 18mo. pp. 278. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A young lady, during a residence in America, was advised by a sailor to keep a log-book, and assured her she would find it as useful and entertaining on land as at sea: and this volume is the fruit of that advice. It is in verse, as well as prose, and, of course, light, sketchy, and miscellaneous, and we may add, somewhat flighty; which makes us regret to see it stated in the preface that it is the writer's last refuge against oppression and misfortune. We copy out a few of its most amusing and characteristic passages.

*Evening!*—Oh! for something wonderful before the captain comes! Friend H. is gone out. Orials gone to bed. Neither moon nor nightingales; the former has not been able to break through the formidable rampart of clouds; and for the latter, there are none except a professional gentleman, in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, whose owner has an advertisement in his window, "Birds taught by an English nightingale." I wonder if the captain likes poetry: it will fill up, however.

*The Sea Nymph's Invitation to the Evening Star.*

Bright Star of Evening, oh, whither away?  
A nymph of the dark wave entreats thee to stay;  
Or invites thee to roam

With her to her home,  
Where silvery fishes through coral groves play.

Bright Star of Evening, I pry thee don't fear  
To bathe thy fair face in our element clear;  
And our guest shalt thou be,

While the queen of the sea  
Shall sing of the ocean king sweetly to thee.

Bright Star of Evening, the foam-embossed shell  
Shall bear thee where coral and sea-flowers dwell;  
There crowned shalt thou be

By the nymphs of the sea;  
Then come, brightest star, to our palace of pearl."

*"Ten O'Clock.*—So hot that the locust has not finished his song. I'm wrong; they say he sings the best in the heat. What a taste! what a taste! Nobody's been a locust to know, though; and if he sings when the thermometer's at 95, he will sing at any degree of heat. What a glorious sun! My word! he's lord of all. What an insignificant thing is man, skulking under cedar-trees like cows, putting his consequence in his pocket, until, like the bats and owls, he may enjoy the beauties of nature. Whilst the Alleghany eagle, soaring in broad day, cries, 'I thought, my two-legged featherless brother, you said the creation was made for you; now you perceive no such thing: this blazing orb shines that I may have plenty of light to cheer me in my lofty flight; while you, proud man, cannot endure the heat, nor leave the planet on which you were hatched, any more than the rats. Think of that. Oh, the pride of a human being! You men have never been able to make wings to help yourselves over a gutter.'

*"What an amusing man is Judge James:* he says, in the old revolutionary war he was, I do not know what he called it, but head man at a court-martial, where an English spy was to be tried. The villain told the judge privately, he would give up a whole battalion to the Americans, if they would save his life. 'Your life, you rogue,' cried the judge, 'why, it is not worth saving. Would you give up your countrymen on such paltry conditions?' The poor fellow said he would; but the judge told him, 'No, that is impossible; if you, Moody (that was his name), have any thing to say or settle in this world, I will assist you, as I assure you your time on this earth is very short; and if you had died like a man, I should have thought much better of you. Why, if we could spare your life, in my opinion you are not worth saving.' Moody gave the judge his watch to send to his mother, and a small coin.

*"Earthquakes are frequent in Carracas, the birthplace of Bolivar, who does not seem to think them so dreadful as we do.*

*• Bolivar's Verses.*

Accept, dearest lady, for 'tis all I can give,  
My warmest thanks for your kindness to me;  
May you in the bosom of virtue long live,  
The friend of Columbia, and friend of the free.

Thy present will ever to my sight appear,

Though we are parted no more for to meet;

Thy kindness to me I still will revere,

With the grief of a friend and a test of regret.

When far away, far away, on the billows I roam,

And the rough wave shall cast me on high;

I still will a glance revert to thy home,

Shed a tear of regret, and for my friend sigh.

When to my country I again shall return,

Far from the land which comprehends thee;

Though past recollection shall cause me to mourn,

Yet never shall thou be forgotten by me.

'As a token of your kindness, and the present

which you honoured me with, I respectfully

send to you these verses through the

hands of your brother.

'Your friend, 'F. BOLIVAR.'

Bolivar was only fifteen when this was written, and had been only one year in North America."

*The Star of La Scala.* Pp. 34. (London, Seguin.)—Recollections of the performances of Malibran, in the autumn, in Italy, &c. are interspersed with notices of celebrated Italian singers, not unknown to this country. Of these, Pasini and Salviatori (*the Orfeo and Jago of La Scala*) are highly applauded; the former, as a splendid tenor; the latter, as combining the finished execution of Tamburini with a voice of much greater compass. Frezzolini is spoken of as a capital buff.

*Results of the Crusades.* Pp. 60. (London, Barfield.)—Two lectures delivered, in November last, at the Marylebone Literary Institution, by Mr. Macleod Wylie, and which reflect great credit upon his talents. The subject involves consequences of the deepest interest to the civilised world; and to have them so skillfully pointed out and traced, is no mean achievement. We are decidedly of Gibbon's opinion, that the blow given to the feudal system by the Crusades rather removed an evil than produced a benefit; but all Mr. Wylie's development of the question is well worthy of perusal.

*Tales by Lord Byron, Vol. I.* (London, Murray.)—Following, as the ladies call it, "the love of a little volume," which contains "Childe Harold," Mr. Murray, with a charming View of Mount Parnassus, has here given us, in a small volume, the "Glaucou," "Bride of Abydos," the "Corsair," and "Lara"—four of the popular Tales of the noble poet, whose works are acquiring even additional popularity through this gemlike edition.

*Grant's Advice to the Rich and Poor.* Pp. 41. (London, Grant and Co.)—Would the same advice suit both? We doubt it. At all events, the advice, in this very small book, is (if not very original) good, and has the rare value of not being prosy.

*Observations on Treatment and Cure of Ulcers,* by W. Eccles. (London, Wilson.)—A second edition, and embracing only the experience of the writer—not a general treatise—therefore deserving of attention.

*The Present State of the Claims of London,* by R. Alsille. (London, Seeley.)—An earnest appeal for moral and religious instruction, and for measures to reclaim the erring and uncared-for idle and vicious population of London; instead of wasting efforts on distant objects. Some of the statistical statements of crime are appalling, but, we fear, too true.

*New Conversations, and Easy Dialogues, in the French, English, and German Languages,* by W. A. Bellender, newly arranged, with Additions, by Francis Coghlan. Pp. 210. (London, Baily and Co.)—Conversation is the easiest and quickest mode of learning to "speak" a language; and Mr. Coghlan has proved, in this little work, that two may be learned at one time, *ex. gr.* Et madame vous m'avez dit—Und ihre frau mütter?

*The Purgatorio of Dante.* Translated by J. C. Wright. M.A. translator of the "Inferno." 8vo. pp. 470. (London, Longman and Co.; Nottingham, Dearden.)—We have to recommend this work to the lovers of Italian literature. To the English reader it will afford a sufficient idea of the great original.

*Sketch of the Life of Thomas Singularity, Journeyman Printer,* by Jeremiah Hopkins. Pp. 123. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—This is an odd volume, the Life of a Journeyman Printer in America, who merited, if he did not bear, his singular name. Among his strange adventures, was service where the cazique M'Gregor reigned; and, by way of specimen, we give an extract relating thereto.

"Amelia Island, from the moment of M'Gregor's conquest, had been little better than a den of pirates. It had been selected on the principle on which a feudal baron placed his castle on a cross-road—as a convenient point for robbing in every direction. Vessels bearing patriot commissions granted here, but in fact not fitted out by the colonies, often from the United States, owned in the United States, commanded by Americans, and manned by Americans, seized every Spanish merchantman, and frequently, on shallow pretext, or even without pretext at all, plundered the vessels of every nation. Goods were smuggled from hence into the United States by wholesale, and slaves sent into Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi. An asylum, too, was opened for runaway negroes, and for the most abandoned refugees from justice. As Spain was incapable of destroying this hornet's nest, the United States were forced, in self-defence, to take possession of the Floridas, and for that purpose despatched Major Bankhead and Commodore Henly, with a competent land and sea force, against Amelia Island. Aury, seeing that nothing was to be gained by a contest, surrendered the fort on the 23d of December, 1817. Tommy (i. e. Singularity), in his little excursions during the

occupation of the island, had made a very pretty picking; but latterly, a run of ill-luck at cards had stripped him of all but his glory. After the patriots had surrendered their positions, finding himself penniless, and without any method of reaching the United States, he enlisted under Major Bankhead, by which he got fifty dollars bounty, cash in hand. Many things soon occurred to disgust him with the service. The very day after enlisting, he was put under guard for merely appearing on parade a little excited. A report, also, got among the soldiers, that they were to be ordered off to Georgia, to fight against the Seminole Indians. This last intelligence determined him. Taking advantage of the night, he, and three other soldiers, deserted, seized on a boat, and, with a brisk breeze, reached St. Mary's, in Georgia. Some people have sneeringly reported that his principal reason for absconding was the fear of his having his fine head of hair scalped off by the savages; but I take it for granted, he acted on mature reflection. He never considered his enlistment binding in honour, as he had been led to it by necessity, or what lawyers would call duress."

*The Hulsean Dissertation* for 1836, by John Murray, B.A. (Cambridge, Deighton; Edinburgh, Blackwood.)—A very able pamphlet on the Miracles of Christ, written earnestly, in the spirit of piety, and with the aid of learning, for which Mr. Hulse bequeathed his annual prize.

*The Partisan for 1835.* (London, E. Wilson, jun.)—The fifth volume of this agreeable miscellany, which continues to be conducted with the same attention and discrimination as heretofore.

*James's Naval History.* Edited by Captain Brenton. Parts III. to VIII. inclusive. (London, Colburn.)—This excellent publication proceeds with regularity and vigour. Originally it was worthy of a great maritime nation desirous of having a just account of its naval history; and, under the eye of its present editor, it acquires new claims to consideration and applause.

*Relation de l'Entreprise du Prince Napoleon-Louis, par le Vicomte F. de Rigny.* Pp. 60.—The author is a warm admirer and friend of the young scion of the family of Buonaparte, who so recently failed in an attempt at revolutionising France. He ascribes this to fatality, and speaks of the leader as being of a noble mind, and actuated by the purest motives. If, he says, the partial movements which have prevailed in the country are not proof of general discontent, and the preludes to another order of things, Prince Louis was misinformed and misled; if they are, he was only premature and unfortunate.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Berlin, 14th January.

THE story of the Friar Vincente of Barcelona, who is said to have been tried there, on account of murder, instigated solely by his love of books, has made the round of your and of our journals. A very intelligent German, in that town, writes to Berlin that no such trial has occurred there; and that the Barcelonense inhabitants were first made acquainted with this story by a French paper. But not even the Italian saying, "*Si non e vero, e ben trovato*," is to be applied to it; for the invention is solely due to our celebrated Berlinian author, Hoffman, who, in his excellently written novel, "*Mdlle. de Scuderi*," described the monomania of the Parisian goldsmith, Cardillac, who, for a long series of years, killed all persons that bought jewels set by him.

The work of your countryman, Mr. John Kemble, "*On the Genealogy of the West Saxons*," written in the German language, and dedicated to our best German scholar, James Grimm, not only gratifies the national pride of the Germans, to see their language used by foreigners, but is truly an enlargement of our literature: competent critics pronounce, that there is not one solecism against the idiom to be found in the whole book.

I have already dilated, in a former letter, on the corruptions and abuses of our universities; but forgot to mention the following:—Some professors, independent in fortune, read so few lectures in the week, that, measuring their salary by the number of their lecturing hours, without reckoning what they receive from their hearers, they are paid one pound sterling for each hour—an immense sum for this country. At one university, it has been found necessary to fine the professors for each lecturing hour they omit without assigning a sufficient cause. Here, at Berlin, our great philologist, Frederic Augustus Wolff, used to announce four hours a-week, but often came



only once: when it was bad weather, of course he could not go out; and, when good, a drive in the Tiergarten was necessary for his health. Another corruption of our universities, and a much more important one, is, that only such young men frequent them as intend entering into the service of their respective governments, after having passed their examinations. Now, this almost general usage degrades those institutions to mere places for drilling government *employés*, whilst they ought to promote the vastly more essential object of spreading science among *all* classes of the people.

A striking characteristic of the methodism in our country is the republication of the works of that mystic natural philosopher, Jacob Boehme. In an age when almost every word which that enthusiast wrote on natural philosophy has been exploded by experiments, to the demonstration of the most obtuse intellect, our pietists not only ignore this, but try to palm the old mystic trash on the present generation as sound sense! but this need be no subject of wonder, when we have here, at our own university, a professor of divinity who scruples not to pronounce, in his *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, that, because of the hereditary sin of human nature, "he is ashamed to be a human being!" Really, the pious professor ought to relieve himself of that painful feeling; for the notion of a human being implying *reason*, none will dare to impute that shame to him who proves himself so totally devoid of it.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE following is our promised report of Mr. Faraday's development of Signor Mossotti's late researches in connexion with electricity, gravitation, &c.—The suspicion, or expectation, that such results of natural causes as gravitation, electrical attractions, chemical action, aggregation, and even organisation, were the consequences of one general and simple law, has been common property for a long time, hundreds having put forth notions corresponding with it. But the beauty of Signor Mossotti's developments consists in this,—that, assuming a certain simple state of matter and electricity, he shews that such different phenomena as gravitation, cohesion, and the ordinary statical attractions and repulsions exhibited by electricity, flow as necessary consequences from it. In gravitation we have a power of attraction exerted by masses acting through almost infinite distances, binding even sidereal systems together; and, by Newton's researches, this is shewn to depend upon an attractive action of the particles of the masses—the force of attraction being inversely as the square of the distance. In the force constituting aggregation or cohesion we have the power which holds the particles of solids and liquids together: and there are many beautiful experiments which shew that the particles of bodies under the influence of this force are not in contact; and, further, that, if brought nearer to each other than in their natural state, they exert a repulsive force; if removed further from each other they exhibit an attractive force; these two forces being of very high power—but the law according to which they increase and decrease, not being as yet ascertained. In common electrical attractions and repulsions, the experiments of Coulomb have shewn that both sets of effects are produced by forces varying inversely as the square of the distance. Franklin accounted for electrical attractions and repulsions, by supposing one electrical fluid, having strong repulsions for its own particles, but

strong attraction for matter. Epinus and Cavendish demonstrated, mathematically, that if the particles of this electric fluid were repulsive of each other, with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance, whilst the mutual attraction between them and matter was inversely as the square of the distance; and, also, if the particles of matter exerted mutual repulsive forces, varying inversely as the square of the distance,—then, all common electric attractions and repulsions could be accounted for. Coulomb and Poisson objected to this theory, that it assumed matter as possessing attractive and repulsive forces at the same moment of time, and according to the same law; a theory contradictory in itself: and the latter, therefore, assumed two electric fluids; and, by giving them attractive and repulsive forces, inversely as the square of the distance, accounted for electrical phenomena, but left no evident tie between these fluids and matter. Dr. Roget, ten years ago, so far justified the theory of Epinus as to shew that his assumptions were not contradictory, but that it might be that gravitation resulted from a mere excess of one of the attractions; and now Mossotti has brought the power of his mathematical attainments to bear upon the subject. He assumes, with Epinus, one electric fluid or ether, the attractions and repulsions of this and matter being as already expressed; except that the repulsive force of matter is not quite so great as its attractive force for electricity, or the repulsion of the particles of electricity amongst themselves. With such a constitution, he shews that every particle of matter will have, as it were, an atmosphere of electricity condensed around it; that these particles, so furnished, will have independent, or true molecular actions; that, at a distance, they will gravitate according to Newton's law; that, as they approach each other, their mutual attraction will, at invisible distances, increase to a high degree, then suddenly diminish, become null, and, at still nearer distances, become repulsive, giving thus the phenomena of aggregation; and, finally, that all common electrical attractions and repulsions are as fully accounted for as in Poisson's theory. Thus, a great step is made towards the simplicity of a general law; and the thanks of all are due to Mossotti, for shewing us the possibility and probability of the one he has supported being a true one.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting was held on Thursday afternoon, the Rev. J. Barlow in the chair. About a dozen individuals were elected fellows. Balance in favour of the Society, carried to account on 1st February, 2386l. 7s. 4d.; visitors to museum and gardens during January last, 1835; stock on hand, 294 mammalia, 693 birds, 21 reptiles—total, 1008 subjects. A committee of accounts was appointed, and many valuable donations were announced. From a number of notes by Mr. Williamson, curator to the Natural History Society, Manchester, on the appearance of rare birds in the vicinity of Scarborough, we select the following:—The great or thick-kneed plovers breed on the faldows, and often startle the midnight traveller by their shrill and ominous whistle. This is supposed to be the note so beautifully alluded to by Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake"—

"And in the plover's shrilly strain  
The signal whistle's heard again!"

for it certainly sounds more like a human note than that of a bird. The hooded crow has been known to breed near Scarborough on two or

three occasions. In one instance, a female hooded crow was observed to pair with a carrion crow, on a large tree at Hackness, where they succeeded in rearing their young. The carrion crow was shot by the gamekeeper; but the following year the hooded crow returned with a new mate, of the same sable hue as the former one, to her old nest. The carrion and young crows were again all shot: the old female, by her vigilance, escaped all the efforts of the keepers to destroy her, and a third time returned with a fresh mate. She was not again, however, so successful; but was shot, and is now preserved in the Scarborough museum. The young birds varied; some resembling the hooded, and others the carrion crow, in their plumage.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair. A notice on the occurrence of keuper sandstone in the upper region of the poikilic system, or new red sandstone formation, of England and Wales, by Dr. Buckland, was first read. The author had for many years suspected that certain beds of sandstone, in Warwickshire and other parts of the kingdom, are referable to the keuper formation of Germany; but it was not until his visit to the Continent, in the autumn of 1835, that he was enabled to determine satisfactorily the identity of the English with the foreign strata. The formations, in Germany and France, which occur next beneath the lias, are,—first, the keuper, a considerable series of beds of marl and sandstone; secondly, the muschelkalk, a limestone characterised by peculiar organic remains; and, thirdly, a system of red sandstone, called in Germany *bunter sandstein*, and in France *grès bigarré*. In England the muschelkalk has not yet been detected, and geologists have, therefore, found it extremely difficult to separate the sandstones at the lower part of the red marl from those which constitute the great mass of the red sandstones of Warwickshire, Cheshire, and many other counties. Dr. Buckland, however, has long had in his possession the remains of a saurian, which he considers generically identical with the *pterosaurus* of the keuper of Wirtemberg: and from a careful comparison of the quarries of Sinzheim and Stuttgart with the sandstones which, he had conceived, might represent in England a portion of the keuper, he has decided that they are equivalent deposits. In the neighbourhood of Warwick, keuper sandstone occupies a considerable surface, extending, in breadth, from the banks of the Avon, under Warwick castle, near to the village of Kenilworth, and constitutes Guy's cliff, the excavations connected by tradition with Guy of Warwick being in this rock. Another good section of the sandstone is laid open in the excavation which forms the entrance into Warwick castle. Near the north-east extremity of the new town of Leamington, keuper sandstone is covered by red rock marl, and some of the wells in the brick-yards are sunk through the red marl into the sandstone. Mr. Murchison has observed deposits of keuper sandstone at Tibberton, between Gloucester and Newent; at Ripple, near Tewkesbury; and at Bury Hill, on the south of Malvern. In Somersetshire, it has been ascertained by Dr. Buckland to occur at Sutton Mallet, about six miles east of Bridgewater; and in Glamorganshire, at Pyle, between Bridgend and Neath. At the last locality the surface of some of the beds of sandstone is partially covered with thin layers of green clay, cracked or fissured in the same manner as mud dried by exposure to



the atmosphere; and the cracks are filled by the sand of the stratum resting immediately upon the marl. On the Continent, keuper sandstones are extensively used in building; and, in this country, were employed in the construction of the town-walls, castles, churches, and other ancient edifices of Warwick. The beautiful towers, and the bridge of Taunton, were built from the keuper quarries about three miles distant. The cathedral of Exeter is also constructed of an olive-coloured sandstone, said to have been obtained from Exmouth; and Dr. Buckland has recently ascertained that two strata of a similar stone occur in the sea cliffs at Orchem, about two miles east of Exmouth. The churches and towers of the adjacent villages of Withecomb and Littleham are likewise composed of the same kind of sandstone; and Margam Castle, near Neath, has been recently rebuilt from the Pyle quarries. The only organic remains hitherto noticed in this formation, in England, are the remains of saurians, near Warwick; and obscure fragments of vegetables. A paper on the Geological Structure of the arrondissement of Cherbourg, by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, F.G.S., was then read. The district described in this memoir consists, principally, of several varieties of argillaceous and talcose slate, and quartz rock, irregularly associated. A minute description is given of each variety, as well as of the passage of one formation into the other; details which do not admit of being communicated in an abridged form.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

On Thursday, Mr. J. E. Gray, president, in the chair, donations of plants, collected by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, on their journey between York Fort, Hudson's Bay, and the Columbia River, across the Rocky Mountains, presented by James Webster, Esq. were announced. — Specimens of *Lycopodium pallescens*, from South America, were exhibited. A paper was then read from Mr. Freeman, "On a more systematic method in describing and arranging the species of plants." It appeared from this, that in all the Floras of this country which had come under the notice of the writer, a particular description is given for each species; and these descriptions are without any systematic arrangement of characters, except that, occasionally, when the species belonging to a genus are very numerous, they are sometimes divided into groups: no account is taken of the relative value of characters, but it is left to a person's own judgment or experience to determine which characters are essential and invariable, and which are inconstant and apt to vary. A discussion took place upon this paper between the president and Dr. Macreight; after which, the continuation of Mr. G. E. Dennes' paper on the plants found about Deal, Walmer, and Dover, Kent, was read; by which it appeared that he had found about that district 84 genera and 120 species. The meeting then adjourned for a fortnight.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Scientific Memoirs, selected from the Transactions of Foreign Academies of Science and Learned Societies, and from Foreign Journals.* Edited by Richard Taylor, F.S.A. Parts I. and II.

THE great expediency, if not the necessity, for a periodical of this description, must be acknowledged by every scientific person, and especially by those who, at the meetings of the British Association, have found so much time

wasted on pseudo-discoveries which had been already promulgated in the proceedings of foreign societies, and so much useless clashing of opinions upon questions no longer at issue, having been settled by decisive experiments made by philosophers in other countries. Thus, whether for the particular information of parties engaged in interesting pursuits, or for the general diffusion of intelligence, valuable to the public at large, a work like this of Mr. Taylor's has been a great desideratum.

The two quarterly parts before us (August and November) contain very valuable papers: Melloni's experiments on radiant heat; M. Dove's experiments on the circular polarisation of light, with an account of his apparatus; M. Savart's researches on the elasticity of crystallised bodies; M. Nobili's curious system of Metallochromy, or new chromatic scale of colours for scientific and practical purposes; Poisson's mathematical theory of heat; Dr. Löwig's experiments on the essential oil of the meadow-sweet; Baron Walknaer's learned essay on the insects mentioned by all the most ancient authors as infesting the vine; Dr. Carus on the kingdoms of nature, their life and affinity; M. Balard on the bleaching compounds of chlorine; and E. Lenz on the laws of the conducting powers of wires. All these are striking contributions to the advancement of science and knowledge; and they shew us in what manner, and to what purposes, the genius of France, Germany, and Italy, is directed. All that we shall venture to add is in the way of suggestion. If a brief analysis, or even notice, of the most recent experiments and discoveries in these countries were practicable, it would be an immense improvement on the publication; and we trust that public encouragement would reward the exertion and requite the expense. There is much trouble, we are aware (for we have tried), in having the transactions of learned bodies abroad transmitted to this country of taxes and imposts: but what we propose might be sufficiently attained by a well regulated correspondence. But, let us be grateful for what Mr. Taylor has done, and is doing; thereby conferring a great benefit upon the science and scientific men of England.\*

*A Complete Scientific and Popular Treatise upon Perspective; with the Theories of Reflection and Shadows.* By a Pupil of Monsieur J. P. Thérôt. Illustrated with Twenty-four Plates. 8vo. pp. 152. London, 1836. Simpkin and Marshall.

As far as we have been able to examine this little volume (which comes out with singular happiness at a time when the importance of diffusing the elements of correct and tasteful drawing is generally felt and acknowledged), it seems to be exceedingly well calculated for the object which it has in view. There is a preface to it, from the pen of Mr. A. W. Hake-will, member of the Architectural Society of London, in which the claims of perspective to the attentive study of all artists (especially of architects), are set forth with clearness and force.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 26, the Rev. T. Stone, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*, and the following degrees were conferred:

*Doctor in Divinity*.—F. C. Plumtre, Master of University College.

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—C. Williams, Fellow of Jesus College.

*Masters of Arts*.—D. Butler, Rev. O. Fox, Lincoln

College; J. G. Domville, Christ Church; R. Blackburn, Fellow, T. Prothero, Brasenose College.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—G. Mellish, University College, Grand Compounder; F. M. Rowden, Wadham College; W. C. F. Webber, W. G. Penny, Students; J. R. O. Gore, Christ Church; R. Kent, Brasenose College; W. Robbins, Worcester College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, Mr. Baily in the chair.—The paper read was *Observations on Electro-Chemical Influence at Weak Tension*, by Mr. Bird, of Guy's Hospital. The author, in the commencement of his paper, notices the researches and results obtained by Davy, Becquerel, and other philosophers, in reference to the tolerably well-known modes of effecting the reduction of oxides by weak electric currents. He then describes the apparatus by which a continuous current, for some weeks, may be obtained, and by which he reduced copper, lead, silver, &c.; producing, by the first, beautiful crystals of metallic copper; by the second, elegant crystal feathers of metallic lead; by the third, crystals of dazzling whiteness, most commonly in the form of needles; and so forth. Lastly, Mr. Bird details the effects produced with silicon, bismuth, manganese, potassium (with which he failed), and ammonia, which afforded the most conclusive and satisfactory results; and concludes by observing, that, on a review of his experiments, he could not help being struck with the powers of continuous electricity at a weak tension. Cessation, even for a moment, is fatal to success.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JANUARY 21. Richard Clarke, Esq. the chair.—Various donations to the library were laid upon the table. A paper on the fate of the Ten Tribes of Israel after the fall of Samaria, by the late T. M. Dickenson, Esq. of the Bombay Civil Service, was read to the meeting. The writer, in this essay, acutely investigates the several opinions which have obtained currency among the learned as to the location of the captive Israelites after the destruction of their kingdom. He considers the opinions of Bochart and Sir William Jones, on this subject, to be without good foundation; but he leaves the question undecided, supposing it more probable that the children of Israel were not long preserved as a separate people. He is inclined, however, to afford more consideration than recent writers have been induced to give to the idea which was advocated so warmly by the early settlers in the New World—that the North American Indians were of Hebrew origin. This opinion, Mr. Dickenson states, was first suggested to John Elliot (the Indian evangelist, as he is sometimes called) by a Mr. Winslow, a commercial agent in New England, about 1549. It was subsequently maintained by several other writers; and supported by arguments drawn from many striking peculiarities which characterise the manners, customs, religious rites, physiognomy, &c. of the American Indians. He then adverts to the black Jews of Malabar, who are invariably termed Beni-Israel, or Israelites, and not Jews, as the followers of the law of Moses are elsewhere designated; and thinks that their origin and history are well deserving investigation; but concludes with observing, that, although the exiles of Samaria should any where be preserved as a separate people, the difficulty of distinguishing them from their brothers of Jerusalem, will, most probably, be an insuperable bar to any thing like a certain decision upon their ultimate fate.

\* Part III. has just reached us (Friday).

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—Sir Henry Ellis exhibited a plan of the Roman road between Silchester and Staines, part of the ancient road from London to Bath, very neatly executed by some officers of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. Mr. Sydney Smirke communicated a description of the Norman remains in Westminster Hall, exhibited last week; and concluded by observing, that the government deserved the thanks of all the admirers of that fine building for the liberal and effective repairs executed there; while he deprecated the site of part of the intended parliamentary buildings, which will block up all the east windows of the hall, lately opened, and destroy the great south window.

## NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

WE rejoice to find that a few gentlemen of eminence in the study of numismatology, having consulted together on the expediency of forming a society for the cultivation and encouragement of this interesting branch of science, finally adopted the resolution to carry such a plan into effect. A first meeting, accordingly, took place in the apartments of the Royal Astronomical Society, Somerset House, on Thursday evening, the 26th January, Edward Hawkins, Esq. F.R.S. in the chair. A paper was read to the Society by the secretary, on the Farthings of Queen Anne, contributed by Sir Henry Ellis, K.H. Dr. Lee, the president, presented several works on medals, and some coins; and the meeting adjourned to Thursday fortnight. Letters were read from several gentlemen, (among others, the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin); all expressing the warmest wishes for the prosperity of the Society, which already reckons upwards of 100 members.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Entomological, 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday.*—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. (Architectural Essay, by G. G. Scott).  
*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund, 3 P.M.; Club, 5½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.  
*Thursday.*—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.  
*Friday.*—Royal Astronomical, 3 P.M. (Anniversary); Royal Institution, 8½ P.M. (Dr. Ritchie on the Velocity of Sound, and the Discrepancy existing hitherto between Theory and Experiment.)

## FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT THE GALLERY OF THE  
BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS gallery was opened to the public on Monday last, and it is but justice to say, that the present exhibition is equal in merit to most of its predecessors. To expect that, either collectively or individually, art can go on, like manufactures, in regular, progressive, annual improvement, is to expect more than is reasonable. Occasionally, when painters are suddenly inspired, or, in more familiar phrase, have "their lucky moments," something extraordinary is produced; but, otherwise, their works are, generally speaking, of a tolerably uniform and consistent character.

Before we notice the performances with which the walls of the gallery are this year decorated, we must advert to the great amendment which has been made in the gallery itself. The light in the south room, which was formerly considered as a sort of condemned hole, has been so materially improved, that the pictures in it are seen to as much advantage as in either of the other apartments; and the removal of

the keeper's closet in the middle room, is another obvious amendment.

In this, as in almost all collections of art (ancient or modern) which we have seen, there are a few productions of pre-eminent beauty, many highly respectable, and some—what we will not designate. We will begin by referring to two or three of the first-mentioned class.

182. *Rent-day, in the Sixteenth Century, at Haddon Hall, Derbyshire.* J. C. Horsley.—Horsley? With the exception of the celebrated bishop, we do not remember ever having heard the name before: certainly, no picture by such an artist was ever before brought under our notice. "Therefore, as a stranger," we were disposed to "give it welcome." But Mr. Horsley has claims upon our consideration much stronger than those of courtesy. A more successful *début* in art we never witnessed. It is one of the most attractive performances in the rooms. The scene is the steward's apartment in that noble and ancient edifice, engravings from designs of various parts of which, by Mr. Cattermole, were recently noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. At a table in the foreground sit the venerable steward himself, with his ledger before him; and, on his left-hand, his assistant, carefully weighing the gold which has been received from the tenants. At the foot of the table stands a sturdy farmer, respectfully making a statement or remonstrance, to which the steward is attentively and benevolently listening. In the background is a graceful page, to whom two favourite greyhounds are testifying their attachment; and a door, which opens to the corridor, discloses a charming but modest girl filling a horn cup with some refreshing beverage for two cavaliers, who are gazing at her with the admiration that her beauty naturally excites. The whole is simply, chastely, and admirably managed; the parts are painted with the utmost care and truth, and, at the same time, with singular felicity; and the effect of light very much resembles, and is equal to, De Hooze. "But who," exclaims the reader, "is this 'great unknown,' who thus leaps into the arena of art, armed at all points, like Minerva issuing from the head of Jupiter?" Gentle sir, or madam (as the case may be), we have inquired, for the express purpose of satisfying you; and we understand that he is a nephew of Mr. Callcott's. And now your wonder ceases. Yet, how few there are who could have availed themselves so happily of the instruction and guidance of that highly gifted and experienced artist! The nephew is worthy of the uncle, and the uncle of the nephew.

272. *Love.* C. W. Cope.

"Love, in the virgin-breast of Beauty lying,  
Laughs at the fate he doth for her prepare;  
Will swiftly turn her sweetest smiles to sighing,  
And flee when she is fixed in despair."

A circular composition, full of beautiful expression, especially the countenance of the sly little god; but its chief charm is its colouring, than which nothing can be richer and mellow. The half-tints of the flesh, especially, are delightfully clear, pure, and transparent. We like to see lights loaded (as the technical phrase goes): but philosophers say there is reason in the roasting of eggs; and we confess that we think the patch on Cupid's shoulder is rather too sudden and prominent. In fact, it casts a shadow, which detracts from the purpose for which it was placed there.

120. *Regulus.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—It has pleased Mr. Turner in this, as in numerous other cases,—with his "Juliet and the

Nurse," in the last (alas, the last!) exhibition at Somerset House,—to give a name to a gorgeous assemblage of splendid hues, which has no, or scarcely any, connexion with the subject indicated in the title. In the work to which we have just adverted, it was not until after considerable research that we discovered, or thought we discovered (for, to the present moment, we are not sure of the fact), Juliet and her Nurse perched, like sparrows, on a house-top. Regulus! There is certainly a little group of little men, rolling a little spiked cask into a little boat; but, *au reste!* Nevertheless, who could have painted such a picture but Mr. Turner? What hand but his could have created such splendid harmony? Who is there so profoundly versed in the arrangement and management of colours? His sun absolutely dazzles the eyes. Those who have never beheld that glorious orb in other climes, undimmed by the mists and vapours which "tone it down" in our northern regions, will probably think Mr. Turner's representation of it too brilliant. They may depend upon it, they are wrong.

26. *The Twin Sisters.* Mrs. Carpenter.—Of this lady her sex ought to be, and, we have no doubt, are proud. The present is one of her most charming performances. It is like Lawrence, in grace of drawing, and vivacity of expression; but it is much superior to him in colour.

3. *Pilot-Boat running into St. Peter's, Guernsey.* 19. *Rigging-Hulk and Frigate at Portsmouth.* 40. *On the Beach of St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight.* 41. *An Interior, with Fish.* 42. *Vessel on the Sands at Hastings.* E. W. Cooke.—When we cast our eyes on these delightful productions, we felt as if Mr. Cooke had done us a personal favour in painting them; for, from his first appearance in the graphic world, we foretold his eminence,—and every prophet likes to see his predictions accomplished. Talk of the Flemish school! It must be one of the very finest works of that school which could for a moment stand in competition with any of the above-named pictures. Their execution is miraculous. Mr. Cooke's pencil is tender, or forcible, as the occasion demands. Where solidity is required, he is like marble; glass is not more diaphanous than are his tints when he wishes for transparency. But the great foundation of his excellence (as it is the foundation of the excellence of every genuine artist) is his knowledge of drawing. In his works you see no shirking from the distinct detail of forms, even in cases in which a little slurring of those forms might be pardoned. For instance, let any one look at the cart, horses, and figures, in the middle distance of No. 42: the aerial perspective is perfectly preserved; but the group is defined with a precision and beauty, which would render it a valuable little picture of itself, if it were cut out of the canvass. In some respects, however, No. 41 is transcendent.

(To be continued.)

*Panorama.*—A new picture opens to-day in this national class of art; which, whether we consider it in relation to its local interest, the difficulty of the undertaking, or its success and excellence as a work of art, has impressed us with a conviction that it will become the most attractive that has been exhibited since the days of Waterloo. Thousands of our countrymen who have visited the Vale of Chamouny will here renew their recollections; thousands who intend to visit the Alps will go, in anticipation of the enjoyment; and

thousands who have been there will take their friends, to shew where they have travelled, and tell their tales over again of dangers and enjoyments encountered on the Montauvert, the source of the Arveron, the Mont Breven, and the Flegère. There is a vastness, a depth below the observer, a height above him, which we have never seen attained before in art: no, not even in panoramic painting—the only means by which such scenes can be represented. We advise all to see it who ever derived enjoyment from a panorama; and we most heartily wish that the patronage of the public may give it all the success it so richly merits, for the care, the exertion, the expense, and the talent, which Mr. Burford has devoted to this splendid work.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Cooper's Drawing-Book of Animals and Rustic Figures.* Tilt.

WE have already noticed some of the early Numbers of this publication. The series is now complete, and forms a very pleasing collection of "progressive studies, drawn from nature." To the young landscape-painter, especially, this will be a very useful publication, as it will shew him how he may introduce life into his representations of fine scenery, without being guilty of those inaccuracies in drawing, and that tastelessness in grouping, by which some of the best productions of the landscape pencil are frequently deformed.

*A Political Alphabet.* London, Maclean.

THE name of Grant is upon this alphabetic series of caricatures, which will serve to pull out; and amuse a vacant half-hour. Some of the subjects have good hits at things of the day; and the letters L, M, and N, in particular, are not a little malicious.

## MUSIC.

*Drury Lane.*—The "grand concert" at this theatre, on Monday evening, turned out to be no nuisance. A band of the first order; the vocal strength of the Opera Buffa, added to a fair proportion of native talent; an excellent chorus; and a selection made with great judgment, including the first part of Haydn's "Creation," and many other classical and attractive compositions,—formed, altogether, a musical treat of a very superior kind. The only fault of the selection was its extreme length, the bill of fare containing abundant materials for two similar entertainments. We are resolved to wage interminable war against the cramming system pursued in this country by managers and directors of concerts. It is the grossest injustice, both to compositions and performers, to be placed at the latter part of an entertainment four or five hours long; because a large proportion of the audience must, by that time, have their mental and physical capacity for enjoyment much blunted, if not entirely exhausted. It is impossible for us to enter very minutely into particulars. The charming voice and cultivated style of Mademoiselle Blasia, and the pure and powerful tenor of Catone, are now too well known to require comment. Madame Giannoni (who unites a high order of vocal accomplishment to much personal attraction), and the rest of the Opera Buffa performers, merit high commendation. Miss Fanny Wyndham is amongst the most promising of our rising native songstresses. Nature has given her a voice delightfully mellow, rich, and even; and instruction of the very best kind has taught her to emit its tones with the utmost purity and facility. Her near namesake, Miss

Fanny Woodham, exhibits indications of taste and refinement fully sufficient to warrant her in the possession of much more courage than she has yet been able to acquire. Her talent, partially obscured as it was by her excessive timidity, was sufficiently conspicuous to elicit an animated *encore* in the "Flower Girl," a graceful ballad of recent date. This gave her more self-possession; and, as a natural consequence, more command of voice in her next song, Mozart's "Parto," in which she had the advantage of being accompanied by Willman. Miss Romer has the bad habit of incessantly urging on the time, and her style is rendered extremely ungraceful by her not dwelling sufficiently on the accented and significant notes of her musical phrases. Standing so high as she does in public estimation, Miss Romer can afford to pardon and profit by these unpardonable remarks; nor will she fail to do both, if the soundness of her understanding equal the beauty of her voice. The frivolous insipidity of the song selected by Mr. Wilson from *Fra Diavolo*, is unredeemed by any superior excellence in the arrangement. It is a worthless picture, set in an ordinary frame, and we marvel much that a singer possessing so much taste and feeling should have made such a choice. Many of the choruses, which were admirably selected, received a well-merited *encore*, as did the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. Beethoven's lovely septet for the family of stringed instruments, with clarinet, horn, and bassoon, played—exquisitely, of course—by Messrs. Mori, Moralt, Lindley, Dragonetti, Willman, Puzzi, and Baumann, was perfectly delicious, in a building so favourable as this to musical resonance. It is highly gratifying to record, especially when we consider the mixed kind of audience assembled on this occasion, that those compositions which were of the highest class were, throughout the evening, listened to with the most profound attention, and, on some occasions, with the most evident delight. Among the vocalists who deserve honourable mention, were Messrs. Balfé, Seguin, and Giubilei. Q.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WE have been some time a little in arrears with our musical reviews; which reduces them to the state of notices.

*A Guide to the Theory of Practical Double Bass, &c.* by A. Devaux. (Cramer, Addison, and Co.)—The instructive portion of this work deserves great praise; and the learner will have equal cause to be pleased with the numerous exercises, and the fine selections from Purcell, Gluck, Winter, Novello, Balisshall, and other distinguished composers.

*Songs from a Foreign Land.* The Poetry by T. H. Bayley, Esq.; Music composed, selected, and arranged, by A. D. Roche. (Power.)—A most beautiful book of songs; especially the first two. We have not seen so lovely a collection for many months.

*A Fifth Set of Songs.* The Music by Mrs. Robert Arkwright. (Power.)—We are sorry that we cannot continue to praise Mrs. Arkwright's music in this set. The words of some of the songs are by our best poets; but neither for these, nor for the lesser stars, are the compositions of sufficient interest or expression to warrant our panegyric.

*The Child and the Hours.* Duet, written by H. Brandreth; composed by P. H. Loder. (Luff.)—Beautiful words for music; and music worthy of the words.

*A Coronet may Gild thy Brow.* Words by the Rev. W. Fletcher; Music by J. D. Roche. (Dean.)—This charming song was sung by Miss Rainsforth, with great effect, at the *ŷte champagne* on behalf of the admirable Institution, the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. It is an affecting reflection, that the efforts of such a charity are directed to enable the sufferers to enjoy the delights of melody, and the enchantments of harmony.

*Flowers were never half so sweet.* Composed by Alexander Lee. (Lee.)—A very sweet ballad; as is also *The Two Weddings.* Haynes Bayley; and Music by J. P. Knight. (Mori and Lavenue.)

*Wake, wake, mine own Love.* Serenade: words by Mrs. S. Davids. Composed by T. Baker. (J. Cooper.)—*Lament on the Death of Amy Claude.* Edward Crue. (D'Almaine and Co.) *Yonder Bark*, a ballad, by R. Bennett, Esq. Composed by G. L. Newton. (Mori and Lavenue.)—Three songs for which we have little to say in accents of praise.

*Brilliant Variations on the Cassata Cesta d'oro, from Bel-*

*lini's "Morna," for the Piano-forte, by F. H. Oldfield. (Shade.)*—These variations are exceedingly clever. They are, we understand, the first composition of a Mr. F. H. Oldfield; and we recommend them to all young pianoforte players.

*Quadrilles, by T. A. Weber, pupil of Kalliwoda. (J. Dean.)*—A very light and pretty set of quadrilles.

*A Collection of Sacred Music from the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Novello, &c. (Novello.)*—To the lovers of sacred music we strongly recommend this volume. In addition to the above composers we have several original compositions, harmonised by Mr. W. Wilson.

*The Coronet: a Collection of Songs from favourite and popular Writers.* Music by Mr. Alexander Kerr. (Willis and Co.)—Another beautiful set of songs, with sweet music. The first is decidedly the prettiest in the book; and, altogether, we hope this volume will be appreciated as it deserves. The dedication to the Princess Augusta is a favour not undeserved by the merits of the accomplished composer.

*The Royal Rose.* Words by Mr. George Moore; Music by G. F. Stanbury. (Hawes.)—Appropriately dedicated to the parent tree, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. This is a really lovely glee for three voices; the music is highly creditable to the pen of Mr. Stanbury.

*Merry, merry go the Bells.* A Glee for Four Voices. (Dale, Cockerill, and Co.)—A beautifully arranged accompaniment to Kirke White's words. We need hardly say how good it is, when we add that Mr. Richards, the composer, has just been elected King's Scholar, at the Royal Academy of Music.

*The Corsair: a Scena.* The Poetry by the late Lord Byron; the Music by Alexander Lee. (Lee.)—Beautiful music, well adapted to Lord Byron's beautiful words.

*A Fewer New Waltz, with an ad libitum Guitar Accompaniment, composed by B. Speriati. (Chappell.)*—Very simple and pretty.

*The Soldier in Red, and the Sailor in Blue.* (Jefferys and Co.)—Spirit-stirring words, by Mr. Lewis Way, with excellent music by Shelton. This patriotic song must be popular.

*A First Set of Songs, and a Duet.* The Poetry by T. Haynes Bayley, Esq. (D'Almaine and Co.)—Seven of Haynes Bayley's delightful songs, with splendid music by Henri Herz. This is a book to adorn the music-stand, and charm the evening.

## DRAMA.

*Adelphi.*—Mr. Yates gave a medley entertainment on Monday, no performance being allowed, on account of the anniversary of the martyrdom of King Charles. A very attractive bill of fare drew a crammed house; and every body appeared in good-humour. In the first place, we had Mr. Love, with his *polyphonous* entertainment; then the Arabs; then Mr. Thompson's ancient statues; then Mr. Yates's imitations; and then Mr. Child's dissolving views: between each and all, we had songs by John Reeve and *Jim Crow* Rice; and, on the whole, an evening's entertainment which we should like to see often repeated.

*St James's.*—*The Lord of the Manor*, with a strong musical and comic cast, has varied the entertainments here, to the entire gratification of the lovers of song and mirth.

*Opera Buffa.*—On Tuesday, a *comediatta*, entitled *Un Anno ed un Giorno*, composed by M. Benedict, the conductor of the orchestra, was produced at this house: the music of the "mid-dling" order; and even this was marred by the nonsensical story. *Elisa* (Mad. E. Giannoni) promises a young soldier, *Lorenzo* (Sig. Ronconi), that if he return from the wars, we suppose, within a twelvemonth and a day, she will become his bride. At the end of this period the opera begins; but, in the interim, the lady has fallen in love with a peasant, *Giannetto* (Miss F. Wyndham); and, before they are wed, *Lorenzo* returns, and generously renounces his claims in favour of the more fortunate *Giannetto*, joins their hands, and the curtain drops. Madame Giannoni sung sweetly, as did Signor Ronconi; but the charm of the piece was a song by Miss Fanny Wyndham, which was loudly *encored*: it was accompanied on the horn by Signor Puzzi; of his playing we shall say nothing,—it is beyond all praise.

*Olympic.*—The return of Liston and Vestris to their respective charges, have, during the week, given a filip (*i. e.* a fill-up) to this pleasant theatre.

Madlle. Blais took her benefit on Thursday when the entertainments were, *Un Anno ed un Giorno*, and *Scaramuccia*. In the latter, the talents of the fair *bénéficiaire*, Miss F. Wyndham, and Signor Catone, and the other accomplished performers of this establishment, were exerted most successfully, as usual, and gave great delight to a very full audience.

### VARIETIES.

**Weather-wisdom.**—The Almanac has been sadly astray about the bad weather of February 2d and succeeding days (see last *Literary Gazette*): it has been very mild and seasonable! Try again. "New moon (the 5th, 10<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>m</sup> morning) brings snow or rain, and high wind. 8th, Ash Wednesday, a change. The weather very cold, with severe biting winds, and, in all probability, a severe frost,—with wind to N.E. Venus comes to a parallel declination with Mars on the 11th. Expect rain or snow."

**England and America.**—It affords us great satisfaction to record an act of royal condescension and favour, which we think will be very agreeable to American feeling. Mr. Campbell, whose great work, the "History of the American Indians, with splendid Portraits," was described among our literary notices several weeks ago, had the high honour of being admitted to an audience with the king at the Pavilion, when his Majesty graciously devoted nearly an hour to the examination of his first volume, and expressed his entire approbation of it in every respect. But, as a further gratifying proof of his consideration towards a citizen of America, engaged on an undertaking so interesting to both countries, his Majesty not only accepted the dedication of the work, but, with his own hand, signed his name as its earliest subscriber.

**Shakspere!**—A correspondent, referring to our report of the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, last week, on a lately discovered autograph of our great dramatist, suggests that, from all that has been hitherto found, it is not improbable that Shakspere wrote his name differently at different times; as it is well known, from authentic autographs of his contemporary, Sir Walter Raleigh, how many different ways the latter signed his name. Once admit the probability that Shakspere did the same, and what becomes of "the disquisition respecting the orthography of the poet's name?"

**Capt. Scott's Rambles in Egypt** (see *Lit. Gaz.* 1044).—Being informed that our having said, in our review of this work, that the author's "Tour did not go over any new grounds," has been misconstrued to mean that Capt. Scott himself had given us *nothing new*, we are desirous to correct the misapprehension. Referring to the index of the *Literary Gazette* for ten years, and especially during the last two years, it will be seen that there is not a step of Egyptian ground trodden by travellers, from Belzoni to Lane, on which we have not been with them, so as to make it impossible for us in that respect to speak of the gallant officer otherwise than we did. But we did not, and could not intend to state that his remarks on the Egyptian forces, on the policy of Mohammed Ali, and on his excursion in Candia, had not both novelty and merit to recommend them to attention: on the contrary, we particularly mentioned these parts as interesting, from the testimony of an eyewitness.

**New Houses of Parliament.**—It is stated in the newspapers, that Mr. Barry, in compliance

with the orders of the Speaker, has presented an estimate of the details in erecting the splendid structure which carried away the prize in this great competition; and that the amount was less than his rough general estimate, by 724,986*l*. The plans, &c. are referred to competent authorities for examination: let us hope that no wretched economy (or its pretence) will be allowed to interfere with this national undertaking.

**Earthquake.**—Two shocks of earthquake were felt on the night of the 23-4 ultimo, at Altkirch, department of the Upper Rhine. They extended to Berne, Basle, Soleure, and the surrounding country.

**University College, London.**—At a general meeting of proprietors on Saturday, the charter was accepted: after some discussion, whether the Act of Uniformity would, or could, be applied to Dissenters in this College. If there was any risk, it was resolved to defy it.

**The Melodists' Club** held its first dinner meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Thursday week. Among the company was M. Moscheles, who contributed delightfully to the general harmony of the day; which was, also, well supported by Sir George Smart, Parry, Parry, jun., Bennett, Spencer, and others of musical popularity.

**Thugs: Secret Murderers.**—The *Edinburgh Review* contains a very remarkable account of a numerous association of secret robbers and murderers, which has long existed in India, and strangled thousands of victims. It is curious that a person, who is fully instructed in the art and mystery (one who is capable of forming a gang of Thugs), is called a *Burka*!

**Dr. Thornton.**—Among recent deaths, we have to announce that of Dr. Thornton, the distinguished botanist, at his house in Howland Street, after a tedious illness and much suffering.

**The Carthusian, No. 1.** (Walker: Simpkin and Marshall). Another literary and periodical *début*; and a very neat one. The Carthusians, including, we presume, youths still at the Charter House, and individuals who have finished their education at that celebrated seminary, ought to be able to produce a work of mark and likelihood; and their first No. is one of fair performance and promise. Some of the poetry is very sweet.

**Quere.**—Our amusing and worthy provincial contemporary, *The Cheltenham Looker-on*, gives us the following difficult piece of astronomical intelligence in its last Number:—"In consequence of the unavoidable postponement of Mr. Wright's Lecture on Zoology, Mr. Comfield, the curator of the institution, took the first opportunity that had offered since the *Winter Solstice*, to make a few remarks on that subject, and, in doing so, took occasion to observe that the increased diameter of that luminary bears the most exact proportion to the elliptic figure of the earth's orbit, and, in fact, is the direct means of ascertaining that figure!"

**Pompeii.**—Professor Iohn, on a scientific journey to Naples, describes several interesting antiquities recently discovered at Pompeii. In the Strada della Fortuna, three skeletons, a male and two females, have been found, in positions as if they had thrown themselves from the upper windows of their house after the lower parts had been filled with lava. A pair of beautifully carved ear-rings, ornamented with pearls, were near the female skeleton of, apparently, the daughter of the others. In the Strada di Mercurio (in which the remarkable service of plate described in a recent

*Literary Gazette* was found), two paintings, in good preservation, have since been uncovered. One represents a hermaphrodite—the other, Venus and Adonis; Adonis wounded, and the goddess and her nymphs washing and tending his hurts.

**Portuguese Literature.**—Mr. John Adamson of Newcastle, the esteemed translator of "Inez de Castro," and author of "Memoirs, &c., of Camoens," has printed a catalogue of his unrivalled collection of Portuguese works, under the title of *Bibliotheca Lusitana*. It extends to 115 pages, and exhibits such a list, that we earnestly trust the whole may be secured for some public or national library, and never be separated in the melancholy way we see so many similar pursuits of men's lives scattered, as it were, to the winds, to shew the vanity of human efforts. Many of these works are of great rarity; and the mere enumeration of them supplies a fund of literary information.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Le Keux, we understand, is preparing Memorials of Cambridge, to match his "Memorials of Oxford," and to appear in monthly parts, illustrated with plates and wood-cuts. Mr. T. Wright is to furnish the text, and the whole will form a complete history of the university, colleges, and town of Cambridge, from original documents.

Mr. Forrest, the Tragedian, has announced a work, entitled *Rambles in Europe*, in the New York journals.

### In the Press.

A New Translation of the Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

On the Extent of the Atonement, by the Rev. T. W. Jenkins, post 8vo. 7*s*.—Rosetta and Miriam, by the Author of "Emma de Lissau," 12mo. 6*s*.—The Art of Writing, by J. Carstairs, 7th edit. 8vo. 7*s*.—Introduction to the Practice of Conveyancing, by J. Martin, Vol. I. Part I. royal 8vo. 12*s*.—The Christian Correspondent; Letters by Eminent Persons of both Sexes, with Preliminary Essays by J. Montgomery, 3 vols. fcap. 18*s*.—The Sanctuary and the Oratory, by the Rev. Thomas Milner, 12mo. 7*s*.—Harding's Drawing-Book for 1837, hf-mor. 1*l*. 1*s*.—Thamuta, the Spirit of Death, and other Poems, 12mo. 4*s*.—J. D. Chambers' Dictionary of the Law of Elections, &c. 8vo. 1*l*. 6*s*.—Paynell; or, the Disappointed Man, by Miles Stapleton, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*.—Compendium of Lithotripsy, by H. Belinaev, 8vo. 4*s*.—The Young Ladies' Friend, by a Lady, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.—Impressions of Italy, by the Lady E. S. Wortley, post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—Evils of the Factory System, by C. Wing, Esq. royal 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 26	From 39 to 44	29.55 to 29.60
Friday.... 27	.... 34 .. 39	29.57 .. 29.75
Saturday.. 28	.... 31 .. 37	29.79 .. 29.81
Sunday.... 29	.... 28 .. 35	29.70 .. 29.69
Monday.... 30	.... 25 .. 42	29.70 .. 29.72
Tuesday.. 31	.... 33 .. 48	29.82 .. 29.89
February.		
Wednesday 1	.... 33 .. 44	29.69 .. 30.06

Winds, N.E. and S.E.  
Cloudy, with frequent showers of rain; a little snow on the 28th and 29th ult.  
Rain fallen, .8625 of an Inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude.....51° 37' 33" N.  
Longitude..... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* We trust that the delay will be found justified by the character of our remarks on Medal Engraving, and the plates to accompany them, which will appear in and, with the next Number of the *Literary Gazette*. The subject assumed more importance, in several points of view, than we anticipated when we took it up; and being anxious to do it justice, both in regard to the arts and to national and individual claims, we have been led into that length of inquiry (having attended to both sides), which will occupy an extra half-sheet of our Journal, and be illustrated by some highly finished engravings. As the latter will deserve preservation, we trust that newsmen, both for their town delivery and for their country and foreign subscribers, will take as much care as they can to keep them clean and unbroken.

W. will find a packet at our office.  
We beg to refer to our Berlin letter for some pleasing notice of English literature.  
Biographical Sketch of Sir John Soane postponed.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**CHEAP MODERN PUBLICATIONS,**  
being the Duplicates (in every Department of Literature) withdrawn from Andrews's Circulating Library, 167 New Bond Street. The Catalogue is now ready for delivery, gratis. It is printed on a large sheet of paper, and can be sent by post. The Books are in the best condition, and in very few instances do not exceed one-third of the original published price; and in numerous instances, from 35 to 50 per cent less. These Books are sold from the Library to make room for the multiplicity of new Publications announced, which are supplied in unlimited numbers to the Subscribers of this Library. Terms of Subscription, &c. to be had on application, or forwarded to any part of the Country.—N.B. Persons desirous of establishing Book Clubs or Circulating Libraries, will find the above worthy their attention.

**JULIUS KUHR, Book and Printseller,** at Berlin, in consequence of his extensive Connections with every Establishment in his Department, throughout the Continent, offers his services to the admirers of German Literature, and the Classics. His Catalogue includes every Publication connected with Science, scarce Old Works and Prints, which he can supply at the shortest notice, on the most reasonable Terms. He also takes the pains to procure the attention of Collectors to a beautiful Proof, before any Letters, of the very scarce Engraving, by Müller, after Raphael's "Madonna de St. Sisto," in the Dresden Gallery, which he will dispose of for 50*l.*, and is in very excellent condition.  
All communications addressed (post-paid) to Messrs. Ackermann and Co. 39 Strand, will be attended to with punctuality.

**MEDALLIC ENGRAVING, by MACHINERY.** The Mechanic's Magazine, of this day (double Number), price 6*d.* contains an Abridgement of the Evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee, on the British Museum, upon the English and French methods of Medall Engraving, by Machinery. Principal Witnesses: Mr. Vincent Nolle, Sir F. Chantrey, Mr. Brockdon, Mr. Henning, and Mr. Wyon. Also, Letter from Mr. Henning, on the French Piracy of his Works.

Just published,  
**Vol. XXV. of the Mechanic's Magazine,** illustrated with a Medall Engraving, by Mr. Bates, of Heads of Locke, Franklin, Lagrange, and Galileo. Price, in cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* The Medall Engraving, on large paper, price 6*d.* Proofs on India paper, 3*s.* 6*d.*  
Mechanic's Magazine, and Patent Agency Office, Peterborough Court, Fleet Street.

## MUSIC.

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*Two Essays on the "Clouds," and on the *Ἰῆες* of Aristophanes.* By J. W. Süvern. Translated by W. R. Hamilton, F.R.S. London, 1836. Murray.

"THE GRACES," says Plato, "searching for an imperishable temple, found the soul of Aristophanes." This was the judgment passed by one of the wisest of Athens upon her wittyest; and, in truth, if brilliancy of imagination, elegance of feeling, and an unrestrained flow of sparkling language and highly wrought humour, may be considered as signs of the presence of these celestial visitors, the son of Philippos had, without doubt, the honour of being their entertainer. The Greek comedy, selected by Aristophanes as the vehicle to display his variegated acquirements, has been, in comparison with the tragedy of the same nation, somewhat neglected. The latter, as possessing an universality of sentiment, appealing equally to all people and all times, has ever maintained its elevated station in the scale of literature, and has been eagerly cultivated and cherished since its first production. The Athenian comedy, however, which partook more of the nature of a contemporary history of passing events, naturally lost much of its effect as it became more distant from those days, from the occurrences of which it drew its leading features and incidents. Many of those advantages which were then gained from local customs and personal allusions, are lost; and, to use the words of Johnson, upon our own great dramatist, "now only obscure the scenes they once illuminated." In spite, however, of these manifest drawbacks, the Greek comedy still presents us with so many specimens of genuine wit and cutting satire, and enables us to form so just an idea of that combination of opposites, the Athenian people, that, whether we read for amusement or instruction, few works will be more suited to our purpose than those of Aristophanes. In order to appreciate this poet properly, it is necessary, in the first place, to have a clear idea of the nature of the old comedy, as it is generally called. The modern reader must dismiss from his mind all the notions he has derived from the similarly named representations of our own times. He need not seek to be involved in all the intricacies and interests of plot and underplot, scheme and counter-scheme; still less must he look for the numerous stratagems, and amusing absurdities, supposed to be the consequence of love—that indispensable requisite of a modern drama. That passion, as we profess to understand it, was totally unknown in the days of Eupolis and Cratinus. The specimens of intrigue given by Terence, and his model, Menander, are any thing but romantic and ethereal attachments; and it was reserved for the days of chivalry to give the death-blow to Anteros and his followers, and awaken the purer spirit from his protracted sleep. As it has already been remarked, the comedy of Aristophanes discussed the events and topics of the day, and its *dræmas personæ* were often taken from eminent contemporary characters. While this, of course,

gave it an extremely political stamp, it was, also, made the medium of attacking those faults the poet might conceive to exist in social and domestic life; and thus it answered the purposes of an acted satire. At the same time, such a spirit of gaiety was diffused throughout, such an airiness of invention, with the most extraordinary combinations of ludicrous improbabilities, that the minds of the hearers were kept in a constant state of attention and excitement. Schlegel calls the entire poem "one great jest, containing, within itself, a whole world of separate jests;" but, with these witticisms, as they are freely and carelessly rolled along, there flows, at the same time, a current of cutting truths, and sharp-stinging remarks, that could not fail in having their due weight on the minds of the audience, while the accompanying mirth disarmed them of their resentment. The whole character of the comedy has been happily and concisely expressed in the words of Aristophanes' own chorus,

πολλὰ μιν γέλοισι τίπῃν πολλά δὲ σπουδαία,  
Rana, 369.

The natural disposition of the Athenian audience should, also, be always held in remembrance. Their insatiable love of politics; their passion for shows and pageantry; their liability to the grossest flattery; the singular contrast they presented in at one time enjoying, to the utmost, the highest flights of tragedy, and the next minute revelling in the lowest species of scenical buffoonery; their extraordinary acuteness and susceptibility; the manner in which, by turns slaves and tyrants, they suffered themselves to be ruled by some demagogue, or committed the most wanton and violent acts of injustice: all these peculiarities furnished constant material for the comedian and satirist. For some time before the appearance of "The Clouds," Athens had been infested by a new species of pestilence, in the shape of a crowd of "Sophists," whose sole employment consisted in distorting the truth, by a series of subtle fallacies, and fine-spun arguments. Through these abusers of intellect, the sources of education were poisoned, and the whole current of social life, in consequence, became fetid and disturbed. The melancholy picture drawn by Thucydides, of the state of society at that period, gives us a deplorable notion of the effects of the *φροντισται*. Truth, honour, and integrity, became mere metaphysical idealities, and, by an unnatural perversion of language, the worse, in every instance, was made to appear the better cause. About this time flourished Socrates; who, although, as one of the wisest of mankind, he despised the trickery of the Sophists, and perceived its lamentable effects, still did not disdain to have recourse to their own arts, to expose their shallowness, and thus identified himself with those very men who were the objects of his contempt and hatred. His curious mode of living, together with his personal singularities and defects, of which he boasted, marked him as a fit individual to amuse the frequenters of the stage. Aristophanes, accordingly, in his "Clouds,"—a drama designed to lash the follies of this mis-

chievous set, directs the whole of the satire, meant for all the tribe, at the head of the unhappy Socrates, who is represented as endowed with the worst attributes of these destructive pretenders to learning. Schlegel, in his excellent remarks on Greek comedy, says, "It is one of the principal forms of Aristophanic wit to take a metaphor in the literal sense, and place it before the eyes of a spectator." In "The Clouds," the fantastically dressed chorus of ethereal vapours is an allegorical personification of formless ideas hovering in the region of possibilities. The propriety of the application of this visible metaphor to Socrates must be evident to those who know any thing of his unfortunate propensities to abstract metaphysical disquisitions, and his restless annoying spirit of inquiry, and sometimes useless investigation, so concisely expressed in the eloquent words, *ἀερόβατον καὶ φροντίζων*. The essays, by Professor Süvern, accurately translated by Mr. Hamilton, contain a learned and minute discussion of the ends of Aristophanes in the arrangement of his characters, and of what principle or doctrine each may be supposed to be symbolical. It would exceed our bounds to enter into the whole scope and aim of the interesting treatise, and it is nearly impossible to attempt to explain one point without being unavoidably drawn into a disquisition upon the entire nature of the work. We will only notice one branch, as being, in our opinion, ably elucidated by Mr. Mitchell, in his instructive notes to Cumberland's translation of "The Clouds." We allude to the charge made against the philosopher of stealing a cloak, related by one of his disciples to an astonished hearer. This is discussed by Süvern at some length. He refuses the explanation offered of the passage, that it merely means that Socrates shewed his disciples how the cloak was stolen; and contends, somewhat strangely, that whether he really purloined it, or only demonstrated how the theft might be committed, his character would be equally affected. He puts this accusation by the side of the charges of perjury, *ἀδίκημα*, and similar crimes. Whether there was any foundation for this allusion, in some absent deed of the philosopher in his meditations, cannot now be ascertained. It is strange that Eupolis hints at this very same failing. Mr. Mitchell gives this ingenious note: "Let us suppose that the Socratic scholar, beginning to find out the man he has to deal with, determines to mystify Strepsiades a little. He begins, then, with the mystic operations of a conjuror; he breaks his sentences at every two or three words, and, when he has wrought up his gasping auditor to the proper pitch, he concludes his speech by suiting the action to the word, and despoiling his hearer of the cloak." To justify this, he refers us to vv. 856, 1497,\* of the same play. This appears to us a happy and probable idea, and shifts the charge from the shoulders of

\* Ε. Διὰ ταῦτα δὴ καὶ Διόματιον ἀπώλειται;  
ΣΤ. Ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπολώλειν' ἀλλὰ κατὰ πρῶτον τι.  
Nubes, 856.

ΜΑΘ. Οἶμοι, τίς ἡμῶν περὶ τὴν οἰκίαν;  
ΣΤ. Ἐστίν τις Διόματιον εἰληφέναι.—

164d. 1497.

Socrates to his follower in a manner perfectly agreeable to the spirit of the piece.

Disapproving, as we do, of the nature of that custom which exposed the good and great, as well as the infamous and worthless, to the scoffs and jests of an ignorant populace, still we must remember it was the fault of the age, and not of the poet. If any thing could reconcile us to the practice, it would be the wit employed by this prince of Athenian comedians in his dazzling attacks upon his enemies. He has been compared to many of the moderns—among others, to Rabelais. The French satirist, however, as has been observed, “never lays aside his cap and bells,” while he of Attica soars into the higher regions of religion and ethics, and seems to be, while there, in a kindred element. Swift, perhaps, comes the nearest in copiousness of language, and in that seemingly inherent love for the gross, which was a prominent characteristic in the too sensual comedian and the ill-fated dean. In one peculiarity he reminds us of the author of “Don Juan.” We mean his habit of lavishing the most beautiful poetry (the remains of the religious ceremonies, from which both tragedy and comedy arose), seemingly only in order to destroy its effect by affixing some lines of a totally different and ludicrous character, as if he were laughing at his reader for being led away by the charms of the preceding stanza.

One of Aristophanes' great merits is that of being a zealous patriot. His attack upon, and triumph over, Cleon, furnished a subject of self-congratulation and boasting for the remainder of the poet's life. In spite, however, of the beauties of this author, it may be doubted whether he will ever be a popular writer. The depth of learning and the thorough acquaintance with Athenian habits, requisite to have a keen zest for his allusions, must stand in the way of the many enjoying his exquisite scenes. The difficulty, too, of the construction in some places is a serious obstacle; and, to quote the words of an elegant writer in the *Quarterly Review*,—“To be consulting the scholiast when we ought to be carried away by the wit and spirit of the dialogue, to be searching in Bisetus or Geraldus whether we may laugh by authority, soon exhausts the patience and fatigues the imagination.”

To those, however, who are able to understand the language and object of this comedian, we heartily recommend this translation by Mr. Hamilton, as a fit companion to that upon “The Birds” by the same author, which has, doubtless, found its way into most of our classical libraries.

*Æschines in Ctesiphontem, et Demosthenis, de Coroniâ, Orationes duæ; in usum scholarum instructæ, ab S. H. Bremi.* London, 1837. Priestley.

THIS volume presents us with the two celebrated speeches of the rivals for the guidance of Athens, Æschines and Demosthenes; and, perhaps, no other two orations can be found of equal importance, as giving us a clear and comprehensive view of the nature of Athenian habits and prejudices, and, at the same time, affording a specimen of the resistless eloquence that

“Wielded at will that fierce democracy,  
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece.”

The enmity that had so long been subsisting between these princes of their art came to a crisis in the delivery of the above masterpieces, though Æschines, from his reputation, might have been expected to have pressed his antagonist closer than, in reality, he has. The

result of the struggle, in the victory of Demosthenes, and the fine and consequent banishment of his rival, shews the immense effect produced by the sharp wit and caustic sarcasm employed by the conqueror upon his Athenian audience, who, from their natural disposition and mode of education, were so keenly alive to, and ready to sympathise with, the brilliant style of oratory adopted by Demosthenes. This edition is, we believe, a reprint of one published by Bremi, with the slight alteration of the German phrases made use of, in the original, for explanation, being translated into English. We wish, as this work professes to be for the use of schools, the editor had extended his translation to the whole of the notes; for, as they now stand, the Latinity, which, though in general correct, is occasionally somewhat obscure, must often deter a young beginner from attempting to gain the contained information. The matter, however, of the notes is good, and well adapted to their purpose; and we can recommend the book as a favourable specimen of the learning and acuteness of our German brethren in behalf of the rising generation.

*The Comedies of Aristophanes.* Translated into corresponding English Metres by Benjamin Walsh, M.A., &c. In 3 vols. Vol. I. 8vo. Pp. 420. London, 1837. Bailly.

“THE Comedies of Aristophanes,” says Mr. Walsh, “are the Pompeii of Athens;” and never was a more just observation written. It is only in the comedy of a nation, their manner-painting poetry (if we may use the term), that we can see themselves—that we can individualise—nay, even identify them. Pompeii itself, adopting the allusion quoted above, does not, with all its miscellaneous articles of cookery, toilet, luxury, &c., let us half so much into the secret of a Roman's life and feelings as the racy comedies of the jolly old Greek do into those of his fellow-countrymen. We are at once at home with them; we enter into all their sentiments, their politics, their lampoons, their pasquinades: we might almost say, their literary *H. B.'s* are familiar to us. In fact, Athens might say to England (that is, supposing Athens to quote Horace), “*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*” Such was the structure of the older Athenian comedy: it would be a great mistake to judge of it as we should of its modern progeny. To the men of Athens, their comedy, which they enjoyed at most but twice a-year, instead of every night, as we do [*quare*, do we?], was their newspaper, their review—their morning newspaper, their weekly scandals. Hence we might expect exactly what we find—a concentration of scurrility, the very quintessence of abuse; and decency yielding the *pas* to a ribald joke. It is with no little pleasure that we perceive the attention of the public so pointedly directed to the study of Greek literature, and more particularly to Aristophanes—as is witnessed by the publication before us, and also the excellent editions of his “Acharnians” and “Wasps;” and, we hope to add, that of “The Knights,” by Mr. Mitchell, which we see advertised, but which is not yet before us. Of the present translation, which is the first of three volumes, and which contains “The Acharnians,” “The Knights,” and “The Clouds,” it behoves us to speak in terms of the highest praise. It is literal, and yet free, in more senses than one; and the metres are admirably imitated. The whole, in fact, is as fair a representation of the original as can possibly be expected; one which would do no discredit to a *Voss*,

a Schlegel, or a Mitchell. The original is broad—the translation is so likewise (perhaps, if we were not unwilling to cavil, here and there rather too much so); for, as Mr. Walsh, in his very entertaining Preface, observes, “Thus much it will perhaps be prudent and proper to add: *that those who keep an expurgated edition of Shakespeare for their own private reading, had better not venture upon the present translation of Aristophanes.*” And yet, as he previously says, no one “would ever maintain the expediency of making the Athenian wag talk exactly like the English editor of a Methodist magazine.” This is most true; and we think that, upon the whole, Mr. Walsh's is as fair a version as could be made—as tolerable a compromise between decency and fidelity as could be expected by the scholar; and no other class of readers is likely to be offended by such a production.

We shall now offer a specimen or two, and leave our classical readers to judge of Mr. Walsh's capabilities.

“*Dicaeopolis.* How many things have worried my poor heart!

I've had four puny, very puny, pleasures,  
While my vexations were sad-numerous.  
Let's see, what pleasure had I worth 'rejoicement'?  
I know what sight it was gladdened my soul!—  
The fifteen hundred pounds disgorged by Cleon.  
How this delighted me; and how I love  
The knights for causing it! 'Tis good for Greece.  
But then I had a tragical vexation!  
When I was waiting, with my mouth wide open,  
For one of Æschylus's tragedies,  
The crier bawled, ‘Commence your play, Theognis!’  
This made my heart quake—you can't think how much.  
I felt great pleasure, when Dexitheus,  
The harper, came on, after stupid Moschus,  
To play a piece in the Boeotian style;  
But then this year I was half killed with wrath,  
And my eyes squinted when I saw the piper,  
Chæris, start forth to play some lofty music.  
But never yet, since I began to bathe,  
Have my eyes smarted so much with the soap,....  
As now, when an assembly should be held  
By law at dawn, and yet the pnyx, you see,  
Is empty, and the citizens are prating  
I' the market-place, and running up and down,  
To get away from the vermin'd ropes.  
Even the committee-men are not yet here!  
They'll come behind their time, and, rushing down  
In a body, jostle one another strangely  
For the first bench. But as for making peace  
They do not care a straw. O Athens, Athens!  
Now I get always first to an assembly,  
And sit me down. Then, finding I'm alone,  
I groan, I gape, I stretch myself, I belch,  
I think, I scrawl, I pluck out hairs, I reckon,  
And, looking towards the country, sigh for peace,  
And hate the town, and long for my own parish,  
Which never said, ‘Buy vinegar! buy chascals!  
Buy oil!’ Nor did I know such words as ‘buy!’  
For it produced me every thing but *bug-words*.  
So now, I'm come fully prepared to bark,  
To interrupt, and to abuse the speakers.  
If they discourse of any thing but peace.”

The above is the introductory soliloquy of Dicaeopolis, in “The Acharnians.” Our next extract is from the same play, in which Mr. Walsh, ludicrously enough, makes modern broad Scotch represent the equally broad Boeotian dialect.

“*Boeotian.* ‘Fore Hércules! My shouter's sair for-jesket!

Pit down the penny-royal cannille,  
Lamdas! An' a' you croonin' pipers,  
Wha come frae Thebes, may hand aw to hell,  
An' blaw the droddum\* o' the mellic deil.

*Enter Dicaeopolis.*

Dic. Deuce take you, stop! Get from my doort, you wasps!

Where do these cursed humming-piper sons  
Of Chæris come from, who have down up here?

[*Drives them away unmercifully.*]

Boe. By Iolûs, ye're a sonsie chiel!  
Thae fellows ha been blawin' at my curpin'  
A' the bae gate frae Thebes, and dirn't the flowers  
O' my brow penny-royal on the groun'  
But, an ye like, buy ony o' the things  
I bring: I've baith how-toddies, fien', and locusts.

Dic. O how d'ye do, my little bonpock-eating  
Boeotian? What d'ye bring along with you?

Boe. A' the guid things Boeotia can produce:—  
There's marjoram, penny-royal, matresses,

\* We doubt these Scotticisms; and the rest is not quite the northern Boeotian.

Wicks, deaks, keas, daker-hens, lang-crestit pivers,  
Wrens, didappers —

*Die.* You've brought *fool-weather* with you!  
*Boro.* Forbye geese, maukins, tods, and mouldiworts,  
Hurchoons, cats, bracks, otters, Loch-Cope eels —  
*Die.* O thou that bring'st a fish most sweet to men,  
Let me address the eels, if eels thou bring'st!

*Boro.* Brewast o' fifty virgin Copeids!  
Gang out o' the creel to salr the sossie birkle!  
*Die.* Belov'd dummel, long desired by me,  
Thou com'st acceptable to comic actors,  
And dear to Morychus! What ho, attendants!  
Bring out the bradder and the bellows here!

*Enter Slaves.*

Behold, my boys, the admirable eel,  
Lost for six years to us, but come at last!  
Speak to her, children! I will furnish you  
With charcoal for the stranger-dummel's sake.  
O take her in! N'er may I, — when dead, —  
Be reft of thee, my friend, .... with best-root garnished.

*[Exeunt Slaves with the eel, in mock pomp.]*

*Boro.* But, ho! I've got naething for the fish!  
*Die.* You shall present it as the market-dues. —  
Will you sell any of your other goods?

*Boro.* Ay, I'll sell a' o' them.  
*Die.* For how much money?

Or will you take another cargo back?

*Boro.* I've just tak ony thing that you Athénians  
Hae got, an' we Boroians haena got.

*Die.* Then you will take some sprats from Port  
Phalerum,

Or else some crockery?

*Boro.* Sprats or crockery? Nae!  
We hae them baith at hame. I maun tak something  
That's vera scarce w' us, and routhie here.

*Die.* I have it! You shall pack up an informer,

Like crockery, and take him off to Thebes!

*Boro.* By the twa gods, I've do't! For, an I tak him,

I've got a pickle siller by the beastie.

By shawin' him like some wanchance ape.

*Die.* By Jove, here comes Nicarchus to inform!

*Boro.* He's sma'!

*Die.* But all there is of him is bad."

We shall conclude with the introductory  
soliloquy of Strepsiades, in "The Clouds."

"Strepsiades. Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!

King Jove, what long affairs the nights are now!

They're endless! Will the daylight never come?

I heard the cock crow long ago, and yet

My slaves are snoring still! But I'd have told them

A different tale of old, during the peace!

The devil take you, War, for many reasons!

I cannot even put in my own slaves!

Aye, and that good young gentleman out there

Won't wake before 'tis light, but slinks away

Snuggly be-nightcapped with his five warm cloaks—

Well, well! I'll cover up my head and snore! —

Wretch that I am, I cannot sleep! I'm bitten....

By my expenditure, my debts, my stables,

All through this son of mine. The long-haired rogue

Is riding rags, and driving curricles,

And dreaming of his horses, while poor I

Am tortured by the sight of that curst meon,

*[Pointing to it.]*

That's bringing on the 20th of the month!

For there's the interest coming. Light a lamp,

And fetch out my account-book, boy, that I

May take and read how many men I owe to,

And calculate the interest. Let me see;

*[A slave brings him a lamp and his account-book.]*

What do I owe? To Pástas sixty pounds.

How came that sixty pounds to Pástas?

Why did I borrow it, my dear? I purchased

My on the horse that's branded with the 'I'

'Confound it! Would to God that my own eye

Had been knocked out before I bought the beast!"

These, we think, are sufficient specimens of

Mr. Walsh's power as a translator. Did our

space allow it, we would have given some ex-

tracts from the choruses. We must, however,

leave these, perhaps, to a future opportunity;

and conclude by recommending those of our

readers who are not familiar with the original

to peruse Mr. Walsh, assuring them that, as

a representative, he fully redeems his pledges.

*Manchester; its Political, Social, and Commercial History, Ancient and Modern.* By James Wheeler. 12mo. pp. 538. London, 1836. Whittaker and Co.; Manchester, Love and Barton; Wheeler.

THE extraordinary rise of Manchester, illustrating so remarkably the rise and progress of most important staples in our manufactures and trade, would furnish materials for many volumes. Mr. Wheeler has very diligently and ably compressed them into one, sufficient for all the purposes of a guide-book and book of general information and reference. It does credit

to his talents and industry, and no discredit to the rich and flourishing town which it describes.

Commencing with Roman times, the ancient history of Manchester and its surrounding district is concisely told, and brought down to our day. Its commerce, factories, statistics, improvements, &c. &c. come next in regular order, and are clearly described, with plans, tables, and maps, to illustrate such subjects as require them. But the part which most interests us, as possessing claims for notice in a literary journal, is that which gives us the biography of natives of Manchester who have climbed the height of public celebrity; and which is divided into two sections: the first containing its bygone ornaments; the last, those who are living, or very recently lost. We shall not meddle with Lord de la Warre, the founder of the noble Collegiate Church; Hugh Oldham, bishop of Exeter; the martyr, John Bradford; the famous Dr. Dee; Dr. Byrom, the poet, a great improver of shorthand, and contributor to the *Spectator*; Dr. Thomas Percival; Dr. Thomas Henry, the chemist, and zealous friend to science and literature in Manchester; nor others: nor to Dr. William Henry, whose late melancholy death, after attending the British Association at Bristol, has brought his name, and the incidents of his career, a good deal under public observation. But a few particulars respecting Dr. Dalton will, we trust, be acceptable.

John Dalton was born at Eaglesfield, near Cocker-moath, in Cumberland, on the fifth of September, 1766. Little is known of his early history. His grandfather, Jonathan Dalton, owned a small copyhold estate, which descended to the elder of his two sons, who bore the name of his father. Joseph, therefore, the father of the great philosopher, was originally possessed of no property, although, on the death of his brother, the family estate descended to him. He had six children by his wife, Deborah Dalton; of whom, Jonathan, John, and Mary only grew up to years of maturity; and the first-named, on the death of the father, came to the estate. He, however, died a few years after, leaving the property to John Dalton, the subject of this memoir. Limited as were his means, Jonathan Dalton strove to give his children the best education he could obtain for them. John Dalton attended a school kept by a member of the Society of Friends, named John Fletcher, until he had attained his twelfth year. Though, probably, the instruction he there derived was only limited in its range, Dalton invariably spoke with respect of Mr. Fletcher to the period of his death, which occurred a short time ago; and he seems, ere he left the school, to have made very considerable progress in knowledge. This, however, was, no doubt, owing rather to his own energy and natural capability than to any great aid he derived from his tutor. At the age of twelve or thirteen, Dalton commenced a school in his native village, and persevered in it for two winters: his vacant time was filled up in assisting his father upon the farm, and he is also said to have taken part, at this early period of his life, the labour of altering, the farm-house, and to have had an early tendency to mathematical pursuits. It is related that, when about ten years old, his curiosity was excited by a dispute among some mowers, as to whether sixty square yards and sixty yards square were identical: at first he concluded that they were, but after reflection shewed him that they were not. When about ten years old, he was taken notice of by a Mr. Elihu Robinson, a gentleman of some property, in whose service was a young man named William Alderson, of double Dalton's standing in the world. Mr. Robinson, himself a gentleman of liberal education, had an accomplished wife; and, under their joint direction, Alderson being disposed to self-improvement, he and Dalton pursued their studies together. Mr. Robinson used to relate that, when any difficult question in mathematics was proposed, Dalton, with the resolute perseverance which has so strongly marked his character, far from being daunted, used to encourage his companion by remarking, in the dialect of his country, 'Yan might do it.' On one of these occasions Alderson proposed to settle a dispute with Dalton by a bet of sixpence; but Mr. Robinson put his veto upon the proposition, and suggested that, instead of risking money, the losing party should undertake to supply his companion with candles for the nights' studies during the winter. The suggestion was adopted, and Dalton won the wager. In the year 1781, he went to Kendal, where better opportunities were afforded for satisfactorily combining an indulgence to his own inclination with the necessary attention to the acquisition of an honourable livelihood. Having a cousin, named George Bewley, who taught a boarding-school in that town, and with whom his brother had lived as an assistant, Dalton succeeded him in his office; and, in the course of time, his avidity for mathematics and philosophical speculation procured him the

acquaintance, among others, of Mr. Gough, a gentleman of congenial habits, who possessed a good library, to which Dalton had access. During his residence in Kendal, he contributed largely to two works, called the 'Gentleman's and the Lady's Diary.' The volumes, extending from 1784 to 1794, contain the name of Dalton very frequently among the answers to queries of a mathematical, philosophical, or general character; but, strange to say, his mathematical answers do not seem to have been very generally received by the editor of the work. His contributions, when inserted, appear as from 'Mr. John Dalton, Teacher of the Mathematics, Kendal'; and he was so successful as to obtain two of the prizes awarded by the editors. In 1789, he commenced his 'Meteorological Observations,' which have been continued to the present time. In 1793, he published a volume of 'Meteorological Observations and Essays,' a work which displays much original thinking, and the germs of some of Dalton's after-discoveries. The first edition is dated at 'Manchester, September 21st, 1793.' Some time previous to the publication of this work, Dalton had serious thoughts of qualifying himself to practise either as a physician or a lawyer, and corresponded with a relative in London on the propriety of residing there for that purpose; but his views and determination were changed in consequence of the receipt of a letter by his friend, Mr. Gough, from Dr. Barnes, making inquiry for a gentleman to fill the situation of Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the New College, Mosley Street, Manchester. Dalton accepted the proposal, and removed thither upon his appointment to that office. He resided for about six years within this institution, with which Dr. Barnes was contemporaneously connected as theological professor, and continued to hold his office until the college was finally removed to York. The volume of 'Meteorological Observations and Essays,' though dated at Manchester, apparently from the circumstance of its being ready for publication at the point of time at which the author removed, was written at Kendal, its original design being merely 'to explain the nature of the different instruments used in meteorology, particularly the barometer and thermometer,' and to add 'a few practical rules for judging of the weather, deduced from experience;' but the author's plan was afterwards enlarged, by having, 'soon after this,' discovered the relation of the aurora borealis to magnetism. In the preface to this volume, to which much greater value attaches than that merely appertaining to it as the first avowed publication of so great a man, Dalton remarks upon the difficulties which beset his early pursuit of knowledge. 'It will be sufficiently evident,' says he, 'that I have not had a superabundant assistance from books, in providing and digesting the matter contained in the following pages: by an attentive consideration of facts, I have drawn conclusions, in some instances, which so strongly impressed upon me, though unknown to me, at the time.' His removal from Kendal to Manchester both extended the sphere of Dalton's rising ability, and added greatly to his means of pursuing his favourite studies. The greatest of those discoveries of Dr. Dalton, to which a full reference will hereafter be made—the discovery, namely, of the atomic theory—first presented itself to the philosopher's mind in 1803 or 1804. In the latter year he made some general reference to it, and he also touched upon it in his lectures in this town. In 1807 he developed his views more fully, in lectures delivered at Edinburgh, and at Glasgow, before the members of the two universities. The merit, however, was not immediately awarded to him, other men claiming, at least, to participate the honour. Among these was Higgins, professor of chemistry at Dublin, who, in his lectures, boldly declared that Dalton was indebted to him for a discovery which he was claiming as his own. Several persons maintained the same position, and Sir H. Davy, visiting Dublin in 1808 or 1809, was so strongly possessed by him of their justice, that on his return to London, on the occasion of his reading before the Royal Society a paper on oxymuriatic acid, he appended to it a note asserting that, not Dalton, but Higgins was the discoverer of the atomic theory. In this case the world has now arrived at a correct conclusion: Dalton's merits are no longer in the balance; and Higgins is considered to have arrogated to the development of isolated facts praises that were due to the law whereon those facts were based. The injury which he had attempted, perhaps unwittingly, to inflict upon Dalton's fame, Sir Humphry Davy afterwards repaired. In the last course of lectures ever delivered by him at the Royal Institution, in 1813 or 1814, speaking of the discoveries of modern times, he stated that the greatest step in science was the application of mathematics to chemistry, for which the world was indebted to Mr. Dalton. In addition to the instruction privately afforded to pupils, Dalton has for many years, also, directed his great powers to the service of the public in lecturing. Dalton was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in the year 1821 or 1822. He himself never sought that honour, and it was eventually conferred upon him by the sole solicitation of his friends, who, as the forms of the society prescribe that a candidate must have expressed a desire to become a member, were compelled to exercise some skill in surmounting the difficulty. The society waived the usual attendance for admission, and that ceremony was not performed till some years subsequently. Other marks of distinction have been conferred upon him."

The French Institute particularly honoured him in Paris, and the first royal gold medal of the Royal Society was awarded to him. There



is a portrait of him by Allen; and Chantrey is employed on a statue to be placed in the Royal Manchester Institution. Many of his other distinctions, at the meetings of the British Association, his pension, &c. &c. have been recorded in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*. His biographer continues:

"It is only necessary to advert to one other topic in connexion with our illustrious townsman, and it is one to which it is fitting the inhabitants of this vast mercantile and manufacturing community should be fully alive. The merits of Dr. Dalton, as a man of science and a philosopher, resting as they do upon discoveries of the utmost value at all times and in every place, cannot be exalted by the considerations to which we are about to refer; but the respect with which his townsmen now regard him will certainly be much enhanced by a knowledge that, during his long connexion with us, he has ever evinced the utmost readiness to make the powers of his lofty mind subservient to the promotion of our welfare. In this way he has rendered the most essential services to bleachers, calico-printers, dyers, and others, who have found his chemical experiments of the greatest value in pursuing their several arts. Not a week passes in which Dr. Dalton is not thus consulted, and the most ordinary reader will at once perceive how substantial must be the benefits he hereby confers upon our commerce and manufactures."

His atomic theory is next described; and a list of his numerous publications and essays complete the interesting narrative.

Among other eminent natives of Manchester there are sketches of Henry Liversedge, the painter; C. Swain and T. K. Hervey, the poets; W. H. Ainsworth, the author of "Rookwood" and "Crichton;" and De Quincey, the opium-eater. Portions, or the whole of these, will, we hope, interest every class of readers. Poor Liversedge died in 1832, while deservedly rising into great reputation. The notice of T. K. Hervey is so brief that we copy it:—

"T. K. Hervey was born at Paisley or Glasgow. He is the oldest of his family by his father's second marriage, and was brought to Manchester by his parents whilst yet an infant. He resided in the town for many years, and served a clerkship to the law, in the office of Messrs. Sharp, Eccles, and Crieie; subsequently, he resided and studied two years at Cambridge. He entered at the bar, and has served the terms necessary to qualify him for that honourable profession; but he was never 'called.' He is author of the 'Poetical Sketch Book,' 'The Devil's Progress,' and 'The Book of Christmas,' besides other fugitive pieces, of which the most beautiful is his 'Convict Ship.' He has also written several tales and sketches, which have earned the approbation they have met with. The picture of the Dying Hebrew in 'The Devil's Progress,' is the most beautiful and sublime of all his poetical compositions. Mr. Hervey has not, for many years, resided in Manchester."

"William Harrison Ainsworth is another of the small phalanx of literary men destined to attain some permanent distinction, whom Manchester claims as her own by birth. His father was a respectable solicitor, and the son was articled in his office with a view to traversing the same fate. But law was too dry a study for the future writer of romances; he gave his energies, therefore, to the cultivation of a natural taste for literature, which his associations, his residence in London as a law student, and his subsequent connexion, by marriage, with the family of Mr. Ebers, tended to confirm and strengthen. His first production was a series of 'Winter Tales'; his next, the romance of 'Sir John Chiverton' (of which the scene is laid at Hulme Hall); his third, the novel of 'Rookwood'; and his fourth, which is announced, but has not yet appeared, 'Crichton.' The work which has most widely extended the author's name is his novel of 'Rookwood,' in which that portion descriptive of Turpin's ride from London to York is certainly the most graphic and lifelike delineation in our language. There are also a few poems interspersed through the book, which in themselves betoken a mind of very high order."

"De Quincey, the author of the celebrated 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater,' was born, it is said, in the house at present known by the name of the Princess Tavern, in Cross Street. He was of an original turn of mind even when a youth; and one of his earliest exploits was the running away from the public school in which he had been placed by his guardians, because he considered himself a better Grecian than his tutor. He was, in fact, an excellent classic, and, at the age of fifteen, 'not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment,' so perfectly, that one of his own masters, who was himself a scholar, has said of him, 'That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than I could address an English one.' After having repeatedly written to one of his guardians, requesting to be sent to college, without receiving any favourable reply, he resolved, so soon as his seventeenth birthday should arrive, to quit the school for ever, and no longer to rank as a boy. Accordingly, having borrowed ten guineas from a lady of rank who

had known him from childhood, he arose stealthily on a bright morning in July, with breathless silence stole away from the classic ground he had been treading for the last two years, and bent his steps towards Wales. For some time he wandered about, enduring the extremest hardships and privations, until, at length, a reconciliation took place between his friends and himself, and he proceeded to the university. In 1822, he finished his 'Confessions,' to which those who are not already acquainted with them may refer for such particulars as may be interesting in the life of this author. In *Tait's Magazine*, also, will be found several of his cleverest papers—amongst others, a 'Memoir of the Opium-eating Coleridge.' Mr. De Quincey has, for some time, resided abroad."

We shall conclude with Mr. Swain, whose poetical contributions have so frequently adorned the *Literary Gazette*:—

"Charles Swain is, by birth, education, association, and feeling, 'a Manchester man.' He was born in October 1803; his father being a native of Knutsford, or its neighbourhood, and his mother, of Amsterdam. He was sent in due time a pupil to the Rev. W. Johns, who conducted a well-supported school in George Street: under that gentleman his scholastic education began and ended. At the early age of fourteen, his father having been dead eight years, Swain was sent into the dyeworks of his uncle, Mr. Tavaré, under whom, with what philosophy he might, the aspiring young man pursued the unpoetical avocation of a dyer for fourteen years. But, not to say it jestingly, *dyeing* was, and ever had been, uncongenial to the taste of Charles Swain: he had caught a glimpse of Parnassus, and he longed to climb its dizzy height. Whilst yet so young, he may be said to have been an imitator of the swan; for as that fair bird sings itself to death, so Swain, whilst *dyeing*, was ever tuning his harp in praise of the muses. He first appeared in print in the pages of the *Manchester Iris*, in some verses dedicated to Thalia. Three years subsequently, namely, in March 1825, a poem bearing his initials, and entitled 'The Escaped Convict,' graced the pages of the *Literary Gazette*; and from that time he contributed liberally to several of the magazines and other periodicals of the day. In 1827, he brought together these fugitive performances in a volume—'Metrical Essays on subjects of History and Imagination.' About the year 1830, he published his 'Boutiques of the Mind,' which, in 1832, he republished in a revised and expanded form, under the title of 'The Mind, and other Poems.' In the same year, he also sent forth a little poem of great merit on the death of Sir Walter Scott, entitled 'Dryburgh Abbey.' This production may safely be said to have travelled over the world, the booksellers of the Continent and America having eagerly laid hold of and republished it. The 'Metrical Essays' elicited a warm and general eulogium from the metropolitan and provincial press; but 'The Mind' stamped Charles Swain's reputation in the literary world. Southey has said of it and of its author—'Swain's poetry is made of the right materials. If ever man were born to be a poet, he was; and if Manchester is not proud of him yet, the time will certainly come when it will be so. Charles Swain, it has already been remarked, was averse to dyeing. He hated logwood and turkey-red preparations; and it would seem the atmosphere of a dye-house (to him verily a 'lazar house of many woes') with its pestilent air inhaled during the day, in conjunction with the oil of a midnight lamp too closely adhered to, so shattered his health that he was necessitated to change his pursuits. His constitution was, in fact, seriously deranged, and, as a lighter and more genial occupation, he located himself in a bookseller's shop, in partnership with Mr. Dewhurst. After a two years' trial, however, this undertaking was abandoned; and Mr. Swain has latterly entered the world of trading-professionals as an engraver and lithographer, with success, we trust, commensurate to his wishes. Let us hope that the din of trade and the musical clangour of children's voices (for Mr. Swain is a husband and a father) may not stifle the voice of poetry within him; but that he may still live in his vocation long enough to wear the crown which fame is weaving for him."

It is with great pleasure that we conclude this sketch of Mr. Swain with two original poems from his pen, which we happened to have in store; they do justice to his feelings and genius.

#### KING FROST.

Air—B. Hume.

KING FROST galloped hard from his Palace of Snow  
[below;  
To the hills whence the floods dashed in thunder  
But he breathed on the waters, that swooned at his will,  
[stood still!  
And their clamour was o'er, for the torrents  
"Ho! ho!" thought the king, as he galloped along,  
"I have stopp'd those mad torrents awhile in their song."

With pennons high streaming, in gladness and pride,

A fair vessel moved o'er the billowy tide;

But whilst bold hearts were deeming their perils all past,  
[there fast!  
King Frost struck the billows, and bound them  
"Ho! ho!" cried the monarch, "their homes may long wait  
[fate!"  
Ere aught, my fine vessel, be heard of their  
Through the forest rode he, and the skeleton trees  
[breeze;  
Groaned, wither'd and wild, 'gainst the desolate  
And shook their hoar locks as the Frost King flew by,  
[high!  
Whilst the hail rattled round, like a volley from  
"Ho! ho!" shouted he, "my old sylvans, ye're bare,  
[wear!"

But my minister, Snow, shall find robes for your  
By the convent sped he, by the lone, ruin'd fane,  
[domain;  
Where the castle frown'd wild o'er its rocky  
And the warden grew pallid, and shook, as in fear,  
As the monarch swept by with his icicle spear!  
Whilst his herald, the Blast, breathed defiance below,  
[Snow!  
And hurrah'd for King Frost and his Palace of

#### THE SLUMBERERS.

GAZE thou upon this mental dome—

This mortal palace of the mind—

This spirit-dwelling—this soul's home—

To dreamy slumber now resigned:

The fringed and ivory doors are closed

Upon the azure world below;

The ruby hall, where Love reposed,

Hath lost its soft, its minstrel flow.

To the land of dreams hath fled

Music sweet as incense shed!

Tranquil rest the small white feet;

How unmoved the graceful hand!

Yet, in measured circles fleet

Dance they in the visioned land!

Calmly as the frozen snow,

O'er her arm of beauty rare,

Droops that pale enchanted brow

'Neath its long and shadowy hair;

Not a smile the lip surrounds,

Yet she laughs where mirth abounds!

Round the damask curtains fall,

Soft the silken pillow bends,

Nothing save the watcher's call

To the ear Time's echo lends;

Yet, beneath the living green

Of the ancient woods and hills,

Where the timid fawns are seen

Trooping by the forest rills;

Thousand flowers around her beaming,

Walks she in the land of dreaming!

Strange that the closed eye should see!—

That the *stirless* feet should dance

To a magic minstrelsy,

Heard but in the sleeper's trance!

Strange the voiceless lip should sing!

That the curtain fold on high,

With the branching leaves of spring,

Should delude the Dreamer's eye!

Mirthful—yet without a smile!

Mute—yet singing all the while.

To a darker couch we tread,

Where a maiden lowly lies;

Solemp light the tapers shed,

O'er the cold and shrouded eyes!

On her white, unheaving breast,

As the sculptor's marble fair,

One pale, wasted hand doth rest,

Half upcurved as still in prayer:

To the land of souls have flown

Feelings sweet as angels' own.

Mark how wan the sombre brow !  
Sadly dark the fallen cheeks ;  
Yes, she soars a seraph now,  
Where the morn of Heaven breaks.  
Silent in her virgin shroud,  
Silent on her funeral bed ;  
Like a lily crushed and bowed,  
Ere its brief spring-hour had fled :  
Silent—yet she sings—she hears  
The host of God's seraphic spheres !  
Strange the lifeless eye should know  
Glories hid from living gaze ;  
Strange that form of saddest wo  
Lifts to God rejoicing praise.  
Strange that hand so meekly laid  
On the sunk and wearied breast,  
Clasped by Christ—in Faith arrayed—  
Is guided to immortal rest.  
Lost—yet with Jehovah found !  
Dead—yet with the deathless crowned !

TEN POEMS. *Batch the Sixth.*

WHEN we look at the little pile of books upon which we are about to pass judgment in this batch, and consider the variety of feelings under which they must have been written, the anticipations of authors' friends, the circles to which they have been read in manuscript, and then turn back to all those which have passed in similar array before us during the last six months, we cannot help feeling thoughtful for the moment, and reflecting on those brilliant burnings of imaginary brightness which have set upon the chambers whence they sprung without even scaling the attic. What hundreds of pages have we read through what lovely epistles, penned by lovelier creatures, have we perused, suling for a few kind words in our columns ! but cold-browed Justice has bent over us, and, in spite of sundry favourable yearnings which we have felt, insisted upon our throwing even the lays of ladies into the balance of criticism. If we have ever tampered with the beam, ever pressed our finger in the scale when it has been equally poised, or thrust a crown under the cover, to outwit the blind goddess, the crime must be laid to the heart, and not to the head, which even then shook in sign of disapprobation while we perpetrated so gentle a deed. Alas, how easy it is to censure—to chastise the child that has done wrong (even with a good intent) ! Is it not possible to love those whom we chasten ? But we are growing sentimental, though we have not yet read the pile before us : was it not a poet who

"Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek !"

Nay, the perusal of these maiden volumes might startle the statue of Achilles from his station, and drive him to the place "from whence he came." But we must begin :  
"Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest."

1. *Poems*, by Benjamin Street, Esq. Pp. 98. (London, Hookham.) Contains many pretty verses, with a sprinkling of thoughts which, although not original, are so far expressed in new forms as to become pleasing. Upon the whole, it is a very respectable little volume, made up of half serious and half descriptive poetry. There is also a sonnet containing seventeen lines, which we need not add, is at least original in quantity.

2. *Bethlehem*. By W. Bennett, Esq. (London, Rivingtons.)—If this be the same gentleman who furnished us, some little time ago, with the "Prodigal Son," we are sorry to see the poor progress he has made. The following couplet concludes his *Bethlehem* (might not his next work be entitled *Bethlem* ?)

"The faith he loved was hallowed, pure, and true ;  
O' such, I hope, am I, Bethlehem, adieu ! adieu !"

3. *The Outcast*. Pp. 146. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A poem possessing great merit, and such deep interest pervading the whole as would furnish materials for any novelist. It is modelled after the dark productions of Byron, and contains all the fiery feeling of the "Laras," and "Glaours," teeming with raging revenge and wild adventure, and shewing how a great and honourable spirit may become vicious, from circumstances over which it has no control. *The Outcast* is a fine production ; and, whoever the author may be, we hesitate not (in spite of a few faults) to pronounce him a man of genius. It is long since we have read a poem so full of energy and soul-stirring interest : there is an earnestness about it, which all who peruse will acknowledge.

4. *The Departure of the Israelites*. By Nemo, author of "The Ocean Queen." (Etherington, Chatham ; Sherwood, Gilbert, and Co. London.)—We have so recently passed our opinion upon this author's works, that we shall wait a little longer, before entering at any length, upon his new performance. The present poem has increased our hopes ; and we have no doubt, but that, eventually, he may occupy a fair station in English literature.

5. *Thamnia, the Spirit of Death, and other Poems*. Pp. 144. (London, Fenn.)—We have been informed that this little volume is the production of a young lady, and had half guessed as much, from the spirit of gentleness diffused through its pages. It contains some very sweet poetry ; but our chief favourite is entitled, the "Mummy"—a subject which has been handled by many ;

but, we think, never better than by our fair authoress : it is full of beautiful thoughts and images, and alone worth the price of the volume. We quote a portion of it.

"Thy tale is on no earthly page, no earthly tongue can shew

The faded records of a life that passed so long ago.  
Thy name shall never more be heard, though once, to memory dear,

It breathed, perhaps, a hallowed sound on fond affection's  
There have been souls that loved to meet in unison with thine.

When youth's first fire had power, on earth, to waken  
There have been hands, in peace or love, that withering hand that pressed,

And words that wakened grief or joy in that unconscious  
But, hushed the voices, cold the hands, the parted spirits flown.

And thou art on a distant shore, unhonoured and un-  
Men sigh not, as they look on thee, in pity or in wo.  
For the traces of all mortal life have vanished from thy brow :

Joy's blessed dream, and anger's thrill, hope's fire, and  
Sorrow's sigh,  
Passed with the last descending chill of frail mortality.

Yet here hath Life's sweet spirit dwelt, she that hath  
never known  
The dreamy darkness of the grave, in silence and alone :

She, that in some mysterious world, unscathed by earthly  
ill,  
Beyond the regions of the grave, hath life and being :

Fast through that cold, that black'ning form, the vital  
current flowed :

Warm was that withered heart, when there her secret  
That lip hath worn an angel's smile, perhaps, while flow-  
ing honey,

Breathed the low tones of woman's voice, and woman's  
That knee has bowed in pious prayer, those hands to heav-  
en been raised,

When the glories of her idol shrines on Mizraim's altars  
And, amid her priestly trains of pride, while harp and  
sistrum rung,

Thou hast moved, perhaps, in youthful grace, those kingly  
All thoughts, all passions of the soul, in trouble or at  
rest,

Have ruled and moved, though long forgot, within that  
The transient riot of the heart, when youth and joy  
conblue

To bid the festal hall look bright, the festal tapers shine,  
And the secret glow of vivid mirth, which flashes to the  
eye,

When music, song, and dance conspire to raise the re-  
Fond hope, whose evening glory lights the scene of  
stormy care,

And whispers joy's returning morn shall rise, beauty  
All thoughts, that steal upon the soul in darkness and  
alone,

When the veil of wo a darker shade o'er midnight hours  
When the spirit, rising, in its grief, from that lone couch  
of tears,

Walks sadly through departed scenes, with the forms of  
Thou wert, perhaps, the faithful friend, the fond pro-  
tecting power,

Whose sunshine flung the bow of hope o'er sorrow's  
Fond children hung around thy knee, perhaps, in harme-  
less bliss,

Till thy spirit, in its joy, conceived no happier world than  
There have been hearts that wept for thee, when withering  
sickness shed

Cold influence o'er thy fainting form, dark horrors o'er  
And, when retiring life no more might struggle to be  
free,

There were, perhaps, whose only joys, expiring, died with  
The last departing pang of life, when death hung o'er  
thy brow,

When earth's receding visions fled, it hath been thine to  
The throbbing, lingering pulse of life, the fleetly passing  
breath,

The cold repulsive touch, the dread sublimity of death !"

6. *The Expatriated ; a Tale of Modern Poland*. By  
Leigh Cliffe, Esq. Pp. 107. (London, Ridgway.)—"Live  
and learn," says the old adage. This volume is inscribed  
to Colonel Leicester Stanhope, and we find afterwards  
each canto again inscribed to different individuals. Now  
all this may be very kindly meant, but to us it appears  
very absurd. Mr. Cliffe has won favourable opinions by  
his writings, and very deservedly ; but if he wishes to  
maintain that respect, he must leave off such a style of  
compliments. The present poem contains some stirring  
passages, but none of them great ; and there is a want of  
feeling for the subject. We cannot say that we have read  
it with so much pleasure as we experienced from his  
"Pilgrim of Avoû." It is not finished with the care  
bestowed on that work. Thus, though we still hold a  
very favourable opinion of Mr. Cliffe's talents from what  
he has done, we must recommend him to proceed with  
care and caution, for we believe him to possess that which  
in the end cannot fail of succeeding.

7. *Rural Rhymes*. By G. T. Manning. Pp. 75. (Lon-  
don, printed for the Author.)—Contains several very  
pleasantly written poems, with occasional dashes of de-  
scription which are refreshing enough. A redundancy of  
epithet (the fault of almost all young authors) renders  
the reading of several lines very heavy ; there are,  
however, some quaint conceits which have amused us  
mightily ; and allusions to a few rural superstitions, of  
which we were hitherto ignorant. Mr. Manning will, we  
hope, live to do better things. His faults are many, but  
we pass them, for the love we bear to buds of good  
promise.

8. *The Odes of Anacreon*. Translated by F. G. Man-  
ning. Pp. 94.—Nearly the same name, and, with the  
same address, these odes deserve much praise, not only  
for the very respectable manner in which they are done,  
but for the young author's attempt at purifying them  
from every thing immoral. It would be unfair to mea-  
sure them by other translations, considering that the  
present aspirant to fame is only sixteen. We have no  
doubt but these two brothers will do much to strengthen  
each other's minds in the pursuit of literature, which,  
although it produceth but little worldly wealth, faileth  
not to bring its own reward.

9. *The Caraguin, a Tale of the Antilles*. By the Author  
of "The Cruise" Pp. 160. (London, Macrone.)—This  
is really a beautiful poem ; it needs no half-praise, nor  
slender condemnation ; it abounds with rich thoughts  
and splendid imagery ; while stanza rolls into stanza, like  
sweetly-measured music. Here is a verse :

"The tropic moon looks calmly down  
On flowery vale and woody height ;  
And silent bay, and voiceless town,  
Are sleeping in its silver light,  
So white,—that all the scene below  
Seems covered with a veil of snow."

The poem is one that we can conscientiously recommend,  
as possessing uncommon merit. Pity ! that it was written  
in an age when the Muse is held in so little reverence.

10. *The Poetical Works of Richard Hatt*. Dedicated, by  
permission, to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.  
Pp. 185. (London, Effingham Wilson.)—These pages are  
deeply imbued with true poetic feeling ; they are evi-  
dently the production of one who has felt the storm and  
sunshine of this transient world, and all the heart-  
aches which in their hereditary course fall upon man. Some  
of them even with tenderness and beauty, others move  
along clothed in the darkness of the tempest, breathing  
terrible truths, and striking vice with the shock of  
thunder-bolts. They are a strange assemblage ! Many  
of the sonnets bear traces of a master-hand, others again  
are thrown off with carelessness ; but all shewing that  
the finger of genius fashioned them. Twenty years ago  
such a production would have placed its author in the  
high ranks of literary eminence ; and now we question  
if five hundred individuals will read the work !

*Abel Allnutt*. By James Morier, Esq. author  
of "Zohrab," "Hajji Baba," &c. 3 vols.  
12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

WHAT next ? Is not the author of "Hajji  
Baba" satisfied with giving us the most perfect  
and entertaining picture of the East and Ori-  
ental feelings, customs, and manners ; that he  
must break into the preserves of the best de-  
scribers of our own national characters and  
society ? *Abel Allnutt* is more near to the  
"Vicar of Wakefield" than any novel we can  
call to mind since the epoch of *that*—the first  
of its class. We would be ashamed of uttering  
another word of praise ; and comparison (the  
odious) we are not going to institute. No, let  
Mr. Morier speak for himself.

The story is of a good and simple family, the  
Allnutts, brought to ruin by a speculative and  
projecting head, and the failure of a joint-stock  
bubble. The first volume paints them in a  
sweet country retreat ; the second in London,  
in jeopardy and wretchedness ; and the last,  
with some incidental notes of foreign travel,  
winds up the tangled web. In all there are  
original and well-conceived characters ; and  
sketches of circumstances sufficiently of the  
world to be likely and natural, and yet so  
wrought as to possess the interest we expect  
from imagination. For our illustrations, we  
must rely on the latter ; and we begin with  
the conversation of two girls of seventeen,  
Ellen Woodby and Mary Allnutt (the lovely  
heroine of the tale).

"Ellen, who, according to the received phrase,  
was not yet out, from not yet having quite  
opened in the book of life the chapter which  
explains its realities, was absorbed in senti-  
ment, and lived in the indulgence of that  
species of poetry, peculiar to the imagination of  
young ladies, which is so apt to turn young  
men into Edwins and themselves into Emmas.  
There was a sentimental cast in her counte-  
nance and manner : her hair was parted flat  
over her brow ; she had paleness as the first of  
blessings ; and she had not yet made up her  
mind whether she should look like a madonna,

a nun at her vigils, or the impassioned Eloisa. She very soon began to talk to Mary, and the subject which was nearest her heart very soon came to the surface on her lips. 'Do you know Edward Manby?' she said, with a deep sigh, and with her eyelashes slightly quivering over her pretty eyes. 'No,' said Mary, 'I have not that pleasure.' 'Ah, you may well call it pleasure,' said Ellen: 'I do. Anne may talk of her Captain Swaggle; but I should like you to compare him to Edward Manby. The one wears his beautiful uniform, 'tis true, and moustaches; but the other, for all he will persist in dressing like any common person, without either tuft or moustaches, is so very handsome that he beats Captain Swaggle all to atoms. He has beautiful auburn hair curling naturally, to begin with: and then, such eyes! you never saw the like, they positively pierce you through and through: his nose is a little aquiline—Anne says it has a turn too much, but I say it is perfect. She says, too, that Swaggle's teeth beat Edward's out and out; but there she is wrong again, for his are like pearls, and shew so pretty whenever he opens his mouth, whereas Swaggle's lips are always shut so tight that he might have charcoal for teeth and no one would be the wiser for it. Then he has such a brow, he looks like a colonel of dragoons at least: some say he looks quite as commanding as Bonaparte—some, like the royal family; but this I will say, that nobody can see him without loving him. I always feel a sort of involuntary tremor when he stands near me; and when he speaks, his voice thrills through and through me, it is so very heart-rending. Now, isn't he nice?' 'I dare say he is,' said Mary, not knowing exactly what to say; and not willing to extend the subject, she endeavoured to turn it off by remarking, 'Lady Thomson, too, appears to be very kind and amiable, from all your sister says of her.' 'Anne is her favourite, and she has a right to praise her,' said Ellen; 'but I cannot like her. She does all she can to keep Edward Manby out of our house, because she is afraid Anne will fall in love with him, and then she would not marry that old lord she is always carrying about with her. But I can tell her, Edward is not the man she takes him to be. Although he is poor—and why should he not?—yet he is above pitiful pelf: he is humble and unknown, yet he has all the pride of a marquess. I should not be at all surprised if he were a prince in disguise, although they say that he is only the son of a poor officer, and the nephew of a brewer. You know that does not signify, does it?' She made this inquiry with such real interest, as if her whole happiness depended upon it, that Mary could not refrain from catching some of her earnestness, and said, 'No, certainly; a brewer's nephew, provided he be good, is just as much entitled to one's esteem as any other man's nephew.' 'Well, that is so good of you!' said Ellen, squeezing her hand; 'that is what I always say, although I have all the family against me. I have inquired a great deal about brewers; and, from all I hear, they are excellent men—and, what's more, members of parliament. Besides, brewers' nephews may wear tufts and moustaches, and chains, and smart sticks and waistcoats, as well as other men: now, mayn't they?' 'I see no good reason against it,' said Mary, quite startled at the question. 'That is so very good of you!' repeated Ellen, as if Mary had done her a particular favour. 'I think I might in time persuade Edward Manby to wear them, for he is so very good-natured you can't think; he does

every thing to please every body: and then, although he has so little money allowed him, he is always buying us things, and gives all he has to any poor creature that asks him. If you ever see him, don't like him too much, Mary,' said Ellen, with a sort of playful emotion, shewing how deeply her affections were already engaged. 'I shall be jealous of you, do you know, if you do.' 'There is no fear of that,' said Mary, with a good-natured smile. 'I am afraid that there is, though,' said Ellen, 'for every body is sure to love him who knows him: there is one comfort, he is not to be at Belvedere this time, owing to that odious Lady Thomson, and so you can't love him yet.' And so terminated the *tête-à-tête*.

Our next is a bit of London. The landlady of the Fleece Inn has charged her raw country customers, set down by the coach, with punch twice.

"Having reached the Fleece, they ordered a hackney-coach, and then called for their bill. The waiter brought in that inevitable document with a self-sufficient smirk, and delivered it with a flourish into Abel's hand. The sum total amounted to a great deal more than he had expected. Casting his eye over the items, he discovered, the first day, 'To Punch, 1s.' and the second, the same charge. 'Barbara,' said he to his sister, 'did you take punch? I am sure I did not.' 'Punch!' exclaimed Bab; 'what punch? I have drunk nothing but water since I have been here.' 'They have charged punch twice,' said Abel; 'here must be some mistake.' Upon which he rang the bell for the waiter. 'We have had no punch,' said Abel, in a mild tone of voice; 'why is it charged?' 'I believe you have, sir,' said the waiter, 'but I'll inquire.' He went out and returned an instant after, and said, 'Yes, sir, you've had Punch twice: once yesterday morning, and once this.' 'This can never be,' said Abel; 'pray, tell me, where had we it?' 'Why, you had it at the window there,' said the waiter; 'I saw you.' 'At the window!' exclaimed Bab and Abel, both at the same time. 'This is a gross imposition; we cannot allow this. How can you prove it?' said Abel. 'The man outside saw you, as well as me,' said the waiter. 'Why, you wouldn't enjoy Punch without paying for it, would you?' 'What do you mean by Punch? you surely don't mean the puppet-show in the street?' said Abel. 'Yes, sir, that's the Punch I mean,' said the waiter, with the greatest effrontery. 'Blow me,' exclaimed Mark, 'if I ever heard the like of this! this is doing business with a vengeance. She is a good one at a pun, however; I will say that for her.' 'Call in your mistress,' said Abel to the waiter; 'we must settle the matter with her.' She soon appeared, and flung into the room with such an air of defiance, and with so red a face, that it was evident she was armed at all points for war. She stood with one hand on the door, and with the other on her hip, and begged to know if any thing was wrong. Abel soon told his griefs, in mild expostulation; asserted that what was done for the amusement of all in the street could not be brought as a specific charge to him in the house, and finished by announcing his determination not to pay such a bill. This declaration was answered by a burst of invective and abuse, expressed in language so totally new to the ears of Abel and Barbara, that they shrank from her presence like pigeons before the hawk. She had recourse to the same line of argument which low people invariably adopt—that is, in the first place, of giving a definition of the word 'gen-

tleman,' and then starting from that point to give large and varied views upon things in general. 'You call yourself a gentleman, I dare say now,' said she to Abel, her face and action bespeaking anger and brandy—'there's that (snapping her fingers at the same time) for such gentlemen! A pretty gentleman, indeed, as won't pay for what he's had! You've had Punch, and therefore you must pay for Punch—that's flat. I should like to see you—ay, and a great deal better than the like of you, try to leave my house without paying that bill—ay, and every doit of it too!—you'd find that we are not such nincompoops as you take us for! And I, a lone widow too, to be insulted by such as you!' She would have said much more, had not she been stopped by Mark, who—like one hearing a tune which is familiar to him, immediately falls to singing it himself—was so roused by the sounds of a language which formed part of his vocabulary, that, at length, unable to contain himself, he poured forth all the energies of his eloquence in such a manner that it startled the landlady, and tended, in a great measure, to check her violence. He soon gave her to understand that he was a lawyer—a circumstance which blanched her cheek, but fired her eye; for the effect which such a person produces upon one of the lower class is very much the same as spitting upon hot iron, causing it to hiss and to cool at one and the same time. She continued her violence, but it was violence on the defensive; until, at length, fairly beaten by the sounds of certain talismanic words which lawyers are apt to pronounce, she retreated under a volley of the most intense abuse. The charges of the bill were properly abated; and Abel and Barbara, conducted by their successful champion, having mounted the hackney-coach, left the Fleece Inn under the full conviction that that emblem had been adopted by some conscientious scoundrel of an innkeeper, who had determined to tell no lie, not even by sign. It need not be suggested that the landlady, having concluded, from Abel and Barbara's rustic appearance, and being confirmed in her judgment by what she heard from the waiter, that they were totally new to London and ignorant of its ways, had ingeniously contrived the trick of Punch to increase her charges."

When driven to adopt means for daily subsistence in London, the Allnutts try, among others, the forlorn hope of authorship, of which the following treats. Aunt Bab projects the turning of Mrs. Rundell's Cookery into verse—no bad idea—at least we have met with worse; and the annexed is a specimen.

"Several days elapsed, and not a single idea had crossed the four collected heads of the family, when Aunt Bab one morning came out all radiant with joy from her bed-room, asserting she had been visited by a happy inspiration during the night,—that by chance she had dreamed of roasted hare, and, as she awoke, she asked herself why she should not put into verse the whole of Mrs. Rundell's book upon cookery? She thought that such a work must be a desideratum in the world; for that it stood to reason it would be much easier for a cook to carry in mind the precepts which it contained in verse, than to retain them in prose. She said that she had been so much impelled by this thought that she could not refrain that very morning from trying her skill, and that she had selected Mrs. Rundell's recipe for making hare-soup (out of compliment to her dream) as her first essay. She had, however, found the truth of the saying, 'that dreams were to be interpreted by contraries,' for that, in exerting her wits to

the utmost, she could not get beyond the two first lines, do all she could. She had succeeded thus far :—

When hares are old, and fit for nothing else,  
Then is your time to make them into soup.

But where the rhymes for *else* and *soup* were to be found she, for one, could not tell; therefore it stood to reason that she must try something else. She had been more successful in her second essay,—it was on the subject of beef; the rhymes were easy, and almost spoke for themselves. She thought she had succeeded, and that she might give it as a specimen of the whole work. Upon which she produced a fragment of paper, from which she read as follows :—

To stew a rump of beef.

Wash it well, and season it hot,  
Bind it, cram it in a pot;  
Fry three onions, put them to it,  
Carrots, turnips, cloves, and suet;  
With broth or gravy cover it up;  
Put in your spoon and take a sup.  
Soft and gentle let it simmer,  
Then of port throw in a brimmer.  
With judgment let the ketchup flow,  
Of vinegar a glass bestow.  
Simmer again for half an hour;  
Serve at six, and then devour.

Various were the observations made, and all seemed to say that it was much better than any thing they could have expected from the sort of subject, which, to say the least, was not very poetic. Aunt Bab, in describing the process of composition, asserted that the book and its materials would be very much improved by being in verse; 'For,' said she, 'in this very receipt, I have increased the excellence of the dish to be dressed, by adding an ingredient which it did not possess before—namely, suet. I wanted a rhyme for 'to it,' and up came 'suet' as a matter of course; and, therefore, it stands to reason that I have added to its value.'"

Their joint incubations are ultimately and finally offered to a publisher; and thus described :—

"When Edward first knew him, he was all smiles and welcome; his appearance at that time was without pretensions, and there was a musty complexion on whatever surrounded him, very different from his looks at the present moment: for now every thing wore the appearance of gentility; he was dressed with the most scrupulous precision, and might have vied in appearance with the great of the land. Instead of wearing a soft and supplicating look, he now appeared to be on the defensive,—he was buttoned up and mysterious—he had adopted the manners of one given to protection. When Edward was introduced, he scarcely rose from his seat, and then formally offered him and Abel chairs. Scarcely acknowledging that he had known Edward before, when the business of the visit was explained, he immediately put on a doubting face, and, after considerable hesitation, turning over the papers which had been put into his hand, said, 'These sort of things did very well some time ago; but we do nothing now but what is high—quite tip-top.' 'Ah! I suppose that the world has been so accustomed to read the beauties of Byron,' said Edward, 'that it can bear nothing else. I am afraid, if that be the case, our productions can have but little chance.' 'It is not that I mean, said the publisher: 'pray, may I ask who is the author of these things?' 'This gentleman, Mr. Abel Allnutt, is one,' said Edward, pointing to his companion, 'and his sisters, the Miss Allnutts, are the others.' 'They will not do,' said the publisher: 'we deal entirely now with the nobility, and with persons whose names are known in the world. I never heard of

Allnutt before; it has never been before the public in any shape.' 'But why should not these productions stand upon their merit alone, and not upon the name of the author?' said Edward. 'Merit is all very well in its way,' said the publisher; 'but who waits now-a-days to find it out? The publications in which these sort of things appear, require no merit but that of names; and when my Lord This, or the Duchess That, condescends to write, it is taken for granted that there is merit. Why, sir, I make no doubt that if the chancellor of the exchequer would appear as the editor of a new edition of Cocker's Arithmetic, or if I could induce the lord chancellor to write a history of the great seal which is now exhibiting at Piddcock's, and put his name to it, I am confident that I could make a great deal of money by such a speculation.' 'Then, sir, am I to understand,' said Edward, 'that you publish nothing which has not got a great name attached to it?' 'We give money for nothing else,' said the publisher: 'we pay in proportion to the position of the author, and I fear that we can afford nothing in the present instance.' Upon which, regaining possession of their proffered productions, they took their leave."

These are but imperfect examples of the work, but we can do little else. We will, however, make room for a letter, with an account of the speculating John Allnutt's doings in Mexico, whither he had gone to superintend "The United Mexican and Jalapa Mines," which could not be found in the country :—

"I write in great haste to inform you that I have seen the master of a merchantman, an intelligent man, who only arrived yesterday from Vera Cruz, and who informs me that he had heard of your brother John, although he had not seen him, and that he was in good health and spirits, notwithstanding the failure of the expedition upon which he was sent, owing to the causes truly described by your banker. He reports he was well known to the inhabitants of that city, who never before had seen one so zealous, active, and enthusiastic, and so ready to devote himself to the interests of the republic. The fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, still in the hands of the Spaniards, he proposed to take by erecting one of Perkins' steam-guns against it, and talked of battering down the walls in an hour. The barren Island of Sacrificos, famous for being the burial-place of the ancient Indians, he promised to render eminently fertile, by ploughing it and using the old bones as manure, which he assured the people would make vegetation spring up where it had never before appeared. He objected to allowing the *sopilotes* (the carrion-vultures) to retain the situation of scavengers to the city; asserting that they ought to be shot by act of congress, and good wholesome sewers constructed instead. His first impression, upon seeing the naked Indians, was to encourage manufactures, in order to clothe them comfortably; and when he observed the sickly little children crawling about the streets, he immediately planned an infant school for them. In short, it seems that Vera Cruz was set quite alive by his presence. He made the authorities, civil and military, stare by the activity of his disposition; and, indeed, they were right glad when he left their city for Jalapa, at which place I hear he became more and more enthusiastic. Before he reached Mexico, he twice escaped being robbed and murdered, and, in consequence, determined to urge the government to establish a new police, precisely upon the plan of our own; and when he came in

sight of the Lake of Tezcuco, its ducks, and flat-bottomed boats, he became quite wild with the desire of turning such natural advantages to the greatest possible national benefit. My informant did not tell me what his ulterior plans were; but it does not appear that he is likely to quit Mexico for some time to come. I will keep you well informed whenever I hear more; in the meanwhile, let me congratulate you all (Miss Mary in particular) upon knowing him to be in good health."

We are tempted to add the letter of an enthusiast of another kind, Mr. Oldbourne, an antiquary, poking about Persepolis; but "time and space" forbid, and we can only conclude by most heartily recommending *Abel Allnutt* to the public.

*The Tour of the French Traveller, M. De La Boullaye Le Goux, in Ireland, A.D. 1844. With Notes and Illustrative Extracts.* Edited by T. Crofton Croker. London, 1837. T. and W. Boone.

"To treat of Ireland's toils,  
And tell the troubles now,  
And paint you out in prose or verse  
The Countries sorrowful throes.  
The grief so common is  
That each one bears a part,  
And God he knows who licks the fat  
And shears away the fete."

CHURCHYARD'S *Unquietness of Ireland*, 1579.

THIS curious and interesting volume is briefly, but gracefully, dedicated, and in the best tone of feeling, towards an admired labourer in the field of literature and literary research, Mr. I. D'Israeli, whose name should never be forgotten when matters of this kind are revived. The Frenchman's tour was short, for he was in Ireland only from May 16 to July 17; but it was a remarkable period, and he ran over a great part of the country. Landing at Dublin, after a voyage the particulars of which seem wonderful in our improved and peaceful days, he journeyed to Kilkenny, Cashel, Limerick, Kilmallock, Mallow, Cork, Kinsale, Youghal, Waterford, and Wexford. His notices of the state of parties, on his rapid *trajet*, are all very odd, and present quite a striking picture of Ireland now nearly two hundred years ago. The English pale, the Roman Catholic religious institutions, with their monks and friars, the royalists, and their opponents, &c. all figure on the canvass; and, though it is a long time ago, we cannot help admiring at the changes which have taken place, and regretting that the amelioration of the condition of the people has not been in proportion to the alteration in all things else. We select a passage to illustrate these few remarks :

"The seventeenth of July I went to the roads of Wachefort [Wexford] to embark on board a pinnace, which I was refused. I went on my knees to the skipper or master, to induce him to receive me on promise of remuneration; after much altercation he told me, that 'if he met with any Frenchmen he should take me to France, if with Biscayans, to Spain.' I answered him, that which way I went was indifferent to me, provided I could get out of Ireland. We sailed immediately; but, the wind having changed against us, we were obliged to make the mole, and to anchor in the same spot from which we had taken our departure. From thence he sent me ashore again, saying that he would not risk, for the passage of an individual, the loss of his cargo; that if he were taken by the French, and that I did not keep his secret, they would declare that his vessel was a lawful prize, having

smuggled goods on board. I entreated of him not to leave me in this island, which I had no means of quitting, since the natives were in such fear of the Parliamentarians that they dared not put to sea. He remained inexorable, and I was astonished at the ungraciousness of this Irishman, as his countrymen are in general so attentive to strangers. He obliged me to remain in this island, where civil warfare was raging on all sides, and from which the escape appeared to me very difficult, because there was no vessel at Dublin, at Limerick, and at Waterford. Scotland was out of the question, for there was no security there. On the same day I went to complain to my intimate friend, Mr. François Charlot, an inhabitant of Wacheffort, who was astonished at the conduct of the skipper, and begged me to have patience until he had seen Mr. Telin [Teeling], the owner of the cargo; who, upon Charlot telling him that I came from Avignon, a country by no means inimical to the Spaniards, promised him to allow me a passage, and gave him an order, which he carried to the roads, and made me re-embark. The next morning we sailed to the south, and the fourth day we arrived at Souling [Scilly] Isle, called by us Sourlingue, where three Salee vessels chased us, and obliged us to run for the coast near St. Yves [St. Ives] in the south of Cornwall. We met there a Parliamentary frigate of twenty-four guns, which was to windward of us, and came within cannon-shot of our pinnace, in which we had but six men. We should have preferred falling into the hands of the Turks than of the Parliamentarians; because with the first we should have been assured of life, and with the others were certain of being killed, on account of the massacre which the Irish had made in their country of the English colonists. We did on this occasion all that human power could effect, and doubled the Black head [Blackhead] fortunately without accident, thinking that we had escaped, as we kept creeping to windward of the Parliamentary frigate; but the tide being against us, we were brought pretty close together, and she neared us within musket-shot. Perceiving the English royal colours, we were in doubt whether this was a Parliamentary frigate, and to ascertain it we hoisted at the stern the English flag. The first cannon-shot which they fired at us, went through the middle of our flag. We recommended ourselves to God, and expected assistance only from heaven. We would willingly have run our vessel ashore, but the coast did not allow it. The wind fell, so that we fired several times a small piece of ordnance which we had on the stern; this made us advance with the least possible wind, and the Parliamentarians firing from their prow, retarded them. They chased us ten leagues, firing incessantly, and left us only under the fort of Falmouth [Falmouth], which fired upon them two volleys of cannon; where Lord Jermain [Jermain] and the greater part of the English court, who were waiting for a passage to France with her most Serene Majesty the Queen, witnessed this unequal engagement, from which we escaped by the providence of God, to whom be the glory, and to me the remembrance of his gracious mercy."

The French character is amusingly displayed throughout the narrative. Thus Le Gouz says,—

"We left Kilkinik [Kilkenny] and arrived at Kalon [Callan], six miles on the road. On our arrival, a gentleman named Edward Comerfort offered us his castle, where we rested, not being able to refuse so civil a request. The

next day we were drenched by extraordinary rain, which obliged us to seek shelter in a castle, where we were well received. The master of the house came to beg us to remain some days there; we could not excuse ourselves. This nobleman was called Lord Ikerin, and was general of the cavalry of the Irish Catholics. At supper, a friar from Spain brought the conversation from Spanish diet to the religion of that country, and, bearing a mortal dislike to the French, my countrymen, he could not refrain from giving vent to his antipathy in my presence, stating, that as we had no Inquisition in France, we were but a set of reprobates, and partial to heretics, whom, instead of tolerating as we do, we ought rather to exterminate, as the progress of the Catholic faith could not co-exist with this pestilent sect (the Calvinists), whose very name ought to be abhorred by the people: that Spain had the advantage of never having been infected with heresy, and hence their monarch was called the Catholic King, and hence also the great preponderance of that power in war. I felt it my duty thus to reply to this monk, whose zeal appeared to me to be most indiscreet:—"My reverend father, I am surprised that you, born in Ireland, a neutral country, should be so much under the influence of prejudice and womanish imbecility as to prefer Spain so unjustly to France, a land where religion and valour are equally found, if not in a higher degree. And whatever charms the Inquisition may have for you, and however useful you may think it, as a means of purging a country of impiety and preserving religion in its integrity, the French nation is too well informed that faith, which is the basis and foundation of Christianity, cannot be established by persecution. And as to Spain, although it may be true, as you assert, that Huguenots never could thrive there, still the Moors and Infidels of Granada are so mixed up with the population that you can hardly discriminate between them and real Catholics. Appearances often mislead us. The French, to outward semblance, seem free and careless, but are in reality excellent Christians; while your Spaniard, with the look of a devotee and an angel, is very often the reverse at heart. As to the prosperous career of His Catholic Majesty's arms, he never will encounter the Most Christian King in fair fight without discomfiture." From this castle we came in one day to Cachel [Cashel], a distance of ten miles. This town is an archbishop's see, founded by St. Patrick. There are two convents, [one of] Dominicans, and [one of] Franciscans."

The author's theological and philosophical controversy with the Dominicans at Cashel is highly entertaining, and an excellent sample of the scholastic endowments of the age. Witness his posers in theology.

"1. God in his capacity of Father hath begotten the Son. God in his capacity of God hath begotten naught. Now, as it is by the knowledge he hath of himself as the Father [*quatenus Pater*], that he has produced the Son, how comes it that, by the same knowledge which he has of himself as God [*quatenus Deus*], he has produced nothing? 2. The nature of the Godhead being infinite, how can it have become united with the finite nature of man in the Christ? 3. The attributes of God being each boundless and infinite, how can there be more than one attribute of that description? 4. As the knowledge and the will are the same thing in God, why is the production of the second person of the Trinity, the Son, ascribed more to the one than to the

other? 5. Why is not the Holy Ghost the second and not the third person, since the action of the Spirit precedes the engendering of the Son? To these questions I begged them to give a scientific and categorical answer. One of them attempted to reply, but soon got entangled in the meshes I had prepared for him; whereupon I observed, that perhaps theology was not the science in which he particularly excelled, as many and various are the gifts, and one hath prophecy, another the gift of tongues, &c., but, perhaps the department of philosophy was more familiar to him, and, as there are four distinct parts, viz. logic, metaphysics, ethics, and physics, he would, perhaps, allow me to put a few queries drawn from the first part, logic. 1. Why is their convertibility of propositions in the second process of syllogistic argumentation the touch-stone of truth? 2. Why, in the nineteen forms of syllogism, seven give an affirmative conclusion, and twelve a negative? 3. What is the difference between possibility and contingency in the mode of propositions? Here I found them as dumb-founded as before; on which I remarked that Spanish logic was a capital contrivance, since by saying nothing they were sure not to lay themselves open to their adversary. Passing to the second part, viz. metaphysics, I asked them how they could prove the spirituality of the soul, the existence of angelic beings, and whether such were created before the world, or after? If God has created the world from his knowledge, his knowledge being part of his essence, is not the world part of the essence of the Godhead? Is not chaos eternal as well as God? Here the same system of obstinate taciturnity was persevered in by my Spanish opponents; so I proceeded, passing by the science of ethics, where, on account of its facility, I supposed they might know something, to that of physics."

And so he goes on, puzzling and perplexing them, and lauding himself to the skies, in the finest vein of egotism. But we must give a sample of his general observations. Of Limerick, he says, "In this city there are great numbers of profligate women, which I could not have believed, on account of the climate."

We believe that Limerick, and, indeed, all Ireland, in this respect, are infinitely improved. Amid all their errors and vices, the want of chastity, in the lower classes of Irish women, is not one.

"The towns are built in the English fashion, but the houses in the country are in this manner:—Two stakes are fixed in the ground, across which is a transverse pole to support two rows of rafters on the two sides, which are covered with leaves and straw. The cabins are of another fashion. There are four walls the height of a man, supporting rafters over which they thatch with straw and leaves. They are without chimneys and make the fire in the middle of the hut, which greatly incommodes those who are not fond of smoke. The castles or houses of the nobility consist of four walls extremely high, thatched with straw; but, to tell the truth, they are nothing but square towers without windows, or, at least, having such small apertures as to give no more light than there is in a prison. They have little furniture, and cover their rooms with rushes, of which they make their beds in summer, and of straw in winter. They put the rushes a foot deep on their floors, and on their windows, and many of them ornament the ceilings with branches. They are fond of the harp, on which nearly all play, as the English do on the fiddle, the French on the lute, the Italians on the guitar,



the Spaniards on the castanets, the Scotch on the bagpipe, the Swiss on the fife, the Germans on the trumpet, the Dutch on the tambourine, and the Turks on the flageolet.

"The red-haired are considered the most handsome in Ireland. The women have hanging breasts, and those which are freckled like a trout are esteemed the most beautiful. The trade of Ireland consists in salmon and herrings, which they take in great numbers. You have one hundred and twenty herrings for an English penny, equal to a carolus of France, in the fishing time. They import wine and salt from France, and sell there strong frize cloths at good prices. The Irish are fond of strangers, and it costs little to travel amongst them. When a traveller of good address enters their houses with assurance, he has but to draw a box of sinisine or snuff, and offer it to them; then these people receive him with admiration, and give him the best they have to eat. They love the Spaniards as their brothers, the French as their friends, the Italians as their allies, the Germans as their relatives, the English and Scotch as their irreconcilable enemies. I was surrounded on my journey from Kilkenny [Kilkenny] to Cachel [Cashel] by a detachment of twenty Irish soldiers, and when they learned I was Frankard (it is thus they call us), they did not molest me in the least, but made me offers of service, seeing that I was neither Sazanach [Saxon] nor English. The Irish, whom the English call savages, have for their head-dress a little blue bonnet, raised two fingers breadth in front, and behind covering their head and ears. Their doublet has a long body and four skirts; and their breeches are a pantaloons of white frize which they call trowsers. Their shoes, which are pointed, they call brogues with a single sole. They often told me of a proverb in English, "Airische brogues for English dogness" [Irish brogues for English dogs], "the shoes of Ireland for the dogs of England," meaning that their shoes are worth more than the English. For cloaks they have five or six yards of frize drawn round the neck, the body, and over the head, and they never quit this mantle, either in sleeping, working, or eating. The generality of them have no shirts, and about as many lice as hairs on their heads, which they kill before each other without any ceremony."

We have now only to add, that the Notes and Appendix are full of curious illustrations — of which we select only a single specimen.

"XXI. Our traveller more than once hints, that if he fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians, by the capture of the Irish vessel he was in, certain death awaited him. 'It was rumoured,' he observes, 'that the Parliamentarians threw into the sea all the Irish, and those of their party, owing to the massacre the Irish had made in their country of English Protestants, by a zeal for religion.' And this appears to have had more than mere rumour for its foundation, from the following entry in the record of the proceedings of the Committee of the Admiralty, on the 17th December, 1646: 'Whereas by an ordinance of both Houses of Parliament, dated 24th October, 1644, it is declared that no quarter shall be hereafter given to any Irishman, nor to any Papist borne in Ireland, which shall be taken in hostility against the Parliament, either upon the sea or within this kingdom, and it is thereby ordained that all officers and commanders by sea and land shall, upon the taking of every such Irishman or Papist borne in Ireland, forthwith put every such person to death. For the execution of such ordinance instructions have been issued

by this Committee to the Commanders of the Fleete, according to the strict command therein given. Now upon consideration of what's presented in severall letters directed from severall persons in the West of England to Sir John Northcot, Sir Samuel Rolle, and Sir John Yong, members of the House of Commons, concerning the interruption of Trade by the Irish Frigats, being much increased in number and strength, and the suffringe and dangers of some English that have been by them taken prisoners at sea. In some of which letters was inclosed a letter from one of the said prisoners at Wexford, importing that the casting of some Irish over board that hath been taken at sea by Captain Gilson, hath deprived the said prisoners of hopes of mercy unless the said Ordinance be recalled; the number of the said prisoners at Wexford and thereabouts being informed to be about 150. Also the copie of a letter from Jasper Bolor the Maior of Wexford, conteyning severall scandalous expressions against the parliament, complaints of throwing Irish over bord by Captain Gilson and Captain Plunket, and threats that unless answers be given by the first of February next that no such course shall be hereafter used, and the said Captains sent over to receive punishment, 168 persons that are prisoners there and in other parts of Ireland shall suffer, and those that hereafter fall into their hands shall receive the same measure. Also a petition to both houses of Parliament from the wives and friends of some of the said prisoners praying the Parliament's compassion in procuring the said prisoners release in such way as they shall in their wisdom thinke fit. — Ordered. That the state of this busines be reported to both houses, with this Committee's desire that they will please to declare their pleasure therein, and to direct what instructions this Committee shall hereafter give to the Comanders of the Parliaments ships in reference to the said Ordinance.' C."

1. *Female Beauty, as preserved and improved by regimen, cleanliness, and dress; and especially by the adaptation, colour, and arrangement of dress, as variously influencing the forms, complexion, and expression of each individual; and rendering cosmetic impositions unnecessary.* By Mrs. A. Walker. Pp. 435. London. T. Hurst.
2. *Exercises for Ladies; calculated to preserve and improve beauty, and to prevent and correct personal defects, inseparable from constrained and careless habits: founded on Physiological Principles.* By Donald Walker. Pp. 220. Hurst.
3. *Games and Sports; being an Appendix to "Manly Exercises," and "Exercises for Ladies," &c. &c.* By Donald Walker. Pp. 369. Hurst.
4. *The Anatomy of Dress.* By a Modern Epicurean. Pp. 36. Glasgow, Stenart and Co.; Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute; London, Baldwin and Cradock.

To Mr. and Mrs. Walker the sex are indebted for Nos. 1, 2, and 3, constituting, as it were, a code for the guidance of ladies in all that appertains to their physical and extrinsic powers and qualities. On opening No. 1 we could not help exclaiming, What a dangerous — what a shameful work is here! How injurious to the well-being and happiness of mankind! Are not women already sufficiently able to disturb the peace of the young, and agitate, agitate the hearts even of graybeards? Need they be taught further arts and arms, when no bachelor, except he be a dandy, and, conse-

quently, wrapt in self-love, can withstand, and scarcely a married man after the honey-moon is over (say two months); is it fit, we repeat, to prescribe for them the means of doing more mischief? The consideration is of the gravest kind: and, being overpowered by it, we beg leave to take another *Gazette* for the cool discussion of the questions at issue. Medal engraving is, on the score of importance, but a flea-bite in comparison.

No. 2 is an excellent work; every part of which deserves the best attention of the female world. Health, comfort, and enjoyment, depend on such exercises as are here recommended; and, on the contrary, disease, pain, and suffering are the sure consequences of the habits against which they are warned in these pages.

No. 3 is a valuable and meritorious addition to Mr. Walker's preceding publications. The outline engravings are very spirited, the advice throughout unexceptionable, and the description of some of the games and sports exceedingly amusing.

No. 4. It is a daring piece of impudence for an inhabitant of Glasgow to write on such a topic! What though Sir Robert Peel has enlightened these natives by his speeches; how should they (out of London!) know any thing of the cut or wear of clothes? Only think, for example, at page 28, that *checked muslin* neck-cloths are most becoming in *full dress*. Oh, dear! muslin for Glasgow!

#### FINE ARTS.

##### MEDALLIC ENGRAVING.

OUR attention having been very particularly challenged to this subject, in consequence of certain expressions which we employed in a favourable review of "*The great seals of England, and engraved by the process of Achilles Collas*" (see *Literary Gazette*, December 31, p. 842, col. 3), we were anxious to investigate it more minutely than we had hitherto done, in order to ascertain whether we were borne out in those expressions, or were mistaken in our information. In the one case we were prepared to abide by and justify it; in the other, to confess our error and yield the palm where it was due.

At the moment we undertook this, we confess we were not prepared either for the trouble or extent of the inquiry; but, having gone into, we have gone through it; and, as we have found it to involve questions not so much of individual interests as of pure justice, of usefulness in art, and of national importance, especially with reference to great works in contemplation, we trust that the pains and expense we have bestowed upon it will not be thought unworthy of public attention.

In the criticism alluded to, it was said, "If not one of the most useful (we might have said *generally* useful), this process of M. Collas is unquestionably one of the most ingenious inventions of these ingenious and inventive times. We understand, however, that the machine with which it is effected has been greatly improved by one of our countrymen. We then spoke in highly eulogistic terms of the volume; but, nevertheless, Mr. Hering, the publisher, having, on the part of Mr. Nolte, principal proprietor of the "*Tresor de Numismatique*," reclaimed against the statement that the machine had been improved by an English artist, we instituted the investigation, of which we have now, without partiality or favour, to give the results.

Our notice to correspondents, in No. 1043,

procured us communications from both parties; Mr. Nolte, as head of the French firm; and Mr. Bate, as patentee of the English machine. We also turned to the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the British Museum (occupying from page 463 to 499); and, wishing to be entirely free from personal prejudice, we declined any interviews with parties interested, till we had finally brought our mind to the best conclusion in its power on the whole of the question at issue, as presented by the various sources we have particularised.

And first we present our readers with Mr. Hering's reclamation on behalf of Mr. Nolte.

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*

9 Newman Street, Oxford Street,  
5th January, 1837.

Sir,—In the last number of the *Literary Gazette* I find a critique on the "Great Seals of England, engraved by the process of Achilles Collas."

In that notice you were pleased to speak of the work in question in terms of high praise; but you also state, that the process by which the work was engraved, "has been improved upon by one of our countrymen;" a statement which, I think, I shall be able to convince you is founded upon error.

First, I would observe, that the engraving-machine of M. Collas has never been out of the establishment at Paris, wherein the plates of the Great Seals, and of the works published under the general title of "*Tresor de Numismatique et de Glyptique*," are engraved; it is, therefore, as far as regards the peculiarities which distinguish it from other engraving-machines, a secret confided solely to those who are concerned in the production of its works: if, then, the supposition be at all admissible, that an improvement can have been made upon that machine, it must have been obtained, in the first instance, by surreptitious means.

But, secondly, it is sufficiently notorious that the allusion is meant to be to the engraving-machine of Mr. John Bate, the pretensions of which were made a subject of examination before the Committee of the British Museum, to which was referred Mr. Charles Tilt's petition for assistance in the production of a series of British National Medals by the process of Collas: the evidence adduced has just been laid before the public.

On a perusal of this evidence, it will be apparent that the machine which Mr. Bate claims to have improved, has nothing at all to do with the machine of Collas; but it is one of much older date, said to have been suggested by a diagram, published some twenty years ago in the "*Manuel des Tourneurs*;" and it is stated, that the terms "old machine" and "French machine" are employed to designate it indifferently, and without any intention of confounding it with the new machine invented by Collas. I think, therefore, you will at once perceive, that whatever the pretensions of Mr. Bate's machine to be a better one than that of M. Collas, which have yet to be shewn, it can have none to be an improvement upon it; terms which, in relation to the present subject, have obviously an important difference, however carelessly they may be used in common parlance.

But, sir, permit me further to ask, by what standard the respective merits of two engraving-machines can be tried other than that of the works produced by them? Is it just that public opinion should be forestalled, and the mind of an influential public journalist prepossessed, which, judging a work actually

published, by a fine inflated description of works which are going to be published when they have been prepared, that is, by a certain improved machine? The value of the work on the Great Seals, which you have been pleased to speak so highly of, be it what it may, is appreciable, is tangible; but how are the public to appreciate the value of, for instance, another book on the Great Seals, which might be produced in case a certain machine should be brought into operation? yet, if it be not intended to suggest some such comparison as this, why are the performances of one so frequently (for this is not the first time) met by reference to the professions of another? Is this fair competition? The proprietors of Collas's machine have issued upwards of 700 folio plates of the medals, bas-reliefs, gems, carvings, terracottas, &c., which have been circulated all over Europe, while Mr. Bate has published, as far as I know,\* nothing but the small plate, containing four medals, which appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine* for December. Fair and open competition we desire and court; but that we have yet to experience.—I remain, &c.

HENRY HERING.

As the following letter from Mr. Bate takes up the grounds here laid down, as well as every other point, we shall leave the personal combat in his hands.

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*

Sir,—From a notice which appeared last week in the *Literary Gazette*, I presume that you are in search of information upon a subject in which I am much interested, but that you appear to wish to obtain it from those who have no interest whatever at stake in the question. It is upon the subject of engraving by machinery from medals, for which there is a French process, termed the *process de Collas*, and another which I have invented and patented—these are now at issue.

My antagonists have already told their tale, and fancied, perhaps, that they had it all their own way, because I have hitherto taken no notice of it. I have waited to refer, through some public medium, of high character and respectability, to the publication of the inquiry upon the subject before a committee of the House of Commons: there our separate claims to attention have been investigated, and I, with confidence, refer you to its Report, and ask you, with the disposition to do justice, which you have avowed, to find in that independent evidence you seek; and I particularly refer you to that given by Mr. Brockedon, because he has no interest at stake; and his was the only evidence which went directly to the question at issue, by explaining why the French process produces distortion, and why mine is free from it.

The ignorant assertion that mine cannot be an improvement upon the French instrument, because this has been kept secret, may do for people who boldly assert, but explain nothing. To every man of science, as a mathematician and mechanic, and who is acquainted with the process mentioned in the "*Manuel des Tourneurs*," it is known that it contains a source of error, that of distorting the image it produces by projecting every line it traces as far from its true position on the plate, as any point on such line is above the field of the relief; and that such a machine, however its arrangements and details may be varied, if it contain not a principle in its construction which will obviate this tendency to distort the image, is, in principle, the same as the old machine of the "*Ma-*

\* We are surprised at this statement, as we have seen fifty specimens.

nuel des Tourneurs;" and though, by an adjustment, the apparent relief may be lowered, to lessen the deformity, still the slightest trace of form contains error.

To avoid this, I invented and patented on the 9th of April, 1832, a machine, which contains in its structure a principle which leaves all the images it produces quite correct in the most minute measurement. Nearly at the same time, Mr. Saxton invented a machine to produce the same correctness; and very lately, Mr. William Froude, Engineer, has invented another: both these, though they differ much in detail from mine, contain the same principle, and will, consequently, produce correct representations of subjects in relief. No man of science will, therefore, see presumption in my asserting what can no more be disproved than a problem in Euclid, that 500 different machines for producing such works can only exhibit two actually different in principle—that which will produce a distorted image, and that which will produce a correct one; and when it is said by ignorance, that, because I have not been let into the grand secret by having seen the machine of Collas, mine cannot be an improvement upon it, I answer, not irreverently, but apologetically, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Every print in the "*Tresor de Numismatique*," the work of Collas, that I have examined and compared by myself and before others, is distorted more or less—and many most offensively so—especially those in high relief, though such subjects are avoided by them as much as possible: these have, therefore, been produced by a machine which is one of the class that does not contain the principle by which a perfectly correct image is obtained. In the plate, which I have the pleasure of offering to you for publication, among others will be found two heads, from the same gem of Ariadne; one engraved by the old machine, the other by the new; the measures of the outline of the heads will be found alike; the distorted one has all its errors within the contour. The correct head of Ariadne I offered as a challenge to the French party; this is denied: there can be no mistake in my now repeating that challenge.

In answer to question 5960, in the Report, a counter-challenge was given to me to engrave the Canterbury Pilgrimage. Of course, Mr. Nolte was not aware that his challenge was guarded by a copyright, for which, it is said, that Mr. Hering has paid Messrs. Hodgson and Graves a sum of money: now, if Mr. Nolte will give me a guarantee of freedom to engrave and publish another print of that work, I pledge my word, that, in less than a month, I will produce a more correct and beautiful copy, from the same relief, and give the public the benefit of it, by selling it with a handsome profit, at one-third of the price now charged for it.

But I now beg leave to refer you to Mr. Brockedon's evidence; and shall follow it by some other observations.

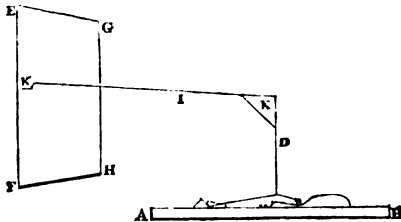
"William Brockedon, Esq., called in, and examined.

"Sir Philip Egerton.] You are a member of the Royal Society, and other scientific bodies, a painter of history, and a member of some foreign academies; and you have published many works, accompanied with beautiful illustrations and engravings?—I have. Consequently, you are well acquainted with many branches of engraving, and have employed engravers in the execution of your works?—I have. Have you any knowledge of the processes of engraving medals, cameos, and embossed surfaces, by

machinery?—I have, of different methods; by the old machine, and Bate's improved machine. Can you give the Committee your opinion upon the process?—Yes. I have now before me a medal which has been cut in sections, in order to explain the difference between the old and the new processes: it is a French medal of Napoleon and Marie Louise. The earliest process with which I became acquainted was that which we now term the old: that was four or five years since. Though I have not seen specimens, I know that a similar process had been employed at a much earlier period; for there is in a French work, called 'Manuel de Tourneur,' of which a second edition appeared in 1816, a process by which, in a very rough way, embossed surfaces can be drawn or laid down upon plane surfaces, with the effect of relief.

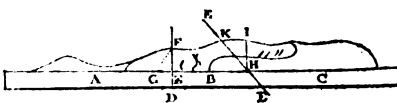
"Sir Robert Inglis.] Is that the invention to which Mr. Babbage has called the attention of his readers?—It is. I will now endeavour to explain the old machine. Having laid down the medal (A B, fig. 1) to be engraved, the ver-

Fig. 1.



tical tracing-point D of the instrument is made to pass over it, at right angles with the plane of the medal, and, consequently, as it passes it must be raised and lowered as it follows the variations of surface in the medal. In order, at the same time, to trace such varying lines upon a plane surface, imagine a plate of steel or copper, E F G H, upon which the image is to be traced for etching, placed at right angles with the plane of the medal; you will perceive that, as the tracing-point D is lifted, and passes through a vertical plane across the medal, it lifts also the etching-point I, attached at right angles to the tracing-point D, and marks upon the plate a curved line K, which agrees perfectly with the curved line described by D across the medal in lifting: a straight line across the field of the medal would be represented by a straight line also on the plate, but wherever there is relief or embossment this lifts the point which touches the medal, and the etching-point marks its course. Now, the fault to which that process was liable will be found in many of the examples which have been placed before the committee to-day, not only in those executed by the old English machine, as in the head of Cheselden, but in other examples from the French, which have been measured, and shewn to be distorted and erroneous; and the way in which that distortion is produced, I think I shall be able to explain.

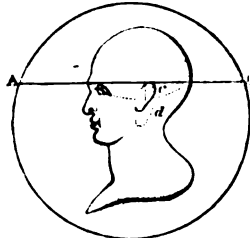
Fig. 2.



Here are three pieces (A B C, fig. 2), which, united, make a complete cast, or impression, of the large Napoleon and Marie Louise medal; the pieces exhibit two sections across the medal, one is at right angles with the field at D, the other at an angle of  $45^\circ$  with it at E. I will

at present speak of the right-angled section only. The tracer, as in D, fig. 1, in passing over in the direction of the section D, fig. 2, would trace in rising over the curved surface from E to F a similar curved line on the plate, but which line would not be represented on the plate as at E, but at G, as far from it as each point touched by the tracer is above the base, and the error in the representation amounts to the whole of this difference. This error exists in all the old machines that I have seen, and must exist in all of which the productions exhibit this defect. These defective machines present, if the lines be horizontal, the appearance of the top of the head leaning towards the observer: thus, if the line A B be traced across the medal, fig. 3, touching the top of the ear,

Fig. 3.



the dotted line representing the curve of elevation of the head in relief, will represent the true position of the ear in the medal C, in the false position of the dotted ear d in the engraving. The outline of the engraving, when traced by either the old or the new machine, is correct; the distortion is in representing the relieved or embossed objects within it. A familiar illustration of this may be given.

Fig. 4.

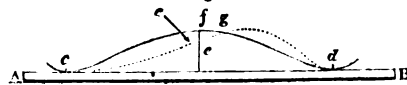


Fig. 4, A B, is a table upon which is a piece of paper fixed at the opposite edges c and d, but so pressed together, that the paper rises in the curve; let the points c d represent the opposite points touching an outline, if a pressure in the direction of e e be made against the paper, it thrusts forward the point f in the curved line to g in the dotted curve, though the points c and d remain unchanged and equidistant. Perpendiculars from the curved line would on the dotted curve be wider apart from c to g, and closer from g to d. To this distortion the less offensive name of foreshortening has been given; but, as no change in the outline takes place, it is obviously distortion. This has relation to the old machine?—To the old machine entirely.

"Lord Sandon.] This creates false shadows?—Certainly, because of the undue crowding of the lines on the shadowed side. I will now describe the new machines, for I am acquainted with two: both of them obviate the distortions produced by the old machines. One is the invention of Mr. Bate, optician, in the Poultry, who has taken out a patent for the improvement, and spent large sums in bringing it to its present perfection. The other machine I have been allowed to bring with me, the better to enable the committee to understand its principle, which is the same as Mr. Bate's, but differently applied. This machine has been very recently invented, and made by Mr. William Froude, a son of Archdeacon Froude, a young engineer of great promise, who distinguished

himself as a first-class man at Oxford. As all the correct engravings of medals placed before you were, however, produced by Mr. Bate's machine, I shall refer to his, by which, three years ago, Mr. Bate engraved for me a head of Michael Angelo, for the card of the Graphic Society. Instead of the vertical section of the medal, as shewn at D fig. 2, Mr. Bate takes the section that is formed by a plane at the angle of  $45^\circ$  E E. The result is, that, instead of the tracer passing in a straight line across it, as at H I, you here get a curved line over the medal from H to K, which curved line actually represents (if the tracer pass over the medal at an angle of  $45^\circ$ ) a curved line on the plate, which is exactly equal to a line on the field of the medal, which is constantly perpendicular to the curve traced on its surface. In proof of this, I place the oblique section on its base, and trace with a pencil held perpendicularly to the base the curved line of the relief, which the obliquity of the section presents: the line thus traced on the base perpendicular to this curve is exactly the same as the line traced on the copper plate, by the etching point: thus both the tracing and the etching points coincide in their curves, instead of, as in the old machines, where the lines directed to the base by the tracer were straight, whilst the etcher represented the curve of elevation,—the whole amount of difference being error.

"Lord Sandon.] In fact, the tracing-line is constantly perpendicular to every portion of the field of the base?—Yes.

"Mr. Marshall.] Why is the elevation of  $45^\circ$  the most advisable?—Because at an angle of  $45^\circ$  the tracer extends laterally, exactly as far upon the surface of the medal as its perpendicular at that point is from the base or field of the medal. By the new process, as I have already stated, both the tracer and the etcher describe the same curve, and give at that angle an apparent equal relief in the print to the medal itself.

"Lord Sandon.] Are you obliged in that machine to adjust the instrument to every line?—No; the etching point and the tracing point move with the same adjustment for the spaces between each line. This you will perceive in the machine invented by Mr. William Froude; but his is not so readily adjusted as Mr. Bate's, though he obtains by his arrangements the angle of  $45^\circ$ , which is so necessary and valuable in making the tracer and the etcher perform exactly the same curve.

"Sir Philip Egerton.] Having stated that a great amount of error is consequent upon the operation of the old machine, and having explained the cause of that error, and having also explained to the committee the very ingenious method by which Mr. Bate and Mr. Froude have corrected that fault of the old machine, have you any engravings with you by which you can shew the committee the comparative merits of the productions of the two machines, the old and the new?—I think I have. Before Mr. Froude went out of town, he desired me to ask Mr. Bate to make a cone, the height of which should be equal to the radius of its base. He said, 'If you get such a cone, the old machine will throw the point of its engraved representation upon the periphery, whilst with the new machine you will have it in the centre.' This example [producing one] was the result of the first experiment; subsequently, another was made, half the radius.

Lord Stanley.] In one case it is half way between the centre and the periphery, and in the other it is correct?—Yes. As another

illustration beyond the mere cone, I have here an example of a production by the new machine; it has been recently executed expressly to place before the committee: it is evidence not only of the accuracy of the new machine, but also of the rapidity with which such a work as this can be executed. This large medal of Henry IV., about four inches in diameter, was begun last evening at four o'clock, and finished at two o'clock this morning, that is, finished in the tracing upon the etching ground; it then went into the hands of an inferior artist, who bit the lines traced through the ground with an acid, and it is now a proof that if an artist had superintended it, it would have united all the beauties of such a work of art: its accuracy you will see by comparison. Even this is a faithful representation of the medal?—It is, under all the disadvantages of haste, and wanting the aid of an artist.

“*Lord Sandon.*] In these two heads, the one of the new machine looks you in the face, the one of the old machine looks askance?—Yes, that is the distortion consequent on the use of the old machine, though there is a mode of rendering that error less offensive, and I understand that it has been adopted by the French artists. It is by an adjustment of the etching point upon the plate to be engraved, so as not to give the full height of the relief. In subjects which are in very high relief the distortion is so obvious, and has been felt so strongly by those who use the imperfect machinery, that, to prevent its being too offensive, they have only allowed an elevation of one-third of the relief in some instances; but the whole amount of that third is error. It is very true, that two-thirds have been spared, but then you have produced another error, which grows out of the correction, by falsely representing the height of the actual relief of the medal; because, if the height of the relief be three-fourths of an inch above the base, at its greatest height, and the relief be reduced to one quarter of an inch, it is not a representation of the amount of the true relief, though it is less offensive, because there appears to be less distortion.

“*Sir Philip Egerton.*] Are the committee to collect from your evidence, that, under the superintendence of an artist, the machines which have been invented by Mr. Bate and Mr. William Froude are calculated to represent, with great accuracy, and with good effect, such a series of medals as that to be found in our national collection of the British Museum?—Yes; I believe that the principle of their construction affords the only way in which medals can be accurately engraved; because, if any engravers of skill are employed to execute the imitation of such work in the ordinary way, by line engraving, they do not represent a metallic surface; a print is, in fact, only a conventional resemblance of a face in black and white, and line engravers have a conventional mode of touching by dots and crosses, so as to represent the texture of flesh. The engraving by Mr. Freebairn, from Sir John Soane's medal before you, is a good example. But it may be an engraving of a painted portrait; there is nothing hard, nothing metallic, in its appearance, to represent a medal; and these are characteristic qualities, which can only be represented by the process of engraving by these machines. The ordinary modes of engraving are not only very costly, but, for this purpose, every way inferior; and you have to trust for accuracy of resemblance to the skill of the individual artist employed. There are, however, certain very small and

delicate works, which it is extremely difficult to give well by this machinery; and in such cases, touching a little with the graver will often be necessary to aid the details of the work. Have you any doubt but that the machinery used for this purpose is still capable of considerable improvement, and that such improvement is likely to take place within a limited period of time?—No; my opinion is, that the new machine is incapable of improvement in principle, though in some details improvements may be suggested; accuracy is now obtained. You may have different machines to obtain such accuracy, but you cannot go beyond accuracy; and, therefore, it is incapable of important improvement. The difference between such things as have been produced by Mr. Bate and the French works is, that the French works have been under the superintendence of skilful persons, while Mr. Bate has been unaided by the judgment of artists. When a medal is to be engraved, an artist should point out in what direction the light should fall: Mr. Bate has generally thrown his light upon the front of the face; while the French, on the other hand, have skilfully thrown the light upon the back of the head, and if they had had an accurate machine for their work they would have approached perfection. It is also after the tracing by the machine that the skill of the artist is required; and it is not necessary that he should be a first-rate artist. I would venture to say, that in Messrs. Finden's establishment, out of fifty pupils and assistants, forty of them could be put at an hour's notice on this work, so as to produce it as perfect, with the artist's skill, as any examples that have been shewn to-day. It also requires some little judgment to decide in what direction the tracing point should traverse the line of the medal? That is what I mean by the direction of the light, as it always falls at right-angles to the line traced; and the artist is required beyond this, because, when it goes into the hands of a person to etch it, he must observe the progress of the acid, and know its effects in the depth and colour of the lines. These are advantages which the French possess, but which have not yet been required in this country, though hundreds may be had the moment they are wanted. Here is a specimen of the skill of the artists employed on the “*Treſor de Numismatique*,” a work now publishing in France; I venture to say that, as far as the skill of the artist can go, nothing can exceed the perfect beauty of this specimen plate of their work; but that is due to the artist, not to the machine. This is specimen No. 2, produced by Collas's establishment: from the taste and judgment with which it has been etched up to a beautiful tint of colour, it is one of the finest specimens I ever saw.

“*Mr. Hawes.*] Do you think that the French machine possesses any advantages in medals of very low relief and small size?—None whatever; because, however low the relief may be, the instrument by which it is traced is still erroneous; not a line out of the straight line can be drawn by that machine which is not erroneous, nor by any known, unless the diagonal tracer be employed. This is capable of mathematical demonstration. There is hardly a stronger evidence than in the two engravings of Ariadne, by the old and new machines, and in that which has just been produced, already mentioned, that of Henry the Fourth, a front face. Those who use the old machine avoid a front face as much as possible. I have been informed that the Ariadne has been sent to

France, with a request that they would produce a specimen of engraving from that gem; it was sent as a challenge to Messrs. Collas's establishment in France, but it has not been accepted.

“*Mr. R. Colborne.*] Have you ever considered the question, whether, if a work of this kind was undertaken under the patronage of the trustees of the British Museum, it would pay its expenses without parliamentary aid?—I think it would; I have no doubt it would pay its expenses after a short time; but many expenses would be necessary before the work could be known. Expenses would be incurred before any return, which, perhaps, might be alarming; but I think money advanced in aid of such a work would be repaid by its proceeds. If a sufficient number of subscribers were found at first, it might be published without aid; especially looking at the price at which it could be executed, which I have the means of knowing. Here is an example of the Athenæum head: the original head was charged forty guineas by Mr. Lane; it is the head of Minerva, the seal of the club. I inquired of Mr. Bate at what price it could be executed by the machine: the answer was, that they would be very glad to do such an obverse, even as a single commission, for one pound; but that if a number were to be done, one half of that expense would be sufficient, taking the average of medals two inches in diameter; if the whole number gave an average of two inches, they might be executed for one pound a medal—that is, both the obverse and the reverse—this would be the cost of ruling or tracing. There would be, in addition, the incidental expenses of the plate, etching, &c. Have you a specimen of that Athenæum head?—I have. [*The witness delivered in the same.*] You are quite of opinion that if a work of that kind is ever undertaken it must be by machinery?—Certainly; because it not only is by far the cheapest, but it is the only way in which a series could be executed. It is the only way in which a plate from a medal could be executed accurately; because if you go to a line engraver, you have to trust to his skill in drawing as well as engraving, so that you have by the new machine the advantage of both the cheapest, the most ready, and the only accurate mode.

“*Mr. Hawes.*] You have not the remotest interest in this question beyond that interest which you have in any thing connected with the arts?—In no way whatever. It is only a few days since that I heard that this committee was sitting, and was told that I was to be summoned to give evidence upon it. I certainly feel great interest, not only as an artist, in the publication of such a collection of medals as that in the British Museum, but I have been from my childhood (my father was a watch-maker) initiated in mechanical structures. This gave me early an insight into the subject, and created a taste for such inquiries as led to my going to see the machine for engraving the moment I heard of it, and making myself master of its principles.”

I think it is impossible, sir, to misunderstand the above evidence; but I beg leave to add the opinions expressed by some other witnesses upon the distortion of the French works: the skill with which many of them have been got up, by their artists, is most creditable to them; and it is to be regretted, that their characters so often suffer for the bad company they keep, as a distorted work must be a heartless thing to touch upon.

Among those who gave evidence, the name

of Sir Francis Chantrey had deserved weight; it is most unfortunate that he had not been made acquainted with the structure of the machines before his evidence was called. I have selected only that portion of the answers given by him, and some of the other witnesses, which bear upon the question of distortion, and justify my statement. The following were answered by Sir F. Chantrey:—

5859.\* Upon measuring from the extreme of one side of the medal produced to the extreme point of the other, do you find any difference between it and the engraving which is submitted to you?—Answer: Taking the extreme outline, I find no difference; but I perceive, taking it from the centre, that on the light side it is larger than on the shadow side; and I am not prepared to account for that, it never occurred to me before.

5793. Have you had an opportunity of comparing any of them [*i. e.* the Collas engravings laid before him, and the published volume] with the originals?—No; except the one of Sir Walter Scott, which was shewn to me to-day.

5794. That you consider a close representation?—It is a bold relief, and I see, that, in proportion as the relief increases, those deviations must necessarily increase also.

5795. Which do so far affect the precise accuracy?—Which do so far affect the precise accuracy as not to allow the measurements from the centre to agree.

These are the answers of an artist, and a sensible man, who sees the defect, but does not (as he is unacquainted with the machines) attempt, heedlessly, to explain the cause. But what says Mr. Benedetto Pistrucci? “5090. Should you be satisfied to place a medal of yours in the hands of the proprietors of the French machine, with a view to its being engraved, the engraving to be considered as an accurate representation of your work?—Yes, I should; but the public at large, not those accustomed to look at such things, should be made to understand, that it gives a foreshortened or perspective view of the original.”

If Mr. Pistrucci understood the terms of art which he employs, he must have known, that no foreshortened or perspective view of a medal can be given, that does not, whilst it foreshortens the relief, foreshorten the disk also; and it would have been shewn on an oval field, and not a circular one.

5092. Take the front face, should you be satisfied with an engraving, the product of the French machine?—If I had no better I should; but, if the relief is high, the appearance of the foreshortening would be still stronger.

6000. Supposing you were to place one of your own works in the hands of an artist, to engrave by hand, should you instruct him to give you a correct copy of the medal, or give you a perspective view of it?—A correct copy of the medal.

Since distortion exists in the *procès de Collas*, and foreshortening does not explain it, the shrinking of the casts may; let us see: Mr. Robert Faraday is examined to prove that metal casts shrink in cooling, but he only proves that such casts shrink *equally* in every part; this would only make the engravings less in size, not distorted.

But such excuse is unworthy of notice, since engraving from medals struck in dies, and not casts made from them, cannot help this evasion; as in the head of Sir Walter Scott, adverted to by Sir F. Chantrey, he finds the outline right (therefore there was no shrinking), but all within it wrong. Only one word in

our language will justly express this fault, “distortion.”

What says Mr. Wilson, the successor of the late Mr. Tassie, in reply to the question 6008, requiring his opinion of the engraving from the medal of Henry IV.? “The English engraving appears to me to give an exact representation of the medal, which the other does not.”\*

Mr. Henning’s evidence also proves, in the engraving, the inaccuracy of the French process. In answer to question 5049, speaking of an engraving from one of his own works, Mr. Henning says: “When I first saw the French work, from my intimate knowledge of my own work, I was surprised at the monstrosity of the faces which are done in front; some which are done looking up, in these engravings are looking down and distorted; I attributed this to the bad ones from which they must have worked; but finding this error the same in all the front faces, this assured me there must be something wrong in the machine: the evidence of Mr. Brockedon has put this in the clearest light to-day.”

The whole of the evidence of Mr. Wyon, Chief Engraver to the Mint, goes to establish the imperfections of the *procès de Collas*; but one practical answer is enough: he is questioned, 5860, upon the French engraving from his medal of Sir John Soane.

“Are you satisfied with the correctness of this engraving, executed by the French machine?—I find it inaccurate in several of its parts, which may be observed by measuring it. For my own eye I do not require compasses, it is sufficiently obvious; but, on measuring the great disproportion between the medal and the engraving, it becomes very apparent. I now place my compasses from the lobe of the ear to the point of the nose most projecting in the outline, and on applying the compasses to the medal itself, I find a difference of nearly an eighth of an inch greater in the medal than in the engraving.”

The whole of this width on the medal scarcely exceeds half an inch! nearly one-fourth error!!

But, enough of the proofs of distortion, or, as Mr. Nolte calls it in his evidence, 5957, “a *voluntary departure* from that mathematical accuracy which we might have maintained if we had thought fit to do so.” Thus, after a denial of distortion, we come to an admitted voluntary departure from accuracy; after attributing it to *shrinking of the casts*, which was certainly involuntary; to *foreshortening*, to which it bears no resemblance; we are told that “it should be further insisted upon that this ‘inaccuracy’ with which the works of the French machine have been charged, is not necessary to it, but has been merely sanctioned, for the sake of effect, by the presiding artists on the principle (!) just laid down.” Thus, *inaccuracy* is avowedly *sanctioned as necessary to the effect*. What arrant trumpery this is which has been printed and foisted upon the public about the *procès de Collas*, a name which I hope it will retain with all the honours (!). That the distortion proved, is a matter of choice and not necessity, is too gross to have been written by any honest man who was acquainted with the real state of this art. No man tries to prove that wrong is preferable to right who is not a deceiver, or who has not been humbugged.

Will Collas and Co. now assert that the gross faults of their engraving of the Henry IV. medal was necessary to its beauty? Beauty and accuracy are so far from being incompatible

\* The rest of the answer qualifying this, as he had not seen the medal, is omitted.—*Ed. L. G.*

in this art, that their union is essential to the perfection of its productions. Yet, if no other process than that of Collas were known, what has issued from the French press is, thanks to their artists, sufficiently beautiful to make one wish that such works should be produced in even greater numbers, if there were no means of making them better, if there were no machines by which perfect accuracy could be obtained, and if we had no artists in England\* with skill enough—God help the mark! to do them at least as well; but these united advantages are ours since my union with Mr. A. R. Freebairn, an eminent engraver, and the public shall not be long without proofs which will destroy all controversy.

The question, however, at this moment, is not what these *voluntary errors* might have done, but what they have done? I answer, produced a series of incorrect representations. I assert, and I shall be supported in this assertion by every mathematician, that the French machine which produced the Henry IV. and made thick heads of the Greeks in the representation of the Phrygian friezes, could not have produced them accurately; and the proprietors, finding themselves unequal to this, have now turned round, like the fox in the fable, who had lost his tail, and then swore that the loss was a matter of choice, and that he was much handsomer without one.

To this defence of myself I have been roused. English artists and talent were spoken of by this foreign party with contempt,—my invention with a sneer,—and all that I had done, as never heard of before. It may be my misfortune that I have not so much assumption as my opponents. Now, however, because I have dared to stir in my own defence, I am reproached with not having stirred earlier; now my opponents say, When we had nearly run the game down, you step in to seize it; now that we have called the attention of the trustees of the British Museum to the engraving of the medals which illustrate British history; now that we have got a committee of the House of Commons to examine our pretensions; now, after spending months in England to attain our object, we are to be thrust out by one who never stirred before.

Who told them so? More than four years ago, when I invented the correct machine, my first object was the medals of the British Museum. I applied there, without success; my applications were repeated, but I could not force my case upon their attention: I was too modest; perhaps, and I had not the advantage of being a foreigner. That I had spent thousands of pounds in machines, experiments, time, and a patent, was nothing!

The subject, however, has been, at length, brought into notice by the exertions of those who are not yet privileged to condemn me for taking advantage of it: my pretensions, also, have been fairly examined with theirs by a committee of intelligent English gentlemen; their Report of this examination is before a British public, and I have no fear for the result.—I am, &c.

JOHN BATE.

21 Poultry, January 1837.

The accompanying plate contains—  
Nos. 1 and 2. Parts of the Panatheniac Procession, from the Elgin marbles.  
3. Head of Henry IV.

\* I was fully aware that the boasted advantages of the French productions were due to the superintendence of artists; but it has been asserted by the French party, that we had none in England who could superintend such works: this would be, indeed, strange, since many of the engravers in metal, and nearly all in wood, now employed in Paris, are English artists; and yet we have not missed one of any celebrity.



4. The Ariadne gem, } by the old machine.  
 5. A cone,  
 6. The same gem of Ariadne, } by Bate's patent machine.  
 7. The same cone, }  
*See the Evidence.*

All these are engraved in full relief.

P.S. Since the above was written, I have seen another notice of the parties, promising amendment: now, we shall see whether the distortion was *necessary* to the beauty of the effect of the French works, or whether the means to which they must resort by different machinery will confirm their public statements that correctness could only be obtained at the expense of effect.

I must add one remark: the Ariadnes, correct and incorrect, were engraved by me to shew my improvements in the machine, and are printed on the specification of my patent deposited above four and a half years ago. So much for the truth of the statement that it has been done expressly to represent the *procès de Collas*, as contrasted with my own; they were printed a year at least before any works from that machine appeared in this country.

It has also been asserted (see 5956 of the Evidence), that I took my engravings from casts in enamel: this is only true of some; most of those which I have engraved have been like those of my opponents, from medals and metal casts.

All I ask, is to be fairly heard; as my opponents have already been. There is room enough in the world for two such establishments, unless the French party insist upon monopolising the whole of Europe, and depriving an Englishman, with a *proved* superior process, of the support of his countrymen.

JOHN BATE.

A regard to truth impels us to say, that, previous to reading this statement, we had been forced by the weight of evidence, and the occurrence of circumstances, to very accordant conclusions.

Mr. Tilt petitions the legislature to give him public aid in publishing a splendid national work—"A Medallist Illustration of British History"—and through the medium of a French company, existing in Paris, and working a machine invented by M. A. Collas.

Upon this an inquiry is founded, and the petitioner, in support of his application, calls Mr. Vincent Nolte (an American gentleman, who, by his spirit of enterprise and speculation, has become the principal of that trading company);† Sir Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor; and Mr. Edward Hawkins, the keeper of the antiquities in the British Museum, who, in the event of success, was to write the literary portion of the work.

Without being unduly imbued with nationality, there is certainly something repugnant to our feelings in the first blush and opening of this scheme. Except Sir F. Chantrey, every one of the witnesses has a large direct interest in the design, if not to lead him into wilful partiality, which we would not even insinuate, at least to warp his judgment, as human nature is too apt to be unconsciously biassed by such a cause. Mr. Nolte had the means of a fortune at stake; Mr. Tilt the profits of an immense publication; and Mr. Hawkins a literary and antiquarian engagement, to which he would have done honour, and for which he would have deserved rich and honourable remuneration. The work was proposed to be executed in Paris, from engravings done in London, and the steel plates sent over to be printed

\* It was necessary, in order to have a sufficient supply, to have a second plate engraved; in which the positions of the subjects have been purposely altered, but they are identical, and referred to by the same numbers.—*Ed.*

† I am, he said, the founder of it, and have embarked a great deal of money in it.

there. Mr. Tilt accounted for the inferiority of some of the French plates already published, "from imperfections in the instrument; in other cases, from deficiencies in the medals themselves; and, sometimes, from neglect in the person working the machine:" but he would guard against any such in his projected history. He had never seen any satisfactory engraving by Mr. Bate's machine; understood it required "the superintendence of a species of artist" (?) and must work very slowly: while in Collas's machine the process was mechanical. All this is sadly at war with Mr. Nolte and the other witnesses.

Sir F. Chantrey characterised the word "distortion" as too severe when applied to the Collas engravings. For very bold relief the machine was unfit, but, for a flat medal, the most satisfactory thing he had seen.

Mr. Hawkins was much in favour of the French *procès*: there might be deficiencies, not inaccuracies, (a curious distinction!) and he deemed it necessary that the engravings should be retouched by artists (refer to Mr. Tilt above), and engravers employed to assist the inscriptions.

Mr. Nolte fixed Collas's invention at the end of the year 1831, when he constructed his machine, upon very different principles, from an outline he had seen in the "*Manuel des Tourneurs*," published some twenty years before. It was taken up by several distinguished Frenchmen, and was soon effectively patronised by the government. Mr. Nolte having referred us to his second examination, in explanation, we, with pleasure, add the two queries and answers which he specifies.

"5954. Will you state in what particulars the evidence is defective?—I wish first to satisfy the Committee that the machine can produce a correct engraving, by laying one before them. The Soane medal has been produced, and has been measured. When I found that some objections were taken to the correctness of our engraving of that medal, to satisfy all views of the matter, I had another engraving taken of it, which I have now produced, and which shews to the Committee, if it be measured in the same comparative way in which the other was measured, that is to say, from the lobe of the ear to the point of the nose, or from the lobe back to the head, or from the lobe to the frontal sinus, and so on, that it answers all the exigencies of that mathematical accuracy which some are disposed to require. It corresponds, in fact, and most accurately, with all the proportions of the medal.

"5955. Is that specimen which you have now produced, in your opinion, mathematically correct?—Yes: however, I must observe, that we have found latterly, that, as our engravings are executed from casts in brass, which are taken of these medals, the shrinking of the cast always diminishes a little the size to the eye; wherefore our engravings from medals generally give an idea of their being a little smaller than the medals from which they are engraved. This, I can easily prove, arises from the shrinking of the cast.

"5956. And so far, the engraving is not accurate?—Certainly not: our casts cost but a trifle. Mr. Bate has taken his engravings from casts in enamel, which may have cost from one to two guineas a-piece, and the engravings taken from these casts in enamel are apt to be (where a pair of compasses is applied) a little more accurate than ours. It has been stated in evidence, with doubt by one witness, but positively by another, that there was not a

corresponding movement between our tracing and our cutting points, the one moving in a straight line, the other producing a curve. This is a mistake; the difference that may be found merely arises from the view taken by our artists of the manner in which the medal is to be engraved. We usually take a perspective view of it, which is invariably found to answer all purposes, particularly that of giving the effect of relief, better than one taken from the top. It has also been stated, that in order to conceal a distortion (which I cannot admit), we have contrived to lessen the relief of the medal, and that therefore we resorted to another incorrectness to hide the first. This, again, is an error. We have always given the height of the relief clearly, as may be seen in all our engravings of medals and others. Mr. Bate, in his machine, has got over the difficulty, by giving no relief at all, as I will shew to the Committee in the following instance. Here is an engraving, which has been already before the Committee, of a medal with the head of Henry IV. by our machine, and another engraving of the same medal by Mr. Bate. [*The witness delivered in the same.*] In our engraving, the height of the relief is perceptible by the shelving of the bust towards the plane of the medal, by the collar, &c. Mr. Bates's medal shews nothing of the kind: it gives shadow, but no light. I have further to state, that an account of a comparative measurement has been given by one of the witnesses of the large medal of Pierre Jeannin. Although his geometrical eye could discover a difference of one-third of an inch in the head, it has not been able to see within the whole of an inch the width of the diameter of the medal. Mr. Hawkins, now in the room, has it in his hands, and its diameter measures exactly seven inches and a half. Here is our engraving of this very medal, which we consider one of our best productions, and in which there is a relative difference in the diameter from the medal. The diameter of that engraving is less by three lines than that of the medal. We consider this engraving, as I have already stated, one of our best productions, from the very circumstance of the medal being in the highest possible relief, and one of difficult execution."

On the other hand, besides Mr. Brockedon, whose talents and intelligence need no allusion, beyond the display in the evidence quoted by Mr. Bate, Mr. Wyon, the chief engraver of our royal mint, and a medallist unsurpassed in Europe; Mr. Doubleday, whose labours at the British Museum are highly appreciated by every English artist; Mr. Henning, the artist; Mr. R. Faraday, an experienced brass-founder; Mr. Pistrucci, of the mint; Mr. John Wilson, gem engraver; and Mr. Bate himself (the latter, like Mr. Nolte, deeply interested); have all, more or less, impeached the assertions in favour of Collas's process, and sustained the claims, both as to priority and merit, of the English mechanist.

Mr. Wyon mentioned Mr. Bate's attempts about 1828, to construct a machine, in union with Mr. Bawtree of the Bank of England: this was what is called the old machine. Mr. Bawtree died before Mr. Bate invented and made the machine which he patented. By the former was produced the Cheselden Medal for St. Thomas's Hospital in 1830, which was greatly improved in 1831-32, and made it capable of "a perfectly accurate representation." His objections to the Soane Medal, by the French machine, are very strong; while that by Bate's machine was "quite accurate."

At our request, Mr. Nolte has been obliging

enough to send us other specimens of the Collas machine; one a large head of Louis Philippe, and a very showy production. Not having seen the original medal, we cannot decide upon its fidelity; but it does strike us that the nose is very disproportionately narrow. If this be the fault of the medallist, or if his majesty's head is really so mis-shapen, the machine, of course, has nothing to answer for. But, if the error is in the machine, it would be a striking confirmation of Mr. Wyon's objection to the Soane medal, viz. that it was out of proportion no less than a fourth part. In the other specimen sheet, some of the subjects are admirably ruled, and justify the compliments paid, in Mr. Brockedon's evidence, to the skill of the artists. Mr. Nolte particularly directs our attention to the engravings of a key and a shell, beautifully ruled and ingeniously bitten; but these for the question at issue—*accuracy*—are hardly sufficient proofs; since we cannot so readily detect "distortions" in such subjects as in faces, where the originals can be seen, or where frequent observation of medals or gems furnish adequate grounds for comparison.

Having considered both sides of the case, we must say, it affords us a certain gratification to be called on, by a sense of right, to stand forward on behalf of native ingenuity, talent, and invention. As for priority in time, if Mr. Collas, the Paris mechanic, in 1830, took the hint from a publication twenty years old,—the "*Manuel des Tourneurs*;" surely he can possess no superior claim to Mr. Bate, the London mechanic, who, no matter where he got the first suggestion, commenced similar operations in 1828.

While his competitors produce misrepresentations of the medals they engrave, Mr. Bate need not have any fear for the value of his invention: their machines are clearly not, in principle, like his. It will be time enough for him to protect his patent right when correct images are produced by his opponents, whether Collas and Co., or others. The former have promised accuracy, which, of course, is capable of instant proof. This Mr. Bate has shewn can only be obtained by the adoption of the principle which he has patented; and in the privileged use of which he is protected by the laws of his country.

Then, with regard to present execution, the whole mass of testimony is prodigiously in favour of the English machine. As for the challenges between the parties, we would not give a rush for them; but we cannot peruse the evidence of such disinterested individuals as Messrs. Brockedon and Wyon, without being powerfully impressed with the truth of their facts, and the correctness of their opinions.

We are not surprised that the Parisian company of Lachevardiere and Co. should be much annoyed, when they were endeavouring to carry a great English national work by a *coup*, to find a sturdy opposition start up in English art; but they could not have been unaware of the progress made in perfecting machines of the same kind in England (Mr. Bate's patent, sealed before Collas's was published at all, Mr. Lacy's, and published engravings, were too notorious), and they ought to have been prepared for a fair trial of skill and comparative merits. This they have now had; and we think it will be difficult for them to induce a belief, that we are so deficient in art, artists, and machinery, as to be unable to cope with them in the production of a series of medallic engravings; and still less so, on the pretence that the *eye* is better than the *compasses* for ascertaining the accuracy of such engravings.

On one hand, they cannot be allowed this boast, for it is not an apology; while on the other, they assume the credit of being geometrically correct. This is the hot and cold blowing of the satyr.

With respect to Mr. Bate and his friends using the term, "French Machine," thus misleading persons to infer that it was Collas's, the only French machine in existence, instead of being, as Mr. Nolte says, Bate's own old machine: if disingenuously done, we would heartily disapprove of it; but this is denied and explained in the P.S. to Mr. Bate's letter. It cannot, however, in any way affect the real merits of the discussion. All that the public has to ascertain is, if there be at home honest and successful mechanical invention, coupled with native talent, competent to produce the national work described; or whether we should be compelled to apply to a French company, with a foreign head, to execute it for us. The parties are in court. Mr. Nolte has had the start, and almost put down and silenced opposition; which, under any circumstances, is to be deprecated. If we are right in thinking, it would have been manifest injustice if he had achieved this object; that, with Mr. Bate's plates before the world, it is obvious that his labours to bring the art as near as possible to perfection, and to excel Collas, have deserved an opposite result; and that honour, as well as *amor patriæ*, entitle him to support. If we are right in these opinions, we are, nevertheless, open to reply, and the French company (the first assailants, though they complain of opposition) are welcome to the rejoinder, if they can controvert or disprove a single point, as we have felt it to be our impartial duty to trace upon our *Literary Machine*.\*

#### BRITISH GALLERY. (Second notice.)

421. *The Legend of St. Dorothy*. H. L. Smith.—We know nothing of the legend, but it has afforded the artist an opportunity of exhibiting his talents in a department of art that calls for their utmost and most persevering efforts; and in which, we think, he has been eminently successful. In a variety of instances, we have traced Mr. Smith's progress in subjects of an elevated class, and have found in him qualities commensurate to the undertaking.

420. *Celesto, Ovid's Metamorphoses*. R. Rothwell, R.H.A.—This is rather a preparation than the completion of a study. It seems the statue of Pygmalion, or one of Baily's beautiful figures of repose, warming into life. As a preparation, the pearly tints, in the body of the female, are some of the purest we ever saw. As a specimen of the artist's powers, in their full effect, we have only to point the attention of the visitor to No. 239. *Study from Nature*.

391. *Riensi, the Last of the Tribunes*. S. Bendixon.—Without pointing to any particular passage in which this heroic figure appears, the artist has given a space in the scene, and a form both striking and attractive. It is one of

\* Since preparing our remarks on this subject, we have seen the *Mechanics' Magazine* of February 4th, which has warmly espoused the cause of native art, in respect to this invention. It contains, also, a very strong letter from Mr. John Henning, charging the Paris company with the most unworthy conduct towards his labours works from the Parthenon and Phrygian marbles, pirating them and suppressing his name. These accusations Mr. Nolte and Mr. Lachevardiere deny, or explain away; and we only notice the fact, as one not to be overlooked in this controversy. As we are mentioning our contemporary, we take the opportunity of saying, that the *Mechanics' Magazine* contains some very excellent scientific articles.—Ed. L. G.

the best examples of Mr. Bendixon's pencil; and is carefully, as well as skilfully, painted.

397. *Interior of the Abbey Mill at Reading*, E. Havell,—is, with all its intricacies of wheels and machinery, so true to nature, and so admirable in its effect of light and character, that, were it painted the size of life, or panorama fashion, one would almost be persuaded to step into it.

244. *Lovers*. C. W. Cope.—From "Love" to Lovers is a very natural transition, and, from the artist's beautiful allegory, we come to a scene of real life. In the yielding looks of the female, we read the successful suit of the lover, which has, no doubt, been aided by the harmony of sweet sounds. But it is rather with the solid and masterly character of the painting that we are most pleased: and its character as a work of art is, perhaps, its best recommendation.

(To be continued.)

#### GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday the second conversazione of this Society took place at the Thatched House; and, *malgré* the weather and the influenza, the meeting was an agreeable one. Many beautiful drawings, sketches, engravings, and pictures, were placed on the tables. Folios were furnished by several of the members and contributors; and, among others, by Mr. Evans, Mr. Cope, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Cowan, and Mr. A. Glennie. Among the company we observed Professor Babbage, Mr. Greenough, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Morier. It is a peculiar feature in this society of artists, that such men, distinguished in science and eminent in literature, are found among its visitors.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

[Latest Accounts.]

Bagdad, September 20th, 1836.

MY DEAR —, I write to you a few words to announce our arrival at the city of the caliphs. My last was from Erane, or Quait, on the Arabian side of the Gulf. The detention which we experienced at Bushire brought us to the period of nearly the lowest season, with, unfortunately, only the larger steamer on our hands. The first Indian mail arrived by the Hon. E. I. Company's schooner, Shannon, on the 13th inst. with intelligence of the transmission of another mail, *per* Hugh Lindsay, at the end of the month. The Shannon joined us at Mohammra, a town which is rapidly rivaling Bussora, and already beats it in trade. It is on the Persian side of the Shat el Arab, below Bussora. There did not remain time to proceed up the Euphrates with the mail, and return again for that expected by the Hugh Lindsay; so that, on our arrival at Korna, we received the unexpected orders to proceed up the Tigris to Bagdad. This was also, in part, in consequence of private intelligence, received by Colonel Chesney, of the state of parties in the upper river. Our navigation here was unattended by any accidents, and only a short detention on a bank, a few miles below the city, said by the pilot, who is a quizz, to be newly formed! The evening of our arrival, the bridge of boats having been unslung, we were enabled, after taking on board, and saluting, Colonel Taylor, the company's political resident in Turkish Arabia, to sail up the left bank, to beyond the pasha's serail, returning by the right bank to anchor opposite to the residency. The whole population had turned out, and seemed to think that days more brilliant, and equally wonderful with those of

Haroun al Raschid (may his memory be revered! as worthy Ibn Hankal would say) had once more come back. Ali Pacha is returning from a short campaign with Rawandus, a Kurd chief, who, from having one eye, professed himself to be the Tamerlane of the day; but he is now a prisoner of Reschid Pacha, the general commanding the sultan's forces, which occupy the northern countries as an army of observation upon the swarthy Egyptian at Antioch. In allusion to this modern Cadmus, I cannot help remarking, that, whatever may be the opinion of parties concerning the ultimate success of this enterprise, it was surely in very bad taste, to put the statements of a person called Waghorn, and well known in the East, in opposition to the direct representations of Colonel Chesney, and every one of the officers under him. The liberty of averring from remote Egypt that Mohammed Ali was doing everything in his power to assist the expedition, every one has the full license, as far as his conscience will permit him, to exercise; but every feeling of love of justice and truth is revolted, when such asseverations are brought as evidence against the united statements of officers, who would soon become chary of giving information, if the return to be met with was the contradictory evidence of discreditable witnesses, brought forward in a discussion which they have never sought, and are only anxious to leave to the neglect which it deserves.

Our able astronomer, Lieutenant Murphy, perished, as you know, in the midst of his pursuits, at Bussora. With that, and a few other exceptions, the state of the health of the crew is highly satisfactory; more especially in a case of unusually high inundations, and the gales of the year. There are, also, the most confident anticipations of a continuation of good understanding with the Arabs: the Sheikh of the Ben Hachem tribe, with whom we had a slight affair, as noticed in a previous letter, has refused to take the part of the quarrellers, whom he acknowledges to have been in the wrong. The Tigris steamer has made its appearance with the low waters; she was found at some distance from where she went down, with her bottom turned upwards. There is an officer on the spot, to work at her recovery. A line of levels is about to be carried from the Tigris to the Euphrates, in order to ascertain the difference of level between the two, and also, more particularly, to establish a line for a canal between the rivers, which the Pasha of Bagdad is anxious to set about immediately, and which, with all antiquity to vouch for its utility, offers a hitherto inappreciable value to commercial communications on the introduction of steam into this land of great rivers: for I forgot to mention that, while at Mohammra, we took a trip of no less than seventy-five miles up another splendid stream, the Karoon, whose waters bathe the walls of Shuster, the present capital of Kustistan; a province which is rich in all the productions of the best countries of Western Asia.

With regard to botanical labours, I can only say that we have been disappointed with the vegetation, as far as regards the variety of plants; but reconciled by determining the geographical distribution of the same forms over tracts of similar characters. While, as might have been anticipated, the waters of the great river present some forms of animal life, more particularly among the birds, which are peculiar to it,—they also present forms that are common to it and the Tigris; to it and the rivers of Hindoostan; and to it and the Indus, the Ganges, and the Nile. But the Tigris, which

has forms of animal life in unison with the Euphrates, can boast, also, of its distinctive features in zoology, which, in their enumeration, will be of much interest to naturalists.

Geology has, however, been most fruitful in the results presented to an anxious inquirer. The banks of the Euphrates were the acknowledged country of the deluge. It remained to seek for the evidence of this catastrophe, and to compare this evidence with that which has been supposed to be characteristic of the Noachian deluge in European countries: it remained, also, to sift the uncertain evidence furnished by geological monuments from the certainties of the sacred text. It was a delicate labour; and, I hope, that it has been accomplished without injury to the cause of science, as it is impossible it can be to that of religion—which is undisguised truth. There have existed, in the basin of the Euphrates and Tigris, and in the Delta of Susiana, the evidences of some of the latest and most remarkable changes that have occurred within the periods of traditionary and documentary history. The manner in which I approached the subject was to study the structural limitation of the alluvial basin, for which great additional opportunities were given by the visits to Erane and Bushire, and by the ascent of the Karoon; then, by a reference to the frequently discussed records of the voyage of Nearchus, the testimonies of Herodotus, Pliny, and other historians, and the direct study of the comparative geography of existing positions and ancient sites, data were obtained which could be brought, with a certain degree of validity, into discussions which concerned the increase of land which has taken place in modern times in these countries, and the general result of which have been, that this increase is much less than is argued by some modern writers.

The barometrical levelling of the Euphrates has not yet been put in order, as there are hopes of giving greater accuracy to the results, by obtaining a second set on our ascent, and in a different season of the year.

But these researches must yield the palm, however valuable, to general knowledge; to the advantages which will be gained to civilisation by the accurate mapping of countries so renowned of old, and the already satisfactorily determined navigability of the three great rivers, the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Karoon, against the current, and at any season of the year, with boats constructed for the purpose.

Geneva, Jan. 28, 1837.

WE have been peculiarly favoured in these wilder regions: no cholera, no influenza, no hurricanes; nay, not even snow enough to impede the passage of the high roads. On Christmas-day we had, like all the rest of the world, a fall of snow, but merely enough to allow the use of sledges; which, from their varied fashions, and merry jingling bells, made an agreeable variety. The cold has been much less than what I have often experienced in England, in my dressing-room, without fire, and with a single window exposed to *la bise*. Not even my sponge has frozen; this says more than the thermometer for the comfort of our rooms; which, with the aid of double windows, quite answer to our English word, comfortable. On Tuesday night, or rather about two on Wednesday morning, we had two shocks of an earthquake, which were felt for some distance round the city: though slight, they were sufficiently strong to shake this immense building from bottom to top. My curiosity does not lead

me to wish for a repetition; but, as it was but a little one, I do regret that, if I felt it at all, it only rocked me to sleep. In many parts of Italy the cold has been intense; at Nice, not only the oranges, but orange-trees, are destroyed; and on Christmas-day there was a fall of snow one foot deep. Last year the fruit was frozen, but the trees escaped, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, though there was often ice an inch thick.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

(Anniversary.)

JAN. 23d. The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair.—The auditors of the treasurer's accounts presented a report upon the state of the Society's affairs, exhibiting a considerable balance in hand; which report was unanimously adopted. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: president, J. F. Stephens, Esq.; treasurer, W. Yarrell, Esq.; secretary, J. O. Westwood, Esq.; curators, Messrs. Shuckard and Westwood. The president delivered an address, in which he congratulated the Society upon its rapid advance and favourable prospects. He dwelt at considerable length upon the loss which science had sustained by the death of Dr. Leach; and deprecated the indiscriminate felling of the trees in Kensington Gardens, which it would take so many years to replace. The secretary gave notice, that the council had resolved that the larvae of *Athalia centifolia*, or blacks, as they are ordinarily termed, and which have latterly been so destructive to turnips, should be the subject of the prize essays for 1838.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Feb. 3.—The following degrees were conferred:—  
*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. R. Bird, late Fellow of Magdalen College.

*Masters of Arts*.—T. W. Allis, Fellow of Wadham College; Rev. R. J. Dunn, Exeter College; Rev. T. B. H. Thompson, Taberard; Rev. J. Duffus, Queen's College; J. E. Bright, Student of Christ Church; Rev. A. S. Genn, Magdalen Hall; Rev. R. Walker, Chaplain of New College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—A. Slocock, Trinity College; C. H. Borrer, Oriel College; J. W. Nicholl, Jesus College; W. Miller, New College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dr. Smith's Prizes.—These annual prizes of 25*l.* each to the two best proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, have been adjudged to Dr. Griffin and Dr. Brummell, both of St. John's College, the first and third Wranglers.

Feb. 1.—The following degrees were conferred:  
*Honorary Masters of Arts*.—Earl Compton, eldest son of the Marquess of Northampton; Lord Haddo, eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen, Hon. F. G. B. Ponsonby, second son of Lord Duncannon, Trinity College; R. Neville, Magdalen College, eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. the Master of Magdalen College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—T. H. M. Bartlett, A. C. Frazer, C. S. M. Phillips, V. Clementi, Trinity College; W. J. Kennedy, J. H. Mills, St. John's College.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, Sir Gore Ouseley, V.P., in the chair.—Donations to the library were laid upon the table. A paper, by G. W. Earl, Esq., on the subject of Borneo, was read to the meeting. This great island, which, from its magnitude, the fineness of its soil, and practicability of its rich mines of the precious metals and diamonds, would seem to deserve the attention of Europeans, is, in fact, very little known beyond its coasts. The notices communicated by Mr. Earl were partly gathered in a visit to the western coast, and partly from the notes of a gentleman who visited the interior from the opposite side of the island. Some information was also procured from several Europeans and natives who have visited other

quarters. The writer observes, that the Dyaks, who are supposed to be the aboriginal possessors of the island, are driven into the interior by Chinese and Malay colonists, who have settled on the western coasts for a very long time: the former employed in working the mines, and cultivating the soil; while the latter are more generally engaged in piracy. The Chinese are principally settled between the Pontianak and Sambas rivers, both streams of considerable depth, and penetrating far into the interior. The Sambas has been ascended by the Dutch eighty or ninety miles; and the Malays are said to have reached, in their canoes, a place within two days' journey of the town of Borneo. The Pontianak is not so large as the Sambas, but is rendered of more importance by the settlement, at its embouchure, of the principal Dutch factory, and by another establishment on one of its smaller branches seventy miles from the sea, near the chief diamond mines. This river has been ascended 230 miles, by an expedition from the settlement at its mouth; but no account has been made public. Mr. Earl was informed, by a gentleman of Sambas who was well acquainted with the conductor of the expedition, that the river was found to open into a lake, twenty-five miles long, and three fathoms in depth. By the Dutch settlement at the mouths of these two rivers, the Chinese inhabitants of the intervening country are kept in a sort of prison. Dutch gun-boats constantly cruise on the coast, and prevent any arrival or departure except through their own factories, where enormous duties are levied on all goods passing, and a tax of sixty guilders imposed on every man quitting the country; a system which has almost ruined the commerce of the coast, and proved a source of loss to the revenue of the Dutch themselves. The Bugis of Celebes are settled on the eastern coast of Borneo, where they carry on a considerable trade. In 1827, Mr. Dalton of Singapore went to Coti, a town sixty miles up a river of that name, in a Bugia prahu, and ascended that river 600 miles; he was treated well, and adopted as a brother by one of the chiefs of the interior. This gentleman is unfortunately dead, and his papers contain little or no geographical information; he has, however, left many curious details on the manners of the Dyaks, who seem to be a ferocious race, much engaged in expeditions of indiscriminate slaughter against other tribes, for the sole object of obtaining human skulls, to ornament their dwellings, and give them a claim to the title of man. Without at least one of these skulls, a man is not allowed to marry; and the possession of many constitutes a nobleman. It is consolatory to find, that the Dyaks are not irreclaimable. Mr. Earl found that those residing near the Chinese settlement had totally abandoned their horrid customs, and were milder than any of the inhabitants of the archipelago that he had seen. It is impossible to estimate the number of these people; but it is stated by Mr. Dalton, that those under the dominion of the chiefs near the river Coti, amount to 270,000 persons. All these people are easily kept in awe by a few Bugis; such is their dread of fire-arms, that the report of a gun is said to make them run for miles. The Bugis are also established in considerable numbers on the south side of Borneo, from whence they export diamonds, gold, pepper, and rattans to Java. There are many little towns on this coast inhabited by these people, which, since the establishment by England of the port of Singapore, are fast rising in importance. Mr. Earl is inclined to doubt the existence of the

chain of mountains which figure in our maps as extending from N.E. to S.W. through Borneo; and thinks that, when the island is better known, it will be found that their place is occupied by a chain of lakes. He grounds his opinion chiefly upon the fact that, with the exception of those of volcanic origin, all the mountains of the Indian Archipelago take a direction from N.W. to S.E.; and Mr. Dalton, who must have crossed the line laid down, says not a word about mountains. The writer concludes, by hoping that the geography of Borneo will not be much longer neglected; observing, that the numerous rivers afford a very easy communication with the interior, and that the timidity of the natives obviates any apprehension of obstruction on their parts; while the rich mines and fertile soil of the country would afford a valuable return for any articles of British merchandise it might be thought proper to introduce.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—Mr. Charles Roach Smith exhibited a die and counter die for a half-crown of Charles I., found in the excavations at Lothbury. Mr. Carlos exhibited nine drawings of ancient paintings in St. Mary's church, Guildford, and a plan of the chancel. Sir Henry Ellis communicated an account, from the Lansdowne MSS., of an attempted assassination of William, prince of Orange, in 1583; written by one William Hurtle to Lord Burleigh. A pistol was fired at the prince, and the bullet entered at one cheek, and passed through the other, without materially injuring the mouth. The pistol burst and injured the assassin, a Biscayan; but he was killed on the spot by the swords and daggers of the bystanders. The prince survived only to fall by a pistol-shot in the following year.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Marylebone Literary, 8½ P.M. (Dr. Grant on Radiated Classes of Animals; and on the 20th); Belgrave Literary (Conversation).  
*Tuesday*.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8. (The Secretary on the Metallic History of Iron, Part III.); Belgrave Literary, 8 P.M. (C. Johnston, Esq. on Conchology; and on the 21st).  
*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.  
*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Islington Literary, 8 P.M. (Dr. Trueman on Digestion; and on the 23d).  
*Friday*.—Geological, 1 P.M. (Anniversary); Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.  
*Saturday*.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

## BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH SABINE, ESQ.

WE have to record the death of this amiable man, aged 66, which took place at his residence, No. 15 Mill Street, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, the 24th of last month. He was educated for, and early called to, the bar, where, indeed, he began to practise. In 1808 he was appointed inspector-general of taxes, which office he held for twenty-six years, and when that office was abolished, in 1835, the present government allowed him a compensation pension of only 350*l.* per annum, seven of his colleagues having retired eighteen years before on 400*l.* Mr. Sabine was honorary secretary (we may say founder) of the Horticultural Society; treasurer and vice-president of the Zoological Society; and one of the council of the Royal and Linnæan Societies; and a member of many other scientific institutions. His remains were interred, on the 1st instant, in the cemetery in the Harrow Road, attended by his nephew,

Captain Browne, Captain Bowles, R.N., Dr. Beattie, Edward Barnard, Robert Brown, Edward S. Hardisty, and Thomas Goode, Esqrs. During his latter years he was much annoyed by dissensions in the Horticultural and Zoological Societies, in which he was much assailed. We enter not into such disputes, and they can affect him no more.

We have to record, also, the death of Dr. Latham, a very distinguished naturalist, and author of several works connected with natural science, as well as works of reputation on medical subjects.

## DRAMA.

*St. James's*.—*Pedrito* was produced to a crowded house on Thursday, cast in a manner to afford the highest musical gratification, and will, in consequence, now alternate most successfully with the excellent Lenten entertainments of Wednesday and Friday.

*Adelphi*.—On Monday, Mr. Rice appeared in a new character (and was as successful as ever), in a farce by Mr. Parry, and entitled *The Peacock and Crow*; which is a series of scenes, mainly depending on the powers of Mr. Rice, who introduced several "nigger" melodies with great applause. The piece has little merit, but was successful; being capably acted by Messrs. Buckstone, Wilkinson, and Rice, and Mrs. and Miss Daly.

The *Adelphi* is repeating on these Lent days the various entertainments which we had occasion to commend so cordially in our first notice of them.

*Queen's Theatre*.—On Thursday, we had two new and successful pieces at this pleasant little theatre: the first, a translation from the French, entitled *The Abduction, or the Farmer's Daughter*, being nearly the same as the *Adelphi Duchess de la Vaubalière*; and the latter, an original two-act comedy, called *Fairly taken in, or the Portrait*, of which we shall only say, at present, that it was well acted, and that it will amply repay a visit. The house was well filled.

*Olympic*.—*The Two Queens* was revived on Monday, and has been repeated during the week. The return of Mr. Liston and Madame Vestris has drawn bumper houses.

## VARIETIES.

*The Booksellers' Provident Institution*.—We are glad to see a meeting of the booksellers of London, and the friends and subscribers to the Institution, is to be held at Stationers' Hall, next Wednesday, to receive the report of the provisional committee, and for general purposes. The Lord Mayor has consented to take the chair, and we have reason to believe that this excellent Institution will commence under such auspicious circumstances as will give entire satisfaction to its well-wishers and supporters. We have read over the rules and regulations about to be proposed; and they appear to us to be drawn up with great prudence and judgment, so as to insure the permanent endurance and prosperity of the design.

*Astronomy*.—Mr. Adams began his course of popular lectures on astronomy last night; in which Halley's comet will shine again.

*Wellington Statue*.—At a numerous meeting of the committee appointed to carry this design into execution, which took place at the Mansion House, on Thursday, it was unanimously resolved that the statue should be erected in the heart of the city of London, on a convenient site between the Bank and the Mansion House. Mr. Simpson, with whom the idea of this tribute originated, and the

gentlemen of Southwark who united with him in setting it on foot, most handsomely sacrificed their feeling of preference for the Surrey side of the bridge, and cordially joined the city gentlemen in voting for the admirable situation now fixed upon. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Simpson for his conduct on the occasion.

*Mosse's Parliamentary Guide*, corrected to 24th January, 1837 (Baily and Co.), appears very opportunely, and is a very complete performance. It is worthy of remark, as a proof of the uncertainty of human life and the fluctuation of circumstances, that, even in the list of the two houses of parliament (peers, 430; commoners, 658—total, 1088), notwithstanding this manual is brought down to so late a date, there were, at the meeting, changes by death, amounting to nearly one per cent! There is one grave objection to this Guide, viz. that it occasionally tries to guide political opinions, as well as afford parliamentary information. This is out of place.

*Comic Quadrille Conversation Cards*, by Alfred Crowquill. (London, Ackermann.)—A pack of cards, pictured on one side, and *poetized* on the other. They would be the best things in the world for the side couples, who generally twiddle their thumbs during the salutations of the top and bottom, and *vice versa*. We recommend all our dancing friends to procure this whimsical illustration of quadrilling. The ladies and gentlemen are cleverly and ludicrously drawn; and the verses have many laughable points and puns.

*Weather Wisdom*.—Again the predictions for the week have failed, except that about Wednesday there was a frost: all the rest in error. Again, to-morrow is to be "cloudy; the middle of the week turbulent, gloomy, and frequent rains; 18th and 19th, milder.

Yesterday, at the anniversary of the Astronomical Society, the gold medal was awarded to Professor Rosenberger of Halle.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Surgical Works of John Hunter, F.R.S., with Notes by James F. Palmer, Vol. 1. 8vo. 17s. 6d.—*Instinct and Reason Philosophically Investigated*, by Thomas Jarrold, M.D. 8vo.—*Lectures on Popular Education*, by George Combe, 3d edition, cr. 8vo. 2s.—*Rabbi Kimah's Commentary upon the Principles of Zohar*, by the Rev. A. McCaul, 8vo. 7s.—*Indian Reminiscences*, by the late G. A. Cauldon, 8vo. 14s.—*The Gambler's Dream*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—*Rev. W. Greenhill's Exposition of Ezekiel*, edited by J. Sherman, royal 8vo. 1l. 5s.—*Donnegan's Greek and English Lexicon*, 3d edition, 8vo. 2l. 2s.—*Works of the Rev. D. M'Nicoll*, with Life, by the Rev. J. Dixon, 8vo. 12s.—*The Hope of Glory*, by the Rev. J. Brown, 18mo. 2s.—*Sacred Songs for British Seamen*, by the Lady J. W. St. Maur, 18mo. 1s.—*Supplement to Bent's London Catalogue*, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—*Sixteen Lectures upon the History of Elijah*, by the Rev. R. Simpson, 12mo. 6s.—*Life and Correspondence of the late Rev. H. Beltrage, D.D.*, by the Rev. J. M'Kerrow and the Rev. J. M'Farlane, 8vo. 8s.—*The Letters of E. Macdonnell to the Editor of "The Times,"* 12mo. 6s.—*The Child's Sacred Year*, royal 32mo. 1s. 6d.—*Tales in Prose*, by Mary Howitt, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—*The Pharmacopoeia*, translated by Dr. D. Spillan, 18mo. 6s.—*Woolrych's Inclosure Act*, with Note, 12mo. 3s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Constant Reader wishes us to state, for general information, that all the Parliamentary Reports, such as those on the Record Commission, on the British Museum, on Prisons, on Poor Laws, &c., are published, and to be purchased at moderate prices. On the subject of the British Museum our opinions do not coincide with his: If they had, we should have treated the subject in the same manner we have applied to the state of the Records.

Our department of "Fine Arts" this week is a little out of its place; but the convenience of "making up," and its own interest, will, we hope, excuse it.

ERRATUM.—Article "Music," in our last, p. 75, l. 3, for "nuisance," read "misnomer."

## ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.  
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

### BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

A Meeting of the Booksellers of London, and the Friends and Subscribers to the Institution, will be held at Stationers' Hall, Ludgate Hill, on Wednesday, the 15th of February, at 11 for 12 o'clock precisely, to receive the Report of a Provisional Committee appointed on the 16th December, and to proceed to the formation of the Institution and the Election of Officers, and other business.

The Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR  
Has kindly consented to take the Chair.  
W. MEYRICK, Hon. Sec. 6 Falcon Square.  
\* \* \* Copies of the Rules may be had at Messrs. Longman and Co.'s Paternoster Row; Mr. Greenland's, Poultry; Mr. Lawford's, Saville Passage, Piccadilly; Messrs. Golding and Co.'s, New Bond Street.

### WELLINGTON STATUE.

At a Meeting held in the Mansion-House, on Thursday, the 9th of February, present,  
Sir C. S. HUNTER, in the Chair,  
In the absence of the Lord Mayor, who was presiding at Guildhall.

Lord Viscount Beresford  
Lord Hill  
Sir F. Trench, M.P.  
Sir F. Laurie  
Mr. Alderman Winchester  
Mr. Alderman Wood  
Mr. Alderman Farebrother  
Mr. Alderman Lucas  
Mr. Alderman Thompson  
Mr. Sheriff Johnson  
Mr. Sheriff Dugdale  
John Masterman, Esq.  
Charles Francis, Esq.  
R. L. Jones, Esq.  
W. Richardson, Esq.  
Thomas Poynder, Jun. Esq.  
William Jordan, Esq.  
D. Salomons, Esq.  
Thomas Farncomb, Esq.  
E. Silva, Esq.  
F. B. Burbridge, Esq.  
A. K. Barclay, Esq.  
T. B. Simpson, Esq.  
W. Chadwick, Esq.  
Rev. G. Croly, D.D.  
W. Tickers, Esq.  
W. Skidmore, Esq.  
Rev. V. K. Child  
W. Routh, Esq.  
Charles Pott, Esq.  
J. M. Rainbow, Esq.

The following Resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—  
Moved by Mr. Alderman Wood, seconded by Sir F. Laurie.  
That the site of the statue, proposed to be erected in honour of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, be in the space between the Bank and the Mansion House.  
Moved by Sir F. Trench, M.P. and seconded by Mr. Alderman Wood.

That the thanks of the Committee be given to T. B. Simpson, Esq. for the personal exertions used by him in originating and promoting the erection of the proposed statue.  
Moved by Alderman Lucas, and seconded by Thomas Poynder, Esq.

That the thanks of this Meeting are due, and are hereby given, to Sir C. S. Hunter, Bart. for his courteous and able conduct in the chair this day.

The amount of subscriptions announced was 7000l. and they continue to be received at the Mansion House, and by all Bankers in London.  
J. N. RAINBOW, Hon. Sec.

### LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

THE Directors are desirous of entering into arrangements with Gentlemen qualified to conduct the following Departments of Education, in the Schools about to be established at this Institution, viz.—

*High School.*  
English Master.—English Language and Literature—Elements of Metaphysics and Logic.  
Assistant English and Elementary Master.—English Language and Literature—Derivatives—Lessons on Objects and Forms.  
Classical Master.—Latin and Greek.  
Mathematical Master.—Arithmetic—Book-keeping—Algebra—Trigonometry—Conic Sections—Surveying—Astronomy—Navigation.  
Philosophical Master.—Mechanics—Hydrostatics—Pneumatics—Acoustics—Optics—Chemistry—Electricity—Geology—Natural History.  
French Master.—French Language and Literature.  
N.B.—He must be a Native of France.  
Writing Master.—Plain and Ornamental Writing—Stenography.  
Drawing Master.—Landscape—Figure—Perspective.

*Lower School.*  
1st Master.—English Language and Literature—Lessons on Objects—Mechanical Arts—Natural History.  
2d Master.—Arithmetic—Geometry—Astronomy—Use of the Globes.

Writing Master.—Plain and Ornamental Writing.  
N.B.—The Masters to whose department asterisks are prefixed must devote a portion of their time to the Lower or Evening School, or both.

A Plan of the Daily routine of Education, and of the Salaries and Duties of the Masters, lies for inspection at Deacon's Coffee-house, Walbrook, and Mr. Taylor, Bookseller, Upper Gower Street; and it will be forwarded, by post, to any Gentleman applying (post-paid) to the Secretary.

As the Directors will think it their duty to scrutinise minutely into the merits of the Masters, Gentlemen desirous of filling any of the Departments are requested to send Testimonials signed by those persons only who are personally and intimately acquainted with them: they must be sent (post-paid) before the 1st of March to

JAMES HARVEY, Jun. Esq. Hon. Sec.  
18 Catherine Street, Liverpool.  
The Schools will be opened after the Midsummer Holidays.

## INVITATION CARDS.

La Riviere's Unique Perforated Invitation Cards, which form Transparent Writing, with Envelopes, performed and embossed, are now ready, and, together, form the most elegant mode of sending Invitations, ever presented to the Nobility and Gentry.

The Trade may be supplied at the Agents, Riddle and Meymott, 25 Paternoster Row, London.

### The Five following Plates:—

**JOURNAL**, Lady Hester Stanhope's  
Romantic Residence; Remains of the Port of Seleucia; Belvoir and Mount Lebanon; Court of a Turkish Country House at Salahieh; Convent of St. Antonio, near Eden,—are published this day, in Part X. of "Fisher's Views in Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor," &c. Demy 4to.  
N.B. An entirely new edition of Part I. (the original Plates having been worn out) will be published March 1st, and be continued monthly.

To be completed in Ten Monthly Parts, Part I. price 2s. of  
**Family Prayers for Every Morning and Evening throughout the Year; with Additional Prayers for special occasions.** By John Morison, D.D.  
March 1st will be published,

**Memoir of the Rev. Rowland Hill, M.A.**  
By William Jones, author of "Testamentary Counsels;" with a Preface, by the Rev. James Sherman.  
\* \* \* Be particular in ordering "Rowland Hill's Memoir," with Mr. Sherman's Preface.  
London: Fisher, Son, and Co.; Cumming, Dublin; and Oliphant, Edinburgh.

### J. D. HARDING'S NEW WORK.

This day is published, half-bound in morocco, price 34s.  
**HARDING'S PORTFOLIO OF DRAWINGS**, containing Twenty-four highly finished Sketches. An edition has also been prepared, beautifully coloured, under Mr. Harding's superintendence, so as exactly to imitate the original Drawings, price 55s.  
Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

Of whom may be had, in Imperial Folio, price 6s. 6d.  
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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Report from the Select Committee on the Record Commission; together with the Minutes of Evidence, &c.*

Our last article went far to prove that all the false steps of the commission were owing to the unlimited powers intrusted by the board to the secretary, an officer who accepted place only on the condition of making his official duties subordinate to his professional engagements, which, as he "never lacked clients," must have been sufficiently engrossing. We cannot applaud the liberality or delicacy of the commissioners in so thrusting their favours upon an unwilling individual; but Mr. Cooper stated a fact, in extenuation of their conduct, which we give, in order that they and the public may enjoy the full benefit of it. "I believe it was the circumstance that I did not possess a knowledge of the ancient records, that induced the board to force upon me (for Lord Brougham forced upon me) the office of secretary, rather than upon a record man: I was appointed for the purpose of checking the zeal of those lovers of ancient records." Capital! the zeal of parliament for the preservation of the Records was productive of an annual grant of ten thousand pounds for the support of a Record Commission, the members of which were so far from responding to the wishes of their superiors, that they thought it necessary to check "the zeal of those lovers of ancient records," by selecting, as their active deputy, one who knew nothing of the ancient muniments of his country, and who, it would appear, was already borne down by the momentous cares of an extensive practice. As far as records are concerned, the plan has succeeded: they have remained to this day in the same stalactitiferous vaults, unlighted dungeons, and wooden sheds, subjected to the same ravages, whether of damp, dirt, rats, or labourers; and none of our fair friends can have perceived the slightest deterioration in the flavour of the pastry-cook's jellies, since not one impediment has arisen to save the patent or close writs of the middle ages from the confection stew-pan or the pot of the glue-maker: the Record Commission effectually checked all zeal for their better preservation. Nevertheless, the annual grants of the last five years have been spent partly in the foreign collections, and partly in printing a few works, which have turned out well only when they were not selected for the sake of the editors. Although the secretary knew nothing of ancient records, he appears, like many other eminent men, to have snatched a few hours from the hurry and excitement of business, for the cultivation of elegant and general literature. To this disposition we may attribute the collections described in our last article, which were, probably, suggested by the historical branch of the learned gentleman's studies: that they proved useless is to be regretted as much as their excessive cost. Another result of his studies appears to have been a desire to collect materials illustrative of the literary history of England; and, in following it up, he compiled a *catalogue raisonné* of MSS. relating to the subject, preserved in foreign libraries, and examined more than 2000 volumes, prin-

cipally folio volumes, in Latin, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, and other European languages." Such unprecedented labour was not without its reward: an accidental discovery in a record office enabled him to fill up the blank in the *Materia Medica* between Galen and Paracelsus; and, singularly enough, the most valuable consequence of his polyglott reading has been an addition of the names of four treatises to the already long list of works on medical diagnostics: they were written by Englishmen, and would, doubtless, throw much light upon the practice of the middle ages.\* We dwell more particularly on this fact for the benefit of the profession and of Mr. Hallam, who, as a commissioner, does not appear to be acquainted with the secretary's valuable discoveries, although they might be very serviceable to him in his literary history. We pass over Mr. Cooper's anxiety to vindicate the characters and illustrate the history of St. Ursula and the 11,000 virgins, his persevering inquiries after treatises on precious stones, the efficacy of holy water, Greek prepositions, and elocution; which are natural enough, perhaps, in a hard, but desultory, student, though scarcely allied to the preservation of records: but we are compelled to add, that the expense of these researches, amounting, together with the collections for the "*Fœdera*" and "*Materials for British History*," to almost seven thousand pounds, was defrayed from the funds voted to the Record Commission for different purposes. Had Mr. Cooper produced the work at his own risk and cost, a feeling of delicacy, and respect for his motives and labour, might have induced us to suppress an opinion delivered by an experienced witness upon the literary merit and value of Appendix A. As the case stands, it is imperative that the public should be informed of the equivalent it has received for so large an expenditure. Mr. Garnier says (*Ev.* 4093), "The work has no title; and, from the variety, or rather confusion, of things it contains, it would scarcely be possible to find a title for it. The work has no plan. The notices it contains are either inaccurate, or not to be relied upon, or of no use. I am sorry to feel myself obliged to say that I cannot imagine any use which the work might answer." *Chairman to Mr. Garnier.*—"Is not information given in the Appendix of several libraries that are not existing at the places under which they are given? I think two-thirds of the libraries are no longer existing; the book contains a great many monasteries and libraries that are gone long ago—gone in the time of Napoleon. It is even doubtful if all the books are still existing."

To Mr. Garnier's observations we may add the following extracts from an able pamphlet, which has just reached us; premising, however, that the writer does not appear to have discovered, and, consequently, has not at all appreciated, what we take Mr. Cooper's design to have been—viz. a collection illustrative of the literary, as well as the political, history of

England. It will be allowed that, in the former respect, his efforts have been eminently successful.

"In the first place, whole sheets are filled with extracts from the catalogues named above: some of them obsolete; some exceedingly inaccurate and imperfect; nearly all of them perfectly accessible without the cumbrous and expensive machinery of Mr. Cooper's book. And of what do these extracts consist? Of materials for the history of England, Mr. C. will say. We deny it; there is a very large proportion of matter which has absolutely nothing to do with the history of England in any way whatever. In Mr. Cooper's comprehensive views of English history, it was enough that a book mentioned even the name of an Englishman, to earn at once for it a place in Appendix A. One work gains that distinction from having been dedicated to Sir P. Sidney. The Earl of Rochester's poems are reported among the materials for English history in the Dresden Library. Lord Baltimore's poems are gravely cited in the library at Lindau.

Whether Lord Baltimore's '*Gaudia*,' which were any thing but '*Gaudia Poetica*,' give additional value to his poems in Mr. Cooper's eyes, we will not venture to say. St. Ursula and her virgins are admirable materials for English history, and for German history, and for Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese history too. In short, wherever a good number of reliques might happen to be wanted at a pinch, St. Ursula, with her army of maidens, was brought; for, among eleven thousand, it was impossible but what there should be some one who had a skull, thigh, or jaw-bone, to spare. \* \* \* The bones of this holy lady were of no use to Mr. Cooper; but, as the legend says she was a daughter of a king of Cornwall, her name was; and she thus, with her company, makes up eleven thousand and one materials for the History of England."—*Management of the Public Archives*, p. 33.

Thus, one consequence of having a secretary who knew nothing about records, upon the check-zeal system of the commissioners, has been the production of such works as Appendixes A and C, the "*Rotuli Selecti*," the "*Chancellor's Roll*," &c.: let us take another.

The secretary, being conscious, we suppose, of the absence of common information in several editors in the service of the board, formed, or says he formed, a school of transcribers, in imitation of the *Ecole des Chartes* at Paris. Many creditable witnesses concur in asserting that no such school does, or ever did, exist. However, a few hundreds were expended in purchasing a library of learned works, for the use of the pupils, if any there were, or are; and the committee is gravely informed, that an individual named Black intended to deliver a course of lectures on palæography, for their instruction; facsimiles have been made for them to trace; and, again, the indefatigable Mr. Black intended to compile a diplomatic manual for their use. Yet, notwithstanding that his good intentions have produced no good fruit, and his disciples "have scarcely attempted to trace," Mr. Cooper can assert, that "the palæographical department of the library has

\* Their titles are, "*Tractatus Egidii de Urinis*—Gylbertus Regula de Coloribus et Contentis Urinarum—Carmen Johannis Egidii de Urinis, cum Glossis—*Tractatus de Phlebotomia, Urinis, et Pulsibus*."

been already found of great utility to the school of young transcribers: which is somewhat curious; since, in one place, we are told, that the pupils are at the Museum, where there is no want of books; and, in another, we learn, that the library they have already found so useful is in New Boswell Court. The writer of the pamphlet, before quoted, suggests, that these young gentlemen were sent to the Museum, to spare the palaeographical library. The idea is a happy one: Mr. Cooper was, doubtless, afraid they would thumb and dog's-ear the valuable works; and the same fear for the Museum MSS. induced him to have facsimiles made of several. The only solution of this mystery at which we can arrive is, that two or three youths, whom we have observed strutting about the reading-room of the British Museum, like *Cupidons déchainés*, are supposed, by the secretary, to be copying the worthless "Collectanea of Rymer," under the superintendence of Mr. Black; while, in reality, their only visible employment, during the continued absence of the schoolmaster, is an assiduous habit of walking about the room, to the annoyance of the readers, of whose various styles of dress they appear to be accurate and attentive observers. It is laughable to read the different accounts of them. "Ten young men have been in this school. Only four, at present, in Mr. Black's establishment" (i. e. the Museum). "Very steady, teachable, well-conducted young men." "At the small salary of 40l. a-year." "Mr. Emperor left for a different employment." "Mr. Slack suddenly left his work." "Mr. Black thought it his duty to use all proper means of instructing these young men;" yet, strange to tell, when one of them, who, we suppose, had been so happy as to enjoy the benefit of Mr. Black's tuition and the palaeographical library, was transferred to Mr. Stevenson, a sub-commissioner, that gentleman was obliged to teach him Latin, together with the rudiments of his business. "I experienced great difficulty with one young gentleman who was sent to me; for, after employing about three months in teaching him something more than even the reading of the records, I was compelled to tell Mr. Cooper, that he was not qualified for the work which I was carrying on; and he was removed from the Tower. I taught him Latin." (Ev. 3849.) Even the small salary of 40l. a-year was thrown away upon such pupils, and such work: but the farce of the school of young transcribers, Mr. Black, the library, and the facsimiles, is another unfortunate consequence of having a secretary ignorant of records, and whose time is too much occupied, by professional avocations, to make the business of the commission any more than a secondary matter of consideration. We could fill several Numbers with details of the absurd blunders that have arisen from this system; but, suffice it to say, that the intentions of government, in appointing the commission, have never been attended to: the *sic volumus* of "the secretary, and the commissioners with whom he was in the habit of communicating," superseded, in every respect, the directions contained in their patent.

We have a few words to say concerning the plan adopted by the secretary and the commissioners to procure evidence in their favour; which was, to send a set of the works published by the board to almost every one of the witnesses they desired to bring forward. A list is given, in the Appendix, of the works, and the parties to whom they were conveyed, with the compliments of the king's printer. The value of the books thus given away for a tem-

porary purpose, is, according to the report, more than 1000l. Very little judgment appears to have been exercised in selecting the individuals upon whom this honour was to be conferred. In the same list, we find the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, his majesty's ministers, and other eminent persons of the day, associated with the illustrious obscure; the English college at Rome, walking hand in hand with a Benson; Sir Robert Peel, in company with a Baker; and the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, elbowed by Mr. Bruce. That individuals of rank and station should be presented with these works, is but right; but not for the sake of obtaining a prejudiced and crude opinion in favour of the acts and designs of the donors. But, much as we reprobate the conduct of the commissioners in this particular, we cannot but express our surprise, that they should have gone out of their way to secure the favourable reports of several persons without the slightest pretensions to any one of the qualifications required to give a due weight to their evidence. It was a fortunate circumstance that the committee discovered the trick, and were thereby enabled to estimate as they deserved the flippant and self-sufficient dicta of record students of ten days standing.

It is not without regret that we now feel ourselves obliged to occupy the time of our readers in replying to the abusive and calumnious language used by the *Gentleman's Magazine* of this month towards our journal. It is an unfortunate result of the mismanagement of the Record Commission, that, in commenting upon deeds, we are obliged, likewise, to speak of their perpetrators in equal terms of reprobation. Under these circumstances,—having shewn that the "Chancellor's Roll," and the "Rotuli Selecti," two works edited by Mr. Hunter, were exceedingly incorrect, and unworthy of the commission under whose sanction they appeared,—we ventured to hint, at the same time, that the abilities of the editor were not commensurate with the tasks intrusted to him. This is the point at issue between the *Gentleman's Magazine* and ourselves. Were our remarks founded on facts or not? We answer, they were; and appeal for a confirmation of them to Mr. Hunter himself. In the course of his examination with respect to the "Chancellor's Roll," the following questions and answers occur:—"Were you employed to collate Mr. Devon's edition of the 'Chancellor's Roll?' Yes; I was.—Was it not very inaccurate? I will state the impression upon my mind with fairness; and it appears to me, there had not been a reasonable amount of attention bestowed upon it.—Was it very inaccurate? There were a great number of inaccuracies; but I ought to state—and it is but right to state—that, at that time, I was new to the matter of record editing, and I was not so sensible as I have since become of the difficulty of the operation." (Ev. 3258-3263.) This evidence is conclusive as to Mr. Hunter's qualifications at the time to which we referred. Now comes the question, Who is responsible for these works? The two cases are exactly similar. A is intrusted with a certain work to edit; his employer discovers that he is incompetent to perform his duty; and B, who pretends to be a better scholar, is commissioned to supersede him, to correct his blunders, and to usher forth the book: is it not clear that B becomes responsible to his employer for any inaccuracies that may be discovered after publication? No rational being can refuse his assent to this proposition. The responsibility thus entailed upon B is the penalty he pays for his presumption,

in asserting himself to be a proficient when he knew that he was only a "new" man, a tyro in record scholarship. It is now necessary to shew that our opinion of the works in question agrees with that of the committee. "The volume of the 'Rotuli Selecti' appears to have been intrusted to an incompetent editor, and, even after revision, to have been published in an unsatisfactory state. The same observations apply to the 'Chancellor's Roll.'" (Report, p. 20.) If Mr. Hunter be not responsible for the unsatisfactory state of these works, we beg our worthy contemporary to inform us who is. We repeat that, at the time we wrote the offensive articles, we knew nothing of Mr. H. but that he had produced two or three useless and incorrect books for the Record board; and have no hesitation in saying, whatever the degree of shame we ought to feel at such a confession, that until his connexion with the commission we never even heard of him. We were challenged to an examination of his topographical works, and accepted it. The inaccuracies in the Furnival charter, in his "History of Sheffield," we have already alluded to; and can only add, that if, in the long range of topographical literature, we know but two or three works in which the natural heaviness of the subject is not surpassed by the congenial dullness of the authors, those exceptions are not the bantlings of Mr. Hunter, for which the *Gentleman's Magazine* stands so fond and lenient a sponsor. The learned gentleman told the committee that, from the number and character of his works, the country was interested in his reputation; or, in other words, that, as it was more or less questioned, so the nation would gain or lose by the inquiry: renouncing all claim to any share in the treasure, we wish our contemporaries joy of their acquisition. It is but justice to observe that Mr. Hunter would seem to have advanced in record learning, and, consequently, in usefulness to the commission, since the secretary, of his own will, *mero motu suo*, has materially increased his salary. (Evidence, 1601, 2.) We trust this explanation may prove satisfactory to the *Gentleman's Magazine*: how far our statements were infamous is for the public to decide. We shall say nothing of the *animus* displayed by our opponent, who, perhaps, has seen an analysis only of the evidence, prepared by some friend to the commission and the existing state of things. If not, we are by no means surprised that he has shut his eyes to the truth of the matter, but are at a loss to account for the particular motives to such conduct. We cannot suppose that Mr. Hunter trumpets forth his own praises and defence in the pages to which he has so long contributed, nor can we venture to assert that the articles were written by any one of the illustrious obscure who were gratified with the Record publications as a bonus for their favourable suffrages.

The report of the committee proposes some remedial measures: we insert the following as a specimen; the remainder we shall give on another occasion.

"The superintendence of the business of arranging, classifying, and calendaring, the Records, and the regulation of the offices and the fees, appears to be of such a nature as cannot be safely intrusted to any one to whom it is not assigned as a duty, and who is not paid for performing it. It appears to your committee that this business should be intrusted to one person, or, at any rate, to a very small number; that these persons should be paid, and should be not subordinate to, but members of, the commission. The payment of

adequate salaries to one, two, or even three commissioners, might be speedily saved out of the salaries now given to the keepers of various offices. At any rate, if the business intrusted to a Record Commission be worth the doing, it is worth the paying for, in order that it may be well done. Gratuitous neglect in the management of public business is the result of a most unwise economy. To such paid commissioner, or commissioners, the general superintendence of the affairs of the commission, the management of its finances, the care of its funds, and the appointment of sub-commissioners, and others in its employ, might properly be intrusted. Under such circumstances, a further saving might be effected in the salary of the secretary, who receives at present 500*l.* a-year, besides allowances, which Mr. Protheroe says (incorrectly, according to the secretary) raise the whole annual expense of the office to 1200*l.*, or 1300*l.* A clerk, or secretary, at little more than a clerk's salary, would suffice for the business which, under such salaried commissioners, such subordinate officer would be required to perform. It appears, however, to your committee, that the selection of certain of the more valuable and complete Records for publication, is a work which, though it should be kept subordinate to the proper care of the whole mass of the Records, ought not to be abandoned or neglected, and might, under proper precautions, proceed simultaneously with it. This, however, is a business which does not, in the opinion of your committee, appear to require to be conducted by one or two persons alone: on the contrary, as it is a matter very much dependent on taste, and on an ampler acquaintance with various branches of learning, and with the wants and opinions of different classes of inquirers, than is generally possessed by any very small number of persons, it is probable that it would be better managed if a number of persons, possessing peculiar qualifications in different branches of legal or historical learning, were constituted into a board, under whose sanction some of the more valuable Records might be selected and prepared for publication. It appears to your committee, that a new commission might be so framed as to combine the advantage of leaving to one, or a few, such portion of the business as a small number can do better than a large; and of deriving advantage from the counsels of a larger number, in that department in which it is advisable to have the result and sanction of many opinions. It would, perhaps, not be unadvisable, in accordance with some precedents among our public institutions, to combine some paid with a large number of unpaid commissioners. To the paid commissioners should be intrusted the whole and undivided administration of all the business, and all the powers, of the commission; with a provision, that no publication should be undertaken without the whole of the commission being summoned, and the contemplated work sanctioned and directed by their order, upon a plan to be laid before them by the paid commissioners. It might, perhaps, not be considered prudent to intrust the whole of so large a business to one paid commissioner; and it might, also, be thought advisable that it should be intrusted to persons, each possessing an acquaintance with some particular class of Records, or being in the habit of using them either for legal or historical purposes. With this view the whole of this portion of the business might be intrusted to as many as three paid commissioners."

*A Comparative Account of the Works produced, and Money received, by the Commissioners on the Public Records, during Two Periods,—of Five Years before, and Five Years after, the 12th March, 1831.* 8vo. pp. 39. London, 1837. Baldwin and Cradock.

THIS appears to be an attempt to mislead the public on the subject of the productions and expenditure of the Record Commission. We find enumerated as productions and equivalents for money received, the secretary's report on the "Fredera," which is well known to be not yet written, and the celebrated Appendixes to it, extending from A to E. It is essential to be clearly understood, that of the latter works so small a number has been printed, that no persons beyond those immediately connected with the Commission can obtain them, and then by particular favour only. From the account of Appendix A, given in our preceding review, it is clear that, while no literary information worth having is given, the nation suffers a great pecuniary loss, say 7000*l.*, for which it never can receive an equivalent. We have, also, nine MS. compilations pompously put forth as productions of the Commission. What benefit has been, or ever can be, derived from them, we cannot tell, since, as they are principally catalogues of documents relating to English history preserved in this and foreign countries, if we estimate their value by the standard of Appendix A, it will be found to be *nil*. In short, the whole matter is very ably mystified, including, of course, the statement of monies received and expended! We should like to discover whether this pamphlet is not, also, a production of the Commission at the public expense?

*A History of British Fishes.* By W. Yarrell, F.L.S. Parts VII. to XIX. inclusive. Van Voorst.

THIS beautiful and admirable work is completed, and in a manner to reflect infinite honour on Mr. Yarrell, and do great credit to his publisher. Above four hundred wood-cuts, of delightful execution, illustrate it, and the text will be prized almost in the same degree by the naturalist and the general reader. We have already had occasion, at its commencement and during its progress, to eulogise this publication in the strongest terms; and it affords us great pleasure to notice the good faith and intelligence, every way, with which it has been finished and made a standard work in English literature. The two volumes will be in every good library.

*A History of British Quadrupeds.* By Thomas Bell, F.R.S. &c. Parts III. to VII. inclusive. Van Voorst.

ANOTHER performance of a similar order and character, which is honourably proceeding to its completion, in one volume. In our last notice of its preceding parts we made several extracts relative to the mole, &c. and are again tempted to a similar illustration.

"During the month of June, or longer, it is in the habit of leaving its runs, and wandering, during great part of the night, on the surface of the land, in search of its food. My friend, Mr. Yarrell, informs me that he has, now and then, when shooting, surprised a mole above ground, which his pointers have stood as if it were fair game. In addition to all the accomplishments and arts which we have assigned to our mole, it possesses that of being an expert swimmer; an action for which the structure both of the hands and of the hinder feet are well adapted. Surprised in its encampment by the floods of autumn, it seeks its safety by this

means; and a friend of mine, residing at Waltham Abbey, assures me that he has seen moles swimming very featly, when the marshes of that neighbourhood have been inundated. But it is not only when driven to it as a means of escape from danger that it employs this mode of travelling: it will not hesitate to cross a brook, or even a broad river, in order to change its hunting-ground, or to emigrate from a district which has ceased to yield it sufficient nourishment; and, occasionally, it would appear to take the water merely for the purpose of enjoying the luxury of a bath. The mole, like all other voracious animal-feeders, requires to drink frequently. Hence, where there is a colony of moles using the same high road, a run is always made towards the nearest ditch or pond: and when this cannot conveniently be reached, we have Mr. Jackson's authority for stating, that the animal sinks deep, perpendicular shafts, at the bottom of which water is always found, to which the mole has easy access. Sometimes, according, also, to the observations of Mr. Jackson, these wells are full to the brim.

"The mole is not found in the northern extremity of Scotland, nor in the islands of Orkney and Zetland. It has never been seen in any part of Ireland;—a circumstance which has been attempted to be accounted for, by some, by the nature of the climate and the soil. This, however, is not an equivalent cause; as it is found in every kind of soil throughout England and the Continent of Europe. It is, perhaps, rather dependent upon its extreme intolerance of fasting, and the slight degree of violence which is sufficient to destroy its life; circumstances which would render its casual migration to that country next to impossible."

The shrews (mice, not ladies!) are well described; and the badger (certainly not a gentleman), and the otter, and the weasel. Then we have the martin, the wild cat, the domestic cat, and the dog, in all its varieties. The fox and the seals follow, and the last page concludes with the hare.

*A History of British Birds.* Complete in three Monthly Parts. By T. C. Eyton. London, Longman and Co.

A FIT companion for the preceding, and a needful supplement to Bewick's History.

*The Naturalist.* Conducted by B. Maund. Nos. I. to V. London, Groombridge; Edinburgh, Whyte and Co.; Paris, Galignani; Brussels, Haumann; New York, Jackson.

THIS embraces the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; and is very miscellaneous, but, at the same time, very instructive and entertaining.

*Manual of Entomology, from the German of Burmeister.* By W. E. Shuckhard, M.S.S. Churton.

DOUBLE Numbers of XV. and XVI., XVII. and XVIII., have also brought this excellent publication to a close. It concludes with a just reprehension of the follies and evils in nomenclature. Altogether it is a most meritorious performance; and the talents and information the translator has brought to it, entitle him to our warmest thanks.

*The Naturalist's Library*, conducted by Sir W. Jardine, Bart., &c. Vol. VI. Edinburgh, Lizars; London, Highley; Dublin, Curry. THIS volume is addressed to the mammalia, and treats of the ordinary cetacea, or whales; with a memoir of *Lacépède* prefixed; and an able, though short introduction. The scientific, narrative, and anecdotal portions of the volume are extremely attractive; and the plates are as fine as they are numerous. Science, interest,

and embellishment, could hardly be more pleasantly and satisfactorily mingled.

*Profusiones Historica; or, Essays illustrative of the Halle of John Halle, Citizen and Merchant of Salisbury in the Reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., with Notes illustrative and explanatory, by the Rev. Edward Duke, M.A. F.S.A. &c. &c. Vol. I. 8vo. Pp. 622. Salisbury, Brodie and Co. London, Nichols and Son; Pickering; Arch.*

FROM time immemorial the remains of an ancient mansion, forming a portion of certain premises situate on the new canal in the city of Salisbury, were known to exist, and they were ever and anon visited by the antiquary or the virtuoso; a large hall was developed to the curious investigator of antiquities, but its origin and owner were veiled in the mists of time. Its richly stained windows, its antique chimney-piece, its massive and elegant roof, framed of oak or chestnut, did suggest that this was an ancient refectory; but whether that of a religious or mercantile fraternity, or of an affluent citizen of the olden time, was utterly unknown. Generations had passed away, the building remained, but the memory of its master was lost. Many of the armorial shields which adorn it were recognised by the heraldist; yet one coat of arms, impaled with a merchant's mark, remained, as a puzzle to all inquirers.

The arms displayed on this shield, and the merchant's mark, but on separate scutcheons, were again seen to ornament the transom-stone of the chimney-piece, shewing, thereby, that their honoured owner was also the builder of this interesting ancient hall. After much research, the author, by chance, discovered that the arms alluded to were those of Halle of Salisbury. On inspecting Aubrey's MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, his information advanced to the fact that John Halle was once an eminent merchant of Salisbury, having his dwelling on the town-ditch or canal.

A deed of purchase of this his domicile, bearing date 7 Edw. IV. 1467, was found among the civic muniments of Salisbury, by which William Hore, marchaunt, conveyed to Halle "totum messuagium suum cum shopis et pertinentis suis qui sita erant conjunctim in civitate Nove Sarum, exposito fori ubi lane [lanes] venduntur," plainly indicating the site of the said messuage to be near the wool-market: other coincident circumstances demonstrate that John Halle was a merchant of the wool-staple: and here, in ordinary hands, might have ended, perhaps, his history, but the well-trained, thorough-paced antiquary, who has his note-book stored with "saws and instances" from Cowel or Du Cange, and scraps

"From many a tome,  
Imprinted at the antique dome  
Of Caxton or De Worde,"

is not so easily silenced; the driest subject becomes a treat, if served by him with proper sauce, and the material which gives name to the dish is but the point d'appui for the literary cayenne and curry-powder by which it is recommended to the palate of the reader. It is in this way that the author of this work has started a new "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," which bids fair to run against vehicles for the same sort of knowledge, established on the road at an earlier period. And we confess that, well-mounted on a lofty seat, he whirls his reader along in his archaeological omnibus, regardless of the dust of ages. Nor are we disposed to refuse to take a trip with him, seeing that we esteem him an experienced whip not likely to abandon sure ground: such license

of aberration as Horace of old conceded to painters and poets must surely, however, be allowed to antiquarian biographers.

"Pictoribus atque poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,  
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim."

A skillful essayist in antique lore considers, indeed, the heads of his subject but as a row of pegs to hang his notes on; and of all the dexterous garnishers in this way, perhaps none exceeded old Thomas Hearne, though the elaborate annotator of Hudibras, Dr. Zachary Grey, might dispute the palm of skillfully seizing digressive opportunity. Let us adduce one example of the dexterity of Hearne: in the Glossary to Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, the word *croice* is defined the cross, the rood; the rood naturally leads to definition of the rood-loft, whereon stood the image of the crucified Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and St. John. Could the fair occasion to mention the destruction of superstitious images, on the reformation, be scorned? Not so; the annotator recites, at full length, verbatim, the act of parliament, 3d of Edward VI., "for abolishing bookes and images." This, of course, leads to particular mention of the images which were destroyed, and especially one at Sandford, of the Virgin, made of Barrington stone, and painted, which, by a delicate flattery, the sculptor had made after the likeness of Philippa of Hainault, queen of Edward III. Could a fairer plea be suggested for incorporating the life of Philippa with the note, which is, accordingly, done. This brings on a conjecture that the said image was brought to Sandford church, from a suppressed religious house; and the said suppression naturally introduces anecdotes of Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Cranmer, Ann of Bullen, Herod, and St. John the Baptist, Lord Cromwell, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, the King's Grandmother, Nero, the Grand Turk, Sir Anthony Denny, the great black dog that licked up the dead King Henry's blood, accidentally spilled, and would not be driven away by the yeomen of the guard. The defunct's admiration of painting, particularly of wanton ladies, readily suggests a portrait of fair Rosamond, the colour of her hair, and notice of Hearne's friend, Dr. Samuel Gale, as the possessor. This is something like glossarial definition of a word. Somewhat in accordance with this Hearnian model, our author has compiled a very amusing and often instructive book; and, if he has amplified occasionally on points of which there needed "no ghost" to instruct us, on others he has rendered us new or more correct information. Let us run over a few of the commodities suspended on the pegs in his hall. The mercantile use of the word *stapel* had its origin from the Saxon *stapel*, a loop, haap, or padlock; goods were bonded until the duties were paid in warehouses under the royal staple; the towns where they were brought were staple towns; the word, therefore, soon became synonymous with a mart.

*Merchants' Marks.*—John Halle impaled his merchant's mark with his own arms; our author thinks he had married a relative who was entitled to the same coat as himself, or he would not have been ungallant enough to dismiss his wife's armorial badge for that of the warehouse. The marks were generally monograms of the party adopting them, blended with the cross, emblems at once of his faith and social appellative. The ✕ "on the labarum" of Constantine was, the author considers, the prototype of these devices. An old

book of heraldry rules that a man may take a mark such as merchants use, but not arms, without authority of herald or pursuivant—a good hint for those who, in modern days, would evade the armorial impost; a tax, by the by, which we, the reviewers, lineally descended from the Dry-as-dusts, bearing three wheels, proper, in a field pulverinous; a blazon which, though not strictly heraldic, was accorded to us in the Court of Pye Powder; a tax, we say, which we have ever regarded as iniquitous, being one on honour. We trust a reform parliament will speedily repeal it. Reform times have taught us a man may lose every thing but his honour.

*The Dress of John Halle.*—He wears a hat, covering his *324*; therefore, hints our author, the first hat was a night-cap, a mere cover for the hair. Hat is Saxon, and synonymous with hut, a diminutive of house. We see the force of this, and allow that, when a man (particularly a bachelor in search of lodgings) puts on his hat, he puts his house upon his head. The *fellen hat* is spoken of by Saxon writers. Hats of beaver seem to have been used in the fourteenth century, temp. Edward III. And here pardon us, gentle reader, if, our guide having put up a beaver, we follow him, with Giraldus Cambrensis, through Nant yr Afangcwn,\* accompanied by Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, who, in the year 1188, travelled through Wales; and who, if he had a hat on, our author thinks it must have been made of native beaver. We were about to suggest that the British beaver was nothing more than the otter, not yet entirely extinct in our pools and rivers, particularly those flowing through tracts of wild country; but we retreated, seeing old Michael Drayton come up to his support with a beaver from the Teivi.

"More famous, long agoe, then for the salmons leap,  
For bever, Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred,  
Which else no other brook of Brittain nourished,  
Where nature, in the shape of this now perib't beast,  
His people did seeme to have wondrously exprest,  
Being bodied like a boat, with such a mightie taile,  
As served him for a bridge, a helme, or for a sail."

And, examining the further evidence on the subject, we find, by the laws of Howel Dha, that, while the skin of the *otter* was valued at 8d., that of the *beaver* was rated at 120d. The *kastor* of the Greeks, the writer shews, is the legitimate parent of the slang *castor* (hat) of the Tom and Jerry school. Chaucer's merchant wore on his head

"A Flaundrish bever hat."

Leaving this matter to Repton,† our space compels us to pass to other articles of John Halle's attire, or we could have inserted the popular song, "All round my hat." The broche, brooch, or broach, whether used for transfixing a rump of beef, or keeping down a wimple, is nothing more than the Norman French word for spit, *Saxonice*, speet. Of course, this chapter on brooches would fairly lead us to the history of the pretender, Lambert Simnel, who was thought sufficiently punished for his royal aspirations by being appointed *tourne-broche—Anglice*, turn-spit—in Henry VII.'s kitchen. Our author does not allude to that near relative of the brooch, the *fermail*, *fermeilletum*, or clasp of the middle age, often so richly adorned, and which derived its name from its keeping the mantle firmly or closely together: thus, in an old romance, we are told, as we remember, of a lady who placed a chaplet of roses on her head, and a *fermail*, richly set with jewels, in her vest. The hair and beard of John Halle furnishes matter for much ani-

\* Afan (avon) cwn, the dog of the river.  
† See Repton in Archaeologia on Hats.



madversion, from the time of King David to Charles II., or of the Commonwealth, when, we know, that the beards of some eminent patriots, *alias* radical reformers,

"Were monastic, and did grow,  
In holy orders, by strict vow."

An attempt was made by Queen Elizabeth to regulate the growth of beards; but, being a *femme-sole*, she might not have that control over them which matrimony could have given her: however, it was ordered, in her time, that no fellow of Lincoln's Inn should wear a beard above a fortnight's growth! John Halle wears a *partielet*. We thought this meant a ruff, and was an article of dress of later date—indeed, it is so defined by Johnson;\* the author, however, thinks it to be the tippet which covers the neck and shoulders of his hero. Perhaps he is right. In Kempe's Loseley MSS, we observe the following passage, in an inventory of masking dresses, *temp.* Henry VIII., among garments for *froues*, or women, "two partielets of crymsin satten, rewed with silver, and guarded with green vellett." Now, we think these could scarcely be ruffs; in common acceptance, an article of plaited linen.† We had almost forgotten that our author glances at wigs; but whether in compliment, or otherwise, to his majesty's present government, he does not say: he has not, however, entered deeply into this *capital* subject, and contents himself with some generalities about the *blue* hair and beards of our Saxon forefathers. He thinks this was no achievement of wiggism, but was effected by a blue powder. The *furus crinium* of the twelfth century is noticed; and he says, that perriwigs were imported from France, *temp.* Carol. II. The authority we have just quoted shews, that perriwigs of hair, at any rate, as players' garments, were known in the time of the eighth Henry: *e. g.* "five coiffs of Venice gold, with peruks of here;" also, that they were sometimes made of human hair, horse-hair, and flax, according to the sex, quality, and character of the wearer. A mermaid was accommodated with a perruque of flax, dyed sea-green; while a demon capered in one dipped in rouge incarnadine.‡

John Halle wore a doublet. This short trussed garment, it would appear, had its rise from the gamboised gipon, worn under the armour, and was termed doublet from being doubled (*vestis duplicata*) or quilted throughout. The word is not, we believe, to be found in Chaucer, but it occurs in inventories, and testamentary papers, in the fourteenth century.

The girdle encircled the waist, and braced the doublet, of John Halle. The Romans used the girdle at once as a cincture and as a purse. It is a Saxon word, and had its root in the Greek *ζώνη*. The Hebrews wore girdles—so did St. Paul. We question, however, that the girdle, which performed its gyration round the tunic of John Halle, and which is not visible to any ordinary eye in his illuminated portrait, p. 89, was the legitimate state girdle, the distinctive of gentle rank or knighthood, which was borne in the middle ages on the hips. Several fine examples of the girdle occur in Stothard's "Monumental Effigies;" as the effigy of Sir Thomas Cawne, of William of Windsor, of Robert, Lord Hungerford. See, also, notes on the military and civil girdle in Kempe's descriptions for that work.

The anelace, dagger, and sword, were the

appendages of the military girdle; the anelace and gipgiere of the civil: the last-named appendage was so called from its having originally been a bag for game (*gibier*): the hinges of these wallets were often inscribed with those talismanic words, *Ave Maria*. The whittle was but a vulgar anelace. No forks were used in the middle ages; Godwin, earl of Kent, *temp.* St. Edward, and Chaucer's prioress, picked the morsels up, as genteelly as might be, from their plates with their fingers. This proves that the old proverb "hands were made before knives," may, with truth, be extended to forks also. Halle wore *hosen mi parti*, one leg red, the other yellow, vide portrait; a pretty and untried variety we would suggest for gentlemen's Wellingtons. The Saxon hose, the author thinks, were simply stockings, the Norman hose a consolidation of stockings and breeches. John Halle wore not the sandal, the *caliga*, the *soccus*, or *cothurnus* of antiquity; and he had better means, it appears, of shoeing himself than Alexander Selkirk, who was discovered, in 1709, on Juan Fernandez, vide p. 241; where this *abandoned* character—we use the word advisedly, in an unfortunate, not a vicious sense—is very naturally introduced. Halle fitted himself with a pair of *gigacæ*, *calcei cum arcuatis aculeis*, a kind of *moccasins*, which maintained their post (spite of sumptuary laws), whether chained to the knee, or otherwise, from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. Hence, John Halle's shoon would make a very respectable double canoe for a Sandwich islander, and their rostrated forms bear no small analogy to certain specimens of naval architecture produced by savage nations. This topic, of course, draws the attention of the editor towards the two Crispins and the battle of Agincourt. These Christian saints preached at Soissons, *circa* A.D. 303; and, in order to promote their cure of souls (not to speak it profanely) were obliged to patch soles for bodily subsistence. They suffered martyrdom, and afterwards naturally became the patron saints of all the useful race of *sutlers* and cobblers. The throw of an old shoe, on the departure of a friend, propitiates *bona fortuna*, says our author. We confirm this assertion by the recollection of our boyish days, when one of the sprightliest and best of grandams thus distinguished our parting steps. With this anecdote on an old shoe, he winds up his notes on the dress of John Halle; having travelled, he says, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot (we do not altogether like the simile, which might have been misconstrued if spoken of a native of Spain or Portugal). However, let us conclude with the reverend antiquary, "in sober seriousness,"—for we have been far, all along, from thinking lightly of his labours,—and if we have run through his pages in a jocose and cheerful vein, it is purely because, in addressing his readers, he has set us the example; nay, adopts as the motto of his book, "*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat*." [His work will be esteemed by those who like to make the history of manners auxilial to the history of events and persons: most heartily, indeed, do we "throw our old shoe" after it. Did our space allow, we might examine how far the editor has been able to dilate the Memorials of John Halle, which form the subject of the latter section of his volume; and when the second volume (promised) shall appear, we suggest that the utility of both, as a dictionary of antiquities, will be much enhanced by a copious index.]

*Recreations in Retirement.* By an old Tradesman. 12mo. pp. 348. London, 1837. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is a volume which we might say is peculiar to England. We have no doubt it is written by a retired tradesman, as intimated in the title-page; and it affords pregnant proof of the information, good sense, and good feeling, which pervade, at least, a certain portion of that valuable class of men and citizens. These are the persons who make a right use of the press; and who, by their intelligence and worth, and often by their quiet devotedness to some branch or other of scientific and improving inquiry, form a striking contrast to the superficial and noisy impertinents of the same rank in life. Having noticed what the diffusion of knowledge, through the medium of printing, has done for our author, we will quote, as a specimen of his abilities, the very complimentary tribute he pays to "the press" in return.

"The utility and influence of the press, in the world of our moral being, is strikingly and beautifully analogous to that property of the atmosphere of our physical universe which we call 'reflection.' For, as by this simple, yet wonderful, contrivance of nature, not only is light from the great luminaries transmitted to us, but every visible particle of matter is made by radiations, in turn, to contribute to the general stock of light and glory, by which we are surrounded, until earth is filled with beauty and heaven with splendour; so the press not only transmits to us, from their rich and elevated sources, the world-enlightening rays of genius and science, but even the smallest radiations of mind, the feeblest scintillations of intellect, are enabled, by its aid, to render their minute beauties visible; tending by their infinite number, rather than by their individual importance, to promote the general spread of knowledge, and the consequent improvement of society. Genius dazzles and delights us; but it is the multitudinous radiations from inferior minds which make us acquainted with those ten thousand proximate objects upon which our happiness and well-being in a great degree depend, yet which, but for the 'press,' would, perhaps, entirely, and for ever, have escaped our notice. Who can feel himself to be thus standing amidst the hundreds of millions of intellectual radiations, which this agent of light is continually diffusing in profuse splendour around him,—filling the once dark and gloomy region of our moral world with a flood of light,—and not rejoice in the consideration that such a medium for communicating knowledge has been discovered; not adore the beneficent wisdom which has provided such a means for the delight and improvement of his rational creatures? As without the property of 'reflection' in the atmosphere, though the glorious luminaries of heaven might still walk in brightness the paths of their magnificent orbits, rejoicing in their undiminished lustres, or repose themselves in solemn grandeur on their everlasting thrones, cheering and delighting the worlds of creatures by which they are immediately surrounded, yet we should derive no advantage from their existence, no delight from their career of glory: deprived of its aid, even the world of light itself would communicate no light to us; nor the canopy from which ten thousand lesser brilliants now shed their streams of radiance upon our path, be other than a starless void, a dark and gloomy waste. So, were the vivifying labours of the press suspended, though those mighty master spirits of our common nature—those worlds of intellectual energy which, as it were, of themselves, create the light in which 'they live and move'—might continue, though withdrawn from their influence over meaner minds, to solace their own spirits in the unborrowed wealth of native genius; might still pursue in solitude their godlike course, reveling and rejoicing in all the delights of refined and elevated intellectual existence—we, who walk but by the reflection of their light, who shine but by reason of their brightness, and are mentally visible to each other but as we radiate the scattered beams of their profuse effulgence, should soon present, in our degradation and debasement, the appalling spectacle of a dark moral chaos, where every thing which now instructs, and charms, and ennobles, would speedily be buried beneath an ever gathering, ever deepening cloud of cheerless, undistinguishing barbarism."

The following is a true and touching example of the good feeling to which we have alluded. It occurs in a paper, entitled, "The Grave, whither thou goest;" and nothing more natural was ever penned.

"In my early manhood I lost a little girl, by a sudden attack of a malignant disease; she was a lovely, interesting child, and, for a few days, I was quite inconsolable. I had before heard of death; I had seen death; I had been accustomed to think upon death; but, for the first time, I now, as it were, felt sensibly the hand of death. This child was a part of myself, lately beautiful, laughing, prattling in all the innocence and loveliness of childhood; it died caressing me: the words, 'My Father,'

\* Vide Johnson's Dict. by Todd, in voce.

† MSS. and other rare documents, preserved at Loseley, in Surrey. Edited, with notes, by A. J. Kempe, Esq. F.S.A. P. 77.

‡ Ibid. p. 92. et passim.

which it expired in uttering, seemed still, with a smile, to dwell upon its lips: now it lay cold, motionless; and, in a few hours, hastening to decomposition. I could no longer escape the conviction, that I was a mortal—a dying creature: I had given being to one upon whom death had passed; for whom the grave was gaping: I felt, as it were, the ground sliding from under my feet; the chill of death was on my flesh; and the feeling came over me, with a thrilling, convulsive emotion, of which time can never eradicate the remembrance, nor any subsequent instance of mortality renew. I have since wept beside many deathbeds; I have followed parents, wife, and friends, to the grave; I appear to myself as daily falling, piece-meal, into its dark chambers; no event, of this sort, seems, therefore, to come unexpected to my mind; but the death of my beloved child was the first blast that dispersed the illusion of my fancied security—was the first stroke which startled me from the dream of life; yet so severe and so unexpected was the shock to my feelings, that I was tempted, for a while, to indulge in repinings against Providence for the deprivation of my comforts, and thus manifest a resistance to the beneficial lesson, designed to be taught me by this conviction of my own mortality."

There is some poetry, of no great merit; and, upon the whole, we would say, that the writer is more reflective than logical. Had he defined what "knowledge" was in his essay, "Knowledge is power," he would not have fallen into the error of considering the commonplace ideas and names for knowledge as the actual representatives of that desirable possession.

*Philosophy and Religion, with their mutual Bearings comprehensively considered and satisfactorily determined, on clear and scientific Principles.* By William Brown Galloway, A.M. Pp. 544. London, 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE eye of the mind looks through a concave glass: when this is inverted, all is magnified and brought out to perfection; but when it is turned the other way, things then begin to look very small indeed. Hence is it that the philosopher's own theory so gloriously expands, while those of his predecessors or contemporaries dwindle into littleness. The title-page of Mr. Galloway's book informs us that the measureless bearings of philosophy and religion are "comprehensively considered, and satisfactorily determined." Criticism upon a work so announced must be superfluous; our occupation for once, at least, is gone. Experience, however, even from a quarter whence we never thought to learn any thing, comes to our aid. Play-bills have not left us untaught, that "rounds of enthusiastic applause" have sometimes proclaimed "the unprecedented success" of a tragedy all but damned, "in a manner equally creditable to the talented author and the true admirers of the drama." And who is there that has not, some time or other, fallen a prey to the advertised allurements of "great bargains!" "great discoveries!" or, "great coats, at two pounds each!" and received for their "ready money only" some twopenny trash. If, like ourselves, they are wise folks, they will have, at least, purchased the hint not to take either things, books, or persons, precisely at their own valuation. Upon this principle we advance beyond our author's title-page.

To say that Mr. Galloway's work is likely to supplant all other endeavours

"To lead, through Nature, up to Nature's God,"

or satisfactorily to supply all deficiencies, and solve all difficulties, as he professes, would snap the most elastic conscience. And, on the other hand, we should do him great injustice not to assure our readers that he has directed great research and considerable acuteness to a praiseworthy and benevolent purpose. He has grappled arduously with systems and subjects which few minds seek to understand, and but few are capable of comprehending. We feel, with Coleridge, little disposed to argue with

any one who insists upon our accounting for the origin of evil; and we, furthermore, distrust the assurance of any one who volunteers to do it himself. On this point Mr. Galloway's metaphysics are unusually hazy. We give a much fairer specimen of the style and tendencies of his book by quoting the following chapter:

"All the varieties of motion in animals are produced by muscular contraction; and, according to the kind of motion which each member is destined to perform, the arrangement, figure, and size of the muscles, are adapted in a very admirable manner, as well as the shape and construction of the bones and joints which form the frame-work on which the muscles operate. Every muscle contracts upon the application of a certain stimulus: and there is observable in them all a tendency to alternate contraction and relaxation, which is, however, in some of them more striking, in others more obscure, but most strongly exemplified in the action of the heart. This very complex machinery is further wonderful, from the arrangement and order of contraction of different muscles in complex actions; in which the whole muscles concerned do not act simultaneously, but according to a certain requisite succession; the stimulus reaching each muscle at the precise time when its action is necessary, and this being determined by the state of contraction of the preceding muscle in the train. The action of swallowing affords a striking illustration of this, but the same arrangement is observable in all other cases. Without such a provision, indeed, the muscular system would be useless; for we never could exert the necessary volitions, for the contraction of all the particular muscles in the requisite order, if it depended upon us. But the system is arranged so that the muscles act harmoniously in the performance of the most complex and important actions, quite independently of our knowledge and our will. All the actions of children are at first automatic and involuntary. The first effect of the air upon the lungs and body stimulates the muscles of respiration to their proper action, which they retain through life. The same sudden effect produces crying, which long continues involuntarily to accompany every violent emotion of surprise. The lips and tongue, often even prior to the application of the nipple, perform automatically the alternate contractions and relaxations necessary to the action of sucking; and the sensation of any thing between them, as a finger or even a smooth stick, excites that agreeable, important, and involuntary motion. The reception of the milk into the mouth stimulates the action of swallowing. This originates the action of the digestive organs. The peristaltic motion of the bowels, which never ceases during life, conveys it slowly along the alimentary canal. The expulsion of the feces and urine are also at first entirely automatic. All these actions in very young infants are involuntary; and, though mental consciousness and emotion accompany them, they ought to be regarded as functions of a living, sentient, and organised body, rather than of a knowing and intelligent mind. Of the same nature are vomiting, sneezing, coughing, hiccupping, yawning, and stretching; which last may be placed among the earliest actions of the limbs. The functions of the muscles of the eyes are at first equally automatic, being determined by the action of the light. Voluntary power is acquired by the observation of automatic motions. The connected series of sensations and muscular feelings, in various complicated actions automatically performed, is known to the mind,

and becomes associated with the perception of motion. Desire directed towards a particular motion, and its accompanying series of muscular feelings, stimulates the reproduction of the motion; and, by repeated experiments of this nature, the child acquires the power of directing its motions with intention. This knowing and voluntary power is not, however, attained over all the automatic motions; but those of the heart, and of the bowels, continue through life involuntary. The action of breathing in infancy is quite automatic; but the power of controlling it is certainly attainable, to a considerable degree, by long-repeated trials. The action of sucking soon becomes subject to the will; and gradually, also, to a considerable extent, the expulsion of the feces and urine. Vomiting, yawning, sneezing, coughing, and hiccupping, become, in like manner, partially subject to the mind, so as often to be controlled, and by many persons performed at pleasure. In all these cases the action is at first automatic, and the voluntary power is gradually acquired by the knowledge and observation of the former. The acting mind knows nothing of the osseous, muscular, and nervous machinery; it knows only the motions to be performed, and the series of feelings which accompany the performance; nor can it know the latter, till the action has been first automatically performed. The motions of the fingers, hand, and arm, are of the same nature, and the preceding observations apply equally to them. The first action of the hand is to close when any object touches the palm. This it does involuntarily, from the stimulus of the sensation and pressure of the object. The stimulus then reaches, in due order, a series of different muscles; the arm is bent according to its easiest and most natural action, and the object is conveyed to the mouth, where the lips and tongue immediately begin their usual operation of sucking. The conscious mind, observant of these automatic states, acquires the power of directing them with intention, and the action then becomes voluntary. The use of the lower extremities, and the equilibrium of the whole body, are more slowly acquired, by repeated experiments, in which the first actions are partly automatic, partly stimulated by involuntary emotion, and partly accidental, or caused by the operation of external laws, as gravitation and the position of the body. By such gradual advances does man attain to the full and perfect command of his body, which is capable of being ultimately brought to those prodigious manifestations of activity, strength, and equilibrium. In the lower animals, the progress is more rapid; because the range of their acquirements is destined to be more limited. Equilibrium, also, is more easily attained with four legs than with two; requiring, in some quadrupeds, little more than a certain natural firmness and tension of the muscles. But the slow progress of man towards the full use of his body, is chiefly caused by the exquisite and complicated nature of his talents, requiring slow and gradual cultivation: for the maturity of his nature consists not in the use of his limbs, which might be sooner attained, but in the well-proportioned development of all his powers, and chiefly those of his mind. This object would not be aided, but rather prevented, by the quick attainment of corporeal maturity. Parental care would thus be lessened, and the individual soon so engaged in providing for his mere animal wants, as to check the progress of intellect and knowledge. It was necessary, therefore, in the case of a man—a being destined for more than mere animal enjoyment or utility—to

retard the developement of the body, so as to favour that of the moral and rational soul. In the lower animals the automatic arrangement of the muscular motions of the limbs is generally more perfect and decided, but, at the same time, more circumscribed, being destined to operate with a less degree of intellect. The body, in them, is of greater relative importance, and less is left to be supplied by the actuating soul. Their actions are all more automatic, and confined within a narrower range. Instinct is, in them, predominant; in man it is subservient to reason. And, having spoken of instinct, I may observe, that there are two classes of phenomena generally confounded under that name, even by those who use it with most accuracy. As for the common practice of applying it indiscriminately to all the actions of the lower animals, many of which bear manifest signs of thought and passion analogous to ours, nothing need be said of it. But even among those who use the word with more philosophical discrimination, there are two classes of actions which are included and confounded under the name of instincts. These are—I. Instincts referable to the mere impulse of bodily sensation and organic structure; II. Those which do not appear to be explicable in this manner. I. Under the first of these heads I distinguish these two elements,—1. Bodily sensations giving rise to mental associations and desires. The cerebral functions, which are alleged by phrenologists must partake of this nature. The appetites, however, do so most markedly. The mental desire cannot be said to have definite object but the removal of the uneasy, or the gratification of the pleasant sensation, till the experience or imagination of what removes or gratifies it has given a more special direction to the pursuit of the mind. 2. Automatic bodily arrangements guiding the requisite motions, in subserviency to the bodily sensation, and consequent mental desire. Some of these have already been specified. There are others of equal importance, which have not been mentioned. Both these elements of instinct man possesses in common with the lower animals. But in them it is the regulating principle, an impulse to which the mind is blindly subject. In man it is subordinate to a higher principle, which is capable of controlling, modifying, combining, distinguishing, and which the classifying functions of the brain may aid, but cannot create. The instincts of the more important animals may, perhaps, be restricted to these two elements. Such are the horse, dog, cat, ox, sheep, goat, elephant, camel, ass, and others. But there are kinds of instinct in some animals which I cannot in candour bring under these two descriptions, and which I therefore class by themselves under the remaining head. II. Some phenomena of instinct seem to imply an imparted knowledge of the best mode of performing certain actions, not attributable either to the creature's own sagacity, or to the impulse of bodily sensation and automatic arrangement; or, if not an imparted knowledge, a blind impulse, not referable to the body, to perform certain laborious actions, and in the best manner. I refer to the instinct of nidification in birds; that of migration in certain species; the building of the beaver; the operations of the bee, wasp, and other insect tribes; and a great variety of analogous phenomena. To these instincts I know nothing similar in the history of the human race, unless it be the alleged facts of inspiration and spiritual impulse, and that these are analogous I cannot

affirm. The subject of instinct has hitherto baffled explanation, and has probably received less attention than its importance demands. Instincts of this last kind are not instead of the former, but are superadded to them in certain species of animals, where they are necessary. If, however, notwithstanding their striking apparent difference, it can be shown that they are of the same nature, and resolvable into the same elements with the former, then I willingly give up this head; but, till then, it is right to class them separately. Man, as we have seen, at first an automatic or instinctive animal, becomes a voluntary agent in the knowledge and intelligent direction of his organic and automatic motions. The soul's only immediate and primary knowledge is the knowledge of the sensations of the body. From this the progress of the mind begins; first simply knowing, then comparing and distinguishing the simple conceptions thus acquired, and discerning their relations, until it comes to understand its first simple and absolute knowledge. The knowledge of sensation thus compared, distinguished, and understood, is equivalent to perception, and opens up the wonders of the external world. This second kind of knowledge, which we call perception, is therefore a function of the knowledge of sensation, containing no information of what objects are in themselves, but only of how they affect our bodily senses. But in this secondary knowledge, comprehending the external world, our sphere of thought is enlarged, and a variety of complicated phenomena presented to be compared, distinguished, and reasoned upon. The mind, advancing in this second progress, proceeds to science; in attempting which, the necessity of a more accurate and abstract comparison of our primary conceptions is soon discovered. Thus, the nature and properties of figure, quantity, and motion, are by degrees separately attended to, as instruments for the furtherance of natural knowledge. In this manner the mind proceeds in understanding its perceptions, or its secondary and relative knowledge. The further we advance in this progress, the more does reflection on our acquired ideas become necessary, and the mind, which at first operates without considering how, has its attention at length called to its own inward operations. As sciences are multiplied and perfected, the range of human thought is still extended, and the enlarged comparison of them requires more and more attention to ascertain the true laws and principles of sound thinking. The aim and tendency of this progress is towards a general and ultimate philosophy of the universe. Thus, all the natural, scientific, and philosophical knowledge of man, is truly a function of the knowledge of his bodily sensations; a function obtained by diligent reflection and comparison, together with attention to the operations of his own mind. As man advances in knowledge he advances in power, and, if his knowledge and his power be well directed, he advances also in happiness. Every discovery in science enables him to employ the powers of nature more for his own service, and he does so by conforming himself in obedience to the laws of Nature. Scientific knowledge is not a mere matter of curious speculation. The powers of man for the promotion of happiness, will, therefore, receive their highest advancement in that highest and universal philosophy. But here, as every where else, his power towards good consists in obeying the laws which have been established by the Author and God of Nature."

Neither our limits nor our inclination dispose us to puzzle our readers with an elaborate treatise on the intricacies of philosophy, and their bearings on the more remote mysteries of religion. We have chosen, therefore, to speak of this work generally. And we have been led mainly to lend it our recommendation, because an unshaken and earnest piety pervades the whole book. We freely hold it forth to the attentive consideration of the philosophic Christian; and we doubt not that all such will think with us, that the study of its pages may lead on to stability many an unanchored mind. The title-page, on which we have animadverted, is but the confidence of youth—we find it in every profession; and it is due to our author to say, that few youths could have distinguished themselves as he has done by this volume.

*Sermons, preached at the British Episcopal Church, Rotterdam.* By the Rev. C. R. Muston, M.A., Assistant Chaplain, and author of "Recognition in the World to come." 8vo. pp. 503. London, 1837. Hatchard and Son.; Rotterdam, Meer and Verbruggen.

WE do not generally notice Sermons, but the volume before us claims our attention. They not only display talent of a high order, but it is so guided by a correct judgment, and influenced by a truly Christian spirit, that, while the understanding is convinced, the heart is warmed, and the finest feelings of our nature are called into willing exercise in favour of religion and virtue. In our view, these Sermons are what public addresses from the pulpit ought to be. The homage of the intellect is first obtained, and then an effectual appeal is made to the heart. Religion is here divested of gloom and ascetic austerity, and made to appear, what it undoubtedly is, a real blessing to man. Here we have a perpetual repetition of those glad tidings which the celestial messengers first proclaimed on the plains of Judea: Peace on earth, and good-will towards men.

"Every human creature feels that he is encompassed by innumerable dangers. He sees elements of evil at work around him which he cannot control, and prevent from acting against himself. It is true that the pleasures or busy occupations of life must frequently divert his thoughts from his real situation, and, in the buoyancy of health, in the pride of manhood, or in the excitement of the angry passions, he may have more or less of worldly courage. But still there lurks in the heart of man the feeling of uneasiness and fear, ready to be called out into action, at any moment, by a change in his views and circumstances. There is the dread of certain evils which are unavoidable, and of others, which, in his apprehension, may befall him either in this world or in the future. He is not, therefore, in the possession of peace; and how often is he held by his own feelings in bitter and degrading bondage! But what have we to fear? Not the accidents and sufferings to which we are exposed in the present world,—not the loss of property, health, or human friendship,—not the wrath of man, whose power is derived, limited, and incapable of pursuing its victim beyond the narrow confines of a mortal life,—not the approach of death, which, with regard to its immediate effect, is but the dislodgment of the soul from its earthly tabernacle, the separation of the spirit from its material appendage,—not any of the created elements and agencies with which we may come into contact in other spheres, and in the evolutions of eternal ages. But the primary and only proper object of fear to man, and to every other intelligent creature, is the displeasure of God; or, what amounts to the same thing, it is sin, which, by occasioning the loss of His friendship, becomes the source and root of all evil. It is this, and nothing but this, that induces uneasiness, dread, or solemn forebodings of judgment to come. Operating by means of conscience—the vicegerent of Deity—it constrains us to flee from His presence, as in the case of the first pair, when, overcome by the tempter, their innocence had departed from them. It drives its victims from the guardian wings of the Supreme Parent, and sends them forth, without any effectual shelter or refuge, from the evils and perils of their alienated condition. And, since every one has sinned, and carries about, within his own bosom, the consciousness of delinquency, so the bondage of fear is more or less felt over all the world, and discovers itself in those various artifices, those cherished delusions, or superstitious

tious usages, by which man vainly attempts to hide from himself the realities of his condition, and throw off the burden of guilt from his misgiving spirit."

A fine passage on the true liberty of man:—

"Every man, by the constitution of his nature, possesses the high prerogative of free agency. Next to the righteous use of this precious gift, it is his noblest and most distinguishing attribute. The whole order of inanimate things unconsciously follows the impulse of those laws which the Creator has impressed upon the works of his hand. The sun rises and sets, the planets revolve in their accustomed orbits, the moon walks forth in her beauty through the starry heavens, the ocean ebbs and flows, the earth yields her increase, and time, pursuing with undeviating exactness his appointed course, brings round the successive seasons of the year. But these things are conducted to the ends of their existence by irresistible laws. They are nothing more than unconscious and passive instruments in the hands of Deity. And even the irrational tribes, which come nearest in resemblance to man, are made to fulfil the designs of their creation by a kind of necessity resulting from instinctive tendencies—those wonderful impulses of animal nature which they appear blindly to follow. But, what a beautiful production is the human soul! What a noble and dignified creature is man! Governed by motives, possessed of self-determining power, he is formed for dominion over himself. With respect to the greatest proportion of his actions, and to all, indeed, that are most important, he is left to pursue his own course. Whatever may be his conduct, and however much he may disturb the goodly order of things, the Creator will not invade or destroy this sacred prerogative. He is free to do evil or good—to destroy or cherish his life—to disobey the truth or surrender himself to its authority and influence. But is he, therefore, irresponsible? Is true liberty lawlessness? Is it something which necessarily attends mere freedom of will, when no external restraints interpose to prevent the execution of its purposes? To entertain such an idea is to confound the distinctions of nature, and to overlook the highest duties and privileges of a rational creature. The liberty of the Gospel is moral freedom; it consists in the right use and direction of that precious prerogative which, while it is the noblest distinction of our nature, renders us accountable beings, and is the principal source of our obligations, dangers, and motives to obedience. What is civil or political freedom? We need not inform you, that it is not a release from those social laws or regulations under which men are placed to each other and to their rightful sovereign. The unrestrained license with which the thoughtless multitude are disposed to confound it is, in fact, the worst slavery under the mask of liberty; since it tends to dissolve all the bonds of society, and to render men the victims of lawless passion and universal injustice. There are certain limits within which alone happiness can be found—lines of moral propriety—boundaries for the regulation of the will prescribed by the authority of the Creator, and determined by the very nature of things. In like manner, spiritual liberty is loyalty to the Sovereign of the universe. It is conformity to the order which He has established—the order of truth, equity, and godliness. It is only to be found in His service, which is accordingly declared to be "perfect freedom;" and opposition of spirit or practice to His will is moral bondage—tyranny of the worst description, because it is the enslavement of the soul, the thralldom of its noblest powers. "Verily, verily, whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."

*Education Reform; or, The Necessity of a National System of Education.* By Thomas Wyse, Esq. M.P. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 553. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THAT a national system of education should be matured and established, we cordially agree with Mr. Wyse; and we, also, acknowledge with him, regretting it, that England lags behind civilised Europe in this respect, as she does in many other instances, in which long-tolerated evils are permitted to remain, and neither government, nor combination, nor individual energy, direct a thought to their remedy. Every Monday the populous streets of London are filled with over-driven and dangerous animals; and every day accidents happen from the abuse of public vehicles. The front of the Mansion House, the residence of the chief magistrate of London, who sits there, day after day, dispensing police regulations, is decidedly the most villanous spot in the metropolis for cab and omnibus confusion and peril. During the late frost, the worst slides in town were close to the police-offices; and legs and arms were broken, accordingly, near persons who could carry the sufferers to the hospitals. These, and a hundred such matters, are, indeed, only minor and trifling concerns, when compared

with the great subject discussed by Mr. Wyse; but they equally shew how slowly amelioration is adopted, and how many objects stand in the way of even the most obvious and ready improvements.

In the volume before us, the author has entered very clearly and very fully into many of the prominent principles, and the details, which that subject involves; and displays much reading and research in his views. But it will occur to our readers, that such a work defies analysis, or even adequate illustration, in the pages of a review: and, therefore, that we must be content to name it with approbation, as honestly and ably directed to a high national object. We do not agree with the author on several points, but we willingly give him credit for pure and conscientious intentions. These, and the fund of various information he supplies, must recommend him to the attention due both to his labours and to the essential interest of the inquiry. We are not sure that we can recognise the connexion between the main discussion and the church or tithe questions, or prædial agitations, in Ireland; and we are still further from adopting Mr. Wyse's conclusions in reference to their relation. Mr. Wyse says that Toryism and Churchism are entirely to blame for the Radicalism and Sectarianism in Ireland. We are not going to offer an opinion, but we agree with this—employ the people as a first step, and educate them as a congenial sequel, likely to give permanency to the industry and comparative prosperity you have planted.

*The Fallacy of the Art of Physic, as Taught in the Schools; with the Developement of new and important Principles of Practice.* By Samuel Dickson, M.D. 8vo. pp. 180. Edinburgh, 1837. Black; London, Longman and Co.; Cheltenham, Lovesey.

THE old medical story, "you have all been all wrong till I found out the way to set you all right," has here the authority of a regular practitioner, and an experienced staff officer. Dr. Dickson contends, that so far from being subject to many maladies, "man, properly speaking, is the victim only of ONE, and that this one, in the first instance, has no relation to organic change as a cause." His sequent reasoning is addressed to demonstrate that this malady is "FEVER-REMITTENT, or INTERMITTENT; which comprehends every shape and shade which disorder can assume!" "Whatever will prevent the recurrence of a change of temperature" is set down, if not as means of a complete cure, at least as a recipe, which "will improve the state of the patient in the whole;" but other remedies are not rejected. On the contrary, quinine, credulity, calomel, terror, colchicum, prussic acid, &c. &c. &c.; in short, "all remedies, to whatever kingdom they belong," are recommended, because, "every disease being merely a variation of FEVER," they "must be capable of producing, aggravating, and curing fever, throughout the whole of its complications." They all (including passions and pregnancy) act by the changes they produce in the patient's temperature! Dr. D. is a most determined enemy to blood-letting, and accuses the practice, in every case, of injuring, if not destroying, the patient; there is much good sense in his remarks on this subject, even if we are not disposed to go the whole way with him to his conclusions. Cholera Dr. D. asserts to be ague; and ague, a disease purely of the nervous system, the symptoms varying according to the number of nerves affected. But all these matters we,

the uninitiated, must leave to the doctor's book, and to the other doctors who may think fit and proper to consult it.

*The History of Party: from the Rise of the Whig and Tory Factions, in the Reign of Charles II. to the Passing of the Reform Bill.* By G. W. Cooke, Esq., Author of "Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke," &c. &c. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 489. London, 1837. Macrone.

THIS is one of the works which, however important they may be, we are compelled to pass slightly over. The range of the volume is from 1714 to 1762; and we have only to notice, that, in the author's opinion, from a review of the period, the greatest national prosperity is to be found when the Whigs were in power.

*The Gambler's Dream.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bull.

THE name results from the framework with which it has pleased the author to encompass his Tales. A ruined gambler falls asleep in his chair, and dreams that he is in Crockford's wine-cellar, where Old Nick, Sophia, and a party of friends, assemble for a carouse, and relate their adventures. The party consists of Hans, Pol, Obi, Mephisto, and Mouvement, who tell of the North of Europe, Italy, Africa, Germany, and France; whilst Sophia treats of Turkey, and Nick himself gives them a story of England. These seven narrations are of various merit, but most of them entertaining, and evincing considerable acquaintance with life and manners. In a few instances they border on bad taste, if not indecorum; from which the talent of the writer, and his knowledge of what the feeling of good society now demands from the novelist, ought to have warned him. The character of the production is such, that any extract to illustrate any one of the Tales is impracticable; and we must, therefore, content ourselves with saying, that the whole is not only amusing, but bears evidence of observation, smartness, and ability.

*Evils of the Factory System Demonstrated by Parliamentary Evidence.* By Charles Wing, Surgeon of the Royal Metropolitan Hospital for Children. 8vo. pp. 498. London, 1837, Saunders and Otley.

FROM a vast mass of valuable information, and a mass not less of various and conflicting opinion—in fact, from such a cloud of witnesses, and a consequent cloud of matter, as always attends a parliamentary inquiry—Mr. Wing has produced a treatise deserving of the deepest public attention. It is out of our power, however, to enter fully into the details of the subject; and we are not inclined to garble them, which would be more injurious than passing them over with a general character. We have, indeed, but a few words to say. The question of combination seems to us to resolve itself into questions of combinations—each applicable to its own trade, locality, and peculiar circumstances; so that no common rule of reasoning, or legislation, can be addressed to all. Respecting children in factories, we are among the warmest partisans of those whose humanity is interested in the arrangement that they shall not be overlaboured; but we would point out a strong and inseparable consequence, if the welfare of the young be contemplated, namely, that idleness should not be allowed to occupy the time taken from employment. Let it be devoted to moral and useful instruction, and save them from the contamination of bad habits and worthless companions. Without this, they had better toil from sunrise to midnight.

*Rosette and Miriam; or the Twin Sisters.*  
Pp. 336. London, Tilt.

THIS touching story, by the author of "Emma de Lissau," illustrates a Jewish conversion to the Christian faith, and interests us by its development of Jewish feelings, habits, and ceremonies. In our last Number we expressed our general opinion of fictions meant to stand in the place of polemics; and have, therefore, nothing further to say now.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Poetical Works of W. Wordsworth, Vol. IV.* (London, Moxon.)—This volume contains "The River Duddon," "The White Doe of Rylstone," "The Tour on the Continent," and three Parts of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets;" and is, accordingly, one of high poetical beauty and interest.

*Impressions of Poetry, and other Poems*, by the Lady E. Stuart Wortley. Pp. 318. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—This dear lady is a devoted poetess; so devoted that it is to be feared she writes too much. Of the cultivation of all the kindly, tender, and fine feelings which all her productions display, it is impossible to speak except in terms of praise. The execution is not, however, always equal to the design; and even in some of these pieces which are of a pathetic character, certain expressions occur, or curious rhyme or rhythm is adopted, which gives them an air of the ludicrous and grotesque. Three hundred and eighteen pages of really superior poetry are not to be thrown off like ladies' familiar correspondence.

*Genus of Poetry*, Pp. 240. (London, H. T. Warren; Edinburgh, Mensies.) A good selection from eminent and pious authors.

*The Monk of Cimiez*, by Mrs. Sherwood, author of "The Nun." 12mo. pp. 428. (London, Darton and Son.)—A novel, in which the Protestant is contrasted with the Roman Catholic religion, entirely to the advantage of the former. There is much incident, chiefly to display the evils of monastic life, and a good deal of argument, in the volume; but we are not sure that this is the best way of discussing polemical questions.

*Le Petit Précepteur*. By F. Grandineau. (London, Hailes.)—A second edition of a nice little book for young beginners in French conversation.

*A correct Report of Sir R. Peel's Speeches at Glasgow*. Pp. 100. (London, J. Murray.)—A fifth edition testifies the extensive sale of these speeches, which are not undeserving of their popularity as compositions worthy of study. Free from violence, and couched in choice language, they are, in the abstract—for we speak not of their politics—deserving of the attention of Whigs and Radicals, as well as of the Conservatives, whose cause they espouse.

*Southey's Edition of Cooper. Vol. X.* (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—This beautifully embellished volume finishes the posthumous poems, with other additions; and we shall now come to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which are promised in four volumes, and complete the work.

*The Cheltenham Annuaire for 1837*, &c. &c. (Cheltenham, H. Davies.)—An almanac for the year, but otherwise filled with information peculiar to this fashionable place of resort. Some original essays on local, but useful, and scientific subjects, are particularly deserving of approbation; and the *Annuaire* will, no doubt, be a perennial.

*A Family History of England*. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. Part I. (London, J. W. Parker.)—Designed neither for a school-book nor an enlarged general history. Mr. Gleig is here essaying a medium or *juste milieu* work, adapted for family reading—the young and the old—and, at all events, the innocent and moral. The first specimen does credit to his taste; and we shall look forward to its successors to enable us to confirm its favourable impression. The author seems to rely for the tenor of events on the best received historians; and not to seek from learned and less common sources for critical and antiquarian corrections. Perhaps this labour would be too great for a publication of the kind, though published under the direction of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

*Some Observations on the present State of Ireland*. Pp. 79. —A pamphlet on this interesting subject by Sir F. J. Macnaughten, who displays great practical acquaintance with most of the questions which distract this factious country.

*The Manner of Proceeding on Bills in the House of Commons, with a Supplement, comprising 200 pages, mostly on Points which have recently occurred in Practice*. By G. Bannell, Parliamentary Agent. 4to. (London, Clarke; Peterworth; Payne and Foss; Cadell.)—So long ago as May 1833 (*Literary Gazette*, No. 852, p. 312), we noticed the essential service Mr. Bannell had rendered members of parliament, parliamentary agents, and parties having interest in parliamentary business, by his preceding work, to which the present is a most necessary supplement, with more recent practices and precedents has made indispensable. We must repeat our words, "it is at once an excellent guide, and a perfect authority."

*The Anti-Sectarian, with brief Memoirs of the Life of a Wanderer from the Fold of Christ*. Written by himself. 8vo. p. 141. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—This strange book has been published some time. It is the wildest jumble we ever saw, and may well be classed among the curiosities of literature.

*Two Lectures on Taste, read before the Philosophical Society of Liverpool*, by James Carter. Pp. 138. (Colchester, G. Dennis; London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—These discourses do much credit to the lecturer and to the institution where they were delivered. Good taste pervades them throughout.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—He exhibited specimens of the manna, from the Valley of Moses, near the foot of Mount Sinai, and now ascertained to be secreted by a species of tamarisk (*Tamarix mannifera*). It is a gummy substance, resembling, in colour and flavour, an inferior kind of honey, which it also resembles in consistence, when recent, but it soon hardens and dries up on exposure to the sun. The specimens were collected by Lieutenant Wellsted, so well known by his interesting survey of the province of Oman, and of the coasts of the Red Sea, which has been, from time to time, noticed in our columns. Lieutenant Wellsted was present at the meeting. Specimens of *Polygonum dumetorum*, and *Epipactis purpurata*, collected in the neighbourhood of Reigate, Surrey, during the past year, by Mr. George Luxford, were also exhibited: as were, likewise, specimens of a singular variety of the dwarf pine (*Pinus pumilio*), from the collection of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey; having the apices of the scales of the cones elongated and recurved. Dr. Hugo Mohl of Tübingen, Dr. Müller of Berlin, and others, were proposed to fill the vacancies in the list of foreign members. Read, a continuation of Mr. Westwood's paper on the relationships existing amongst natural objects, termed affinity and analogy, selected from the class of insects.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON Friday evening Dr. Ritchie delivered a lecture on the velocity of sound through elastic fluids, and endeavoured to account for the remarkable discrepancy between theory and observation; of the difficulty attending the investigation of which the audience might judge, when he informed them, that it had engaged the attention of the greatest philosophers, from Newton to Laplace. He remarked, that he had ranged against the views which he was now to lay before them, the names of Lagrange, Laplace, Biot, Poisson, Herschel; but he had Newton standing at his right hand. Though all these philosophers had differed from the views of Newton, yet they had all arrived, by different modes of reasoning, at the same theoretical result: viz.—That the velocity of sound in the atmosphere is the same as that which a heavy body acquires in falling through half the height of a homogeneous atmosphere. He then illustrated, by experiment, the nature of a wave or undulation in a series of particles mutually repelling each other. This was done by having a number of magnetic needles, turning freely on fine pivots, arranged with similar poles in the same direction; each needle having a small ball on the end, to represent a particle of air. When a magnet was brought near one extremity of this arrangement, the nearest was first repelled, which gave motion to the next, and so on, in succession, till the motion reached the most remote. When the magnet was withdrawn, they returned to their state of stable equilibrium. He then examined one of the steps in the mathematical investigation of the velocity of sound by the differential and integral calculus, and pointed out an assumption which all these authors had made, which could not be admitted except on the suppo-

sition that the atoms of air were mathematical points, having weight, and mutually repelling each other; a supposition altogether at variance with our notion of matter. He then shewed that a rarefied wave ought, according to the theory of Laplace, to move slower than a condensed wave; which did not seem to be the fact. Laplace, as is well known, endeavoured to account for the remarkable difference between theory and observation, by supposing the condensed wave to generate heat; and, consequently, that sound moved in a much hotter atmosphere than was indicated by the thermometer. He shewed that all philosophers, with the exception of Newton, and some of his commentators, had entirely overlooked the effect which must result from supposing the particles of air to lose in magnitude. He clearly shewed, by experiment and reasoning, that if they do possess any magnitude, sound must move quicker in such an atmosphere than in one composed of mere mathematical points. By applying this correction to the vapours formed from water, alcohol, &c., he shewed that theory and observation are perfectly reconciled; whereas they cannot be by the celebrated theory of Laplace.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart. in the chair.—The first report of the Society during the second expedition in the interior of British Guiana, by Mr. Schomburgk, was read. Agreeably to a plan laid before his Excellency Sir James Carmichael Smith, lieutenant-governor of British Guiana, the river Corentyne was selected as the field of Mr. Schomburgk's investigations, during the seasons of 1836-7. The little knowledge which the colonists had of this river, and the reports of those who had visited its lower regions occasionally, pointed its fitness for colonisation in such favourable colours, that a further examination appeared a desirable object. Lieutenant Losack, of the 69th regiment, and Messrs. Cameron and Reiss, offered to accompany the author as volunteers, in order that he might be the better able to dedicate his attention uninterruptedly to the chief object of the expedition. Mr. Weith, as ornithologist, and Mr. Heraut, as draughtsman, also accompanied him. The party left Demerara on the 2d September, in the schooner the Lady D'Urban, which had been chartered to take the expedition to Berbice. So little is the navigation of the Corentyne known, that our adventurers found it impossible to get a conveyance direct for the river. They were, therefore, obliged to charter another vessel to convey them to plantation Skeldon, on the river's western bank, where they arrived on the 9th, and were received with every mark of kindness and hospitality by the proprietor, Mr. Ross. The banks of the Corentyne are generally low, but uncommonly fertile, and well suited for the cultivation of the staple commodities. At present they are almost uninhabited, with the exception of two wood-cutting establishments. On the British side of the river no inhabitants are to be traced for a great distance; whole tracts of the most fertile land are left uncultivated, and are the sole and undisputed haunt of the jaguar and the fleet deer. It is not only the fertility of the soil that recommends this tract for cultivation; the easy communication which might be established between the river and Canje is an object of great consideration. After some remarks on the current of the river, and on the geological features which presented themselves along its banks, and which extend to Berbice, Mr. Schomburgk again notices the



luxuriant vegetation of the place, which appeared to increase the further the party advanced: they readily recognised all the useful timber-trees for which Guiana is so much famed; the soil is equal, if not superior, to that of the Essequibo, and rests upon a clayey substratum. The old maps represent, generally, a connexion between the river Corentyne and Nickerie, by the river Maratica: the author was not able to receive the slightest information on the subject; and as the Caribbees, who visit the settlements on the Corentyne, use always that river as high road, it proves that they are not acquainted with any other, or they would have chosen the shortest. At Tomatai the party found three Macoosie women, kept in bondage by the Caribbees; and it was only a short time ago that one had attempted to make her escape: swearing revenge, they had pursued her, and the unfortunate woman was recaptured, but it was beyond the author's power to ascertain her fate: on inquiry, he was told that she had been sent to Caperania. The nefarious trade of slave-dealing is, therefore, still carried on, and, from several observations which fell from the people, the parties suspected that a new expedition to the Macoosie was in contemplation, suspicions which turned out to be too well founded. The latitude and longitude of Tomatai is  $4^{\circ} 59' 23''$  N., and  $57^{\circ} 15' 46''$  W. On the 11th of October, Mr. Schomburgk and his companions left it and proceeded up the river, the appearances of which are described. Amongst the most striking features which presented themselves to the explorers, was what might be termed a forest of lilacs: these beautiful aquatic plants were in full blossom, the light brownish *scoops*, the thickly set flower, naked and of lilac colour, formed a strong contrast to the otherwise barren granitic rocks: thousands were in flower, and their luxuriance shewed how much they were delighted with the spot. One of the leaves measured 3 feet 2 inches in length, and 2 feet in width. The romantic scenery of the cataracts are then described. In prosecuting their researches, the Caribbee Indians who accompanied the travellers demanded provisions, like the other Indians, though their Cassava fields might have afforded them sustenance for six months: good policy directed Mr. Schomburgk not to quarrel with them; he was obliged, therefore, to give them allowances in rice, &c., and the in-road which was consequently made in the stores caused a well-founded apprehension that they would fail in less than three weeks. This alarmed the party. The fruits of the prolonged survey were not only a knowledge of the country above the cataracts, but likewise the discovery of several new *Orchideæ*, and some *Caoti*, the knowledge of the river, the fitness of its banks for colonisation, the peculiar formations in its vicinity with regard to mineralogy, and the hope that Guiana may possess coal, must be considered of much importance. Another paper, entitled Observations on the unexplored parts of the north and north-western coasts of Australia, by Mr. G. W. Earl, was likewise read. We cannot well present an abstract of this clever paper. It treats chiefly of the currents along the coast and the author's theories thereon, which, he trusts, do not involve any improbabilities. As a specimen, we give the following: Drift-wood is never seen in large quantities in the gulf of Carpentaria, a gulf which resembles that of Siam; but this does not prove the non-existence of rivers, as the Australian timber is of so heavy a nature that it almost invariably sinks. During the numberless times that Mr.

Earl ascended the Swan and the Blackwood rivers (two principal streams in Western Australia), the progress of the boat was never obstructed by a piece of drifting timber, as the trees always sink where they fall. Neither did he ever see any on about fifty miles of sea-beach which he had traversed, with the exception of an occasional pine-spar which had come over from the opposite islands.

## ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FEB. 5. Mr. Stephens in the chair.—An extensive list of donations of entomological works to the library was announced, and thanks ordered to be returned to the donors thereof. Mr. Bohn presented a copy of the "Historia Tripartita," printed in 1472, which had been completely destroyed by the book-worm, or larvæ of *Anobium striatum*. Various remedies were suggested for the destruction of this troublesome insect; amongst which, the sprinkling of a few drops of prussic acid on various parts of the book, and inclosing it in an air-tight box, which would have the effect of immediately destroying the insects, was considered especially serviceable. The application of heat to  $170^{\circ}$ , which would also kill the insects; and the dipping of the books in a solution of corrosive sublimate and alcohol, were also recommended. The memoirs read were, 1. Catalogue, with notes, of the coleopterous insects found in the neighbourhood of Penzance, by Frederick Holme, Esq.; and, 2d, Inquiries into the grounds for the opinion that ants lay up stores of food, by the Rev. F. W. Hope.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

ON Thursday, J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S. president, in the chair, the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Some members were elected, and others proposed. Mr. W. A. Lewis read a paper on the order *Ranunculaceæ*, in which there were 29 genera, and 632 species of plants, and the numerical distribution is as follows: the largest proportion are found in Europe, which contains more than one-fifth of the whole; North America, about one-seventh; India, about one-twenty-fifth; South America, one-seventeenth. Very few are found in Africa, except upon the shores of the Mediterranean: and 18 species have been discovered in New Holland. A discussion ensued upon this paper between the president, Mr. Cooper, the curator, and Mr. Mason, after which the meeting adjourned.

## METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Tuesday, the absence of the president, Dr. Birkbeck, from indisposition, as well as of several leading members, caused the reading of the laws of the Society, in the revised state, to be postponed till the anniversary in March. Donations were, however, received. The communications laid before the Society were the following:—1st. On the balance of nature, by the late Dr. James Sims, of Bath. This paper was presented by Dr. Clutterbuck, at the preceding meeting, and contains many points of great interest to meteorologists. 2d. Remarks on the formation and colour of such clouds as are caused by the agency of mountains, by John Ruskin, Esq. These remarks are founded upon actual observations made in Switzerland. 3d. Observations of the gale of November 29th, shewing its commencement, velocity, progress, and termination, at Ham-burgh, by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, A.M. Also, by the same gentleman, observations on the gale of Christmas-day, with an account of con-

trary winds at various places. 4th. Observations on the weather at the Isle of Guernsey, on Christmas-day, and subsequently, by F. C. Lukis, Esq. We sincerely hope this Society will continue its exertions, till the laws of meteoric and atmospheric phenomena are not only well understood, but rendered of practical utility to the army, the navy, the agriculturists, &c.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 9th February.—The following degrees were conferred:

*Masters of Arts*.—W. Grice, University College; C. W. Moffat, Merton College; Rev. J. S. Pinkerton, Fellow of St. John's College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—H. W. O. Polhill, Scholar of University College; J. R. Cornish, Student, W. Mott, Commoner, Christ Church.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

MR. HALLAM in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Cullimore, "On the Epoch of Amon-me-Ramess the Great, as determined by the astronomical sculptures on the ceiling of his palace at Thebes." The writer commences by referring to his memoir relating to the period of Thothmos Mera, read March 10th, 1836 (for an analysis of which see our review of "Rosellini," *Literary Gazette*, No. 943), in which arguments were adduced from an alabaster scarabæan calendar, bearing the prefix of Mera, which he discovered in the collection of Mr. Sams, to prove that Mæris, or Menophres, the author of the "Canicular Cycle of 1461 years," who, according to Herodotus, reigned 900 years before that historian visited Egypt, and according to Theon, 1605 years before Diocletian, was one and the same with the Mera of the monuments. Mr. Cullimore's present object was to draw the attention of the Society to data of the reign of Amon-me-Ramess, or Ramess II. the seventh successor of Mera, leading to analogous chronological results. If the monumental Mera, and the historical Mæris or Menophres be admitted, on the former proofs, to be identical, it will be necessary to depress the great eighteenth dynasty of Diospolites represented in the hieroglyphic tablet of Abydos, on the right disposition of which the chronology of the best ages of Egyptian art and history depend, four centuries below the age supposed by Champollion and Rosellini, and a century below that inferred by Mr. Wilkinson, —a proceeding which will be justified, if we find the results regarding the time of Mera, confirmed by similar results of that of Amon-me-Ramess, whose son and successor was the last king of the eighteenth dynasty. That such is the case, and that the desiderated chronological interval which separated the brightest period of the Pharaohs from the known age of their Greek successors, is strictly deducible from the monuments. Mr. Cullimore shews this from two important astronomical representations which he recently met with in the "Recherches sur l'année vague des Egyptiens," by the learned M. Biot, in which the whole series of the erratic Egyptian months, in connexion with the fixed characters of physical astronomy, is depicted at widely different eras; exhibiting a displacement of seven signs or months, i. e. from Gemini to Scorpio in *antecedentia*, in reference to the commencement of the erratic year, between the reign of Amon-me-Ramess, the builder of the Memnonium and the Layid founders or restorers of the temple of Apollinopolis Magna, the modern Edfon:—this interval, at 125½ years to each sign, through which the Thoth, or first day and month of the Egyptian year had receded, being 878 years in

ascent from the year B. C. 260, the date fixed by the Ptolemaic sculptures. The era of those of Ramses II. thus becomes astronomically determined to the year B. C. 1138, in full agreement with the epoch of Mera previously determined to B. C. 1325; and in further confirmation, the writer adduced the testimony of Isaacus Monachus, to the effect that the canicular cycle, in use among the astronomers of Persia, took its date from the year B. C. 1136, differing two years only from the era of Amon-me-Ramses, whose invasion of the Persian dominions is attested by history and confirmed by the monumental sculptures—facts which, in combination with the undoubted Egyptian origin of the Persian cycle, seem to establish the identity of the epochs in question beyond refutation. The learned Biot failed to profit by the clear elements of the displacement of the year, which were before him, in consequence of his preconceived opinion of the validity of Champollion's elevated chronology of the dynasties, which caused him to attempt the conciliation of the phenomena with Champollion's age of Ramses—the commencement of the fifteenth century B. C.—rather than to deduce the true epoch from the phenomena. Mr. Cullimore then adverts to a similar proceeding of Mr. Wilkinson, grounded on isolated symbols in the same sculptures, whereby the canicular era of Mera, B. C. 1322, rather than that of Ramses the Second, was obtained; and he shews that the combination which gives this result—being the names of the month Thoth and of the dog-star in connexion—is common to every age of Egyptian history, so that no fixed date could result from it. In conclusion, the writer impressed on the Society his conviction that the present results, compared with those developed in his former paper, admitted of no other inference, than that the great eighteenth dynasty of Diopolites ruled Egypt from the commencement of the fifteenth century B. C. until that of the eleventh, or from about the time of the departure of the Israelites from that country, until the establishment of the Jewish monarchy, as Josephus and every other original authority have stated it.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—Mr. Kempe exhibited an etching, by a Dutch artist, of the attack by the Dutch fleet under Admiral De Ruyter on Sheerness, and the destruction of the ships of war in the Medway, in the reign of Charles II. The Dutch had hoped to get up to London, but were repulsed before they got so far up the Thames; they afterwards tried several of the English out-ports, but the alarm had then been generally raised, and the whole coast was effectually guarded.—Mr. Carlos communicated a description of the church of St. Mary, at Guildford, and the ancient paintings, of which copies had been exhibited at the last meeting, with some additional observations by Mr. J. G. Nichols.—Sir Henry Ellis read a copy of a statement by Sir Michael Hilke, secretary to Lord Burleigh, relative to the state of Ireland, and particularly the province of Ulster, at that time in a state of troublesome rebellion.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Statistical, 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday*.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.  
*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.  
*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.  
*Friday*.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS.  
BRITISH GALLERY.  
(Third notice.)

141. *Part of the Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, with Parliamentary Troopers Gambling*. C. Landseer.—There is here little of that spirit-stirring character which the artist has before displayed on a similar subject; but there is enough of clever art to render the work desirable in every other respect. It is powerful in its contrast of forms, excellent in its effect of *chiaro scuro*, and admirable in its harmonious colouring.

10. *Cromer, Norfolk*. J. Stark.—The works of this artist have long and frequently come under our favourable notice, but in few instances with more desert than in this performance, on which every quality of art connected with the subject is brought to bear. From foreground to distance it is in admirable keeping; and in effect would do credit to some of the best examples of Flemish art.

9. *Flowers from Nature*. J. Holland.—A very beautiful study, and an example, in style of execution, such as would do credit to the first names in flower-painting, whether ancient or modern.

109. *A Venetian Gentleman*; 127. *Reposing after a Walk*; 128. *Polish Banker*. S. A. Hart, A.R.A.—In these three subjects Mr. Hart seems to have concentrated his efforts; and he has certainly produced some of the brightest examples of his pencil. *The Venetian Gentleman* is full of spirit and animation, and the female reposing offers a striking contrast to the close and sordid expression of the money-dealing wight.

36. *Expostulation*. S. J. E. Jones.—A widowed mother remonstrating with a pedantic old coxcomb of a country schoolmaster on the cruel treatment of her poor boy, whose naked shoulders exhibit but too distinctly the severe treatment to which he has been exposed. It is, in every respect, a clever and well-executed performance.

By way of variety, in which quality the English school of landscape is well known to excel, we shall point out some examples with which we have been struck, in different styles and character of execution, viz.:

147. *Western Pier at Calais*. J. Wilson. A very gem of its class.—12. *Scene on the Lynn, North Devon*. J. B. Pyne. Full of the picturesque.—10. *View in the Neighbourhood of Flarding, near Rotterdam: Moonlight*. J. B. Crome. Bold and free in its execution, and, in effect, worthy the pencil of Vandermeer.—17. *View on the Giudecca, Venice*. C. Stanfield, R.A. A pleasing and still varied composition in the exhaustless character of Venetian scenery.—25. *Tivoli, on the Cascatelle*. A. Geddes, A.R.A. Seen through a warm and mellow mist, it reminds us strongly of Wilson's effect and colouring; an effect which leaves play for the imagination, while it gratifies the sight.—53. *Cobham Woods*. G. Arbuthnot. The artist in this performance has assumed a bold and fluent style of pencilling, such as we frequently find in the works of Gainsborough, with something, also, of Salvator's manner. This is happily contrasted by 58, *Glen Talloch, near the head of Loch Lomond, with Ben Vorlich in the distance*. T. C. Hoffland. This sweet and beautifully coloured scene has before come under our view; though much gratified by the opportunity of again admiring it, our best wish, as well as hope, is, that we may not see it on the walls of any other exhibition-room. To these we may add 202, *Atrani and the Convent of Almalfi, in the Bay of Salerno*.

W. Linton. A very favourable example of this artist's truly classic pencil.

(To be continued.)

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*George, Earl of Dalhousie, &c. G. C. B., Captain-General of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Body-Guard for Scotland*. Painted by John Watson Gordon, S.A.; engraved by Thomas Lupton. Edinburgh, Hill.

A FINE whole-length, full of character and effect; representing the noble earl, "as he appeared on the 23d of July, 1832, when he received for the Royal Company two Standards, the gift of his Majesty King William the Fourth." Mr. Gordon and Mr. Lupton have both done their best, and the result is highly creditable to all parties.

*Fighting for the Standard at the Battle of Marston Moor*. Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; engraved by W. Giller. Hodgson and Graves. The talents of Mr. Cooper, in the execution of subjects of this description, have been too frequently the admiration of the public to render it necessary for us to say more than that it is one of his most spirited conflicts. It has been admirably engraved by Mr. Giller.

*Pauline Duvernay*. J. F. Lewis. London, M'Lean.

In the Spanish costume, and an admirable likeness of this popular *danseuse*. She has been fortunate in getting an artist, not only so able, but so familiar with the dress and forms of that country, to preserve her in the public recollection by so pleasing and clever a whole-length.

## MUSIC.

## QUARTET CONCERTS.

THE first of these concerts for the season took place at the Hanover Square rooms on Thursday evening, and was fully and fashionably attended. A quartet in F major, by Weiss, first time of performance in this country, amply maintained the credit the composer has acquired in his own. The third movement, scherzo-allegro, was remarkable for its peculiar articulation and general effect. The aria, "Deh' per questo istante," by Madame Caradori Allan, was beautifully given; at the general desire, she repeated Beethoven's cantata, "Der Wachelschlag," a paraphrase on

"Ye birds  
That, singing, up to Heaven's gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise."

Sir George Smart and Mrs. Anderson were, as usual, excellent; and the whole went off with great *éclat*.

## DRAMA.

REAPPEARANCES and new pieces have made the drama flourish during the week. At the large houses, tragedy has revived, supported at Drury by Mr. Forrest, and at Covent Garden by Mr. Hamblin, who, after an absence of sixteen years, made his *début* on Monday, in *Hamlet*. Few may remember this gentleman, but those who do must acknowledge him to be much improved, and his *Hamlet* a fair specimen of acting, into which he throws many fine conceptions. A Mr. Barrett, from the American theatres, has likewise appeared, but his reception was far from flattering. Barnett's beautiful *Mountain Sylph* has been produced at Drury Lane, with great magnificence, and almost the same good cast it had at the Lyceum, including H. Phillips, Wilson, and Miss E. Romer. Mr. T. P. Cooke has been playing *Long Tom Coffin*, in the *Pilot*, at Covent

Garden, and is announced in a new nautical drama, of which we shall report in due time. Mr. Cooke is as entertaining as ever, and, consequently, as great a favourite.

**Adelphi.**—A clever travesty of the principal scenes in Home's tragedy of *Douglas* has been greeted with great merriment during the week; it was produced on Monday, and we have no doubt will last to the end of the season. John Reeve was the *Norval*, "a mysteriously interesting youth,—a peer at the plough, native nobility defying high-lows; generous, brave, seldom fighting less than four, always being conqueror." His song of "My name is Norval," was excellent, as were all the others he had to sing; and he was perfect in his part on the first night. Mrs. Sterling's *Lady Randolph* was as capital a burlesque as we ever witnessed; and O. Smith, S. Smith, and Sanders, were most clever personators of *Glenalvon* ("a stock villain, with black wig and heart to match"), *Lord Randolph*, and *Old Norval*. The audience laughed through the piece, which is so utterly ridiculous that it is impossible to find fault. The Lenten entertainments are very attractive at this house. Mr. Yates's views of himself and others, Mrs. Yates's beautiful delineations of the passions, Mrs. Fitzwilliam's *Widow Wiggins*, the Bedouin Arabs, John Reeve and Rice with songs, &c. &c. form such a medley of amusement, that no other theatre in London can, in such matters, hope to vie with the little Adelphi.

**Queen's.**—*Fairly taken in, or the Portrait*, slightly noticed in our last, may rank among the happier efforts of dramatic authorship of late years; although in three acts, it is almost a comedy, and is performed in a style which would do credit to much larger establishments than the Queen's. Miss Clifford is a very pleasing actress at any time, but is quite a treat in this piece, and will, we predict, be a favourite of the London boards wherever she may appear. Altogether, the company at this house in "the far west" is of a very superior order to the more easterly minor theatres.

**St. James's.**—Sacred music, and other amusements, on the Lent days, and excellent operas, burlettas, &c. on the others, continue their unabated attraction at Mr. Braham's beautiful little theatre. The revival of *Pedrillo*, alias, *The Castle of Andalusia*, has been attended with great success; and the nightly overflow of the house is a sure sign that the St. James's is taking its rank as one of the leading theatres. The drama announced for Monday, under the title of *The Refugee*, is, we hear, the production of Mrs. S. C. Hall, who, however successful in novel-writing and Irish stories, has not before tried her powers upon the stage.

**Lyceum: Opera Buffa.**—The season has drawn to a close, and, we hope, with sufficient success to induce the speculators to continue it next winter. It has been a pleasant variety, and richly deserves the support of all lovers of good music. Signor Puzzi took a benefit on Tuesday, *Le Nozze di Figaro* being the opera, and Mr. Mitchell, on Thursday, with *Scaramuccia*. The house was quite full on both evenings; and we hope Signor Puzzi and Mr. Mitchell will benefit as much in their pockets as the public have in their ears.

**Olympic.**—In recurring to the revival of the *Two Figaros*, which fills the Olympic to overflowing, we are about to notice the play, as published "under the auspices of the Dramatic Author's Society," and edited by the clever comedian, Mr. B. Webster. This is the first of a series, and is got up in a very neat and praiseworthy manner; with a sketch of Liston's life, by Mr. Webster, and a dedication to Ma-

dame Vestris, by Mr. Planché; to which we refer our readers. After a complimentary notice to Madame Vestris, Mr. Planché gives the following reasons for the great success of the Olympic:—

"In the first place, you have never suffered a temporary decline of attraction to scare you into the destructive system of filling your boxes with orders. Secondly, You have never suffered your play-bill to be disgraced by a puff; but rigidly restricted it to the simple announcement of the performances. Thirdly, In the production of every drama, without regard to its comparative importance, the most scrupulous attention has been paid to all those accessories which form the peculiar charm of theatrical representations, by perfecting the illusion of the scene, and, consequently, at the same time, every possible chance of success has been afforded to the author. Fourthly, That if, notwithstanding such aid, a drama has occasionally failed, it has been as soon as possible withdrawn, in deference to the opinion of the public. Fifthly, That the advantage of early hours was first perceived by the audiences of the Olympic; the performances having been generally so regulated as to enable families to reach their homes before midnight. It is to these few 'Golden Rules,' which you have had the good taste and sound policy to adopt and persevere in, more, even, than to your deserved popularity as an actress, that you owe your unequalled success; and when, by the adoption of similar measures, similar prosperity shall attend other theatrical speculations, and the benefit of that prosperity be felt throughout the various branches of the dramatic profession, I trust it will not be forgotten, that the laudable experiment was first made by Madame Vestris."

**King's Theatre: Mr. C. H. Adams' Lecture on Astronomy.**—Of all the varied entertainments which are, in the present day, provided for the season of Lent, a lecture on the sublimest works of the great Creator seems the most fitting. Mr. Adams, as a lecturer, is too well known to need any further commendation from us; but much of the Apparatus which he this year places before the public is new, and deserves especial notice. His remarks upon gravitation, in the first part of the lecture, and his explanation of the theories of eclipses and the tides, in the second part, were calculated to impress these facts upon the minds of his auditors, and received well-merited applause. The systematic arrangement, which forms the third part of the lecture, is one series of brilliant display of transparent apparatus, closing with a magnificent Planetarium, which shews every planet moving around the sun, and each in apparent obedience to the grand centre of attraction. We cordially recommend all who can, during Mr. Adams' short Lenten season, to profit by the opportunities now offered for their improvement.

#### VARIETIES.

**Ashmolean Society, Oxford.**—Mr. Holme, of Corpus Christi College, read a paper on the formation and habits of British aquatic *Coleoptera*, which are comprehended in the sections *Hydraulephaga* and *Philhidrida* of Macleay; and exhibited specimens, shewing the voracity of the species of the genus *Dytiscus*, and concluded by drawing the attention of the Society to the question, whether the mole cricket is able to swim, which Mr. Curtis thinks probable, from the resistance which the thorax and elytra offer to water. A paper was read

by P. B. Duncan, Esq. on animal transformations; in the course of which he treated of the development of the mammalia of insects, of birds, of crustacea, and of reptiles, more particularly of the genus *Rana*. A very large tadpole, from South America (that of the *Rana paradoxa*), was exhibited. This species in the tadpole state has so large a tail as to deceive unscientific observers, and lead them to conceive, when nearly transformed, that it is a mixed animal, between a fish and a frog. Dr. Shaw, who alludes to this error, has given a very good plate and description of the animal.

**Frogs.**—When the animal is about six weeks old, the hind legs appear, and, in about a fortnight, these are succeeded by the fore legs. Not long after the form is completed, and then it ventures upon land. They now change their vegetable for animal food, of worms and slugs. The structure of the tongue is admirably adapted for seizing and securing their prey. The root is attached to the fore part of the mouth, so that when unemployed it lies with the tip towards the throat. The animal by this contrivance is enabled to bend it a considerable distance out of the mouth, and swallows larger animals than could be conceived. They appear in immense numbers. Ray states that acres are covered with them. Hearne says, in Hudson's Bay they are frozen, and the limbs may be broken like a stick without any apparent sensation in the animal: they soon, however, revive with heat; but, if frozen again, they die. Their organs of respiration are curious; their two nostrils are in the upper part of the head; they are always seen with the mouth shut. The mouth seems to form a sort of bellows, of which the nostrils are the air-holes. Frogs live on land the greater part of the year, and do not retire to the water till the cold nights of October, when they retreat, for the winter, to the bottom of stagnant pools. They arrive at full age in about five years, and are supposed to live about twelve or fifteen. They are so tenacious of life, that they will continue to live, and will even jump about, several hours after their heads have been cut off. The hind legs of frogs are fricasseed, and their fore legs and livers put in soup, on the Continent. The edible frog is considerably larger than the common frog, and, though rare in England, is common in Italy, France, and Germany. They are brought from the country to Vienna, 3000 or 4000 at a time, and sold to the great dealers, who have conservatories for them. There are only three great dealers in them at Vienna. They are caught at night, by means of lights and nets, or hooks baited with worms: in Switzerland, by long rakes, with close-set teeth, which are thrown into the water, and drawn suddenly out again.

**Bull-Frogs.**—They make a loud noise. When alarmed, they leap to a surprising distance; when full grown, three yards, which, in proportion to their size, is about four times as far again as a man can leap. A cruel wager was laid by the American Indians, to prove that a bull-frog, having the advantage of two leaps, would beat their swiftest runner. This was effected by having the race in the direction of a pond, and burning the poor frog's tail.

**Tree-Frogs.**—Some persons have kept frogs as pets. Dr. Townson kept one he called Musidora, to guard his dessert from flies. This frog is found in France, Italy, Germany, and other parts of Europe; and also in America, but not in Great Britain. Stedman tells a story of the snake and tree-frog, in which, after a long resistance, each holding by the botlegs

of a tree, the frog was at last swallowed by the snake.

A discussion then took place, in which Dr. Buckland and other members took a part. Dr. Daubeny exhibited to the meeting some specimens of *Lycopodium pallescens*, which has the property of reviving and expanding when placed in water.—*Oxford Herald*.

**Booksellers' Benevolent Institution.**—The meeting at Stationers' Hall, which we mentioned in our last, took place on Wednesday, and was fully attended—the Lord Mayor in the chair. The rules and regulations were read and agreed to; and, in addition to above 5000*l.* previously subscribed, at least another 1000*l.* was liberally contributed at the table. The resolutions were moved, with appropriate addresses, by Mr. C. Knight, the Rev. Mr. Dale, Mr. Lawford, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Reader, and others. Thanks were voted to the Lord Mayor, who acknowledged the compliment; also to the donors of sums of money who are not members of the fund; and to Mr. Cosmo Orme, for his great services in promoting its formation.

Mr. Love has recommenced his amusing table-entertainment at the City of London Tavern. He is a host in himself; and, since the days of Alexandre, with the sole exception of poor Mathews, is the best acting ventriloquist we have seen. Some of his imitations are very good—for example, a saw, a knife grinding, the creaking of a door, &c. &c.; and he keeps his audience in good-humour during the evening. Mr. Love is deservedly popular, and his entertainments are always crowded. There is a pleasant sound in Mr. Love's titles, *e.g.* "Love's Labour Lost," "Love's Lenten Lucubrations," &c. &c.

**Egyptian Antiquities.**—Mr. Pettigrew, on Monday, commenced, and on Thursday continued, a course of eight lectures on Egyptian antiquities, at Exeter Hall. After fully expounding the subject, with which he is so well acquainted, the lecturer will unroll a mummy for the edification of his numerous auditors.

**Surgeons' Hall.**—On Tuesday the ceremony of opening the new College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was observed; on which occasion Sir B. Brodie delivered a discourse, and the Hall (we are informed) was filled by a numerous company of distinguished persons.

**Institute of British Architects.**—At a recent meeting, the noble president, Earl de Grey, presented the royal charter of incorporation to this valuable Society.

**The Pugnacious Robin.**—A correspondent writes, "In a review in the *Gazette* you extract some particulars relative to the fighting propensities of the robin. A friend of mine succeeded in rendering two of these birds so tame that they used to feed on her hand. One day they came together, and commenced quarrelling, on her hand, pecking each other with great fury. She let them fight it out; and they did so till one killed the other, but the survivor lost his eye in the bitter contest."

**Jour à gauche.**—A Sunday paper, in mentioning the works of art exhibited at the last meeting of the Graphic Society, speaks of one of them as "*Jour à gauche*, by Chalon, a lovely female figure!" The able artist little anticipated that his instructions to hang his drawing in such a manner that the light might fall upon it from the left, would be thus ludicrously mistaken for the title of the subject.

**Curious Phenomenon.**—A female of Kent, about sixty years of age, who was last season employed in hop-gathering, having, about a year previously, lost her hair from a severe illness,

has now had a new growth with quite the appearance of youth. The most singular part of the occurrence is, that, when lost, her hair was mixed with gray, and had always been perfectly straight; but, on its return, it is a fine nut-brown, and so curled as more to resemble the head of a doll than that usual to persons at any period of life. We have the account from a friend, who was taken to see this curiosity in a fellow-passenger in the Gravesend boat of Thursday, where she was being brought from the wilds of Kent as a witness on an approaching trial.

**Law of Copyright.**—The committee in Paris, to investigate the question of the infringement of French copyrights in foreign countries, has made its report to the government, through its president, M. Villemain; and the following are the leading points:—1. To prohibit (with slight exceptions) the publication, in France, of foreign works, without the consent of their authors: a similar protection of French works to be given by the countries whose authors are so protected in France. 2. Copies of foreign editions of books so pirated to be forbidden entry into France; and French books, exported from France, not to be allowed to be reimported within five years, as noted by the law of 27th March, 1817. These regulations would certainly be good, as far as they go; if they do not altogether remedy the existing mass of wrongs and evils.

The British Museum is henceforward to be opened every lawful day, all the year through, except Saturdays. 9000 persons visited it in one day last year; and the number in the year was 383,000.—*Lord Stanley, in the Commons, on Wednesday.*

**The British and Foreign Review** (No. VII., just published), in, as we think, a more severe than strictly just review of the Report on the British Museum, notices that, owing to the catalogue not being sufficiently explanatory, "Von Raumer, in his 'Contributions towards a History of Queen Elizabeth,' has printed, from the Museum, a series of letters upon the affairs of Scotland," as new to our history; whereas nine-tenths of them have been printed in Keith's History of Scotland!

**Junius.**—The *Inverness Courier* says, "that Sir D. Brewster has discovered papers belonging to Lady Brewster's family, which go far to prove Mr. Lachlan Maclean to be the author of 'Junius's Letters.'"

**The Casket, Part I.** (Pigot and Co.)—We have to acknowledge and thank the publishers for this *mélange* of weekly and monthly appearance. It relies much on its brethren to fill its belly; but the selection of viands is various and amusing; and its own "originals" not unworthy of a place among the rest. All such productions are good, when not of a corrupting tendency; for they generate a taste for reading and harmless recreation.

**Literary Pensions.**—The *Observer* states, that the widows of Mr. Pond, the late astronomer royal, and of Dr. McCrie, have each had a pension of 100*l.* a-year bestowed upon them.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Manuscript of Abbé Fleury.**—The Abbé Fleury, who, at the instance of Bossuet, wrote (or rather compiled from the original authors) "The History of Christianity," brought it down to the year 184, in twenty volumes. The Père Fabre continued it to the year 1582, where the sixteenth volume of the continuation, the last that has appeared, ends. Thus, Fleury has comprised the history of fourteen centuries in twenty volumes, one of which, too, is filled with eight general discourses, which Voltaire declared to be master-pieces; whereas, Père Fabre made

sixteen volumes for less than two centuries. But an important discovery has just been made. Among a great number of other MSS. of Fleury, which are of very little importance, the twenty-first volume of the Ecclesiastical History has been found, and the authenticity of the MS. is unquestionable. It contains books 101, 102, 103, and 104, of the Ecclesiastical History, evidently the sequel of the 100 books contained in the twenty volumes. It begins at 1415, where they end, and proceeds, without interruption, to the last session of the council of Lateran, in 1517; thus embracing a whole century. This discovery renders a great part of Fabre's continuation useless, which comes down only seventy-eight years later, viz. to 1495. The new edition of Fleury has this additional volume, and includes the latter part of Fabre's continuation. A new supplement is given, which is the work of one of the most enlightened and learned ecclesiastics of the age.—*French Paper.*

#### In the Press.

First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan, by Lieut. Thomas Bacon.—Piso and the Prefect, or, the Ancients off their Stilts.—Pretension, a third volume of "Pictures of Private Life," by Miss Stickney.—The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the Present Condition of the Earth, by the Author of "The Annals of my Village," &c.—A Dream of Life, by the Rev. W. G. Moore.—Doveton, or the Man of many Impulses, a Metaphysical Romance, by the Author of "Jerningham."—The Felony of New South Wales, a picture of the Romance of Life in Botany Bay, &c. by James Mudie, Esq.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Dictionary of Commerce, and Commercial Navigation, by J. R. McCulloch, Esq. new edition, corrected to December 1836, 8vo. 2*l.* 10*s.*—The Greek Testament, with English Notes, for the use of Schools, by the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D. 12mo. 12*s.*—The Works of John Hunter, by J. E. Palmer, 4 vols. 8vo. and 4to. vol. of Plates, Vol. 1. 17*s.* 6*d.*—The Surgical Works of Ditto, 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. 1. 17*s.* 6*d.*—Medical Properties of the Bladud Spa-Water, by C. T. Edwards, 8vo. 3*s.*—Flowers of Ebor, Poems, by T. Crossley, 12mo. 6*s.*—Tithe Commutation Tables, by C. M. Willich, royal 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Taylor's Golden Grove, 18mo. new edition, 4*s.*—Family Poetry, chiefly Devotional, 32mo. 3*s.*—Abel Allnutt, a Novel, by the Author of "Hajji Baba," &c. 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Hawks of Hawk Hollow, by Dr. Bird, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*—Observations on the System of Metallic Currency, by W. H. Morrison, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Walker's Games and Sports, 12mo. roan, 9*s.*—A Practical Treatise on the Law of Charities, by W. R. A. Boyle, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*—Rosamond Culbertson, with Introduction, by S. B. Smith, 12mo. 3*s.*—A Treatise on Painful and Nervous Diseases, by A. Turnbull, M.D. 3d edition, 6*s.*—Spiritual Crumbs, by Gerhard Terstegen, from the German, by S. Jackson, 12mo. 5*s.*—Pierce's Treatise on Growth in Grace, 3d edition, 18mo. 3*s.*—Kenrick's Key to Greek Exercises, Part I. 8vo. 6*s.*—The Tour of M. de la Boulaye le Cour, edited by T. C. Cook, post 8vo. 5*s.*—G. W. Cooke's History of Petty, Vol. II. 8vo. 18*s.*—The Caraguin, a Tale of the Antilles, post 8vo. 5*s.*—Manual of German Prose, by L. V. Muhlenfels, fcap. 5*s.*—Ditto, Poetry, ditto, 5*s.*—Foreign Tales, 18mo. 1*l.* 6*d.*—The Scripture Account of the Sabbath, by E. Stopford, 8vo. 7*s.*—Quarles's Judgment and Mercy, 12mo. 2*s.*—Capt. Brenton's Naval History, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837:

	February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ..	2	From 36 to 46	30.15 to 30.22
Friday .....	3	..... 34 .. 45	30.22 .. 30.28
Saturday ..	4	..... 25 .. 39	30.28 .. 30.25
Sunday .....	5	..... 29 .. 38	30.25 .. 30.24
Monday .....	6	..... 31 .. 34	30.25 .. 30.24
Tuesday .....	7	..... 22 .. 34	30.20 .. 30.16
Wednesday ..	8	..... 24 .. 45	30.08 .. 30.10
Thursday .....	9	..... 36 .. 49	29.91 .. 29.67
Friday .....	10	..... 41 .. 51	29.48 .. 29.67
Saturday .....	11	..... 44 .. 49	29.48 .. 29.08
Sunday .....	12	..... 31 .. 45	29.35 .. 29.38
Monday .....	13	..... 34 .. 51	29.18 .. 29.23
Tuesday .....	14	..... 29 .. 47	29.25 .. 29.64
Wednesday ..	15	..... 23 .. 45	29.68 .. 30.00

Winds, S.E. and S.W.  
Except the 4th, 6th, and 7th, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain; hail on the afternoon of the 12th.  
Rain fallen, 1.075 inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude ..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude ..... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Prison Discipline and Secondary Punishments. Remarks on the First Report of the Inspectors of Prisons; with some Observations on the Reformation of Criminals.* By P. Laurie, Junior, a Magistrate of the County of Middlesex. 8vo. pp. 64. London, 1837. Whitaker and Co.

MR. LAURIE'S preceding pamphlet, in which he demonstrated the absurdities perpetrated under the Grand Jury System, displayed so much practical acquaintance with subjects of the kind, and so much sound judgment and ability in appreciating and discussing them, that we were disposed to give our earnest attention to any remarks of his, on any matter connected with the administration of the laws. Nor have we been disappointed in our expectations by the perusal of these pages; which seem, to us, to carry conviction with them on the most important points involved in the inquiry, and to designate the right paths for escape from a considerable number and amount of errors—some of them not the less injurious from the purely benevolent feelings and good intentions of their patrons. We are not among those who cry, "Humbug!" "Cant!" "Tom-foolery!" &c. &c. &c. at every mistaken pursuit or project we see started in our world of curious bustle; because we believe that, out of the sphere of selfish time-servers and hypocrites, there are many of the best-hearted persons living, who enter into such and worse schemes with the most disinterested and benevolent views: but we are not unaware that they are too often the tools of wretched rogues and knaves do their own work, and that weak good men are, when misled into enthusiasm, the most mischievous and efficient agents for evil. A folio *Tartuffe* would not be too much to expose the vast extent and ramifications of the state of things thus produced: Mr. Laurie has taken up a single feature, and to that we will, for the present, confine ourselves. In his opinion, the main errors of the Prison Inspectors "are, supposing that crime is to be put down inside instead of outside a prison; that thieves carry on their operations singly, instead of in a necessary combination; and, above all, that after a reformation, real or simulated, has been effected by their discipline, that nothing is required, beyond a prisoner's own exertions, to return to a course of honest industry."\* Before turning over the pages before us, it may be both just and expedient to say that there is not a political sentiment or bias to be found in them; and that they are entirely directed to the investigation of the interesting matter at issue—interesting alike to statistic policy, and to human sympathy. The desideratum appears to be, to adopt such a system of prison discipline as will, so far as it can operate, deter from crime; but do not, in attempting this, rely too much on it for cure, when infinitely so much more may be done by prevention; nor introduce a

spurious humanity, cruel and abhorrent, whilst pretending to wisdom and kind consideration. To rot in gaol was a phrase importing much of misery—it was, and is yet (though not so generally), literally truth; but to rot in gaol, as far as we can gather from Reports and descriptions, would be happiness to the new plans for reclaiming prisoners by silence and solitude. Heaven! that men, after the milder horrors of thumbscrews, bootkins, and racks, have yielded to the indignation of the world, should dare or think to doom their fellow-creatures to these lingering torments—and under the name of reform and philanthropy, too—is a proof how grossly we may be deluded by a favourite theory. We believe, on the authority of every experienced medical practitioner, that mere confinement, with its daily hours of exercise, produces such an effect upon the frame, that the wretch subjected to it for two years (and often for less time) is never fit for laborious occupation again or industrious habits. And, to this terrible calamity, the voiceless tongue, and the soundless cell, are, in *mercy*, proposed to be superadded! It is true, the majority of criminals are not of fine feelings nor sensitive nerves, but they are human; and, to resist such appalling infliction, without the utter extinction of reason and sense, they must be of iron—monsters. Then we come, with Mr. Laurie, to ask the result. Even suppose them not to perish, but to survive, and, instead of torpor, idiocy, or distraction, to be reduced to a salutary dread of future offence and punishment, how do you provide for the beneficial change? What do you do with them? You send them stupified, branded, penniless, friendless, into the struggling social throng; and you wonder if they relapse into crime. God help them! what can they do? even beggary is against the law. Let them be honest, and lie down, and die of starvation!

The modern course to these ends is well painted by our author:—

"The act (that for investigating the state of prisons), was founded on the views of the select committee of the House of Lords appointed to inquire into the state of gaols, &c., who took great pains to examine a host of witnesses; and their reports are, certainly, not altogether uninteresting of examination, were it only to shew, that their lordships have been, in general, as fortunate in their witnesses as parliamentary committees and commissioners generally are; when the examiner leads and the witness follows with a degree of boldness and faith extremely edifying—their unanimity is wonderful—and opposition or argument is almost unknown: unless, by some strange chance, some sturdy witness is examined, who inclines rather to a practical than a philosophical view of the subject at issue; but when this does take place, though he may not exactly be 'quoted down,' he is generally relieved from any lengthened audience, and not more courteously than expeditiously dismissed."

Similar proceedings make a farce and a tribunal of wrong of almost every parliamentary committee, and loudly does their constitution call for reform. But we must not digress. Mr. Laurie goes on to shew, that

"Any extended system of prison discipline cannot be carried into effect on prisoners before trial. That the penitentiary system has failed in America, and will be equally unsuccessful in this country, when applied to convicts. That the main cause of crime in this country is not to be attributed to the contamination of gaols, but the numerous chances of escaping conviction, and the uncertainty of punishment. That solitary confinement is too inhuman and dangerous a punishment to be tolerated in a Christian country. That the schemes recommended in the inspectors' report involve an outlay of many

thousands annually; and the results of this outlay must be, if not happily abortive, most mischievous. And that transportation, both in a moral and political point of view, is the most efficacious, rational, and cheap mode of punishment, and should be more extensively enforced."

Into his reasoning on these heads, we have not space to follow him: we will, however, quote some striking passages. Thus, on the reformation of convicts, he observes:—

"America seems, by universal consent, to be the only country where the science of prison discipline is understood; and their not having any colour to which they can transport convicts has, perhaps, been the means of compelling greater attention to the management of their prisons: but it is remarkable that, in a country where there are so many outlets for the population, where labour is so valuable, that crime should not decrease; that, at the very fountain-head of the penitentiary system, the lauded reformation, which, we are told, is so extensive, should not have effected some visible diminution in the number of criminals. But it is notorious that the thing has failed; that, where a man can earn as much for his labour in a day as he could here in a week, he braves the terrors of the penitentiaries; and that crime is daily increasing.

This evidence (evidence quoted in preceding pages) of stubborn facts and callous experience, must shake the hopes of the present system of reformation of juvenile offenders. Institutions like the Philanthropic and Refuge for the Destitute, pure and excellent as the intentions of their supporters are, would do more good if they could come earlier to the rescue; if they were more of a preventive than a curative description; if, in short, they could meet the causes of juvenile crime pointed out in the evidence of Mr. Wontner: but, in the present shape, whether the result of private benevolence, or the creation of government extravagance, to anticipate any substantial benefit from them is like neglecting the leak, and expecting to keep the ship free by bailing. And it may be doubted whether there is not often more chance of reclaiming a man of thirty or forty than a boy from ten to eighteen years of age.

The science which will confer the greatest benefit on society is not that which teaches us how to reform a prisoner, but that which shews us how to prevent his becoming a prisoner at all. The main-spring of a criminal's conduct is Hope, and the counterbalance must, therefore, be Fear; and his ruling principle, Chance, must be shaken by Certainty. It is in vain to attribute the commission of crime to a nicely weighed consideration of the consequences awaiting those crimes, while those consequences are allowed to remain so uncertain.

"From the parliamentary returns, it is ascertained, that of the whole number of persons committed for trial, in England and Wales, one-third are acquitted;" so that, in addition to the chance of not being detected—the chance of there not being any prosecution—the chance of not being finally committed—the chance of the prosecutor not appearing—there is the chance, for every prisoner, of his being the third person to be acquitted; and even, if he has such 'bad luck' as to be convicted, there is the chance of indulgence in prison, and the chance of mitigation of punishment. This is the root of the mischief: the Old Bailey is the great criminal lottery-office, where is one acquittal prize for every two conviction blanks; and, until this is remedied, all the prison inspectors in Europe may rest assured, that the hope of escape will baffle all their ingenious plans for deterring. The facilities for concealment in large towns, and the chances of non-detection, from the total inefficiency of the provincial police, are the great encouragements to crime; and a good constabulary force, which would allot one resident constable in every parish throughout the kingdom, under the control of the magistrates of each division, would secure lines of communication of competent and vigilant officers, which would greatly facilitate the apprehension of offenders, and, by the greater certainty of detection, conduce to the suppression of crime. The next improvement would be to diminish the number of acquittals, and this, not by increasing the number of convictions, but by lessening the numbers brought to trial; and this can only be done effectually by the abolition of the grand jury, and the establishment of a public prosecutor, or some other permanent tribunal, like the *Chambre du Conseil* in France, to review the commitments of the magistrates, and discharge those immediately, of whose conviction

\* Number of persons committed for trial, from 1826 to 1832 (England and Wales).

Committed for trial	127,910
Acquitted	37,670
Similar return (London and Middlesex)	
Committed for trial	24,584
Acquitted	8,197

(Parl. Pap. No. 9, 1833.)

\* Mr. Laurie justifies himself in these statements by quoting the evidence of Mr. Russell, Mr. Crawford, and others; but it is only justice to the body of Prison Inspectors, to notice that their individual reports and opinions are widely different from each other. They have all gathered much information from their inspection of gaols; but they certainly come to very dissimilar conclusions, both as to practice and remedies.—Ed. L. G.

there could be no probability, from defective evidence. This is no visionary experiment, for the system has been in full operation in France, since the promulgation of the Code Napoleon, and in Scotland for nearly two centuries; and the result in that country is, that from the careful investigation of the cases of the prisoners before trial, only one in twenty-three is acquitted on the final trial, and a large number, instead of being kept in gaol on an average three months, as they are in the counties in England, who would have been acquitted from defective evidence, were at once discharged; and thus, avoided contamination without the clumsy and cruel expedient of solitary cells. The last improvement would be, to make the execution of the sentence more certain. Any one who has had an opportunity of witnessing the hateful mode of sentencing batches of prisoners, at the Old Bailey, will have noticed the indifference of those sentenced to seven years' transportation, which arises solely from the knowledge, that this is, of all the sentences past, the least likely to be carried into effect: there is, however, one exception to this, and it deserves notice, were it only to express a hope, that it will not be allowed much longer to disgrace the metropolitan court, and offend the feelings of every one who has any regard for morality, or the forms of justice; and that is the hideous mockery of passing the awful sentence of death upon masses of prisoners, twelve times a year.—It being all the while perfectly understood, that not one will ever suffer the penalty. This scene, which takes place on the last day of every Session, if it were not serious from the injurious effects it produces on that class it is intended to alarm, would be ludicrous. Mr. Cope marches his troop of ten or fifteen 'captives' to the front of the dock, where they are made to file and dress with all the precision of a crack regiment, and having been asked a question which they are not expected to answer (for arrest of judgment), the sheriff's yeoman makes proclamation for silence. The court and galleries are always crowded with the friends and associates of the various convicts, who have come to hear the sentences of their companions, and take a lesson for their own imitation when it comes to their turn to figure at the bar. Few others are present, unless it be some country-cousins of some of the numerous officials attending on the court, and if so, they are, in all probability, the only persons who evince any concern or agitation on the occasion: the old gentleman may, perhaps, breathe a little harder and quicker than usual, and the daughters may unfurl their pocket-handkerchiefs and make arrangements for fainting,—but every one else is calm and composed. The Recorder then addresses the convicts, who employ the time in exchanging signals with their friends in the galleries; and, it is to do the present learned officer but justice to say, that his observations on such occasions are always judicious and impressive, unaccompanied by those 'windy aspirations and dejected behaviour of the visage' which are sometimes thrown away on such occasions. The address concluded, sentence is passed in the usual way; and the silence, which had hitherto been broken only by the measured cadences of the judge, or perhaps the chinking of gold chains and the rustling of newspapers, is terminated by the sonorous 'Amen' of the ordinary; and the exhibition concludes to the complete satisfaction of all parties concerned, and the great edification of the under-graduate thieves in the galleries, who think it a very fine thing to be made of such importance."

We are sorry that we cannot go more at length into this important and able exposition. Mr. Laurie's arguments in favour of transportation are unanswerable, both on the score of economy and humanity; and we trust his pamphlet will receive that consideration, from government and the country, to which it is so eminently entitled.

*Picciola; or, Captivity Captive.* By M. de Saintine. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

THIS is a very original and imaginative tale; a strain or two too metaphysical, perhaps, for novel writing, with an extra spice of botany (unavoidable, however, from the nature of the design), and a turn of French sentiment rather beyond, or unlike, the English style; but certainly not carried to a pitch to offend good taste. Such, in few words, are the general characteristics of M. de Saintine's work; a work which throws great interest over the incidents of a very slight and simple plot,—developing almost a single idea with much feeling and felicity; and possesses the rare merit of being altogether different from the prevailing Parisian school of our day. M. de Saintine gives us neither exaggeration, impiety, obscenity, nor morbid anatomy; though romantic, he is natural; and there is no action in the human mind outraged by his tracery, though

refined upon to the furthest limits. With such recommendations, and only four prominent characters (Count Charney, Girardi, Teresa, and Ludovico—but we should make a fifth of the *Picciola*, albeit but a little flower), the story unfolds scenes of varied attractions; and the leading event in which the heroine distinguishes herself, nearly as it resembles the exploit of Elizabeth in "the Exiles of Siberia," is rendered one of the most memorable in the book by the picture it draws of Bonaparte presiding at the mimic battle of Marengo, after he had received the iron crown of Italy.

We shall not injure the interest of the narrative by telling more than that Count Charney, a French nobleman sated with pleasures, is condemned to imprisonment for a conspiracy against the first consul, and incarcerated in Fenestrella, an ancient fortress among the mountains of Piedmont. Here his sympathies are re-awakened, and his scepticism cured by the upspringing of a flower in the court-yard of his prison. Girardi is another prisoner, and Teresa his daughter; and Ludovico is a gaoler—a whole-length portrait very skilfully represented. Rough outside, and stern, and devoted to his prescribed duties, he is yet good-humoured and humane; and his attendance on Charney, when so ill that "the doctors have decided that the sick man has taken an eternal lease of the flat of his back," is, among his other kind offices, a touching sketch. The cause of his success is also a capital thought, and contributes admirably to work out the main story. Before we proceed, we will just introduce an example of the author's sentiment. The flower is, like its master, threatened with its close.

"Charney drew near to the feeble invalid, whose bloom was already withering; and with what grief did he now contemplate her fading hues! The happiness, the poetry of his life seemed vanishing before him. The fragrance of *Picciola* already indicated a mistaken hour, like a watch whose movements are out of order. Every blossom, drooping on its stem, had renounced the power of turning towards the sun; as a dying girl closes her eyes that she may not behold the lover, the sight of whom might attach her anew to a world from which she is departing."

Not to infringe on our rule of abstinence from disturbing the mysteries of productions of this class, we shall conclude with a portion of the Marengo description, to which we have already alluded.

"At dawn of day, the city of Alexandria was arrayed in all its attributes of festivity. An immense population circulated in its streets, festooned with tapestry; garlands of flowers, and glossy foliage. The crowd pressed chiefly from the Town Hall, inhabited by Napoleon and Josephine, towards the triumphal arch erected at the extremity of the suburb through which they were to pass on their way to the memorable plains of Marengo. The whole way from Alexandria to Marengo, the same populace, the same cries, the same braying of trumpets. Never had the pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto—never had even the Holy Jubilee of Rome, attracted such multitudes as were proceeding towards the field of that tremendous battle, whose ashes were scarcely yet cold in the earth. On the plain of Marengo, the emperor has promised to preside over a sham-fight, a mimic representation given in honour of the signal victory obtained five years before upon the spot, by the Consul Bonaparte. Tables, raised on tressels, appear to line the road. The people, in innumerable masses, are eating, drinking,

singing, shouting, and acting plays in the open air. Even preaching is not neglected; for more than one pulpit has been improvised between the theatres and wine-shops; from which hosts of greasy monks, not satisfied with giving their benediction to the passengers, and exhorting them to temperance and sobriety, gratify their avarice by the sale of consecrated ciphers, and little virgins carved in ivory. In the long and only street of the village of Marengo, every house, transformed into an inn, presents a scene of noise and confusion. To every window, the eyes of the spectator are attracted by strings of smoked hams or sausages; of quails or red partridges; or pyramids of gingerbread and cakes. People are pushing in, or pushing out, at every door,—Italians and French, soldiers or peasants; heaps of macaroni, of marchpane, and other dainties, are beginning to disappear. In the dark and narrow staircases, people rub quarrels against each other; some even compelled, by the rapacity of their neighbours, to raise over their heads the food they are carrying; while a cleverer hand and longer arm than their own makes off, unperceived, with the savoury burden; whether a buttered loaf, figs, grapes, oranges, a Turin ham, a larded quail, a forcemeat pie, or an excellent *stufato* in its tureen; when cries of indignation, or shrieks of distress, accompanied by muckeries and loud laughter, resound on every side. The thief, in the ascending line upon the staircase, satisfied with his plunder, tries to turn back and run away. The victim, in the descending line, robbed of his dinner, attempts to return and furnish himself with new provisions; and the flux and reflux of the crowd, disorganised by these irregular movements, is pushed partly into the street, and partly into the warehouse on the second story, amid oaths, imprecations, and peals of laughter; while their discomfiture is hailed, with added uproar, by the drinkers already established in the wine-shops of the ground-floor, in defiance of the sage counsels of the monks. From one room to another, among tables covered with dishes and surrounded with guests, are seen circulating the hostess and *giannina*, or waitresses of the house; some with gay coloured aprons, powdered hair, and the coquettish little poniard, which forms part of their holiday costume; others with short petticoats, long braids of hair, naked feet, and a thousand glittering ornaments of tinsel or gold. But to these animated scenes, in the village or the road, the chamber or the street—to these cries, songs, exclamations, the noise of music, dancing, talking, and the jingling of plates and glasses, other sounds of a different nature are about to succeed. In an hour the thundering noise of cannon will be heard—cannon almost harmless, indeed, and likely only to break the windows of the houses. The little street will echo with the word of command, and every house be eclipsed by the smoke of volleys of musketry—charged with powder. Then beware of pillage, unless every remnant of provision has been placed in safety; nay, let the gay *giannina* look to herself; for mimic war is apt, in such particulars, to imitate its prototype. In great particulars, however, no less; for nothing can exceed the majesty of the preparations for the sham-fight upon the plain of Marengo. A magnificent throne, planted round with tri-coloured standards, is raised upon one of the few hillocks which diversify the field. Already, the troops, in every variety of uniform, are drilling towards the spot. The trumpet appeals to the cavalry; the rolling of drums

seems to cover the whole surface of the plain, which trembles under the heavy progress of the artillery and ammunition-waggons. The aides-de-camp, in their glittering uniforms, are galloping hither and thither; the banners waving to the wind, which causes, at the same time, a pleasing undulation of the feathers, aigrettes, and tri-coloured plumes; while the sun, that ever-present guest at the fêtes of Napoleon—that radiant illustrator of the pomp and vanities of the empire, casts its vivid reflections upon the golden embroideries, the brass and bronze of the cannon, helmets, cuirasses, and the sixty thousand bayonets bristling the tumultuous field. By degrees, the troops, arriving with hurried march at the appointed spot, continue to force backward, in a wide semi-circle of retreat, the crowds of curious spectators, broken up like the rippling billows of the ocean by the progress of one enormous wave; while a few horsemen, charging along the line, proceeded to clear the field for action. The village is now deserted; the gay tents are struck, the tressels removed, the songs and clamours reduced to silence. On all sides are to be seen, scattered along the vast circuit of the plain, men interrupted in their sport or repasts, and women dragging away their children, terrified by the flashing sabres, or loud neighing of the chargers."

The picture of the sham-fight is equally vivid; but we must leave it, with the volumes to which it belongs, to the readers to whom we cordially recommend them. Not having seen the French copy, we can only surmise, that the translator has done his duty, both faithfully as regards the author, and judiciously as regards the English public.

*Weeds of Wischery.* By T. H. Bayly, Esq. 46s. pp. 32. London, 1837. Ackermann and Co.

THIS is a very agreeable *jeu-d'esprit*, suggested by the "Flowers of Loveliness" and other publications of that order. It is but justice to Mr. Bayly to say, that his *Weeds* are really very gay and pretty flowers; but what could be expected from a poet of his talent, when allowed to rank water-lilies, jonquills, hearts-ease, &c. with poppies, and chickweed, and corn-flowers, &c. as weeds? There is no name appended to the illustrations; but whoever has conceived and executed them must soon make a name, and a high one too, for they are among the most successful efforts we have seen in this lively and engaging style of art.

"Water-Lilies" are represented by a pleasure-boat party in rough weather: it is very clever and humorous; but we can only give the verse, not the engraving.

"Water-Lilies.

A boat, a boat, an open boat,  
On 'the sea, the sea, the open sea!'  
If e'er ye have been afloat,  
There's naught could match your misery!  
Pale water-lilies, you'd suppose,  
Poor ladies, when such boats they enter;  
The cheek, the pallid leaf; the nose,  
The spot of yellow in the centre!  
Such lilies, 'pining on the stem,'  
Or on the stem are more or less ill;  
The smell of tar is bad to them,  
And worse the pitching of the vessel.  
The spray, alas! no jasmine spray!  
Is weighing down each best new bonnet;  
The hair is out of curl; to-day  
The sea has all the curl upon it.  
Old Ocean! thou art much too old,  
To be so rough and so unsteady;  
Is this now—may I make so bold—  
A fit reception for a lady?  
Shallow thou'rt not; then recollect,  
All this may seem more deep than clever;  
Be calm awhile, and thou'lt reflect;  
Don't play at pitch and toss for ever!"

Our next illustration is of "John Quill," a peak-nosed lawyer's-clerk, perched on a very high desk, and full of character.

"John Quill.

John Quill was clerk to Robert Shark, a legal man was he,  
As dull, obscure, and technical, as legal man could be;  
And, perch'd before his legal desk, Quill learnt the legal rules

That give high principles to all who sit upon high stools!  
John Quill with skill could doubt disul where all before was clear.

One would suppose that he was born with a pen behind  
Though merely clerk to Robert Shark, so great was his address,

That many really thought J. Q. as knowing as R. S.

John Quill, however small the job, huge drafts of deeds could draw,

A puzzle quite to common sense, according to the law;  
With vulgar, vile tautology to indicate his skill,  
He did 'enlarge, prolong, extend, and add unto' the bill!  
And thus he did 'possess, obtain, get, have, hold, and enjoy'

The confidence of Robert Shark, who called him worthy  
Birds of a feather were the pair, the aim of both their breasts

To pluck all others, plume themselves, and feather their  
But 'tis a theme too dark for jest; oh! let him who embarks

Upon the troubled waters of the law—beware of Sharks;  
And such my dread of legal Quills, I readily confess  
That Quills of 'fretful porcupine' would terrify me less.  
When poor men seek a legal friend, the truth the fable tells,

The lawyer eats the oyster up, the client has the shells;  
And could the shells be pounded to a palatable dinner,  
The legal friend would swallow that, and clients might grow thinner."

Our last, to use the language of the conundrumists, is on what we all want—"Heart's-ease," typified by a jolly John Bull feasting at home after a continental tour. The latter verses run thus:—

"My bootmaker yearly enlarges

His bill, with the growth of my calf!

And my tailor increases his charges,

And books me 'a coat and a half'

He can't raise my small-clothes, how can he?

Small clothes! why, I never wear any!

My friend, Doctor Camomile, offered

To cure my rheumatic attack;

But he laughed when I said that I suffered

A pain in the small of my back!

Ah me! he did nothing but quiz it!

'The small of your back! pray, where is it?'

If ever they put me in fetters,

My bondage eternal must be;

For if they enlarge other debtors,

I'm sure they will not enlarge me!

They'll make light of my claims if they will,

Yet I shall look big at them still.

Young Cupid will never undertake me,

No, no, I must pine on the shelf;

If ever I'm match'd, he must make me

A Fatima fat as myself!

But never again will I roam,

I'm content with my Heart's-ease at home.

I'm sure I don't envy the lovers

Of sport, though inactive and lame;

I've not far to go for the cooers

Under which the cook places my game:

Three courses I manage myself,

And I've got my preserves on a shelf!

In France, for this exquisite dinner,

A nap they would charge me at least;

But here, after all, I'm a winner,

A nap I secure by the feast.

And of the past dreaming, at last,

Recollection becomes a repeat!

My dogs either beg a titbit,

Or curl themselves up on the rug;

And I in my easy chair sit,

Luxurious, silken, and snug;

And my Heart's-ease I trust is secure,

For I have not forgotten the poor."

Altogether, we are sure this volume will be, as it ought to be, very popular.

*Charlemagne; an Anglo-Norman Poem of the Twelfth Century.* Now first published. By F. Michel. 12mo. London, Pickering.

*La Chanson de Roland, ou de Roncevaux, du XII<sup>e</sup>. Siècle.* Publiée pour la première fois. Par François Michel. 8vo. Paris, 1837. Silvestre; London, Pickering.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to these two interesting and curious works, the most recent fruits of

M. Michel's indefatigable researches amongst the early poetry of France and Normandy. They are the two most ancient poems now extant, written in the Anglo-Norman language; the French dialect which was spoken by the Norman settlers in our island.

The first of these volumes is a beautiful specimen of the care and elegance with which Pickering always pleases our eyes. The preface and glossary, both long, complete, and useful, are written in English, which will, perhaps, be a recommendation to many of our countrymen. The original manuscript from which it is printed is preserved among the royal MSS. in the British Museum. Its subject is nominally a journey of Charlemagne to Jerusalem and Constantinople. It is, however, neither a religious legend nor yet a story of chivalrous warfare; but it belongs to the livelier class of romance whose object was, above all things, to produce that merriment in the old baronial halls which made the "beards to wag all," as the old distich has it. Besides their value to the antiquarian and the historian in illustrating the manners and feelings of feudal times, these two books are important in another point of view: they contain nearly all we have of the Anglo-Norman language at a particular, and that an early, period; and thus their glossaries furnish the scholar with a dictionary of the language at that period.

Of the volume so beautifully got up by Silvestre, of Paris, we must say something more. The story of Ganelon's treachery, and the disaster of Roncevaux, has been more or less popular throughout Europe ever since the twelfth century. The noble poem which forms the text of this volume had long been buried in the dust of the Bodleian library, and been the object of the sighs of the learned, until M. Michel, during his residence in England, paid a visit to Oxford, on purpose to obtain a transcript of it. It, however, only forms a part of the book; for the learned and interesting prefaces and appendices contain such a mass of curious information, and materials relating to the history of this legend, and its various forms in different languages, as has never before been collected together on any similar subject. It is, indeed, a book which we heartily recommend to the shelves of every library.

*The Origin of the Germanic and Scandinavian Languages and Nations; with a sketch of their Literature.* By the Rev. J. Bosworth, &c. 8vo. London, 1836. Longman.

IT has been long known, that Dr. Bosworth has in the press a new Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language, which we are glad to hear may be expected to appear in the spring of the present year. The book whose title we have given above was originally intended for the introduction to his Saxon Dictionary; but, having outgrown the space to which he would have confined it, he has, it appears, cancelled it with regard to the dictionary, and has only printed a few copies separately for sale. As a judicious, concise, and comprehensive view of all the Teutonic dialects, and the chief works written in them, we can safely recommend this sketch to our readers; they will find in it things brought together under one view, which are elsewhere spread over some scores of volumes, and many of them are not to be found in any other work. The sketch of our different English provincial dialects, and of the steps which have been taken, at different times, to illustrate them, is the first attempt of a similar nature that we have seen, and is much to our satisfaction; while it shews



us how much this subject has been hitherto neglected,—how few are the districts whose dialects have been examined with any care,—and how many there are, and those the most important, whose dialects have been totally overlooked. The comparison of the Friesic and Anglo-Saxon languages, by Mr. Halbertsma, is also very curious and very interesting; though we must confess, that there are in it here and there a few instances of false philology. Is Mr. Halbertsma aware that the Kentish men are believed to be, by origin, Frieslanders? It is a circumstance which makes the Kentish dialect, than which none is less known, one of very great interest. We are glad to hear that there is some prospect of having a complete edition of the early work in the Kentish dialect which is preserved in manuscript in the British Museum, and which, we think, will throw some light on this subject. The languages and literature, of which Dr. Bosworth has given a view in this volume, are the Anglo-Saxon, with the English provincial dialects; the Friesic; the Old-Saxon; and the Low-German, or Platt-Deutsch; the Dutch; the Gothic; the High-German, at its different periods; and the languages of Iceland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

*The Divorced.* By Lady Charlotte Bury, Authoress of "Flirtation," &c. &c. 12mo. 2 vols. London, 1837. Colburn.

WE do not remember so perfectly as the seeming peculiarity and importance of such an affair might, in the eyes of some of our readers, demand, the actual case of fashionable intrigue and delinquency on which this tale is said to be founded; and if we had not been referred to it in the postscript, always the main point in a lady's writing, we should have given the authoress credit for as much invention as could be grafted on so common a series of circumstances as an amour with a married dame, a divorce, a consequent marriage of the adulterous pair, and the inconveniences, vexations, and miseries, which too probably result from such a connexion. Taking *The Divorced*, however, as we find it, we may truly say that, as a whole, it possesses considerable interest, and is well meant to afford a salutary lesson and point a moral. The characters are cleverly, if they are not all naturally, drawn—for we think Lord Howard and Miss Agar exaggerated; while, on the other hand, the events, take place in the natural way, though they are sometimes brought about too artificially. That is, they are in themselves likely effects, but produced by unlikely causes: take an instance in Miss Agar's communication in a ball-room of the misfortune of her birth to Alice (the lovely heroine, at the age of eighteen or nineteen,\* and the daughter of the divorced woman, Lady Howard.)

"Miss Agar addressed Lady Alice,—'Know then, since it is your determination to know, that your mother was first married to Lord Vernon: he was a good husband to her, and loved her; she lacked nothing that his affection and his means could give her. He was very proud of her, poor man! Ah! pride often comes before a fall. Well, she took to him at first, and conducted herself discreetly till she fell in love with your father, Lord Howard. Lord Vernon and he were, as is the rule in such cases, you know, my dear, or perhaps do

not know, sworn friends; it was quite *en règle*. Lord Vernon was the last person to see what the town was talking about and familiar with, as a settled *liaison*, for months previously. Well, Lord Stuart was born; Lord Vernon was fonder than ever of Lady Howard. She had a long dangerous illness after her confinement; he nursed her for three months consecutively, scarcely taking sufficient rest for his own health's sake. Lord Howard played the part of second, or rather first nurse. Lord Vernon was in person a plain man, though I am one of those who think he has great charms. The gossiping world, you know, my dear, has amused itself at different times, when there was a dearth of news, by inventing stories about him and me; it's all nonsense though, except in the way of friendship, except—' (and Miss Agar's looks belied what she uttered—she wished they should). 'But your father, Lord Howard, was, and is, a beautiful man. Oh! but *nem. con.* beautiful. Poor Lau! as I used to call her, could not resist him, and no sooner did she recover her health than she ran off with him. She was always noble, whether acting right or wrong. I do not meddle with that question at present, but noble she was, for she could not bear to go on living in a state of duplicity under her husband's eyes. I know some folks have made it a question whether it was not better to do so, especially where there was a child in the case, rather than publicly take their *partie*, and make up their mind to run off. Be that as it may, I leave it to others to decide; Lady Vernon adopted that mode.'"

And, at the close of the conversation, which causes perturbation even to this evil-spirited old fashionable spinster:—

"'I had not the slightest idea you were ignorant of the story, Lady Alice,' she continued, muttering indistinctly as she moved away, 'or I never should have told it to you.' 'Oh, no! I am sure you would not.—Shall I ask for your carriage?' 'Thanks, thanks; I am better now. A few more drops of laudanum than usual when I go home, and I shall be all right again; these rooms are hot.' 'Yes, very; but will you not go home, Miss Agar?' 'Home—no; I hate home!' and she laughed an unnatural laugh. Nothing so melancholy as an unnatural laugh! 'It will not do,' she resumed, 'its a dull ending to an evening till sleep is ready to shut up shop and thought together. Oh no, I am quite well now—quite awake; I must go on yet awhile,' and, opening a small ivory box she took out of her pocket, added, 'a little of this will varnish the outside of the platter, and as for the in, laudanum will do that. It is a duty to look as well as we can to the last.'

This appears to us to be such language as such a person would never utter. Alice's distress upon the occasion is also described in bad taste and language.

"'So, then,' she thought, with that aching throb of anguish which has no name, 'my first sorrow was caused by my mother's guilt! She, who has so coaxed and doated upon me, is, in fact, my worst enemy; so there is an end of my reverence for my parent. I no longer can consider our home as the abode of virtuous love; no, all the ties which bind us together as a family—which make them my parents—which makes Henry and me brother and sister,—are sinful. We ought never to have existed!—poor, poor mamma!'"

Before we offer any further illustration, we may as well notice that the best grammar is not always observed; "was" for "were," "I am her" for "I am she," and other lady-like

slip-shods, occurring throughout. There are also some rather curious positions in these volumes, which mingle with the mass of their social and pathetic reflections: thus, for example, we are told, "*every body* knows how inexpressibly melancholy it is to sit down to a *sumptuous feast*, surrounded by attendants, the only one to be waited upon:" we should, on the contrary, imagine that hardly any body knows this; and, for ourselves, and 999 out of 1000 of the population of England, we think we may assert, that such a treat, occasionally, would be exceedingly pleasant. The following is a singular congeries of mistakes:—

"Wherever there is no love of, or care about, those who have gone before us, there is little emulation, or excitement to virtue or heroic action, left; little dread of what is evil, or admiration of what is good. It is a flippant vulgarity, in the character of '*Charles*,' in '*The Rivals*,' to make it appear as if it were an admirable trait in him to sell his ancestor's portrait at an auction; as though this were the characteristic of a gay, high-spirited fellow, rather than of a vicious fool: but *Sheridan* had no ancestors, I believe—he was himself his own ancestor, as an Irish body may say."

This is a fling, à l'Agar, at the living descendants of the author of '*The School for Scandal*;' and the annexed is a specimen of platitudes in fine language, and not very intelligible.

"If there is an inexpressible charm in the glow which a warm nature sheds over intercourse, there is, perhaps, a greater security of the permanency of affection in that of less demonstrative natures. Persons who are either naturally colder, or who have learned, by fatal experience of treachery, or unworthiness in those to whom they have given up their souls without reserve, to become more chary of their professions, more slow in forming attachments, are of much safer kind, and generally in the end, confer the most lasting happiness. The one is an aroma that inebriates, and passes off as though it had never existed; the other is a staff and stay in trouble—a refuge, 'what time the storm beats heavy on you.'"

At the close of one of Lord and Lady Howard's recriminations (which, be it remarked, are, on the part of the lord, far too brutal, since, with all his ill-temper, he is a gentleman, and really loves his wife), we find the following:—

"Lady Howard heard this cruel taunting, as she had done a thousand times before, in meek silence, and in inward prayer she had again laid her weary head on the pillow, and even tried, in the midst of the storm, to lull herself into the temporary forgetfulness, by falling into such sleep as those alone know who, like her, endure, it may be, merited suffering for past crimes, but unmerited from the being by whom it is inflicted. 'What, madam, you are sleeping, are you?—by heaven, that is too bad! but I will teach you what it is to be indifferent to your husband's wretchedness, to your children's misery and dishonour. You have occasioned the death of one, perhaps you may also that of the other; and you sleep, do you, when I place these truths before you?' Charming innocent! you pretend to be composed and serene, do you, while you see me raving like a madman?' 'I am any thing but composed, any thing but serene: I feel as if my life was fleeting fast away—would to God it was gone!' 'Mighty fine all this high-flown language, truly!—very romantic and interesting, I doubt not—quite suited to the *Minerva* press: but, madam, at your age, and in your circumstances, something

\* This interesting portion of our heroine's history is not quite clear. Vol. i. p. 1 tells us it is sixteen years since Lady Howard eloped: p. 17, that it was eighteen years.

she is called for than the affected sentiment of a girl of fifteen." "Good heaven! Howard, how can I pacify you? what can I say? where find words or meaning that will soothe you? You may trample me under your feet—you may bestow every dreadful name upon me, and I will not turn and defend myself. I plead guilty—guilty from my very soul; but not guilty of want of love for you: with my dying breath I will testify that no truer devotion was ever felt for mortal man than that with which I have served you, and sacrificed myself to you. If I did not speak to you before, it was because I hoped my silence might allay your wrath; and now that I have spoken, it is only to repeat what you know so well already. I am your true and faithful wife, whatever I have been to others." Lord Howard made no reply. He could not make any that would have justified his own violence and brutality, and so he went to bed, and to sleep directly, as men can do, though they have caused all sleep to fly from their wretched partners. Are such scenes true to nature or not? Alas!"

We should answer, they are not true to nature; but Lady Bury speaks for her sex; and we have, indeed, a most undue proportion of prayers and supplications in all her afflicted female characters. Thus, vol. i. p. 28, "Lady Howard hesitated whether or not to awake her, but Alice again fell into her child-like slumber, and she sat down by her bed-side, wishing those wishes for her peace and happiness, which, in a mother's breast, are prayers." Vol. ii. p. 135, "Lady Howard saw all, felt all; but this time she bowed low before the chastening rod; she prayed not for the life which contained her own: her prayers were voiceless, speechless; her agony was her prayers."

We believe there are a hundred similar passages; and it is the defect of the moral, that, with all this praying, suffering, and repenting, it never occurs to any body to leave off their sinning. We must now, however, go towards the conclusion, where Lady Howard is childless, widowed, and reduced to poverty.

"Lady Howard had, during the last portion of her existence, exhausted the resources of her jewel-box. From time to time she had placed some token of past love in that wretched, yet sometimes blessed, receptacle of the miserable, a pawnbroker's, till all was gone, and she owed the last month of her lodging. She had eaten her last crust; she had no clothes but the rags on her back. This is the romance of real life, a thousand times more touching than all that fiction can devise. In mute hopelessness she opened her jewel-box—she lifted up tray after tray—in vain;—for not one of the precious gems, with which it had been filled, was left. Not one of the gems, with which Lord Howard had taken such pride and pleasure in decking out the beautiful form of his wife, remained to procure her bread, in the hour of destitution;—not one of the tokens of that love, which had led to her undoing; not one of the gifts from him, for whose sake she now endured actual want, was left. It seemed as though it was her punishment to be bereft of every thing connected with the man, for whom she had been guilty."

Now, as her ladyship had only been a few months in lodgings, this state of destitution is one of the effects for which there could be no probable cause: her lavish *jewel-box* must have been a *poor-box*, if it could not support her for years in that situation. But the close is the best written portion of the work; and we will quote it, as a tribute due to the talents of the authoress, though it is directly at variance with

the earlier part of her picture. At p. 166, vol. i., it is proclaimed:—

"There is a feeling excited in the breast of a mother at the birth of her first-born, which is as unlike every other in its nature, as it is permanent and engrossing; and however much after-circumstances may estrange the parties, the exulting pleasure with which the first-born was hailed by its mother, can never be entirely effaced from the memory; and great as was Lady Howard's affection for the two children of the man she loved, nevertheless, when she beheld Lord Stuart, she remembered he was her first-born—she had forsaken him—she had injured him, and a long repressed flood of overwhelming tenderness, such as can be felt alone for one that is most dear and most injured, now burst forth, and nature claimed her right."

As we never had the felicity of maternity, we believed this as we went along: but, lo! at the touching, though inconsistent, conclusion, with which we now conclude, the story runs thus:—This son, now Lord Vernon, rescues her from penury, and—

"'Poor Vernon!' she exclaimed. 'Yes, you are my child. I feel a yearning toward you; but love you as I loved them, never!—it is impossible! Yet this kindness on your part is far more than I deserve, and it must not be cast aside as worthless. I will receive you—I will love you as much as I can love anything; and Fanny Harcourt, too,—she loved Henry.' Once, the first dreadful interview over, Lord and Lady Vernon visited their unhappy relative daily. They did not leave one kind office undone, not a mark of respectful affection was wanting, on their parts, towards Lady Howard. Lord Vernon's first and last waking thought was of his parent. He remembered only, that his was now the privilege of ministering to her comfort—that it was his blessed calling to make her latter days, days of comparative pleasantness and peace. His wish had been granted—his mother became an inmate in his family."

"At last, Lady Howard was grateful for her children's kindness. She thanked them, and said she had not deserved their affection. It was evident to Lady Vernon, that Lady Howard had exhausted all the powerful feelings of her heart; that with Lord Howard and his children she had buried all deep-rooted and ardent love; that her only wish now was to rest by them in the tomb. In Lady Howard's youth, in the days even when she forsook the path of duty, and, subsequently, through all the years of humiliation and sorrow she had endured, religion had not altogether been a stranger to her. In her most trying hours, she had found refuge in prayer—she had sued for forgiveness—she had bowed down to the punishment of sin; but now it seemed as if that consolation was denied her. A melancholy hardness had crept over all her feelings, and she avoided making any mention of her sorrows. She never would allude to her children, or allow any one to do so in her presence; she had succeeded in casing herself in adamant; she would sit for hours with her eyes fixed on the same page; then, forgetting Lady Vernon's presence, she would clasp her hands suddenly together, and shake her head with that peculiar significance of inward grief, which denote so much speechless misery;—at another, the low groan of a recollected moment of horror or of sorrow burst from her, and told more forcibly than words, of that anguish which has its own peculiar language. And so her days went by. Thus they are passed by the wretched and the dying. No posture was easy to her; every gleam of sun-

shine rendered the invalid (for such she was now become) too hot or too cold. The food which tempted the appetite yesterday, was distasteful to-day. The favourite exotic was placed before her; its sweet odour was now turned from, with disgust. Nothing could give pleasure, or afford rest; and still Lady Howard seemed insensible to the only source of comfort; still she turned from the consolations of heavenly things; gradually her bodily strength forsook her, till, at last, she was confined to her bed. Yet no disease, properly so called, ate away her strength. It was the unseen hand that worked its sure slow work. Lady Vernon tried to prepare her husband for his mother's death. She endeavoured to interpose a softening medium through which to view the decree of heaven; but he would not receive the warning: he could not endure to think that one so lately given, would be so abruptly snatched away. And he turned aside from his wife, displeased when she touched upon the subject. The house to which Lord Vernon had removed his mother, at the time when he became acquainted with her miserable condition, was one of those villas which are so thickly strudded on the banks of the Thames. Beauchamp Villa was in the neighbourhood of Twickenham, that beautiful country, which is so fertile and so gentle in its sylvan scenery, that on a cursory glance it seems an unfit residence for the sick and the dying. But there is a melancholy impressed in the interior of the outwardly gay looking villas, which tells of the sad scenes that have taken place within them. One almost might fancy, in their gloomy apartments, that one heard the moan of the sufferer, and the careful footfall of the attendant; neither is the view from their windows calculated to dissipate such imaginations. The velvet lawn is sometimes decorated with a splendid cedar or a luxuriant willow leading down to the Thames. The myrtles and ilexes, that grow in those mild sites to an unusual height in England, and remind those who have been in Italy of its never-to-be-forgotten beauties,—all these beauties do not lessen the superstitious feeling of gloom which pervades those dwellings; but the persons who have sojourned in such a villa, witnessing the decay of those dear to them, will recognise the reflection of their own feelings, at that time, in this remark. \* \* When some person in Hyde Park, leaning over the door of the carriage of the courted beauty of the day, announced, to those within, 'So Lady Howard is dead, Vernon's mother;' the persons who heard the news (as such intelligence is called) asked, 'What! is she dead? She has resided with her son of late, has she not? Monstrous good-natured in him!' 'Yes, ever since that madman, her last husband, Howard, shot himself.' 'How rapidly in succession all that family have gone off—quite like Tom Thumb, one after the other. First, there was poor foolish Talbot, a maudlin sort of fellow, went moping about with a face as long as my arm, because, forsooth, his mother was divorced; and then that pretty creature, Alice—she was the next that died—it was consumption carried them off. The father, you know, shot himself; and, last of all, Lady Howard.' 'She was a beautiful woman,' said an elderly man, who remembered her as Laura de Lacy. 'How can I get at the present man's—the miser's vote for —shire, Willoughby? You, who know every thing, tell me that.' 'I cannot, was the reply.' Mr. Willoughby remembered, at that moment, the drive in his cab seven years ago, in that same scene—the young man was dead—he verging

to age was left. Mr. Willoughby remembered Lord Talbot's anger, when he alluded to his mother's disgrace—he remembered his admiration of Fanny Harcourt—the same pantomime was before him—now he himself was still one of the old beaux of the drive—he still sat in judgment on the women, and still led the same trivial life—but Mr. Willoughby was not altogether a bad-hearted man; and he felt sorry, at the moment, as he heard these idle, harsh remarks on the Howard family. For a few moments—a very few—he was reflective. The gay, facetious Willoughby thought upon the vanity and the briefness of life; but the famous gastronome of his time dissipated such unusual thoughts, by inviting him to dine with him that day. Mr. Willoughby turned round, with a vivacity of expression, and answered, 'Yes,' and looked forward to the hour of eight with eager expectation. The Howards, and their unhappy history, was forgotten. Each went his way out of Hyde Park—that scene where once Laura de Lacy had attracted every eye; where the courted Lady Vernon had commanded attention; where the divorced Lady Howard had drawn down remarks; where the poor heart-broken widow hurried along on her way to the pawnbroker's, and where now her death was thus unfeelingly announced. It mattered not to the Howards what was said of them—they were all dead—every trace of their existence was done away. The miser had sold Howard House—the roof under which they lived and suffered. He had shut up the greater part of Howard Castle, living only in two rooms. Beauchamp Villa was, soon after Lady Howard's death, pulled down to make room for the erection of a brewhouse. The cedar, with one or two myrtles and ilexes, alone remain by which its site can be remembered. Never were the words of Scripture more fearfully, more fully realised, than in the complete uprooting of the Howard family. Well might those terrific words be applied to them, and to their dwelling, 'The place thereof shall know it no more.'

Such are the faults and the redeeming features of this tale; which, as a whole, does not diminish the literary reputation of Lady Charlotte Bury.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Tithe Commutation Tables, for ascertaining, at sight, the amount of Corn-rent in bushels, (as directed by the act of 6 and 7 William IV. cap. 71), equivalent to the Tithe-rent, fixed as the basis in the draft of apportionment; also, shewing the amount of Tithe Rent-charge payable for the year 1837, according to the average prices of Wheat, Barley, and Oats, for the seven preceding years, to Christmas 1836, as declared in the London Gazette of 13th January, 1837.* By Charles M. Willich, Secretary and Actuary to the University Life Assurance Society. (London, Longman and Co.)

We never saw aught which displayed the value of tabular forms more admirably than this pamphlet of only twelve pages.

"By the Tithe Commutation Act (says the Preface), all tithes will be converted into a corn-rent of so many bushels of wheat, barley, and oats; but, instead of the party paying such corn-rent in kind, it directs that the respective quantities shall be annually valued at the average prices for the seven preceding years, and the amount thereof shall be the tithe rent-charge for the following year. The object in view has been to arrange the Tithe Commutation Tables in such a manner as may enable any individual to ascertain with ease the quantity of wheat, barley, and oats, which is to be inserted in the draft of apportionment, or schedule, against each amount of tithe-rent; and to shew, at the same time, the amount of tithe rent-charge he is to receive or to pay for the current year."

We have only to add that the object is perfectly accomplished; and that not a tithe-owner or tithe-payer in the country should be without these most plain, ready, and useful tables.

*Meteorology, considered in its connexion with Astronomy, Climata, &c.* By Patrick Murphy, Esq. pp. 377. (London, Baillière.)—The science of meteorology is still so little understood, that any man may start any hypothesis he pleases upon it, and support at least portions of it by plausible argument. Mr. Murphy has fully persuaded

himself that he has developed the arcana of all its mysteries, and speaks most confidently of his having established facts, which, in truth, he has only suggested, as well as of overturning existing opinions (such as Newton's gravitation), which, in reality, he has not touched. Inclining to the French opponents of our mighty name, the author sets up a theory of his own—that planetary action is potent on the earth's meteorology, and that Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus (especially the latter), exercise the greatest influence upon our wind and weather. If we understand him rightly, they and other external objects, the sun, moon, comets, &c. effect electricity, with which the earth's magnetism, crossing always at right angles, makes what he calls an "union of opposite progression," and thus produces all the changes we see. He endeavours to reconcile the phenomena of rain, fog, dew, &c. to these principles, but seems to forget preceding satisfactory explanations, and to assume a great deal more than he proves. Our readers will recollect how unfortunate he was in his prognostics about the weather at the beginning of the year. (See *L. G.* pp. 12, 28). So easy is it to speculate; so difficult to know!

*Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls, &c.*, by Francis Quarles. 12mo. pp. 132. (London, Simpkin and Co.)—A reprint of a religious tract of Francis Quarles (the celebrated author of the "Emblems"), with a brief biography of him prefixed. It is a curiously quaint and pious production.

*Vacher's Parliamentary Companion for the Session 1837.* (London, Vacher and Sons.)—Corrected to the latest period, this is a most useful and convenient guide to all persons engaged in parliamentary affairs. A facsimile of a return of an election writ forms a very appropriate embellishment to it.

*A Key to the Almanack; or, the Calendar Explained; containing the History of the Year, with Astronomical and Chronological Notices, &c. &c.*, edited by D. Annot. Pp. 66. (London, Macdonald.)—Neatness and cheapness are the characteristics of this little book, which contains much useful matter; and (unlike many larger works) may be consulted from one end of the year to the other for matters of daily interest.

*Union Liturgy; containing Forms of Prayers for the Public Services of Religion, and also for Family Worship and Private Devotion.* Pp. 280. (London, Nisbet and Co.)—A body of prayers, hymns, &c. &c., suited to every occasion, and breathing every pious and religious sentiment.

*The Spelling-Book of Utility, &c. &c.*, by R. Chambers, F.L.S., author of "Geographic Exercises." Pp. 111. (London, Sherwood and Co.; Gosling and Egley.)—A very prettily arranged and good spelling-book.

*On the Sonnets of Shakespeare*, by James Boden, Esq. Pp. 62. (London, Rodd.)—An essay amplified from a congenial contribution to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, on which Mr. Boden produces strong evidence to induce a belief that Shakespeare's sonnets (or the first 126 of them) were addressed to William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, and not to Queen Elizabeth, or Lord Southampton, as has been hitherto conjectured. It is a very able and interesting literary production.

*A Guide for Invalids to the Continental Watering Places*, by Dr. A. G. Home. Pp. 236. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A copious and useful guide to several hundred more watering-places than ever we heard of, alphabetically arranged, and with an account of their mineral properties and virtues.

*Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons; illustrating the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year.* By the Rev. H. Duncan, D.D. (Pp. 407. Edinburgh, Oliphant and Son; Glasgow, Collins; Dublin, Curry; London, Hamilton and Adams.)—In this excellent volume Dr. Duncan has applied the doctrines of natural theology to particular subjects connected with the seasons, and obvious to every eye and mind. Its whole tendency is to improve the human feelings and character, and raise the aspirations of the soul through nature to the great First Cause. It is an instructive book both for old and young.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Mr. Iliff exhibited a portion of the trunk of an oak which was blown down in Windsor Park during the late hurricane, which, upon being split, was found to have the letters W. B. and the year 1670 carved on it. The Marquess of Bute and others were elected fellows of the Society. Read, some observations on the manna of Mount Sinai, and the dragon's blood-tree, and aloes-plant of Socotra, by Lieutenant Wellsted. The manna exudes from wounds made in the branches of a shrub belonging to the genus *Tamarix*, a species of *Coccus*, named by the Prussian travellers, Ehrenberg and Hemprich, *C. manipularis*. It is in Wady Hebron that the manna is collected by the Bedouins: the quantity obtained in the most favourable seasons does not exceed 700lbs. A considerable part is consumed by the Bedouins themselves; but a por-

tion is sent to Cairo, and some is disposed of to the monks of Mount Sinai, who retail it to the Russian pilgrims, by whom it is received with great veneration, as an incontestable proof of the event in reference to it, recorded in Holy Writ. The substance is only collected in seasons after heavy rains, for it has been known to be wanting for a period of seven years. The dragon's blood-tree of Socotra appears to be identical with the *dracena draco* of Linn. which is likewise indigenous to the Canary Islands. In Socotra the tree is frequently seen growing on the granite peaks, at an elevation of 4 or 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The gum exudes spontaneously, or from artificial incisions in the trunk. The Island of Socotra has been famous from the earliest period for its aloes; but that article of export has of late years fallen into neglect, so that not more than two tons were exported in 1833. The plant abounds all over the island, and is, most probably, identical with the *Aloe officinalis* of Forskal.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON Friday week, Mr. Faraday delivered a lecture on Dr. Marshall Hall's views of the function of the spinal marrow, as distinguished from the brain, of which the following are the leading points. The brain is the seat of sensation and volition with the other mental faculties. If the head of an animal be removed, as in the ordinary manner of killing a turtle by cooks, sensation and volition are destroyed; the limbs never move spontaneously. If the head of a snake be removed, the animal moves about for a time, then remains still, and never moves again unless it be disturbed. But, although spontaneous motion be destroyed, another form of motion remains. If the decapitated animal be excited by a puncture or laceration, it moves with energy. What is the nature of these movements? This is the question which Dr. Marshall Hall has investigated. All preceding physiologists have referred these movements to sensation. In their numbers rank Mr. Whytt, Mr. Legalliois, Mr. Mayo, and Professor Müller. Dr. Hall adduces many experiments which seem to prove that it is not to sensation, but to another property, which he denominates excitomology, that these movements are owing. The head of a snake was removed: it moved about until one-third of its body hung over the outer edge of the table on which it was placed; in that situation it remained and died. Now he considers it impossible to imagine a situation more painful, admitting that sensation remained. Dr. Hall concludes, therefore, that when the head is removed, sensibility is annihilated. A similar conclusion is drawn from the following case:—A boy, aged 19, fell from a tree, and injured the spinal marrow, so as completely to paralyse the lower limbs both to sensation and voluntary motion; yet, on tickling the sole of the foot, or pinching the skin, the limb was moved with energy. It seems certain, therefore, that this motory effect was independent of sensation. There seems, therefore, to exist a source of motion in the animal economy distinct from sensation and volition. This source of motion resides in the spinal marrow, and certain excitator and motor nerves. The subject was illustrated by diagrams. If a motor nerve—if the spinal marrow be excited by the touches of a needle, or the compression of the forceps, or if a slight galvanic shock be passed across its fibres, the muscle or muscles to which it goes are excited to contraction. The nerve and the spinal marrow possess, therefore, an excitomotory power. In an experiment performed by Professor Müller, this motor agency pursued

a retrograde course. Dr. Hall particularly insists upon an experiment, in which the intercostal nerve of the decapitated turtle is excited; movements took place in the anterior and posterior fins, and the tail. The excitomotor influence pursued, therefore, an incident, retrograde, direct, and reflected course. This last experiment is important, from being the type of many physiological phenomena and pathological conditions. Of these a large table was displayed. All the acts of ingestion and egestion, the condition of the orifices and of the sphincters of the animal body, all depend upon this power. The diseases of dentition, and other sources of irritation, infantile convulsion, epilepsy, tetanus, and hydrophobia, &c., are all morbid forms of it. Respiration is excited through appropriate motor nerves, and effused through appropriate motor nerves; the latter being the respiratory of Sir Charles Bell. A plan of the excitomotor system was shown; the excitator nerves being arranged on the left, the motor nerves on the right hand, and the medulla oblongata, and medulla spinalis, occupying the centre. Mr. Faraday observed, thus to distinguish different parts of the nervous system, as to their specific action, might perhaps be the first step in an investigation into the nature of their functions. Electricity may be the agent in the excitomotor, or true spinal system and its phenomena; and the separation of this system from the cerebral, the system of sensation and volition, may suggest experiment.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Friday week, the anniversary of this Society was held in Somerset House. The president, Mr. Lyell, took the chair at one o'clock; and the secretaries proceeded to read the reports from the council, and the museum and library committee, as well as from the auditors, on the flourishing state of the accounts for the past year. The president then communicated to the meeting, that the council had awarded two Wollaston medals; one to Captain Cautley, of the Bengal artillery, and the other to Dr. Hugh Falconer, of the Bengal Medical Service, for their geological researches and discoveries in fossil zoology, in the Sivalik or Sub-Himalayan range of mountains. On presenting the medals to Dr. Boyle to transmit to his friends in India, the president expressed his conviction, how gratifying it must be to him to be the medium of communicating to Captain Cautley and Dr. Falconer the high sense entertained of their services to science by the Geological Society of London, who award these medals as a token of the sympathy they feel for those so zealously labouring in a distant land for the promotion of a common cause. The president further stated, that in his address he would treat more fully of the extent of their labours, and bear testimony to the zeal and industry with which these gentlemen had investigated the structure of the range extending along the southern base of the Himalayan mountains, between the Ganges and Satledge rivers, as well as to the talent they had displayed in unravelling the anatomical peculiarities of the extinct genus *Strotherium*, and of new species of other genera; and concluded by requesting, that in forwarding these medals, the first sent by the Geological Society to India, that Captain Cautley and Dr. Falconer should be assured of the unabated interest which the Society take in their researches, together with ardent hopes for their future welfare and success. Dr. Boyle, in reply, said, he did feel high gratification at

being made the medium of transmitting to India the distinguished honours conferred by the Geological Society on his friends, Captain Cautley and Dr. Falconer; as he could himself bear testimony to the zeal which animated those gentlemen in the prosecution of geological researches. Having had opened to their investigation one of the most extensive deposits of fossil remains, and being without books, without museum, or the aid of skilful naturalists, they had, undeterred by difficulties, proceeded to the examination of extinct forms, by making a museum of the skeletons of the animals existing in the forests, the rivers, and the mountains, of northern India. By these means they had come to decisions which had been approved of by anatomists, both of London and Paris. He expressed, also, his assurance, that the approbation of the Geological Society would not only stimulate them to fresh exertions, but excite others to follow their example. Thanks were then voted to the retiring president, Mr. Lyell, and members of the council, Sir Alexander Crichton, M.D.; W. T. Hamilton, Esq.; Viscount Oxmantown; and Lieut.-Colonel Sykes. On proposing the thanks of the Society to Sir Philip Egerton, retiring from the office of vice-president, Mr. Whewell alluded to the loss just sustained by the Society in the lamented decease of Dr. Turner, who had also been one of the vice-presidents. He could not trust himself, so recent had been the event, to express his feelings; but he was convinced that it was not necessary to allude to the high scientific attainments of their deceased vice-president and friend, or to remind the Society of the high moral excellences of Dr. Turner. The scrutineers having examined the balloting-glances, then reported, that the following gentlemen had been elected the officers and council for the ensuing year:—President, Rev. William Whewell. Vice-presidents, Rev. William Buckland, D.D.; Wm. Henry Fitton, M.D.; George Bellas Greenough, Esq.; Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. Secretaries, Robert Hutton, Esq.; Professor Royle, M.D. Foreign Secretary, H. T. De la Beche, Esq. Treasurer, John Taylor, Esq. Council, F. Baily, Esq.; W. J. Broderick, Esq.; W. Clift, Esq.; Viscount Cole, M.P.; Charles Darwin, Esq.; Professor Daubeny, M.D.; Sir P. Grey Egerton, Bart. M.P.; H. Hallam, Esq.; Leonard Horner, Esq.; C. Lyell, Jun. Esq.; Marquess of Northampton; W. Parish, Jun. Esq.; Rev. Professor Sedgwick; Henry Warburton, Esq. M.P. During the meeting in the morning, and at that in the evening, Mr. Lyell delivered the annual address, in which he took notice of the labours of those fellows which the Society had lost during the year 1836, as well as of the memoirs which had been read, and of the progress which the science has made since the last anniversary.

#### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

SIR C. LEMON in the chair.—A valuable paper, furnished by Lord Glenelg, being the report for 1835 of the committee of correspondence, appointed at a general meeting of the inhabitants of the colony of Western Australia, on the present state of that settlement, was read. The committee sat in the church of Perth on the 16th of January, 1836, and these are notes of their proceedings, forwarded to England as a correct and concentrated view of the actual statistics of the colony to the present time. The report may be said to be divided into fifteen heads: the first embraces Mr. Bland's report on sheep, cattle, and horses, in York

district. The number of sheep at present is about 5000, much the greater proportion of which are ewes and ewe-lambs, all in excellent condition as to carcass, and tolerably free from scab, with the exception of a few lately arrived from the Swan River, which are infected by intermixing with flocks imported during the last season from Van Diemen's Land. The sheep from this district are of a very coarse-woollen large-framed description; but, as they have been crossed entirely with pure Merino rams, their wool will, of course, improve every year. The number of pure Merinos is about 800 or 900 ewes and ewe-lambs of last year, constituting all or nearly all the unmixed and genuine descendants of thirty-six ewes and rams imported into England by his majesty George the Third in the year 1791, and kept pure ever since. They were a present from the King of Spain to that monarch. The extent of good land in the York district it is impossible at present to ascertain; it is known, however, to extend about forty-eight miles in a straight line, and, in width, about two or three miles on either side. 2d. Messrs. Bull, Dermott, and Yule's report on the agriculture of district of the Swan and Canning. The number of acres under cultivation in barley, oats, and potatoes, in 1834, was 918; in 1835, the number of acres was 1671, shewing an increase of 661. The increase on sheep and horned cattle was in a corresponding ratio. Next follows No. 3. Report on horticultural produce; embracing the vine, the olive, the brown-fig, from the Cape of Good Hope, the peach, the banana, melon, cucumber, potatoe, &c., by Mr. Drummond. No. 4. Report on vegetation and fruit, continuation, as it were, of the foregoing, by Mr. Cook. Of vegetables, are all those found in the English kitchen-garden. The apple, pear, plum, orange, lemon, and other trees, have been introduced, and are in a healthy and thriving state. The price of vegetables, at the time of their first production after the settlement of the colony, was very high; the first cabbages were sold at 2s 6d. each; they are now sold for one penny, or a penny-halfpenny each; are of large size, full-hearted, and of excellent quality; and the same decrease in price is noted of the other vegetables and fruits. The large vine in the government garden has been in its present situation about four years. Two years ago it made shoots upwards of thirty feet in length, in different directions, and covered an area of more than sixty feet: it has borne, in one season, as much as one cwt. of grapes; but not having been cultivated with a view of producing fruit, but of cuttings for propagation, it has been cut down very close every year. Had it been trained for fruit, it is supposed it would have yielded upwards of 3 cwt. yearly. There can be no doubt that this will prove a fine country for the growth of the vine, — soil and climate being both in its favour. Fruit-trees, of most kinds, are of much more rapid growth than in England. 5. On the supply and price of provisions, chiefly meat and bread, by Mr. Smith. From this gentleman's report we gather, that the supply of butcher's meat, in 1829, 1830, 1831, and, indeed, nearly up to 1834, was but indifferent. In that year a considerable number of horned cattle were imported by Captain Taylor, and sold at 15s. per head. In 1835, the retail price was from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per pound, the market being principally supplied with colonial stock. The contract price for the last quarter, for the troops, was 1s. 2d. per pound. Colonial bred meat is of excellent quality and flavour. Beef and mut-

ton, especially the former, is abundant. The price of meat was frequently 1s. 8d. per lb.; sometimes 2s. At one period of severe privation, such was the want of food, that condemned salt beef, which had been buried as unfit for food, was disinterred and sold for 1s. per lb.; this was in the year 1831. A tolerably well-organised party of hunters, with several excellent dogs, established themselves in 1834, within a few miles of Fremantle, and furnished a good, although not a constant, supply of kangaroos, ducks, and teal; the price of the former gradually diminishing, as the supply of mutton and beef increased. The supply of fish is generally good, as well at Perth as at Fremantle; a shilling or eighteen pence being sufficient for the purchase of a large fish. The supply of bread or flour has been equally precarious with that of butcher's meat. At times the market is overstocked with imported flour, selling at 2d.—at other times, difficult to be bought at 1s. per lb. At one period, a substitute for bread was sold at 1s. per lb. composed of a small quantity of bad flour, rice, and potatoes. For the last fifteen months, however, the supply has been abundant, and the price steady; generally from 3d. to 4d. per lb. No. 6. Account of shipping, exports, and imports at Fremantle, by Captain Scott, harbour-master. During the last seven years, the total number of ships, arriving at Fremantle, was 163; tonnage, 32,200; value of cargo left at Fremantle, 394,095*l*.; number of passengers, 2,231; and on this head there is a remarkable variation, in point of numbers, in some years: for example, the number of passengers arriving in 1830, was no fewer than 1125; while, in 1832, they were only 14; horses landed, 133; cattle, 562; sheep, 10,641; goats, 69; pigs, 105; dogs, 69. The exports, in 1834, were 37 bales of wool; in 1835, 50 do. No. 7 is the report on the number and condition of mechanics, artisans, and value of houses and buildings, by Mr. Trig: from which we learn, that the number of artisans at present in the colony is about 95; one-third of whom are engaged, though not constantly, in their respective trades; the remaining two-thirds are variously employed. The value of buildings at Fremantle, and at Perth, may fairly be estimated at 30,000*l*. This amount does not much exceed one-half of the actual cost. 8. Census of Western Australia in 1826. The total amount of population in Australia, exclusive of the districts of King George's Sound, Augusta, and the Murray district, at the census, on the 1st of January, 1836, was 1549. The 9th head embraces the rather anomalous subjects, on the state of crime, places of worship, and schools, by W. H. Mackie, Esq. chairman of the quarter sessions. On the return of crimes, for which we have not space (not that it is either very frightful in extent or character), Mr. Mackie observes, that the great excess in the number of felonies over that of misdemeanours is chiefly to be ascribed to the following cause:—"the expenses of all public prosecutions fall entirely on the colonial revenue, and are considerable, in consequence of prosecutors and witnesses being allowed for loss of time and travelling expenses, according to colonial rates, which has been found necessary to secure their attendance in court." There is but one clergyman of the established church in the colony, namely, the colonial chaplain. Divine service, even on Sundays, is confined to Perth. There is also a chapel at Perth, built by a small association, consisting chiefly of Wesleyan Methodists. Next follows No. 10. Report on climate, meteorology, and diseases,

by Joseph Harris, Esq. colonial surgeon, from which we need make no extract. Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15, embrace, respectively, the list of the government officers, with their salaries; account of land granted by government to settlers up to 1834 (1,529,721 acres); tabular exhibitions of the nature and value of property, and sundry particulars concerning the establishment of a bank, the available security offered for which by the colonists, after deducting all incumbrances, amounts to 219,739*l*.—A short conversation followed the reading of the paper, and four members were elected into the Society: after which the meeting adjourned.

*Society of Arts.*—On Wednesday week, Mr. R. Twining in the chair, the Secretary delivered the third part of his interesting discourses on the metallurgical history of iron.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 16th February.—The following degrees were conferred:

*Bachelors of Arts.*—A. Capel, Balliol College; T. Fortescue, Exeter College; Grand Compounders.

February 18.—Mr. George Marshall, of Christ Church, was elected a Scholar on the foundation of Lord Craven. This scholarship is open to all independent members of the University who have not proceeded to their B.A. degree.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Earl of Burlington in the chair.—A portion of a paper by Dr. Marshall Hall, On the functions of the medulla oblongata, and the medulla spinalis, and the excito-motory system of the nerves, was read. The author proves by experiment that sensibility is destroyed by the division of the spinal marrow; and that motory power remains after sensation, and even the functions of the brain, are destroyed. The author holds this opinion in opposition to the preconceived notions of some of the chief continental physiologists. But we trust that our report of Mr. Faraday's admirable development of the subject under the head of The Royal Institution, will be found so satisfactory as to supersede the necessity of following our notes of Dr. Marshall Hall's paper in this place.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—Mr. C. R. Smith exhibited a collection of very curious remains of Roman pottery and glass. Mr. Kempe communicated some observations on the mass of the Roman road from Silchester to Staines, made by the students of the Military College at Sandhurst, and recently exhibited to the Society, as proving Staines to be the Pontes of Anthoninus, and Silchester the ancient Calleva Atrebatum. He was of opinion that Silchester, or Slechester, as it was formerly written, was a mere *Saxonising* of Silicis Castrum, and that both the appellations had their root in the Greek *χαλίσ*, a flint. He exhibited plans, from the King's Library, in the British Museum, of the Roman city of Silchester, and of baths found there. Sir Henry Ellis communicated some historical remarks on horsemanship, and a scheme for an academy of horsemanship in the reign of Elizabeth.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

FEB. 18th. Sir Alexander Johnston in the chair.—Various donations were presented. The reading of a paper, commenced at the last meeting, on the practice of medicine amongst the Chinese, written by the Rev. C. Gutzlaff, was concluded. This paper affords a curious view

of the attachment of that extraordinary people to ancient habits. According to them the science was invented by Shin-nong, one of the most ancient emperors, who may be reckoned, perhaps, as a mythological personage. This beneficent monarch studied the properties of plants, and made many useful discoveries of their value in curing diseases: his successors in the science have added to his probably useful observations a great number of theoretical rules. They have divided all the diseases which human nature is heir to, into certain classes, each of which is under the dominion of one of the cardinal points; and they prevail in their turns, as each cardinal point is in the ascendant. There is another and equally important division of diseases into the five elements: when all the elements are in a proper degree of equilibrium, the body is in a healthy state; but when any one of the five has an undue predominancy, the part of the body which is under its especial influence suffers accordingly. There are, also, a great number of rules to be observed, on the colour of the face, the state of the pulse, &c. &c.; and in all this the physician is not allowed to improve by his own experience, but he must follow the rules laid down by the ancients. It seems there is considerable danger in departing from this regulation, not to the patient, but to the physician; for, if a patient dies under the care of a medical attendant who treats according to classic rule, the inference is that every care was taken on the part of the physician to insure success, but that the case was, in fact, desperate. If, on the other hand, the same event should ensue when the ancient mode of treatment has been departed from, the physician would risk being proceeded against for manslaughter. It appears, on the whole, that the character of a physician in China is not very respectable, and that the profession is taken up by any one who is unsuccessful in literary or other pursuits; while that of a surgeon is, from the great objection of the Chinese to operations, almost unknown. We may except, however, the practise of acupuncture and the moxa, which have both been in use among the Chinese for an indefinite period, and were, without doubt, learned by Europeans from them. The paper concluded with the observations of a Chinese author on medicine, that, by a proper attention to diet and conduct, all medicine would be unnecessary; but that the bad propensities of mankind had entailed so many evils upon them, that the use of it had become a necessary evil.—The next paper read was by J. R. Stuart, Esq. on a series of ancient coins, engravings of which were laid on the table. These coins, and many others of a similar type, are found in the district from Oujein to Cutch, in the N.W. of India, and are distinguished by several peculiarities. The execution shews a familiarity with Greek art; and the legends on the obverse, though not quite Greek, approach very nearly to the forms of the Greek alphabets. On the reverse, the legends are in a character evidently derived from the Devanagari, and approximating to that form of it which is used by the Thibetans. The heads which are stamped on almost all the coins found, appear to have a Tartar air and costume. The profile is well defined; the chin smooth, and the upper lip decorated with a curled mustachio. The head is covered with a flat-crowned hat, or helmet, under which the hair appears in three long formal curls. The ear is decorated with an oblong earring, and the neck is surrounded with an ornamented collar. The author of the paper attributes these coins to



the Yue-chi, or race of the Moon; a tribe of Tartars who, according to the Chinese annals, aided materially in overturning the Greek Bactrian empire. These Yue-chi, also, extended their dominion over great part of India, particularly along the course of the Indus, as far as Baruch, and the temple of Somnath, in Cattywar; precisely the line in which these coins are found. This sufficiently accounts for the apparent incongruous character of the coins in question. The new rulers of the Greek provinces would probably feel the superiority of the arts practised by the people now under their sway, and would not be insensible to the advantages of continuing a coinage so much better than any thing they could themselves produce; while they would naturally be desirous of representing their own features, and the characters of their own language, on one side, at least, of their new money. They would also, naturally be inclined to transport into India a practice of which they had experienced the utility. It is not ascertained how long the empire of the Yue-chi subsisted in India: the latest date ascertained by De Guignes is, A.D. 266, which would give a duration of 400 years from the subversion of the Bactrian empire.—The next paper read was, an account by two officers of the Indian Navy, who were on the southern coast of Arabia in the early part of the year 1835. Those gentlemen started from Gossyrh, seven degrees from the Straits of Babul Mandeb, and made their way a few miles into the interior of the country. By the help of a Bedouin whom they found there, they were enabled to reach a place called Jebel Aaledma, where they found a large cavern, covered with inscriptions executed in red paint. Some of these inscriptions retained the brightness of newly done work; but the colour was more generally faded. The inscriptions bore, at first sight, a considerable resemblance to the Ethiopic character; and, on a closer examination, several of the letters were found to be identical. The others bore no resemblance whatever to Ethiopic, but rather resembled many of the forms of the older Greek alphabets, as found in inscriptions. About a fortnight after, the same gentlemen, accompanied by another officer, made an excursion about forty miles to the eastward of their former discovery; and were rewarded by the view of another spacious cavern, on which inscriptions in a similar character, and executed with a similar material, were found. Copies of these inscriptions were laid upon the table; but it does not appear that any acquaintance with their purport has yet been made. The thanks of the society were returned for these communications; and the meeting adjourned.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (R. Bond on Physical Geography; and evening Monday); Marylebone Literary, 8 P.M. (Dr. Ritchie on Hydrodynamics; and March 6); Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (Mr. Serle on the Drama.)

*Tuesday*.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. Nuttall on Roman Literature); Belgrave Literary, 8 P.M. (Dr. Lardner on Astronomy; and succeeding Tuesday.)

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Islington Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. Downes on Steam); Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (Mr. Lambert on the Literature and Royal Institute of France.)

*Friday*.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Islington Literary, (Literary Meeting).

*Saturday*.—Royal Asiatic, 3 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH GALLERY.

(Fourth notice.)

1. *Zarah*. F. Grant.—We understand this to be the artist's first appearance in the gallery, and we congratulate him on the éclat of his performance. It is a portrait of Mrs. Nisbet, and in resemblance, expression, and energy of action, evinces talents of no ordinary rank.

2. *Peasant Girl of Subiaco, Roman States*. A. Geddes, A.R.A.—But for the title it might have passed for one of our homely clad Gainsborough-sort of subjects. Simplicity is its greatest charm; but it is carefully executed, and possesses a mellow tone of colouring.

21. *Meg Merrilies*. T. Clater.—To make even an approach towards an adequate representation of one of the most powerfully drawn characters in the late gifted writer's list, is no small proof of the talents of an artist. Mr. Clater has, we think, been eminently successful. The sibyl-like and fantastic costume, the gleamy light which partially illumines the haggard countenance, and the gloomy and frowning abode, are all in excellent keeping with the subject.

15. *The Fatal Throw*. T. Von Holst.—The spirit with which this composition is evidently designed, makes us wish that it had been placed nearer the eye. It strongly reminds us of the enthusiastic pencil of Retzsch. But, alas! we fear that the lesson which it conveys is in vain. The habitual gambler, and the habitual drunkard, like the moth in the candle, find their destruction in what captivates their senses.

111. *Maid of Athens*; 128. *Haidee*. J. Boaden.—What titles painters choose to give to subjects like these is of little importance. Professing to be ideal, they are actually from nature; and in that circumstance, when they are finely executed (as in the present instances), resides their charm.

112. *Greenwich Pensioners commemorating the Battle of Trafalgar, in Greenwich Park*. J. Burnet.—Though the edge of public curiosity has been taken off by Mr. Burnet's fine print after this performance, it is but justice on our part to repeat the admiration which we expressed of the picture when it was formerly exhibited at the publisher's. Mr. Burnet's talents, both as a painter and as an engraver, do the highest credit to the British school of art.

78. *River Scene*. F. R. Lee, A.R.A.—Amidst the diversity of styles adopted by our numerous landscape-painters, there is none, which bears more distinctly the stamp of truth, in character and effect, than that of Mr. Lee. This "River Scene" is a fine example of his powers; and its fidelity to Nature will be acknowledged by all accurate observers of that lady.

88. *Evening—Banks of the Stour*. T. S. Cooper.—Under a title of equal simplicity to the last, we have here a picture of English pastoral, worthy of Cuy and Paul Potter; and the landscape of the former, the cattle of the latter; and well might it supply the place of those celebrated masters, in any collection.

68. *The Surprise*. T. Webster.—Like the helmet in "The Castle of Otranto," the accoutrements at the door of the cottage naturally create wonder in those who are not, as we are, let into the secret of what is passing within. The figure of the former is a fine specimen of green old age; and the inquiring looks of the dame are very characteristic.

72. *Piazzetta at Venice, with the Salute Church in the distance*. J. Inskipp.—We do

not know much about the Salute in the distance; but we should like exceedingly to salute the sparkling animated creature in the foreground. It is one of Mr. Inskipp's most brilliant performances.

347. *The Village Tinker*. H. Pidding.—There is not in all the gallery a more spirited production, nor one more true to nature. The Tinker is, in all respects, a picturesque object: he is also an epitome of the spirit of trade; his contrivances being always ready to make tear keep more than pace with wear—or, as the saying is, to make two holes while mending one.

146. *L'Inforata*. T. Uwins, A.R.A.—We wish our native artists would find names for their subjects in their own language. It is, however, a charming head; and the flowers which adorn it are a fit accompaniment and emblem of the innocent gaiety of heart that beams in the countenance. This beautiful work is a set-off against the painful, though powerfully conceived and executed performance, which (if we mistake not, under another title) Mr. Uwins again presents to the public eye.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Engravings from the Works of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.* Part III. Hodgson and Graves.

"The Archbishop of York," engraved by J. H. Phillips; "Lady Peel," engraved by W. Giller; and "The Earl of Hardwicke," also engraved by W. Giller; are the three graphic gems of the third part of this charming publication. In the first we witness the late president's power of representing intellect and dignity; the second is one of the most successful specimens of his delineation of beauty and refinement; and the third shows his extraordinary skill in the arrangement and management of ornament and decoration.

*J. D. Harding's Lithographic Drawing-Book, for the Year 1837.* Tilt.

TWENTY-FOUR drawings on stone by Mr. Harding, in imitation of lead or chalk, but not heightened with white. They are executed in that able artist's usual masterly manner; and are admirable examples for a learner who wishes to acquire a feeling for what is called "breadth." We have but one fault to find with this handsome volume. Although the views are numbered, they are without titles, and there is no table of contents. It is evident that some of them are English, some foreign; but it is rather vexatious not to be able to discover of what particular scene some favourite plate is the representation.

*The Continental Drawing-Book, for the use of advanced Pupils; being Views in Switzerland, the Alps, and Italian Lakes.* Drawn from nature, and on stone, by George Barnard. Ackermann and Co.

WITHOUT stopping to inquire whether the title "continental" may not be a little too ambitious, we hasten to express our admiration of these beautiful lithographic prints, a dozen in number, which we have no doubt are, as they are described to be, "exact facsimiles of original sketches;" and which, from the spirit and taste with which they are executed, are well adapted for the purpose indicated by Mr. Barnard. The prefatory hints "to assist the pupil in mastering the difficulties of using the stump and opaque white on tinted papers" are so useful, and are conveyed in so perspicuous, yet condensed a manner, that we were strongly tempted to transfer them to our column; but,

on consideration, we felt it to be hardly fair to do so. We refer any of our readers, therefore, who wish for information on the subject, to the publication itself.

*The Widow's Hope.* T. M. Joy pinxt. J. Porter sculpt. Hodgson and Graves.

MANIFESTATIONS of the domestic affections, whether in life or on canvass, are always pleasing; and of those affections, which can be conceived more powerful and touching than that of a mother—a widowed mother—for her infant? Mr. Joy has represented the fair subject of his pencil comparing the features of her sleeping child, her "hope," with those depicted in a miniature of its father; while a tear trickles down her cheek at the tender recollections excited by the latter. It is a well-executed and attractive print.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

DR. THOMAS BURGESS, Bishop of Salisbury, died at Southampton, on Sunday, at the advanced age of above eighty years; having adorned the Bench since the year 1803, when he was made Bishop of St. David's. Sprung from the inferior ranks of life—for his father was a grocer at Odiham, Hants—the late Bishop of Salisbury is a splendid example of the rank and dignity to which talents and worth may raise the lowly in our free country. Educated at Winchester School, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, his early learning and abilities recommended him to the Bishop of Durham; whose favour and patronage advanced him in his honourable career, till, more generally known by his great merit, the rest of his upward way conferred a lustre on those who promoted him to the highest sacred offices.

In this brief record, we will not attempt to enumerate the multitude of his eminent literary productions. From 1780, when he published "Benton's Pentateuch," to within a very few years, he was an incessant labourer in literature of the most elevated class; and, latterly, paid great attention to the Hebrew, not only as a language, but especially for his elucidation of the celebrated disputed text of St. John, in which he took the warmest interest.

The Royal Society of Literature is principally, almost wholly, indebted to the Bishop of Salisbury for its foundation, under the munificent auspices of George IV., from whom the suggestion came, and who endowed it in so princely a manner.

Of his lordship's exertions in this respect, and of his unbounded charity, the writer had opportunities of forming an opinion during some years of gratifying intercourse; and he feels that he does not overcharge the picture in saying, that a better man, a better Christian, one of more genuine piety, one of greater learning, one more liberal and charitable, never adorned the hierarchy of the Church of England.

We remember, in particular, one instance of distress for which an application was made to him. It was of much severity, and involved a large family. The bishop gave his cheque for fifty pounds, saying, "This is rather more than I can afford just now, with other claims to be considered, but I should be sorry if the subscription (some 500*l.* was needed) failed; and if you get more than is wanted from other quarters, I will rely on your enabling me, by returning part, to afford relief to these other cases." The goodness and beauty of this simple trait of benevolent character has never been effaced from our minds. It was the Samaritan of our time.

The foundation of a Welsh College, to provide for the preaching of the Gospel in a tongue to be understood throughout the principality, is also among the Christian acts of this estimable prelate.

In private life he was a model of amenity and courteousness; mingling, in a fine degree, the manners of the gentleman with the calm dignity becoming his eminent station.

His widow was Miss Bright, of Durham, half-sister to the Marchioness of Winchester, whom he married in 1796.

#### SKETCHES.

##### METEOROLOGY.

UNDER this head (having expressed our opinion of Lieut. Murphy's volume, just published, in our review department) we give place to the following letter from that gentleman. We are not sure that it will edify our readers much; but as the subject, *Meteorology*, is one of growing interest and, notwithstanding recent experiments and discoveries, very little understood, we are disposed to look at every hypothesis that may be broached, whether wild or rational. From parts of even the wildest some hints may be taken. With regard to the following letter, the first indicated period, the 5th of March, will, at any rate, soon be here as a test.

*Anticipated Storm-periods of the approaching Seasons of 1837.*

"One circumstance connected with the practical application of Mr. Murphy's meteorological doctrines is worthy of observation: the tremendous storm of wind and rain which occurred on the 13th ultimo, was predicted by him in a letter to the editor of the *Agriculturist*, dated the 26th October, and which, we understand, appeared in that journal on the following day. If it be assumed that the coincidence was merely fortuitous, it was, at least, sufficiently singular to be remarkable; if the result of calculation, and of scientific principles, susceptible of general application, the importance of the discovery to science and society, could hardly be exaggerated."—*Morning Post*, Dec. 3, 1836.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

London, February 21st, 1837.

SIR,—The report of a paper of mine, read at the December meeting of the Meteorological Society, On the anticipated state of the weather during the succeeding month of January 1837,\* having appeared in a subsequent Number of the *Literary Gazette*, I am induced—chiefly on the score of its assumed utility in conducting, probably, to the preservation of life, and much valuable property—to request your giving a place in the columns of your widely-circulating journal to the following short paper on the anticipated periods of storm which have to be apprehended during the present year. It was originally intended solely for the inspection of the gentleman (W. S. Stratford, Esq. Lieut. R.N.), as being more particularly referable to maritime affairs, who, with so much credit to himself, and advantage to the service, acts as superintendent to the *Nautical Almanac*; but from its so extensive connexion with the interests of a particular class of society, I have thought it right to give it publicity:—

"On the Anticipated Periods of Storm during the Seasons of 1837.—It being of the nature of meteoric action in the atmosphere, of whatever kind, to converge to a particular point or focus where it is always the most powerful; and that time, no less than particular locality, is a necessary element in the production of each. Thence it is, as connected

\* Of this paper I may observe, *en passant*, that as its predictions of the weather during the month of January proved erroneous, the error was chiefly owing to my having trusted to appearances, rather than to principles: the less excusable, as, on former occasions, I had frequent reason to see the little of confidence which, as connected with the approaching changes of the weather, can be attached to mere appearances.

with the annual round of meteoric action in the atmosphere of either hemisphere, that, similar to the periods of the opposite extreme degrees of temperature in winter and summer, each meteor has not only a locality, but a period more particularly proper to, and connected with, its development, than any other. Some slight variations, both in the times as in the degrees of force with which it develops itself, incident to those of latitude and locality, necessarily occurring in reference to each. And, as, according to our principles, the same analogy, though the action be on a minor scale, exists in the lunar as in the annual circle of meteoric action; and that, notwithstanding the lunar action on the temperature and weather is altogether determined, in its nature and effects, by the existing action in the annual circle which, at the time, constitutes its ground; yet that the actions in these circles are, to a certain extent, independent of each other. Thus, though the actions in both circles usually concur in the production of extreme meteoric results in the atmosphere, that, at particular seasons, the lunar action, of itself, originates storm, equally as the other meteors connected with the latter: thence the necessity of distinguishing between the storms of the annual circle, connected with the changes of the seasons, and those which are more properly induced by the lunar action; or of dividing this meteor into opposite classes—annual and lunar. Of the former, or storms of the annual circle, and which, as the actions which induce them, are the most violent of the year: as connected with the approaching seasons of 1837, the first (or those connected with the vernal equinox) may be expected to set in on the 5th of March, and, according to appearances, with much violence: the usual period of their continuance, when violent, being three days. The second of these storm periods, being that incident to the transit of summer temperature, and the least violent of those which properly belong to the actions connected with the changes of the seasons in the annual circle, may be expected to occur on the 14th of June. The third, or that connected with the autumnal equinox, may be expected to set in on the 13th or 14th of September; but, as assumed, with less violence than that connected with the opposite, or vernal, equinox. And, finally, the last, as the most violent of these storms, may be expected to occur on the 27th of November: the chief region of their development, as assumed, being the shores of the Baltic, of Holland, and of the north of Scotland. The real place of this storm period in the annual circle, as in 1836, is the 29th of November, but owing to the change of the moon occurring on the 28th of the month, or day before: this circumstance, as assumed, may have the effect, on this occasion, of accelerating the period of its occurrence by two days. Of the opposite class of these storms, or those incident to the lunar action, a gale may be expected to occur on the 5th of April; another, probably, on the 20th of the same month; another, on the 7th or 8th of July; another, on the 17th of the month, but, most probably, confined to the higher latitudes; another, on the 16th of August; another, on the 27th of October; and, on the southern shores of these islands, on the 2nd of November; another, on the 12th of the same month; another, on the 12th of December; and, finally, another, on the 26th of December, or following day. These, the storms induced by the lunar action, being usually more violent as we approach the period of the winter solstice."

It is not pretended that these constitute the whole of the storm periods of the approaching seasons of 1837, but simply those which have the most to be apprehended. And, as from the *locality* of the storms induced by the lunar action, but more particularly those which occur in the vicinity of the solstices, the periods marked as those of the occurrence of these storms, are only to be regarded in the light of *approximations*; but which, as assumed, will be found so nearly to quadrate with the occurrence of these storms, as at once to shew their connexion with these periods, and the correctness of the principles of calculation assumed in reference to the latter. And, if the circumstance be taken into account, viz. that the only conclusive and *every-day* proofs of the true theory of the world, are those to be obtained from meteoric action in the atmosphere, it will readily appear that, however important to the interests of society the discoveries which have led to a knowledge of the principles on which the preceding calculations are founded—assuming the latter to be correct—that these discoveries are no less so as connected with science: proving, as observed by Helvetius, that all the preceding systems, in reference to the laws and dispositions of Nature in the physical world, concocted by the ingenuity of philosophers, and who never so much as contemplated the existence of such a text, had nothing more substantial for their bases than the *imaginative powers* of their authors. And, as I feel a well-founded confidence that, as on former occasions, the events predicted will serve to prove the correctness of the calculations made by me in reference to them, the better to shew the originality of these discoveries, as that society may know to whom it is indebted for them, and, at the same time, without wishing it to be understood that in doing so, so weak a passion as that of *courting notoriety* induces me to make the proposal; I not only invite *competition* on the part of the *learned bodies* of this, as of foreign countries, in this department of meteorology, but, allowing them all the information on the subject which they can collect from my published works, where they will find it treated of very much in detail; but, in addition, I hereby offer the sum of 1000*l.* to any individual member of these societies, who, in the course of the present year, will satisfactorily explain the *whole* of the elements necessary to be employed in calculations of the kind, *i. e.* which have for object deductions in reference to the anticipated nature of the approaching seasons and changes of the weather, equally as of the periods of the occurrence of storm *throughout the year*. Trusting to your liberality, equally as to your attention to the interests of science and of society, in giving publicity to the present communication, I have the honour to be, &c.

P. MURPHY.

Let us add here our late usual weekly variety.

*Weather-wisdom.*—We somehow or other forgot the prophecies last week. On the 21st, according to Lieutenant Morrison, "the sun being in the declination of Hercules, would again cause very cold weather," and he "expected much snow about this period." "The 23d and 24th, thermometer very low; expect violent storms of wind, with heavy falls of rain or snow." "The 25th," *i. e.* this day (reader, look up!) "seems very violent," and we are to have "tempestuous weather and flooding rains to the end." March is to "commence with cold rains and sleet." With regard to the past, here referred to, the weather has been

extremely fine on alternate days, rainy and disagreeable on the others, but no snow, and, except on the morning of the 24th (which answered the prediction), little of high wind. Were it not for these discrepancies, we should have but a poor prospect, for all March is of dreary aspects.

## MUSIC.

### VOCAL SOCIETY.

WE owe an apology to our readers, and the Vocal Society, for being thus tardy in noticing the third concert, which took place so far back as the 6th instant. The madrigals, on this evening, were not happily selected. That by Ward, "Die not, fond man," was never a favourite with us; it is essentially dull and monotonous, and we advise that it be placed on the shelf, and, in its stead, that one of the best, such as "Flora gave me fairest flowers," or "Sweet honey-sucking bees," be repeated a little oftener. "Lady, your eye," performed for the first time, is scarcely attractive enough to deserve a place on the list of stock pieces. Storace's song, "There the silver waters roam," gave universal delight, from the extreme beauty of the orchestral part; and it was sung with excellent taste and judgment by Mr. Atkins. Miss Shirreff's performance of "Parto ma tu ben mio" was very unequal; in some parts excellent—in others, much the reverse. Miss Woodyatt executed "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," very nicely. Mr. Elliott's sweet glee, "Come, see what pleasures," is worth a score of the ordinary run of these sort of compositions. Handel's noble chorus, "Sing, O ye heavens!" was most worthily performed; and Onslow's quintet, played by Messrs. Blagrove, Gattle, Dando, Lucas, and Howell, was a great treat to the lovers of instrumental music. We must reserve, till next week, our notice of the fourth concert, which was too good to be dismissed in one or two brief sentences.

Q.

## DRAMA.

*Adelphi.*—*Hassan Pacha, or the Arab Leap*, introducing the Bedouins as *dramatis personae*, was produced on Monday, embracing nearly the whole strength of this efficient company, and with scenic effects, which no one but Mr. Yates would attempt, in so small a space as the stage of the *Adelphi*. It was, as it deserved to be, most successful, and will continue to "draw," till the end of the season. John Reeve and Wilkinson, as rival *chateaux*; Lyon and O. Smith, as rival chiefs—one of Georgia, and the other a Turkish pasha; Miss Daly, as Lyon's wife; Mrs. Stirling, Miss Daly's attendant, and a host of pretty faces to constitute O. Smith's harem; Arab and Turkish servants, dancers, &c. &c.—all added their quota to the amusement which this "romantic burletta" appeared to give to a crowded house. *Jim Crow* continues to jump, and Mrs. Yates to delight as the *Duchesse de la Vauvalière*; and an evening may be passed with as much entertainment and pleasure, at the *Adelphi*, as in the days of old. The diminution of prices at the large houses seems to have had no bad effects on the favourite minors.

*St. James's.*—*The French Refugee*, Mrs. S. C. Hall's burletta, was produced on Monday, and was highly successful. It will add much to Mr. Morris Barnett's fame as an actor in this line of character. His *Monsieur Jacques* was an admirable performance, and his *Monsieur St. Pierre* is scarcely less so. Mrs. Hall's shorter stories have always had a dramatic

turn, and several been most successfully dramatised by others. Mrs. Yates's *Grace Handley* cannot be forgotten; and we have often thought that Mrs. Hall would be as delightful on the stage as she has ever been in the Annuals. We sincerely hope that this, her first attempt, will induce her to visit us as regularly on the boards as she has within the binding. The plot is extremely simple, and well worked out; the interest is kept up throughout, and, till almost the close, you can scarcely guess how it will finish. *A French Refugee* (Mr. Morris Barnett) gains a living for himself and only daughter, *Julie* (Miss Arison), as a teacher of music and dancing: *Julie* is seen and loved by one of his pupils, *Gerard Hamilton* (Mr. Saville), and secretly married to him. This deceit preys on her mind till she almost fears to see her father; when, in an interview with her husband, appointing a rendezvous for the night, she is overheard by a mischievous girl, *Madge* (Miss J. Smith), who immediately reports the scandal to *St. Pierre*. A scene then ensues between *Julie* and him, which ends in his disowning her: but she acknowledges her marriage, which is confirmed by *Gerard*, and she is forgiven. On the return of Louis XVIII., *Monsieur St. Pierre* is restored to France, and all his honours; and every thing is ended to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned: to which we may add that of the audience, who seemed delighted from beginning to end. Mr. Barnett was not Mr. B., but the old Frenchman, and Miss Allison was natural and pretty as his daughter: one or two scenes between them were of a very high order. Miss Smith was quaint and pointed as *Madge*, and sang two pretty songs. In addition to these, Madame Sala and Miss Booth the *Little* added to the *ensemble*; and Mr. Gardner was clever, with little to do, as *Jacob*, a servant. Altogether, we have seldom seen a piece got up with better effect, in scenery, dresses, &c., and we sincerely wish that *The French Refugee* may be as popular as *Monsieur Jacques* was and is; and, in conclusion, beg to congratulate Mrs. Hall on the deserved success of her stage offering.

*Olympic.*—The *Sentinel* was brought out here on Thursday; and, though the cast includes J. Vining, F. Mathews, Charles Mathews, and Madame Vestris herself, it was not so pointed as the generality of burlettas produced here. It had the advantage of beautiful scenery, and was capably acted; but we have been used to such hits at this house, that we are disappointed at such homely fare as the *Sentinel*. At the close, Madame Vestris asked so prettily to allow it to be a successful piece, that the audience could not refuse her; and, therefore, the *Sentinel* may relieve guard from time to time with the more established favourites.

*New Strand.*—Mr. Webster, of Covent Garden, has collected a motley troop, and commenced Lenten entertainments at this little theatre. The amusements are too various to particularise; so we shall only recommend all lovers of this sort of merriment, who are not deterred by reasonable scruples, to pay a visit to the Strand; where they may pass a very agreeable evening. Mr. Webster's company reminds us of a copy we used to write at school, "*Varicé plait*"—tableaux, posture-making, ventriloquism, conjuring, and his own *Wallet*—a table entertainment of imitation and mimicry.

*Theatrical Affairs.*—We understand that, owing to the shortness of the season, previous to Easter, the *Adelphi*, *Olympic*, and *St.*

James's Theatres, have severally had their licences extended two months. The new theatre, preparing at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, under the management of Mr. Warde, is expected to open in July, and be open all the year round.

#### VARIETIES.

**High Tide.**—On Monday, the tide in the Thames rose to an unusual height, and inundated much of the low lands and many dwellings on the banks of the river. It was full moon at 2h. 23m., within a few minutes of high water, but the tide flowed till 3h. The newspapers state, that an immense number of rats were dislodged from their underground dwellings about Bermondsey, &c. and slaughtered by boys as they attempted to escape to dry quarters.

**Aurora Borealis.**—The *Bath Journal* of Monday states, that the aurora borealis was so vivid towards the north-west on the preceding evening, as to resemble a dreadful fire. The phenomenon, by ten, shifted to due north, and the sky became one vast expanse of glowing red, extending almost to the point over head. It was beautifully visible at Paris on Saturday night, and was also seen in London, but not so finely. In Hampshire the meteorological phenomena are described as having been of extraordinary brilliancy, but not resembling the aurora.

**Mr. Curtis** held his first conversazione for the season at his house, in Soho Square, on Thursday evening. The Turkish ambassador, and several distinguished foreigners, were present; and, with the rest of the company, extremely gratified with the sight of Mr. Curtis's acoustic chair, the principle of which was explained. A watch, ticking in the dining-room, was distinctly heard in the library; and we were informed that the inventor had before the Commissioners of Woods and Forests a plan for conveying messages from one part of the new houses of parliament to another, upon the same plan.

**Londiniana (Extraordinary).**—Feb. 22. A paragraph has appeared, and will probably go the round of the newspapers, announcing that the excavators employed on a new sewer in Wardour Street, Soho, had discovered, 25 feet beneath the surface of the present street, sundry bones of men and horses, Saxon and Roman coins, intermingled with fragments of swords, spurs, &c. Of course we turned our thoughts to that portion of an ancient road, which is now known as Oxford Street, and drew up a body of Saxons and Roman Britons—one fighting for plunder, the other *pro aris et focis*. We repaired, as good historical antiquaries, *instantly* to the spot. Let our readers judge of our surprise, when we found, after diligent inquiry among the labourers, that there was not the slightest foundation for the report. A few mutton-bones had been thrown out of the line of excavation opposite Edward Street, where, like the reporter of the paragraph, we found them to be *lying*. In short, poor Antiquarius had been *hoaxed*; his walk ended in disappointment. Paragraphs of this nature may be *bread* to the penny-a-line men, but they are poison to an antiquary; for, too hastily *swallowed*, they might prove *death* to his reputation. We, therefore, give to that well-informed, and too credulous race in general, this salutary caution—"Beware of newspaper antiquities, especially within the bills of mortality."—*From a Correspondent.*

**University College, London.**—The annual meeting of the proprietors was held on Wednesday, Mr. J. Wood in the chair. The report

stated the number of students at 515, of whom 439 were medical; shewing the increasing value and character of that department. After some discussion, the report, with an amendment by Mr. Warburton, was agreed to.

**Earthquakes.**—Southern Syria, it appears, from recent accounts, has been ravaged by these dreadful phenomena of nature. Fifteen thousand persons, at least, are stated to have perished; and Tiberias, Napluz, St. Jean d'Acre, and all the country, had suffered from the shocks. On the 22d ult. a severe shock was felt at Constantinople; and on the night of the 23d, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and the eastern parts of France, were affected.

**The Booksellers' Provident Institution.**—The following gentlemen have been elected the officers of this excellent institution until the annual meeting in 1838:

**President.**—C. Orme, Esq.  
**Eight Vice-Presidents.**—H. Colburn, J. Duncan, T. N. Longman, J. Murray, John Miles, A. K. Newman, R. Saunders, T. Tegg, Esqrs.

**Six Honorary Vice-Presidents.**—J. Bonsor, W. Clowes, W. Clement, J. Dickinson, T. Gardiner, and A. Spottiswoode, Esqrs.

**Four Trustees.**—The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, E. Hodgson, J. Nisbet, J. M. Richardson, Esqrs.

**Treasurer.**—T. Brown, Esq.

**Three Auditors.**—Messrs. R. Burnside, J. Eden, M. A. Nattall.

**Twenty-seven Directors.**—Messrs. J. Bagster, J. Bain, H. Bohn, Buckman, Chidley, H. Coxhead, Dauding, Dundas, B. Fellowes, Foss, G. Greenland, Hamilton, Hodges, Huntsman, Lawford, Lewis, J. Miles, W. Marshall, Matthews, Rodd, Ramsden, Sherwood, R. B. Seeley, V. Stevens, Taylor, Stoneman, Walther.

At a meeting of the Philosophical Society, Dr. Clark, the president, in the chair,—Read, Memoir, &c., by Professor Rigaud, of Oxford, on the proportion of land and water on the surface of the terraqueous globe; Memoir, by Professor Challis, on the law of decrease of temperature in ascending in the atmosphere; Memoir, by Mr. Kelland, on the transmission of light through crystallised media.—*Cambridge Chron.*

**British Commerce in 1836.**—English trading vessels are in number, 24,280; their capacity, 2,553,685 tons, and are navigated by 166,583 men and boys. In addition, the British colonies possess 3579 ships, of 214,878 tons, and 15,059 sailors; making a total of 27,859 vessels, and 181,642 men, employed in the mercantile service of the British empire.—*Parliamentary Report.*

**Paris Statistics.**—In 1835, the Parisians ate, among other provisions, 1,120,562 francs' worth of oysters. 9,637 boys, and 9,207 girls, were born in wedlock in private houses, and out of wedlock, 2747 boys, and 2669 girls. In hospitals, the lawfully amounted to 283 boys, and 234 girls; and the illegitimates to 2237 boys, and 2207 girls: more than one-third of the births being thus out of wedlock. 2459 of these, however, were recognised by parents. The dead bodies of 226 males, and 42 females, were deposited in the Morgue. The total of deaths was 24,792; of births, 29,792; increase, 4528. Throughout all France, the returns give an increase of population, 94,840 males, 71,498 females; total, 166,338.

**Population of Russia.**—A Russian official return states the European population of the empire at 45,550,000.

**The Mining Review, No. IX.**, New Series, conducted by H. English (Simpkin and Marshall), deserves to be honourably named among the useful publications of the day. The extracts from foreign scientific works are particularly praiseworthy, and the geological papers are of a valuable description.

**Selections from American Papers.**—The editor of the *Boston Morning Post* informs his readers, that no paper will be issued on Friday,

as he had received a glorious thanksgiving turkey, which he meant to eat in peace? What would the readers of the *London Morning Post* say to a similar announcement?

The editor of the *Herald*, published at St. Joseph's, Michigan, laments his awful predicament thus:—"His only journeyman has thirteen little impressions to take care of, and has been for weeks past hunting for a roof to shelter them; his devil is sick, and he has all the work to do himself. He begs hard for help, but candidly confesses that he cannot offer many inducements." It seems this gentleman cannot take it quite so easy as his brother editor of Boston.

**Wonderful, if true!** as Jonathan says.—**Weaving in Glass.**—Signor Olivi, of Venice, has succeeded in bringing to perfection the art of weaving a tissue from the threads of glass. The material is susceptible of taking any colour, and the thread is so perfectly flexible as to allow of its being tied; and the tissue, when manufactured, to be folded up like silk. After this, talk of malleable glass if you please;—only conceive a living lady in a glass case!

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

##### In the Press.

Kidd's How to Enjoy Boulogne, a New Guide for Strangers and Visitors; and Kidd's How to Enjoy Paris, enlarged and corrected to 1837.—Kidd's Silver Mine, a Vein of Precious Ore discovered in the Treasures of Wisdom.—Addresses delivered by Lord Rectors of the University of Glasgow, with Introductory Observations by John B. Hay.

##### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

##### \* \* \* MEDALLIC MACHINE ENGRAVING.

The following notice has been inserted in a *Second Edition* of our No. 1047:

"The interest attached to the subject of Medallion Engraving, and the extreme beauty of Mr. Bates's specimen plate of friezes, gems, and Henry IV., delivered gratis with this Number of the *Literary Gazette*, has called for a Second Edition; which we have not been enabled, however, to furnish in the original form, with an extra half-sheet of letter-press. By omitting the Advertisements, a Letter from Geneva, Report of the Proceedings of the Asiatic Society, Notices of the Drama, and a Variety or two, we have reduced the publication to its usual compass, and are thus happy to provide for the continued demand, still presenting the Plate with the Number."

To this intimation we beg here to add, for the guidance of our friends and subscribers out of London, that copies of the Plate are preserved for them, and we trust they will take early means, through their newsmen or agents, to secure for their annual volume so admirable and interesting a specimen of art.

In order to make room for a number of interesting learned and scientific reports, and miscellaneous articles, we have gladly availed ourselves of the paucity of this week's publications to confine our review within less than its usual compass.

The portion of Messrs. Southgate's advertisement relating to bedsteads, featherbeds, sofas, &c. was made up in our advertising page, too late for alteration, before we noticed that it was inconsistent with our rules. We propose writing an article on it next week, if we have nothing better to do.

# ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION,**  
FALL MAIL.  
The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.  
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**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.**  
Works of Art intended for the ensuing Exhibition of the Society of British Artists must be sent to their Gallery in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, on Monday, the 6th, or Tuesday, the 7th, of March next.  
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1837.

PAGE 94.  
Second Edition, 94.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The State Prisoner; a Romance.* By Miss M. L. Boyle. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

LET there not be any imputation upon our critical gallantry, which all the world knows is of a most courteous and urbane character, if we acknowledge that it is not always with the most comfortable sensations we take up a lady's first book, especially if that lady be a very young one. On the contrary, that very feeling of apprehension is the strongest proof of our devotion to the fair authoress, as it springs solely from a fear that we may not find that within the pages which we can wisely praise. In general, a lady can know very little of the world from her own experience; still less if she be a very young lady; and still less if she be moving in a high rank of society. Those persons who, notwithstanding such obstacles, have displayed keen knowledge of the world (and several, we must acknowledge, have done so), must surely have derived it from intuition, which, perhaps, after all, is but another name for genius. But, to turn to the work before us: our alarm, in regard to it, had been in some degree mitigated, by having seen some previous productions of Miss Boyle—a tale or two which pleased us much, and some very graceful poetry. In the second place, though we had seen the book very much advertised, it did not appear to us to have been so much puffed and paragoned as many others. It may have been so, for aught we know; but we did not remark it. To be unpuffed is always a good sign; and we cannot refrain from giving publishers a hint in regard to a system, or rather a disease, which, having abated for some time, is now upon the increase again, and bids fair to be as prevalent as the influenza lately has been. The disease is puffing; and booksellers may rest assured, that it is a very bad disease too. At all events, we are convinced that the public eyes are now opened to the matter, till they are round as the bull's eye on a target; and that a book that is not puffed is likely, from the very novelty of the thing, to attract more attention than a book that is. We do not mean to say, not to advertise the book. Fie upon it! that would never do; and far be it from us to advocate a system so detrimental to the revenue. Let them take every legitimate means of making the work known without having recourse to the imp of puffs, who is no very distant relation, if we may judge from his handywork, of the father of lies. We would almost venture to parody a very beautiful song, and say to them—

"Puff not! puff not! those you puff must fall:  
Bad books, most puffed, can live but for an hour;  
Time's mighty foot shall crush them, great and small;  
No puff can puff them from his searching power.

Puff not! puff not!

Puff not! puff not! puffing's all in vain;  
Nor man nor book can live on puff's alone,  
If truth and talent mix not with the strain:  
The book wraps candles, and the puff is gone.

Puff not! puff not!"

Miss Boyle's book, however, is certainly not of that class which requires any thing but its own intrinsic merit to recommend it. If we entertained any apprehensions when we took it up, those apprehensions vanished before we got a quarter through the first volume, though that

volume is by no means the best; and, as we went on, any pleasurable expectations were infinitely more than realised. *The State Prisoner* is a work of very great talent; and, what is better still, it gives the promise of infinitely higher things hereafter: for every page, and every chapter, as we advance in it, we find the natural inexperience of a young author giving way before the exercise of her powers, and genius spreading her wings in longer and longer flights. We do not, by any means, say that the book is without its defects; for, though the interest is great throughout, and increases as we advance, and the scenes and incidents are highly dramatic, and full of talent; yet there are marks of inexperience in the conduct of the story, which shew the hand of youth. They are covered, however, by such rich poetical beauties, and invested with so much of the freshness of a fine mind, that we will not pause upon them further than to point out to the author, that although strict unities of any kind cannot be demanded in a romance, yet it is required, as far as possible, to avoid introducing any scene, personage, or dialogue, which does not tend to advance directly the progress of the story.

The more agreeable task of pointing out beauties is also a far easier one, in the present instance, where we can scarcely open a page without finding something to give us pleasure. We will not spoil the interest of the story by giving any detail thereof, but will mention one or two of the principal characters; some of which are of the common staple, but some quite original, and excellently conceived. The hero of the piece, William Clifford, is nothing very extraordinary; though, we must applaud Miss Boyle's good taste in induing him with a reasonable quantity of faults and weaknesses. Those faults certainly do lean to the amiable side; but they, nevertheless, serve to plunge him into some difficulties which give variety and interest to the story. The heroine is a sweet picture of a quiet but sensitive and accomplished English girl; and so far the tale displays nothing out of the usual course. The character of Dumont, the state prisoner, however, though a sketch, is a powerful one; and infinite tact and extraordinary knowledge of the human heart are displayed in the portraits of Sir Philip Courtenay, the courtier of the reign of George I., Madame d'Aubrey, and Lady Courtenay. Roland Stanley, too, the cool and calculating Jacobite, in whose character is mixed up, here and there, some amiable traits with a great deal that is unamiable—whom we cannot love, and yet whom we cannot wholly hate, is admirably conceived; and is, indeed, one of those fine paintings done with small touches, which must be looked at closely to be rightly seen. But of all characters in the book, the one which deserves, and must meet with, the most attention, is that of Mirabel de Bernay. This is something entirely new. In the world of romance-writing it is, as far as we remember, a creation. Wild, passionate, eccentric, witty, gay, beautiful, feeling; yet pure and holy as a nun, in the midst, not only of a licentious court, but also amidst all the strong affections and eager passions of her own heart.

Every scene where she appears is full of intense interest, and also of novelty; and the first extract we shall give from the work is one in which she plays a conspicuous part. We must premise, that William Clifford, the hero of the piece, has met with a domino at a masked ball at the Palais Royal, who provokes him by repeating some of the court scandal regarding himself and the Baronne de Bernay, who has won his esteem, though his heart was otherwise engaged. The figure and appearance of the domino was that of the dwarfish Count de Salins; and Clifford accordingly takes up the quarrel: on which they go down into the gardens to settle it on the spot. The domino shews no apprehension; and even exchanges a pass with the Englishman before he discovers that it is Mirabel de Bernay herself. Some further conversation ensues in a different tone, and then the following scene is introduced:—

"'Nay, do not speak in so sad a tone!' exclaimed her companion, as he saw the tear that trembled in the moonlight; 'such subjects are painful to us both.' 'What a lovely night!' she broke off suddenly, looking up to the sky. 'A night when those who love, send a thousand thoughts and wishes in the direction of the absent. Do you know, William, sometimes I think the stars above us are the homes of the blessed, and that Gaspard looks down upon his sister from the brightest among them. He is my guardian angel now; I am sure he would not suffer any other to possess that office but himself. Oh, William Clifford, William Clifford! he sees us both at this moment; he knows what you have been to me, and he blesses you as I do.' She turned aside her face for one moment, and then continued: 'But I will not talk of myself, for I know your thoughts are wandering with your heart. Speak to me, then, of her you love, for I can bear it now; describe her to me; let me know the human being that is worthy of your love.' 'Oh, Mirabel,' replied Clifford, 'I feel that it is kind and noble of you to speak in this manner, but do not ask me to dwell upon what she is; do not ask me to describe her. Nothing that I said could give you an idea of her beauty, her goodness, her disinterested nature, disinterested as your own; and, believe me, she would appreciate your character—she would love you, Mirabel!' 'No, no!' exclaimed the other eagerly, 'she would not, she could not love me, and I—I should hate her! You do not know how often she occupies my thoughts; I think of her, and strive to picture her to my mind, but in vain; sometimes I fancy that my heart expands towards the woman with whom its dearest feelings are in common, and then again a fearful feeling of hatred takes possession of my mind. Alas! such violence is no doubt foreign to her gentle nature; she would shrink from such as me! What would I give to see her! perhaps, perhaps, William, I might learn to love her; at least I might admire and emulate her. Have you no portrait, no resemblance, in your possession, to appease my curiosity in some degree?' 'Yes,' replied Clifford, 'I have a small, but imperfect, copy of a large picture—that was painted at Bourdeaux,

which I always wear.' 'Let me see it! You will not refuse me so simple a request!' exclaimed the baronne, earnestly, 'you do not know how my mind is set upon it!' 'The moon is very bright,' said Clifford, 'but it is a bad moment to judge of the painting.' He took the miniature from his bosom, and gave it to Mirabel, who looked at it for several moments without speaking, while a thousand conflicting emotions rose within her at the sight of Blanch's portrait. 'She is fair,' said the baronne at length, with some hesitation; 'and her hair seems golden.—Is she tall, then?' 'Yes,' replied Clifford, 'you are right. She is above the ordinary height.' A deep, deep sigh, which forced its way, in spite of her efforts to check its progress, followed these remarks, and then she returned the picture. 'It is beautiful,' she said, 'most beautiful. They are happy whose countenance can reflect their soul, and vouch for its nobleness.' A pause ensued, painful to both, which was, at length, broken by William. 'There are people coming down the staircase,' he cried, hurriedly; 'put on your hat and mask, and draw your cloak round you: they have been attracted by the glitter of my sword, which I unfortunately did not sheathe.' 'Holy Virgin! what will become of me!' cried Mirabel; 'one of them looks like the regent. For pity's sake do not let them discover me.' 'Draw your sword, then,' said William, 'and play the part of Monsieur de Salins boldly, for we may be hardly tried.' The baronne obeyed, but she trembled so violently as to retard her efforts, and she had hardly reassumed the disguise before the regent came up, attended by several courtiers. 'Hold, gentlemen!' he cried; 'the first who strikes another blow will have to deal with Philip of Orleans! Is your valour so impetuous as to require a display at the expense of the law, even in our very gardens? For you, sir Englishman, who will, no doubt, plead ignorance as an excuse, let me advise you to beware how you again brave the laws of the land in which you live: but your antagonist, at least, can offer no such idle apology—M. le Comte de Salins.' 'Pardon me, my lord,' interrupted a courtier, 'but three hours ago I saw the Comte de Salins stretched on a sick bed, too weak to raise his hand to his mouth.' 'Pasques Dieu!' exclaimed the duke; 'has the count gained a twin brother since yesterday? or who has stolen his favour, his stature, and his taste for duelling?' He advanced towards Mirabel, whose usual presence of mind now forsook her; and who, sheltering herself behind William, addressed one word of earnest supplication in his ear. This movement elicited a general laugh from all but the duke and Clifford. The one was too angry, the other too much alarmed, to join in the mirth. \* \* 'The king!' burst at once from every lip, while the duke himself stood uncovered, and most of the courtiers bent the knee.

We must leave the reader to discover the mystery for himself, and will now turn to two points which are but too frequently lost sight of altogether, in the present day, by the writers, the readers, and the reviewers of romances, namely, the tone and the style of the book. Of the first we must express our most unqualified approbation, as it is noble, high minded, and pure in every line; and, though the writer does not overload the story with detached observations, yet many a fine moral lesson is placed naturally in the mouth of those who acted their part in days gone by; but whose words might often be well applied to ourselves. We cannot too much applaud this inculcation

of high and noble feelings, nor the manner in which it is done.

In regard to the style, it is paying Miss Boyle no mean compliment when we say that the rich and poetical imagery which it every where displays, puts us often in mind of the writings of L. E. L. There are, indeed, occasional marks of carelessness, but we cannot rest upon them for a moment amidst the beauties which the work contains. One of its principal features, indeed, is the number of little graceful allusions and poetical illustrations which sparkle through its pages. We shall conclude by selecting one or two of these, to shew the reader of what materials the web is woven.

'Far, far more lovely becomes every memory that can be coupled with some fair page in nature's varied volume; far dearer to the well-constructed mind each remembrance that is bound up with the inestimable gifts of the Creator. Such associations render transitory moments permanent, immortal. While by the side of one we love, to let the eye wander over the green bosom of the earth, or the wide expanse of heaven: to mark together the exquisite colouring of the flowers, or the majestic proportions of the forest trees, has in it a spell to bind for ever recollection.'

We could select many more extracts, to shew the spirit of the book as well as its style, but we must here pause, only adding, that the work is full of scenes, situations, and characters, of deep interest, and that it displays much genius, which, if properly managed, may lead the writer to great things. Miss Boyle, however, will do well to remember, that high talents require none the less very great attention to guide them properly; and that even the greatest experience, though it bestows ease of composition, will never justify any carelessness: and, as a general rule to all romance-writers, we may add, that they cannot examine too strictly whether the causes they display be sufficient to the effects; and whether the motives—either latent in peculiarities of the character they depict, or proceeding from the circumstances they relate—be sufficient to account for the actions of their *dramatis personæ*. We take leave of the *State Prisoner* with regret to part with him, but with a sincere expression of gratitude for the pleasure we have derived from his company; and we trust that the pen which has so well depicted, and so gracefully ornamented a part of his career, will not suffer this to be its only effort.

*Contributions to Modern History, from the British Museum and State Paper Office.*

By F. Von Raumer. *Frederick II. and his Times*. 8vo. pp. 468. London, 1837. Knight.

It may surely be classed among the curiosities of literature, that a foreigner, a gentleman to whom our language was strange, should have sought our national repositories; and, out of their masses of confusion (though greatly improved, in arrangement and classification, within the last twenty years) have supplied us with such inestimable contributions to our own peculiar, as well as to general, European history. How rich the neglected field is, the present interesting volume demonstrates. The period it embraces is one of those memorable epochs, which change, re-shape, and control the destinies of nations. A century has very nearly elapsed since the second Frederick mounted the throne of Prussia; and that single circumstance has exercised a remarkable influence on all the (then) future fate of Europe. Prussia has become a powerful

monarchy; Russia has emerged from comparative barbarism into a mighty empire; Poland has been blotted from the map of kingdoms; Electors and Palatines have, from branches of the Germanic league, been converted into independent sovereigns: a hundred years have altered every relative position and political relation of the most civilised quarter of the globe.

It is delightful to trace the springs of such events; and M. Von Raumer has enabled us to do so in a delightful manner. We know not when we have read a book at once so instructive and entertaining. The despatches and letters which furnish the materials, are not only of undoubted authenticity, but the condition of the parties by whom and to whom they were written, is a voucher for their being the uncoloured and simple truth. An ambassador wishes to inform, and not to deceive and mislead, his government: hence, only qualified by the quantum of their own acumen and penetration, every line in the correspondence of residents at foreign courts is to be received as fact. And, much as the era to which these papers refer has employed the pens of actors in them, from the Prussian monarch to the humblest chroniclers, we rejoice to gather their new lights, and find ourselves looking at what we thought realities, in points of view, very, if not altogether, different. In some measure, the following selections will display the admirable way in which the author has performed his task; which, of necessity desultory, carries us from London to Stockholm, from Vienna to Berlin, from Paris to Petersburg; and unfolds the secret transactions, as well as the more public exhibitions and intrigues, of every court, so as to remind us closely of Horace Walpole, alike in style and in matter. Before entering upon these, however, we have pleasure in transcribing a passage in the Preface, which does honour to the liberality of our rulers.

'The English government,' says M. Von Raumer, 'deserves so much the greater praise and more sincere gratitude for having opened to me the State Paper Office, with its treasures, not merely for more ancient times, but also to that part of the eighteenth century to which my investigations were directed. And this permission was not accompanied with a hundred suspicions, restrictive precautionary measures, which cost time and create vexations; but it was unfettered: and I met also with the most willing and friendly support from the gentlemen who are in offices of the establishment. The despatches of ambassadors, which passed through my hand, were:—

From France, 37 folios; Prussia, 85 (including the papers of Mr. Mitchell); Austria, 60; Russia, 75; Saxony, 3; Holland, 16; Sweden, 15; Royal Letters, 1: In all, 292 folios.

I have received from Paris assurances of similar favours, if my avocations would permit me to make use of them. At home, the prophets who look forwards, and those who look backwards (the historians), are equally destitute of credit; at least, we in Germany have, unfortunately, not yet attained to the laudable theory and practice respecting the use of historical documents, which is recognised in London and Paris.'

Explaining the nature of his work, he adds: 'Under these circumstances, I could not compose a comprehensive, critical, comparative work on the times of Frederick II.; but, necessarily, confined myself to extracting from the above folios what was most important and instructive, and arranging it in a clear manner. King



Frederick II. is the centre of the whole; but his age, as well as himself, is reflected on those sources, by which the title of the book, if not justified, is excused. After many doubts how the materials should be arranged and worked up, it appeared to me to be the most advisable to retain the original form of the despatches in the essential parts, in order that the English point of view might be, as far as possible, preserved. In order to avoid too great a dismemberment of the accounts, coming from such various countries, I was sometimes obliged to comprehend many of them (accurately marking the time, however) under one general head; nor could I refrain from making, in some places, additions and explanatory observations. A circumstantial introduction on the state of Europe at the time of the accession of Frederick II., appeared to me to be superfluous, because every friend of history is sufficiently informed on this subject, or may read in the king's works in what light he viewed that time and his own situation."

So early as page 14 the author refers us to a treaty of Russia, from 1704 to 1740, the date of his commencement. It contains many curious particulars, touching which we shall offer some extracts from the twenty-five folio volumes in the State Paper Office, that relate to that time. Mr. Whitworth, our ambassador, proceeds from Breslau for Moscow, in January 1705; and he says—

"I was five days in travelling twenty-two German miles through the king of Prussia's country, on the road to Wilna. I cannot sufficiently express the misery I found over all, the desolation of the present war having doubled what the inhabitants suffered, even in time of peace, through the pride and luxury of the lesser nobles, and the abject slavery of the other country people. \* \* \* In Toshihofe (?), the first little town of the czar's dominions, the starost or burgo-master, a good old peasant, attended by half a dozen of his brethren, with long beards, came to make me a compliment, and presented me a great loaf of coarse brown bread, strowed with salt, bidding me welcome in the czar's country, and desiring me to take part of such fare as they had."

At Moscow he is well received by the czar; and tells us—

"His majesty has made a thorough change in the dress of his country. In all this great city I see not one of consideration appear otherwise than in German cloaks. One of the hardest tasks was the persuading them to lay aside their long beards. Most of the chief nobility lost theirs in the czar's presence, where there was no room to dispute his orders. The common people, however, were not so easily brought to follow the new fashion, till a tax was laid, at the city's gates, on every one who went in or out with a beard; and this was to be paid as often as they passed: by which means they have at last been brought to conform."

Afterwards he relates—

"You will have heard with how much difficulty the whole nation submitted to the razor. They were prepossessed both by custom and religion. Their forefathers lived unshaved; their priests, saints, and martyrs, were venerable for their beards; they were bid to imitate; and the ignorant thought part of the devotion lay in the beard, as Samson's strength did in his hair. Nay, even the ladies themselves joined in the fashion, and could at first be scarce brought to suffer the reformation in their husbands. But the court and the chief persons having complied with the czar's desires, the most prudent and moderate way of

reducing the commonalty was thought to be the laying a tax on all beards, as often as they passed the gates of any principal town; and leave was also given to take out protection for a yearly sum of money, which a great many have done; and on producing their ticket stamped with a long beard, are let pass without any further inquisition. Some time after another edict was published, enjoining the women to wear petticoats, under the same penalties; whereas their former habit was only a loose gown, buttoned down before, and reaching to their heels. I have been the more particular in this account, because, however trifling these points may seem, they gave no small occasion to the present disturbances. For the governor of Astrachan being a cruel, imprudent man, would not be content with the fine imposed by the czar on the disobedient, but was resolved to make a thorough reformation. For which, and after the time of grace was expired, he placed his officers at all the church doors, who cut off the women's loose garments, from their middles, and pulled out the beards of several persons by the roots, which violence put the whole town (who were generally of the sort above mentioned) in great anger; and one of the most zealous, an under-receiver of the customs, being chosen for their captain, they assaulted the governor in the night, and cut him to pieces, together with three hundred families of foreigners, part merchants and part Swedish prisoners. In one of the houses they by chance found a peruke block, formally carved with nose, mouth, and eyes, which was immediately seized, and carried in triumph through the town, the rabble crying after it, 'Behold the god of the strangers, which we shall at last be forced to worship, if we do not free ourselves from their customs and slavery!' The ring-leaders, without doubt, knew the barber well enough; but it served a turn, and passed current with the mob, who were used every day to see as rough hewn images adored by their neighbouring heathens of Tartary and Siberia. \* \* \*

Whitworth's despatches contain much information respecting the barbarities of the northern war, the desire for war or peace, as also of the hopes and fears of the different parties, from which, by way of specimen, I select the following:—"Forty-five Russians were taken prisoners by the Swedes. They had the two former fingers of their right hands cut off, in cold blood, some months after, and were then dismissed, with that ignominious mark in their own country. The czar is extremely moved at this proceeding, and declared publicly, that though the Swedes endeavoured, by false reports, to represent him and his people as barbarians and unchristian, yet he appealed to all the world, and particularly to some thousands of Swedish prisoners, now in his dominions, whether ever he had treated any of them with such indignity? Adding that, though he was sorry for these poor soldiers, yet he should find a great advantage by this action, for he intended to place one of them in every regiment, who might be a living remonstrance to their companions, what usage they were to expect from their merciless enemies, in case they suffered themselves to be taken or overcome." On the 21st November, 1705, Whitworth writes:—"The czar is more in earnest to treat with Sweden than ever, out of different reasons, at least, whether the Swedes would not listen to the Christian proposals of releasing the poor people, who suffer under so long a captivity, either by a general exchange, or on their word given not to serve during the present war. The King of Poland is equally weary of

the czar's direction, the war with Sweden, and the crown of Poland, which he only maintains out of a pure point of honour and reputation; or else, as he told me himself, he would rather live a private citizen in Leipzig than reign over such a people."

We conclude this part of the work by copying an interesting account of the Saporogue Cossacks, given by Rondeau, in a despatch of the 24th April, 1736. "The Saporogue Cossacks are a very strong and indefatigable people. Their cashevoy, or general, has a room for himself, of about ten feet square; but the others live in large rooms, called kuraveis, in each of which there are about six or seven hundred men. Whoever pleases to go into the kuravei may lodge and eat with them without being asked, and without thanking them for their entertainment. As the whole nation are a very extraordinary people, more used to live in the fields than in settled habitations, there are generally four or five hundred men about every kuravei, who lie in the open air, but have the liberty to come into the room when they please without any ceremony. The Saporogues are a sort of knights, who suffer no women among them; for if any one of them was found to keep a woman, he is stoned to death. They have no written law, but all causes are judged by six or seven persons they choose for that purpose; but their sentence cannot be put in execution till it be approved by the fraternity. If any theft is committed among them, and the robber is taken, he is immediately hung up by the ribs. In case a murderer is discovered, they dig a pit, and lay the murdered person on the murderer, and bury them both together. They profess the Greek religion; and when they were under the protection of the Turks, the patriarch of Constantinople furnished them with priests; but since these two years, that they are under the protection of the czarina, their priests are sent them by the Archbishop of Kiev. They have only one church, which is served by an abbot and a few priests, who are not permitted to meddle with any worldly matters further than to intercede for delinquents, and to see them do public penance in the church, in case they commit any slight fault. The Saporogues admit in their fraternity all persons of whatever nation they are, in case they embrace the Greek religion, and are willing to undergo seven years' probation before they are admitted knights. If any of their fraternity run away, they make no inquiry after them; but look upon such as unworthy of their society. Their riches consist in cattle, particularly in horses. Some of them have above a hundred; and there is hardly any one of these Cossacks but has ten or twenty. They have a great many thousand horses, that run all together in the open fields. It is hardly ever heard that one is stolen, for such thefts are unpardonable among those people. They sow no corn. In time of war they plunder all the provisions they can from their enemies; and in time of peace they barter horses and fish for all sorts of necessaries. They catch vast quantities of fish, particularly in the river Dnieper. In their studs they have Turkish and Circassian stallions. Their arms, that consist in rifle guns and sabres, they make themselves. Nobody is admitted a knight of this society who is not very strong and well made; but any one may be admitted as Choloops, who are their servants, and some of them have two or three. They never care to mention how many knights there are in their fraternity; and when asked, they say they cannot tell, because their number exceeds 20,000 men. It is certain the greatest

part of these people are Cossacks, who have deserted from the Ukraine; but the Choloyps, or servants, are mostly Poles. The Saporogues are divided into thirty great rooms, or kuraveis, each of which has its particular commander or attaman, who, nevertheless, are obliged to obey the cashevoy, or general. Every knight has the liberty to vote when they choose a general; and, in case he does not behave well, they turn him out of his employment and choose another, as it happened some years ago to the present cashevoy, who was turned out, and another elected, who is since dead, and the present was rechosen. When a Saporogue knight dies, he may leave his horses and what he has to whom he will; but, generally, the church gets the most, which is given to maintain the priest."

Reverting to the main body of the "Contributions," we find the court of St. Petersburg still the prey of factions. On the death of the Empress Anne (October 1740), the Duke of Courland succeeded to imperial power, as regent, till the Infant, Iwan III., should attain his 17th year; and all seemed to be settled and permanent.

"The English ambassador, writing from St. Petersburg, on the 8th of November, 1740, says:—"The regent applies himself with great assiduity to the despatch of business. He is determined to know the exact state of all affairs as he found them, in order to shew how he leaves them. Princess Anne is on an apparently good footing with him; they see each other frequently, but her husband has not appeared any where since his examination. He stirs not out of the Princess Anne's apartments; and the Duke of Courland but yesterday told a friend of mine, that this prince confessing his design to 'rebel a little,' as he called it, could not move anger, though it might pity, for his highness' weakness, in having been drawn into such a mad notion with only eight accomplices, of which the buffoon of this court's coachman, an apprentice, and waiter, were three, who had been released.' So secure and composed, nay, almost presumptuous, was the duke, so little did he and the ambassador pre-  
sage events that were close at hand, so entirely were most persons deceived respecting the state of affairs. On the 9th of November, only a few hours after the writing of the above despatch, the whole fabric of the new government was completely overthrown. 'On the 9th of November, (writes the ambassador two days later), between three and four in the morning, Field-Marshal Munnich, at the head of a detachment of forty grenadiers from the guard of the winter palace, marched to the summer one, and seized, by a verbal order of the Princess Anne, the regent in his bed, who, about six, was brought prisoner to the guard-room in the winter palace; the whole Courland family being put under arrest. Immediately after, General Biron and the new cabinet minister, Bestucheff, were taken prisoners and carried to the winter palace also. Upon which all the great people were immediately summoned to court, when the Princess Anne, in her son's name, was declared great duchess, with the title of imperial serene highness, and charged with the administration of the government during the minority of her son. The prisoners were then taken to different fortresses, a *Te Deum* sung, orders distributed, petitions granted, the debts of the nobles paid, and the Prince of Brunswick declared generalissimo. Munnich declined this office, and desired that the army might have the honour to be commanded by the father of their sovereign. He was, however, appointed prime minister; Ostermann, high admiral

and minister of foreign affairs; Czerkaaski, high chancellor; and Goloffkin, vice-chancellor. The captive duke was then despoiled of all his money and possessions, even to his gold watch and clothes.' Later despatches of the ambassador, particularly one of the 18th of November, give the following account: 'This step,' he says, 'was resolved upon only the day before; the duke, by a strange fatality and blindness of his own, augmented by the flatteries of others, was firmly persuaded that he was to the last degree popular, and in full possession of the affections of every body, of what rank, degree, or profession soever, interpreting the implicit submission to his power to be a firm attachment to his person.'

How much ambassadors may be mistaken! But, to diversify our review, and conclude for the present week, we now copy another Cossack anecdote; and a most curious and characteristic example of royal and political diplomacy. The postscripts (so lady-like) are glorious.

"In the midst of European fêtes, ceremonies, disputes about precedence and the like, there appeared, by way of change, a chief of the Don Cossacks, named Krosno Tzockin; that is, red cheeks. He is turned of seventy, but has a great deal of desperate brutal courage. He has knocked off several score of his prisoners' heads; sometimes in cold blood, sometimes in drunken fits, but always, as he says, to keep his hand in; and has been wounded all over his body; on which occasions he only makes use of human fat by outward application; and inwardly a glass of brandy."

"On the 30th of January, 1741, Frederick wrote from Berlin to the King of England:—"I am charmed to see, by the letter which your majesty has just written to me, that I was not mistaken in the confidence which I placed in you, from the favourable manner in which you speak of my enterprise in Silesia. Having had no alliance with any body, I have not been able to open my mind to every body, but seeing the good intentions of your majesty, I consider you already as my ally, from whom I ought in future to keep nothing hid or secret. I must then inform you that I have taken possession of all Silesia (except two wretched forts, into which the officers of the Queen of Bohemia have very imprudently thrown some troops, and which cannot hold out); that I have driven Mr. Braun into Moravia, and that if I had the smallest intention of overthrowing the house of Austria, it would have depended only on myself, to have advanced to Vienna. But not having any right, except to a part of Silesia, I have stopped where its frontiers end. Far from desiring to disturb Europe, I pretend to nothing, except that regard be paid to my incontestable rights, and that justice be done me, without my being obliged to push things to extremity, and to keep no measure in future with the court of Vienna. I infinitely value the friendship of your majesty and the common interest of the Protestant princes, which require, that those who are oppressed on account of their religion, shall be supported. The tyrannical government under which the Silesians have groaned is dreadful, and the barbarity of the Catholics towards them is not to be expressed. If these Protestants lose me, they have no resource left. I believe that the reasons which I have just given your majesty are sufficient, but I think I see still stronger ones, in the interest of your majesty; for if ever you wish to gain a faithful and ever constant ally, this is the moment. Our interest, our religion, our blood, are the same; and it would be melancholy if we were seen to act in

a manner contrary to each other, by which other jealous neighbours would not fail to profit. It would be still more melancholy to oblige me to concur in the great designs of France, which, however, I have no intention of doing, unless I am forced; whereas, at present, your majesty finds me most advantageously inclined for your interest, ready to enter into your views, and to act in all things in concert with you. I am, with the most perfect esteem, your good and faithful brother and friend,

FREDERICK.

"I forgot to inform you that I have concluded a defensive alliance with Russia."

"The King of England, in his answer, exhorts him to a speedy reconciliation, in which he will willingly co-operate as far as alliances and engagements permit. The loose, undiplomatic manner in which Frederick mentions his alliance with Russia, had doubtless been thought singular in London. We, therefore, find at the conclusion of the English answer; 'Postscript: I also thank you for informing me of your alliance with Russia.'"

*Attila.* By G. P. R. James. 3 vols. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THAT "the Scourge of God" should ever have been made agreeable and pleasant to the children of men, is entirely attributable to the genius of Mr. James. In this production, which displays to great advantage all the excellences of the writer, we have his research, his descriptive powers, his style, his identification of character, his poetry, his historical accuracy, and his actual presentation of remote times, mingled with all the interest of a well-conceived and finely executed story. The age and the deeds of Attila, the Hun, are indeed of rich material; and no man could employ them to a better use than Mr. James. Like some of the most distinguished *litterati* of Germany, who have applied themselves to similar illustrations—like the author of *Valerius* (which never obtained its just popularity)—like Bulwer, in his "*Rienzi*," and, we have no doubt, in his forthcoming "*Athens*,"—our author has restored an ancient epoch of intense interest to the light of day. As Herculaneum, and Pompeii, and Tarquinia, are forced to yield their long-buried treasures to our gaze, and their antique forms to our examination, so are Attila and his barbaric associates, Huns, Alani, Ostrogoths,—Theodosius and Valentinian, the emperors of the east and west (as the Roman empire rushed down towards its fall), with their tributaries of Gaul and Asia, brought vividly before us; and connected together by a tale of domestic life, its misfortunes, loves, and destinies, till we could fancy ourselves living, and taking part in the scenes so ably described.

The narrative opens in Dalmatia, where Flavia, a noble Roman matron, residing in the palace of Diocletian,—even now so glorious in its ruins,—is seen with her family, a young boy and a girl, Ildica, just budding into womanhood, together with the daughter of her cousin, Paulinus (afterwards murdered by Theodosius); and they are joined by Theodore, the son of the latter, and the affianced of Ildica. A terrible earthquake and the hate of the emperor drive them into exile; and, by a strange concurrence of events, Theodore acquires the favour and protection of Attila, and is bound to remain with him during seven years. The others seek repose and safety among the Alani. At this time, Attila's first irruption into the Roman territories takes place, and affords Mr. James

opportunities for very striking pictures of war and desolation. But the abode of Theodore among the Huns is still more productive of original views; and the manners, customs, and, as we believe, almost real condition of that people (hitherto much misrepresented as altogether barbarous by Roman writers), are painted with a masterly hand. Above all, the character of Attila is a splendid performance.

Much do we regret that we can, this week, give only a few imperfect extracts to justify these opinions; but the work reached us very late, and is not even yet before the public.

We begin with the opening group, and the Roman matron.

"Under the cypresses, not exactly where the shade fell—for the sun near the horizon had lost his meridian heat, and the western breeze swept over the cool bright waters of the Adriatic—were seated three women, and a boy of some fourteen years of age. They were, evidently, of the highest race of the land in which they lived; and, had nothing else bespoken their rank, the broad deep border of purple, of triple die, which edged the snowy robe of the eldest of the party, would have distinguished her as a Roman lady of patrician blood. She was scarcely beyond the middle age, and time had treated her beautifully. Somewhat of the elastic grace, and all the slight pliant outline of early youth, were gone; but in contour and dignity much, too, had been gained; and the eye, more calm and fixed, was as bright and lustrous, the teeth as white and perfect, as ever. The hair, drawn up and knotted on the crown of the head, was still full and luxuriant; but, meandering through its dark and wavy masses, might here and there be seen a line of silver gray: while the cheek, which had once been as warm and glowing as the morning dawn of her own radiant land, sorrows—calmly borne, but not the less deeply felt—had rendered as pale as the twilight of the evening, just ere night reigns supreme. Her dress was plain and unadorned, of the finest materials and the purest hues; but the gems and ornaments, then so common, were altogether absent. The consciousness of beauty, which she might once have felt, was now altogether forgotten; its vanity she had never known. As much grace as health, perfect symmetry of form, and noble education from infancy, could give, she displayed in every movement; but it was the calm and matronly grace where all is ease, and tranquillity, and self-possession. The same placid charm reigned in the expression of her countenance. She seemed to look with benevolence on all. Nay, more, as if the sorrows which had reached her in her high station had taught her that in every bosom, however well concealed, there is, or will be, some store of grief, some memory, some regret, some disappointment, there mingled with the gentleness of her aspect an expression of pity; or, perhaps, its better name were sympathy, which existed really within, and formed a tie between her heart and that of every other human thing. She was, indeed, to use the beautiful words of the poet, 'kind as the sun's blest influence.' Yet the light dark eye, the proud arching lip, and the expansive nostrils, seemed to speak of a nature originally less calm, of days when the spirit was less subdued. Time and grief, however, are mighty tanners of the most lionlike heart: and it was with that look of pity, mingling with tender pleasure, that she gazed down upon a beautiful girl, of, perhaps, thirteen years of age; who, leaning fondly on her knees, as the hymn concluded, looked up in her face for sympathy

tic feelings, while the sweet sounds still trembled on her full rosy lips."

The younger party are then described, with equal truth and felicity, as the author proceeds:—

"The affection, however, of the Lady Flavia, for so was called the elder of whom we have spoken, was divided. For the love of man woman has but one place in her heart, but maternal tenderness has many; and the agony of Niobe was not less for every child that died than if she had had but one. Flavia looked upon Eudochia as her child, and loved her as such; but the two others, of whom we have said that group was composed, were in reality her children. Ammian, the boy, was like his mother in features and complexion, but not in character. More of his dead father's nature had descended to him—more of the wild and daring spirit which, sporting with perils and dangers, contemning pain, and laughing at fear, found food for a bright and eager imagination in scenes and circumstances which to others were full of nothing but horror and dismay. His pastime, as a boy, was to climb the mountains, and spring from rock to rock across the yawning chasms; to stand gazing down over the dizzy side of the precipice, and to drink in the sublimity of the scene below; to dash through the wild waves, when the southwest wind rolled them in mountains on the shore; or to mingle with the pagan inhabitants, which still filled many of the villages near, and to watch, without taking part in, those sacrifices which were prohibited under pain of death by the Christian emperors, but which often took place even in the open face of day. His mother put no check upon his hazardous pleasures, for she was Roman enough to wish that her children might never know the name of fear. But yet her heart sometimes sunk with a chilly dread when she witnessed his wild exploits: for, though the qualities which prompted them were those for which she had loved his father, yet she could not forget that the same daring spirit had led that father to death, by barbarian hands, in the wilds of Pannonia."

Ildica is exquisitely drawn; but we cannot copy the lovely whole-length, and must pass to a brief extract, when Theodore learns the loss of his father.

"'Thank God (he says), we have enough to support us with dignity till this storm be blown away, and the sun shines once more.' 'Alas, Theodore!' replied the priest, 'seldom is it with man that the sun, once clouded, ever shines again. The bosom of nature, torn by the tempest, soon recovers its gaiety and its beauty; or, swept by the shower, wakes up again in brighter loveliness: but the heart of man, beaten by the storms of fate, never regains its freshness, but is dulled and withered by every drop that falls, and revives not again till his short day is closed.'"

Here we will add an example of the poetry—the slave's song, sung as the exiles wend their way from happy Dalmatia for the dark Danube.

"We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth;  
Our life's but a race to the death from the birth;  
We pause not to gather the flowers as they grow,  
The goal is before us, and on we must go.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth!

Fair scenes of our childhood, dear homes of our youth,  
Memorials of innocence, virtue, and truth,  
The land of our birth, the dear mother that bore,—  
We leave ye behind us, we see you no more.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth!

The joys that we tasted we taste not again;  
Each hour has its burden, each day has its pain;  
No moment, in flying, but hurries us past  
Some sight, sound, or feeling, more dear than the last.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth!

We leave ye behind us, and others shall come,  
To tread in our footsteps, from cradle to tomb;  
Still gazing back fondly, with lingering eyes,  
Where behind them the bright land of memory lies.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth.

The sound of Time's pinion, as fast he doth fly,  
Is echoed from each mortal breast by a sigh;  
What if there be fruits?—they ungathered must grow,  
For fate is behind us, and on we must go.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth,  
Hopes, joys, and endearments, sport, pleasure, and mirth;  
Like a tempest-driven ship, sailing by some bright shore,  
Time hurries us onward—we see you no more.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth!"

The account of the dreadful earthquake, which threw down the imperial palace, is very fine, but not altogether novel; as Mr. James states that he had only altered it from preceding publications. Not so the tremendous battle in Gaul between Attila and the Roman Ætius; of parts of which we shall (difficult as it is to separate them from the whole) avail ourselves, in conclusion.

"Ere half an hour had passed, the war-horse of Attila pawed the ground beside the fallen land-mark, and the myriads of the Huns spread out over all the plain. 'Let the ground before me be cleared,' cried the king; and then, poising his javelin above his head, he cast it forward with prodigious force. A hundred cubits further than any other arm could throw, it still sang on through the air, then touched the earth, and quivered in the ploughed-up ground. 'There pitch my tent,' continued Attila; 'there fix our camp. Turn all faces back towards the west; for Attila has retreated far enough, and here we have space to wheel our horses on the foe. Oh, Theodoric! Theodoric! thou hast deceived and betrayed thy friend. I offered to make thee a king indeed, instead of a puppet in the hands of Rome; but Ætius, with his loud promises, and Avitus, with his fair flattery, have seduced thee to the side of Attila's enemies, and, ere two days are over, either he or thou must die. Had it not been for thee and thy Goths, the Romans of Gaul, like the Romans of the east, had been now crouching in trembling terror at the feet of Attila. But they shall still tremble! Shall it not be so, O Valmir? Will not thy subjects die their hands in the blood of their degenerate kinsmen? Shall it not be so, Arderic? Will not thy Gepidæ smite the heads of the vain loquacious Franks? Attila will beard the Roman, and even here shall be the spot. Make the camp strong, and let no one sit apart from the rest. Let the waggons be placed around, and the spaces beneath them filled up, and leave no entrance but one: for, if we destroy not this Roman army in the field, we will wait it in our camp; and, by the head of my father! I will not quit the land till it is dispersed. Bid the wise men and the diviners sacrifice! and consult the bones of the slain, that I may know what will be the event of tomorrow. Tell them that we fight, even if we die. Let them speak the truth, therefore, boldly. Ha! Theodore, my son, ride hither with me.'

"Difficult were it to describe, impossible to convey any adequate idea of the scene of tumult, din, and confusion, which the camp of the Huns presented during that night. The circle of waggons, placed in a double row, and forming, in reality, a strong fortification, was nearly completed, when Attila led the way thither, and turned his steps towards his own tent. Fastened to strong stakes driven into the ground, between the inner wheels, the waggons were immovable from without, but

easily turned or withdrawn from within; and, embracing an immense extent of ground, they afforded space for the mighty host which Attila had led into the plains of Gaul. During that night, and comprised in a space of a few miles, more than a million of human beings, either in the Hunnish or the Roman army, prepared for battle, and panted for carnage. No still quiet followed in the train of night: the blows of the hammer and the mallet, the ringing of armour, the voices of guards and commanders, the tramp of thousands passing to and fro, the murmur of innumerable voices, the loud and ringing laugh, the war-song shouted high and strong, the sounding of trumpets and of wild martial music, the neighing of several millions of horses, raised a roar through the whole air, in the midst of which the sounds of an accidental conflict that took place between the troops of Arderic and those of Theoderic, the Gothic ally of Ætius, were scarcely heard; though, so fierce was the struggle for the bank of the rivulet, that fifteen thousand men were left dead within a stone's throw of the Hunnish camp.

"On one side of that little brook, running pure and clear between those hostile armies—like the bright stream of Divine love, pouring on its refreshing waters of peace amidst the strife and turbulence of human passions—stretched forth the host of Attila, nearly seven hundred thousand horsemen from every land, and every nation of the North. There, in the centre, under his own immediate command, appeared the dark line of dusky Huns, little embarrassed with defensive armour, but bearing the strong and pliant bow upon their shoulders, and at their side the quiver loaded with unerring arrows; the large heavy sword, too, was in the hand of each, and at many a stirrup of the wilder tribes hung, as an ornament, a gory human head. Far on the right appeared the Gepidæ, fairer in complexion, more bulky in limb, and more splendid in arms and apparel, but generally reputed less active, less fierce, and less persevering, than the Huns. On the left, again, were seen the Ostrogoths, tall, fair, and powerful; and the intervening spaces were filled up with a thousand barbarous tribes—the Rugi, the Geloni, the Heruli, the Scyri, Burgundians, Turingians, and those called the Bellonoti. A thousand tongues were spoken in that host, a thousand varieties of face and garb were seen; but all were actuated by the same feelings—hatred to the Romans, and reverence for the mighty Hun. On the other side of the brook, again, appeared, not less in number, and not less various in appearance, the vast army which Ætius had collected from the different nations that inhabited Gaul: the long-haired Frank, the blue-eyed Goth, the sturdy Armorican, the powerful, but doubtful Alan; and there, upon his right, appeared Theoderic, the wise and valiant monarch of the Visigoths, with his white hair, speaking the passing of many a careful year, and his three gallant sons, ready to obey, with the activity of youth, those directions which the wisdom of his age might dictate. In the centre were placed all the more doubtful allies of the Roman empire, mingled with such as might act as a check upon their wavering faith. On the left of the line appeared the Roman eagles, under the command of Ætius in person. There, too, might he be seen, in the eyes of the whole army, riding from rank to rank, and with bold and cheerful words encouraging his soldiers, and exciting them to great exertion. Small in person, but graceful, well-proportioned, and active, with the lion

heart of the hero, and the eagle glance of the great general, the whole aspect of Ætius breathed courage, and inspired energy. Wherever he rode, wherever he appeared, a cheerful murmur greeted him; and when, at length, he galloped his splendid battle-horse along the line, and, riding up to Theoderic, embraced the old chieftain without dismounting from his charger, a loud and universal shout burst from the army, and seemed to the ears of the Romans a presage of victory. Calm, grave, and immovable, sat Attila upon his black charger, a stone's throw before the line of the Huns. On him every eye in his own host was turned; and in that moment of awful suspense which precedes the closing of two mighty powers in the first shock of battle, the barbarian myriads seemed to forget the presence of their Roman adversaries in the intense interest with which they regarded their terrible leader. Armed, like themselves, with a bow upon his shoulder and a sword in his hand, Attila sat and gazed upon his forces; turning, from time to time, a casual glance upon the Romans, and then looking back along the far extending line of Huns, while a scarcely perceptible smile of triumphant anticipation hung upon his lip. He sat almost alone, for his nearest followers and most faithful friends remained a few paces behind; while, with that stern, proud glance, he ran over his often victorious bands, and seemed waiting with tranquil confidence for the approaching strife. At length, all seemed prepared on every side, and the stillness of expectation fell upon the field. It continued till it seemed as if all were afraid to break it—so deep, so profound, grew that boding silence."

Here, even on the eve of a battle in which half a million of men were slain, we must break off; trusting that, however inadequately, we have said and done enough to recommend *Attila* to the distinction and popularity it so eminently deserves. The ground is new.

*Crichton*. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Author of "Rookwood." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

AFTER a long delay, *Crichton* has at last issued from the press; and that delay is satisfactorily accounted for by the evident pains the author has bestowed upon his subject, and the research into the particulars of his hero's life, which are especially manifest in the third volume. Of that volume alone we have to speak, since the two preceding *tomes*, and the general excellences of the work, were described in the *Literary Gazette*, of the 26th November, No. 1036. "*Romanesque, chivalresque, et pittoresque*," were the terms we applied to the unfinished *Crichton*; and now that we have the whole before us, we can but repeat the eulogy, and place the little word *très* before it. "Time, place, and a hero," we said, were the triad of fiction, and our author has been eminently fortunate in them all. Why should we repeat ourselves? the publication will soon be universally read; and then these pilot-balloons, sent up before, will be laid aside or forgotten. We will simply ballast ours by another specimen or two of the author's beauties. The entire chapter of "the Two Henris," is a masterly piece of writing and delineation of character, of which we shall endeavour to convey some idea by quoting a portion of the interview—it is between Henri of Navarre and Henri III., on the former resolving to throw himself on the generosity of the latter.

"Accordingly, when Henri III. turned aside to confer with Blount, he struck spurs into his charger, and rode towards him. A greeting of

apparently fraternal warmth passed between the two monarchs. Though each, in secret, distrusted the other, both deemed it prudent to assume an air of unbounded confidence and good-will. Dissimulation formed no part of the Bourbon's frank and loyal character; but his long experience of the perfidy and insincerity of the race of Valois, while it prevented him from being Henri's dupe, satisfied him that any advantage which might accrue to him from the interview could only be attained by the employment of similar artifice. Throwing himself, therefore, instantly from his steed, he attempted, with the greatest cordiality, to take the hand of the king, with the intention of proffering the customary salutation. Henri III., however, drew back his steed as he approached. 'Your pardon, my brother,' said he, with a gracious smile: 'we would cut off our right hand could we suspect it of heresy; nor can we consent to take yours, tainted as it is with that contagious leprosy, unless we first receive assurance from your lips that you are come hither, like the prodigal son, to confess your indiscretions, to implore our forgiveness, and to solicit to be received once more into the indulgent bosom of our holy Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church.' 'Sire,' replied the Bourbon, 'I own that I am in much the same predicament as the unfortunate wight to whom you have likened me. I have, at this moment, more nose than kingdom, more care than coin, more hope than faith, more regard for your majesty than the religion you propose.' 'And more regard for your body than your soul, I fear, my brother,' interrupted Henri III., gravely shaking his head, and telling a bead or two upon his rosary. 'That is to say, he has more regard for his mistresses than his queen,' said Chicot: 'you are right, *compère*. Our Béarnais will never be saved unless the good old faith of the Gentiles comes round again, and new altars are raised, at Cnidos and Paphos, to the goddess he worships.' 'Certes, thou malapert knave, I am a heretic in no creed in which beauty is concerned,' replied the Bourbon, laughing; 'and, amid your gallery of fair saints, there is not one to whom I would refuse my adoration.' 'I could point out one,' cried the jester. 'I defy thee,' said the Bourbon. 'Your queen!' returned Chicot. Even Henri III. could not help joining in the mirth occasioned by this sally of the jester. 'Ribald!' exclaimed the Bourbon, laughing louder than the rest, 'thy fool's cap alone protects thee from my resentment.' 'My fool's *calotte* is a better defence than many a knight's casque,' answered Chicot; 'for the love I bear her majesty of Navarre, I will exchange it for thine, and throw my *marotte* into the bargain. Thou wilt need both on thy next encounter with Crichton.' 'Wilt thou throw thyself into the bargain, knave,' asked the Bourbon, 'and follow my fortunes?' 'Of a surety, no!' replied the jester: 'that were to quit the master for the valet; the provost for the prisoner; the falconer for the quarry.' '*Par-dieu! compère*,' said Henri III., in a tone of railleury, 'art thou so blind to thy own interest as to tarry in our service, when an offer so brilliant is made thee by our brother of Navarre? Bethink thee of the eminence to which thy wisdom and decorum must necessarily promote thee amongst the synods of the Huguenots, and the sage councils of the court of Pau!' 'I never leap in the dark, gossip,' replied Chicot. 'It were the province of a wise man to go in quest of danger: I am a fool, and prefer safe quarters at home.' 'Wholesome advice may be gathered even from the mouth of

fools, you perceive, my brother," said Henri III. 'May we now inquire to what fortunate circumstance we owe the unexpected happiness of this visit? We have been singularly misinformed about you, and your proceedings. We are told you are an enemy—we find you our best of friends. We learn that you are at the head of a hostile army, putting our towns and subjects to fire and sword—we find you as blithe companion as ever, and almost unattended. Our last accounts are, that you are barricaded within the walls of Pau, or Nérac; our next are gathered from your own lips within the walls of the Louvre. See how one may be deceived!' 'Your majesty is not deceived in my expressions of friendship,' replied the Bourbon, cordially. 'Will it please you to command your gentlemen to stand further off?' 'Excuse us, my brother, if we venture to retain our attendants,' replied Henri III. 'We are curious to question this bold knave,' added he, glancing at Blount. 'You may reserve your tale, if you please, for the ear of our confessor, whom you will permit us to recommend, in the hope of accomplishing your conversion.' 'Your confessor, sire!' ejaculated the Bourbon, knitting his brow. 'And at the tail of the priest, the headman,' added Chicot. 'Ha!' ejaculated the Bourbon. 'You will not then fail to profit by his instruction; and, for the third time, get rid of any scruples of conscience,' returned Chicot. 'The laconic message of his late majesty, Charles IX., to your cousin, Henri de Condé, had other merits besides its conciseness.' 'What message was that, gossip?' asked Henri III., affecting ignorance. 'Messe, mort ou Bastille!' replied the jester. 'Our Béarnais will remember it by the token, that about the same time he abjured his own Calvinistic heresies.' 'Ventre-saint-gris!' thou scurrilous varlet,' cried the Bourbon, fiercely; 'if thou dar'st to push thy mischievous pleasantry further, not even thy own insignificance, nor thy royal master's presence, shall prevent my inflicting due chastisement upon thee.' Alarmed by the menacing aspect of the King of Navarre, with a grimace of mixed terror and defiance, Chicot, like a snarling cur, apprehensive of the heels of a noble steed he has annoyed beyond endurance, now turned tail, and retreated to the protection of his master, who was secretly delighted with this specimen of his skill in the 'art of ingeniously tormenting.' 'Since you decline answering our inquiries respecting the motive of your visit, my brother,' said Henri III., in his blandest accents, 'we will not press the point. But we trust you will not object to remaining near our person till we return to the banquet?' 'Your majesty has only to command me.' 'And, as you have no attendants excepting the Baron de Rosni, we give you your choice of six of our own gentlemen, who will continue constantly by your side.' 'I understand your majesty. I am a prisoner.' 'I said not so, my brother. Choose your attendants.' 'My choice is readily made, sire. I shall name but one—the Chevalier Crichton. I leave the nomination of the others to him.' 'Fenum habet in cornu,' muttered Chicot: 'a wittol's choice!' 'You could not have made a better election,' observed Henri III., with a smile. 'I think not,' said the Bourbon. 'I am sure not,' added Chicot: 'forgiveness becomes a Christian prince. Madame Marguerite will highly applaud your generosity and placability.' 'Peace, droll!' said Henri III. 'And now, my brother,' continued he, in the same homed tone which he had previously adopted, and which, by those who knew him,

was more dreaded than the most violent burst of indignation,—as the jousts are at an end, and you will have no further occasion for it, we entrust you to resign your sword to the custody of him whom you have appointed your principal attendant.' 'My sword, sire!' exclaimed the Bourbon, recoiling. 'Your sword, my brother,' repeated Henri III., blandly. The King of Navarre looked around. On all sides he was invested by danger. The whole circle of the area in which he stood bristled with pikes and spears. Above the halberds of the Swissers rose the javelins of the Scottish guards; and above the javelins of the Scots gleamed the long lances of D'Épernon's gallant Gascon troop. Here was stationed a company of archers—there a band of arquebusiers. On the right were arrayed the youthful nobles, under the command of the Vicomte de Joyeuse, ready to be distinguished by their gorgeous apparelling and fluttering pennons; on the left was drawn out the sumptuous retinue of the Duc de Nevers. Nor was this all: a nearer circle of the king's body-guard encompassed him. Every hand was upon a sword-hilt—every glance fixed upon him. As he carelessly noted all this hostile preparation, the Bourbon turned towards his counsellor, Rosni, who stood leaning upon the handle of his sword immediately behind him. Not a word—not a sign was exchanged between them; but the monarch understood the meaning of the cold stern look of his counsellor. At this moment the rolling of drums, mingled with the sound of other martial instruments, was heard from the outer courts of the palace. 'Hark! the tambour!' exclaimed Henri III., 'fresh troops have entered the Louvre.' 'By your command, sire?' asked the Bourbon, in a tone of displeasure. 'Our subjects are careful of our safety,' answered Henri III. evasively. 'They ought to be so, sire,' replied the Bourbon: 'your majesty has well earned their love; and when were the people of France ungrateful? But against whom are all these precautions taken? Is the Louvre in a state of siege, or have the burghesses of your good city of Paris broken into revolt?' 'No, my brother, our good city is at present free from faction or tumult; and it is our intention (with the aid of Heaven!) to maintain its tranquillity undisturbed.' 'You cannot suppose that I would be the instigator of disorder, sire,' said the Bourbon. 'I have drawn the sword to protect the rights of my people, and to uphold their persecuted creed—not to wage war upon your majesty. On any terms which shall secure to my subjects the immunities and religious toleration they seek, I will, at once, enter into a compact of truce with your majesty, and place myself in your hands as a hostage for the due observance of its conditions.' 'Sire!' exclaimed Rosni, grasping his sovereign's arm, 'each word you utter is a battle lost.' 'Your majesty will not now suspect me of disloyalty,' continued the Bourbon, disregarding the interruption. 'We suspect nothing, my brother—nothing whatever,' said Henri III. hastily; 'but we will sign no truce, enter into no compact, which shall favour, or appear to favour, the dissemination of heresy and sedition. To tolerate such a faith were to approve it. And we would rather command a second Saint-Bartholomew—rather imitate the example of our brother, Philip II. of Spain, or pursue the course pointed out to us by our cousin of Guise and the messieurs of the League, than in any way countenance a religion so hateful to us. We are too good a Catholic for that, my brother. Our reign has been (for our sins!) disturbed by three great troubles: our brother

of Anjou and his faction; the Balafré and his leaguers; you and your friends of the reform.'

We are sorry that our limits prevent us from quoting the whole of this historically correct and characteristic scene; but we must be content with giving a few examples of the admirable versions of Crichton's poetical compositions, as rendered into English by our author. Like the lyrics of "Rookwood," they add lustre to the prose in which the tale of interest is told.

#### "The Thirty Requisites."

Thirty points of perfection each judge understands,  
The standard of feminine beauty demands.  
Three white:—and, without further prelude, we know  
That the skin, hands, and teeth, should be pearly as snow.  
Three black:—and our standard departure forbids  
From dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly fringed lids.  
Three red: and the lover of comeliness seeks  
For the hue of the rose in the lips, nails, and cheeks.  
Three long:—and of this you, no doubt, are aware?  
Long the body should be, long the hands, long the hair.  
Three short:—and herein nicest beauty appears—  
Feet short as a fairy's, short teeth, and short ears.  
Three large:—and remember this rule as to size,  
Embraces the shoulders, the forehead, the eyes.  
Three narrow:—a maxim to every man's taste—  
Circumference small in mouth, ankle, and waist.  
Three round: and in this I see infinite charms—  
Rounded fullness apparent in leg, hip, and arms.  
Three fine:—and can aught the enchantment eclipse,  
Of fine tapering fingers, fine tresses, fine lips?  
Three small:—and my thirty essentials are told—  
Small head, nose, and bosom compact in its mould.  
Now the dame who comprises attractions like these,  
Will need not the cestus of Venus to please:  
While he who has met with an union so rare,  
Has had better luck than has fall'n to my share."

#### "The Three Orgies."

In banquet hall, beside the king,  
Sat proud Thyestes, revelling.  
The festal board was covered fair,  
The festal meats were rich and rare;  
Thyestes ate full daintily,  
Thyestes laughed full lustily:  
But soon his haughty visage fell—  
A dish was brought—and, wo to tell!  
A gory head that charger bore!  
An infant's look the features wore!  
Thyestes shrieked—King Atreus smiled—  
The father had devoured his child!  
Fill the goblet—fill it high—  
To Thyestes' revelry.  
Of blood-red wines the brightest choose,  
The glorious grape of Syracuse!

For a victory obtained  
O'er the savage Getæ chained,  
In his grand Cæsarean hall  
Domitian holds high festival.  
To a solemn feast besought  
Thither are the senate brought.  
As he joins the stately crowd,  
Smiles each grave patrician proud.  
One by one each guest is led  
Where Domitian's feast is spread;  
Each, recalling, stares aghast  
At the ominous repast:  
Round altars of blackest shade  
Black triclinia are laid,  
Sable vases deck the board  
With dark-coloured vials stored;  
Shaped like tombs, on either hand,  
Rows of dusky pillars stand;  
O'er each pillar in a line,  
Pale sepulchral lychni shine;  
Cherub urns are seen,  
Carved each with a name, I ween.  
By the sickly radiance shewn  
Every guest may read his own!  
Forth then issue swarthy slaves,  
Each a torch and dagger waves;  
Some like manes habited,  
Figures ghastly as the dead!  
Some as lemures attired,  
Larvæ some, with vengeance fired,  
See the throat of every guest.  
By a murderous gripe is prest!  
While the wretch, with horror dumb,  
Thinks his latest hour is come!  
Loud then laugh'd Domitian,  
Thus his solemn feast began.  
Fill the goblet—fill it high—  
To Domitian's revelry.  
Let our glowing goblet be  
Crown'd with wine of Sicily!

Borgia holds a papal fête,  
And Zizime, with heart elate,  
With his chiefs barbarian  
Seeks the gorgeous Vatican.  
'Tis a wondrous sight to see  
In Christian hall that company!  
But the Ottoman warriors soon  
Scout the precepts of Mahoun.



Wines of Sicily and Spain,  
Joyously those paynims drain;  
While Borgia's words their laughter stir.  
*'Bibimus papaliter!'*

At a signal—pages three,  
With gold goblets bend the knee:  
Borgia pours the purple stream  
'Till beads upon its surface gleam.  
'Do us reason, noble guest,  
Thus Zizime, the pontiff priest:  
'By our triple-crown there lies,  
In that wine-cup Paradise!  
High Zizime the goblet raised—  
Loud Zizime the Cyprus praised—  
To each guest in order slow,  
Next the felon pages go.  
Each in turn the Cyprus quaffs,  
Like Zizime, each wildly laughs,—  
Laughter horrible and strange!  
Quick ensues, a fearful change,  
Stuffed soon is every cry,  
Azrael is standing by.  
Glared Zizime—but spake no more:  
Borgia's fatal feast was o'er!  
Fill the goblet—fill it high—  
With the wines of Italy;  
Borgia's words our laughter stir—  
*'Bibimus papaliter!'*

*"The Sword of Bayard."*

'A boon I crave, my Bayard brave!—'twas thus King  
Francis spoke; [stroke.  
'The field is won, the battle done, yet deal one other  
For, by this light! to dub us knight, none worthy is as  
thou, [peer we trow,  
Whom nor reproach, nor fear approach, of prince or  
'Sire! said the knight, 'you Judge not right, who owns  
a kingdom fair, [the share,  
'Neath his command all knights do stand—no service can  
'Nay! by our fay! the King did say, 'lo! at thy feet we  
kneel. [steel.  
Let silken rules sway tilt-yard schools, our laws are here of  
With gracious mien did Bayard then, his sword draw from  
his side; [knight, he cried.  
'By God! Saint Michael! and Saint George! I dub thee  
'Arise, good king! weal may this bring—such grace on  
thee confer,  
As erst from blow of Charles did flow, Roland or Oliver!  
With belted blade the king arrayed—the knight the spur  
applied. [supplied—  
And then his neck with chain did deck—and accolade  
'Do thy devoir at ghostly choir—unsustain high courtesie,  
And from the fray in war's array, God grant thou never  
flee!  
'Certes, good blade, then Bayard said, his own sword  
waving high.  
'Thou shalt, perdue, as relic be preserved full carefully!  
Right fortunate art thou, good sword, a king so brave to  
knight! [my sight.  
And with strong love, all arms above, rest honoured in  
And never more, as heretofore, by Christian chivalry,  
My trenchant blade, shalt thou be rayed, or e'er endan-  
gered be!  
For paynim foes reserve thy blows—the Saracen and Moor  
Thine edge shall smite in bitter fight, or merciless estour!  
Years since that day have rolled away, and Bayard hurt  
to death, [breath.  
'Neath gray Rebecca's walls outstretch'd, exhales his latest  
On Heaven he cried, or ere he died—but cross had none, I  
wist, [he kissed.  
Save that good sword-hilt cruciform, which with pale lips  
Knight! whom reproach could ne'er approach, no name  
like unto thine, [scroll shall shine!  
With honour bright, unsullied, white, on Fame's proud  
But, were it not to mortal lot denied by grace divine,  
Should Bayard's breath, and Bayard's death, and his good  
sword be mine!"

*"Dirge of Bourbon."*

When the good Count of Nassau  
Saw Bourbon lie dead,  
'By Saint Barbe and Saint Nicholas!  
Forward!' he said.  
'Mutter never prayer o'er him,  
For litter ne'er halt;  
But sound loud the trumpet—  
Sound, sound to assault!  
'Bring engine—bring ladder,  
Yon old walls to scale;  
All Rome, by Saint Peter!  
For Bourbon shall wail."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDUCATION: CHINA.

THE two following documents have been lately received by the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, the chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society, from a very intelligent corresponding member of that Society in China, and laid by Sir Alexander before the committee as a decided proof of the moral and political importance at the present moment of the College established at

Malacca, in affording to the Chinese the means of improving their understandings, and acquiring a knowledge of European civilisation, science, and literature, and thereby bringing about a gradual change in the moral, political, and commercial opinions of that extraordinary people. The first document contains an account of a young Chinese gentleman who was educated at the College of Malacca, and who is understood now to hold a high office, and to command great influence at Pekin by the superiority of his understanding, and his knowledge of European languages. The second is a project which is supposed to have been, in the first instance, suggested by the gentleman who has just been mentioned, and which is now under the consideration of the Chinese government, for the abolition of the penal edicts which have long prevailed in China against the importation of opium, and for declaring legal, in future, the importation into China of that valuable article of commerce upon the payment of a fixed duty.

*First; from our Canton Correspondent.*

Sham-teh went to Pekin in 1828, in consequence of a requisition being sent to Canton for a Chinese capable of translating from other languages into Chinese. I have made very particular inquiry about him from an American gentleman who was at the Malacca College with him, and for some time—indeed, the whole time he was there—lived in the same room with him. Sham-teh left China at about the age of fourteen. He was a native of, and was for some time under the charge of the Catholic missionaries at, Penang, where and when he learned Latin. He afterwards went to the Malacca College to study, and was perfectly destitute of every thing when he got there. The college library was assigned to him as a dormitory: there, also, was the American gentleman. The description this American gives of him is, that he was very proud, and would never admit the inferiority of his country in any thing;—that he was very ambitious and industrious in acquiring knowledge, even to such an extent that he never left his room, but passed all the hours which the other youths at the college lost in amusement, in reading; for which, being in the library, he had every opportunity. He soon learned English very well, and, when he went to Pekin, could speak it perfectly. He was well informed in the geography, commerce, statistics, and government, of most civilised nations. Mathematics and arithmetic, however, appear to have been his favourite study. After having passed two years and upwards at Malacca, he came to Canton, where he luckily happened to be at the time the order came from Pekin for an interpreter; and in 1828 he went there. Two years afterwards he wrote a very good letter, in English, to his friend, the American, and told him he had been much employed in translating for the Russians;—that he had had bestowed upon him the button of the fifth highest rank in the empire, and received a salary of about 8000 taels a-year (about 2500*l.*). He requested that some English books might be sent to him (Euclid, amongst others), pointing out how it was to be done so as not to attract suspicion.

Sham-teh, while he was at Malacca, translated some book—an account of China, by a missionary—from Latin into Chinese; for which he was handsomely remunerated by some gentlemen who took an interest in the Malacca College. He speaks and writes English perfectly; the former, with rather a Scotch accent.

*Memorial to the Emperor proposing to Legalise the Importation of Opium.*

Hen Naetze, the president of the sacrificial court, presents the following memorial in regard to opium, to shew that the more severe the interdicts against it are made, the more widely do the evils arising from it spread, and that it is right urgently to request, that a change be made in the arrangements respecting it; to which end he earnestly entreats his sacred majesty to cast a glance hereon, and to issue secret orders for a faithful investigation of the subject.

I would humbly represent, that opium was originally ranked among medicines; its qualities are stimulant; it also checks excessive secretions, and prevents the evil effects of noxious vapours. In the herbal, written by Le She-chin of the 'Thing dynasty, it is called *Afooyung*. But when one has been long habituated to inhaling, it is necessary to resort to it at regular intervals, and the use of it becoming inveterate, is destructive of time, injurious to property, and yet dear to one even as life. When used in great excess, the breath becomes feeble, the body wasted, the countenance sallow, the teeth black, the individual himself, though clearly seeing its evil effects, cannot refrain from it. It is, indeed, indispensably necessary to enact severe prohibitions, in order to eradicate so vile a practice.

On inquiry I find that there are three kinds of opium. One is called Company's, the outer covering of which is black; whence it is also called Black Earth: it comes from Bengal. A second kind is called White Skin, and comes from Bombay. The third kind is called Red Skin, and comes from Madras. These are all places belonging to the English.

In Keen-lung's reign, as well as previously, opium was inserted in the tariff of Canton as a medicine, subject to a duty of three taels per hundred cutties, with an additional charge of two taels, four mace, and five cundarmes, under the name of charge, per package. After this it was first made contraband. In the first year of Keu-king, those found guilty of smoking opium were subject only to the punishments of the pillory and the bamboo. Now, they have become, in the course of time, liable to the severest penalties; transportation, in various degrees; and death, after the ordinary period of continuance in prison. Yet the smokers of the drug have increased in number, and the practice has spread through almost the whole empire.

In Keen-lung's and the previous reigns, when opium passed through the custom-house, and paid a duty, it was given into the hands of Hong merchants in exchange for tea, and other goods. But, at the present time, the commands of government being most strict against it, none dare openly to exchange goods for it; but all secretly purchase it with money. In the reign of Keu-king, there arrived, it may be, some hundred chests annually. The number has now increased to 20,000 chests, containing each 100 cutties. The black earth, which is the best, sells for about 800 dollars foreign money per chest; the white skin, which is next in quality, for about 600 dollars; and the last, or red skin, for about 400 dollars. The total quantity sold during the year amounts, then, in value, to ten and some odd millions of dollars; so that, reckoning the dollar at seven mace standard weight of silver, the annual waste of money somewhat exceeds ten millions of taels.

Formerly, the barbarian merchants brought foreign money to China, which being paid in

exchange for goods, was a source of pecuniary advantage to the people of all the sea-bound provinces. But, latterly, the barbarian merchants have sold opium for money payments, which has rendered it unnecessary for them still to import silver. Thus, the foreign money has been going out of the country, while none returns.

During two centuries the government has now maintained peace; and, by fostering the people, has abundantly promoted the increase of wealth and opulence among them. With joy we witness the economical rule of our august sovereign—an example to the whole empire. Most right is it that yellow gold should be common as the dust; but, in all past times, a tael of pure silver has exchanged for nearly about 1000 coined cash: while, of late years, the same sum has borne the value of 1200, or 1300 cash, and the price of silver rises, but never falls. In the salt agency, the price of salt is paid in cash, while the duties are paid in silver, and the salt merchants have all become deeply involved, so that the state of their trade is abject in the extreme. To what is this owing but to the unnoticed nozing out of silver? If the easily exhaustible stores of the central spring go to fill up the wide and fathomless gulf of the outer seas, the gradual progress, from day to day and from month to month, will reduce us to a state of which I cannot bear to speak.

Is it proposed entirely to cut off the foreign trade, and thus to remove the root and dam up the source of the evil? The celestial dynasty, indeed, would not hesitate to relinquish the few millions of duties arising therefrom. But the nations of the west have had a general market open to them for upwards of a thousand years; and of these, the English alone are dealers in opium. It would be wrong, for the sake of cutting off the English trade, to cut off that of all the other nations. Besides, the hundreds of thousands of people living on the sea-coast depend wholly on trade for their livelihood; and how are they to be disposed of? Moreover, the barbarian ships, when on the high seas, can proceed to any island that may be selected as an entrepôt, and the native sea-going vessels can meet them there, so that, to cut off the trade is impracticable. Of late years the foreign vessels have visited all the ports of Fuh-keen, Che-keang, and Shan-tung, even to Teen-tsin and Munchouria, for the purpose of selling opium; and, although at once expelled by the local authorities, yet it is rumoured that the quantity sold by them was not small. Thus, it appears that, though the commerce of Canton should be put an end to, yet it will not be possible to prevent the clandestine introduction of merchandise.

Is it said that the daily increase of opium is owing to the negligence of officers in enforcing the interdicts? The laws and enactments are the means which extortionate underlings and worthless vagrants employ to benefit themselves: and the more minute the laws are, the greater and more numerous are the bribes paid to the extortionate underlings, and the more crafty are the schemes of pettifogging worthless vagrants. In the 1st year of Tuoukwang, Yeun Zeun, then governor of Kwangtung and Kwang-se, proceeded, with all the vigour of the law, against Ye Hung-shoo, the proprietor of an opium establishment at Maeno. The consequence was, that foreigners, having no one with whom to place their opium, proceeded to Sintin to sell it. This place is within the precincts of the provincial government, and has, on all sides, a free communication by

water. Here are constantly anchored seven or eight large ships, in which the opium is kept, and which are therefore called receiving ships. At Canton, there are brokers of the drug, who are called "melters." These pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving ships. There are conveying boats plying up and down the river, and these are vulgarly called "fast crabs," and "scrambling dragons." They are well armed with guns and other weapons, and are manned with some scores of desperadoes, who ply their oars as though they were wings to fly with. All the custom-house and military posts which they pass are largely bribed. If they happen to encounter any of the armed cruising boats, they are so audacious as to resist, and slaughter and carnage ensue. The late Governor Loo, on one occasion, having directed the commodore, Hin Yuechang, to cooperate with Teen Poo, the district magistrate of Heang Shan, they captured Leang Heen-nee, with a boat containing opium to the amount of 14,000 catties. The number of men killed and taken prisoners amounted to several scores. He likewise inflicted the penalty of the laws on the criminals Yaou-keu and Owk-wan (both of them being brokers), and confiscated their property. Thus, it appears that faithfulness in the enforcement of the law is not wanting; and yet the practice cannot be checked. The dread of the laws is not so great on the part of the people as is the anxious desire of gain, which incites them to all manner of crafty devices: so that sometimes, indeed, the law is rendered wholly ineffective.

There are, also, both on the rivers and at sea, banditti, who, under pretence of acting under the orders of government, and of being sent to search after and prevent the smuggling of opium, seek thereby opportunities for plundering. When I was lately placed in the service of your majesty, as acting judicial commissioner at Canton, cases of this nature were very frequently reported. Out of these arose a still greater number of cases, in which money was extorted for the ransom of plundered property. Thus, an innumerable multitude of innocent people were involved in suffering. All these wide-spread evils have arisen since the interdict against opium was published.

It will be found, on inquiry, that the smokers of opium are idle, lazy vagrants, having no useful purpose before them, and being quite unworthy of regard—or even of contempt: and, though there are smokers to be found, who have overstepped the threshold of age, yet do they not attain to the long life of other men. But new births are daily increasing the population of the empire, and there is no cause to apprehend a diminution therein: while, on the other hand, we cannot adopt, too late or too early, precautions against the annual waste which is taking place of the resources—the very substance of China. Now, to close our ports against all trade will not answer; and laws issued against opium, in particular, are quite inoperative. The only method left is, to revert to the former system; to permit barbarian merchants to import opium, paying duty thereon as a medicine; and to require that, after having passed the custom-house, it shall be delivered to the Hong merchants, only in exchange for merchandise—that no money shall be paid for it. The barbarians, finding that the amount of duty to be paid on it is less than what is now spent in bribes, will, also, gladly comply herein. Foreign money should be placed on the same footing with Syu silver;

and the exportation of it equally prohibited. Offenders, when caught, should be punished by the entire destruction of the opium they may have, and the confiscation of the money that may be found with them.

With regard to officers, civil and military, and to the scholars and common soldiers, the first are called on to fulfil the duties of their rank, and attend to the public good; the others to cultivate their talents, and thus fit themselves for public usefulness. None of these, therefore, must be permitted to contract a practice so bad, or to walk in a path which will lead only to the utter waste of their time and destruction of their property. If, however, the laws enacted against the practice be made too severe, the result will be mutual connivance. It becomes my duty, then, to request that it be enacted, that any officer, scholar, or soldier, found guilty of secretly smoking opium, shall be immediately dismissed from public employ, without being made liable to any other penalty. In this way, lenity will become, in fact, severity towards them. And, further, that if any superior, or general officer, be found guilty of knowingly and wilfully conniving at the practice among his subordinates, such officer shall be subjected to a court of inquiry: lastly, that no regard be paid to the purchase and use of opium on the part of the people generally.

Does any suggest a doubt, that to remove the existing prohibitions will detract from the dignity of government? I would ask, if he is ignorant that the pleasures of the table, and of the nuptial couch, may also, by indulgence, be rendered injurious to health? Nor are the invigorating drugs, *footsye* and *woolon*, devoid of poisonous qualities. Yet it had never been heard that any one of these has been interdicted. Besides, the removal of the prohibitions refers only to the vulgar and common people; those who have no official duties to perform. So long as the officers of government, the scholars, and the military, are not included, I see no detriment to the dignity of government; and, by allowing the proposed importation and exchange of the drug for other commodities, more than ten millions of money will annually be prevented from flowing out of the central land. On which side, then, is the gain? on which the loss? It is evident at a glance. But, if we still idly look back, and delay to retrace our steps, foolishly paying regard to a mere empty matter of dignity, I humbly apprehend that, when, eventually, it is proved impossible to stop the importation of opium, it will then be found that we have waited too long, that the people are impoverished, their wealth departed. Should we then begin to turn round, we shall find that reform comes too late.

Though but a servant of no value, I have, by your majesty's condescending favour, been raised from a subordinate censorship to various official stations, both at court and in the provinces, and filled, on one occasion, the chief judicial office in the region south of the great mountains (Kwang-tung.) Ten years, spent in earnest endeavours to make some return, have produced no fruit; and I find myself overwhelmed with shame and remorse: but, with regard to the great advantages or great evils of any place where I have been, I have never failed to make particular inquiries. Seeing that the prohibitions now in force against opium serve but to increase the prevalence of the evil, and that there is no one found to represent the facts directly to your majesty, and feeling assured that I am myself thoroughly acquainted with the real state of things, I dare

no longer forbear to let them reach your majesty's ear. Prostrate, I beg, my august sovereign, to give secret instructions to the governor and lieutenant-governor of Kwang-tung, together with superintendent of maritime customs, that they faithfully investigate the character of the above statements, and that, if they find them really correct, they speedily prepare a list of regulations adopted to a change in the system, and present the same for your majesty's final decision. Perchance this may be found adequate to stop further oozing out, and to enrich the national resources.

With awe and trembling fear beyond expression do I reverently present this memorial, and await your majesty's commands.

*Document from the Council at Peking to the Government of Canton, inclosing the preceding.*

The following document was received on the 2d July from the grand council of ministers, at Peking, addressed to "Tung, governor of the two Kwang, and Ke, lieutenant-governor of Kwang-tung, by whom it is to be enjoined, also, on the Hoppe-Wan:—

"On the 29th of the 4th month (12th June, 1836), the following imperial edict was given to us:—

"Hen Naetsa, vice-president of the Sacrificial Court, has presented a memorial in regard to opium, representing that the more severe the interdicts against it are made, so much the more widely do the evils arising from it spread; and that, of late years, the barbarians, not daring openly to give it in barter for other commodities, have been in the habit of selling it clandestinely for money; thus occasioning an annual loss to the country, which he estimates at above ten millions of taels. He, therefore, requests that a change be made in regard to it, permitting it to be again introduced, and given in exchange for other commodities. Let Tung Ting-ching deliberate with his colleagues on the subject, and then report to us. Let a copy of the original memorial be made for their perusal, and sent with this edict to Tung Ting-ching and He-Kung, who are to enjoin it also on Wan. Respect this.

"In obedience hereto, we, the ministers of the grand council, transmit the inclosed."\*

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW in the chair.—Two papers were read. The first was Capt. Alexander's report of his journey from Clan William, visit to Red Wall Bay and Orange River Mouth, and return to Kamiesberg, whence the letter is dated, Nov. 12, 1836. Though this communication does not contain much to interest the general reader, it bears ample testimony of the intrepidity and conciliatory manners of our gallant countryman; and we are happy to see, from an order, dated Head Quarters, Cape Town, Sept. 8, 1836, that the commander-in-chief had expressed his high sense of Capt. Alexander's meritorious services, as well in the field during the active operations of the last year, as since, in the duty of private secretary to the commander-in-chief, which he most assiduously

\* Sir Alexander Johnston, at the time he submitted these documents to the committee, stated, that the moral and political importance of the College of Malacca appears to him, from letters which he has received from various quarters in the East, to be so great, that he shall feel it his duty to lay before them several other documents upon that subject written by Sir George Staunton, to whose knowledge of China, and to whose munificent donations this college is so much indebted, together with such an account of the nature and objects of the institution, as may shew the British government the necessity of affording it the most efficient patronage.

discharged, and with equal judgment and ability. The second communication read was on that part of India watered by the Indus, and called Sinde. The paper is by that indefatigable and intelligent traveller, Lieut.—now, we are happy to learn—Capt. Burnes. We pass over the geographical distribution of the Sinde, its geological features, and its ancient history, and come to the more important—certainly more interesting—portion, that which relates to the present state of its people, their religion, politics, &c. The government of Sinde may be called despotic. Its rulers, the Ameers, are restrained by no laws, though they pretend to abide by the dicta of the Koran in their administration of justice. There are no officers, such as Cazees or Moollahs, who exercise, independent, their functions, or receive their patronage and encouragement. Syuds and Fakcers are, however, respected to veneration; the one, as being descended from the line of the prophet; the other, as following, or as pretending to follow, a life of great austerity. Many of the fakcers are, without doubt, virtuous men; but the great bulk are hypocritical fanatics. The universal respect shown to them seems to have corrupted the land. The mendicants in Sinde are more numerous than in any other country in Asia. They can scarcely be called beggars, for they levy tribute in crowds, and by threats, with great arrogance. Many of the common people take to this profitable vocation, which only requires some show of sanctity. This is exhibited in various ways: one of the most common is to sit all night on the house-top and repeat the sacred name of *Ullah* (or God) as many thousand times as the tongue can utter it. In Sinde, religion takes the worst possible turn. It does not soften the disposition of the rulers, or the asperities of the people; it becomes a trade, and its worthless professors degrade it and themselves. To this there is no counter-acting effect in the government, which, besides encouraging these worthies, is in itself politically oppressive. Trade and agriculture languish under it. The people have no stimulus to moral rectitude, and yet they are less degraded than might be looked for. They are passionate as well as proud. They have much supple flattery; but this does not deceive in Sinde. If trusted, the Sindian is honest; if believed, he is not false; if kindly treated, he is grateful. In oppression, the Mahomedan and the Hindoo appear to be pretty equal sharers. Without political freedom, and with misdirected religious zeal, Sinde cannot boast of the condition of its population. There is no intermediate class between the rulers, their favourite Syuds, and the common people. Some Hindoos are rich; but the mass of the people are poor. Their dress, subdued manners, and filth, all attest it. They have no education; few of them can read; very few write. In physical form they seem adapted for activity; the reverse is their character. Their faculties appear benumbed. Both sexes, Hindoo and Mahomedan, are addicted to "bang," an intoxicating drug made from hemp. They also drink a spirit distilled from rice and dates. Debauchery is universal; and the powers of man are often impaired in early life. They do not seek for other than gross and sensual amusements. People only congregate to visit the tombs of worthies or saints, who are deemed capable of repairing the wasted and decayed body, as well as the soul. They have few social qualifications, and, even in common life, keep up much formal ceremony. There are no healthful exercises among the peasantry, who,

as well as the grandees of the land, lead a life of sloth. To be fat is a distinction. A better government would meliorate the condition of this people: without it the Sindian and his country will continue in the hopeless and cheerless state here represented. Capt. Burnes reverses the observation of Montesquieu, and says that the mediocrity of their abilities and fortunes is fatal to their private happiness. The effect is also fatal to the public prosperity. It is unnecessary to state, that the sciences are not cultivated in Sinde. The arts, however, exhibit some taste and ingenuity. Leather is better prepared here than in any part of India, and their 'loomgees,' or silk-cotton cloths, are rich and beautiful; but the artisan receives no encouragement: the peasant has no reward for his toil. We were informed at the meeting, that Capt. Burnes was about to start on another mission to Cabool, to which he had been appointed by the governor-general, Lord Auckland.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting took place on Thursday afternoon, Mr. Hardisty in the chair. Four thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine persons visited the gardens and museum in February; and a considerable balance in favour of the Society was carried to the account for March. Mr. Yarrell liberally consented to officiate as secretary gratuitously; an assistant was appointed to Mr. Yarrell. We give the substance of a letter, addressed to the secretary by Mr. Mackay, the British vice-consul at Maracaibo, and a corresponding member of the society. The letter describes the habits of a vulture (*cultur papa*, Linn.), which was forwarded to the Society, for the menagerie, but which, unfortunately, died during the voyage. After noticing the peculiar habit attributed to these birds (which frequently congregate to the number of three hundred), of paying deference to an individual, differing from the rest in plumage, and to which the inhabitants give the title of king, the writer states, that these birds in their flights ascend to such a height as to be lost sight of, and from their elevation discover their prey. They reside in the savannas of a warm and dry temperature, and their travels do not extend beyond five or six leagues from the place where they are bred. They lay their eggs, and hatch their young, in the small concavities of the mountains. At a distance from towns, villages, and frequented roads, they generally assemble in large bodies; but in the immediate vicinity of such situations the king never deigns to associate with his vassals.—The following facts were related by Mr. Gray, in reference to the habits of a cuckoo; which appear to prove, that the female, though she leaves the eggs to be hatched by another bird, sometimes at least takes care of the young bird, and feeds it after it leaves its nest, and teaches it to fly. Mr. Gray expresses some doubt respecting the eggs of cuckoos being laid in the nest of granivorous birds; and stated an instance, where a chicken had been hatched under a pigeon, that the pigeon neglected it when it found that it would not eat the soaked peas, and, eventually, ejected it from the nest.

### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

ON Thursday, Dr. Macreight, vice-president, in the chair, the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Donations of plants, from Dundee, &c., were presented by W. H. White, Esq. Some members were elected and others proposed. A paper was read by Mr. Meeson, on the "Classification of Vegetables,"

which led to an interesting discussion, after which the meeting adjourned for a fortnight.

#### MR. CROSSE'S DISCOVERIES.

Royal Institution, 2d March, 1837.

My dear Sir,—Several of the papers, in reporting what I said relative to Mr. Crosse's insects, at the Royal Institution, on the evening of Friday the 17th ult., make me to confirm that gentleman's results by particular experiments of my own. Your reporter (if then present) will know that I expressly said, we had no opinion to offer as to their origin. Can you oblige me by stating this in your *Gazette*, either in your words or mine, or in any way that shall remove the idea that I am a witness in the case? I am satisfied the insects exist, but doubt very much the mode of production.—Ever, dear Sir, very truly yours,  
M. FARADAY.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 23d February.—The following degrees were conferred:

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. E. J. Parker, Fellow of Pembroke College.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. L. P. Dykes, Taberner of Queen's College; E. Thornton, Student of Christ Church.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Pennesfather, Balliol College; T. Hume, Brasenose College; H. R. Surtess, St. Mary Hall; Rev. R. Jackson, Pembroke College; Incorporated from Clare Hall, Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, 23d February.—The following degrees were conferred:

*Honorary Masters of Arts*.—Lord A. Hervy, Trinity College, sixth son of the Marquess of Bristol.

*Masters of Arts*.—A. L. Massingberd, Trinity College; W. Pullen, Queen's College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Blandy, Trinity College; F. L. Osler, Catharine Hall; H. T. Dowler, Magdalene College.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—Sir F. Palgrave communicated a drawing and description of a large engraved onyx, inserted in the cover of a MS. copy of the Gospels, presented by Charlemagne to the Monastery of St. Maximin, near Treves. Sir Henry Ellis communicated an account, or report, written in 1612, and preserved in the British Museum, on the Province of Connaught, the Irish chieftains, and principal families, and on the state of the harbours, which appear to have then been in a neglected and unprotected state: part of which being read, the remainder was postponed.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (Mr. Goodby on Insect Anatomy with the Hydrogen Microscope; and 13th.)

*Tuesday*.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary, 8 P.M. (Dr. Haslam on the Human Mind); Architectural Society (Room, by Mr. A. W. Hakevill).

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund (Annual Election), 3 P.M.; Literary Fund Club, 5½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 1½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Western Literary, 8½ (Dr. Lardner on Astronomy, and two ensuing Thursdays); Islington Literary (Mr. T. Cromwell on the Archeology of the British Islands); Royal Institution (Mr. Wilkinson on Bronze, and on various combinations of iron and steel, to produce the varieties called Damascus).

*Friday*.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH GALLERY.

[Fifth and concluding notice.]

261. *The Bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth, painted for the Royal Hospital, Greenwich*. G. Chambers.—Battles by water, as well as by land, have undergone a great change in

the manner of their representation since the times of Serres, Paton, &c. They have now less of the geometrical, and more of the picturesque. As a work of art, this does great credit to the talents of Mr. Chambers. It reminds us of the destructive effects of the "Leviathans afloat," described by the poet as "like a hurricane eclipse of the sun." Perhaps there never was a warlike enterprise, the results of which were so gratifying to humanity as the bombardment of Algiers.—234. *An American Packet running for Swansea Harbour*, by the same artist, is one of those spirited examples in marine art which convey a perfect idea of motion.

398. *Venice*. J. Holland.—We do not think the quotation from Byron at all applicable to this enchanting scene, this fairy vision of animation and gaiety. There is no indication that the dethroned queen of the Adriatic, however she may have abated of the pomp of her regal days, is about to

"Sink, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose."

350. *Le Bonnet Rouge, in imitation of Téniers*. W. Kidd.—It is not judicious to provoke comparisons. Whatever may be the case in other respects, however, in humour and pathos Mr. Kidd excels the celebrated Flemish painter; as witness 363, *Mike Smith*, and 262, *The Wreck of a Slaver*.

346. *Scene on the Lake of Zurich*. A. G. Vickers.—It is but to look at the present performance, and to recollect others in which the talents of this able artist have been manifested, to join in the general regret that he should have so soon been snatched from us. His practice was, in every way, calculated to do credit to the British school.

438. *The Departure*. A. Johnston.—Represents a frequent occurrence in domestic life; although it does not always take place under circumstances of such striking and various interest. The picture is painted in a fine, broad, fluent style.

278. *The Fisherman's Proposal*. A. Fraser.—There is so much of honesty, manliness, and good temper, in the popper of the question, that no one can doubt it will be answered by the amiable monosyllable "yes." As a subject, the incident pleases the imagination; as a work of art, it pleases the eye.

263. *Fruit Piece*. G. Lance.—Of the painted fruit that deceived the birds, and is, therefore, recorded in the history of ancient art, we can know nothing; but it must have been extraordinary, indeed, if it could boast a more perfect resemblance to nature than is to be found in this and other works by Mr. Lance; or in 23, *Peaches*, and 24, *Mouse and Filberts*. A. J. Oliver, A.R.A.

138. *Trial of Rebecca*. H. Andrews.—With the exception of Shakspeare, no writer has furnished a greater number of subjects for the pencil than Scott. The trial of Rebecca, with its concomitant incidents and accessories, has been very successfully depicted by Mr. Andrews. The dungeon-like gloom of the vaulted chamber, and its characteristic architecture, accord with the transaction, and excite a powerful interest for the intended victim.

In further illustration of our observations on the diversity of style in the British school of landscape, we point out the following examples: 224. *The Ford—Break of Day*. F. C. Lewis.—348. *On the Coast of Wicklow*. T. Creswick.—245. *View on the Banks of the Thames, near Putney*. C. Deane.—51. *The Tuileries and Chamber of Deputies*, and 52. *Château de Versailles*. G. Hilditch.—251. *Distant View of*

*the Reguliers Church, from Herne Bay*. J. Tennant.—89. *Scene on the Rhine, between Dusseldorf and Nimeguen*. P. H. Rogers.—35. *A Scene on Walthamstow Heath*. C. R. Stanley.—55. *Entrance into Oxford, by High Street*. J. M. Ince.—84. *A Grove Scene*. E. Childe.—100. *A View of Syracuse*. W. Scrope.—175. *Scene near Borchurch, Isle of Wight*. F. W. Watts, &c. &c.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Outlines to the Second Part of Goethe's Faust*: eleven plates designed and etched by Moritz Retzsch; with explanations in German and English. London, A. Schloss.

EVERY thing that proceeds from the pencil and etching-point of Retzsch must be full of powerful imagination. We confess, however, that we are not so much struck with his illustrations of the second part of Goethe's Faust as we were with those of the first. Nevertheless, they are deeply imbued with the wild, the wonderful, and the unearthly, not unmingled with grace and beauty. Of the former qualities, plates 4, 9, and 10; of the latter, plates 7 and 11, are striking specimens. Plate 6 is a remarkably fine composition.

#### SKETCHES.

##### METEOROLOGY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

3 Andover Terrace, Cheltenham,  
28th February, 1837.

SIR,—I regret to intrude on your valuable time; but, perceiving in your last a letter from Mr. Murphy, in which he points out fourteen periods of storms during this year, I beg to remark, that at nine of those periods I have predicted "storms" or "high winds;" and that on three others I have done so to within two days. I do not wish to imply that Mr. Murphy has borrowed my predictions, but I protest against the fulfilment of them, on those occasions, being taken as proof of Mr. M.'s theory: He will very likely be right on the 5th of March, as there is a square aspect on the night of the 4th between Saturn and Mercury; and the moon will pass the opposition of Mars and Jupiter, both of which tend to disturb the electricity of the atmosphere, and produce high winds. That this is the case, as regards the latter, you may see by a reference to the ten instances which have occurred within the last five months, during which Mars and Jupiter have been close together. You will see that this position of the moon has brought "high winds" eight times out of the ten, and "rain" eight times, also that the hurricane of the 29th November, the great snow on Christmas-day, and the remarkable electrical meteor on the 18th of February, all occurred on the very day of this aspect of the moon to those two planets.

If thoroughly examined, there will be found ample evidence to prove the principle for which I contend; but the application of the principle is another affair. The former may be perfectly true, but the mode of applying it still imperfect. The recent conjunction of the Sun with Herschel has been attended with remarkable increase of cold, as is always the case. The Sun passed Herschel on the 23d; and, from the 19th to the 25th, the minimum of the thermometer at Cheltenham fell ten degrees: I feel sure that your next *Gazette* will shew the like effect at Edmonton. The thermometer was very low here both on the 23d and 26th; on each day we had snow; and on Sunday, the 26th, hard frost: so far I was correct,—Yours, &c. R. P. MORRISON.

P. S.—Unfortunately your printer made three errors in your last observations on my prediction of the weather: for “Hercules,” read “Herschel;” for “the 24th,” read “the 26th;” and for “flooding rains to the end,” read “at the end.”

*Account of the Weather on each occasion of the Moon passing the Conjunction or Opposition of Mars and Jupiter, since those Planets have been in conjunction.*  
1836.

Oct. 18. (Opposition.)—Heavy rain.  
Nov. 3. (Conjunction.)—Heavy rain and sleet.  
16. (Opp.)—High wind; heavy rain.  
29. (Conj.)—Heavy rain; violent hurricane.  
Dec. 12. (Opp.)—High wind; heavy rain.  
26. (Conj.)—High wind; great snow, all over England, France, &c.  
1837.  
Jan. 9. (Opp.)—High wind; rain.  
22. (Conj.)—High wind; heavy rain.  
Feb. 5. (Opp.)—High wind at times.  
18. (Conj.)—High wind; heavy rain; remarkable meteor at night; violent storm next day.

## DRAMA.

*Opera.*—The opera opened on Saturday with Bellini's *Norma*; the cast is so very inferior to that of last season that to compare would be odious. The only change for the better was Catone vice Winter. The great attraction is the new ballet, which is one of the most beautiful we have ever witnessed; it is founded on *Fra Diavolo*, and called the *Brigand of Terracina*, the story being almost the same. Some of the new dancers are most graceful, and the *corps de ballet* is very strong. Duvernay ranks first: she is enchanting as ever, and two of her new dances are perfectly exquisite. Herminie Elsler, a first appearance, is a beautiful danseuse, and, in the more rapid movements, unrivalled. Montessa is a droll-looking little thing, but a very pretty dancer, notwithstanding. Others are good, and will be found very serviceable; and the *ballet* is likely to be the magnet till Easter. The *Brigand* is got up in a manner worthy the King's Theatre, in scenery, dresses, &c. &c. The house was filled in every part.

*Drury Lane.*—Mr. John Barnett's long-expected opera, *Fair Rosamond*, was produced on Tuesday, with, we regret to say, but indifferent effect. By it Mr. Barnett has ranked himself among the able composers of the age, for the music is well constructed and original; but the piece is wondrous long and wondrous heavy. There is a total want of popular relief; and, though musicians may admire, the public cannot. The libretto is below contempt, and the poetry—oh, such poetry! angels could make nothing agreeable of it. H. Phillips and Miss E. Romer, and, indeed, the whole cast embracing the operatic strength of the company, did their utmost, but the end was weariness and dulness.

\* And here issue is joined. Saturday, the 25th, was bitterly cold, with touches of snow and hail; Sunday was a fine, clear, frosty day; Monday was colder, but still clear; and Tuesday, clear and frosty, but not so cold. Where, then, were “the flooding rains at the end?” At the commencement “of March, too,” cold rains or sleet are predicted; and, up to this date, Friday, 3d, during the little rain which has fallen, the temperature has been increased. To-morrow, Saturday, however, is the prominent 4th, when both Lieut. Murphy and Lieut. Morrison agree there will be a climax. The Meteorological Almanack of the latter says, “About the 4th, very severe cold—easterly winds, with snow, and frosty weather. The new moon (6th) brings cold unsettled weather, with sudden changes. The night of the 7th, the Sun aspects Saturn, which produces much cold. A change, as the Moon enters Aries that night: I expect a sharp frost. 10th and 11th, high winds; changeable.” At any rate, all this is distinct and particular enough; and the time is immediate and short wherein to try the truth of these new (no, not new, but, on other data, renewed) principles of meteorology. Should they prove correct, what horrid injustice will have been done, by the Utilitarians, to Francis Moore, Physician, and his prophetic, heirs, excoctors, and assigns, in the publishing line!—Ed. L. G.

## VARIETIES.

*Ashmolean Society.*—Professor White read a paper on Saxon coins. A letter was read from the Rev. James Clutterbuck, detailing the particulars of the locality in which an ancient shield, and some fragments of pottery, both of which were exhibited to the Society, were found. The shield was found in the pool below Day's Lock, near Dorchester, in the gravel below the bottom of the river, on what appeared to have been an ancient bed of the river; and near which, if not exactly on the spot, it appears that a ford formerly existed. There were a Roman station and entrenchments on Sinodun Hill, which is very near. The pottery was some of it found on the surface of the ground, and some in a stratum of gravel, three or four feet below the surface. The shield is 14 inches by 13, and has its surface, with round bosses, arranged in concentric circles, with a large boss in the centre. The metal is, probably, a mixture of copper and tin. Mr. Duncan, and the President of Trinity, spoke on the subject. The former shewed some prints of shields resembling that found, and the latter thought that the workmanship was too rude for the shield to have been a genuine Roman shield. Two papers were read on the subject of the luminous arch seen on Saturday evening, February 18th. Dr. Daubeny read an account, from Mr. Tancred, of an aurora that was seen over a great part of France and the north of Italy, on the 18th of October last. He also shewed a very delicate instrument for measuring very minute variations in temperature.

—*Oxford Herald.*

*The Pictorial History of England, No. I. (C. Knight).*—This appears to be a history similar, in printing, embellishment, and publication, to the Pictorial Bible, and to be illustrated with numerous woodcuts. The first is a fair specimen; but we will wait a few Nos., in order to ascertain what is meant by the announcement of the work, as “being a history of the people as well as a history of a kingdom;” which, we confess, these eighty pages do not enable us to comprehend. Perhaps, referring to so early a period, they could not differ from other histories.

*Pickwick, No. XII.* is really so good a No. that we must pay the unfortunate hero a consolatory tribute, on his being cast in heavy damages for breach of promise of marriage. The trial is one of the happiest of Mr. Dickens' efforts, and, though most humorous, no caricature of the mode of getting up cases, badgering witnesses, cajoling and misleading juries, and administering (Heaven save the mark!) the laws of the land. This would have been quite enough for one publication; but to have a characteristic *Vellarian* Valentine burlesque, and a ludicrously laughable Temperance Branch Society meeting, in the same fasciculus, is a triumph even for Boz.

*Bentley's Miscellany.*—“*Oliver Twist*,” in No. III., is a marvellously proper continuation of the lot of a workhouse orphan, and does as much honour to the feelings as to the descriptive talents of Boz. Several others of the contributions are very original, and we rejoice to see those of humour sustained by narratives of more solid, and not less entertaining character. On the whole, the *Miscellany* may now be reckoned fairly in the field, among the most successful of its elder contemporaries.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Sketches in the Pyrenees, by the Author of “Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine,” “The Gossip's Week,”

&c.—Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education, by the Author of “Hampton in the Nineteenth Century,” being a supplement to that Work.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Attila, a Novel, by G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of “The Gypsy,” &c. 3 vols. roy. 12mo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Crichton, by the Author of “Rookwood,” &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—The Monk, by Mrs. Sherwood, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—Picciola; or, Captivity Captive, by M. de Saintange, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 16s.—T. Bowyer's Tables of Simple Interest, 1 to 8 per cent. square 16mo. 3s.—Memoirs of the Rev. Rowland Hill, by W. Jones, with a Preface, by the Rev. J. Sherman, 8s.—Isidore Brasseur on the Genders of French Nouns, 12mo. 2s.—Letters from the South, by T. Campbell, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—A Familiar Account of Trees, 18mo. 3s.—Sermon on the Commandments, by S. R. Larken, M.A. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Brougham, by Sir A. B. Faulkner, post 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Venerable's Interlinear Translation of the First Four Books of Celsus, 2d edit. 18mo. 3s.—Talents Improved; or, the Philanthropist, 4th edit. 3s. 6d.—The Spring, by Robert Muddle, royal 18mo. 5s.—Britannia's Royal Chieftain, a Poem, 4to. 8s. 10s.—A Letter to Lord John Russell on Poor Laws for Ireland, by R. Torrens, 8vo. vel. 4s.—Social Bearings and Importance of Education, by J. Antrobus, 8vo. 10s.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 16	From 41 to 55	30.01 to 30.01
Friday .... 17	..... 36 .. 50	30.13 .. 30.18
Saturday ... 18	..... 27 .. 49	29.98 .. 29.57
Sunday .... 19	..... 38 .. 51	29.68 .. 29.19
Monday .... 20	..... 34 .. 45	29.33 .. 29.68
Tuesday ... 21	..... 39 .. 50	29.47 .. 29.12
Wednesday 22	..... 32 .. 45	29.75 .. 29.33
Thursday .. 23	..... 34 .. 49	29.69 .. 29.40
Friday .... 24	..... 29 .. 42	29.98 .. 30.10
Saturday ... 25	..... 27 .. 45	30.02 .. 30.07
Sunday .... 26	..... 25 .. 41	30.10 .. 30.07
Monday .... 27	..... 26 .. 41	29.96 .. 29.98
Tuesday ... 28	..... 30 .. 41	29.95 .. 30.08

## March.

Wednesday 1 ..... 24 .. 39 30.24 .. 30.31  
Winds, W. and S.W.  
Except the 20th and 22d, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain.  
Rain fallen, 1.1 inch.  
*Aurora Borealis.*—On Saturday night last, from 11 till nearly an hour after midnight, we had the most splendid aurora, perhaps, ever witnessed in this latitude; the coruscations were intensely red, and extended, at times, to within a few degrees of the moon, which was not many hours from the opposition.  
Winds N. by W. and N.E. Except the 24th, 25th, and morning of the 26th ult., cloudy; rain on the 23d and 28th.  
Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.

*Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society, January 1837.*

Thermometer—Highest ..... 58.00 .. the 23d.  
Lowest ..... 14.50 .. 1st.  
Mean ..... 38.12701  
Barometer—Highest ..... 30.25 .. 1st.  
Lowest ..... 29.90 .. 22d.  
Mean ..... 29.65956

Number of days of rain and snow, 22.  
Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimals, 3.28125.

Winds.—5 North-East—0 East—7 South-East—4 South—5 South-West—2 West—7 North-West—1 North.

*General Observations.*—During the last thirteen years the thermometer has never before reached to 58 degrees, and only twice in that time, viz. in 1828 and in 1834, has the mean temperature been so high, and only in those years has there been so much rain and melted snow; this proves that humidity and warmth attend each other even at this season of the year. The range of the barometer was small, and the mean was very nearly the same as in the corresponding month of last year; the extreme of cold happened on the night of the 1st, as it did on the night of the 1st of January last year. Snow fell on five different days, but the whole quantity was very little; but once covering the ground to the depth of a quarter of an inch, which soon melted away. At 10 P.M. on the 23d, the thermometer, which stood at 51° at 3 P.M. had risen to 58°, when the whole atmosphere had the appearance of steam, the minimum of the night was 47°.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* We beg to refer our readers to the remarkable document relative to China in a preceding page. It involves the initiation of the greatest change in Chinese policy which has been heard of for a thousand years; and, we trust, shews that education is about to penetrate even that sealed empire, and lead to its moral and social improvement in an unexpected and wonderful degree.

Sir A. Brooke Faulkner's “Details of a Tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy,” and Campbell's “Letters from the South,” reached us too late for notice this week.  
ERRATA.—In last week's *Gazette*, p. 128, col. 2, line 24 from bottom, for “mass,” read “map;” and in same col. line 20 from bottom, for “Anthoninus,” read “Antoninus.”



## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,  
FALL MAIL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

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## LODGE'S PORTRAITS.—This day is published, the First Part of the new edition of this celebrated Work, containing the following Portraits and Memoirs:

Wentworth, Earl of Stratford,  
Charles James Fox,  
Thomas Stanley, First Earl of Derby,  
Queen Anne Bullen,  
Ceil Lord Bury,  
Henry Fox, Lord Holland.

The First Number is also published, containing the three first-mentioned Portraits.

Price of the Parts, 5s. plain, 8s. India; and of the Numbers, 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. India.

London: Published by William Smith, 1 Bouverie Street, and sold by all Booksellers.

## MUSIC.

## VOCAL CONCERTS.—

The Members of the Vocal Society have the satisfaction to announce, that their Royal Patroness, the Duchess of Kent, has been graciously pleased to signify her intention of honouring their Fifth Concert, on Monday Evening next, with her presence. The Selection will comprise the Anthem, "My heart is inditing," Handel; "Alma Virgo," Mozart; "Praise Jehovah," Mozart; Chorus, "O! the pleasures," Handel; Glees, by Webbe, Calcott, R. Cooke, and E. Taylor; and Madrigals, by Wilbye and Morley.

Single Admissions, Half-a-Guinea each, may be obtained of the Members of the Society.  
3 Regent Square.

EDWARD TAYLOR, Secretary.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

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May be viewed, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms.

ON FRIDAY, MARCH 10th,

## Collection of Engravings.

Under an Assignment for the Benefit of the Creditors of JOHN MAJOR, and by order of the Assignees of his Estate and Effects,

Several Portfolios of fine Book-Plates, in various states, together with some of the capital Works of eminent Modern Artists, a few Water-Colour Drawings, Oil Paintings, Gilt Frames, &c.

Money advanced upon Duplicate Portions of Booksellers' Stock, upon Libraries, and Literary Property in general.

## GIOVANNI D'ATHANASIS' EXTRAORDINARY

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Mr. Colburn has the pleasure of informing the readers of this Magazine, that he has made an arrangement with Captain Marryat, by which he has entirely secured to the New Monthly, after the 1st of May next, the Contributions of that popular Writer.

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Napoleon in Council; or, the Opinions delivered by Buonaparte in the Council of State.* Translated from the French of Baron Pelet (de la Lozère), Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and late Minister of Public Instruction, by Captain Basil Hall, R.N. 12mo. pp. 334. Edinburgh, 1837. Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

THERE is nothing connected with the history of Buonaparte which can fail to attract public curiosity and interest; and we are indebted to Captain Hall for laying before us the traits developed in this volume. He himself describes it so well as to save us the trouble of analysis.

"I have been induced," he states, "to bring this work before the English public, from a belief that it contains not only a good deal that is interesting and characteristic, but, probably, something which is new respecting Napoleon. From an intimate personal acquaintance with the author, Monsieur Pelet (de la Lozère), I feel thoroughly persuaded that the whole is written in good faith, and that every incident or conversation here recorded is perfectly authentic. The subject, it may, perhaps, be thought, is well nigh worn out; but, as there can be no doubt that many parts of it have hitherto been mystified—some by design, and some unintentionally—it occurred to me that a trustworthy statement, coming from a person who has enjoyed peculiar advantages for ascertaining the truth, might still be considered acceptable. M. Pelet's means of obtaining information arose from his having occupied high and confidential situations; first, under the consulate and the empire, afterwards, during the restoration, and, more recently, under the present government of France: while his rank in society, his talents, and his habits of business, enabled him to profit by the ample opportunities which a position so advantageous gave him, during these successive political epochs. Under Napoleon, the author was long a member of the council of state, and administrator of the royal forests of the civil list; both of which situations brought him frequently in contact with the head of the government. During the restoration, he enjoyed the title of councillor of state; and for four years was Prefect of the Loire and Cher, of which department he was elected a deputy in 1827, a seat which he has occupied up to this time. Since the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, he has been vice-president of the chamber of deputies; and, for some time, held the important office of minister of public instruction. Finally, by his marriage with the daughter of M. Otto (who, it may be remembered, negotiated the preliminaries of the treaty of Amiens, and afterwards filled various high diplomatic situations on the Continent), M. Pelet came into the possession of many valuable official documents, several of which, so far as I know, are now for the first time laid before the public."

Such are the claims of this work upon the attention of readers; and the author observes:—

"There is, I believe, only one writer, a distinguished member of the council of state, who has published the opinions of Napoleon as

he actually gave them utterance in the council, at the very moment of action, and while the business to which they related was going on. But that author ceased to be a member of the council of state in 1803, and could not, therefore, continue his notes. My purpose is, to continue the work just alluded to, first, by help of memoranda, made up to 1806 by a hand in which I have perfect confidence, and, afterwards, by means of those taken by myself."

The account of the Council itself, its constitution, members, and modes of proceeding, is not the least remarkable part of this volume; but it will better suit our purpose to offer some specimens of its contents, than to examine the various subjects discussed by this Napoleon-chamber, where his personal presidency left but little of freedom for debate, or appetite for opposition. A few features of the assembly and its proceedings must suffice.

"When Chénier, accordingly, as the head of a commission from the Institute, read to the emperor a report on the decennial prizes, and took occasion to mention the names of many distinguished persons belonging to different parties, who had been swallowed up by the revolution,—the Baillys, the Lavoisiers, the Vergniauds, and the Gensonnés, he said, with perfect truth, that if they had outlived the hurricane, they would now have filled the seats round the emperor, and laboured with him to reconstruct the shattered fabric of society. Chénier, himself pale and trembling, and deeply marked with the traces of the passions by which he had been shaken, presented a living monument of those stormy times, which he had survived not without the greatest difficulty. There was something not a little dramatic, and even touching, in the old man's appeal to the shades of those men, many of whom had taken different lines from himself, but whom he would have ranged as supporters of the new throne, which had risen out of their discords. The most laborious periods of the council of state were during the consulate, and during the first years of the empire. Then were framed the codes—the laws—the decrees, and the regulations, which constituted the new administration of the country, and under which we still live. Napoleon, when first consul, presided sometimes at the meetings of the sections, from ten o'clock in the evening till five in the morning. He then took a bath, after which he was soon ready to recommence work. In speaking of this practice, he said, 'One hour in the bath is worth four hours of sleep to me.' This restless activity, which he exhibited in his own person, he exacted from all those whom he called to his aid.

"It may be asked, 'what impression will be produced on the reader's mind by the documents I here lay before him? what opinion will be formed of Napoleon, and his system of administration, by the observations made by him in the council of state?' The reply is that, unquestionably, the same opinion which the public have already formed will be thereby confirmed. They will recognise in Napoleon's character a mixture of impetuosity and trickery, half French, half Italian, but in which impetuosity predominated; while it was modified

by such a decided bearing towards absolute power, that it could not fail, on the one hand, to deaden all the internal energies of his country, and, on the other, eventually to rouse foreign nations into resistance. At the period when Napoleon came to the possession of power, he found himself placed in the most favourable circumstances possible to establish the union of freedom with the monarchical authority. France, in fact, dreaded nothing so much as anarchy, and would have been contented with a very reasonable allowance of freedom. But, unfortunately, that is always the predicament in which despotism is the most tempted to establish itself. Napoleon, accordingly, did establish a despotism; and, in the dread of having to combat republican tendencies at home, he carried abroad all the active spirits of the nation, and precipitated himself into a series of wars and conquests, which could have no other end but a fatal catastrophe. Even he himself was possessed with the notion that he could found nothing permanent. In full council he exclaimed one day,—'All this will last as long as I hold out; but, when I am gone, my son may call himself a lucky fellow if he has a couple of thousands a-year.'"

After the rupture of the peace of Amiens, the projected invasion of England became a council business. M. Pelet says,—

"Napoleon now resumed his intention of invading England; or, at all events, his demonstrations,—for it is still a question whether or not he ever seriously meditated this enterprise. He gave directions for publishing accounts of all the past invasions of a similar nature—not forgetting those of Julius Caesar and William the Conqueror, whose success appeared to furnish an example for imitation; and, as flat-bottomed boats and pinnaces were constructed every where—even in the wood-yards of Paris—the harbours of the Channel were soon crowded with vessels of all sizes and sorts. In a short space of time there were brought together in the ports of Boulogne, Etaples, Vimereaux, and Ambleteuse, two hundred and fifty sloops, each armed with three guns, six hundred and fifty gun-boats or pinnaces with one gun each, and a great number of praams carrying six guns a-piece. There were, moreover, assembled in these ports seven or eight hundred transports laden with artillery and other stores. It was reckoned that two thousand other vessels would be got together, and about forty thousand troops embarked at these points, while other twenty thousand were to start from Ostend, and as many more from Holland. These eighty thousand men, it was asserted, if once landed in England, would be sufficient to conquer the country and establish themselves in the first instance, while the army of Brest formed the reserve. At Boulogne, especially, the greatest efforts were made. In the department of the Marine alone there were expended upwards of a hundred thousand pounds sterling a-month, without taking the wages of the people into account. The soldiers employed in the works received the high pay of from a shilling to eighteenpence a-day. A mass of artillery, twice as great as was required



to equip the flotilla, was collected together; and new forts, constructed on every accessible point of the coast, impeded the attempts of the English to land: and though these batteries were washed away more than once by the violence of the waves, they were instantly built up again.

"To these encouraging speculations was added the assurance that the Rochfort and Toulon fleets, starting ostensibly for India, and having drawn off the English ships, would suddenly double upon them, and return to the Channel to cover our passage across. The more wonderful these wild combinations really were, the more they pleased the fancy and raised the spirits of the troops; who readily believed that the grand secret of this invasion was found out by their chief, to whose genius nothing, they firmly believed, was impossible. So that every individual soldier indulged himself confidently in anticipated glory and fortune! In the meantime, some small experiments were made, the result of which was by no means flattering. A flotilla of six-and-thirty sail, which proceeded from Havre to join the main force at Boulogne, perished by the way; and another, which set sail with a similar intention from Dunkirk, fell in with the English and lost many of their number. Nevertheless, these accidents caused no despondency, and every thing was speedily got ready at Boulogne."

The death of the Duke d'Enghien was another affair under the cognisance of the Council; and Buonaparte, among other remarks, is reported as saying, —

"The population of Paris," exclaimed he, "is a collection of blackheads (*un ramas de badands*), who believe the most absurd reports. Did they not take it into their heads to assert that the princes were concealed in the Austrian ambassador's house? — as if I did not dare to seek for them in that asylum! Are we, then, in Athens, where criminals cannot be followed into the temple of Minerva? Was not the Marquis of Bedmar arrested in his own house by the Venetian senate? and would he not have been hanged but for the dread of the power of Spain? Were the rights of nations respected at Vienna in the case of our ambassador, Bernadotte, when the national flag, hoisted over the very house of embassy, was insulted by a crowd, who threatened to pull it down? I respect the decisions of public opinion when they are justly formed; but it has its caprices, which we ought to learn to despise. It belongs to the government, and to those who support it, to enlighten the public — not to follow them in their wanderings. I carry with me the will of the nation, and have at my back an army of five hundred thousand men — with which I know how to make the republic be treated with respect. If I had chosen to do so, I might have put the Duke d'Enghien to death publicly; and, if I did not, it was not from any fear of the consequences: it was in order to prevent the secret partisans of that family from exposing themselves, and thus being ruined. They are now quiet, and it is all I ask of them. I don't investigate the hearts of men to discover their secret sorrows. No complaints have been laid before me against the emigrants included in the amnesty; they were counted as nothing in this conspiracy; it was not with them that Georges or the Polignacs found refuge, but with women of the town and other reprobates of Paris. I have no thoughts of returning to promiscuous *en masse*; and those who affect to believe so know it to be untrue. But let those look so

themselves who take an individual share in such proceedings: they shall smart for it severely."

The dramatic and aristocratic, or rather Bourbon-royal (for the precedent of Louis XVI. and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette is followed) provisions for the journey of Maria Louisa from Vienna to Paris are whimsical illustrations of human life; but we shall conclude with a specimen or two. Thus, on education, &c. :—

"At the sitting of the 11th March, 1806, he made the following observations on these topics. 'In framing the body of instructors, we must imitate the subordination observed in military ranks. I wish, above all things, to establish a corporate body of teachers, because a corporation never dies. The military school at Fontainebleau goes on capitally at the moment, because there is a good governor at its head; but this prosperity is merely transient. People need not be afraid that I shall establish monks. I should not succeed even if I wished it, especially if I required of them a life of celibacy at the age of twenty-one! Even in M. de Choiseul's time, the monks could not muster recruits, although his decree held out many advantages to them. His religious establishments for instruction were not, in fact, instituted in that view, but on the principle of renouncing the world, in order to obtain the distinction which belonged to this sacrifice. The monks were the pope's militia, who owned no other sovereign; and, consequently, they were more to be dreaded than the secular clergy, who, but for the monks, would never have caused any embarrassment. Every one knows the scandalous excesses which were carried on by the monks; and I can myself form a good estimate on that subject, as I was for some time brought up by them. I respect all which religion respects; but as a statesman, I cannot esteem the fanaticism of celibacy, which was a mere device adopted by the court of Rome for riveting the chains of Europe, by preventing the religious orders from becoming citizens. The military fanaticism is the only one which is of any use to me, as it makes men indifferent to death. After all, my chief object in establishing a body of instructors is, that I may possess the means of directing the political and moral opinions of the community. Such an institution will prove a guarantee against the re-establishment of the monks, and I shall hear no more on that subject; but if the institution I speak of be not formed, the monks will be back upon us some day. For my part, I should certainly prefer trusting the public education to a religious order than to leave it as it is at present: but I wish to have neither.' At the sitting of the 20th March, 1806, he remarked: 'It strikes me, that the corps of instructors may consist of about ten thousand persons, and it seems essential that the members of the university — since that is to be its name — shall have the exclusive right of teaching, and that they shall be sworn in. Eight hundred thousand, or a million of francs (30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*), will be sufficient to cover the expenses of the proposed corporation. We must take care that the young men be not brought up either too bigoted or too sceptical; they ought, in short, to conform to the state of the nation and of society. It is worthy of remark, that education, at its commencement, has always been connected with religious notions. My habitual reading,' continued Napoleon, 'on going to bed, is that of the old chronicles of the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th centuries. I either read them myself, or have them translated for me. Nothing is more curious, nor less known, than

the step from ancient to modern manners, and the transition from the old states to the new ones founded on their ruins. We take upon us to suppose, for example, that the ancient Gauls were barbarians: but this is a great mistake; for they were the real barbarians who carried barbarism amongst them."

On the press:—

"The liberty of the press and the Emperor Napoleon are terms which, it was well observed, always growed at one another, whenever they came together. 'The character of the French nation,' said he one day, in the council of state, 'requires that the liberty of the press should be restricted in the case of works of a certain size; and the newspapers must be subjected to the rigid surveillance of the police.' This opinion was given at the time of the discussions respecting the constitution which was to declare him emperor; and we need not wonder at the small allowance of liberality which it contains. Some one spoke of the guarantees which should be given to the nation; and both the senate and the council of state, out of mere habit, muttered something about the 'liberty of the press,' which had formed a necessary part of every one of the constitutions promulgated up to the time in question (1st December, 1803). But Napoleon took good care that no such master as the press should be placed over him. The utmost he would allow was the nomination of a commission in the senate, whose nominal office it should be to watch over the freedom of the press, but who, it was well understood, should remain altogether inactive. How, indeed, was it to be expected that he who could never get accustomed to the freedom of speech with which he was assailed from the other side of the Channel, should submit to be criticised at home? The perusal of the insults which were lavished upon him by the English papers drove him into a fury which resembled that of the lion in the fable, stung to madness by swarms of gnats. He affected to grant a small modicum of liberty in the case of books, but this distinction was allowed to exist but a very short while; for it was found that when the papers were placed under a censorship and books not, the books soon acquired the influence which belonged properly to the newspapers. During the 'Hundred Days,' the liberty of the press formed by no means the least of Napoleon's annoyances; and it was clear that either it must crush him, or he must crush it. But the press and the tribunes had become more than ever incompatible with his position, which was far more conformable to a dictatorship than to a representative government. Napoleon in France at the same time with a free press could be compared to nothing but Gulliver in Lilliput, bound down by a multitude of petty cords, which rendered it impossible for him to move hand or foot."

With this we conclude; in the hope that, from what we have quoted, our readers will perceive that this volume is pregnant with matter for study and reflection.

*Marcus Manlius; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.*  
By David Elwila Columbine. 8vo. pp. 112.  
London, 1837. Bentley.

IT gives us pleasure to see another aspirer to dramatic literature step forth, especially one coming under the gracious patronage of her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, and approaching his task with so much modesty. Dramatic composition we have ever considered to be about the loftiest and most difficult part of literature; for in that alone must poetry be tied down to purpose: we speak not of the great

essentials, but of every particular image and description, springing from some feeling, illustrating some action, or otherwise furthering the plot. If the author but pauses to apostrophise a flower, it must become interwoven with his story; not a cloud must pass over his passages without being associated with them in purpose or passion: but it is with the classical drama (such as our author has chosen) that the thoughts and language must be as disguised as the characters drawn. The Roman toga sits but ill upon the figure of a hero, unless, by his graceful action and flowing eloquence, he can gather its floating folds, or throw them out at pleasure with as much ease as the playful wind aways a banner. For they were men who ever moved as if in the presence of their gods—cold, staid philosophers; their very laugh must have been solemn; and their loves—but the Roman maidens are gone, and it is only in such creations as these that we can ever hope to reach

"Their sighs, and tears, and soft emotions," and their daring converse, when they whispered to ambition in secret, or spoke aloud in the streets of patriotism.

Our author has chosen a period of great interest for his work; no other than the extermination of the Gauls from Italy. The plot is well sustained. The eager ambition of Marcus Manlius, and the calm circumventing policy of Camillus, are finely contrasted; while the loves of Octavia and Lucius are beautifully portrayed, and remind us pleasantly of Romeo and Juliet—more from their ill-starred situations than from either thought or incident being drawn from the Prince of Poets. This tragedy also possesses another feature, which we must not pass in silence: the gradual development of the plot and characters; each appearing, "as charm by charm unrolls," in perfect harmony, while the interest slowly swells, like the far-off murmuring of the sea before a storm. We are sorry that our space prevents us from entering more fully into the subject, as we can only snatch a beauty or two at random, and must leave the whole to the good taste of our readers.

Love.

"Octavia. Nay, I will tell thee all,  
And lay my bosom open to thy view.  
My heart was not won lightly—yet, 'tis won:  
'Tis not a day that hath produced this love,  
To bloom at morn, and set the evening, fade;  
As oft the brightest flower will droop and die;  
'Tis founded on esteem—sweet, dear esteem;  
The breath of love which gives it being, and  
Long outlives the passion it inspires."

Ocean.

"Oct. How shone the midnight planet o'er the waves,  
Which bore, in calm serenity, their freight  
Of love and beauty? In a fragile bark,  
Too light for stormy winds, or boisterous seas,  
A happy, yet a hapless, pair appeared:  
The lover rose. 'Twas for a moment; but the air  
That instant changed, and, with a sudden swell,  
The billows rose. No longer did they bear  
The bark upon the bosom of the deep:—  
'Twas whelmed! Yet, ever and anon, far off  
We saw the maiden struggling with the waves;  
With each sea seemed to combat, but, at length,  
Her life and nature sunk. We turned aghast  
From such a scene, and, looking up, behold—  
Lucius. Nay, sweet Octavia, why on such a theme  
Dost thou think, in such an hour?"

Oct. Dost thou remember?  
Luc. Ay, I remember, when we looked on high,  
Thou didst exclaim:—Behold, my natal star,  
The planet which o'errules my destiny,  
Sinks into ocean! But, away with this,  
It was an idle thought, and thou didst shudder,  
And cling to me for help: then did I chide  
Thy fantasy, as now, and made thee smile.  
Oct. Such days are past! As did that maiden strive  
With ocean's billows, have I struggled on  
With fortune: as she to her rest retired,  
I, thus subdued, as she my star foretold,  
I, overwhelmed, shall sink to my eternal rest."

Conscious Innocence.

"Camillus. Yes, it avails us much,  
When in our solitude we seek repose,

After many a long and weary toil  
And buffet with the world. This inward thought  
Sweetens the coming morn, declining eve,  
And makes our days pass placidly along;  
But in the world, the bitter—say, the vile,  
Ungenerous world, it is as nothing.  
Can conscious rectitude in aught avail you,  
When fellow man shall hold you up to scorn,  
And pointing at your bosom, with his finger,  
Marks you as—a villain! The stain remains,  
And as a canker in the healthiest tree,  
The heart will wear away."

Unexpected Hope.

"Octavia. Oh! do I merit it?  
This gleam of sunshine 'cross the gloomy soul—  
This spark of reason 'cross the maddened mind—  
This ray of hope, where all so hopeless seemed!  
I, who have even warred with the bright skies,  
And almost called the gods themselves unjust!"

Sudden Joy.

"Lie still, my heart! thou should'st not flutter thus  
At happiness! Away all care and sorrow!  
Oh! ye blest gods, receive my humble thanks!—  
'Tis vain—my tongue refuses utterance!  
This foolish—restless tenant of my breast,  
E'en as a bird fresh caught beats 'gainst its bars,  
As tho' 'twould burst such bonds, or perish there.  
Back, back to rest! I've neither speech nor words;  
Accept the silent offering of my heart,  
In prayer and gratitude."

*Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Brougham and Vaux; presenting Rambling Details of a Tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy; with some Remarks on Home Politics.* By Sir A. Brooke Faulkner, author of "A Visit to Germany," &c. 12mo. pp. 350. London, 1837. Macrone.

WITH the notorious dislike borne towards politics by the *Literary Gazette*, and its anxiety, during twenty years, to preserve, at least, one green and quiet spot of Literature uncontaminated and undisturbed by their presence, it will be felt as very natural that we should regret their intermixture with the otherwise more agreeable details of Sir Arthur Faulkner. Had our author confined himself to a separate discussion of his opinions, we should have cared less; but, running through the volume, they are apt to cause the tourist to be suspected of prepossessions and prejudices which do not tend to strengthen the general and indifferent portions of his narrative. Such, we presume, will be their effect upon the minds of these readers who hold opposite tenets; but, on the other, the "Liberal" party, who agree with them, will only be the more gratified by seeing them so stoutly maintained and so frequently illustrated. The fact seems to be, that Sir Arthur, passing through countries suffering from despotic governments, priestly influence, and other abuses, has been led to impute all the evils he witnessed to these causes; and, by reflection and comparison, assimilate some of them to points which he condemns in our condition at home. As a sample how far an ardent temperament may be carried in such respects, we will quote a passage relating to Turin.

"The same system of keeping the people in ignorance prevails here as in other parts of Italy. There is a strict censorship of the press; hardly an English book is to be seen but the eternal Walter Scott, whose Tory principles have obtained for him a place in all the shop-windows over the Continent; yet, is the king said to make books his hobby, especially such as are of a religious character."

Are we to understand that "Guy Mannering," "Old Mortality," "Ivanhoe," &c. &c. are but recommended to readers of every clime by their Tory principles? We pass an unfeeling mention of the melancholy suicide of Lord Castlereagh (p. 206)—another instance of the ill consequences of entertaining ultra-political notions; for, with the author's high and fine sense of the beauties of nature and art, it is also impossible to account for the bad taste it

exhibits—and copy, with relief, a notice of Sir W. Scott during his sojourn at Naples.

"None of the manuscripts are ever allowed to be taken out of the library without special permission from government. The rule, however, was waived in favour of Sir Walter Scott, who became a prodigious favourite with his present majesty. The novelist was anxious to take a copy of a particular legend, but found it impossible to obtain leave, but on the condition of transcribing it within the walls of the library. Sir Walter wrote direct to the king, and an order was immediately in the hands of the censor to place the manuscript at his disposal, with a verbal message to say that he was at perfect liberty to take it to his house, and retain it as long as he liked. During his short stay, we are told, he occupied himself laboriously in preparing matter for a new romance, founded on the story of Masaniello, when he was compelled, by the rapid decline of his health, to set out for England."

Having got over the reluctant part of our public duty—which, indeed, we have done as briefly as we could—we shall now proceed to the pleasanter paths of the author's lucubrations. At Florence there are some interesting details of the branches of the Buonaparte family, with whom Sir Arthur enjoyed a gratifying degree of intercourse.

"An acquaintance," he says, "with the family of Napoleon was not among the least of the inducements that prevailed with us to stop a whole month at Florence. Four branches of the fallen dynasty were domiciled in this delightful capital. Prince De Montfort, the ex-king of Westphalia; Princess Survilliers, ex-queen of Spain; the Princess Lipona, ditto of Naples; and Prince de St. Lou, the ex of Holland; from each of which Xes we were honoured with the kindest attentions. The Westphalian chief is strikingly like to Napoleon, only much thinner. The princess remained me of the charming affability of the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg. Prince Montfort has two sons, the eldest of whom has been some time at the military college at Stuttgart; his second son, Napoleon, a youth of twelve years of age, the very image of the emperor, remained with his father, who, with an only sister, the Princess Matilda, composed his family. The Princess Matilda is about sixteen years of age, and one of the most amiable, lovely, and accomplished of her sex: English, too, in her predilections, English in her style of beauty, and speaking our language like a native. I have said young Napoleon is the image of the emperor; nor is the resemblance confined to his person and features. He has the same quickness and point in his remarks. I asked him if he spoke French. 'Why not?' said he, 'I am a Frenchman.' I apologised in French for not speaking with more fluency. 'How so,' said he, 'when you are speaking it so well?' You find none of the frivolities about this youth that cleave to boys of his age: and in every one respect he is as well mannered as the most accomplished man of the world. I am much mistaken, should a good opportunity offer, if this youth is not heard of yet. The soirées of the Prince De Montfort were among the most select, as well as splendid, in Florence.

"Poor Louis, the ex-sovereign of Holland, lingers in a deplorable state of health—half paralysed—and lives quite in retirement; never seeing any body, with the exception of his own immediate family, or an intimate friend. Yet, when this best-natured of beings understood we had a wish to be presented, he immediately fixed a day for the purpose, and received us

with a kindness of manner altogether peculiar to himself. Princess Charlotte, the daughter of King Joseph, who had been married to his eldest son, did us this kind office. We arrived before the princess, and found him looking on at a game of billiards. He immediately rose, and, carrying us into an interior apartment, entered into conversation. The princess was presently announced, and, on entering the *salon*, the amiable Louis got up, and, taking both her hands in his, remained for some time apparently overcome by an overpowering emotion. The reason was afterwards explained. That day happened to be the anniversary of her marriage with his son, whose untimely fate is so well known; and his infirm state of health was unequal to bear up against the feeling which her presence excited. The overflowing of good Louis's heart on this occasion well accords with the character of the man who refused to wear a crown rather than become the oppressor of his subjects. The Princess Lipona, sister of the emperor, who is still commonly addressed as Queen of Naples, is a woman of the rarest fascination of manner, and her palace the rendezvous of all that is gay and illustrious in the capital of Tuscany. Her likeness to her son, Colonel Achille Murat, struck me as quite remarkable; and the more remarkable, as Achille is so very like to Napoleon; though, what may sound paradoxical, his mother has positively not one feature in common with the emperor. The title of Lipona, which the princess has assumed, is a *literal* retention of her claims as Queen of Naples, or Napoli, the syllables being only reversed. She never formally abdicated her right to the crown. Murat, as every one knows, was put to death without having consented to any act of abdication. The princess bears her reverses with the most philosophical indifference; apparently the very happiest of the happy; commanding equally the love and admiration of all who are honoured with her acquaintance, and share her delightful conversation. In an apartment of her palace adjoining the great saloon, is deposited, in an enclosure of glazed frame-work, festooned with his orders of chivalry, a piled trophy of the arms presented to the hero of the 'haughty plume,' by the different sovereigns who were anxious to pay him their homage; swords, rifles, carbines, daggers, lances, all of the most costly workmanship, especially a scimitar from Achmet Bey, magnificently studded with brilliants. The special sword, too, which he bore through all his battles, is ornamented on the hilt with miniature enamels of the queen and her children; and in a vacant space of the armorial enclosure lies, in modest obscurity, the immortal plume itself.

"In a small apartment, off the princess's bed-room, there stands, on an elevated pedestal, the bust of Murat. None but the *élite* of her acquaintance are allowed to approach this hallowed little temple, the shrine of the idol of her pride and affections. When we were admitted, the bust was brilliantly radiated by lights, shedding a solemnity which struck me as far more imposing than could be produced by the most sombre sepulchral style of decoration. Flowers, and flowering shrubs, of the choicest beauty, were placed about the figure, uniting their graceful shade over the brows and forehead. The impression of solemnity may probably be accounted for by the gay contrast of these flowers and brilliant lights with the awful image of death. This gratification was reserved for the last evening we had the honour of passing at Princess Lipona's. On the same occasion we were de-

lighted with the well-remembered tones of Catalani's voice, in a duet with her daughter; and we visited her, next day, at her villa, within a few miles of Florence, where she is sumptuously lodged, and enjoys the green autumn of her days in great comfort, respected by every body, and unwearied in deeds of charity and usefulness. I have a pleasure in speaking about Catalani, if it was only for the devotion she feels for England, which amounts to a passion, and is shewn in every thing she says or does. Catalani, in fact, swears by England; she has English grates, English carpets, English chairs, English bedsteads and bed-curtains; and the beds are covered with our counterpanes. She never speaks of England but with enthusiasm; and, if her arrangements will permit, she does not despair of passing the remainder of her life on our shores. Catalani is an universal favourite in all the best society at Florence, on account of qualities that will long survive her voice: for it need hardly be remarked, that her vocal powers are a little on the wane."

At Rome, we are told, "The excavations in the Forum are still going on, but proceed at a very slow rate. Some Duchess of Devonshire is again needed to give fresh animation to the work. I have often stood over the excavators; but there was no reward for curiosity, excepting loose earth, mixed with the crumbled fragments of the 'marble wilderness.' The arrangement for carrying on these excavations almost makes it impossible that any valuable object should elude the eye. The workmen are stationed with their pickaxes and shovels tier above tier on a kind of terrace cut in the soil, and each shovel of rubbish is examined as it is tossed from one to the other in succession; and, when it reaches the top, is gathered into a heap to be carried away, so that it were next to a miracle that a rusty nail should escape."

The ignorance of the clergy is curiously illustrated.

"Ignorance is universal through all ranks at Rome, and superstition in as full blow as in the fifteenth century. The credulity of the priests is, above all things, astonishing, and would be laughable, were it not so humiliating. To hear what he would say, I related a story to a prior of the church, which has long been current among the Maltese, respecting the miraculous nature of the sanctified cave formed out of a rock in that island, where the Apostle Paul is said to have been confined; assuring him, with all the gravity I was master of, that, although pilgrims and strangers from every part of the world had been cutting away fragments of the rock for eighteen centuries, the cave still remained without one atom of change. 'Ecco,' said his reverence, turning quick and earnestly round to a friend of his at his elbow, and striking the forefinger of the right hand against the thumb of the left, 'Ecco, amico mio, una prova assoluta della sua funzione apostolica,' which proof his friend appeared to accept with quite as assured a conviction as himself. The prior betrayed an ignorance of things that a boy of ten years old ought to be ashamed of. He had never heard of the lake of Geneva, which made his friend stare, and provoked to venture a gentle rebuke for exposing himself. He supposed that he must have forgotten the name of the place. His reverence was astonished when I told him that the Countess of Albani was a descendant of our deposed royal family; and it seemed a material accession to his stock of facts when informed that Ireland is under the same government as England; yet it was a mistake for which you may allow, perhaps, that he de-

served some little indulgence. There was a strange wholesale substitution of credulity for rational belief. He allowed unbounded credit to the history of Romulus and Remus. Both brothers, he remarked, shewed a turn for architecture; and almost as soon as they had quitted their nurse, 'one set about building the houses and the other the walls of Rome.' He was a staunch worshipper of the redoubtable Wellington, and asked if he was still alive."

Of the state of society at Naples, with its 40,000 professional beggars,\* the author's sketches are lively and striking; but, for columns like ours, what he tells of antiquities and literature is more to the purpose: and he is so completely at home in them, so competent a judge, with such classical attainments, that we again and again repeat our wish that he had given us ten times as much of them, and left politics to men of inferior calibre.

On the important subject of education, Sir A. says:—

"We can scarcely wonder at this gross immorality. Education here, as at Rome, is wholly in the hands of the priesthood, who are

\* The following, as connected with this subject, appears to us to deserve notice:—"To the other causes of poverty which have degraded these people may be added the number of their charities. Among countless establishments of this nature, an enormous national poor-house, called the *Albergo dei poveri*, large enough to contain the two Sicilies, is open to the whole beggary of Naples. The Albergo will justify some observations, as it is an academy and house of industry, as well as a refuge for the poor. This establishment, if it were completely filled, I am told, would lodge between 6000 and 7000 persons. It is under the direction of the brother of the minister of the interior, a Colonel St. Angelo, who conducts the details on strictly military principles; and so jealous is he of any interference with his management, that he has been known to refuse the king himself to infringe upon his rules. The Albergo, as a school of art, embraces every kind of instruction which is necessary to fit the rising generation for earning their bread without begging. Book-binding—lithography—working in lava, bronze, brass, and steel—the manufacture of pens, pencils, nails, and glass—shoemaking—tailoring—needlework—hastening—turning—spinning—weaving in all its branches, and in every kind of stuff—carpenters' work—sculpture—women's work—type-founding, &c.: all these branches of industry are in constant activity; besides which, there are schools to teach drawing, music, mathematics, and languages. The Lancaster plan is the one adopted for the children. Their punishment extends no further than disgrace; and every boy, when he commits a serious offence, is tried by a jury of his equals. The accommodations are of a superior order, and comprise all kinds of conveniences; kitchens—bakery (from which twenty cantars of bread issue every morning)—washhouses—cellars—wardrobes—die-houses—infirmaries—apothecaries' shops, &c.; and a spacious chapel, for the general use of the public as well as the poor, is appointed with steady useful clergymen, and the sick supplied with the best medical and surgical assistance. The whole is under the tutelar guardianship of St. Gennaro and the *Donna della concezione*; but priests are allowed to have no share whatever in the direction. This institution is maintained partly by government and partly by subscription, assisted by the industry of the inmates. The food is excellent and abundant, and every attention paid to health. When the weather is unfavourable, there are spacious saloons separately appropriated for the exercise of both sexes. I found, however, that the poor had no great relish for the Albergo; nor is it, in such a climate and with such habits, very surprising. Liberty is dear to all, and rags and vermin felt as a grievance by none. If a pauper gets but half a dozen granes by his profession—and it must be a poor day's work that fails to turn in double or treble that amount—he can breakfast and dine for half that sum, and lay by the remainder for the *madonna*. Should an epicure of the craft take a fancy to indulge himself more generously, he can provide three very satisfactory meals for a carlin, consisting of macaroni, fish, fruit, and of wine as much as he can desire, for a farthing. For a farthing he has a tumbler of ice-water; for three farthings the same tumbler with an addition of lemon-juice, or the juice of the blood-orange; and, if he spends one penny more, he commands a dash of capillaire, that makes a draught for an alderman. Nor have the poor of Naples much reason to envy the more honourable and industrious occupations. A soldier's pay is but seven granes and a half a day, and a labourer gets no more than fourteen, to find himself in every thing; all wages, in short, are miserably small. Even a *coiffeur* changes rarely earns above twelve ducats a-month. The daughter of a major in the army (a friend of Lord W. Bentinck's) hires as a sempstress at 4*d.* a day. All the world knows that their cheating is on a par with their poverty."

never wanting in a plausible pretext for slurring over their task, or getting rid of it altogether. One of their devices, when they find a peasant particularly desirous of having his children instructed, is to affect warmly to second his wish: but mark the knavery. When a child is sent, every thing is done to puzzle him at starting, that his reverence may be able to furnish himself with a plausible reason in his stupidity for dismissing his pupil at once; or he, perhaps, finishes by flinging the horn back at his head, to give verisimilitude to his indignation. The parents are then easily persuaded to give up the idea of education altogether. In Murat's time there were upwards of 7000 Lancaster schools, not one of which is now in existence. So deplorably ignorant are the clergy themselves, though the fountain of all knowledge to others, that you may see them every day at the corners of streets dictating their thoughts, without a blush, to be wrought up into epistles to their friends, by a professional amanuensis—an artist in universal request. And yet some of these clergy, who, from a defective acquaintance with the alphabet, are obliged to commit the church service to memory, have actually reached the very highest preferment in their profession. Nor is the ignorance of the very highest order of nobility less disgraceful. I have been solemnly assured by a Neapolitan, that one of the king's brothers gravely put him a question as to the position of Gibraltar on the map of Europe.

“There is no spot about Naples so famous for the work of the stiletto as Torre Annunziata. Assassinations have been unusually frequent here of late; and, to elicit confessions, the Jesuits had recourse to the following rather curious expedient. They gave out that Vesuvius was to spread indiscriminate ruin over the country, unless the men immediately surrendered their stilettoes, and the women their tambourines. On a particular day, fixed for the peace-offerings, the priests assembled, and many thousand stiletto-bearers arranged themselves rank and file on one side of the street, and the ladies on the other; the latter in fearful apprehension, and deprecating the mountain horrors on their knees. All the tambourines were given up, but not one stiletto, which clung fast like the besetting sin; even the terrors of the church are impotent to dissolve the clasp charm of the dearest of their passions—the love of revenge. These would seem impolitic experiments on the credulity of the mass; a repetition of such false alarms by their clergy, one would suppose, must lead to some distrust of the infallibility of their authority. Not so. Their reverences are never without a back-door to escape. Their prayers can always turn the current of any prediction to which they may be committed, and the failure, in place of being put down to the score of imposture, will be swallowed as confirmation strong of the church's omnipotence; which, as in this particular instance, is not only able to move mountains, but to keep them quiet.”

[To be concluded next week.]

*Von Raumer's Frederick II., &c.*

[In continuation.]

WE resume with pleasure our illustrations of this volume, satisfied that our miscellaneous sheet could not be occupied with more generally interesting matter. For the personal character of Maria Theresa, and the phases of Austrian affairs during the period it embraces, we must be content to refer to its own pages; whilst we divide what remains for us into a few separate

heads, though the events occur with lapses of years between them.

Concerning Russia, the accounts of the several revolutions given by our ambassadors in their despatches contain many remarkable particulars. Thus, in 1742, when Elizabeth was raised to the throne, we learn:—

“This revolution was accompanied by a series of appointments and arrests, liberations, banishments, and confiscations. There is no describing the insolence of the guards, since the last event, especially of those who were actors in it, to whom court is paid, as if they were masters here, which they think themselves, and perhaps with too much reason. Ostermann does not behave with the same intrepidity as Münnich. The French ambassador still continues prime-minister. Great court is paid to him; he publicly kisses and is kissed by the Janissaries in the drawing-room.

Her majesty has declared the 300 grenadiers her life company; the private men are all to have the rank of lieutenants; the corporals and sergeants, of captains and majors; and the six who had the greatest share in the late affair, lieutenant-colonels; the ensign, brigadier; the two second-lieutenants, of major-generals; and the first-lieutenant, of a lieutenant-general. They are to be quartered in houses which her majesty has bought for that purpose just by the palace. She herself is to be captain, and has ordered her grenadier's cap and amazon dress to be made, to appear at their head. The commission of state prisoners meets at the court palace. Her majesty is constantly at the tribune, where she can see and hear every thing without being seen, as she says, to prevent favour or injustice. This declaration, with the general confiscations previous to any hearing in defence, cannot be reconciled but by the constant practice of this court on such occasions. They speak, also, of the application of the knout to the prisoners. Münnich was before the inquisition, for there is nothing in this country, at least in such cases, which deserves the name of court of justice. He told the commissioners to their face, that he was not more guilty than they. Lestock's ordinary discourse is a continued egotism. I proposed, ordered, this and that. So, too, he says, he has appointed an ambassador to London.’ The following extracts are from the despatches of the year 1742:—‘The proceedings against the prisoners continue: it is impossible to conceive the inhumanity of the commissioners towards the unfortunate prisoners, which grows worse and worse, and, it is said, by the express commands of those who are present to prevent injustice. But it is to be feared that private piques and personal revenge prevail where they might be least expected, and are least becoming. One of the new lieutenants affirmed that field-marshal Münnich had told him, on the nightly attack of the Duke of Courland, that it was intended to place the Princess Elizabeth on the throne. Münnich denied this; and, upon the confrontation, the lieutenant offered to receive the knout, provided that, if he maintained this assertion under that torture, the old field-marshal should undergo it in his turn: who, rather than be exposed to that indignity, owned the accusation; however, made it so appear, to those who certainly knew, that the great duchess herself desired the officers and soldiers that accompanied Münnich on that expedition to follow his orders. The new counsellors do not agree together, and the empress thinks ill of their heads, and still worse of their hearts. I know not one here who would pass for a tolerably honest man in an-

other country. A subaltern officer was sent after the deposed czar and his parents, to give one of the great duchess's chambermaids the knout, without saying why, and immediately returned.’ After the inquiry, as it was called, into the conduct of the prisoners was ended, the ambassador relates, on the 19th of February:—‘Count Ostermann, Münnich, Golofkin, President Mengden, the high steward Löwenwolde, and the secretary Jacoblitz, were yesterday brought to the scaffold before the college. First of all, about ten o'clock, Ostermann, whom Elizabeth hated the most, was carried in a chair, when the enumeration of the crimes laid to his charge, containing five sheets of paper, was read to him by a secretary. His excellency stood all that time bareheaded, in his gray hairs, and with a long beard; and, with an attentive, but firm countenance, listening to it. At last his sentence was pronounced, which, as I hear, was, to be broke on the wheel. However, no preparations for so terrible an execution were there: instead of them, there were two blocks with axes by them; and he was immediately drawn forward out of his chair by the soldiers, and his head laid on one of the blocks; when the executioner approached, and, unbuttoning the collar of his shirt and night-gown he had on, laid bare his neck. The ceremony took up about a minute, when it was declared to him that his capital punishment was by her majesty changed into perpetual banishment; when, after having made a sort of inclination of his head, he immediately said (and these were the only words he uttered), ‘Pray, give me my wig and cap again;’ which he immediately put on, and then buttoned his shirt-collar and night-gown without the least change in his countenance. The sentence of the other five, who stood below, was also read to them: Münnich was to be quartered, and the others beheaded, but the change into banishment was as soon declared to each. The four had all long beards; but the field-marshal was shaved, well dressed, and with as erect, intrepid, and unconcerned a countenance as if he had been at the head of an army or at a review. And, from the very beginning of his process, he has always behaved in the same manner before his judges, and in his way from the citadel and back; he always affected to joke with his guards, and constantly told them, that, in some actions before the enemy, when he had had the honour to command them, they had thought him a brave man, and they should find him so to the end.”

M. Von Raumer seems to think, that Katherine, in 1762, when Elizabeth's death caused such a change in the state of Europe, might not have been aware of the murder of her husband, Peter III., and contrasts her case with that of Mary of Scotland, in her favour, and to the disadvantage of the latter. The catastrophe of Iwan III. is a sad tragic story (1764):—

“Count Panin told Buckingham, that the prince's understanding was absolutely confused, and his ideas were blended together without the least rational distinction. The ambassador gives the following account of his end on the 20th of July, 1764:—‘Lieutenant Mirowitz, who was upon guard in the citadel of Schlüsselburg, where Prince Iwan was confined, having first seduced the soldiers under his command, went to the commandant, and insisted upon his immediately releasing the prince, which the commandant declining, he immediately caused him to be bound. He next obliged the keeper of the magazine of powder to deliver powder to his soldiers. The noise which these proceedings occasioned alarmed a captain and lieutenant; one of whom was in the prince's bed-

chamber, the other in the ante-room. Lieutenant Mirowitz, having afresh encouraged his men, advanced to the prince's apartment, and demanded, with the most violent threats in case of a refusal, that the emperor, as he called him, should be produced. After some resistance, the captain and lieutenant, finding themselves in danger of being overpowered, told Mirowitz that, if he persisted, it would endanger the prince's life; as their instructions were, in case they found their efforts to guard him ineffectual, immediately to put him to death. Mirowitz, deaf to all remonstrances, forced the door, which put them under the unhappy necessity of executing their orders. The first stab, from a Captain-lieutenant Uchtinskoi, waked the unfortunate youth, who was asleep in bed: he made so stout a resistance as to break one of the swords, and received eight wounds before he expired. The officers then produced the body to Mirowitz and his soldiers, and told them, they might now do with their emperor what they thought proper. Mirowitz carried the corpse to the front of the guard, and covered it with the colours; and then, with all his soldiers, prostrated himself before it, and kissed his hand. Then, taking off his own gorget, sash, and sword, laid them by the body, and, addressing himself to Korsakoff, colonel of the regiment of Smolensko, who was then arrived, and, pointing to the body, told him, 'There is your emperor—you may do by me as you please. Adverse fortune has blasted my design. I mourn, not my own fate, but the misery of my poor fellow-citizens, and the innocent victim of my undertaking.' He then embraced the under officers, and surrendered himself and his soldiers."

With regard to general history, all the negotiations after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle convey much curious information; and the breaking out of the famous Seven Years' War (1756), together with the circumstances of its process and results, are replete with valuable features. Sorry are we to notice the poor figure which our own country cuts in this mighty contest, and the lesson it affords of the injury and disgrace inalienable from the struggles of factions for political power. Hear how our ally, Frederick, describes us to our ambassador.

"I am very sorry, my dear Mr. Mitchell, to hear of the divisions which have broken out in your English government. Good God! it seems to me, that, at the present moment, every man who has at heart the interests of his nation, and those of Europe, ought to lay aside all personal interest, to think only of an interest paramount to all others—that of maintaining the Protestant cause and the liberty of Europe. I confess that I have learned with the most lively grief the dissensions in your government. Is it possible that so many men who, however, have a regard for the interests of the country, can give the advantage to the eternal enemies of their government by intestine divisions? How can the King of England and the nation adopt good measures against their enemies? I find, in the nation itself, persons who, though hostile to the French, render them the greatest services, by hindering the state from taking measures in time against the enterprises of our common enemies. For Heaven's sake, let patriotism revive among your countrymen, and let them look at things on a grand scale, and not through the microscope of personal interest. For my part, I think at the present moment only of Europe: I have opposed to me only the dummviate, which is dangerous to the liberties of England, as well as to those of Germany, and especially to the Protestant cause. I see

the winter approaching, and with it the interval of truce, in which the inclemency of the season suspends the madness of men. I think that this precious moment should not be suffered to escape without taking on all hands, both by sea and land, the measures which are calculated to resist the powerful efforts which the houses of Austria and Bourbon will make against us. I have many things to propose to you, which I withhold till your internal storms are allayed. I am, perhaps, like the Abbé St. Pierre, who dreamed about the happiness of Europe; but I do not know to whom I should propose my dreams. A preliminary is the restoration of tranquillity at London: and I believe that all well-disposed persons will labour to bring it about. Let people dispute about personal interests when they have nothing better to do—well and good—but at present, my dear Mr. Mitchell, to dispute about offices when liberty is at stake! I think all parties ought to unite against the common enemy, and leave such wretched disputes to a more convenient season. I speak to you as a citizen of Europe, who has much at heart the good of his allies and the independence of his country—who hates tyranny, from whatever quarter it comes, and desires only the good of Europe. I wish that all your countrymen were as sensible and as good citizens as you; and we should together be a match for all the conspiracies which ambitious minds might form against the tranquillity of Europe. Adieu, dear Mitchell."

This picture was but too just; for, the year after, Mitchell himself writes:—"For nine months together, in consequence of the internal dissension of England, the king has been answered with fair words. But, in the situation his affairs now are in, there is no time to be lost; if England will not endeavour to save him, he must save himself as he can." And again:—"England is cheated, and its ministers duped, by Hanover. What a pitiful figure will they make in England! The most notorious breach of faith has been wantonly committed, to support a weak, ill-judged, and ineffectual measure. You know what has happened. Why was not the King of Prussia previously consulted? I can answer with my head, he would have yielded to any reasonable proposal for the safety of Hanover. What will posterity say of an administration that made the treaty of Westminster for the safety of Hanover, and suffered the Hanoverian ministers to say openly, that they have no treaty with the King of Prussia; nay, have suffered them to betray that prince, who has risked all to save them, and whose misfortunes are owing to his generosity and good faith. Let us have done with negotiating; after what has happened no man will trust us. I know not how to look the King of Prussia in the face; and honour, my lord, is not to be purchased with money. Nothing (less) than a miracle or an absolute submission to France can save the king. The loss of a battle will only anticipate the ruin of his countries a few weeks; the winning of it cannot save him. I lose myself when I think of his situation. I see no salvation for him but in the arms of France. He assumes a gaiety and easiness not natural nor suited to his situation, but I can perceive a sensible alteration in his temper, which has made him do some harsh things. He said, 'I have commenced the war like a general; I will finish it like a partisan.' The king never appears discouraged or disconcerted; he even in public shews a cheerfulness and easiness of mind difficult to be maintained in such circumstances."

And, nine years later, Macartney tells Mitchell, in a despatch from Petersburg:—"I must not omit to tell you, in confidence, that nothing can equal the contempt in which not only the empress and her ministers, but even all the diplomatic body, hold British politics. For, however wise or necessary the frequent changes in the administration may be supposed at home, it is certain that they render us ridiculous and despicable abroad."

We shall conclude with a few extracts relative to Frederick himself; and the following, at the death of his mother, is of singular interest.

"On the 28th of June, ten days after the battle of Kollin, died Sophia Dorothea, the mother of King Frederick. Mitchell speaks in several despatches of his unfeigned and profound sorrow. 'The king (he writes on the 2d of July) has seen nobody since he has received this news, and I hear he is deeply afflicted. His grief, I am sure, is sincere; for never any man gave stronger marks of duty and affection than he has done on every occasion to his mother; and no mother ever deserved better of all her children than she did. Yesterday,' he continues on the 4th of July, 'the king sent for me, which is the first time he had seen any body since he received the news of the death of his mother. I had the honour to remain with him some hours in his closet: I must own to your lordship I was most sincerely affected to see him indulging his grief, and giving way to the warmest filial affections by recalling to mind the many obligations he had to his late mother, and repeating to me her sufferings, and the manner in which she bore them, the good she did to every body, and the comfort he had to have contributed to make the latter part of her life easy and agreeable. The king was pleased to tell me a great deal of the private history of his family, and the manner in which he had been educated: owning, at the same time, the loss he felt for the want of proper education; blaming his father, but with great candour and gentleness; and acknowledging that in his youth he had been *étourdi*, and deserved his father's indignation—which, however, the late king, from the impetuosity of his temper, had carried too far. He told me, that by his mother's persuasion, and that of his sister of Baireuth, he had given a writing, under his hand, declaring he never would marry any other person than the Princess Emilia of England; that this was very wrong, and had provoked his father. He said he could not excuse it, but from his youth and want of experience. That this promise, unhappily, was discovered by the late Queen Caroline, to whom it was intrusted, having shewn or spoken of it to the late General Diemar. He had betrayed the secret to Seckendorf, who told it to the King of Prussia. Upon this discovery, and his scheme of making his escape, his misfortunes followed. He told me, with regard to making his escape, that he had long been unhappy, and hardly used by his father. But what made him resolve upon it was, that one day his father struck him, and pulled him by the hair, and in this dishevelled condition he was obliged to pass the parade; that, from that moment, he was resolved, cost what it might, to venture it. That during his imprisonment at Küstrin, he had been treated in the harshest manner, and brought to the window to see Katt beheaded, and that he had fainted away. That . . . \* might have made his escape and saved himself, the Danish minister having given him notice; but he loitered, he believed, on account of some

\* "The space for the name is left blank in the MS., but M. Von Raumer thinks it may be Katt."



girl he was fond of. The king said, the happiest years of his life were those he spent at . . . . . a house he had given to his brother, Prince Henry. There he retired after his imprisonment, and remained till the death of the late king. His chief amusement was study, and making up for the want of education by reading, making extracts, and conversing with sensible people and men of taste. The king talked much of the obligation he had to the queen, his mother, and of his affection to his sister, the Princess of Baireuth, with whom he had been bred. He observed, that the harmony which had been mentioned in his family was greatly owing to the education they had had; which, though imperfect and defective in many things, was good in this,—that all the children had been brought up, not as princes, but as the children of private persons."

The following is also curious:—

"In the summer of 1769, Voltaire negotiated with the king about war and peace. Mitchell, at least, writes on this subject:—"I believe the court of France makes use of the artful pen of Voltaire to draw secrets from the king; and, when that prince writes as a wit, and to a wit, he is capable of great indiscretions. But what surprises me still more is, that, whenever Voltaire's name is mentioned, his majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve, which are, the worst heart and greatest rascal now living. Yet, with all this, he continues to correspond with him. Sober, in this prince, is the lust of praise from a great and elegant writer, in which, however, he will be at last the dupe; for, by what I hear from good authority of Voltaire's character, he will dissemble, but never can, nor will, forgive the king what has passed between them."

"Frederick, duly appreciating the greatness of the danger that threatened him, wrote to D'Argens a few days before the battle of Torgau:—"I will never see the moment which shall oblige me to make a disadvantageous peace. No persuasion, no eloquence, shall ever induce me to sign my own dishonour. I will either suffer myself to be buried under the ruins of my country; or, if this consolation appears too much to fate, which persecutes me, I shall know how to put an end to my misfortunes when it will no longer be possible to endure them. I have acted, and I continue to act, according to that internal sense, and the point of honour, which guide all my steps: my conduct will at all times be conformable to those principles. After having sacrificed my youth to my father, my manhood to my country, I think that I have acquired a right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, my hand shall never sign a disgraceful peace. When every thing is lost, when no hope is left, life is a disgrace, and death a duty."

"Frederick was sensible how difficult,—may, how desperate, his situation was; thought seriously of death, and, on the 1st December, 1761, wrote a speech of the Emperor Otho, after the battle of Bedriacum, and, on the 8th December, a speech of Cato before his death. We are entitled to believe that, if he had not met with death on the field of battle, he was resolved, in case of extremity, to die by his own hand."

We do not think our author's reasoning on this point, however, will meet with universal assent. He adds:—

"It is unnecessary to enumerate and enforce in this place the irrefragable arguments of Christianity against suicide; but those who

"Without doubt, Rheimsberg."

bear with great tranquillity the disgrace of an unworthy life have no right, on this account, to represent themselves as good Christians. Nay, even those who would willingly spin out to eternity the thread of their empty and insignificant existence, have here no right to pass sentence of condemnation, for they do not understand what the question properly is, and measure things essentially different with the same standard. *Duo cum faciunt idem, non est idem.* If a gamester, a bankrupt, no longer able to prolong his extravagant and worthless course of life, puts an end to it in a moment of despair, is he to be placed on a level with Otho, Cato, and Frederick the Second? The king's task was at an end as soon as he could no longer be a king—no longer a great king. For him, a life in dishonour was a complete impossibility. If this assertion implies that the tendency of his life was not perfectly conformable with the Christian mode of thinking and acting, saints may sit in judgment, and condemn him, but not old women of both sexes. Had it been the will of God that Prussia should be reduced to a little electorate, without spirit and energy, Frederick was not the man to direct the eternal monotony of the petty machine. Some other person was required for this purpose. Accordingly, he puts the following words into the mouth of Cato:—

'Le sage avec mépris voit la mort sans la craindre;  
Laissez mon action, gardez-vous de me plaindre.  
Quand on voit sa patrie et ses amis périr,  
Un lâche y peut survivre, un héros doit mourir.'

But it was otherwise decreed in the book of Fate. This noble monarch, who had dedicated his whole life to the weal of his people, who was about to sacrifice it for them, was not to pass unrewarded from the scene of action."

To his constancy and military talents did he owe this consummation; and, without shewing how it was realised, we bid adieu to the admirable work which has unfolded so many of its concomitant events and combinations.

*Coup-d'œil sur les Progrès et sur l'Etat actuel de la Littérature Anglo-Saxonne en Angleterre.* Par M. Thomas Wright. Traduit de l'Anglais par M. de Larenauvière. 8vo. 1836. Paris, Silvestre; London, Pickering. This is a neat and comprehensive popular sketch of a very interesting subject; and gives a complete view of what has hitherto been done in England in the cultivation of the study of the Anglo-Saxon language, which is now beginning to receive from our scholars the attention it deserves. Within a few weeks, we expect to have to notice several most important publications of, or concerning, the literature of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. The little tract whose title we have given above, and which is published in London by Mr. Pickering, to whom Anglo-Saxon scholars owe so many nice books, originally appeared in England in the shape of a review; but the additions and alterations, which have been made in the translation by the original writer, have made it, in its present form, quite new to use. We ought, perhaps, to observe, that it contains an analysis of the curious Anglo-Saxon romance of Beowulf. The translator, M. de Larenauvière, is a gentleman well known for the encouragement he has given to the publication of the early literature of his own country, and as a distinguished geographer, the colleague of Malte Brun and Humboldt. He has designed it as the first of a series on the same subject, under the title of *Anglo-Saxonica*; of which the second part, nearly ready, will contain a bibliographical view of all

the works which have hitherto been published, which concern the Anglo-Saxon language.

*The Adventures of Gil Blas, &c.* Parts I. to X. 8vo. Pp. 314. (Smollett's Translation.) London, 1837. Dubochet and Co.; Tilt and Co.

THE admirable and far-famed novel of *Le Sage, Gil Blas*, here appears in an English dress, adorned as befits a work of such celebrity. It is profusely illustrated with wood engravings of a very highly characteristic and superior order. The accuracy of the printing, and the beauty of the type, demand especial notice; and these recommendations, combined with the admirable manner in which the plates are worked off, give the Willoughby press a claim to rank high among the foremost in the race for excellence. This edition would grace any library, and will, doubtless, hold a distinguished place in the collection of every patron of literature and the arts.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FEB. 22.—The Rev. W. Whewell in the chair.

—A paper was read by Captain Grant, of the Bombay Engineers, on the geology of Cutch. This district, so peculiarly interesting on account of the earthquake by which it was devastated in 1819, is bounded on the west by the eastern branch of the Indus and the territory of Sind; on the north, by the Thur, or Little Desert; on the east, by the province of Guzerat; and on the south, by the Gulf of Cutch and the Indian Ocean. It is naturally divided into two districts, distinguished by their physical features. The northern, called the Great Runn, is a sandy flat, containing about 9000 square miles; but the southern is a hilly district, consisting of about 6500 square miles. The formations of which the latter is composed are arranged by the author under seven heads: 1. A system of laminated shale, limestone, and sandstone, abounding with ammonites, belemnites, and other fossil characteristics of the secondary formations of Europe. It occurs principally in the northern part of the district, constituting a range of hills which borders the Great Runn. 2. A series of sandstones and shales, including layers of iron-ore and thin beds of coal, sometimes tolerably good, but generally very impure. It forms the central and principal part of the district, rising also into a chain of hills. Captain Grant was not able to determine satisfactorily its age, with reference to the preceding deposit. The iron-ore is smelted by the natives to some extent, particularly near the town of Doodye. The variety generally selected, on account of the imperfect apparatus employed, has a spongiform texture, small specific gravity, and is easily frangible. The ore is broken into small pieces, and disposed in layers, alternately with others of charcoal, in a rude open furnace, acted upon by two small bellows made of sheep-skin. The metal, on being fused, falls into a small hole at the bottom of the furnace; whence it is removed into an inclosed furnace, and subjected to similar blasts, till it acquires a white heat, when it is taken out and beat into a bar. The third formation is a white limestone, which occupies a small area south of Luckput, on the Indus, and contains innumerable nummulites and fasciolites; also echini, spatangi, and corals. 4. A series of strata, considered by the author as tertiary, on account of its fossils. The principal genera mentioned in the paper are *clypeaster*, *pecten*, *ostrea*, *cardium*,

conas, cyprea, solarium, ovula, fusus, and strombus, the species being often grouped in beds; and in some localities there are patches of corals, two or three acres in extent. The tract occupied by these strata ranges along the southern side of the province. 5. Another sandstone deposit was noticed by Capt. Grant, though without being able to determine its geological position with reference to the other formations. It differs very materially from that connected with the coal, being much softer, and of a greater variety of colours. Associated with it are beds of variegated clay; and it is overlaid by an aluminous earth, which is covered by a bed of red clay. 6. Alluvial deposits. Under this head Captain Grant described the changes produced along the southern coast by the accumulation of sediment. At Mandaree, three miles inland, is a ruin called the old Bunder, or quay; and in the centre of the town is a small temple, built upon a rocky foundation, but said to have stood in the sea when the old Bunder was the landing-place. At other localities in the Gulf of Cutch similar processes are going on, rendering it necessary to remove the landing-places frequently further seaward. The same operations are also in progress over a district, not situated immediately on the coast, but connected with the gulf by small creeks, some of which penetrate six or seven miles into the interior. This district is covered with shrubs, which at low-water are exposed to the roots, but at high tides have merely their tops visible; so that boats appear to sail through a marine forest. The growth of the shrubs is rapid; and the sailors have constantly to force their vessels through the upper branches, particularly at the bends in the creeks, when they wish to save a tack. The stems and lower boughs are covered with testacea, while the upper are occupied by numerous water-fowl. During the monsoons, the water of the creeks is charged with mud; and, passing but slowly through the shrubs, a great portion of the sediment is precipitated. In August 1834, the rains were very violent and continuous; and the river Nurra covered with a fine soil a surface of nearly one thousand acres. 7. Volcanic rocks. In the southern part of the province is a range of hills composed entirely of basalt, with other volcanic rocks; and extensive similar formations occur a little to the south of Luckput; and minor outbursts are scattered over the central districts. These rocks were described by Captain Grant with considerable minuteness; and he enumerated a great variety of instances in which the disturbances of the strata can be traced in the clearest manner to the protrusion of trap. He shewed, also, that eruptions had taken place at many distinct periods; beds of basalt, trachyte, or amygdaloid, alternating with each other, and with limestone, calcareous grit, and tuff. Among the phenomena connected, apparently, with volcanic action, is a number of convex mounds, varying in diameter from three to twenty yards, and covered with small tabular plates of sandstone, the lines of fracture radiating, though irregularly, from a centre. In some instances the summits had been removed, and a circle of stones was displayed, inclosing an area of sandstone, the fractures in the stones decidedly radiating as the stones of an arch. In other instances the mounds assumed the magnitude of small hillocks; from which the outer coating having generally fallen away, the whole presented a heap of broken masses of rock. Another class of volcanic phenomena occurs near the village Wágé-ké-pudda, where a district of about two square miles forms a

table-land, which is covered by mounds of loose volcanic scoræ. The platform itself consists of marl; and the sides are fissured and flanked by long irregular hills of ironstone and gravel. From the loose nature of the scoræ, and the facility with which it is removed by atmospheric agents, Captain Grant inferred that the mounds have been thrown up at a comparatively recent period. The paper concluded with an account of the Great Runn. This singular region, as already described by Captain Burnes, consists principally of a sandy flat, for the greater part of the year dry, but during the prevalence of the S.W. winds converted into an inland sea, passable, however, on camels. Captain Grant believes that the present oscillating position between land and water of the Runn is due to its elevation, and not to a depression in the level of the sea; and in support of this opinion adduced the alterations, both of elevation and depression, produced by the earthquake of 1819. The author described also several extraordinary walls of rock, thrown up, apparently, by volcanic action, some of them assuming a dome shape, others segments of circles, or straight lines.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—A plant of the tree cabbage, 9 feet in height, which the chairman had received from Sir William Symonds, was exhibited. Read, an account of some useful plants of the South-sea Islands, by Fred. Bennett, Esq. The first plant which Mr. Bennett notices is the *Tacca pinnatifida*, from the tubers of which the natives of the Society Islands prepare large quantities of arrow-root; a considerable part of which is exported. The second is the yellow or Nankin cotton-bush (*Gossypium religiosum*), which Mr. Bennett found at Moree, one of the Sandwich Islands. The natives call it Merou, and use an infusion of the flowers of the dye. The mountain plantain, a species of *Musa*, Mr. Bennett states is found abundantly throughout the Marquesas and Society Islands, particularly in the more elevated districts; the fruit of which forms a favourite article of food of the natives, a great part of whose time is occupied in bringing it from the mountains. The fruit is larger than that of the common plantain, and is of a deep orange or red colour outside, but filled with a yellow pulp. Amongst the trees noticed by Mr. Bennett, are the *Inocarpus edulis*, or South Sea chestnut; the *Calophyllum inophyllum*, the wood of which resembles mahogany, and is employed extensively by the natives in ship-building, and for other purposes; and the *Ito*, a species of *Casaurina*, whose wood is very hard, durable, and heavy; and is used for making spears, clubs, &c. The groves of *Casaurina* are selected by the natives as places of interment. It bears no inconsiderable resemblance to our cypress.

#### NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

FEB. 23. The president, Dr. Lee, in the chair.—The papers read at this meeting were as follow:—The first was a communication by Mr. Akerman to the president, on the oversights to which historians and antiquarians are liable in consequence of neglect of the numismatic department of history. This deficiency in the best scholars, which can alone be remedied by the systematic extension of medallic studies, was exemplified by reference to a notice by Mr. Hogg "on two Roman inscriptions, relating to the conquest of Britain by the Emperor Claudius Cæsar," read before the Royal Society of Literature at the meeting of Feb.

9th.\* These appear in a wall of the Barberini Palace at Rome; and the oldest, from which the other has been copied, is thus given in Donati's "Roma Antiqua," as restored by Gauges de Gozze.

TI. CLAVDIO Drusi f. Cæsari  
AVGVSTO Germanico Pio  
PONTIFICI Max. [Trib. Pot. IX.  
COS. V. IMPERATORI XVI.] Patri Patris  
SENATVS. POPVLSQVE Romanus quod  
REGES. BRITANNICI perduelles Sine  
VILLA. IACTVra celeriter cepisset  
GENTESQ. Extremarum Orchadum  
PRIMVS. INDICIO. facto R. Imperio indiceret.

In commenting on this inscription, Mr. Hogg remarks, that the prenomén IMPerator belongs to Claudius, although here omitted. Reference to the numerous coins of Claudius would, however, have assured him that the title was never adopted as a prenomén by that emperor, in agreement with evidence of Suetonius (*in vit.*), *prænomine imperatoris abstinuit*. The learned writer, instead of the dates as restored by De Gozze, *Trib. Pot. IX. COS. V. IMP. XVI.* would read *Trib. Pot. XI. COS. V. IMP. XXII.* But the coins struck by Claudius to commemorate his British conquest prove that De Gozze is right; these having a triumphal arch, with the inscription DE BRITANNIS, and, on the obverse, the words restored by that scholar, who hence appears to have derived his dates from these contemporary records of the event.—This was followed by the first portion of a memoir by Mr. Cullimore "on the Medo-Persian coins, named *darics*, or *archers*." The assumed existence of a national mintage in the metropolis of Upper Asia, ascending to the sixth century before the Christian era, and only second in antiquity to that of the earliest coinage of Greece,—while the surrounding countries of the East, from the Euphrates and the Nile to the Ganges, have left no traces of a coined currency until the art was introduced by Alexander and his successors,—is an anomaly in the history of nations which has hitherto been admitted without contradiction. Its validity was first called in question by the writer, in a communication on the Jewish shekel, addressed to Dr. Lee, in the second No. of the *Numismatic Journal*; and his present object was to submit to the Numismatic Society the more matured results of his inquiry. Egyptian discovery has furnished us with a decided negative to the existence in that country of any coined currency previously to the Ptolemaic dynasty, not only as regards the period of the ancient Pharaohs, but that of their Persian successors, who ruled Egypt during the principal part of the two centuries which preceded the Macedonian conquest. If the Ptolemies re-coined the Persian money, they may equally have done so with that of the previous native dynasties; so that no argument can be grounded on such an hypothesis: which is, moreover, negated by the ruins on the Euphrates and Tigris, and the whole of oriental history, monumental, monetary, and written; which, eastward of the Nile and Asia Minor, offers no exception to the oriental equivalent by weight, from Abraham until the age of Alexander. As the period of the Ptolemies in Egypt, that of the Seleucids, fixes the earliest numismatic limits in Syria, Phœnicia, and the adjacent regions, as well as in Parthia, Bactria, and India. In like manner the coined shekels of Simon Maccabæus offer the first indication of Jewish money. It follows, that if the gold and silver *darics* mentioned by Herodotus and Xenophon, of which there are many existing examples of about the

\* We accidentally omitted the notice of these in our report of that meeting.—Ed. L. G.

value of our guineas and shillings, formed the national currency of the Persians under Cyrus and his successors, this circumstance is an exception to general principles,—the inhabitants of this and the surrounding countries being alike allied in lineage, habits, and wants. That no such exception existed seems evident from the fact of the darics, although bearing the royal Persian stamp of the archer, being found only in countries which are known to have possessed a coinage of their own previously to their annexation to their Persian empire, and whose relations and commercial habits required it. Thus, in Egypt, where there was no previous coinage, no darics appear; whereas, it is in the Lesser Asia, among the nations to which the art had spread from Greece, the parent of some and the relative of all, that these coins are discovered. Besides, although the stamp is Persian, the standard weight and value are strictly Grecian. The Persian arrow-head writing is never seen in the inscriptions, which, wherever such appear, are invariably in Greek or Phœnician characters, and their import local and provincial; and the common obverse device, that of a galley or a fish, in the more advanced period of the darics, connects these with commercial states and purposes: from all which there seems but one possible inference—that these are a re-coinage of the money previously existing in the conquered provinces, for circulation within the former territorial limits, under the royal Persian authority. The age to which the darics ascend is next shewn, from contemporary evidence and its consequences, to be that when the countries of Asia Minor were annexed to Persia by the conquests of Darius the Mede, and Cyrus, about 650 years before our era, and the proverbial poverty of the Medes and Persians ended.—The readings were concluded by a communication from Sir Henry Ellis to the president, on the siege pieces of the time of Charles I. The authenticity of some of these being questionable, in consequence of the silence of contemporary documents respecting them, and the uncertainty of the places at which they were struck, the writer's object was to supply this desideratum in numismatic history, so far as regards the shillings struck at Pontefract, in Yorkshire; and this is effectually done by the production of a contemporary notice\* hitherto unseen by numismatic writers, in which some of the square Pontefract shillings, found on a royalist prisoner by the republicans, are described as being stamped on one side with a castle, and the letters P. O.; and on the other with a crown, having C. R. on each side of it. Sir Henry reminds collectors, that by the letters P. O. are to be understood P. C., the form of the C being carried round like that of an O, either from bad striking or battering, as is evident from some of the extant pieces.

#### MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 8. Humphry Gibbs, Esq. in the chair.—A communication from Mr. Judd, on the *Conium*, was read. The author, for the purpose of testing the value of the various extracts, had prepared one *in vacuo*; another in a wedgwood dish, by heat; and a third by spontaneous evaporation. The two first he considered to have failed in fulfilling their objects; the last, however, was certainly a valuable preparation. Dr. Bureaud Riofrey recommended a trial of the acetate of conium, as made use of by Recamier; it was considered by many practitioners to be a very valuable

medicine. Dr. Hancock exhibited the stem and leaf of the Woorari plants, from which is obtained a poison, in which the natives of South America steep their arrows. A bundle of these poisoned arrows were on the table.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 2d March.—The following degrees were conferred:

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. R. Rees, Fellow of Jesus College.

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. H. M. Villiers, Student of Christ Church.

*Bachelor of Arts*.—G. J. R. Salter, Christ Church.

The election for a Professor of Political Economy took place in the afternoon of the same day, when Mr. Merivale, of Balliol College, was the successful candidate; the numbers being—for Mr. Merivale, 88; for Mr. Twiss, 82.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK in the chair.—A valuable paper, by Professor Whewell, on the tides, especially in reference to those at Plymouth and Singapore, was read. This communication chiefly treats of those remarkable diurnal inequalities which frequently characterise the tide in the morning and that in the evening of the same day; inequalities, according to the testimony of naval officers, to which is attributed the destruction of many a ship. The diurnal inequality at Plymouth, from March to September, is as much as a foot in height, and *vice versa* the rest of the year. Professor Whewell finds that his results correspond with the equilibrium theory. The calculation of the inequality at Singapore (a port chiefly chosen by the author for the excellence of the tide observations made there) is equal in quality as in amount with that at Plymouth—perhaps, a little greater. The author then adverts to the inequalities at Liverpool, at Bristol, not more than a few inches; at Leith, not much; and at other places. This diurnal inequality creeps from place to place; for instance, when it is great on the shores of America, it is nothing on those of Europe, and again *vice versa*. Further, it is singular that, while the phenomenon is distinct and steady at some places (for example, on the coasts of America, Spain, &c.), it is nothing at places interjacent: thus, it is found to affect nearly the whole of the Indian Ocean, yet at an island in its centre it is not felt. The paper was accompanied by tables.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 4th. The Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, in the chair.—Donations to the library were presented. A paper, by Col. Sykes, on the origin of the popular belief in the poison-tree of Java, was read to the meeting. The romantic story of this wonderful tree, which spreads its baneful influence for many miles round, and the near approach to which is almost certain death,—with the details of condemned criminals sent to the tree to collect its poisonous juices, and pardon to the few who might escape its malignant emanations,—have been for many years before the public. The discovery of the real upas-tree very much lowered the interest of the tale, and the whole was set down to the imagination of the Dutch physician who first circulated the account. But a visit made in 1830 to the poison-valley of Java, by Mr. Loudon, whose account has been published, has restored much of the credibility of the original story; though still much must be set down to exaggeration. The noxious exhalations; the rapid extinction of life in the animals directly submitted to their influence; the number of skeletons seen lying about in the valley, bleached to the whiteness of ivory under

a tropical sun,—go far to furnish a foundation for the most dreadful tale: and such are the actual scenes visited and described by Mr. Loudon. This gentleman is inclined to impute the poisonous nature of the air in the valley rather to vegetable miasmata than to the emission of carbonic acid gas from the ground, as at the celebrated Grotto del Cane near Naples; both from the much greater extent of the noxious vapour, and the absence of sulphur in the neighbourhood of the valley—though he admits that the whole vicinity is decidedly volcanic. Col. Sykes is, however, of opinion, that the description given by Mr. Loudon affords a very lively idea of the Grotto del Cane; and that the only difference between them is, that in Java the gas issues from a crater at the top of a hill, and at the Grotto del Cane from a small cave. In both localities the traces of volcanic action are strongly manifested; and in both the noxious gas produces very similar effects.—The next paper read was a journal of a pedestrian tour, by Capt. Low, from Tavoy to the range of mountains which separate Siam from the British province of Tenasserim. Captain Low was attended by nearly ninety persons, sixty of whom were Burmese porters and guides, and the remainder the sepoy guards and servants. The expedition left Tavoy in the dry season, when a drop of rain is an extraordinary phenomenon; but the party were wetted to the skin by a deluge on their first day's march. They reached the Siamese frontier, a distance of fifty miles, on the sixth day; having passed through a country covered in most parts with dense forests, and traversed by elephants' paths in all directions, but entirely destitute of human inhabitants. After the first day they did not meet with a single human being. The density of the forest may be imagined by the fact, that an attempt to get a horse and elephant along their path was abandoned at once; not from any impracticability on the road, but because the overhanging trees absolutely precluded a passage. The elephants' tracks, which often traversed the path pursued by the expedition, were much more open, and better beaten, than the travellers' road, which shut out from them all view of the surrounding country. On the mountain range separating the provinces a fine view, extending one hundred miles, was obtained. The scene is described as wild and magnificent, but utterly uncultivated and abandoned. On the Siamese side it was a region of mountains,—range succeeding range, until lost in the distance. On the side of Tavoy the country was more open; hills and valleys were mingled, and the Tavai peak was seen towering over the intervening ranges. The British flag was hoisted on the ridge which separates the two countries, and saluted with three rounds of musketry; it was then pulled down, and a common lascar's handkerchief substituted for it. The writer learned that the handkerchief was afterwards carried to Siam, where it was magnified into an union-jack. During much of their route the party found the grass abundant and verdant, although the dry season had lasted four months. This was occasioned by the copious dews which collect in the leaves of the trees, and shower down a torrent upon the passers by,—a bounteous supply, without which all those regions would be utterly parched up. There are scarcely any means of traversing this country otherwise than on foot. There are no beasts of burden whatever; and, although a slight cart, drawn by a single buffalo, may be procured, it can be used only on short excursions. Five miles is about the greatest distance that

\* This notice appears in a newspaper of the time, *The King's Own faithful and impartial Scout*, dated Feb. 9 to 10, 1848.

can be traversed in any direction without being obstructed by broken-down bridges, gaps in old causeways, sloughs, and rocks. The paper also contains some curious anecdotes of the habits of the Burmese, whose capabilities as guides and porters on a march were now first ascertained, and, apparently, have not been entirely unsatisfactory.

#### LITERARY FUND.

At the general meeting for the annual election of officers, &c. on Wednesday, the only vacancy in the list of vice-presidents was filled with the name of Lord Stanley: all the others were, with his grace the Duke of Somerset, president, re-elected, viz. Marquess of Lansdowne, Earls of Mountnorris, Mulgrave, Munster, and Ripon; Lords Carrington, Ellenborough, Brougham and Vaux, Henley, Fris. Egerton, and John Russell; Sirs R. Peel, J. Hobhouse, E. Swinburne, and R. H. Inglis; C. Savill Onley, Esq., A. Spottiswoode, Esq., A. T. Hope, Esq. M.P., and J. T. Hope, Esq. The members of the council were re-elected, with the Rev. Dr. Croly, who had resigned the office of registrar, in the room of T. Crofton Croker, Esq., who had accepted that office, and Daniel Wilkinson, Esq., in the room of Dr. Valsey, deceased. For the general committee, to fill up vacancies which had occurred during the year, were elected, J. Emmerson Tennent, Esq. M.P., T. Longman, jun. Esq., and W. H. Rosser, Esq. F.A.S. At the close of the meeting, thanks were voted to G. Woodfall, Esq., for his impartial exertions in the chair; and the general committee being formed, sat for two hours, to examine the claims for relief, when ten cases of unfortunate literature received such succour as their several circumstances appeared to sanction. The anniversary was fixed for Wednesday, May 3, and a numerous and distinguished attendance is anticipated.

There was, however, one matter which occasioned considerable regret to the committee, namely, a letter from Mr. Roney, resigning the office of secretary to the Fund. The efficient services of that gentleman in every thing that concerned the Institution, but especially his delicate and kindly conduct in all communications with claimants (a point of deep interest, as affecting the best feelings of the Society), cause his loss to be much regretted.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

**Monday.**—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; British Architecture, 8 P.M.; Marylebone Literary, 8½ P.M. (Mr. E. Taylor on Vocal Music, and the 20th); Russell Institution. (Mr. H. Gosby on Insect Anatomy with Oxy-Hydrogen Microscope; and ensuing 20th and 27th); Belgrave Literary Conversazione, 8 P.M.

**Tuesday.**—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Mr. J. Taylor on recent improvements in mining); Belgrave Literary, 8 P.M. (Dr. Gully on the Physical and Moral Attributes of Men of Genius; and the 21st); Lambeth Literary, 8½ P.M. (Mr. Serle on the Drama); Meteorological (Anniversary), 8 P.M.

**Wednesday.**—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Statistical, 3 P.M. (Anniversary).

**Thursday.**—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Islington Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. Downes on Steam Power, conclusion); Numismatic, 7 P.M.

**Friday.**—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

**Saturday.**—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE third conversazione of this most agreeable Society took place on Wednesday last. It was numerously attended, and there were many beautiful drawings and studies exhibited. A very rich folio of Turner's drawings, from Mr. Windus' collection; one of Harding's finest drawings, "Como," belonging to Mr. Austen;

some beautiful drawings and studies by Mr. J. Nash and Cattermole, &c.; a folio of splendid drawings sent by Mr. Griffiths; sketches by Copley Fielding; some fine engravings by Lewis and others; and several fine drawings by D. Roberts, for a forthcoming work of his, to add to the same class of works already published by Harding, Lewis, and Prout. The supply of works of art by the members and visitors afforded a most gratifying treat.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Historical and Literary Curiosities.* Engraved by C. J. Smith. No. V. Pickering.

THE present Number of this curious and ably executed work is published on an extended scale. Of the views which it contains, the most interesting, perhaps, are, "The house formerly occupied by the Royal Society, in Crane Court," and "The residence of Sir Isaac Newton, in St. Martin's Street;" of the antiquities, the Bible used by Charles I. on the scaffold," and "The Caligraphic Exhibition-Bill of Matthew Bunchings, the Dwarf of Nürnberg;" of the original documents, "Letter of Dr. Barlow, bishop of Lincoln, relating to the removal of the King's Tracts, in the British Museum, from the Bodleian Library," and "Part of a Letter from Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift." We will transcribe the last-mentioned, to shew that the world, and its censurers, are much the same now as they were when that letter was written.

"Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends. The greatest part of those who pass for such are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, since Tully's maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*."

*The Edinburgh New General Atlas of Modern Geography, No. 1.* Edinburgh, W. and A. K. Johnston; London, Whitaker and Co.

THE first part of this new geographical publication contains "the World," "the Eastern Hemisphere," "the Western Hemisphere," and "Europe." The plates are engraved with great clearness; and every map is so coloured as to represent the territorial connexions of the various countries.

*The Churches of London.* By George Godwin, jun. Architect; assisted by John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. No. III. Tilt.

Two views of that fine relic of the architecture of the early part of the twelfth century, "St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield," engraved by J. Le Keux, from drawings by R. W. Billings, and a woodcut, representing "the old Vestry," form the neat and pleasing embellishments of this Number; in the typographical part of which there is an instance of conscientiousness, so rare and so laudable that we cannot refrain from noticing it. It appears that an error, entirely that of the printer (for it did not occur until after the final revision of the author), crept into the first page of the first Number. That error merely consisted of converting the singular "Englishman," into the plural "Englishmen." So solicitous, however, is the proprietor of the publication "to make the work as accurate as possible," that in the present Number he has actually furnished a cancel-leaf; in which, of course, the mistake is corrected. We recom-

mend the example to the publishers of works of greater magnitude and price.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

I AM NEVER ALONE.

*Lines by Lady J.—s.*

I AM never alone at early dawn,  
When the lark pours her gushing notes on high;

When the diamond dew-drop gems the lawn,  
And the daisy opens her tearful eye:  
I am never alone!—with fragrant hair,  
The spirit of the first sweet hour is there!

In one glad poem our songs arise—  
"Thanks be to God for the earth and skies;  
For the early dawn, the glittering dews,  
The heaven of song, the glow of hues;  
The life, the light, the love we share;—  
Thanks for the thoughts of praise and prayer!"

I am never alone at warm noon-day,  
When the breeze is drunk by the scorching heat;

When the lark hath hushed her trifling lay,  
And the flower shut up her odours sweet:  
I am never alone!—for near me lies  
The spirit of woods, with deep dark eyes;  
And my heart is stilled as flower and bird,  
For my soul that spirit of woods hath heard.

In low soft murmurs the sounds arise—  
"Thanks be to God for the earth and skies;  
For the glowing noon, the cooling glade,  
For the sweets of rest, the calm of shade;  
For the life, the love, the peace we share;—  
Thanks for the thoughts of praise and prayer!"

I am never alone at evening's close,  
When the twittering birds bid earth good-night;

When the insect hums round the laurel-rose,  
And the bat flits low in the gray twilight:  
I am never alone!—on bended knee,  
The spirit of night doth pray with me.

#### SKETCHES.

*A Brief Description of the Etruscan and Greek Antiquities, now open at 121 Pall Mall.* Inscribed to Samuel Rogers, Esq. Pp. 24. London, 1837. Mallett.

SINCE the exhibition, by Belzoni, of the facsimile of one of the Egyptian tombs explored by him, we have seen nothing in London more interesting to the antiquary and philologist than the objects which the above little tract describes.

In them are placed before us certain tangible records of the sculpture, rites, and ceremonies, of the ancient Etruscans; a nation whose *lucumones*,\* or principalities, were established long before the foundation of Rome, in whom that infant empire found powerful oppony, and who, when overcome, gave to Rome herself many of the religious rites and civil arts which she (Etruria) had possessed in common with the Greeks. Into the numerous speculations relative to the origin of the Etruscians themselves we have not leisure, at this time, to enter; suffice it here to say, that, at the first glance at these antiquities, the vases, sculptures, arms, and paintings, of which they are composed, we were convinced that they emanated from the same source with Grecian art. Several inscriptions, in the Etruscan language, appear on the sarcophagi in these tombs; and a proof of their great antiquity is, that they are read from right to left. The characters are a mixture of Greek and Roman together, with

\* So called from *Lucumo*, an Etruscan word for a chieftain.

some which may be considered peculiarly Etruscan. The antiquities exhibited are the result of excavations which Signor Campanari has made at Vulci, in the limits of the ancient Etrurian district of Tarquinia, since the year 1838. It will make his tract rather more intelligible to the general reader to observe, that he uses the term *urn* in a very extended sense, and that when he speaks of an urn, he generally means a sepulchral chest or sarcophagus, as in the following passage: "From these specimens (the cists exhibited) it is evident that the urns frequently presented on the fascia or upper cornice the epitaph of the deceased, which comprised his own name and that of his family, age, and, sometimes, particulars of his life. At the top of the *urn* [read *chest*] was placed the statue of the deceased in a recumbent position, whether male or female, if their condition had been such as to call for this mark of distinction. Within the urns we have often found, together with the skull and bones, the favourite objects of the deceased which he or she used, when living—such as a woman's gold ornaments, the whole or part of the armour of a warrior, mirrors, cestuses, dice, table utensils, and pieces of money of very ancient date." Of almost every one of the articles here enumerated, the tombs exhibited contain most interesting and singularly perfect specimens: the greaves, shield, sword, and javelin, of the warrior; the golden wreath of the priestess, the sacrificial implements and tripod altar of the temple where she had served: all these objects are presented to us with an identity of locality, effected by the painted walls of the tombs being careful facsimiles of the real receptacles. The statues, vases, ornaments, weapons, &c. are the original articles themselves, the sculptures are all made from the stone of the country; the Tarquinian tombs are grottoes or excavations formed in the sides of cliffs, and closed, after the primeval mode, with a huge stone: "the whole are cut in a certain granite stone of the district, called *Peperino*; for, at the period of their formation, they had not begun in Italy to work the marble of Luna, the Greek or African marble, which were afterwards introduced by the Romans. To those acquainted with Pompeii, these tombs afford a singularly gratifying illustration of the fact, that that city was but an Etruscan colony Romanised; and they will observe in the paintings and objects of these funeral mansions the pure Etruscan, or Pelasgo-Greek style: in Pompeii they will recognise it still preserved, with some variations conformable to Roman taste. We are not in the habit of rendering indiscriminately the meed of our applause to every "foreign wonder" which a London spring-season establishes in our streets, and we entered these Etruscan catacombs quite unprejudiced, and, therefore, unprepared for the importance of their contents. Surely many of these, particularly the sculptured sarcophagi, are worthy of the attention of the trustees of our national Museum. They are, indeed, extraordinary specimens of classic "monumental effigies;" a point from which a Charles Stothard might have exulted to start, in illustrating sepulchral memorials.

We hope, at least, to see the details of the painted walls and contents of these tombs preserved in a graphic form, with literary illustration more extended than in the little tract now before us. Most heartily, in the mean time, do we wish Signor Campanari that encouragement from the enlightened portion of our countrymen which his undertaking has so well earned. How gratifying is it to the scientific and inquiring mind to have perfect spe-

cimens of the earliest periods of art thus cheaply brought home—even to our doors!

The author dedicates his *brochure* to Samuel Rogers, Esq., whose classic taste and poetry are so well known, and whose patronage, we are happy to infer, he enjoys.

We purpose to return to the subject of M. Campanari's exhibition very shortly.

#### EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

AT the close of a series of six very interesting and instructive Lectures on Egyptian Antiquities, delivered at Exeter Hall, by Mr. Pettigrew,—which it is a good sign of the taste of the times, and the increasing desire for information, to notice, were well attended by persons of both sexes, and of various ranks of life,—that gentleman, on Monday evening last, summed up his remarks, and unrolled a mummy, most liberally presented for the occasion by Mr. Jones, of the Admiralty. This operation excited a marked feeling throughout the whole of the numerous auditory, including many individuals of distinction in the literary circles. In the commencement, Mr. Pettigrew, referring, with just eulogy, to Mr. Wilkinson, who was present, noticed that the inscription on the outer case differed from that on the inner case containing the mummy. Both stated the party to have been a female; but the names and genealogies were different, and the latter stated the mother of the deceased to be living when her daughter died. It might be that the wrappings would settle the point; which, however, they did not,—for no name was found on them, as often occurs. The mummy was Greco-Egyptian, and embalmed after the ancient manner; the bowels being extracted by an incision on the left flank, and the brains, probably, through the nostrils, as the nose was much broken. The legs were separately bandaged, and the ankles bound by stripes of painted linen, about half an inch in breadth. The figures were not hieroglyphic, but simply ornamental. Bands of the same kind surrounded the arms, which were crossed upon the breast; and a similar circle went round the neck, with a thin golden scarabæus (?) in front. On each knee was also a thin piece of gold, resembling the lotus-flower; over each eye the providential eye of Osiris, of the same material; and another golden ornament upon the top of the ridge of the nose. There were rings on the fingers; but the opportunity was not sufficient for examining them, nor time for proceeding to the careful and laborious unrolling of the body to the end. The upper wrappings were not voluminous, and of coarse nankeen-coloured linen. Then came a complete envelope of asphaltus, and below that the usual disposition and extent of linen rolls. On the soles of the feet were slight sandals, transversely striped black, white, and red, exactly like those painted on the bottom of the inner case. The finger and toe-nails were gilt; and, altogether, the subject presented many objects for further investigation and study.

At the conclusion of his discourse, which was much applauded, Mr. Pettigrew feelingly took occasion to mention a paragraph in the *Times* newspaper, which stated that Mr. Davidson, the enterprising and intrepid traveller in Africa, had been murdered, within fourteen days' journey of Timbuctoo. By accounts received from our vice-consul at Mogadore (of Feb. 1), it appeared that two reports had reached him of our countryman's having been stopped and robbed: but these did not convey the fatal intelligence of his murder; and, on the contrary, from their tenor, encouraged a

hope that Mr. Davidson, though plundered, was not destroyed, and might yet return in safety to his friends and country. God send it may be so!

Mr. Pettigrew also intimated, that Mr. Athanasi's splendid mummy, from Memphis, would be unrolled on the 10th of April, in Exeter Hall: a notice which has excited a strong sensation among the lovers of Egyptian lore and antiquities; for, hitherto, those which have been examined in this country are from Thebes and other places, and we have had no opportunity of seeing the generally richly ornamented mummies of Memphis.

*The Friendly Loan Society.*—This truly benevolent and eminently useful Society has fairly tried the experiment of the vital and extensive benefit it is calculated to confer on the struggling lower orders. The losses, which many individuals feared so much, have, during the first year, been very trifling; certainly nothing to impede the well-working of the Institution. Experience, too, has been acquired; and the managers will not again be liable even to these drawbacks, and rules have been framed to provide for their avoidance. On the other hand, the particular instances of absolute salvation from ruin, and restoration to comfort, by means of the Society, are most gratifying. Eight hundred loans, amounting to 5603*l.* have been granted; and, in almost every case, a blessing has attended the timely aid. 104 shoemakers, 60 tailors, 44 dress and bonnet-makers, 40 carpenters, 23 school-keepers, 35 booksellers and stationers, 31 greengrocers, 15 laundresses, and so on, in various proportions, have sought and obtained such aid, without the interference of the pawnbroker, and often escaping the low attorney. Need we say how much such an association is entitled to the liberal patronage of the good and the charitable?

#### MUSIC.

##### VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE fourth concert was, in all respects, a very delightful one. Mrs. Bishop and Miss Mason were greeted with a warmth that showed how much their absence had been felt and regretted by the audience. The last-named lady "wou golden opinions" by her finished and energetic performance of Purcell's trying cantata, "From rosy bowers." This song, and the ever beautiful coronation anthem, "The King shall rejoice," were of themselves sufficient to render the concert attractive. The madrigals were, "The Lady Ariana," by Wilbye, and "Fair shepherd's queen," by Luca Marenzio; the latter performed for the first time. Both were good, and received with the usual tokens of satisfaction. Mrs. Anderson delighted the admirers of good pino-forte playing by her masterly style of performing the first movement of Hummel's concerto in A flat. The other vocalists were Mrs. Seguin, the Misses Woodvatt and Hawes, and Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, Francis, King, Fitzwilliam, Bradbury, Belamy, and E. Taylor. Q.

[Notice of the fifth concert in our next.]

##### ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE first concert, on Wednesday last, under the direction of the Archbishop of York, for the Duke of Cumberland, consisted of a very good selection, including the overture and "Prismers' chorus," from *Fidelio*; the trio, "Fia grata," from the same opera; and a good sprinkling of Mozart and Haydn. The vocalists were Mademoiselle Blasis and Signor



Catone, Messdames Knyvett and Shaw, and Messrs. Bennett, Phillips, and King.

**Royal Academy of Music.**—We are glad to see announced four morning concerts by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, and commencing next Saturday. The noble chairman, Lord Burghersh, deserves the utmost regard of the musical world, and especially of those who admire the cultivation of a national and native school, for the indefatigable attention he bestows on this excellent institution.

#### DRAMA.

**Opera.**—*La Donna del Lago* was produced on Saturday. The operatic corps is, as yet, inferior to what we are accustomed to look for, as the standard for comparison, at this theatre; but it is nevertheless hardly fair, before Easter, to criticise the performances by that test. Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Grisi, are still so fresh in our memory, that aught short of such a combination must produce something like disappointment. The management of the Lyceum did wisely in giving us new operas; we had then nothing to regret, and they afforded a pleasant evening's amusement; but, where we expect more, the same means are insufficient. Signora Angiola, the *débutante* of Saturday, has a pleasant and melodious voice, which would be heard to great advantage in a room, but has not power for so large a space as the King's Theatre. Her great exertion was so evident, that we really felt for the signora, and feared she would break down. Signor Deval, another *débutant*, has a tolerable voice, a barytone, and, till the arrival of our favourites, will be an acquisition, though not as *primo*. Catone sang very sweetly, and is the only foreign transplantation adequate to the situation. Miss Wyndham did her best, and was heard to greater advantage than ever. She is rapidly and fully confirming our prognostics in her favour. We have not yet heard Madame Giannoni, but, with her fine musical taste, we have no apprehension for her success. The ballet continues its delightful attraction, and we are to have the great hit of last season, *Beniowski*, revived immediately.

**Adelphi.**—A most successful burletta was produced on Monday, entitled *The Gamester Father*, in which Mr. Yates's acting was so fine and touching, that he drew tears from almost every eye. It is an adaptation from the French, and, of its kind, the best thing we have seen for a long time. The license of the Adelphi has been, as we stated, extended two months, on account of Easter falling so early in the year; and great preparations are making for the extra campaign. There are many novelties announced, and among them an Easter piece, for which Mrs. Honey has been engaged, and which is said to be very beautiful. Mr. Rice took his benefit and departure on Saturday. He has amused and offended many; he should have been seen but once, and he was very good; but we got so tired of *Jim Crow*, that we are glad it is over.

**St. James's.**—One of the best farces that has appeared for some time was brought out on Monday. It is called *Is she his Wife?* and though rather a ticklish plot, is so well written and acted, that it affords a fund of amusement. Mr. Harley never appeared more at home, and Miss Allison was as successful in farce as she has been in tragedy. Mr. Gardner improves, and is very ludicrous with his pomposity in this piece. We are on thorns for the appearance of *Mr. Pickwick*, who is announced for Monday, Harley's benefit. He has been an excellent character since he has been at the St. James's, and

we shall doubtless have a hearty laugh at his personation of the gallant head of the Pickwickians, which report says he dresses to the life; for "Boz's" pen has really made him a living character.

#### VARIETIES.

**Mr. Davidson.**—Referring to Mr. Pettigrew's statement relative to this gentleman, we have (Friday afternoon) made the latest inquiries in our power upon the painful subject. There is no authentic account of his death in London, and it rests on the paragraph in the *Times* newspaper. That he has been attacked and robbed seems but too probable, from the rumours at Mogadore; and, under such circumstances, fears must be entertained for the safety of any traveller in that country. The Mogadore letters, as mentioned by Mr. Pettigrew, were very contradictory, and evidently exaggerated, as the sheikhs, &c. wished to make an impression in favour of themselves, and against their rivals; and this is another circumstance to strengthen our hope that Mr. Davidson has been allowed to go on to Timbuctoo.

**Royal College of Physicians.**—At the first meeting of the season on Saturday, which was attended by many distinguished individuals, Sir H. Hallford delivered a discourse on comparative longevity.

**The Drury Lane Theatrical Fund**, announced for Wednesday, holds out great promise, both for the day's enjoyment and the future interests of this excellent charity.

Lord Viscount Kingsborough, eldest son of the Earl of Kingston, died on the 27th ult. His lordship was much attached to, and a considerable proficient in, antiquarian learning, and has left behind him one public monument of his diligence and munificence—having, in 1831, printed six splendid volumes of the "Antiquities of Mexico," which were illustrated by facsimile plates, taken from inedited MSS. preserved in the Royal Libraries of Paris, Berlin, and Dresden; in the Imperial Library at Vienna; the Vatican; the Borgian Museum; the Library of the Institute at Bologna, together with some, and those of the most curious and beautiful description, in the Bodleian Library, preserved among the collections of Archbishop Laud, and the learned Mr. Selden. Of this magnificent work, four copies were printed upon vellum. His lordship sat in the first parliament of George IV. for the county of Cork, and died in prison, to which he was consigned for debt.—*Newspapers.*

**Weather-Wisdom.**—(10th.) The weather has been extremely cold during the past week; but the winds have not been high, nor the weather unsettled. The storm anticipated on the 4th, according to Lt. Murphy, did not take place; and, *à-propos*, we have not now room for a second letter from that gentleman. Lieutenant Morrison, for the ensuing seven days, predicts "12th, cloudy; the middle, turbulent, gloomy, and frequent rains; 18th and 19th, milder."

**Lord Lyndhurst** has been elected Lord Rector of the Marischal College, Aberdeen: the competition was pretty strong, and was made much of a political struggle.

**Junius.**—The *Inverness Courier* continues to mention matters tending to prove, that Iachlan Maclean was the author of Junius's Letters: we shall look with curiosity for Sir D. Brewster's statement on the subject.

**Sudden Death of Miss Macauley.**—Miss Elizabeth Wright Macauley, a lady who has been some time known to the public in the varied and opposite characters of actress and preacher of the Gospel, who some years ago left

the stage and became the occupant and preacher of a chapel in the metropolis, and who subsequently returned to her former profession, died suddenly in the city of York, on Wednesday, the 22d ult. It appears that, for the last twelve months, Miss Macauley had been travelling through the provinces, delivering lectures on "domestic philosophy," which were interspersed with recitations, &c. During the last three weeks she had been sojourning at York, delivering a course of lectures in the Merchants' Hall. Tuesday evening was the third lecture delivered by her in that city, and, melancholy to relate, her last; for, although on that evening she appeared in excellent health and spirits, the following day she was a corpse. On the following day (Wednesday) her health appeared better than usual, and her spirits very good, until towards nine o'clock in the evening, when she suddenly fell from her chair, in her apartments, apparently in a fit, and shortly afterwards died. An inquest was held upon the body on the following day, and a stroke of apoplexy was declared to be the cause of death. Deceased was a very stout person, and very fat. She was 52 years of age.—*Newspapers.*

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*In the Press.*

**Memoirs of Samuel Taylor Coleridge**, by James Gillman, Esq. [This announcement we are well pleased to see. Mr. Gillman, with whom Mr. Coleridge resided so long, can give us, if he will, the best, most particular, and only genuine account of the latter domestic and literary years of the poet.—Ed. L. G.]—**The Candidate for the Ministry: a Course of Expository Lectures on the First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to Timothy**, by the Rev. H. Pinder, M.A.

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Thursday .. 2	From 25 to 41	30.26 to 30.16
Friday .. 3	.... 25 .. 43	30.18 .. 30.11
Saturday .. 4	.... 32 .. 43	29.97 .. 30.04
Sunday .. 5	.... 26 .. 47	30.02 .. 29.83
Monday .. 6	.... 33 .. 44	29.84 .. 29.93
Tuesday .. 7	.... 29 .. 46	29.96 .. 30.06
Wednesday 8	.... 25 .. 48	30.10 .. 30.06

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To this autobiography we turn, as decidedly the most interesting portion of the work.

"The present age has discovered a desire, or rather a rage, for literary anecdote and private history, that may be well permitted to alarm one who has engaged in a certain degree the attention of the public. That I have had more than my own share of popularity, my contemporaries will be as ready to admit, as I am to confess that its measure has exceeded not only my hopes, but my merits, and even wishes. I may be therefore permitted, without an extraordinary degree of vanity, to take the precaution of recording a few leading circumstances (they do not merit the name of events) of a very quiet and uniform life—that, should my literary reputation survive my temporal existence, the public may know from good authority all that they are entitled to know of an individual who has contributed to their amusement. From the lives of some poets a most important moral lesson may doubtless be derived, and few sermons can be read with so much profit as the memoirs of Burns, of Chatterton, or of Savage. Were I conscious of any thing peculiar in my own moral character which could render such development necessary or useful, I would as readily consent to it as I would bequeath my

body to dissection, if the operation could tend to point out the nature and the means of curing any peculiar malady. But as my habits of thinking and acting, as well as my rank in society, were fixed long before I had attained, or even pretended to, any poetical reputation; and as it produced, when acquired, no remarkable change upon either, it is hardly to be expected that much information can be derived from minutely investigating frailties, follies, or vices, not very different in number or degree from those of other men in my situation. As I have not been blessed with the talents of Burns or Chatterton, I have been happily exempted from the influence of their violent passions, exasperated by the struggle of feelings which rose up against the unjust decrees of fortune. Yet, although I cannot tell of difficulties vanquished, and distance of rank annihilated by the strength of genius, those who shall hereafter read this little Memoir may find in it some hints to be improved, for the regulation of their own minds, or the training those of others. Every Scottishman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative as unalienable as his pride and his poverty. My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid."

Into his genealogy Sir Walter goes at length, relating anecdotes of his progenitors and family in his own natural and playful manner. Thus, he tells of his elder brother, Robert:

"Robert sung agreeably—a (virtue which was never seen in me)—understood the mechanical arts, and when in good humour, could regale us with many a tale of bold adventure and narrow escapes. When in bad humour, however, he gave us a practical taste of what was then man-of-war's discipline, and kicked and cuffed without mercy. I have often thought how he might have distinguished himself had he continued in the navy until the present times, so glorious for nautical exploit. But the peace of Paris cut off all hopes of promotion for those who had not great interest; and some disgust which his proud spirit had taken at harsh usage from a superior officer, combined to throw poor Robert into the East India Company's service, for which his habits were ill adapted. He made two voyages to the East, and died a victim to the climate in . . ."

Returning to himself, he relates: "I shewed great reluctance to be caught and put to bed, and after being chased about the room, was apprehended and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to shew such personal agility. In the morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days. On the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg. My grandfather, an excellent anatomist as well as physician, the late worthy Alexander Wood, and many others of the most respectable of the faculty, were consulted. There appeared to be no dislocation or sprain; blisters and other topical remedies were applied in vain. When the efforts of regular physicians had been exhausted, without the slightest success, my anxious parents, during the course of many years, eagerly grasped at every prospect of cure

which was held out by the promise of empirica, or of ancient ladies or gentlemen who conceived themselves entitled to recommend various remedies, some of which were of a nature sufficiently singular. But the advice of my grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, that I should be sent to reside in the country, to give the chance of natural exertion, excited by free air and liberty, was first resorted to; and before I have the recollection of the slightest event, I was, agreeably to this friendly counsel, an inmate in the farm-house of Sandy-Knowe. An odd incident is worth recording. It seems my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, that I might be no inconvenience in the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh, and as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection; for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the Craigs, meaning, under a strong temptation of the devil, to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any further temptation, so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed, of course, and I have heard become afterwards a lunatic."

His residence at Sandy-Knowe, and his early education, and the instilling of ballad poetry into his boyhood, have been pretty accurately related in preceding biographies. We select, however, a few passages:

"I was in my fourth year when my father was advised that the Bath waters might be of some advantage to my lameness. My affectionate aunt, although such a journey promised to a person of her retired habits any thing but pleasure or amusement, undertook as readily to accompany me to the wells of Bladud, as if she had expected all the delight that ever the prospect of a watering-place held out to its most impatient visitants. My health was by this time a good deal confirmed by the country air, and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me; for, when the day was fine, I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted, my general health, which was of more importance, was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air; and, in a word, I who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child—*non sine diis animosus infans*. We went to London by sea, and it may gratify the curiosity of minute biographers to learn that our voyage was

performed in the Duchess of Buccleuch, Captain Beatson, master. At London we made a short stay, and saw some of the common shows exhibited to strangers. When, twenty-five years afterwards, I visited the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, I was astonished to find how accurate my recollections of these celebrated places of visitation proved to be; and I have ever since trusted more implicitly to my juvenile reminiscences. At Bath, where I lived about a year, I went through all the usual discipline of the pump-room and baths; but, I believe, without the least advantage to my lameness. During my residence at Bath, I acquired the rudiments of reading at a day-school, kept by an old dame near our lodgings; and I had never a more regular teacher, although I think I did not attend her a quarter of a year. An occasional lesson from my aunt supplied the rest. Afterwards, when grown a big boy, I had a few lessons from Mr. Stalker, of Edinburgh; and, finally, from the Rev. Mr. Clure. But I never acquired a just pronunciation, nor could I read with much propriety. In other respects, my residence at Bath is marked by very pleasing recollections. The venerable John Home, author of 'Douglas,' was then at the watering-place, and paid much attention to my aunt and to me. His wife, who has survived him, was then an invalid, and used to take the air in her carriage on the Downs, when I was often invited to accompany her. But the most delightful recollections of Bath are dated after the arrival of my uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who introduced me to all the little amusements which suited my age; and above all, to the theatre. The play was 'As You Like It,' and the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more than enough; and remember being so much scandalised at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'n't they brothers?' A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had till then been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event."

The circumstances of his return to Edinburgh, mixing with the rest of his brethren in his father's house, and his going to High School, are related.

"I read," he says in one of the notes of 1826, "not long since, in that authentic record, called the 'Percy Anecdotes,' that I had been educated at Musselburgh school, where I had been distinguished as an absolute dunce; only Dr. Blair, seeing further into the millstone, had pronounced there was fire in it. I never was at Musselburgh school in my life; and though I have met Dr. Blair at my father's, and elsewhere, I never had the good fortune to attract his notice, to my knowledge. Lastly, I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him."

The death of Dr. Adam, one of his masters, is very characteristic:

"He survived a few days, but becoming delirious before his dissolution, conceived he was still in school, and after some expressions of applause or censure, he said, 'But it grows dark—the boys may dismiss,' and instantly expired."

Scott was intermediately, for a short period, at Kelso School, under Mr. Launcelot Whale; and extended his knowledge of English literature:—

"I left the High School, therefore, with a

great quantity of general information,—ill arranged, indeed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon my mind; readily assorted by my power of connexion and memory, and gilded, if I may be permitted to say so, by a vivid and active imagination. If my studies were not under any direction at Edinburgh, in the country, it may be well imagined, they were less so. A respectable subscription library, a circulating library of ancient standing, and some private bookshelves, were open to my random perusal; and I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford, without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it. My appetite for books was as ample and indiscriminating as it was indefatigable; and I since have had, too frequently, reason to repent that few ever read so much, and to so little purpose."

"To this period, also, I can trace distinctly the awakening of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighbourhood of Kelso, the most beautiful, if not the most romantic, village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects, not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song—the ruins of an ancient abbey—the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle—the modern mansion of Floors, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste—are in themselves objects of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that they harmonize into one general picture, and please rather by union than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends, connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe."

He attended college very little, was called the *Greek blockhead*, because he did not like the trouble of learning Greek; and was bound apprentice for five years to his father's profession, a writer to the signet. He describes himself as very fond of country excursions, on foot or horseback, to visit remarkable places. In *Literary Societies*, he says, he did not make a great figure.

"I never was a good speaker, unless upon some subject which strongly animated my feelings; and, as I was totally unaccustomed to composition, as well as to the art of generalising my ideas upon any subject, my literary essays were but very poor work. I never attempted them unless when compelled to do so by the regulations of the society, and then I was like the lord of Castle Rackrent, who was obliged to cut down a tree to get a few faggots to boil the kettle: for the quantity of ponderous and miscellaneous knowledge, which I really possessed on many subjects, was not easily condensed, or brought to bear upon the

object I wished particularly to become master of. Yet there occurred opportunities when this odd lumber of my brain, especially that which was connected with the recondite parts of history, did me, as Hamlet says, 'yeoman's service.' My memory of events was like one of the large, old-fashioned stoue-cannons of the Turks—very difficult to load well and discharge, but making a powerful effect when by good chance any object did come within range of its shot. Such fortunate opportunities of exploding with effect maintained my literary character among my companions, with whom I soon met with great indulgence and regard."

Looking back on these times, I cannot applaud, in all respects, the way in which our days were spent. There was too much idleness, and sometimes too much conviviality; but our hearts were warm, our minds honourably bent on knowledge and literary distinction; and if I, certainly the least informed of the party, may be permitted to bear witness, we were not without the fair and creditable means of attaining the distinction to which we aspired. In this society, I was naturally led to correct my former useless course of reading; for—feeling myself greatly inferior to my companions in metaphysical philosophy, and other branches of regular study—I laboured, not without some success, to acquire, at least, such a portion of knowledge as might enable me to maintain my rank in conversation. In this I succeeded pretty well; but, unfortunately, then, as often since through my life, I incurred the deserved ridicule of my friends from the superficial nature of my acquisitions, which being, in the mercantile phrase, *got up* for society, very often proved flimsy in the texture; and thus the gifts of an uncommonly retentive memory and acute powers of perception were sometimes detrimental to their possessor, by encouraging him to a presumptuous reliance upon them. Amidst these studies, and in this society, the time of my apprenticeship elapsed; and in 1790, or thereabouts, it became necessary that I should seriously consider to which department of the law I was to attach myself."

This, it is well known, was the study of the law; and the fragment of Autobiography ends in the following words:—

"My progress in life during these two or three years had been gradually enlarging my acquaintance, and facilitating my entrance into good company. My father and mother, already advanced in life, saw little society at home, excepting that of near relations, or upon particular occasions; so that I was left to form connexions, in a great measure, for myself. It is not difficult for a youth with a real desire to please and be pleased, to make his way into good society in Edinburgh—or indeed any where—and my family connexions, if they did not greatly further, had nothing to embarrass my progress. I was a gentleman, and so welcome any where, if so be I could behave myself, as Tony Lumpkin says, 'in a concatenation accordingly.'"

From Mr. Lockhart's portion of the volume we can take but one example—one, however, of considerable piquancy.

"I have already said something of the beginning of Scott's acquaintance with 'the Ettrick Shepherd.' Shortly after their first meeting, Hogg, coming into Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, was seized with a sudden ambition of seeing himself in print, and he wrote out that same night 'Willie and Katie,' and a few other ballads, already famous in the Forest, which some obscure bookseller gratified him by

putting forth accordingly; but they appear to have attracted no notice beyond their original sphere. Hogg then made an excursion into the Highlands, in quest of employment as overseer of some extensive sheep-farm; but, though Scott had furnished him with strong recommendations to various friends, he returned without success. He printed an account of his travels, however, in a set of letters in the 'Scots Magazine,' which, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, had abundant traces of the native shrewdness and genuine poetical feeling of this remarkable man. These, also, failed to excite attention; but, undeterred by such disappointments, the Shepherd no sooner read the third volume of the 'Minstrelsy,' than he made up his mind that the editor's 'Imitations of the Ancients' were by no means what they should have been. 'Immediately,' he says, in one of his many Memoirs of himself, 'I chose a number of traditional facts, and set about imitating the manner of the ancients myself.' These imitations he transmitted to Scott, who warmly praised the many striking beauties scattered over their rough surface. The next time that Hogg's business carried him to Edinburgh, he waited upon Scott, who invited him to dinner in Castle Street, in company with William Laidlaw, who happened, also, to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa, placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, 'I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house.' As his dress at this period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-shearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chints was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilised part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from 'Mr. Scott,' he advanced to 'Sherra,' and thence to 'Scott,' 'Walter,' and 'Wattie,'—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as 'Charlotte.'

**Jack Brag.** By the Author of "Sayings and Doings," "Maxwell," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

**JACK BRAG**, the son of a deceased tallow-chandler, is the Parolles or Bobadil of low life, and belonging to our existing condition of society. By sheer effrontery, tricks, and lying, he is enabled to mix with persons in a higher sphere, and figure for a short season among the fashionable world; but his mortifications are many, and his punishment perfect. Our author, inimitable in his painting of scenes such as occur in this tale, has not only displayed in them the combined humours of a Rowlandson and Gilray, but has, by the whole, pointed a moral which, while the former whimsical caricature raises many a laugh, may not be thrown away upon the braggadocias who corrode every link of the social chain. Egotists and pretenders, of every grade and degree, should take a lesson from their prototype, *Jack Brag*: but egotism is too blind to be taught, and pretence too deeply rooted to be eradicated; and even the mortifying and ludi-

crous experiences of our hero will, we fear, be lost upon the inflated fraternity. There is no deceit, perhaps, so perfect as self-deceit; for, though it may be attended by its misgivings for a while, it ultimately triumphs over every doubt, and becomes too confirmed to be shaken. In other cases there are, at least, two minds to share in the imposition: in this there is only one, and the deluded has no chance against the presumption of the deluder. Mr. Hook has sketched the matter admirably in the character of "Brag," of whom it may justly be said, even in his worst humiliations, that,

Raised aloft, he tumbles down amain,  
But falls so hard he bounds to rise again:

so elastic is that India-rubber property in human nature called Vanity. But our readers would rather, we doubt not, have a few samples from the ever-amusing page of our author than a discourse upon the subject it so cleverly illustrates from us; and, in that belief, we accordingly proceed to exemplify the tale.

The very opening of the work is in Hook's happiest style: it is a dialogue between Jack and his mother, in which both are "done to the life."

"'Johnny,' said Mrs. Brag, 'you are a silly fellow. What is there to be ashamed of in honest industry? If all the fine folks whom you go a-hunting with, and all the rest of it, like you, and are really glad to see you, it is for yourself alone: and if they, who must know by your name and nature that you can never be one of themselves, care a button for you, your trade, so as you do not carry it about with you, will do you no harm. What difference is it to them how you get your thorough-bred horses, your smart scarlet coat, neat tops, and white cords, so as you have them?—they won't give you any new ones when they are gone.' 'It is all very well talking,' said Johnny; 'but I never should shew my face amongst them if I once thought they guessed at my real trade. I live in a regular worry as it is. If ever a fellow asks me if I was at Melton last year, that moment I think of the shop: 'pretty mould of a horse' tingles in my ears—'sweet dip of the country' sets me doubting; and, only last week, a proposal to go 'cross country and meet Lord Hurricane's harriers at Hampton Wick nearly extinguished me.' And what now, Johnny,' said Mrs. Brag, 'do you think these lords take you for, if not for a tallow-chandler?' 'An independent gentleman,' said Jack. 'That is to say,' replied his mother, 'a gentleman who has nothing to depend upon.' 'They look upon me as an agreeable rattle,' said John. 'One that has often been in the watchman's hands, too,' said the old lady. 'I talk big and ride small,' said Jack; 'I am always up with the hounds—never flinch at any thing—am the pride of the field wherever I go—and, in steeple-chases, of infinite value.' And very little weight, my dear Johnny,' interrupted his mother. 'One of my dearest friends,' continued Brag, 'Lord Tom Towzle, a deuce of a fellow amongst the females, is going to put me up as a candidate at the Travellers.' 'What, riders for respectable houses?' said Mrs. Brag; 'and a very proper club, too.' 'Respectable houses!' said Jack. 'Poh! not a bit of it! What! bng-men in buggies with boxes of buttons in the boots? No, no! the Travellers—*par excellence*.' 'Par what?' said Mrs. Brag. 'What, d'ye mean the fine club-house in Pall Mall which you shewed me the outside of last king's birth-night?' 'The same,' said Brag. 'Now, if I had stuck to the naked, as Lord Tom says—told the plain unvarnished—I never could have

qualified. Lord Tom asked me if I should like to belong to the Travellers?'—in course I said yes—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Well, then he asks me if I could qualify;—so, not quite understanding him, he says, 'Have you ever been in Greece?' 'Yes,' said I: I might have added 'up to the elbows often;' didn't though. Had him dead. Down he whips my name, and calls in Sir Somebody Something out of the street to second me.' 'If you should get in there, Johnny,' said Mrs. Brag, 'do get 'em to give up gas and take to oil on illumination nights.'

"'But pray, Johnny, where do these people think you live?' 'At a great house in Grosvenor Street,' said Jack, 'next door to What-d'ye-call-'em's Hotel: my name is on the door, and my address on my card.' 'But you don't live there,' said Mrs. Brag. 'Not I,' replied the son: 'I only rent the door.' 'How d'ye mean?' said his mother. 'Why, I went to the man,' said Brag, 'who keeps the house. 'Now, sir,' said I, 'I want to rent four square inches of your panels.' He was puzzled for the moment; but I was down upon him in no time, and no mistake.—Out I pull from my pocket a brass plate of those precise dimensions, whereon is engraven 'Mr. Brag.' 'What will you take per annum,' said I, 'to let this be screwed on to your door, and let your servant take in my cards and letters?' Startled him a little at first: however, he entered himself for the plate, acceded to my proposition,—and so, for the trifling consideration of four guineas per annum, and a tip to the slavey, I got the credit of five windows in front, three stories high, in one of the best streets in London.' 'But do none of your friends ever expect to be let in?' said Mrs. Brag. 'Yes,' said Brag, 'for a good thing now and then,—and so they are, pretty often. Long head, mother—have it here'—tapping his forehead with his fore finger—'look simple with my fresh colour and curly hair, but as deep as Garrick—cannot write your X's Z's with me'—else, in course, they might expect admission. 'Not at home,' is always the answer. 'Out of town?' is the next question:—'Yes,' is the next answer. 'Where?' comes next. 'Down at his little place in Surrey.' That finishes it. They lodge their pasteboard and away they go.' 'Little place in Surrey!' said Mrs. Brag; 'why, what d'ye mean? Have you a country-house, too?' 'Country-house!' said Brag: 'Lord bless your dear heart, not I! Nothing but my old lodging, on the second floor, No. 37, at the carpenter's, corner of Caterpillar Row, Kensington.' 'And that you call your little place in Surrey, do you?' said Mrs. Brag. 'Yes, mother, and no fib neither,' said Brag. 'It is almost the littlest place I ever saw in my life; and, as for Caterpillar Row, if it isn't in Surrey, I know nothing of going 'cross a country.' 'Ah, Johnny, Johnny,' said his respected parent, with a mingled look of sorrow and admiration, 'you never will mend till it is too late!' 'Mother,' said Jack, 'now you say that, I think I shall be too late for Lord Tom Towzle. We are going off for Wigglesford to mark out a line. All ready for a run: we have got no mercy in us—none of your bowl-ing-green, daisy-cutting work for us—no, we'll try to pick out rasping-fences, bottomless brooks, and ditches as wide as rivers;—a steeple-chase, without killing a horse or two, cracking a collar-bone, slipping a shoulder, or pitching an out-and-outer on the top of his conk, is no fun in the world.' 'Ah! well, well,' said Mrs. Brag, 'I wish you would give a little time to the books and the business; some day you'll

repent this,' 'Not I, mother,' said Jack: 'I can pull up any day and marry. I never yet saw the woman I could not win—they are all ready to eat me up: in course, as the book says, I am the more wary—hang back a bit. Don't you see, as I get on in the world, I get up; and if I can marry a Lady Sally or a Lady Susan—eh! won't that be nice?'—'specially if there happens to be an odd thirty or forty thousand pounds tacked to the title.' 'Don't flatter yourself, Johnny,' replied Mrs. Brag, shaking her head: 'that scheme will never answer.' 'You'll see,' said Jack;—'I say nothing, but you'll see.'"

The widow thinks seriously of marrying again, as her hopeful son advises her, and anonymously advertises for a husband; which advertisement is answered, in the dark, by Jack and some of his dashing associates, for a frolic. His meeting with his mother on Waterloo Bridge, by concerted appointment and signals, is a capital bit; but we must follow him a little in his swift career. He is dining with a distinguished party, to whom he has pushed his way, at Dover.

"It strikes me," said Sir James, "that our government ought in some way to interfere, in order to prevent the exportation of our best English horses; the effect of which must eventually be,—not only the improvement of the breed in countries which, however peaceable the world looks just now, must and will, in the course of time, be at war with us,—but the deprival of the English cavalry of their acknowledged superiority in cattle, at all events, over our enemies." "If I had my way," said Brag, encouraged by the deference with which Sir James addressed this observation specially to him, "not a nag should go abroad—no, not at any price. I have been over and over again offered lumps of money for some of my hunters to go to France and Germany, and the deuce knows where. No, says I, not a bit of it: I'm English from top to toe—straight up, right down, and no mistake. I'll be no party to mending the foreign breed, let what may happen." The German baron coughed, and young Gunnersbury silently expressed his astonishment at the burst which his father's injudicious patronage of the stranger had occasioned. "You are a true sportsman, sir," said Lord Dullingham, gravely taking a pinch of snuff. "And," said Lord Tom, "as good a rider as you'll see from Totnes to Newcastle." "I do flatter myself," said Jack, "I can come it strong in that line"—(here Sir Henry Rocky exchanged a look with Carnaby)—"and no mistake. Lord Tom knows what I'm up to. In one week I've hunted five times, rode two trotting matches, and three steeple-chases, picked up a hundred stones with my mouth in fifty-five minutes, and killed two hundred and nineteen brace of partridges." "With a long bow," said somebody, loud enough to be heard by every body except Jack himself, who was now on his hobby. "I stick at nothing in that way," said Brag; "do I, my lord?"—looking at Lord Tom. "Many a time I've gone after hounds for twenty minutes, as blind as a bat, as wet as a rat, and as sick as a cat, with the skin of my leg rasped up by the top of a grower from my shin to my knee, and only brought to my senses then by bumping my head right against that of my horse, for all the world like a flash of lightning, that loosened all my teeth in their sockets. That's what I call going across a country, and no mistake. I'd have backed my 'Tantrum' against any thing of his age and inches that ever switched rasper. Jem Jiggins had the handling of him for some

time, and a queer one he was, at first; but they as begins rum, turns out generally well in the end. One day, however, sold him:—run three foxes, one after another, right on end, seventy-two miles and a half in all!—he was done—got my money for him though, after that. Had him painted; the picture is now at a little place I have in Surrey, with me on his back, topping a flight of rails, just alongside of "Fly-away Dick," with portraits of two or three Melton men in the distance—eh!—that's good!"

As a variety, we may notice the apparition of his mother after her second marriage, one of the incidents which tend to floor the unlucky aspirant to "tip-top" association. Jack and Colonel Stiffkey (who does him out of a few hundreds at *écarté*) are sipping their claret after dinner at Eastbourne, when his "Ma" arrives per coach, and forces her way into the room where they are sitting.

"Don't disturb yourself, sir," said the lady; "there's plenty of room:—only, coming outside, the wind blows up all about one, and I'm as cold as charity,—though Jim made me have a glass of hot rum and water at the last place we stopped at." "Very nice beverage, ma'am," said Stiffkey, with one of his most graceful bows. "My dear ma'am," said Jack, "wouldn't you rather have another room? We have scarcely finished dinner, and it would be more comfortable to have a sitting-room to yourself." "They haven't got another sitting-room disengaged," said the lady; "Jim asked them. No matter: what's good enough for you, Jack, is good enough for me; so this will do for us till bed-time." "My dear colonel," said Jack—"My dear sir," said Stiffkey, "no apologies. I am too glad to see any friends of yours—if I don't intrude." "Intrude!" said the lady, "not a bit: we have no secrets, sir. To be sure, things have turned out queerish: however, you have as much right here as we, and we as you—so we won't make no words of that. Why, you dine late, Jack!" "No, on the contrary, rather early," said Jack, perfectly at a loss what to do, overcome by the unexpectedness of the visit, from its being so particularly ill-timed, and by the malicious determination which Stiffkey had too evidently formed of not stirring: indeed, the announcement of the fact, that there was no other sitting-room disengaged, would of itself have justified his remaining in what really was his own apartment, even if he had not wished to stay out a scene which promised him some amusement. "Jack," said the lady, "I want you just to look out and see if Jim is getting in all the bundles and things." "Who is Jim?" said Jack, in an under tone. "Jim Salmon," said the lady. "What! is he with you?" "Yes," said his mother, "where else should he be?" At this moment Jem made his appearance, dressed in a tight light green coat, and a buff-waistcoat, with striped blue and white cotton trousers, made tightish to his plump figure, a coloured check handkerchief round his neck, and a white hat stuck on one side of his head, with a bunch of whitish-red curls sticking out from under it. "Ah!" said Jem, "Brag, how d'ye do?—didn't expect us, I reckoned—skimming down here—eh? Titay would come—agreeable surprise—twig?" "Very agreeable, indeed!" said Brag, drawing back somewhat indignantly from the familiar approach of the *ci-devant* shop-boy. "Have you got all the parcels up to the bed-room, J. S.?" said the lady. "Yes, Titay," said Jem. "Got the umbrella, J. S.?" said the lady. "No, Titay," replied Jem, "but I'll be after it in no time—twig?" Jack's dismay and mortifi-

cation had now risen to a considerable height. What could have induced his mother to make Jem Salmon her travelling companion?—what could have induced her to undertake the journey?—or what Jem could mean by calling his respectable parent 'Titay,' were to him questions unsolvable. One thing, however, appeared necessary: the old lady had evidently planted herself for the evening where she was. Stiffkey, who had scarcely begun his wine, and had no engagement elsewhere, had quietly deposited himself in an arm chair; Jack, therefore, felt it absolutely essential to introduce the colonel to their fair visitor, resolving, afterwards, to check her in her conversation, so as to prevent the development of all the real circumstances of the case, and trust to chance and impudence to wriggle through and out of this most 'untoward affair.' 'This, colonel,' said Jack, 'is my mother. Colonel Stiffkey, madam.' Mutual bows ratified the treaty. 'I say,' said the lady, 'put a chair for Jem. P'raps he is taking a drop of something.' 'Mr. Salmon, ma'am,' said Brag,—'is he coming in?' 'I s'pose so,' said the lady. 'Oh!' said Brag. 'Here he is,' said the lady. 'All right now, Jim?' 'Yes, Titay,' said Jem. Jack's astonishment at the repetition of this 'familiar word,' was too great to admit of concealment; and, accordingly, betrayed itself in his countenance. 'Ah!' said his mother, 'that's it—isn't it, Jim? He doesn't know all.' 'No,' said Jem—'don't twig, Titay.' 'I told you, John, I should surprise you one of these days,' said his mother: 'J. S. and I are married!' 'Married!' exclaimed Jack. 'Yes,' said Jem, 'Titay is Mrs. Salmon—d'ye twig?' 'My dear mother,' said Jack, 'are you serious?' 'No, Jack,' replied Mrs. James Salmon,—'for such she really was,—never less serious in my life since your daddy died. All true: Jim and I were married, last Friday was a week, at Hornsey church, and passed the honey-day—we couldn't stop out longer on account of the business—at 'The Sluice House.' 'This is really a surprise!' said Stiffkey, sipping his claret, looking, how—it is impossible to describe. Jack was, as Major Downing says, 'catawampously stumped,' and could say nothing. 'It oughtn't to be, sir,' said Mrs. Salmon, addressing herself to the dandy. 'Jack knowed well enough what a lone life I led. He never came near me—never, except for what you could get, Jack—did you? He advised me to marry, sir—and I could tell you a pretty story about that, if I liked—eh! Jack?—the pickle-shop. Well, so things went on, till at last—praise afore people's faces sometimes spoils them—I took Jim for better or worse.' A very prudent resolve, indeed, ma'am, said the colonel, taking a huge pinch of snuff. 'My dear colonel,' said Jack, 'I am sure we ought to apologise for troubling you with our family affairs. I wish—eh!—isn't there any other room—are you sure?' 'A'nt I?' said Jem—'first thing as I axed about—twig?' 'Get yourself something warm, Jim,' said the ancient bride: 'I'm sure if the cold once gets into your poor little stomach, you'll have no rest all night. I know what it is myself to be troubled with cold: and I tell you what, Johnny, we shall want a bit of something by way of supper; for though we had three or four mutton-chops at Godstone, which were very nicely done, and fine meat, too, and uncommon fat, still that was some time ago—and I get peckish at night, somehow.' 'Fat!' said Mr. Salmon—'yes, they were fat—reminded me of the shop, Brag—twig?' 'I should venture to recommend,' said the colonel, with the

most studied politeness, 'something to drink—a glass of claret—or—' 'Oh, Lor' no!' said Mrs. Salmon, 'no claret for me, sir: as I used to say to my poor dear first—Jack's father—don't talk to me of claret: it's a waste of time as well as of money to drink them sort of thin stuffs! If Jack was to have behaved like what he is, he might have asked me to take some kind of refreshment before this; for since the rum and water at—what do they call that last place we stopped at, James?'—'Wholesome, Titzy,' said the bridegroom. 'Hailsham, mother,—Hailsham,' said Jack, 'is the name of the place.' 'I haven't had the least drop as is, in my mouth, since Godstone,' continued Mrs. Salmon. 'And there,' said Salmon, 'the hale was uncommon 'eavy.' 'What! ma'am,' said Stiffkey, 'had you a storm, coming down?' 'No, no,' said Jack, '—who, although he could not, as his mother would have said, 'exasperate' the *h* himself, was nervously alive to the absurdity of any body else who laboured under a similar incapacity.—'ale—the ale was heavy.' 'Come Mr. Brag,' said the colonel, 'the wine is with you.' 'Yes,' said Jack, 'and I'm not the man to stop it—eh? I like it to go—keep circulating, as we say, right up, straight down, and no mistake!' 'What do they charge, John, for claret here?' said Mrs. Salmon, addressing her son. 'Can't say, I am sure,' said Jack. 'I say,' said Salmon, leaning over towards his wife, with his hand up to his mouth to hide a very audible whisper—that's it—they never pay!—twig? But, I say, Titzy, what will you have—something hot?' 'Whatever you like, dear,' said the respectable matron. 'I tell you what,' said Salmon, 'I'll just go out and brew for you myself. I know your taste—eh?—don't I? Sugar, rum, nutmeg—eh?—twig?' With this most affectionate speech Mr. Salmon left the room; Jack regularly used up; and the colonel, who was now convinced that his particular friend must be the identical creature described in Gunnersbury's letter from Dover, having thrown himself back in his chair, waited to hear what might happen next."

In the third volume, Jack's impudence, favoured by circumstances (for which, like others throughout, we must give the author credit, rather than think them very probable), becomes owner of a yacht, and almost a member of the Aristonautic Club which sails by that name,—gives splendid entertainments on board, &c.; but is finally found out, and obliged to "cut and run." His amours, and their result, and the finale of his family affairs with Mrs. Titzy, and James, and James's favourite lady, a little actress—in short, the inevitable prostrations which attend his every effort at imposition—are all described in a manner which excites great merriment; while, at the same time, the author has, with great art, imparted such an interest to the insignificant creature, that the reader carries it on to the end, and is really anxious to learn what is his final fate. Many of the other portraits are drawn with a skillful pencil; Mr. and Mrs. Peckover, a huge Nimrod, henpecked by a delicate little wife; Lady Lavinia Newbiggen, the fantastic bore with her illustrious genealogy; Lord Tom Towzle, and his clique; and nearly all the lesser sketches, are, indeed, excellent, and display so accurate a knowledge and acute and ludicrous appreciation of the world as it goes, that *Jack Brag* will justly take its place beside the popular *Sayings and Doings*, and *Marvell*.

*The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. including a variety of Pieces now first collected.* By James Prior, F.A.S. &c. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Murray.

ALTHOUGH, since the days of Goldsmith, a new school of poetry, and consisting of several prominent classes, has not only arisen in England, but almost faded into a cloudy preparation for another era; and although the style of prose writing has undergone a marked alteration, the reader will turn, with pleasure and delight, to these volumes, in which the treasures of Goldsmith's mind are collected. His poetry the sweetest of didactic and descriptive writing; and his prose the most easy and natural, whether in fiction, in popular science, or in the various branches of polite literature which employed his pen, must always appeal with effect to human sympathies and gentle imagining. To the "Traveller" or "Deserted Village" we can ever turn with gratified taste from the stirring and ancient troubadour ballad-compositions of Scott, the fierce and fiery delineations of passion in Byron, or the native simplicities and rural beauties of the bards of the Lakes; and no time nor change (though many another wild, romantic, or vivid tale of genius may intervene) can efface the claims of the domestic "Vicar of Wakefield" upon our affectionate participation in his troubles and sorrows. Thus, the publication which now issues from the press must always continue to be a family library in the best sense, exhibiting specimens of almost every species of authorship which pertained to the generation before that which is now passing away—the generation of the Johnsons, Burkes, Humes, Robertsons, Goldsmiths, and other worthies, whose names are inscribed on the bright page of English lettered immortality.

The way to this acceptable work has been fitly paved by Mr. Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*; and, having so lately reviewed that biography, it is at present only necessary for us to mention the particulars of this its successor.

The first volume has a brief advertisement, in which it is generally described.

"The pieces (says the editor) now for the first time collected are numerous; but the editor has said so much on most of them in his recent "Life of Goldsmith," that any detailed account of them here will not be required. Some of them will, in his opinion, be found of high merit; and to the rest, the language of Goldsmith himself, in reviewing a collection of pieces, by Montesquieu, put forth under similar circumstances, is strikingly applicable: 'There is,' he says, 'a pleasure arising from the perusal of the very bagatelles of men renowned for their knowledge and genius; and we receive with veneration those pieces, after they are dead, which would lessen them in our estimation while living: sensible that we shall enjoy them no more, we treasure up, as precious relics, every saying and word that has escaped them; but their writings, of every kind, we deem inestimable. Cicero observes, that we behold with transport and enthusiasm the little barren spot, or ruins of a house, in which a person celebrated for his wisdom, his valour, or his learning, lived. When he coasted along the shores of Greece, all the heroes, statesmen, orators, philosophers, and poets, of those famed republics, rose in his memory, and were present to his sight: how much more would he have been delighted with any of their posthumous works, however inferior to what he had before seen!' Both the old and the new materials are accompanied with brief notes, clearing up the local and temporary allusions in which they abound; but which the lapse of another gene-

ration would probably have rendered it impossible for any diligence to explain."

"The Bee," without alteration, commences the original matter, and occupies about 150 pages. It is followed by essays, of which some dozen or fourteen are now "first collected." One of these, "On Public Rejoicings for Victory," contains a passage which we may quote as a fair sample of the whole.

"A country at war resembles a flambeau: the brighter it burns the sooner it is often wasted. The exercise of war, for a short time, may be useful to society, which grows putrid by a long stagnation. Vices spring up in a long-continued peace, from too great an admiration of commerce, and too great a contempt for arms; war corrects these abuses, if of but a short continuance. But when prolonged beyond that useful period, it is apt to involve society in every distress. The property of a country, by its continuance, is transferred from the enterprising; from men of abilities to men who have no other qualification than bravery; every man who is enriched by the trade of war is only rewarded from the spoils of some unhappy member of society, who could no longer live by the trade of peace. Now, now, then is the time to offer terms of accommodation; and as we conquer our enemies in war, so let us excel them in generosity. Let us sheath the sword that has already reeked with too much blood. Let victory be attended by peace; for peace is the only triumph of victory."

The "History of Miss Stanton," another of the new Essays, and not included in any former edition of Goldsmith's works, is curious and interesting, as being almost a complete sketch of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Notwithstanding its monstrous finale, we shall give it entire in a future *Gazette*.

Prefaces and Introductions, with much new matter, complete this volume. We take an example, which will be felt more aptly at this moment, when we have just shewn our readers some of the facts connected with the Seven Years' War, as illustrated from state papers by Von Raumer. In the preface to his history of that war, Goldsmith writes:—

"But whatever these contentions may be thought of by others, they will never be regarded by Britons but as instances of her power, her bravery, and her successes. In this war England will appear in greater splendour than in any period of the most boasted antiquity; it will be seen to poise the fates of Europe, and bring its most potent and most ambitious states into the lowest degree of humiliation. This is a glory which should excite every lover of his country to celebrate as well as to share in."

Such is the grandiloquence of hack writing addressed to power and popularity: even the genius of a Goldsmith could not surmount the evil; and we see, when history is looked at through the medium of truth, what sad misrepresentations pass under its name when contemporary purposes demand the prostitution of the pen.

The second volume gives us "The Citizen of the World," and a "Familiar Introduction to the Study of Natural History;" the latter now first collected; but containing nothing which could throw a light upon a science now so much further advanced and more successfully cultivated. Vol. III. has the incomparable "Vicar of Wakefield;" biographies of Voltaire, Beau Nash, Dr. Parnell, and Lord Bolingbroke; and some miscellaneous criticisms. On these we may, perhaps, bestow another notice; but must now finish by stating that Goldsmith's cele-



brated poems and dramas, with the "Oratorio of the Captivity," miscellaneous pieces, and criticisms on poetry and the *belles lettres* (the last now first collected) complete the fourth volume and the work.

"Letter, in Prose and Verse, to Mrs. Bunbury.—Madam, I read your letter with all that allowance which critical candour could require; but, after all, find so much to object to, and so much to raise my indignation, that I cannot help giving it a serious answer. I am not so ignorant, madam, as not to see there are many sarcasms contained in it, and solecisms also (solecism is a word that comes from the town of Soleis, in Attica, among the Greeks, built by Solon, and applied as we use the word Kidderminster for curtains, from a town also of that name—but this is learning you have no taste for)—I say, madam, there are sarcasms in it, and solecisms also. But, not to seem an ill-natured critic, I'll take leave to quote your own words, and give you my remarks upon them as they occur. You begin as follows:

'I hope, my good doctor, you soon will be here,  
And your spring velvet coat very smart will appear,  
To open our ball the first day in the year.'

Pray, madam, where did you ever find the epithet 'good' applied to the title of doctor? Had you called me learned doctor, or grave doctor, or noble doctor, it might be allowable, because they belong to the profession. But, not to cavil at trifles, you talk of my spring velvet coat, and advise me to wear it the first day in the year—that is in the middle of winter; a spring velvet in the middle of winter!!! That would be a solecism, indeed; and yet, to increase the inconsistency, in another part of your letter you call me a beau. Now, on one side or other, you must be wrong: if I am a beau, I can never think of wearing a spring velvet in winter; and if I am not a beau—why—then—that explains itself. But let me go on to your two next strange lines:

'And bring with you a wig that is modish and gay,  
To dance with the girls that are making of hay.'

The absurdity of making hay at Christmas you yourself seem sensible of; you say your sister will laugh, and so, indeed, she will may. The Latins have an expression for a contemptuous sort of laughter, *Naso contemnere aduncos*; that is, to laugh with a crooked nose: she may laugh at you in the manner of the ancients if she thinks fit. But now I am come to the most extraordinary of all extraordinary propositions, which is, to take your and your sister's advice in playing at loo. The presumption of the offer raises my indignation beyond the bounds of prose; it inspires me at once with verse and resentment. I take advice! And from whom? You shall hear.

First let me suppose, what may shortly be true, The company set and the word to be loo;  
All smirking and pleasant, and big with adventure,  
And ogling the stake which is fixed in the centre.  
Round and round go the cards, while I inwardly damn,  
At never once finding a visit from pam;  
I lay down my stake apparently cool,  
While the harpies about me all pocket the pool;  
I fret in my gizzard, get cautious and sly,  
I wish all my friends may be bolder than I;  
Yet still they sit snug; not a creature will aim,  
By losing their money, to venture at fame.  
'Tis in vain that at niggardly caution I scold,  
'Tis in vain that I flatter the brave and the bold;  
All play their own way, and they think me an ass.  
What does Mrs. Bunbury? I, sir? I pass.  
Pray what does Miss Horneck? Take courage—come, do.  
Who, I? Let me see, sir—why, I must pass too.  
Mrs. Bunbury frets, and I fret like the devil,  
To see them so cowardly, lucky, and civil;  
Yet still I sit snug, and continue to sign on,  
Till made by my losses as bold as a lion.  
I venture at all, while my avails regards  
The whole pool as my own: come, give me five cards.  
Well done! cry the ladies: ah! doctor, that's good,  
The pool's very rich: ah! the doctor is loo'd.  
Thus foil'd in my courage, on all sides perplex,  
I ask for advice from the lady that's next.

Pray, ma'am, be so good as to give your advice;  
Don't you think the best way is to venture for't twice?  
I advise, cries the lady, to try it, I own.  
Ah! the doctor is loo'd. Come doctor, put down.  
Thus playing and playing I still grow more eager,  
And so bold and so bold, I'm at last a bold beggar.  
Now, ladies, I ask, if law matters you're skilled in,  
Whether crimes such as yours should not come before  
Fielding?

For giving advice that is not worth a straw,  
May well be called picking of pockets in law;  
And picking of pockets, with which I now charge ye,  
Is, by *quinto* Elizabeth, death without clergy.  
What justice, when both to the Old Bailey brought!  
By the gods I'll enjoy it, tho' 'tis but in thought!  
Both are placed at the bar with all proper decorum,  
With bunches of fennel and nosegays before 'em;  
Both cover their faces with mobs and all that,  
But the judge bids them angrily take off their hat.  
When uncover'd, a buzz of inquiry goes round,—  
Pray, what are their crimes? They've been pilfering  
found.

But, pray, whom have they pilfer'd? A doctor, I hear.  
What, you solemn-faced odd-looking man that stands  
near?

The same. What a pity! how does it surprise one!  
Two handsomer culprits I never set eyes on!  
Then their friends all come round me with cringing and  
leering.

To melt me to pity and soften my swearing.  
First Sir Charles advances with phrases well strung—  
Consider, dear doctor, the girls are but young.  
The younger the worse, I return him again,  
It shows that their habits are all dyed in grain.  
But then they're so handsome, one's bosom it grieves:  
What signifies handsome when people are thieves?  
What where is your justice? their cases are hard:  
What signifies justice?—I want the reward—

There's the parish of Edmonton offers forty pound—there's the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, offers forty pound—there's the parish of Tyburn, from the Hog in the Pound to St. Giles's Watchhouse, offers forty pound: I shall have all that if I convict them.

But consider their case—it may yet be your own;  
And see how they kneel! Is your heart made of stone?  
This moves; so at last I agree to relent,  
For ten pounds in hand and ten pounds to be spent.

I challenge you all to answer this. I tell you, you cannot. It cuts deep. But now for the rest of the letter; and next—but I want room.—So I believe I shall battle the rest out at Barton some day next week.—I don't value you all.  
O. G."

*Illustrations of Human Life.* By the Author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere." 3 vols. Colburn.

HUMAN life is a thing of many aspects, many phases, and he is a delightful mundane-astronomer who can observe and note them for us, the great orbs and their satellites, the comets, and all the little, even the shooting stars, which attract our admiration or cross our sphere. Whether born on high and of glorious splendour, or mere emanations of muddy matter, the study of their various forms and appearances is one of extreme interest; for we are taught and feel that we are part of the system, and that our shine or twinkle belongs to the aggregate mass. This sort of *quorum pars* is a mighty ally to an author. Does he exalt what we imagine in ourselves, or does he hit some little conscious foible; no matter—we are not alien to the scheme; and what from complacency, comparison, or some other deliciously blinding quality, we arrive at the idea that where we exist at all we must be something, if not somebody!

Mr. Ward has addressed his observations, in these volumes, to such a multitude of subjects, and exhibited such a multitude of individual characters, that hardly any living being could fancy himself excluded from the crowded pale. To revert to our astronomical parallel, his first volume is a double star, called "Atticus," and "St. Lawrence;" and his other two volumes, under the name of "Fielding," an absolute milky way of innumerable lights. In the whole, he displays all the attraction and merits of his preceding works. Much reading and

reflection, great experience of the world, sensibility towards the beauties of nature, and a highly cultivated taste, a pleasant and accurate acquaintance with mankind, and a philosophical turn of mind, engendered by these preliminaries and by leisure, are the prominent features of the production before us.

Instead of being one work, however, it is three; and, even with our bounded limits, we must notice the trio distinctly and separately.

"Atticus" is an essay on moderation, which induces retirement from active life in a Lord Grenville of the author's imagining. He is wooed back to office by friends who miss and want him; and the results of his firm grounds for contented refusal are stated in several letters from the confidant sent to sound him. A few passages will serve to shew the nature of this treatise, finely enriched by familiar illustrations from excellent authors. The love of flowers is described in language which will be echoed by thousands who may, like us, enjoy a passion for these sweet, enchanting, and evanescent "loves."

"Then I would not have my garden too extended. Not because flowers are not the most delicious things on earth, speaking to the sentiment as well as the senses, but on account of the intrinsic and superior value of moderation. When interests are divided, they are not so strong. Three acres of flowers and a regiment of gardeners bring no more pleasure than a sufficiency. Besides which, in the smaller possession, there is more room for the mental pleasure to step in, and refine all that which is sensual. We become acquainted, as it were, and even form friendships, with individual flowers. We bestow more care upon their bringing up and progress. They seem sensible of our favour, absolutely to enjoy it, and make pleasing returns by their beauty, health, and sweetness. In this respect, a hundred thousand roses which we look at *en masse*, do not identify themselves with us in the same manner as even a very small border; and hence, if the cottager's mind is properly attuned, the little cottage garden may give him more real delight than belongs to the owner of a thousand acres. All this is so entirely nature, that, give me a garden well kept, however small, two or three spreading trees, and a mind at rest, and I would defy the world."

"St. Lawrence," which divides the first volume with the foregoing, involves a metaphysical disquisition on free will, secondary causes, and supernatural agencies; but is heralded by a few striking superstitious stories, and one of which would make a prodigiously effective modern drama. Castle Campbell, on the Mull of Cantyre, with its storm and story of the cannibal, Sawney Bean; the tales of Lord Lyttleton and Mr. Andrews; and one of Sir Evan Nepean (less known, but, perhaps, too well to admit of repetition), lead the way to a more detailed relation of a ghostly apparition in Derbyshire, which is so exceedingly well told, that we can only regret the impossibility of detaching any intelligible portion of it from the general mass. We can, therefore, only bid our readers to read also the Offley legend; whose only defect is a sad mangling of the Scotch dialect in its Edinburgh scenes.

With regard to "Fielding," whatever we may be tempted to do hereafter, we must for the present be contented to say, that it consists of the briefest sketches of London life and character; though never personal, often recognisable, and rather inclined to the satirical view of both. The first part is very desultory, and relates to passing people, whom a Sir G.

Etheredge points out to a young country friend in town. We select a few passages, as specimens :—

“ ‘And have you not, then,’ replied Etheredge, ‘ever heard of the struggles and strifes created by our artificial modes of life; of the consequent difficulties imposed by the laws of society; and the fetters in which most men, and all women, hold one another? It is the boast of Englishmen, that there are no privileged orders, and that the career of ambition, as well as of the law, is equally open to all. Such is our theoretical constitution. But look at our practice, and all is contradicted. Never was such a tyranny as that exercised by all classes over one another. The very equality of their legal rights makes them eager to surround themselves with a wall of ceremonies and interdictions, which cause our philosophers to laugh in their closets; but which, nevertheless, even they obey the moment they come into the world. It is the fashion to attribute this to the aristocracy alone. That is not so. There is fashion every where, and as many shades of it as divisions in the social ranks. The aristocracy being at the head, are, of course, more marked; but they have not more pride (perhaps they have less) than their inferiors. There is as much exclusiveness prevalent among tradesmen, churchmen, and lawyers (I am not so sure of the doctors), and a great deal more from great to little squires at a race-hall, as well as from both towards the citizens of a neighbouring town, as prevails among dukes and lords of the highest degree. Indeed, the difference is in favour of the latter, from their being higher bred, higher born, and further removed from rivalry. This difference prevailed a long time ago, and is not confined to England. You may remember *La Bruyère*,—‘*La ville est partagée en diverses sociétés, qui sont comme des petites républiques, qui ont leurs loix, leurs usages, leurs jargons, et leurs mots pour rire.*’ The contention is generally most fierce between the classes that most approximate to each other; as foreign potentates who are nearest neighbours are said to be the most natural enemies.”

“After dinner, we, of course, fell upon politics; and the ministry were, of course, attacked and defended. One of the assailants was particularly violent against the personal character of the premier; he was a mere fool, if not something worse; unfit to be trusted, and suspected of betraying the people whom he had used as a stepping-stone. He was reproved as too personal in his reprehension. ‘What motive can I have,’ said he, ‘but anxiety for the public good?’ Alas! poor human nature! I afterwards found that the minister’s lady had turned her back on the patriot’s wife at court. ‘But do not let that surprise you,’ said my informant, ‘for Marshal Ney met his death—that is, he deserted *Lewis XVIII.*, and was shot for it—precisely from the same cause.’ I thought all this very strange; but I found from Etheredge, when I mentioned it to him, that it was very common. ‘It is inconceivable,’ said he, ‘how much may be done or undone by a bow or curtsy, given, or omitted. I have known a man of talent sink for a twelve-month with a lady of fashion, because she did not acknowledge his salute at the Opera, though the poor offender, being much engaged, really did not see him. Another gifted person, much connected with the press, would never join the world in attacking a celebrated

countess, because she had appeared interested in his conversation at a dinner, and, on withdrawing, had dropped him a most graceful curtsy. From that time forth, while not unjustly blamed by his contemporary writers for a great deal of *hauteur*, the paper he was connected with always spoke of her as a pattern of condescension.”

A literary character, and Mr. Ward’s remarks, come too near home to a literary editor to be omitted, and we give them (except a few varieties) in conclusion for this number :—

“Tired of his gown, he thought the field of college exertion too contracted, and even that of a learned profession too confined: for he was a man of genius, an aspirer after general fame, and a candidate for possible power in the senate of the state, as well as of the university. Very brilliant examples of success in these views swam perpetually before his eyes, in the recesses of his cloister and the twilight of his library:—rhetoricians, orators, and great civilians, with place, power, name, and often with wealth; at worst, leaders of the taste of the public, with a high seat in the rank and fashion of London. All this haunted his imagination. His reputation had spread to the metropolis, and he grew disdainful of college restraints and college companions. He panted to be in another sphere; and being forced to decide for the church, or give up his fellowship, he resolved upon the latter. He did this without having taken the slight precaution of examining the resources upon which he was to count, until his fortune should be made by letters; and he arrived in town with the means of, perhaps, six months’ subsistence in his pocket. This at first did not much affect him; he had only to grasp his pen, and a mine was opened. Reviewers, and directors of literary works, got from three hundred to three thousand a-year. He would begin with the smaller first; but how to be made known to the dispensers of these graces, or, being known, how to obtain them, he had scarcely asked himself. Reputation, however, will always do something for a man at first; and his object being known, he had offers which, in his situation, he ought not to have despised. It was proposed to him to take a part in reviews; and examples of high place in the state acquired by writers who had thus begun, tempted him. But he was appalled to find that he was himself to undergo revision, before publication; and he refused. He was then offered the place of literary assistant to a great capitalist; that is, to advise him on the merits of manuscripts. But, though himself a writer of genuine taste, he knew absolutely nothing of the taste of the town, and hardly of the age. Some publishers proposed novels. But though he might know the manners of the Greeks, he knew nothing of *May Fair*; besides, he despised the name. Others offered high for a forcible political pamphlet. But though he knew *Thucydides*, he had little acquaintance with English parties, except by report, and none at all with foreign polity. He, however, so far listened to the conductor of one most influential paper, as to undertake a fair and impartial review (such was the title submitted to him) of the character and conduct of the different leaders. He did it, and with ability; but, to his consternation, he was told this was by no means what was wanted; that particular men and particular measures on one side were to be praised, and on the other abused, whatever the question, or whatever the consequence. He reasoned upon this palpable injustice with the conductor, who, however, only smiled, and told

him he had no idea that a man who had got a university prize could be so raw. To his indignation he found that he was considered in the light of a hackney writer, who was to have no opinion of his own, but to do as he was bid. Thus foiled in one of his great objects,—to be a leader of the public sentiment,—he summoned his poetical talents to his aid, and out of old stories, and college exercises, and a re-publication of his prize composition, brought out some pathetic and polished verses and essays, which gained him at once a popularity he could not have expected. He who had been almost in want of a dinner now began to be almost fêted. The higher order of his university acquaintance patronised him; nay, made him an instrument to procure fresh patronage for themselves, by introducing him as the ‘New Man of Genius,’ covered with the laurels of promise. The doors of — house were opened to him, and he was allowed to partake the elegant *recherche* of both table and boudoir in Burlington Street. In fact, he became a lion for the time; his pride, which had never abandoned him, even in his eclipse, again unfolded itself, and he looked to a further enlargement of that reception among the great and fashionable, which had so unexpectedly charmed him. But though he pursued this hope with eagerness, he was far from being thoroughly grounded in the niceties, difficulties, and fluctuations in the life of a man of letters. That equivocal nondescript, so well known and appreciated in France, is scarcely recognised, and certainly not appreciated here. The time never came, and never will in England, when a queen, finding *Alain Chartier* asleep, kissed the mouth which she said had uttered such beautiful strains. Letters appear to us all a flowery path; and, taken as relaxation from severer occupation, they are so. As a duty, and above all, as a profession, they become severe themselves. The nectar that is quaffed in moderation, and at intervals, is delicious and exhilarating; made a common beverage, and, above all, forced on us against our will, it becomes turbid, flat, and satiating. This *Dryden* experienced, when he contracted to furnish 10,000 lines for 500*l.*—a shilling a line! What must they feel whose pen is destined to provide their daily bread? Yet of those, many might have had

‘Hearts once pregnant with celestial fire,’

and might still know what it is to generate

‘Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,’

but that the necessity of attending to the mechanism of the press, and the stern demands of the stomach, absorb all ideas but those of the printer’s devil and a dinner. All then becomes, as it has been impressively called, ‘heartless, reluctant labour,’ and their genius languishes, sickens, and dies. Yet, smothered as it is by this necessity, it sometimes peeps out, and they are thought happy in their seducing pursuit; as *Carlin*, who so delighted the Parisian world by his humour, was thought to be diverted with himself, although, at the very moment, consulting his physician on the hypochondriasis that killed him. It is evident, by what has been said, that no allusion is here made to

‘The mob of gentlemen who write with ease,’

among whom *Lackland* affected to be enrolled. But the truth could not be disguised, even from himself, who, when he aspired (and most sincerely) to a higher need, laboured by the same effort to keep himself from starving. In fact, though he had read *Theophrastus*, he had never read *La Bruyère*, or if he had, he had certainly forgotten the following passage :—‘*Souvent où le riche parle,*

\* “He says himself he could not bear the coldness of the court towards his wife, whom he found in tears every night, on account of her reception there.”

et parle de doctrine, c'est aux doctes de se taire, écouter, et applaudir, s'ils veulent du moins ne passer que pour doctes."

"If you do," said an advising friend, "still aspire to equality, or to be valued for your own personal sake, by these gods of your imagination, let no such notion of equality appear, but 'boo, and boo, and boo,' like Sir Pertinax; and write an epithalamium, which, though stuff, may tell on the strength of your works of real merit. Do this, and you may, perhaps, be tolerated. If, without this, you attempt to shine at the expense of your superiors; if, in short, you pretend to be any thing, you soon will be nothing."

Now for the varieties, to close withal.

"Chesterfield says, that 'outdoing is so near reproaching, that it will generally be thought very ill company. Any thing that shineth, says Lord H——, doth, in some measure, tarnish every thing that standeth next to it.'"

Lawyer's Bill.		£	s.	d.
"To reading your letter, asking me to dinner...	0	6	8	
Answering ditto, that I would come	0	6	8	
Taking a journey of six miles to your country seat, to propose your employing me instead of your present attorney, who could not serve you so well, which you refused.....	5	5	0	
Loss of time.....	3	3	0	
Writing several letters, combating your arguments against employing me.....	2	2	0	
Postage of your three letters, declining my offers, 6s. 8d. each.....	1	1	0	
	£	12	4	4

N.B.—If this is thought too much, though allowable in law, I will submit to take ten guineas."

Anecdote.—"But what has that worshipper of vellum and broad margins, Sir Elziver Page, done to you, for he told me you had left him off too? Yet he has a fine library, on which, I know he used to consult you." "Oh, I have cut him as a book man, ever since he told me he had got a bargain of an Herodotus, Gronovius edition, with *Variorum's* notes."

Axiom.—"That when service has done what was expected of it, and is no longer wanted, the servant is abandoned even to oblivion, unless he has resources of his own."

*A Summer in the Pyrenees.* By the Hon. James Erskine Murray. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Macrone.

WE have not an opportunity this week to do justice to this publication; but we cannot allow one No. of our *Literary* journal to pass without saying that we have exceedingly enjoyed its contents. Would that every tourist's summer were as well spent! How agreeable would the critic's task be!—nothing to reprehend, every thing to commend. The refectory light, yet nutritive; the gratification of being instructed, not only without fatigue, but with the pleasurable emotions of having spent your time in good company.

As it is, we can only intimate these opinions; and try, by one taste or two, to prove their correctness, until we return to the subject in our next. There is no high spicing in these volumes. Mr. Murray has visited some of the most interesting and least known parts of the Pyrenean chain; and he has described the impressions made upon him with the feeling of an artist for the beautiful and picturesque in scenery, and the talent of an able observer for circumstances and manners. A number of very clever etchings seem to shew that he is quite at home in both these characters: but we must offer our initiative notice; for it cannot be a review. Andorre is a small independent state—a very small republic (*vide*, if you can, in the maps) consisting of a few valleys among

the mountains; and we give a sample of its *status quo*. Our traveller is invited to dine with the mayor after a public and patriotic meeting; and he says:—

"From the council-hall, or barn, Etienne, myself, and the old gentleman, whose 'voice was still for war,' adjourned, with the maire, to the sanctuary of his dining-room, kitchen, or bed-room, where we found the lady mayoress, her daughters, and sons, awaiting our presence. The apartment was, certainly, superior to any which I had entered in the village; for it contained chairs instead of stools, one of which had actually arms to it. The bed recesses had pieces of drapery hanging down before them; and there was a greater abundance of dishes. But, what at once gave dignity and character to the house, and, independent of all other considerations, would have fully justified the villagers of Escaldos in their choice of a maire, was his being the owner of half a dozen pewter spoons, and a full dozen of knives and forks—steel or iron, it does not signify which—with bone handles. No wonder the mayoress was proud of them; they were the only articles of the kind in the village. Dinner was soon announced by the hissing of the soup, as it was emptied into the wooden tureen, which was placed upon the centre of the long, narrow pine-table, which was covered with a clean, but grayish white, table-cloth. There seemed to be no great ceremony as to the particular places which the guests were to occupy; so I resigned to Etienne what would, at home, have been the place of honour, and seated myself where I had most chance of making myself understood, between a couple of the maire's daughters. I did this upon principle; for I have invariably found that the females of any country, whose language I either spoke indifferently or hardly understood, were far more apt and intelligent in comprehending what I wished to say than the men. A spoon and a plate were set before each individual; and, all being seated, the maire pulled the tureen towards him, helped himself, and pushed it round: the next person did the same; and so on. Then followed a large brown loaf, from which each person cut a pound, or more, of bread. The soup was composed of vegetables and bread; and a piece of pork, which afterwards made its appearance, had been boiled in it. The soup was removed, and fowls, fish, and the piece of pork succeeded. This constituted our dinner, and only wanted the few elegancies of civilised life, to have made it worthy of the table of the lady mayoress of any country town in France or England. We drank our wine out of the odd-shaped bottles which I had first essayed the use of at Valmania; but I had now, from practice, become sufficiently expert as to be able to measure the distance from the 'cup to the lip,' and to describe the proper angle with the neck and spout of the bottle, so as to save myself from a recurrence of the mishap which followed my first attempt, and thus baulked my fair (dark, I should say) neighbours of the laugh which they would otherwise have raised at my expense, and which their compressed lips and smiling eyes plainly told me they were preparing for when I took the decanter in my hand. Having satisfied my thirst, I set it down upon the table, with an action and look explanatory of my satisfaction at having cheated some of the company of a laugh at my awkwardness. Why should not Andorrian ladies have thought me equally as vulgar and ignorant of the common usages of civilised life, by my inability to handle their decanters, as my polished friends at home would have esteemed me had they seen me cut fish

with a knife, or eat curry with any other instrument than a spoon? Lord Chesterfield himself might have been convicted of ill-breeding at the table of the maire of Escaldos. Anxious to see as much as possible of the manners and customs of the Andorrians, I made Etienne inquire as to the possibility of our assembling the villagers to a dance in the evening. The maire sanctioned the proposal; the hall of state was to be the rendezvous; and the youngsters of the party started off to spread the news through the village, more welcome in their character than would have been the 'fiery cross,' which, in the morning, they were told to be prepared for. Shortly after seven, the whole dancing population of the place were assembled in the council-hall, barn, or ball-room, dressed in their holiday suits; and I could observe that some of the ladies whose acquaintance I had formed in the morning, had evidently been lavishing their dark countenances in the stream, and justified the supposition that there was more necessity for soap and water than for 'Rowland's kalydor,' to purify their complexions. There was no scarcity of musicians, where almost every lad could jingle the strings of the guitar, or beat time with the triangle. The Andorrian dances are almost the same as the Arragonese, and other Spanish peasantry; but the women do not trip it so lightly as the Spanish women, and the men have not that ease and elegance displayed by the Spaniard in the performance of his native dances. The Andorrian dances, however, are not by any means deficient in spirit and activity, set after set succeeding each other without one moment's cessation: the instruments were only laid down by those who were going to dance, to be taken up by those who had finished; and so on it continued for several hours, both ladies and gentlemen occasionally invigorating themselves with a puff from the strange decanters; which, as patron of the ball, I took care to have well filled. About eleven, Etienne and I retired, leaving the party in full glee; the maire presiding over the remainder of the cask of wine, and encouraging the dancers with his voice, as he beat time with his fists upon the barrel. The night was exceedingly dark; and, if we had not taken the precaution of stealing one of the lamps away from the ball-room, we might have experienced more difficulty in groping our way to our hotel, through the winding lanes of Escaldos, than in crossing the mountains to Carol; at least, so said Etienne, as he tumbled over a heap of something or other, which, however soft to fall upon, did not render him a more agreeable companion. Fortunately I was carrying the light, otherwise I should have, perhaps, had a sunset also; but no further mischief befell us until we reached the door of the posada, when, in stepping over the cross-bar at the bottom, I stumbled, and let fall the light. I mentioned, that the staircase which led to the upper story was situated in one corner of this stable; but there was both difficulty and danger to be encountered before arriving at it. It was a place where in daylight it was most necessary to pick one's steps with care: of course this could not be done in the dark; and the danger to be encountered was from the mules, who, of all animals, dislike being disturbed during night by strangers. Etienne went first; but he had hardly proceeded a couple of yards within the door, when a snort from one of the mules, accompanied by a lash out with its heels, made him retreat. Mules, like other obstinate animals, of whatever genus, become better friends by bullying than coaxing; so Etienne, accustomed to their ways, did not spare the

former, and, keeping as close to the wall as possible, we reached the staircase in safety. We were in hopes that we should have been able to find another lamp in the room above; but the whole of the family had either retired to rest, or were still at the ball: the fire was out, and we were in perfect darkness. We had told the hostess that we should occupy the spare apartment; and, accordingly, we opened the door of it, with the intention of sleeping as we best could—upon the beds, if we could find them, or, failing in our attempts to do that, to lie down upon the floor. Our intentions were, however, frustrated; for, when we opened the door, such harmonious sounds proceeded from all parts of the chamber, that some dozen, at least, of intruders must have taken possession of our quarters. Alas! there was no bell to ring, no waiter to call up, and, in true John Bull style, indignantly order him to turn the sleeping gentlemen out. Here 'might was right'; and had Etienne and I tried the experiment, we would, in all probability, have been treated as intruders ourselves, and, as such, found a reception which might have proved somewhat more dangerous and fatal than the kicks from the mules below, had we received one from each of them. We thought, with the old adage, that it was best to 'let sleeping dogs lie'; so we shut the door, and, in revenge, only drew the bolt upon them. Etienne laid himself down upon one of the benches in the kitchen; but, as I did not altogether relish the atmosphere of the apartment, composed of the exhalations arising from the refuse of the frying-pan, the well-picked bones which were strewed about, the upsetting of the wine decanters, and various other potherhouse effluvia, and as it was a fine night, I carried one of the three-legged stools into the balcony at the window, and, placing it in one corner, so as to make myself as comfortable as I could, I was soon afterwards sound asleep."

To this single specimen of the manner in which this narrative is written, we must, for the present, be content to add two or three very brief touches:—

"Having gratified my curiosity at Foix, I returned to Tarascon in the diligence. I had for my fellow travellers, two Frenchmen, who had left Marseilles on account of the cholera. It has been said that fear predisposes its victims to an attack of cholera: now, I am sure, if such was really the case, that these two gentlemen, who were going to Ax, must have died that same night; for I never, in the whole course of my life, saw two individuals so imbued with fear and terror as they seemed to be. While conversing upon the subject of their disquiet, I happened to mention that I had been in the neighbourhood of Drogheda when so many of its inhabitants were carried off by the cholera; upon which they immediately supposed that I could give them some sovereign specific against its attacks, and begged me to tell them what was the best measure of precaution to adopt. I told them that there were various opinions upon the subject, and different methods by which it was supposed the disease could be warded off. One method was that which numbers of the Irish, during the prevalence of the cholera in their country, had adopted: it was never to be sober while the cholera remained in the district; so long as they were intoxicated there was no fear of them, but if they once forgot to be drunk, then the disease was sure to seize upon them. The Frenchmen did not seem to relish this precautionary method, which I offered to their notice; so I gave them another, which met

with more success. It was to refrain from eating salads to breakfast, or drinking the indifferent wines of the country, and never, by any chance, to taste the unripe fruits daily presented to them at the inns; but to give up their French habits and tastes, and live, à la John Bull, upon solids."

An official having ridiculously stopped our traveller on his way, he illustrates it humourously.

"We expostulated with the green-coated gentlemen, declared that we had left Luchon the preceding day, appealed to our guides for the truth of our story; but we could not satisfy them: 'how were they to be certain of the fact?' I could not help laughing when one of the officers made this remark; for it brought to my recollection the predicament in which a gentleman, riding out in the vicinity of Edinburgh, found himself. He had paid at one of the turnpike gates, a ticket from which enables the possessor to pass through all the other gates within a certain district, and carefully, as he imagined, deposited the little passport in his pocket. Arrived at another gate, the keeper demanded his ticket; and the gentleman, pulling up, and putting his hand in his pocket, searched it right and left, diving into every corner of it, but the inch-square piece of paper was nowhere to be found. It had flown away, or, perhaps, in using his pocket handkerchief, it had been blown away; but sure it was the thing was lost. The gentleman protested that he had paid at such and such a gate, and obtained a ticket; but no, the keeper was not satisfied. The money was of no consequence, but the gentleman was indignant that his word should be doubted: so, convinced of the decisive nature of the appeal he was about to make, he raised himself in his stirrups, and, staring in the keeper's face, said, 'Have the kindness, my friend, to look into my countenance, and tell me if you think it the physiognomy of one who, for the paltry sum of two-pence, would tell you a lie?' The keeper did as he was desired; and, stretching out his hand, answered, 'I'll thank you for two-pence.'"

We regret to leave off, but we will endeavour to do more perfect justice in our next.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY: MR. DAVIDSON.

MR. MURCHISON in the chair. — During the routine business of the meeting, a portion of a paper, entitled Notice on the Key and Arrú Islands, by G. W. Earl, Esq., was read. The chairman, in a very feeling manner, alluded to the melancholy intelligence received of the murder of Mr. Davidson; and, in respect to his memory, suggested that the business of the meeting should be confined to the reading of the letters communicating the mournful fact. The following letter and translations were then read.—Mogadore, Feb. 14, 1837. Mr. Willshire, vice-consul there, to E. W. A. Drummond Hay, Esq.—Sir, I had the melancholy duty, on the first instant, to make you acquainted with the distressing intelligence which had reached me regarding Mr. Davidson. I am grieved at heart to inform you all the accounts I have received since confirm the melancholy tidings. The most circumstantial account I have heard I derived from a Jew, named Jacob Ben Cohen, who arrived here from Draha on the 2d instant, and reported to me that Mr. Davidson had been robbed on the 29th or 30th of Shaban (thirty-two or thirty-three days after Mr. Davidson started from Wednoon), by the tribes of Idowlet and Alt Atta, in the district of Hameda, four days'

journey from Tatta, who, after receiving from Mr. Davidson eight doubloons, and a hundred dollars, and a loaded camel, allowed the party, consisting of eighteen persons, to proceed on their route towards Timbuctoo. Wold Hamedan, and Eborria of Idowlet, and Wold Henna, and Wold Aboo, of the tribe of Alt Atta, he mentioned as the names of the robbers. My informant stated, that eight or ten days after, a marauding party, of 100 horsemen, of the tribe of El Harib, who were returning from plundering a place called Bowbegah, met Mr. Davidson's party a little to the south of Egueda, whom they immediately robbed, and shot Mr. Davidson, who received eight balls; and when dead, every one discharged his musket at his body, as a meritorious act. At El Mehamdee, a town distant six days from Satta, where my informant was living, he saw in the possession of the Arabs and Jews various articles which had belonged to Mr. Davidson, which he described, and left no doubt on my mind as to his fate. Among the articles which he had seen, he named a silver watch, a pocket compass, sword, three books, a box of medicines, japan tea-caddy, beads, and cowries; all of which he must have seen, or he could not have described them so correctly as he did. My informant could not give a certain account of the fate of poor Aboo, the companion of Mr. Davidson, but understood he had gone on with the caravan, in which he is partly borne out by the letter received from Sheik Beyrook yesterday. Other accounts state that Mr. Davidson and party were travelling some distance in a parallel route, but rather behind the caravan which was first met by the party of El Harib, who were disappointed at not finding Mr. Davidson, for whom they inquired. The caravan was stopped, and afterwards Mr. Davidson came up, when he was instantly shot. Another report inclines me to believe that El Harib at first appeared friendly, and afterwards seized an opportunity, treacherously, to murder him, at a place called Sheh' Keys, twenty days' journey from Timbuctoo. I have been much disappointed that the information received by the courier I despatched to Wednoon, with letters to Sheik Beyrook, is very meagre and inconclusive, as you will perceive, on perusal of the accompanying translations of the two letters addressed to me, and his agent, Seedy Hadj Abebe. In those letters, no allusion is made to the robbery and murder of Mr. Davidson as having occurred at different places, nor is the account of Jacob Ben Cohen supported in this point by any of the reports which have come to my knowledge, except the one received by my agent from his son at Morocu, which states, that Mr. Davidson had been robbed, and afterwards allowed to proceed on his journey. I have no reason to suspect treachery on the part of Sheik Beyrook, although the reports set afloat by Wold Isheme are, that Mr. Davidson had deposited a large sum of money with the sheik, is evident. Considering there was a great probability Aboo might have been taken by the tribe of El Harib, and detained as a slave, I directed the sheiks to procure his release, and to send him to me: by the answer he returns, he appears to believe that Aboo had gone on with the caravan, in which case there is not much likelihood of the Tragacanthos overtaking it. I beg to acquaint you I have not yet determined upon what steps to take to collect further information, having only yesterday received the letters from Sheik Beyrook. It is my wish to despatch a Moor to proceed to Draha to recover of the people every thing belonging to Mr. Davidson; the great difficulty is to select a person well ac-

quainted with the country, and in whom every confidence can be placed. I attach considerable value to the notes Mr. Davidson may have made on the route from Wedmore, up to the moment he met his untimely fate. I have in view a Moorish trader, who has travelled in many parts of the desert, and if I can come to an arrangement with him, I shall despatch him to Drake with directions to proceed to the very spot; and every thing I can do towards elucidating this melancholy affair, be assured, will be done. I remain, (signed) W. WILLSHIRE.—P. S.—I have omitted to state, that by the report of Jacob Ben Cohen, Mr. Davidson met his fate on the 8th day of Ramadan, answering to the 17th or 18th of December last. Sheh Keya is near the southern confines of the district of Eguoda, sixteen days from Tatta, and ten days from Tandeney.

Translation of a letter from Sheikh Beyrook, dated Wedmore, 1st day of the month Dual Caada (answering to the 7th instant), received at Mogadore 13th February, 1837. The letter proceeds:—"To our friend, Merchant Willshire, English Vice-Consul, Salam, &c.—We received your letter by the courier, which we have read and understand. About the news of the Tibbib, John Davidson, his death is certain; the Harib met him—death is the lot of all. We had arranged with all the tribes of Arabs who are known to plunder persons and commit robberies on the road; we had ensured his safety with them. The Tibbib did not leave our house until we had previously received security from Eborria (of the tribe of Idowlet) that he might pass through the district of El Harib; we had no fear, because they are traders, and convey and pass the merchants of Taflelt and receive him. El Harib did not go that route but to kill him (the Tibbib); and we have heard, that the merchants of Taflelt had given money to El Harib to murder him. Taflelt is only distant one or two days' journey from the usual place of abode of the tribe of El Harib. As to the property of the Tibbib, nothing has found its way to this quarter; but should it, I will send it to you. His property will get to Taflelt, where it will be sold; and you had better write to the Sultan Mulai Abderrachman, to give orders to his viceroy to seek after his books, writings, and property. We inform you we have sent a friend to the Tragaacanthi, ordering a person to be despatched to Timbuctoo to bring us Aboo, who is gone there; and have given the strictest orders for every information and news how it happened, to be sent to us. As to the envy like that of Wold, Isheme, and others we have heard of, you know better than any one what money the Tibbib had. The truth of all the news will be known when the horsemen return from the Tragaacanthi: we will send it you, and point out to you the spot or place where he (the Tibbib) was met, and the day he was murdered. His death would be first known at Taflelt, from whence it would reach us, as many of the El Harib go to that city. We are far off, which is the cause of the intelligence being so long before it reached us. The station of the Tragaacanthi is twelve days' journey from this place; and it is three months that no one has come to us from thence, except this news, which came from Geist. The money which he (the Tibbib) lent to Mohammed El Abd, make yourself easy about it; the day the caravan returns we will get repaid, and remit it to you. INSHALLA SALAM."

Read also, translation of a letter from Sheikh Beyrook, dated as the preceding, and received at Mogadore the same day.

"To Sidi Hodge Abibe Salam, &c."

"As to what you write about the Tibbib John Davidson, the party of El Harib found (or met) him and killed him, plundering all his property, and that of Mohammed El Abd, which he had with him, of long-cloths and Hamburgers. On the day they killed the Tibbib they seized his companion Aboo, and swore to him, by the most solemn oath, if he did not then tell of the property belonging to the Christian, they would take his life; upon which he discovered and told them of every thing, which they took, and went away with; and the reason why I did not write to you before now, I had doubts of the truth. How comes it that you listen to the words of Wold Isheme, who writes to the Jew, his friend, and tells him the Tibbib has deposited with us the sum you mention in your letter? Why did you not answer Willshire on the point, as you saw the money he delivered over to Mohammed El Abd? God be praised, we are known not to be traitors, like Wold Isheme: however, if his companion, Aboo, comes, he will relate all the news with his own mouth. Be informed that we have written to the heads of the Tragaacanthi, Cidi Mohammed Dnamanu, Cidi Mohammed Ben Annish, and Hamed Moohud, to send persons like themselves to bring to us the companion, Aboo, from whence he can be found. At all events, if he be alive, you will see him, Inshalla; and if dead, God's will be done. The words you report, that we had arranged with El Harib to betray him (the Tibbib), such doings are not our ways; nor could we degrade ourselves to do so: every one God will reckon with for the words he utters. For four days we neither ate nor drank; and have sworn, by all that is sacred, to be revenged. Wherever El Harib are to be found, in their tents or on the road, our tribe shall plunder and murder them. As regards the property of the Tibbib, if any articles remain in the hands of the Tragaacanthi, they will reach you. God knows how much we have grieved about him; but, God be praised, we did not leave any thing undone for the safety of the Tibbib. We did not think the Harib would turn traitors to any person sent by us. This has been done by the traders of Taflelt, who had bribed El Harib to kill him. God's will be done. The fact will be known when the two horsemen return, whom we have despatched to the Tragaacanthi, and who will be sent to you. Peace." The meeting then broke up.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 8. The Rev. William Whewell in the chair.—The reading of the Rev. W. B. Clarke's paper on Suffolk, commenced on a previous evening, was concluded. The formations of which that country consists are chalk, the plastic and London clays, crag, diluvium, or ancient superficial detritus, and recent lacustrine accumulations. Each of these deposits was described in considerable detail, as well as the changes now in operation in the river courses and along the sea-coast. The following conclusions were then given, as deducible from the statements in the body of the memoir:—1. The substratum of the whole of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Essex, is chalk, which appears to have been dislocated and worn into deep hollows by the action of water, previously to the commencement of the tertiary era. 2. On this abraded surface the plastic clays and sands were formed, but not over the whole area. 3. Partly on these beds, and partly on the chalk, the London clay was then deposited, but to no very great thickness. 4. Upon the London clay,

as well as the chalk, the crag was next accumulated in sand-banks produced by the tidal waters, and around projecting masses of chalk. 5. While the crag still lay beneath the sea, a violent catastrophe broke up many of the secondary strata from the chalk to the lias inclusive; and the debris thus caused, together with numerous masses of ancient rocks, was spread by a rush of water over the surface of the tertiary formations, and the chalk, in some places to a depth of 400 feet, constituting the beds of drift clay, &c. which occupy so great an area in Suffolk. 6. Previously to this diluvial action, and after it, the inland waters of the then dry land bore to the sea animal and vegetable remains, vestiges of which occur in the Norfolk coast, and elsewhere. 7. That the climate of this part of the globe was then different from the present. 8. After this period, and probably in prolongation of the first great catastrophe, a series of shocks, acting from below, shattered the surface, and gradually elevated the whole district, till the crag obtained the height of nearly 100 feet above the level of the sea; and by this movement were produced the valleys or lines of fissures through which the drainage of the county is effected. 9. No great convulsions have since taken place. 10. By the action of springs, and the constant battering of the sea, the superficial contents of the London clay and crag have been reduced several miles, vestiges of their former extent being traceable in rocks and sands, nearly always submerged. 11. By the set of the tides, vast accumulations of shingle and sand have been formed at projecting points, protecting, in some places, the cliffs from further destruction; but at Harwich they have blocked up the ancient estuary, and compelled the Stour and the Orwell to form a new outlet. 12. The average amount of annual degradation of the coast, is about two yards in breadth; and, in consequence of the conformation of the ridges of crag and London clay, the cliffs will gradually diminish into a low, sandy shore. The period estimated for effecting this destruction is calculated by Mr. Clarke to be another century.—The next paper read was by the Rev. David Williams, F.G.S., on the raised beaches of Saunton Down, and Baggy Point. These beaches were recently described by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison; \* and Mr. Williams, in this paper, fully agrees with the conclusions drawn by those authors relative to the beaches having been raised. In addition, however, to the proofs afforded by the numerous remains of existing British marine shells in these accumulations, he stated that he had found, in many places, from six to ten feet above the tidal level, and at the line of contact of the beaches with the old rocks of the district, countless *Balani* attached to the surface of the latter, but entangled in the substance of the former. In support, also, of the land having been raised, and not the sea depressed, he referred to the submarine forest in the prolongation of the same coast, and argued that their position could not be accounted for by a subsidence in the sea level, but by an unequal movement of the land.—The third communication read was from Mr. James de Carlo Sowerby, on a new genus of fossil shells, named by him *Tropæum*. The following are the characters given in the paper: "An involute chambered shell, with sinuated septa; the whorls free, sometimes very distant: siphon in the external margin." The shells which may be grouped in this genus have hitherto ranked as *Hamites*, but have no sudden bend

\* See *Literary Gazette*, Dec. 17.



which may be compared to a hook. The place of *Tropæum* is between *Hamites* and *Scaphites*. The species hitherto found have been obtained from the gault and greensand.

## ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 6th. The Rev. F. W. Hope in the chair.—Various donations of books were announced, and thanks ordered to be returned to the donors. Several gentlemen were elected members of the Society, and certificates in favour of A. B. Lambert, Esq.; G. B. Greenhough, Esq.; and W. Harrison, Esq., were read. The following memoirs were read. Additional note upon the trap-door spider of the West Indies, accompanied by figures, by W. Sella, Esq. On an early remedy adopted for the destruction of obnoxious domestic insects, by L. H. Petit, Esq. F.R.S. Observations in support of the opinion that the blatta cannot be considered identical with "oreh," the insect which constituted one of the plagues of Egypt, by the Rev. F. W. Hope. In this memoir, the author entered very fully into the views entertained by the different commentators relative to the insect which was employed as one of the plagues of Egypt: combating the opinion of different writers who maintained that the common cockroach, on account of its black colour, and occasionally appearing in swarms, was the insect in question; and maintaining, on the contrary, both from the text, and from communications made to him by Colonel Sykes, upon the noxious insects of India, and by Mr. Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveller, that some (probably several) species of dipterous insects, allied to the gad-flies, were the real plagues in question. This memoir led to an interesting discussion upon the habits of these different insects in various quarters of the globe.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY. Mr. Gray, the president, in the chair.—Some members were elected, and others proposed. Donations of plants, supposed to have formed part of the *herbarium* of J. J. Rousseau, and some plants found about Mahon, Minorca, were announced, presented by Mr. G. B. Dennes. A specimen of *Cinclidium stygium*, a new British moss, was exhibited, presented by Mr. Roberts Leyland. A paper was read from the treasurer, John Reynolds, Esq., being a translation of Father Koischer's "China Illustrata;" which led to an interesting discussion: after which the meeting adjourned to the 6th of April.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.  
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, March 9th.—The following degrees were conferred.

*Masters of Arts*.—H. Allen, New Inn Hall; Rev. J. Whytt, Edmund Hall; Rev. J. Dodd, Tabard, G. S. F. Smith, Queen's College; Rev. W. D. Roberts, Rev. J. R. Trye, Jesus College; Rev. H. N. Lofting, Exeter College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—E. W. St. John, E. C. Egerton, Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE.—The chancellor's two gold medals for the best classical scholars among the commencing Bachelors of Arts have been this year adjudged to T. Whytehead, of St. John's College, and W. G. Humphrey, of Trinity College.

March 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. J. F. Collis, Trinity College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—W. B. Simpson, T. Spankie, R. Hopper, R. Roberts, A. Malcolm, Trinity College; E. Evans, St. John's College; E. D. Bland, Caius College; E. Bellman, Queen's College; H. Roberts, A. A. Kempe, Magdalen College.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MARCH 9. Mr. H. Gurney in the chair.—Sir Henry Ellis exhibited a drawing or plan of the town, fortifications, and harbour of Carrick-

fergus, in Ireland, in 1612.—Mr. Planché exhibited a basinet, a form of helmet in use from Edward II. to Henry V.: this appeared, from its form, &c., and by comparison with Stothard's "Monumental Effigies," to belong to the time of Edward III.—Sir Fred. Madden exhibited two matrix seals, found by some excavators in making a railway, but it did not appear where. One was the seal of the Priory of Boxgrave, in Sussex, founded in the reign of Henry I. The seal was made to impress, and in some places to perforate, two pieces of wax, which were afterwards cemented together; and the figures on the back of one piece were then seen through the architectural perforations of the other, and *vice versa*, in the same way as the beautiful seal of the Priory of Southwick, in Hampshire: but it is to be regretted that the Boxgrave matrix was too much corroded by time and damp to make a perfect impression. The other seal belonged to some monastery dedicated to St. Redignus, no account of which Sir Frederick had been able to find in Dugdale or Tanner; and he requested information on the subject from any of his brother antiquaries who could give it.—Mr. John Gough Nichols exhibited a napkin of the time of Henry VIII. of beautifully fine damask, or, as it was then called, diaper. The woven ornaments were exceedingly rich, belonging exclusively to the Tudor period; and, from the subjects, there was little doubt of its having been made for royal use. In his description of this delicate and dainty napkin, Mr. Nichols gave several extracts from the household ordinances of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. relative to the washing and preserving the napery, or cloth, for the king's use.

March 16th. Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—A paper was read from Sir William Betham, on Signor Campanari's Etruscan Tombs, exhibiting at Pall Mall, and the high state of civilisation and arts which they shew to have existed in Etruria; but the subject he most referred to was the inscriptions, which, he said, had confirmed him in the opinion previously expressed, of the identity of the Phœnician Language with the Celtic—the ancient language of Ireland.—Mr. Rosser exhibited a perfect skeleton of an Egyptian mummied cat, which he had lately unwrapped, and two small statues, in bronze and porcelain, of Bubastes, the Egyptian goddess, to whom the cat was sacred, and who was usually represented with the head of a cat.—The Rev. L. Sharpe communicated a paper on the ancient dramas called "Mysteries," and the barbarous Anglo-Latin language of some of them, and the meaning of several obsolete and difficult passages found in them. The reading of the survey of the province of Connaught, in 1612, communicated by Sir Henry Ellis, was concluded, and the Society adjourned to the Thursday after Easter.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (Mr. Goodley, Second Lecture on Insect Anatomy.)

Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary (Mr. Cooper on Meteorology), 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (Mr. Oxenford on German Literature, Goethe); Islington Literary (Mr. T. Cromwell on the Archaeology of the British Isles; and the following Thursday, and April 13).

## FINE ARTS.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Spring Gallery of the works of living British Artists is to be opened to private view

to-day, and publicly on Monday. We have been permitted to take a glance round the walls, and have great pleasure in noticing the collection as one quite equal to, if not more meritorious than any preceding exhibition.

## MUSIC.

## VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE fifth concert, on the 6th inst., was no less attractive than its predecessor had been. A manuscript cantata, by Hullah, sung by Miss Masson with exquisite feeling, was a delightful specimen of what may be achieved by music, when it is really "married to immortal verse." The young composer has most felicitously caught the tone of Shelley's truly beautiful lines, beginning,—

"Rarely, rarely comest thou,  
Spirit of delight;"

and Miss Masson embodied the ideas of both poet and composer, in such a manner as to make every heart respond to them. Mrs. Bishop sang Hummel's *offertorium*, "Alma virgo," most delightfully; and Miss Rainsforth was very successful in a sweet ballad by T. Cooke, "No joy without my love." Equal praise is due to Mr. Balfe for his spirited performance of "Non più andrai;" and Miss Woodyatt executed Haydn's canonet, "Sympathy," very pleasingly, except that her shakes were rather superabundant. Among the choruses were the coronation anthem, "My heart is inditing;" "O! the pleasures of the plains," from *Acis and Galatea*; Mozart's motet, "Praise Jehovah, our Defender;" and "Arise! arise!" from *Hercules*: all admirably selected, and the last much too good for playing the audience out with. The madrigals and glees, too, were judiciously chosen. Amongst the latter was a manuscript composition, by Mr. E. Taylor, of considerable merit. Beethoven's quartet, Op. 74, played by Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, was, unfortunately, too long for even the most enthusiastic listeners; and those accomplished performers received, in consequence, much less than their due meed of applause. We advise them in future to select, on similar occasions, compositions of a more popular character. The audience were disappointed in their expectation of seeing the royal visitors, owing, as it was said, to the sudden indisposition of the Princess Victoria. Q.

## ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE second concert was under the direction of Lord Burghersh, for the Duke of Cambridge; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the selection was very good, combining a judicious admixture of novelty with a few deservedly favourite stock-pieces. One most remarkable feature of the concert was a pianoforte concerto, by Sebastian Bach, which was played by Mr. Moscheles with such consummate skill, vigour, and intelligence, that attention was kept awake throughout, notwithstanding the dry and monotonous character of the composition. A recitative and air by Bianchi, charmingly sung by Miss Masson, was a perfect gem. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than the accompaniments to this song, especially the parts for the wind-instruments; and their effect was rendered quite enchanting by the exquisite performance of the band. Mrs. Bishop, and Messrs. Braham, Bennett, and Phillips, all gave great delight by their respective performances. Mr. Seguin, in the duet with Mrs. Bishop, "Crudel perchè," sung with much dramatic animation; but the part is a little above the range of his voice, in consequence of which he was compelled to alter a few notes



## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION,

PALL MALL.  
The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
Patrons—the King.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, will be open to the Public on Monday, from Ten o'Clock in the Morning till dusk.

Admission, 1s.  
T. C. HOPLAND, Secretary.

## ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND, for the Relief of their Widows and Orphans. Instituted March 22, 1810; incorporated by Royal Charter August 2, 1837.

President—Sir John Edward Wellesbourne, Bart.  
Vice-Presidents—

The Earl of Ripon Benjamin Bond Cabbell, F.R.S.  
The Lord Farborough R. Norman Bolly, Esq. F.R.S.  
The Right Hon. Robert James Vise, Esq.  
Peel, Bart. M.P.  
Treasurer—Charles Palmer Diamond, Esq.

The Annual General Meeting of the Subscribers to the Artists' Benevolent Fund will be held at Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday, the 25th instant, at Half-past Eight o'Clock in the Evening precisely.

JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

## THEATRE OF ANATOMY,

57 Little Windmill Street, Haymarket.  
The Annual Course of Twelve Lectures on Anatomy, as applicable to the Arts of Design, and for the purposes of general information,

By Mr. J. GREGORY SMITH,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons and Teacher of Anatomy, Surgery, &c.

will commence on Tuesday Evening, April 4th, at Half-past 8 o'Clock, and will be continued on each succeeding Friday and Tuesday, at the same hour.

The Lectures will be illustrated by recent Dissections and by preparations of Human and Comparative Anatomy. A practical demonstration and every facility will be afforded to those gentlemen who may be desirous of making Studies or Drawings from the recent Dissections, on the morning subsequent to each Lecture.

Prospectuses, exhibiting an outline of the Course, and Cards of Admission, at One Guinea each, may be obtained of Messrs. Dominic Colnaghi and Co. Printers to the King, Pall Mall East; of Messrs. Carpenter and Son, 14 Old Bond Street; and at the Theatre of Anatomy, 57 Little Windmill Street, Haymarket.

## ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

Private Lessons in Persian, Arabic, and Hindoostanee. Apply to Mr. Mortimer, 2 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

## HIGH SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL.

Wanted, for this Establishment, which it is proposed to open after the Midsummer Vacation, the following Masters:

1. An English Master, qualified to give instruction in the English Language, and English Literature, Education, Composition, History, Geography, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy.

2. A Philosophical Master, qualified to give instruction in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, and Natural History.

3. A Mathematical Master, qualified to give instruction in Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, the Differential and Integral Calculus, Surveying, Astronomy, and Navigation.

4. A Classical Master, qualified to give instruction in the Languages, Literature, and Antiquities of Greece and Rome.

The Philosophical and Mathematical Masters will have to attend five hours in the week in the adjoining Lower School of the Mechanics' Institution.

The remuneration of the above-named Masters will depend upon the number of Pupils in the School. Each of them will receive 12s. per cent upon the income arising from the charge to every Pupil of One Guinea per annum, which will afford to each Master the following scale:

In the case of 300 Pupils in the School £210 per annum.  
200 ..... 215  
100 ..... 140

The first of these sums is guaranteed for two years; but the remuneration from the fees expected to be much greater than the sum guaranteed: out of the above-named Four Masters, one will be selected as Head Master, and to him will be paid, in addition to the above per centage, a fixed Salary of 100l. per annum.

Considerable emolument may also arise to the Masters from taking as Boarders youths who come from a distance.

The accommodation provided in this School, in the spacious building just erected, is amply sufficient for 500 Pupils.

A detailed Prospectus of the plan, showing the duties of the several Masters, may be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi's Coffee House, Walbrook; and Mr. Taylor, Bookseller, Upper Gower Street.

Applications, accompanied by unexceptionable testimonials as to character, abilities, attainments, and experience in tuition, must be sent in before the 1st of April, addressed to Mr. James Harvey, Junr., Catherine Street, Liverpool.

N.B. It is proposed to publish the Testimonials of the successful Candidates.

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## MUSIC.

## VOCAL CONCERTS.

Under the immediate Patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. The Last Concert of this Season is unavoidably postponed to Monday Evening, 27th, when Spohr's new Oratorio, "The Crucifixion," will be produced, for the first time in this country: the English Version by Mr. E. Taylor.

On this Occasion the Band and Chorus will be considerably enlarged.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

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ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, and FOLLOWING DAYS,

(Good Friday excepted),

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Among which are Rees's Cyclopaedia, 45 vols. half Russia, by Herring; Valpy's Delphin Classics, 164 vols.; Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities, 4 vols. 1. p.; Dibdin's Classics, 3 vols. 1. p.; Britton's Architectural Antiquities, 5 vols.; Cathedral Antiquities, 2 vols.; Nicholson's Architectural and Engineering Dictionary, 2 vols.; Bodwell's Greece, 2 vols.; Chambers's Architecture, by Gwilt, 2 vols.; Richardson's Persian Dictionary, with MS. Notes by Sir W. Jones; Dugdale's St. Paul's, by Ellis; Otley's History of Engraving, 2 vols.; Harlan's Miscellany, 10 vols.; the Works of Tilletson, Sharpe, Horsley, Atterbury, Vogan; also of Gibbon, Hume, Smollett, Robertson, Goldsmith, &c.

Money advanced upon Duplicate Portions of Booksellers' Stock, upon Libraries, and Literary Property in general.

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The Trinity  
Incarnation of Jesus Christ  
Doctrines of Jesus Christ  
Resurrection  
Redemption  
Regeneration, Renewal, Conversion  
Delay of Conversion  
Reading the Scriptures  
Humility

Conviction of the Corruption  
of our fallen Nature, and of  
our sinful State  
Repentance  
Faith  
Works  
Works without Faith  
Faith without Works  
Union of Faith and Works  
Justification  
Influence of the Holy Spirit:  
Sanctification  
Merit and Reward

Our Endeavours  
Predestination, Free Will  
Of Prayer  
Public Worship  
Family Prayer  
Sacrament of the Lord's Supper  
Forgiveness of Injuries  
Veneration to the Name of God  
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1837.

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Letters to the North, from a Traveller in the South.* By J. K. 12mo. pp. 110. Belfast, Hodgson; Dublin, Milliken and Son.

THIS tasteful volume is, we understand, the production of Mr. Emerson Tennent, M.P. for Belfast, and portions of it have already appeared in the columns of the *Ulster Times*. It contains the records of a tour in the south of Ireland during the summer of last year. It is written in a particularly lively and attractive style, and, without any pretensions to laborious investigation or profound reflection, either moral or political, presents such notes and observations of his travel, as a man of taste and information can, without any great effort, render instructive and amusing, even in the most hurried excursion through an interesting country. The author observes, in his Preface, that the letters which form the volume "were despatched every evening to the post, whilst his thoughts were still occupied with the scenes and impressions of the day to which they refer, without correction or finish; and that they go to the press as they thus came from the pen." "I do not pretend to describe," he adds, "what I have seen, but merely to point out to others, who are so disposed, what they may see for themselves: and, above all, to suggest to those who are on the wing for some distant excursion; that there are some things worth a visit at home." From our perusal of the volume we are disposed to believe that this statement is literally correct. The scenes are evidently coloured on the spot, "and the remarks struck off at a heat," at the very moment of their suggestion. The author's tour extends through the most picturesque portions of the counties of Antrim, Down, Louth, Meath, Dublin, Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, Tipperary, Cork, Waterford, Kerry (including Killarney), Limerick, Clare, Galway, Westmeath, Longford, Cavan, Monaghan, and Armagh; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing his "Letters" to be one of the best manuals we have met with to direct the attention of any traveller, who designs visiting Ireland, to the most interesting and remarkable scenes which he ought to seek for in his route.

As an appropriate commencement, we shall extract, as a specimen of Mr. Tennent's lively style, his account of that singular vehicle, an Irish post-chaise.

"In all the provincial towns in Ireland, one of the most important objects is the post-chaise of the 'head inn,' as the best hotel is usually called. Its 'goings out and its comings in' are matters of record, and materials for history to the inhabitants—subjects of deep speculation, before the nature of the expedition is ascertained, and of most interesting gossip and discussion, after its occupants and destination have been officially made public. With this important vehicle are associated all the reminiscences of those intelligent remembrancers, 'the oldest inhabitants,' and its slightest movements are the wonder and delight of all the urchins of the village. Like Wordsworth's ancient beggar, who was so aged that people wondered if he ever could have been young, the genuine Irish post-chaise is always found so much worn

out, that we almost doubt whether it ever could have been new. But even this apparent imperfection of its nature, is a vast advantage to the household servants of its immediate proprietor; for its endless craving for repairs affords constant employment for every vacant hour, and any idler who would plead in his defence 'that he had nothing to do,' is sure to be asked, 'Why he does not take a turn at mendin' the chay?' Notwithstanding this never-failing necessity for mending, the repairs, in nine cases out of ten, are never performed till the very minute of starting; and then the box of rusty nails, together with all manner of ropes and cordage, are put into brisk demand, whilst the sound of the hammer, as it rings on the splinter-bar, gives the signal to all the gossips to crowd round the inn door, and eagerly inquire the names, the destination, and the business, of the intended travellers. Some important departure seemed to have been intimated to the landlady of the Wheat-Sheaf, at Carlow, on the evening we slept there; for long before day-light we were awake by the 'clang of arms' beneath our windows, where no less than three of these interesting machines were undergoing the process of preparation for the road, under the hammer and wrenches of as many long-coated postillions. Two of these, we afterwards learned, were destined to accompany the funeral of what was esteemed a very unusual character in Carlow—a non-agitating priest—who was to be buried that morning; and the other was to convey an old lady and her daughter in some direction on the north road. The latter party drove off as we were sitting down to breakfast; but we felt a little alarmed on seeing them return in about half an hour—the old lady in a state of the highest agitation, and the post-boy vociferating at the top of his voice. In reply to our inquiries as to what had frightened the ladies—"Och, nothin' in life, then, replied the old waiter, Phil Henesay," but could Mrs. P., in the *po-chay*, that's scared out of her wits, bekase that stupid *omadaun* of a post-boy was taking her to Ballitore in place of Athy!"

We regret that we have not space to insert the author's striking description of the superb ruins which crown the celebrated Rock of Cashel, and which he pronounces to be "the most extraordinary, interesting, and beautiful in the British dominions." They consist of a vast assemblage of round towers, antique ecclesiastical edifices, Saxon chapels, a Gothic cathedral of immense extent, and the ancient palaces of the kings of Munster, all crowded together on the summit of a bold and insulated cliff, which starts up to the height of 200 feet, in the centre of a plain 90 miles in length by 40 broad. From the summit Mr. Tennent states, that the traveller can take in, at one glance, this vast plain, bounded by the Galtee mountains, and covered with the ruins of upwards of one hundred abbeys, castles, monasteries, and other ancient edifices.

The following passage gives a fine conception of the echoes at Killarney:—

"Leaving the upper lake by one of those tortuous channels, we reached the foot of the magnificent conical cliff called the Eagle's Nest. Here we landed to fire off a cannon, in order to

awake the echo, which, in this spot, is grand beyond description. At each shot, the report was echoed and returned from a thousand points at the same moment; and, each repeating its own sound, again and again, till it died away, the whole amphitheatre of hills resounded with one mingled roar of artillery, closely resembling, but louder a thousand times, than the wildest thunder I ever heard. In my existence, I never listened to any sound so truly sublime as the cannon's echo at the Eagle's Nest. This being ended, the bugle-player who accompanied us, Mr. Spillan, belonging to the band of the Kerry Regiment, played some airs at the foot of the mountain, and any thing more heavenly than the echo which accompanied them, it is totally impossible to conceive. Each note was re-echoed with a sweetness that made the original appear but discord; as if Nature in this, the only instance in which she stoops to imitate art, only made the effort, in order to shew how infinitely she can surpass her master. Each cadence, as it fell, was caught up by the echo of the nearest cliff, and then repeated by each surrounding height, the sound at each reiteration diminishing in volume, but redoubling in sweetness, till the whole died away in sound so delicious, and 'withal so fine, that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence.'

'A voice, we know not whence, repeats the strain,  
A thousand tongues invisible reply,  
In mimic note again, and yet again;  
Till faint in distance the sweet echoes die—  
Like reascending choirs of angels to the sky!"

The following notice of the residence of Spenser, the poet, in Ireland, during the reign of Elizabeth, will be read with much interest:

"The Castle of Buttevant, now modernised, and fitted up as the residence of Sir James Anderson, is built on a cliff above the river Awbeg, on which the town is situated. On this stream, about four miles further down, are the ruins of Kilcolman, the residence of Edmund Spenser, the poet. Of this truly interesting ruin, in which Spenser composed his 'Fairy Queen,' and where he received the visits of Sir W. Raleigh, little now remains, save a single turret and a few lonely walls upon a little elevation, beneath which flows the neglected waters of the Awbeg, or, as Spenser has named it, the

'Mulla, mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep; and where he describes himself as wandering in

"The coolly shade  
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore."

Kilcolman, with its castle, and three thousand acres of the forfeited Desmond territory, were conferred on Spenser by Elizabeth; and here, having married (as he himself describes her) 'a country lass of low degree,' he continued to reside for nearly ten years, in compliance with the terms of the grant, which enjoined residence on his estates; this being one of Elizabeth's favourite schemes for tranquillising Ireland by the location of English settlers. But the turbulent spirit of the Irish regarded little the peaceful pursuits of the gentle poet. In one of those wild commotions excited by the Earl of Tyrone, his castle was fired by the Irish, his infant child perished in the flames, and

Spenser, broken-hearted and impoverished, returned to England, and died in an obscure residence in King Street, Westminster. His name and his reputation seem now alike forgotten, amidst the very scenes which he has contributed to immortalise. We sounded several of the peasantry to discover whether they knew any thing of the poet, but in vain; the only answer in the affirmative was a characteristic one from our postilion, who, in return to our inquiry whether he had ever heard of Spenser at Kilcolman, replied, 'Is it Mr. Spenser of Kilcolman, your honour? Troth, then, I can't just say that I ever heard tell of him; but I suppose he goes round by Doneraile way, for he never took horses in Mallow in my time, sir.'

To this we would wish, if space permitted, to append a similar notice of Goldsmith's residence at Auburn; but we are compelled to omit these lighter extracts, in order to make room for one of more national interest.—Mr. Emerson Tennent's account of that superb but neglected source of national improvement and prosperity, the River Shannon. In every sentence of the following rapid but masterly description of that superb river we are prepared, from personal knowledge, most fully to concur.

Banagher, Oct. 4th, 1836.

"I have now sailed along the principal portion which has, as yet, been rendered available of the Shannon navigation. I have seen that magnificent river, with its lakes, its bays, and its tributaries, and I have not words to express my admiration of its beauties, and my astonishment at the extent of its hitherto dormant capabilities. I defy any Irishman to survey this unrivalled river, navigable from the sea up to its very mountain source, and not to return with a more exalted idea of his country and its resources. We have no river in the empire that can vie with it. What is the Thames, or the Mersey, or the Severn, compared with the Shannon? Nor do I know a navigable river in Europe, that can be put in comparison with what the Shannon may be, and I trust, ere long, will become. Can the Rhine, or the Elbe, or the Seine, or the Tagus, for one moment, compete with a river which, with its tributaries, exhibits upwards of three hundred and fifty miles of uninterrupted navigation, opening up seven hundred miles of the richest coast in Ireland, rushing like an artery through the very heart of the kingdom, and only exploring enterprise and adventure, to burden its waters with the teeming produce of one of the most fertile regions in the universe? Although I had paid no inconsiderable attention to the Shannon before, I confess I was comparatively ignorant of its importance and vast resources, till I had seen them with my own eyes. This we were enabled to do by the kindness of Mr. Williams, the intelligent and enterprising director of the Navigation Company—a man whose name will be immortalised by his present exertions and undertakings on the Shannon. Mr. Williams is doing more real practical good to Ireland in any one month, than all the brawling patriots in the kingdom have ever effected in their united existences. By his kindness we were enabled to proceed up the river in one of the Company's steamers; and a more splendid excursion imagination cannot conceive. The only alloy to its pleasures, is the irresistible indignation which one momentarily feels, to see such a source of national wealth and prosperity so utterly and cruelly neglected and abandoned. There is scarcely a practical cause to which the present evils of Ireland are attributed, for which a panacea

might not be found in the waters of the Shannon. Produce, employment, and capital, are all to be drawn from this glorious stream; and yet here it flows away, despised and rejected, whilst we are making hourly and bitter complaints about a starving peasantry, a dearth of employment, irremunerative labour, and a tide of famishing emigration. Let us remove but the obstructions of the Shannon, and we shall pour a flood of wealth not only over Ireland, but over Britain. At the present moment the river is freely navigable from the sea to Limerick, a distance of sixty miles. From Limerick to Killaloe, owing to the rapids I have mentioned at Castle Connell, vessels are obliged to pass through three short canals, to avoid the shoal water: O'Brien's bridge likewise presented an obstacle; but this has been removed by the Company's taking down and enlarging one arch for the passage of their boats. From Killaloe to Portumna, and thence to Banagher, the passage lies chiefly through the broad waters of Lough Derg, and the only obstruction lies again in the shoals below the latter town, which are passed by means of another lock and canal. Above Banagher, the navigation to Athlone has little or no obstruction, except from the smallness of the arches of the bridges across the river, which, especially during the floods of winter, are too small to admit the free passage of the steamers; and, singular as it may seem, the trustees of these bridges have thrown every obstacle in the way of the Company to enlarge or to alter them! But, independently of the difficulties I have mentioned, there are a host of other desiderata which are still indispensable to the free navigation of the Shannon: the opening of proper channels for the water where it is obstructed by shoals; and the construction of weirs, for the purpose of retaining in summer a sufficient supply, and in winter for letting off the surplus, which otherwise overflows the low grounds, and frequently, remaining too long upon the soil, destroys instead of irrigating it. These, with the making of landing places, the fixing of cranes and sheds, the building of stores, the cutting of roads inland, and a thousand other minor improvements, are still wanting to render the deep water available for all the purposes of trade and speedy intercourse. The passage from the source of the Shannon to the sea, some years back, occupied the country-boat from four to five weeks: it is now much shortened by the operations of the Steam Navigation Company; but were the improvements to which I have alluded—and all of which are embodied in the reports of the engineers who, from time to time, have surveyed the river—were these all carried into effect, the passage could be made in one day from Leitrim to Limerick, between the counties Sligo, Roscommon, Mayo, Galway, Clare, Longford, King's County, and Tipperary. Can you conceive a national object so vast and so important as this?—and yet this stupendous enterprise, worthy all the energies of a powerful government, has hitherto been abandoned almost altogether to private speculation, or tantalised with the show of an assistance that was little better than an impediment. Since the reign of Queen Anne, down to the sixth of William IV. we have been haranguing, and writing, and surveying, and reporting, and making speeches and motions, and appointing commissions and committees for "improving the navigation of the Shannon," and, with the exception of what has been done by the Dublin Steam Company, literally nothing has been yet effected. Never was there a more practical

illustration than the case of the Shannon, of the well-known fact, that a committee of the House of Commons is but a postponement of a remedy. Oh! if all the Irish members would only imitate the conduct of the Scotch representatives, who, whatever may be their political differences, pull together like one man for any national object, how soon should we have steam-boats smoking round Lough Allen! But, whilst Scotland has been getting million after million to improve her navigations—whilst England is covered with a net-work of canals and of railroads—whilst we are even spending the taxes of Irishmen in navigating the rivers of Canada, and cutting canals to enable the Americans to send their flour and their corn to undersell us in the Liverpool markets, the Shannon stagnates behind its shoals, or tumbles in cataracts over its unnavigable rapids; and, to use the words of Colonel Burgoyne, of the Board of Works—"where forests of masts, and the bustling activity of commerce should be witnessed, the scene is desolate."

The above extract, coupled with our preceding ones, affords a fair specimen of Mr. Emerson Tennent's volume, which abounds with passages of equal interest and elegance; and we can strongly recommend it as a post-chaise companion to all who meditate an instructive as well as an amusing tour of the South of Ireland.

*The Married Unmarried.* By the Author of "Almack's Revisited." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

THIS is the stirring story of an orphan boy, brought up among poor fishermen on the coast of Devon, and stoutly painting Toryism in its worst colours, as would become a Reformer of the present day. The first volume is addressed to his boyhood; and the workshop, school-flogging, and other incidents enable the author to shew up squires, vicars, overseers, clerical schoolmasters, and other notorious characters. But calamity attends the unfortunate youth; and, though he nobly saves the life of a companion, the son and heir of a peer, he is, through some villany, convinced of being a thief, and ignominiously expelled from the school to which he had been sent by an unknown friend in Wiltshire. He now embarks in various wandering adventures, mostly in low life; and draws vivid, occasionally a little coarse, pictures of them. Gipsies, poachers, strolling players, soldiers, robbers, &c. figure on the scene. These occupy Volume II., and Volume III. shifts to London. Here we give a specimen of the work; and have only to add, that, in the end, the hero turns out to be somebody. He is sent out to be new-clothed by his mistress, on an important event in his favour which causes him to be invited by a lady of high rank.

"'Dear me!' added my mistress, with that kind of maternal feeling which, in despite of her apparent vulgarity, formed the basis of her character, 'if you are to dine with the Countess of Castlerose, have you got a nice frilled shirt, and decent things? You can't go in that kind of tumble-come-trundle dress; you'll want a pair of pumps, and silk stockings, and a white waistcoat. I'd advise you to step out with Simon into Cheapside, and order some ready-made fashionable clothes, and I'll tell Mary to get you a shirt nicely plaited, and a cravat done up with some starch: you can't dine with a countess without starch.' This important part of the morrow's ceremony had never struck me; nor, indeed, was I aware, until I looked at myself in the handsome mirror which decorated the lower end of the worthy

citizen's dining-room, that my cravat was twisted round my neck like a halter, and that my coat, which formerly belonged to Captain Rightford, hung upon me like a sack. Simon was now summoned; and, under his guidance, I was taken first to a tailor's, celebrated for fitting-out the young city bucks, and then to a hosier's and shoemaker's, where I was furnished with the essential articles recommended by Mrs. Figmat, who desired me to tell the tradesmen to send my purchases and the bills to the house, and by no means to put a farthing in my pocket, or the pick-pockets would soon discover my being a stranger, and rob me of every shilling; for that the police was so bad that it was not safe for any one to walk the streets. It was fortunate that I did so; for, as I was turning round the corner by the Bank, I felt a pull at my coat, and saw my pocket-handkerchief transferred to other hands: and, although I turned round and seized the culprit, and although a city constable was standing by, he was allowed to escape, because 'he had not got it;' and all I got for attempting to act the part of a thief-taker, was a laugh from the bystanders, and some severe blows on the head from some of the rogue's accomplices, who surrounded and hustled me. As it was not exactly accordant with my notions of honour to receive a blow without retaliating, and as my blood was up, I requested a well-dressed, civil-looking gentleman, who was crying, 'Shame! shame!' to hold my coat whilst I avenged myself. He kindly consented, saying that I was a brave young cock, and that he would stand by me. I, therefore, threw it off, and in a moment pitched into one of my aggressors with such vigour that he soon gave up the contest; and, as no one came forward to take his part, I turned round to thank my bottle-holder and recover my garment. But he had disappeared like Asmodeus, bottle, coat, and all; and the only consolation I heard was,—'Why, you flat, he was one of the swell mob; you'll never see it again.' A crowd having collected, and there being no danger, the police thought it time to interfere; so three or four watchmen came up, collared me, swore I also was one of the gang, and that I had only got up a sham-fight in order to make a stoppage in the street, and thus give a better opportunity to my confederates for picking pockets. In vain I protested, declaring I was a total stranger, and clerk to Mr. Figmat of Lothbury; and called upon Simon to bear witness to my respectability. I might as well have sung lullaby to the falls of Schaffhausen. The footboy shrunk back, and left me to my fate; and the watchmen, whose numbers increased when they found there was no one to contend with, dragged me to the watchhouse, amidst the shouts and laughter of the thieves, and other vile characters who had assembled around. When we reached this filthy, inodorous palace of nocturnal justice, I was poked into a sort of cellar, or under-ground strong-room, where I found two or three unfortunate women in a brutal state of intoxication; an Irish paviour, who had been unmercifully beating his own wife; a footman from the Mansion House, who had been caught in the act of kissing the spouse of the lord-mayor's valet, and had kicked the husband's shins for objecting to his proceedings; a hackney-coachman, who had broken a tapster's head with a porter-pot, for questioning the genuineness of a most unminlike sixpence; two miserable Savoyards, who had been incarcerated because they thought they had as much right to treat the citizens to the music of their organs as the old fish-women had to em-

ploy theirs in the inharmonious operation of crying, 'sprats!' and lastly, a jolly tar, who considered himself entitled to spend the prize-money he had won from the French, in breaking the French plate-glass windows of a citizen's shop. In a few minutes I was called up to answer for my misdeeds before the sort of Midas who gloried in the title of 'constable of the night;' and who was sitting with a pipe in his mouth, a Welsh wig on his head, a Welsh rabbit and a pot of porter on his table, and, by his side, a pale-faced lad who acted as scribe, the chirographic portion of his worship's education having been omitted. At the moment I entered, this worthy was disposing of the domestic dispute between the Irishman and his wife. 'You are a proper vagabone!' exclaimed he, addressing the former; 'how could you ill-use this here poor woman after that there brutal manner? why, you must have taken a stick as thick as my wrist, and the law says it mayn't be bigger nor your thumb.' 'Faith, your worship,' replied the culprit, 'it isn't myself sure that never used no unlawful instrument.' 'Gammon!' exclaimed the judge. 'It's thrue as Gospel,' rejoined the paviour; 'for I knows the law, your honour, and all I bate her wid was my pockyhandkychee.' 'Gammon!' ejaculated the other. 'It may be a whole hog, your worship, and a farrow of pigs besides,' replied the husband; 'but I'll take my Bible out it's thrue by that same. Isn't it, Judy, darling?' 'Gammon!' again puffed out his honour. 'Faith, and what Dennis says is as true as the wig on your worship's head,' answered the wife, with a curtesy. 'Gammon!' once more exclaimed the constable; adding, 'what, beat a woman's eyes black and blue with your pocket-handkercher! It's downright impossible. Write down 'brutal assault and battery.' 'That's just as your worship places,' rejoined Dennis; 'but I never could a lie in my life, only barrin when I didn't spake the whole thruth at confusion: and if you'll ask Judy, she'll tell you that what I bate her wid was the handkychee; for your honour must know, that I always blows my nose wid my fingers.' This witicism threw his worship into such a fit of laughing, and so completely softened his heart, that he told the sufferer she had better forgive her husband, and settle the matter out of court. This offer was accepted; and, the case being dismissed, I was pushed forward. 'And what's the charge against this here fellow without a coat on his back?' demanded the constable; 'he's a bad un, no doubt—a regular Old Bailey bird.' 'The worst I ever seed in my beat, your honour,' answered one of my captors; 'he's one of Sllp-knot Bob's gang. We knows him as well as our boxes.' 'Write down 'well-known thief,' said the constable to his amanuensis; 'and what was he arter when you grabbed him?' 'Why, we heard a cry of 'stop thief!' and when we runs up, we found he'd prigged a gentleman's bandanny; and when we come to seize him, as in duty bound, he offs with his coat, chucks it, bandanny and all, to one of his cumfrederates, and then purtends to get up a mill, to give time to t'other to bolt with the swag.' 'Write down, 'picking pockets—caught in the fact—breaking the king's peace.' That's enough. Hand him into the hole. It's a case for the Mansion House.' This summary mode of dispensing injustice was little to my taste: so I said, 'I assure you, sir, the watchmen are mistaken; I only came to London yesterday, and—' 'Gammon!' replied the constable. 'Upon my word, if you will let some one of them go with me to Mr. Figmat's,

in Lothbury, you will find—' 'Gammon!' again retorted he, whiffing forth a stream of pigtail. 'Sir, if you will not allow me to speak—' 'No more of your gammon,' retorted he again; 'do you think I sits here to do nothing else but listen to your flash? Bring up the next.' Hereupon I was once more transferred to the cellar."

*Semilasso in Africa. Adventures in Algiers and other parts of Africa.* By Prince Pückler Muskau, author of the "Tour of a German Prince." 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1836. Bentley.

PRINCE PÜCKLER is the Dick Jones, and often the Wrench, of Tourists. With a smattering of every thing, he is always chattering about something; lively, bustling, affected, and pleasant. He is so much of a Frenchman, according to our John Bull *idéal*, that it is difficult to believe him to be a German; and so frequently resembles a valet, that we cannot comprehend him when he appears *en prince*. His pronunciation of *Vaderland* sounds like *Vive la nation! vive la gloire!* and, quite the reverse of the German pig, which spoke the French "oui, oui," with a Teutonic accent, he delivers his High Dutch with the tone of a Parisian.

These volumes are extremely amusing; amusing, from the character of their author, and amusing from the scenes he has visited, and the people he has seen and described. Algiers, Bona, Tunis, and interesting excursions into the interior or along the coast, form the subject; and we shall endeavour, in our usual way, to convey to our readers a notion of its mode of treatment,—observing, however, as little order as Prince Pückler himself. We begin with his account of two purchases—a pipe and a bridle.

"This pipe was half of wrought silver, with *pauillettes* hanging in chains, and choice sentences from the Koran written on them: for instance, 'If speech is silver, silence is gold;' or, 'Riches do not belong to the miser, but the miser to riches,' &c. The rest of the pipe consists of a sweet-smelling brilliant, with satin and gold embroidery wound round a part of it, a mouth-piece of red coral, and a bowl covered with a thin plate of gold. The student J— declares it to be finer than any thing of the kind he has seen, even in the German universities: 'though,' he adds with pride, 'we had Turkish pipes there of such a length, that, when smoked out of the second-story window, it was necessary to fill them in the street. It is a pity that Hoffman, when he wrote (oh! ungrateful country!) the now forgotten *Klein-zaches*, had not seen my superb pipe!—he would have immortalised it.' I must add a word about the Arabian bridle of gold and variegated silk. It differs from all others in this respect—it has winkers; and, strange though it be, winkers, not before, but behind the eyes. What a subject for reflection to a profound philosopher! If this new bridle were introduced into Europe, how easy to deduce from it the strangest political conclusions!"

One of the country residences near Algiers is thus delineated.

"Beyond the estate of Colonel Bernelle stands just such a villa, which the French have christened *la maison riche*. It is still the property of a Moor; but, since the occupation, it has been let and inhabited by French subaltern officers. The consequences of this change seemed to me really tragic; and the devastation committed in four years scarcely imaginable. The marble fountains, the staircases, inlaid with porcelaine, were every where

damaged, and so covered with dirt that one feared to approach them. The orange-trees that grew up in the extensive courts, paved with porcelain, were mostly dead for want of care; and in the aviaries, once filled with parrots and singing-birds, hens and swine now run about. The terraces were partly broken in, and the magnificent covered avenues of vines and jasmines, which formed shady trellis-walks between them, considerably spoiled; while, in some places, plants as strong as trees have been shamefully cut down. The majestic cypresses alone were still standing in uninjured groups, and seemed to look sternly and sorrowfully on the destruction that surrounded them. What might not have been made of this estate, had it fallen into good hands! A hundred times have I imagined our crown prince settled here, who displays so much talent and taste for this southern architecture and ornament—a hundred times have I wished him to see and possess it. In the present state of affairs at Algiers, I doubt whether any one will be able to do any thing of use in that way: even the English who are here seem to change their nature; for the villa of the British consul, although well situate, is as dirty and poor as most of those in the hands of other Europeans. To return, however, to the *maison riche*, which possesses, with architectural beauty and a grand appearance, most enchanting views. With all its galleries, courts, and numerous gardens, it is situated on the declivity of a porous rock, almost entirely overgrown with *cactus* and serpentine plants, which forms part of the circle of hills that surround the gulf. On both sides the hills around are covered with innumerable villas and rich vegetation: to the left they extend to the projecting light-house of Algiers; to the right they decline near the promontory called Cape Motifu. A great part of the Atlas is still visible over them; and between the garden and the sea is a long green, enlivened by the manœuvres of the troops,—not, however, too near to be disagreeable, but affording, on the contrary, an interesting sight."

A long and romantic story of Jussuf, a military adventurer and hero, occupies much of the first volume, and is sufficiently marvellous—wonderful, if true! as the Americans say; and, indeed, the biographies of many similar adventurers, given in these pages, would, like the particulars of this renegade Rinaldo, do honour to the most incredible invention. The prince colours them up to the height of—? the Atlas! The sketches of manners are in more likely keeping; but, as many previous writers have treated of them, we will pass to the inland tour, when Zugar, Keruan, and other places rich in Roman and Carthaginian remains, and of much interest to the antiquary, were traversed in a circular jaunt from Tunis. Of the former we hear,—

"From the temple to Zugar the aqueduct is almost always under ground. At the distance of every hundred paces are seen little round open towers, six to eight feet in diameter, projecting like chimneys, and destined, probably, to collect the rain-water. The aqueduct is evidently Carthaginian, and the temple of Roman construction; for I found the same plan and arrangement (only much more in ruins) at Uthina, on the spot where the aqueduct loses itself in the mountain: misled by the many remains of round towers, I was induced at first to take it for the ruins of a city wall. The distant horizon being to-day much clearer than yesterday, I ascended a considerable mountain, at the foot of which the ruins are

situated. My trouble was, however, of little avail, higher peaks rising beyond it: still I discovered, looking towards the desert, a veiled portion of Numidia, in the direction of Thala and Capsa, where Jugurtha had his strongest fortresses, and where Cæsar also made a very fatiguing campaign. That part of the country is full of ruins; and I would fain have made an excursion to explore it, if I could have spared the time without sacrificing other and more important plans."

Some inscriptions are briefly mentioned, and one or two copied; but both are without the precision or knowledge so necessary to render them of value. The prince adds:—

"I cannot ascertain what ancient place this may have been, as on the few maps I have with me nothing is marked in this direction, and I have not got here the other works which might afford information. Even Dr. Shaw makes no mention of these ruins, which, from their former splendour, and their proportionably small extent, seem to have been, not a city, but a group of temples, with, probably, the dwellings of the priests lying about them. The Arabs call the place Sidi Massud Ladsbeni, after the marabut; for, wherever there are remains of antiquity, you may be almost always sure of finding one."

Keruan has ruins still more striking and important.

"At ten o'clock in the morning I returned the governor's visit. The shechs, who were come to accompany me, wished me to walk, as the sapatapa himself never rode through the streets of the holy city, except when on a journey: but, as the governor had visited me on horseback, I insisted upon riding as far as his house, agreeing to visit the rest of the city with them on foot; to which proposal no difficulty was made. I found at the caïd's some of the heads of the clergy, who appeared pleased with the veneration which I manifested for Mahomet, and with my particular inquiries respecting all that concerned the sanctity of Keruan. On this occasion I learned that Keruan owed the high advantage of being the fourth city in the empire of Islam to the circumstance of containing the sepulchre of the friend and barber of the prophet. This is an important charge among the retainers of an eastern sovereign, because it implies a high degree of confidence. His name was Uhait Iâ, which signifies a man of God; and this worthy is said to have marked out the site of the great mosque erected, at a later period, by Sultan Benirlib. All the ruins in the vicinity were plundered to provide materials for this colossal temple, said to contain no less than five hundred granite columns. Its appearance and extent, surrounded as it is by a wall, give it, notwithstanding its beautiful cupolas and towers, the appearance of a citadel rather than a church. We walked round the whole edifice, accompanied by five or six grandees of the town; and, like a fox round a dove-cote, I tried anxiously to peep into the inside. I did not, however, succeed, for every aperture was carefully closed. Before one of the gates lay an old iron cannon; and the spiritual chief of our escort had the face to tell us, very seriously, that Mahomet had been in the habit, during his wars, of sitting on this cannon, to pray to Allah for victory. We afterwards wandered through the whole of the city, which contains about 60,000 inhabitants, and is much cleaner than Tunis.

"The governor assured me, that, to the best of his knowledge, I was only the fourth Christian traveller that had visited the place;

and to no one had it been hitherto permitted to remain so long, or to examine the city in such detail. This, it appears, was conceded on the particular recommendation of his highness the bey, who had sent a mamaluk express to the caïd for that purpose, a few days before my arrival,—a piece of courtesy which I have every reason to acknowledge with all possible gratitude. All my wishes on this point being now fulfilled, with the exception of a visit to the interior of the temple, which was evidently impracticable, I did what I could to repair this deficiency; and sent, in my stead, my valet Mustapha, who was, fortunately, a true believer, and brought me the following report of the marvels of the place. But, first, I must begin by describing the narrator himself. He is a good-natured young fellow, about eighteen years old, consequently of very little experience, and in that happy age, and yet happier disposition, when every illusion is readily taken for truth, and the marvellous is just what is most willingly believed: he is, moreover, a good Mussulman, and a well-meaning creature, without distinguishing himself by any exaggerated power of intellect. I had given him the good advice to insinuate himself into the favour of the *lukill* who accompanied him, by the present of a few piasters; this, as we shall see, did not fail to produce its due effect. I had commissioned him to count the granite columns and the steps in the tower, and to pay particular attention to every thing that occurred,—commissions which his superstition prevented him from executing in a satisfactory manner. According to his report, he was first conducted through two large folding-doors into an enormous hall, filled partly with rows of columns, and partly with groups of two, three, or four of them, and paved with polished marble. Mustapha endeavoured to count the columns; but, as the *lukill* had before told him would be the case, when he got beyond a hundred he became giddy, and a higher power prevented him from seeing distinctly, so that every thing began to turn before his eyes. As soon as he gave up his design, this unnatural condition ceased. He then beheld, at a great elevation on the wall, the wooden coffin of the negro saint, Sidi Nablal, who died the death of a martyr, while fighting in the suite of Mahomet, and performing great achievements. At this grave there appears every Friday, early in the morning, wrapped up in a long white *talar*, another saint, Sidi Achmet Ochhodder (Lord Achmet the Green), who offers up his prayers before other men are awake. The *lukill* had respectfully contemplated him more than once in the early dusk of the morning, and had seen him appear and disappear, without announcing his presence by any kind of sound. So far all had been matter of wonder and admiration for Mustapha; but now came a more severe trial. There are three magic columns of dark granite, placed in a corner, and standing before a small door. Whoever is in favour with the prophet passes easily through to open the door, even though he were of the thickness of an elephant; but the slenderest child is caught fast between them, if not firm in its faith to Islam, or if Mahomet bears it a spite on any other ground. Many here turn back, and leave the menacing columns untouched: but whoever wishes to go further, and see the objects of chief veneration, must submit to the ordeal, in which, according to the *lukill*'s account, many a sinner is said to have lost his life; and which, only a few weeks ago, had so far proved fatal to a young man that he



was dreadfully squeezed, and was not able to get free again till he had made a multitude of vows of pious largesse and reformation. But he who passes safely through, independently of being invigorated for life by the sight of the relics, acquires a degree of religious dignity, something like that of the pilgrims to Mecca. My first *hamba*, a wild fellow and a bit of a scapegrace, accompanied Mustapha; and, though he might be a firm believer, could have little confidence in his own purity. This man was so terrified by the lukill's account that he began to weep, and to utter every imaginable form of prayer, before he ventured to comply with the invitation boldly to attempt the passage: nor did he get through without remaining for a while in great anguish, jammed in between the pillars; and, according to his own account, it was not without suffering severe pain that he made good his passage. Mustapha went to work with no less dread, but found the execution of his design a much easier matter: this may have been the effect of a clear conscience, or because his *douceur* to the lukill was three times as large as that of the *hamba*. The visitors were then conducted into the holy of holies, a splendidly ornamented cabinet, in which are preserved six metal skull-caps, formed like helmets, worn formerly by six disciples of the prophet: also, a kind of small sword, which Sidi Abdel Kader, on his first arrival at Keruan, stretched out towards heaven, commanding the sea, which at that time was close to the city, instantly to withdraw, and no longer to incommodate the holy city with its briny presence; whereupon fertile meadows, covered with rich harvests, immediately occupied the place of the water. Here, also, was shewn the wooden toy-sword of Sidi Akbar, the conqueror of Barbary, with which he slew more foes than the best Damascene blade had ever done before,—besides various other wonders of the same kind. The cabinet suffered a serious loss some years ago, when the five steel cuirasses of the disciples were taken away by his highness the bey, to send them to Constantinople as a present to the sultan. The pious wanderers next entered a spacious court, surrounded by arcades, reposing on beautiful double columns. In the centre of the court was a large cistern inclosed in marble, with six smaller ones forming a circle around it. They next arrived in a tolerable hall, somewhat smaller than the first, and then proceeded through a long double gallery to the loftiest tower, from which the *mueddin* calls the faithful to prayer. The lukill warned them, as they ascended, to beware of any attempt like that in the hall; for a man who, some years ago, had attempted to count the steps, had, on reaching the last, fallen down dead, as though he had been struck by lightning. You may imagine that Mustapha had no inclination wantonly to provoke a premature death. The tower seemed to him to be much higher than it had appeared when seen from without; and he felt much fatigued on reaching the top, whence he enjoyed a most magnificent prospect over the various courts, wells, galleries, and columns of the mosque, which looked like a little town in itself. He descended quite proudly, and was received by my whole Mussulmanish suite with perfect veneration, on account of his having so easily and happily passed through the dangerous columns. *'E un santo adesso,'* said my dragoman in his broken *Lingua Franca* (he had shrunk from the ordeal of the columns), *'e mio paura da lui.'* Kertan is supposed to be the ancient *Vicus Augusti*; but there are no ruins to be

found, with the exception of an old cistern, situated not far from the mausoleum of the thrice-blessed barber. In the time of the Arabs, it was long the metropolis of their African empire, and the seat of the sciences; at present it is famous only for its sanctity and its shoemakers, the morocco boots made here being considered the best in Barbary. Nothing can be more naked and lifeless than the environs of this town, as far as the eye can reach; and it is difficult to conceive that this province can ever have been so fertile and flourishing as it is represented to us by ancient writers, and as it is proved to have been by the remains of so many large cities found in every direction."

We shall reserve a few further extracts for a future notice.

*A Memoir of the Life and Works of Wm. Wyon, Esq. A.R.A., Chief Engraver of the Royal Mint.* By Nicholas Carlisle, Esq., Sec. S.A. For private circulation. Pp. 213.

It may seem a novel mode of reviewing, to begin at the end, but such shall be our plan in this instance. In the penultimate page of his work, Mr. Carlisle disarms criticism by the following observation:—"How fearfully do I pause before I venture to give even private circulation to a tribute so imperfect as this! But candour and generosity will easily distinguish between the sterling substance of merit and the humble attempt of a friend, if it fail in the delineation. Yet I may venture to anticipate, that neither the fame nor the fortune of Mr. Wyon—honoured by all the best artists for his abilities, and by the good for his integrity—will suffer the smallest injury or animadversion for this inelegant, though well-intended, Narrative."

Having, so far, done with the end, we must now try back and consider the earlier parts; and we feel bound to award the meed of praise to the work, whether we consider it as an amiable tribute of friendship to high talent and genius, or as a work of information on British coinage. It is partly original and partly compiled, and consists of three divisions—the Introduction, the Life of Mr. Wyon, and a Catalogue Raisonné of his numismatic and medallic productions. The Introduction, occupying twenty-eight pages, contains a concise, but well-drawn, history of British coinage, from the reign of Henry I., and of the moneyers or artists who excelled in that line, commencing the history thus:—"So early as the reign of King Henry the First, and about the year 1125, the English goldsmiths seem to have been eminent for the excellence of their workmanship, and to have been sometimes invited to practise their art in foreign courts. Anketil, who was afterwards a monk in the Abbey of St. Alban, and made the shrine there, resided during seven years in Denmark, by the command, and at the request, of the reigning monarch. Whilst he continued there, he was employed in a variety of goldsmiths' work, and was appointed the keeper of the Royal Mint, and chief moneyer."

The author then notices "Philip Aymary, a native of Tours, as the first foreign artist introduced into the Mint, in the year 1180; William de Turnemire, of Marseilles, in 1279; from that time a long hiatus appears in the artists, as the next mentioned is Walter Basbee, assay master to Goldsmiths' Hall, sent by James the First to the Emperor of Russia, about 1608, to make "a standard of gold and silver in his mint equivalent to that of the Tower of London, a strong fact to shew the high estimation in which that standard was holden upon the

continent;" Nicholas Briot, in 1628; Peter Blondeau, sent for to Paris by the Council of State and Commons, in 1649; our countryman, Thomas Simon, 1649; John Roetier, 1661; and John Croker, in the reign of Queen Anne.

Mr. Carlisle makes the following observations on one of the finest early English coins and the alchymic notions of our ancestors respecting it:—"The gold coins of Edward the Third, at this period [1343], seemed [seem?] to have derived their name (*nobles*) from the noble nature of the metal, of which they were composed."

It is, indeed, extraordinary, that they were not rather entitled, from the new and singular type of a ship, with which they were impressed, and thus remarkably distinguished from every other coin at that time existing. This could have been adopted only for the purpose of commemorating some great and well-known event, which Mr. Ruding conceives to have been the signal victory which King Edward obtained over the French fleet off Sluys, on Midsummer-day, in the year 1340, when two French admirals and about 30,000 men were slain, and above 230 of their large ships were taken, with but inconsiderable loss on the part of the English: and it seems highly probable that this mighty victory suggested to Edward an idea of his superiority over every other maritime power, and that these coins were struck for the purpose, as Selden supposes, of recording his claim to the sovereignty of the seas, which was supported by a navy of eleven hundred ships. An old *varsier* sings,—

"For four things our noble sheweth to me,  
King, ship, and sword, and power of the see."

These coins were so beautiful, that various fabulous reports were framed respecting the material of which they were formed. Such reports continued in force even in the time of Camden, who says, "our alchymists do affirm (as an unwritten verity), that the gold was made by projection or multiplication, alchymical of Raymund Lully, in the Tower of London, who would prove it as alchymically, beside the tradition of the Rabbis in that faculty, by the inscription; for, as upon one side there is the king's image in a ship, to notify that he was lord of the seas, with his titles, so upon the reverse, a cross fleury with lioness, inscribed, *Jesus autem transiens per medium eorum ibat* (Luke, chap. iv. v. 30), which they profoundly expound, as Jesus passed invisible, and in so secret a manner by the midst of the Pharisees, so that gold was made by invisible and secret art amidst the ignorant. But others say, that the text was the only amulet used in that credulous age to escape dangers in battle! It appears, from a passage in a contemporary author, that these words were considered not only as a preservative from the perils of war, but supposed also to answer a humbler purpose, that of defending men from the peril of thieves; and, surely, if they were allowed to possess that power, a more proper inscription for a coin could not have been easily chosen. \* \* \*

"It is highly honourable to King Charles the First, that, in all his difficulties, he never debased his coins. Had he done so, the Parliament would not have failed to state the existence of such money, in their Ordinance of the 6th of September, 1647. But he preserved the standard inviolate, even when, by necessity, the workmanship of some of his coins was so rude as to justify the suspicion that the dies were sunk by a common blacksmith."

Mr. Wyon's great-grandfather was a native of Cologne, in Germany, a silver-chaser, and was brought from Hanover to England in the suite of George the First; his descendants seem

all to have followed the profession of medallists. The subject of this memoir was apprenticed, in 1809, to his father, at the age of 14: his first production, of consequence, was a head of Hercules, about the year 1811. In 1813, he received the large gold medal, of the Society of Arts, for his head of Ceres; and, in the same year, he executed a groupe of figures, intended as a naval prize medal, for which the Society of Arts again awarded him their large gold medal, on which Mr. Carlisle observes:—

"Here we see a youth of eighteen, unaided but by natural genius, breaking through all the impediments of his difficult art, and claiming and receiving the highest rewards, such as might only be conferred upon matured excellence!"

The author follows his friend through his career of talent and excellence to the present time; but we have not space to notice more of it than that Mr. Wyon was appointed second engraver to the Mint in 1816, and chief engraver in 1823; and that, in May 1834, he delivered a lecture at the Society of Arts, on Coins and Medals; of which Mr. Carlisle has given an analysis; a good deal of it, by the way, a repetition of the information given on the subject in the introduction.

The book concludes with a long descriptive list of Mr. Wyon's works in coins, medals, and seals.

*The Exposition of the Vedanta Philosophy, by H. T. Colebrooke, Esq. vindicated.* By Sir Graves C. Haughton, Knt. K.H. M.A. F.R.S. &c.

SIR GRAVES C. HAUGHTON affirms, against Col. Kennedy, that Mr. Colebrooke considered the Hindoos had a word to express matter, in the Sanscrit language; and his own conviction is consonant with this. The question is subtle enough, and Sir Graves quotes Rammohun Roy as supporting the same proposition from the Vedas. Let us premise for the unlearned, as Sir Graves does not write for them, that Vedanta means the object or aim of the Vedas.

Our own humble opinion (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1021, p. 514) on this subject, in, we are glad to find, supported by so high an authority as Sir G. C. Haughton. In fact, we esteem it difficult or impossible to conceive, as did the early Eastern philosophers, that Deity is the one universal principle, including all else of existence as portions of itself, without coming, in the course of carrying out this principle, to the very conclusion of the Hindoo system aforesaid: that is, that Deity, itself a perfect repose, possesses a consciousness of all actuality in the shape of impression—diversifying it (Deity) "into an infinite but fallacious individuality." "Such," observes Sir Graves, "is the ancient doctrine." How different is this from that which it has been represented by modern writers, when the Deity is summarily described as the cause of all things, and all appearances to be mere juggle and illusion!

Col. Kennedy considers *maya* a simple illusion; Sir Graves calls it that self-induced hypostasis of the Deity by which he presents to himself the whole of animate and inanimate nature. Dr. J. Taylor affirms *maya* to exist as motion or energy, not as being; that it is neither true nor false: not true, because it has no essence; and not false, because it exists as the power of the universal Being. Is not *maya*, then, we would submit, Deity in one process of its action or operation? Well may Sir Graves say, that such a system, even if comprehensible, cannot be represented by language, but is left to be inferred by the mind from the principles

laid down. For ourselves, so soon as we find settled what action or operation is as regards matter, so soon shall we hope to see the same question determined with regard to spirit.

It is fair to confess that we have not had Col. Kennedy's argument: but even the difficulty of the controversy may be guessed, by the unlearned in Sanscrit, from the appendix; added, as Sir G. Haughton states, with the especial view of elucidating the question of cause and effect, as well as of demonstrating the absurdity of the celebrated ancient maxim, *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

*Cosmo de Medici; a Historical Tragedy.* By R. H. Horne, author of "The Exposition of the False Medium," &c. 8vo. pp. 118. London, 1837. Templeman.

IN this drama considerable powers are displayed; the author aiming not so much, however, at poetry and imagination, as at "action vividly addressed to sensation," which he considers to be all "that at present is requisite for the English stage." It must be confessed that this is nearly the truth; but the consequence is, that it links the dramatist to an inferior standard. He does not write for the highest capabilities of the stage, but for the stage as lowered by melo-drama and show. Effects are his ambition; effects, which at best are but secondary adjuncts to dramatic excellence, and which, if solely relied on, form only a succession of striking tricks. Where, in the mean time, are the essence and soul of high-styled Tragedy? Where is the Muse, the neglected and forgotten Melpomene? The former are in *tableaux*, and the latter lies with the dead bards of elder times.

Yet, though we make these remarks on Mr. Horne's abstract principle, we are not disposed to deny that he frequently evinces much force in his style and dialogue, blemished by occasional incongruities, and even rendered ludicrous by ill-timed attempts at lofty language. Thus, Cosmo speaks of his son Garcia in a manner which reminds us of "Tom Thumb:"—

"*Dalmasso.* Sir, shall we know your thoughts?  
*Cosmo.* Nor friars nor counsils are for him fit peers.  
Now, gentlemen, I'll tell you candidly:  
Without the least false harmony of disguise,  
Or any counter-thought beneath my words,  
Upon my soul I know not what to think!"

But let us, in justice, add that, without attempting prolonged poetical ornament, Mr. Horne often exhibits poetical thoughts; and we might quote a hundred passages, from a line to two lines in length, which would illustrate this feature. Their want of connexion, however, would be felt; and we must, therefore, rather rest with commending *Cosmo de Medici* as a fatal tragic story relating to the family of the first Grand-duke of Tuscany.

*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*  
(Second notice.)

TO most of our readers in England and Scotland, this review will be a *pass-over*; for we daresay, the charming volume has by this time been pursued with pleasure by that literature-loving majority. But they will excuse the room it occupies; for, though a repetition for them, they may think what a treat even these small portions will be to distant friends—to our own countrymen scattered over the Indies, east and west, and other colonies on the face of the globe, and to the admirers of the wizard Scott, throughout the continent of Europe. Wherever the *Literary Gazette* goes into these quarters—and where does it not go?—this page will be most welcome; and the welcome, the less we say of ourselves and the more of

the author. A letter, speaking of the earliest strong manifestations of Scott's predilection for letters, is of high interest.

"Mrs. Cockburn, mentioned by him in his memoir as the authoress of the modern 'Flowers of the Forest,' born a Rutherford, of Fairnallie, in Selkirkshire, was distantly related to the poet's mother, with whom she had through life been in habits of intimate friendship. This accomplished woman was staying at Ravelstone, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, a seat of the Keiths of Dunnotar, nearly related to Mrs. Scott, and to herself. With some of that family she spent an evening in George's Square. She chanced to be writing next day to Dr. Douglas, the well-known and much-respected minister of her native parish, Galashiels; and her letter, of which the doctor's son has kindly given me a copy, contains the following passage:—

'Edinburgh, Saturday night, 15th of the gloomy month when the people of England hang and drown themselves.

"\* \* \* 'I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know every thing—that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuous, like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuous?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know every thing.' Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old.\* He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic.' Some particulars in Mrs. Cockburn's account appear considerably at variance with what Sir Walter has told us respecting his own boyish proficiency."

It is a remarkable thing, that, with this precocity, and the nourishment of his tastes by constant habits, that so long a period should have elapsed before Scott appeared as a public writer. Born in 1771, his first printed appearance was the translation of the German ballad of "Lenore," in 1796. Was he not, during the period, amassing those treasures which he afterwards poured out with such prolific activity; and which, being drained, rendered his later productions of an inferior quality—the same speed, but not the same abundance? Pursuing this subject, we are told—

"Although the *Ashetiel* Memoir mentions so very lightly his boyish addiction to verse, and the rebuke which his vein received from the apothecary's blue-buskin wife, as having

\* He was, in fact, six years and three months old before this letter was written.

been followed by similar treatment on the part of others, I am inclined to believe that, while thus devouring, along with his young friend, the stores of Italian romance, he essayed, from time to time, to weave some of their materials into rhyme;—nay, that he must have made at least one rather serious effort of this kind as early as the date of these rambles to the Salisbury Crags. I have found among his mother's papers a copy of verses headed, 'Lines to Mr. Walter Scott, on reading his poem of Guiscard and Matilda, inscribed to Miss Keith of Ravelston.' There is no date; but I conceive the lines bear internal evidence of having been written when he was very young;—not, I should suppose, above fourteen or fifteen at most. I think it also certain that the writer was a woman; and have almost as little doubt that they came from the pen of his old admirer, Mrs. Cockburn. They are as follows:—

"If such the accents of thy early youth,  
When playful fancy holds the place of truth;  
If so divinely sweet thy numbers flow,  
And thy young heart melts with such tender wo;  
What praise, what admiration! shall be thine,  
When sense mature with science shall combine  
To raise thy genius and thy taste refine!  
Go on, dear youth, the glorious path pursue  
Which bounteous Nature kindly smooths for you;  
Go, bid the seeds her hand hath sown arise,  
By timely culture, to their native skies;  
Go, and employ the poet's heavenly art,  
Not merely to delight, but mend the heart.  
Than other poets happier may'st thou prove,  
More blest in friendship, fortunate in love;  
Whilst Fame, who longs to make true merit known,  
Impatient waits to claim thee as her own.  
Scorning the yoke of prejudice and pride,  
Thy tender mind let truth and reason guide;  
Let meek humility thy steps attend,  
And firm integrity, youth's surest friend.  
So peace and honour all thy hours shall bless,  
And conscious rectitude each joy increase;  
A nobler mood be thine than empty praise:  
Heaven shall approve thy life, and Keith thy lays."

Aud, again,—“It is affirmed by a preceding biographer, on the authority of one of these brother apprentices, that, about this period, Scott shewed him a MS. poem, on the ‘Conquest of Granada,’ in four books, each amounting to about 400 lines, which, soon after it was finished, he committed to the flames. As he states, in his ‘Essay on the Imitation of Popular Poetry,’ that, for ten years previous to 1796, when his first translation from the German was executed, he had written no verses, ‘except an occasional sonnet to his mistress’s eyebrow.’ I presume this ‘Conquest of Granada,’ the fruit of his study of the *Guerras Civiles*, must be assigned to the summer of 1786; or, making allowance for trivial inaccuracy, to the next year at latest. It is probably composed in imitation of Meikle’s ‘Lusiad:’ at all events, we have a very distinct statement, that he made no attempts in the manner of the old minstrels, early as his admiration for them had been, until the period of his acquaintance with Bürger. Thus, with him, as with most others, genius had hazarded many a random effort ere it discovered the true key-note. Long had

‘Amid the strings his fingers stray’d,  
And an uncertain warbling made,’

before ‘the measure wild’ was caught, and

‘In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
He swept the sounding chords along.”

So much for his earlier poetical habits; but there is a still greater charm in this biography, from its describing his various movements in youth, by which he acquired his knowledge of scenes and characters that are now immortal in his novels. The traces of these originals are delightful; and those frequent country excursions (noticed in our last) were certainly most favourable for the supply of his fancy with food, and his mind for observation.

His own young character appears to have been an uncommon mixture of enthusiasm and prudence: the former, perhaps, constitutional; the latter, perhaps, national. “I find,” says Mr. Lockhart, “in another letter of this collection, and it is among the first of the series, the following passage: ‘Your Quixotism, dear Walter, was highly characteristic. From the description of the blooming fair, as she appeared when she lowered her *manteau vert*, I am hopeful you have not dropt the acquaintance. At least, I am certain some of our more rakish friends would have been glad enough of such an introduction.’ This hint I cannot help connecting with the first scene of the *Lady Green Mantle* in ‘Redgauntlet:’ but, indeed, I could easily trace many more coincidences between these letters and that novel; though, at the same time, I have no sort of doubt that William Clerk was, in the main, Darsie Latimer, while Scott himself unquestionably sat for his own picture in young Alan Fairford. The allusion to ‘our more rakish friends’ is in keeping with the whole strain of this juvenile correspondence. Throughout there occurs no coarse, or even jocular suggestion, as to the conduct of Scott in that particular as to which most youths of his then age are so apt to lay up stores of self-reproach. In this season of hot and impetuous blood he may not have escaped quite blameless, but I have the concurrent testimony of all the most intimate among his surviving associates, that he was remarkably free from such indiscretions; that, while his high sense of honour shielded him from the remotest dream of tampering with female innocence, he had an instinctive delicacy about him which made him recoil with utter disgust from low and vulgar debaucheries. His friends, I have heard more than one of them confess, used often to rally him on the coldness of his nature. By degrees they discovered that he had, from almost the dawn of the passions, cherished a secret attachment, which continued, through all the most perilous stage of life, to act as a romantic charm in safeguard of virtue. This (however he may have disguised the story, by mixing it up with the Quixotic adventure of the damsel in the green mantle)—this was the early and innocent affection to which we owe the tenderest pages, not only of ‘Redgauntlet,’ but of the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel,’ and of ‘Rokeby.’ In all of these works the heroine has certain distinctive features, drawn from one and the same haunting dream of his mazy adolescence.”

The lady of this his first love married another; and his biographer observes—

“I have neither the power nor the wish to give in detail the sequel of this story. It is sufficient to say, that after he had through several long years nourished the dream of an ultimate union with this lady, his hopes terminated in her being married to a gentleman of the highest character, to whom some affectionate allusions occur in one of the greatest of his works, and who lived to act the part of a most generous friend to his early rival throughout the anxieties and distresses of 1826 and 1827. I have said enough for my purpose—which was only to render intelligible a few allusions in the letters which I shall by and by have to introduce; but I may add, that I have no doubt this unfortunate passion, besides one good effect already adverted to, had a powerful influence in nerving Scott’s mind for the sedulous diligence with which he pursued his proper legal studies, as described in his *Memoir*, during the two or three years that preceded his call to the bar.”

His subsequent meeting with Miss Carpenter at Gilsland, and his union with her in 1797, leads to the insertion of some very characteristic correspondence; and the lady’s letters are, truly, very graceful and captivating. But we must leave them, and the volume, now, with two brief extracts.

“He (Sir Walter, says Mr. L.) could, when I first knew him, swallow a great quantity of wine without being at all visibly disordered by it: but, nothing short of some very particular occasion could ever induce him to put this strength of head to a trial: and I have heard him many times utter words which no one in the days of his youthful temptation can be the worse for remembering,—‘*Depend upon it, of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness.*”

Trait of the Northumberland drovers, in a letter of Scott’s (1792):—

“The inhabitants of this country speak an odd dialect of the Saxon, approaching nearly that of Chaucer, and have retained some customs peculiar to themselves. They are the descendants of the ancient Danes, chased into the fastnesses of Northumberland by the severity of William the Conqueror. Their ignorance is surprising to a Scotchman. It is common for the traders in cattle, which business is carried on to a great extent, to carry all letters received in course of trade to the parish church, where the clerk reads them aloud after service, and answers them according to circumstances.”

Intellect has marched into the north since then.

#### Ward’s Human Life, &c.

(Concluding notice.)

THE varieties of Mr. Ward’s illustrations of human life are, like the fruits in a macedoine, of so many different kinds, that we must, at this rather busy period of the year, be content with picking out only a very few more of them, and recommending the jelly entire to our readers. The annexed extract from “Atticus” appears to be worthy of our selection:—

“What may be a duty in youth or middle age would be inconsistent when past the meridian. Even to the veteran, I would not say that all worldly uses were flat and unprofitable. But it is inconceivable how poor and shapeless the objects most dazzling to the glittering throng appear to him who is going to where he knows they will all sink to nothing, or worse than nothing. Could men carry their pomp and power with them, or women their beauty, when they quit the world, it would be different; but, as pomp and power, and beauty too, are doomed irrevocably to be ‘food for worms,’ ‘to lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,’ I often think, when I see them in their very zenith, how soon they must be stripped of all that they pride themselves upon here, and how soon the millions they have despised may be more than their equals elsewhere.” Our friend here paused again for some minutes; and, as I was sure he was sincere, I esteemed him more than ever. I felt, even, almost as grave as himself, and waited for him to go on. He therefore rather surprised me by a change of tone, when he laughingly wound up by saying,—‘No, no! there are no orators, aristocrats, or exclusives in heaven, whatever they may think of it.’ ‘All this is incontestable,’ said I; ‘but do you mean that, because all must quit the world, we are not to attend to its interests while in it?’ ‘Clearly not,’ he replied; ‘but the difficulty is to distinguish between the world’s interests and our own. A grandiloquent minister, finding his grandeur in a little danger, cries out, ‘Vain

pomp and glory of the world, I hate you !” He assures his audience that he took office against his will, knowing he was too old for it ; but he must not abandon the king. He therefore remains a little longer ; that is, as long as he can. Another grandee has also a duty to perform (of course, to the country), and cannot refuse to save that country by refusing to coalesce with the party that is uppermost. A third suddenly discovers that he has been in error all his life, but has become open to conviction : that is, he sacrifices all the principles for which he had fought for years when his friends were in power ; but, in consequence of this conviction, sides against them, now they are out. These are admirable examples ; but, my good friend, would you have me one of these ?”

This portion of the publication, which is not very susceptible of being fairly appreciated without perusal from beginning to end, has also a just and glowing eulogy on Shakespeare.

“ Who so inexhaustible in his varieties ? who so profound in his knowledge — his knowledge of all the hidden springs of the heart, and of the causes or effects of human events ? What feeling is there undescribed ? What motive unexplored ? What passion not developed ? What duty not enforced ? Ambition, avarice, prodigality, revenge, patriotism, filial piety, conjugal love ! All the romance and witcheries of imagination ! All the home-felt realities of life ! If we look for pathos, who so pathetic ? for wit, who so witty ? for humour, who so humorous ? In epic, beyond all, heroic ! In tenderness, beyond all, sweet ! Indeed (to use his own words),

‘ Sweet as summer.’

In description, ever appropriate, he is gorgeous, and sublime, or gentle and soothing, as the subject requires ; whether Cleopatra sail down the Cydnus, or ‘ towers topple on their warders’ heads.’ In short, in such immeasurable varieties of knowledge and imagery, who could ever find an end ? or, closing the book, say he had finished ? No ! a thousand lives might pass, and the lessons not be terminated.”

In “ Fielding,” after the first desultory part, the author goes more into narrative and adventure. The happy loves of Etheldreda, and the rambles of his hero, with the story of a remarkable companion named Willoughby, whom he encounters, complete the work, to which (as we have said) we can afford no further space than the following brief examples.

“ Dermot, for the first time, met Judy at a fair ; treated her ; danced with her ; and the next day, having got her consent, went to the priest. Father Murphy did not approve of love at first sight. — Dermot differed. ‘ Please your reverence,’ said he, ‘ I am bound to you for your advice, but I hope you will excuse me for differing, and thinking my scheme better than yours.’ ‘ Why ?’ said the father. ‘ For this reason,’ replied Dermot ; ‘ love, at first sight, sparkles and burns like whisky ; but an old engagement is like dead small bare.’ We have said, that as love may come, so it may go, we scarce know why in either case ; but when it does go, care should be taken to make all decent in the separation ; so that, though there may be no love remaining, there shall be a great deal of esteem. The situation is not quite so pleasant, but it is better than the *éclat* of a rupture. However, I cannot fail to recollect here the pathetic lamentation of a lively French marquess, who had loved his mistress to distraction, but somehow or another cooled off. Calling upon him one day, I asked him how his suite

to Madame de F. went on. ‘ Oh ! mon ami,’ he replied, ‘ nous sommes dans toutes les horreurs de l’amitié !’ ‘ I suppose,’ said I, ‘ this friendship will soon turn to hate, as love itself very often does.’ ‘ Vous vous trompez,’ said he ; ‘ I did not love her enough to hate her.’ This reply is so full of meaning, and lets in so much light upon this intricate subject, that I recommend it to the notice and study of all my brother-philosophers.”

Our author’s opinion of Hampden will startle many a patriot and liberal.

“ I willingly went a few miles out of my way to see Chalfont and Hampden, where Milton sang and Hampden plotted. The earliest and sweetest notes of the poet were breathed at the first, and the treasons of the rebel concocted at the last. In these times how many will start, how many will smile, at the appellation I have bestowed on the canonised martyr of liberty. ‘ Oh ! that word of fear !’ how many knaves has it not profited ! how many fools not beguiled ! That Hampden of Hampden did essential service to liberty when liberty was in danger, no one can deny ; and, had he known where to stop, it would be difficult to praise or honour him enough. But, like almost all the great actors of the world, who have, perhaps, been sincere in their outset, he made patriotism only a stepping-stone to ambition ; that besetting sin by which, as Wolsley too late found out, ‘ the angels fell.’ Was Hampden, then, the seat of happiness, when thus the seat of treason ? for it was here, as the tradition is, that, with his fellow-conspirators, he settled those plans which drenched his country in misery, although the causes of discontent were fast subsiding. Could, or can, traitors then be happy ? was the question raised by my visit to this abode.”

We conclude with a passage in a still stronger tone of conservatism.

“ I left Oxford in a pensive, or, rather, melancholy mood. I stopped often to look back upon its towers, its battlements and spires, the growth of ages, and, for all that time, the parent of those who have most enlightened, polished, or protected the land. This, indubitably, was not the cause of my melancholy ; but to think how soon Oxford may be overthrown, and her foundations destroyed, under pretence of the public good — how soon she may become a prey to the sinister designs of knaves, with economy in their mouths, and pillage in their hearts, distressed me. The all-destroying fiend of mischief and robbery, under the mask of reformation, which is too irksome for him to wear, even for the few minutes necessary to his designs, has already whetted his beak and sharpened his talons, which, if Providence doth not fight for us, will, in the end, destroy these once happy seats. I say, unless Providence fight for us ; because it should seem we dare not fight for ourselves, but are left to the will of the spoiler. Oxford, therefore, will and must sink in the general wreck, and her magnificent institutions and august associations will be talked of as things that have been.”

We must refrain from the characters drawn in the latter portion of the work ; and merely state, that those who prefer story to reflection will be more gratified with this than with the preceding moiety of Mr. Ward’s literary performance.

*Family Poetry : chiefly Devotional.* By the Editor of “ Family Worship,” “ The Sacred Harp,” &c. Pp. 236. London, 1836. Tilt. Very few would be led to suppose that this

work by the editor above named, was a literary robbery — a collection of poems, and some of them stolen from works published within the last twelve months. But this is not all : what was before sense, the editor has rendered nonsense. For instance, The “ Evening Hymn,” which will be found in Mr. Miller’s “ Day in the Woods,” is thus given in the present selection :

“ Until eternity is gained  
That bound the sea without a shore ;  
That without time for ever reigned,  
And will when time’s no more.”

The second line will be found to read in Mr. Miller’s work thus :

“ That boundless sea without a shore.”

How many more such errors there may be we know not. The editor has also the bravery to state, that, “ should this little work receive the approbation of the public, it is the intention of the publisher to bring out a similar volume next year.” That is, should not some author or publisher put a stop to this practice, he will continue to plunder new works, and bring them forth, while purchasers will countenance the piracy. We trust that every honest publisher will set his face against such proceedings.

*Spain.* By H. D. Inglis. 2 vols. Second Edition. London, 1837. Whittaker and Co.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written about Spain since poor Inglis’s first edition appeared, it must still remain a standard book on the subject. An introductory chapter on the present (ever changeable ?) state of the country, is ably written : we cannot, however, but look for such revolutions, both in the seat of war, and the seat of government, as to render all speculation idleness.

*Concealment ; a Novel.* 3 vols. R. Bentley. A story rather belonging to the school which has been followed, if not superseded, by higher efforts in this walk of literature. The circulating library readers, however, may find its incidents, loves, disappointments, misfortunes, and happy events, quite to their taste.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Britannia ; or the Moral Claims of Seamen stated and enforced.* An Essay in Three Parts, by the Rev. J. Harris, author of “ Mammon,” &c. Pp. 195. (London, Ward and Co.) — A premium of 50*l.* having been offered for the best essay on this subject, Mr. Harris has carried off the prize. The affair belongs to the British and Foreign Sailors’ Society, whose views and opinions the author appears to have enforced with great ability.

*Thoughts in Times Past tested by Subsequent Events,* by the Duke of Newcastle. Pp. 164. (London, Boone.) — A highly conservative view of national affairs, and taken by one whose eminent rank has afforded him great opportunities for observation. As politics, however, are better discussed in other pages than ours, we shall be content to pay our tribute of admiration to the good sense, talent, and obvious sincerity, which pervade these pages.

*A Familiar Account of Trees,* &c. Pp. 117. (London, G. East.) — A pretty little book, in which many interesting anecdotes, &c. relating to trees, are related in a manner well calculated to excite the attention and improve the mind of youth.

*Tales of the Martyrs,* &c. 18mo. Pp. 223. (London, Dean and Munday.) — The compiler of these melancholy episodes from church history, thinks the subject too much neglected. At all events, they are sad stories, and teach us how cruel human nature must be when it can commit such atrocities in the name of a religion of peace and mercy.

*The Pocket Guide to Commercial Book-keeping,* &c. by R. Wallace, A.M. Pp. 120. (Glasgow, M’Phun ; London, Cotes.) — A very useful little work for mercantile people.

*Sermons for Children,* by M. E. Bourlier. Pp. 66. (London, Hatchard and Son.) — Such publications seem to us to spring out of odd notions ; though, we doubt not, extremely well meaning. To simplify the moral lessons of the church, and adapt them to the capacities of children, is praiseworthy ; but sermons (short as they are) are not the fittest vehicles for such instruction.

*Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. XIV., Part 2. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black ; London, Simpkin, Marshall,

and Co.; Whittaker and Co.; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.]—Professor Napier proceeds nobly with his seventh edition, improving with every step he advances. This Part concludes the important subject of Mechanics; and the paper on medals (we wish our illustration of the art of engraving them had been in time for it) Medical Jurisprudence, Medicine, Metaphysics, and Meteorology, are all excellent of their kind.

*The Student's Cabinet Library, Nos. XXI., XXII.* (Edinburgh, Clarke).—These two Nos. are truly useful tracts; for the one is the "Life of Lady Russell," and the other Dr. Channing on Slavery; very different, but both very interesting.

*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. LXXXVIII. History.* (London, Longman and Co.).—The fourth volume of Mr. Thirlwall's History of Greece is here added to this series, and brings us down to 387 a.c.

*Biblical Cabinet, No. 12.* (Edinburgh, Clarke).—Exposition of the 1st Epistle of Peter, translated from the German of W. Steiger, by the Rev. P. Fairbairn. It displays a good deal of biblical erudition and a highly evangelical spirit.

*A Philosophical and Practical View of the Social bearing and Importance of Education, &c.*, by J. Antrobus. 8vo. pp. 302. (London, Longman and Co.; Hatchard and Son).—We rejoice to see this most important subject employing the minds and pens of so many intelligent men. Mr. Antrobus's essays, demonstrating that the only true foundation of a good education is to be laid in the Christian religion, deserve great attention on account of the principles they so ably maintain; while his historical illustrations will be found to bear with strong interest on his graver arguments.

*A Treatise on Painful and Nervous Diseases, and on a new Mode of Treatment of the Eye and Ear*, by A. Turnbull, M.D. 3d edition, 8vo. pp. 161. (London, Churchill).

Dr. Turnbull thinks he has discovered in the tincture from *Aconitum napellus*, which he calls aconitine, a specific for various nervous diseases, and supports his opinion by strong cases and arguments in this volume.

*The Abuses Swept out of the Church, &c.* Pp. 19. (London, Relfe and Fletcher).—"A Member of the Senate," Cambridge, has, in this brief pamphlet, addressed to the university representatives in parliament, shewn, in a calm and dispassionate manner, that much of the evil of which the church has to complain, may be ascribed to the anomalous and unpriestly condition of curates, who, instead of being independent functionaries, are subject to various errors of position, which tend to the wrong and injury of the whole ecclesiastical body.

*Letter to H. W. Tancrèl, Esq. M.P. on the Ballot*, by the Rev. Alex. Crombie, LL.D. F.R.S. Pp. 51. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—A temperate and sensible exposition of the system of ballot; in which the political benefits said to be anticipated from that subterfuge are contrasted with its moral effects, in depraving and debasing the electors of England. Ballot may truly be called the *Oceanic and Rascally Refuge*, and the only wonder is, to see manly and honest individuals so badly sorted as to suppose it could ever be productive of any sort of good.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE.

As it may be interesting to the public to know the nature and objects of the Anglo-Chinese College, to which we lately alluded (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1050), we insert the following extract from a recent proceeding of the committee of correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society upon the subject:—

"The chairman (Sir Alexander Johnston) states to the committee, that the letters which he has received from the various corresponding members of the Society, in China and in India, shew that the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca is likely soon to become a most powerful engine in diffusing moral and political knowledge and civilisation throughout China, and the islands of the Chinese seas; and that the Asiatic Society, anxious as it always is, to continue and increase the influence of such an engine, may advantageously, at the present moment, direct the attention of the British public and the British government to this valuable institution, by recalling to their recollection the very enlightened and statesmanlike opinions upon the subject which have been given, as well in his speeches in the House of Commons as in various interesting accounts which he has written on China, by Sir George Staunton, to whose liberal patronage and munificent donations the college is so much indebted. The chairman further submits, that such measures as may be necessary ought, as soon as possible, to

be taken for drawing up such a catalogue of all the books in the Chinese language, presented by Sir George Staunton to the library, as may enable the members of this Society and the public to become acquainted with the contents of those very curious and very valuable works; and that the following short account of the nature and objects of the Anglo-Chinese College should be copied upon the proceedings of the committee from Sir George Staunton's speech in the House of Commons on the 13th of June, 1833:—

"*Object.*—*The Reciprocal Cultivation of Chinese and European Literature.*—On the one hand, the Chinese language and literature will be made accessible to Europeans; and, on the other hand, the English language, with European literature and science, will be made accessible to the Ultra-Ganges nations who read Chinese. These nations are, China, Cochinchina, the Chinese colonies in the Eastern Archipelago, Loo-Choo, Corea, and Japan. The Malay language, and Ultra-Ganges literature, generally, are included as subordinate objects.

"*What Advantages the College Proposes to Afford to Students.*—1. The college will be furnished with an extensive library of Chinese, Malay, and European books. 2. The assistance of European professors of the Chinese language, and of native Chinese tutors. The European professors will be Protestants. 3. A fund will be formed for the maintenance of poor students. 4. To European students, the Chinese language will be taught for such purposes as the students choose to apply it—to religion, to literature, or to commerce. 5. To native students, the English language will be taught; geography, history, moral philosophy, and Christian theology, and such other branches of learning or science as time and circumstances may allow. 6. There is at the station an English, Chinese, and Malay press, which literary students may avail themselves of. And it is intended ultimately to form a botanical garden, in connexion with the college, to collect under one view the tropical plants of the Eastern Archipelago.

"*Students to be Admitted.*—Persons from any nation in Europe, or from America; persons of any Christian communion, bringing with them proper testimonials of their moral habits, and of the objects they have in view; persons from European or other universities, having travelling fellowships; persons belonging to commercial companies; and persons attached to the establishments of the official representatives of foreign nations, who wish to become acquainted with the Chinese language, will be admitted. Also native youths belonging to China, and its tributary kingdoms, or to any of the islands and countries around, who either support themselves, or are supported by Christian societies, or by private gentlemen, who wish to serve them, by giving them the means of obtaining a knowledge of the elements of English literature, will be admitted."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

MR. PORTER in the chair.—The communication read was by the chairman, being some account of the public works which were in progress, or recently completed, in France, at the end of 1835. Part 1st, Inland navigation. By a law passed in June 1833, a special credit, amounting to forty-four millions of francs (1,760,000*l.*), for the completion of ca-

nals; of fifteen millions of francs (600,000*l.*), for perfecting high roads; of twelve millions of francs (480,000*l.*), for constructing military roads in the western departments; of two millions and a half of francs (100,000*l.*), for completing the system of lighthouses along the coast of France; and of half a million of francs (20,000*l.*), for prosecuting inquiries concerning rail-roads; making together seventy-four millions of francs, or 2,960,000*l.*—was placed at the disposal of the government by the legislative chambers: and the author gives a brief account of the progress that had been made, at the end of 1835, towards the completion of the objects contemplated at the passing of the above law, full particulars of which are contained in papers presented to the French chambers last year by the minister of commerce and public works. More than half the sum voted by the chambers was made applicable to the formation and completion of canals. The statement of the minister of public works describes eleven lines of canals, besides operations by which two rivers have been rendered navigable. These works appear to have been all undertaken at periods anterior to June 1833, and to have had considerable progress made towards their completion at that date: funds were wanting, however, and they were finished under the vote of the chambers. The following table presents an abstract of the whole:—

Names of Canals.	Length in English Miles.	Number of Locks.	Rise and Fall in English Feet.	Money expended previous to 1825, stated in English Money.	Amount of Loan raised in August 1825, stated in English Money.	Advanced out of Public Treasury beyond the foregoing sums, previous to the law of June 1833.	Expended under the law of June 1833, stated in English Money.	Total cost at the end of 1835, stated in English Money.
Rhone and Rhine— Saône..... Ardennes..... Burgundy..... Nantes and Breteuil..... Lille and Rance..... Blavet..... Arles and Bouc..... Nièvre..... Bretagne..... Loire.....	203 914 61 141 318 50 273 344 185 107 134	177 43 49 191 288 38 4 117 110 45	1906 478 43 1286 1708 154 163 745 757 383	£440,888 80,000 80,000 686,538 1,000,000 60,000 241,888 53,088 146,683 280,000 106,703	£400,000 554,000 320,000 1,000,000 1,115,082 241,888 53,088 380,000 380,000 480,000 480,000	£791,881 156,988 296,177 594,556 43,801 9,440 68,550 288,388 50,545 50,141	£60,689 23,400 84,916 198,720 509,601 58,523 5,104 10,451 188,589 55,605 171,589	£1,008,399 444,803 861,803 2,046,455 1,701,689 553,924 197,164 444,094 1,005,587 699,894 541,680

At the anniversary meeting, held a few days previously, a very gratifying report was read. It stated, amongst other things, that the secretary of state for the colonies had expressed himself willing and anxious to promote a correspondence between the Society and the colonies; and had offered to transmit to the authorities there any communication from the Society, and to recommend such inquiries as it might be desirable to institute.—Sir Charles Lemon was re-elected president: the other officers stand nearly as heretofore.—The auditors' report gave much satisfaction.



# METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY. Anteordinary Meeting.

On Tuesday, 14th, Dr. Birkbeck, president, in the chair, after the routine proceedings, several interesting papers were read, from Poole, Gussport, Cheltenham, High Wycombe, London, and Edmonton, descriptive of the remarkable atmospheric phenomenon which was seen on the night of the 18th of February last. Other papers were read on various meteorological subjects; one of which was from New York, America, giving an account of the weather, and the state of the thermometer at noon, on the first eight days in January, 1837, proving the low temperature that prevailed in both continents at that period. The laws of the Society, in their revised state, were then read, and ordered to be confirmed at the next ordinary meeting.

*Ashmolean Society, March 6.*—Professor Rigaud gave an interesting account of a portion of the MS. collections in the library of the Earl of Macclesfield, at Shirburn Castle, from which it appears that much has been said of the valuable library possessed by the father of Sir William Jones; but the accounts of it have all agreed in stating that, as a collection, it is no longer in existence. Dr. Hutton distinctly says that, after Mr. Jones's death, his manuscripts were dispersed; another story fixed the dispersion at the death of George, the second earl of Macclesfield, to whom the whole was left in 1749; and Nichols speaks of the library being sold in 1801: but, notwithstanding these circumstantial statements, the collection has been kept together entire, and is now preserved at Shirburn Castle. The letters which it contains from mathematicians of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries are particularly curious; and, although a certain number of them has been inserted in various works, and particularly in the General Dictionary, by Birch and Lockman, the larger part still remains unpublished, and the whole are now (by the liberal permission of the Earl of Macclesfield) in Oxford, that a selection may be made from them, and communicated, through the university press, to the scientific world.—Dr. Daubeny read some scientific notices from Mr. Tancred, in which Mr. Tancred gave an account of an unusual flood of the river Lerchis, near the Baths of Lucca, which took place on the 2d of October last, when the river rose suddenly to the height of 18 feet 4 inches above its usual level. At Florence, Mr. Tancred saw the collection of specimens of the different parts of the human body, and other animal substances, which the Signor Segato has contrived to preserve from putrefaction. The method by which the preservation has been effected is unknown, and will remain so, as the Signor Segato died without imparting the knowledge of his method to any one. His death was occasioned by vexation, brought on by the refusal of the government to assist him in his undertaking, to which they were persuaded by the priests. Now, however, that he is dead, they so far value the collection that they have refused to permit it to go out of the country. Mr. Tancred also gave an account of an instrument invented by Professor Amici, of Modena, for measuring angles; and mentioned the recent discovery of some microscopic infusoria in a white sort of tripoli, called in Tuscany *pietra della luna*, from Monte Sta. Tiora, which has hitherto been considered a volcanic production. Dr. Buckland informed the meeting that he had received a letter from Mr. Crosse, detailing the results of a new series

of experiments, by which he has succeeded in obtaining 100 more animals, of the same description as those obtained by previous experiments. On a piece of volcanic slag, connected with the electric wires at both ends, a fluid, containing silicic and muriatic acid, was gently dropped. The animals, soon after their formation, were washed off from the slag, and deposited in a wooden funnel underneath. Without muriatic acid, the same animals were formed; but when no electricity was used, the animals did not appear. The animals have been exhibited at the Royal Institution, by Mr. Faraday; whence originated the erroneous report that Mr. Faraday had, by a series of similar experiments, produced the same animals. The animals were, at first, supposed to be *infusoria*, similar to those discovered by the microscopic observations of Ehrenberg; but, upon being shewn to naturalists in London, they are discovered to be of a much higher order, very closely resembling the well-known *acari* which infest cabinets, with the exception that they have no hairs. It was, however, suggested by Dr. Buckland, that the hairs, most probably, had adhered to the gum used to stick them on the card, or had been rubbed off by friction during their carriage to London.—*Oxford Herald*.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Earl of Burlington in the chair.—A communication on the tides, by Mr. Lubbock, was read. The author, in the commencement of his paper, notices the striking agreement between Bernoulli's theory and the results of the tide observations made at the London Docks. He then inquires whether the removal of the old bridge has occasioned any difference in the time or flow of the tide. In 1832, none of that ancient structure was removed; in the following year, almost the whole of it was taken away; and, in 1834, it was finally removed. During these periods, high-water was nearly as late as in 1804, and as it is now. Mr. Lubbock, in handsome terms, acknowledges the liberality of the British Association, in granting a sum of money for the purpose of obtaining good tide observations; he then notices a curious MS. on the tides, written in the thirteenth century, by an Abbot of St. Alban's; from the remarks in which it appears, that the difference in these phenomena at that period, as compared with the present, is considerable. Mr. Lubbock's results are laid down in diagrams, without which he himself admits they cannot be well understood. A ballot was had for Dr. Roberts; the result was, 16 negative to 10 affirmative balls. Dr. Roberts was, consequently, not elected into the Society. The meetings were adjourned over the Easter recess, until the 6th of April.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 18. At the meeting this day, the president, Mr. Williams Wynn, announced that, in consequence of the recent decease of Mr. Henry Thomas Colebrooke, to whom the Society owed a debt of exceeding gratitude, not only for its formation, but, also, for the constant labour and attention he had bestowed upon it from the first year of its existence, the council had judged proper, as a mark of respect due to the memory of the venerable founder of the Society, and as a token of regret for the loss the Society had sustained, to adjourn the meeting of that day without proceeding to any business whatever. The meeting was consequently adjourned.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—British Architects, 8 p.m.; Marybone Library (Mr. J. Hemming on Chemistry), 8½ p.m.; Russell Institution (Mr. H. Goadby, Third Lecture on Insect Anatomy), 8 p.m.  
*Tuesday.*—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Zoological, 8½ p.m.; Lambeth Literary (Mr. Henderson on Education), 8½ p.m.  
*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 7½ p.m.  
*Thursday.*—Western Literary (Mr. Brindley on the Causes of Shipwreck), 8½ p.m.; Russell Institution (Mr. Oxford's Second Lecture on German Literature: Goethe), 8 p.m.  
*Saturday.*—Royal Asiatic, 2 p.m.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Of this pleasing Exhibition, with its novelties and varieties, it is now "our hint to speak;" which, as it has been open to the public for some days, we are better able to do than after a hasty glance at a private view. We are much mistaken if it will not be generally considered more attractive than any of its precursors.

First in our regard stands

190. *The Prisoner of Chillon, from Byron's Poem.* F. Y. Hurlstone.—The subject is one of deep pathos, and well calculated to develop the talents of an artist. As Byron's description much resembles Dante, so Mr. Hurlstone's picture cannot fail to remind every one of the *Ugolino* of Reynolds. The expression of the eldest of the brothers, wan as his features have become, is full of the energy prompted by what may be termed quiet despair. To him is well contrasted the yet unfaded bloom of the youngest,—

"——— the favourite and the flower,  
Most cherished since his natal hour."

doom'd, however,

"——— day by day,  
To wither on the stalk away."

In the back-ground is the third brother, over whose otherwise determined spirit hopeless captivity is prevailing. It is impossible to contemplate the group without emotion.

On the opposite side of the room we find subjects nearer home, and which belong to the age we live in.

35. *The Fruits of Idleness.* 45. *The Fruits of Industry.* E. Prentiss.—It is much to the credit of this artist that his works are all of a domestic and highly moral character. He has here illustrated the contrast between good and evil with great skill. In the one, the family of a young poacher, who has returned, wounded, from the scene of his illicit practices, are represented as anxiously employed in affording him relief. In the other, a labourer, surrounded by every comfort, is sitting down, with his wife and children, to a cheerful repast—the superfluity of which furnishes the means of charity. These pictures are painted in Mr. Prentiss's usual and careful style. In rural districts, lithographic prints of them might be advantageously distributed among the working classes.

65. *A Conference in the Shades: Buonaparte is vindicating his policy; Byron listening in lofty abstraction; Scott deliberately scrutinising the arguments of Napoleon.* J. P. Davis.—The title too fully describes this production to render any further explanation necessary. It is an ingenious device to bring together the portraits of three master-minds. The effect of it upon the spectator must very much depend upon the power of his own imagination: while one person will bestow upon it only a transient glance, another will stand before it for hours, absorbed in deep reflection.

132. *The Valley of Mexico.* D. T. Egerton.—In extent of prospect, and in the multiplicity,

and we may add beauty, of the objects introduced, we have seldom seen so novel and interesting a view. The various localities are pointed out in the catalogue, and the manner in which they are executed bears intrinsic evidence of the fidelity of the representation. As a work of art, it is skillfully painted; and the aerial perspective (considered with reference to the climate), and the proportion of one object to another, are very happily preserved.

180. *Richmond, from the Tooting-path, near Cholmondeley Walk.* T. C. Holland.—This queen of our suburbs is here introduced to public view, in her summer costume, by an artist whose pencil, although occasionally employed on the sublimities of nature, has been more frequently, and more happily, devoted to the imitation of her softer and blander features. In this performance, the beauties of Richmond will be instantly recognised, with feelings of pleasure, by all who have visited the spot; and will inspire all who have not visited it with a desire to do so.

41. *Vico, in the Bay of Naples; 158. A Scene on the Tiber, with Monte Mario; St. Peter's in the Distance.* W. Linton.—We bring these two classical and elevated views in juxtaposition, for the purpose of adverting to the powerful contrast which they present in colour and effect. The first is wrapped in that mysterious light which one of our greatest poets has termed "darkness visible;" on the second, the sunbeams shed their most brilliant and animating influence. Both are admirable.

The mantle of the principal room exhibits three familiar and domestic subjects, by artists distinguished for the fidelity and skill with which they depict the objects of their imitation; viz. 62, *The Wedding Gown*, R. Farrier; 63, *The Cobbler*, W. Shayer; 64, *The Confidante*, T. Clater. The last is a candle-light scene, painted with great depth and effect. The goose, undergoing the operation of plucking, with its fallen feathers, may challenge the competition of any artist, English or Flemish.

111. *Heath Scene.* R. B. Davis.—Different in kind from any of the last-mentioned works, but not less faithful in representation, this little performance comes recommended by novelty in form, character, and composition. A stricken deer has sought the shelter of a clump of trees, in which to breathe its last. The sentiment is touching; but the effect of the colouring is brilliant and pleasant.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Picturesque Sketches in Spain; taken during the years 1832 and 1833.* By David Roberts. Hodgson and Graves.

EVERY artist, quoad artist, must lament the Reformation. As a man, he may be rejoiced at his liberation from the superstition, bigotry, and intolerance, of the Romish church; but, as a painter, he cannot reflect without regret on its magnificent and picturesque ceremonials, and on the facilities which the noble edifices, where those ceremonials were performed, afforded for the exhibition of the finest productions of the pencil and chisel. This is a feeling which the superb volume before us will greatly increase. There is no country in which all the gorgeous pageantry of the Catholic religion has been, and still is, so profusely and ostentatiously displayed as in Spain; and a large proportion of these sketches (twenty-six in number) are devoted to its illustration by Mr. Roberts; with what success, his former works render it unnecessary for us to say. The Cathedral of Seville, especially, has furnished

him with admirable subjects; of which the most grand and striking are, "The High Altar, during the celebration of Mass," and "The North Aisle, with the Procession of the Host." Nor can any thing exceed the beauty of "The Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, at Granada," or "The Church of San Miguel, at Xeres." Contrasted in style with these is that fine relic of Saracenic architecture, "The Chapel in the Great Mosque, at Cordova." Of the sketches unconnected with ecclesiastical matters, "The Rock of Gibraltar facing the Neutral Ground," and "The Bull Ring, at Seville," are among the most interesting. Several of these charming drawings have been transferred to stone by Mr. Roberts himself; but in others he has received the able assistance of Messrs. Allom, Boys, Cooper, Gaudi, and Haghe.

*Asking a Blessing.* Painted by A. Fraser; engraved by C. G. Lewis. Hodgson and Graves.

A PLEASING domestic subject in middle life. A father, mother, and child, sitting down to dinner; and, before they commence their meal, imploring the continued protection of that Being to whose bounty they owe it. The graceful piety, or the pious grace, of the female is especially attractive.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE NEW SCHOOL, ERECTED ON THE SITE OF HONEY LANE MARKET.

(By the Author of the "Epitaph on the Marquess of Anglessey's Leg.")

WHERE once thy market, Honey Lane,  
Display'd its shambles, blocks, and hooks.  
Proud learning now erects her fane,  
With scholars, masters, forms, and books.

Where slaughterling kiddies would parade,  
With aprons blue, and greasy smalls,  
Young pupils, with professors' aid,  
Now qualify themselves for stalls.

Where pussy once her prog might nose—  
Where sheeps' rights ever met the eye—  
We now seek other lights—e'en those  
Of his'try and philosophy.

Assuredly, though strange, 'tis droll,  
That readings, in a classic way,  
Where once the fish-fag dress'd the sole,  
Should be sole business of the day.

Yet all's not changed, some have declared,  
And this I candidly avow;  
Where food was formerly prepared,  
There's food for contemplation now.

And, certainly, it may be said,  
Nor think with gammon I would bore,  
Where Bacon now is daily read,  
Bacon was known, and prized of yore.

Events in mystic cycles run,  
The wise to baffle with the fool;  
The school comes where the market's done—  
A market may succeed the school.

And o'er me comes the idea strong,  
In this, or in a future reign,  
Where rumps were daily cut so long,  
They daily may be cut again.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*The late Mr. John Davidson.*—The intrepid traveller, Mr. Davidson, was the son of Mr. Davidson, tailor, in Cork Street, who, by his great industry and perseverance, acquired a large fortune. His son, Mr. J. Davidson, was educated at the well-known establishment of Dr. Greenlaw, of Brentford, where he obtained a good classical education. In the year 1814

he was bound apprentice, for five years, as a chemist and druggist, in the firm of Messrs. Savory and Moore; and, during its early period, conducted the operations of their laboratory. Owing to this practice, and his own talents, he was, at the conclusion of his term, considered to be exceedingly clever in his profession. He afterwards entered as a partner into that eminent firm, in the year 1819; but, from his great desire to travel, and circumstances to which we formerly alluded, he quitted it in 1826; and thence, up to the time of his death, he has travelled, in common parlance, nearly all over the world. He was master of most of the continental and oriental languages, and a perfect chemist. The Emperor of Morocco will, no doubt, feel his loss, as he entered into an arrangement with that potentate to return by way of Morocco and instruct the physicians there in the art of medicine and pharmacy; in the prospect of which, he had ordered two large cases of medicine to be prepared and sent to the emperor. It was in consideration of this that the emperor gave him an escort of one hundred horsemen to see him safe across part of his dominions. The public, as well as his friends, deeply deplore the loss of this amiable young man; and none more so than the writer (from whom we have derived this information), who knew him as a boy, and also as a man, and who always experienced the most friendly feeling from him.

#### DRAMA.

THE drama is all perspective at this holiday-time. Macready, we rejoice to see announced again, after his severe illness, at Covent Garden. The Adelphi promises the *Lily of the Danube*; and, as lilies don't spin, we anticipate very slight clothing. The St. James's has another piece by Mrs. S. C. Hall, in which Mr. Goldamid, the admirable mime, appears *pro* Barnett, gone into country quarters. The Strand re-opens with Mr. Hammond and his company, and Jerrold pieces. The Olympic dramatises the *Rape of the Lock*, and Ducrow ditto *Ivanhoe*.

#### VARIETIES.

THE *London University* has had the apartments lately occupied by the Royal Academy, in Somerset House, assigned to it by government; wherein to transact the business of the University under its new charter, in granting degrees, and other matters.

*Royal Academy of Music.*—The first of the series of four concerts, for exhibiting to the public the progress and advantages of this national institution, was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday last. We regret to say, that our expected details (owing, perhaps, to holiday and Good Friday interruption) have not reached us; but we can generally state that the performances were highly satisfactory.

Mr. Howell has, during the week, been exhibiting his beautiful *Eidouranian* at the Adelphi, with great applause.

*Lambeth Literary and Scientific Institution.*—At the last meeting, Mr. Daniel Cooper delivered a lecture here, being a continuation of the course on Cryptogamic Botany. The *Fungi*, or mushrooms, were fully considered. To illustrate the lecture, several beautiful models, executed by the late Mr. Sowerby, were exhibited; which were kindly lent by Mr. C. E. Sowerby.

*The Southern Literary Messenger*, for January 1837, which we have to acknowledge, from Richmond, U. S. (London, Miller), is a fair specimen of American periodical and polite

literature, in prose and verse; and, as such, deserves attention and encouragement from English readers. Ninety-six pages, and double columns, make a No. almost a Volume.

*Continental and British Medical Review, No. I.*—If we may judge from the increasing number of medical publications and periodicals, the science must be flourishing. The present novelty, edited by Dr. B. Riofrey, seems to us to be judiciously executed; and we conceive it will be advantageous to us to learn the opinion of intelligent foreigners relating to many of our sayings and doings.

*The Country between St. Sebastian and the French Frontier.* (London, J. Wyld.)—A map of this part of the seat of war has just appeared, from sketches by Major J. H. Humfrey, and is peculiarly acceptable at this period, when General Evans and the Carlists are fighting about the very places here mapped down. It may well be called a useful companion to the newspapers, and the news from Spain.

*Calone.*—A lithographic portrait of this new and popular singer has just appeared, from the pencil of Chalon and the stone of Lane. It is an admirable likeness of the original in the character of *Nemorino*, in *Felicité d'Amore*, which part he has made peculiarly his own. His feet are a match for those of Cinderella in the fairy tale—wondrous small.

*Pauline Duvernay*, by the same hands, is by no means so good. The likeness is very fair, but the attitude so constrained and strange, that it is not easy to tell whether it is a front or a back view of this graceful person.

*Weather-wisdom.*—Lieut. Morrison made a capital hit on the 21st and 22d; at least there was a fall of snow more like Christmas than Lady-day season. About the 25th and 26th, the prediction is "gloomy and cold; high winds, and heavy, long cirro-stratus clouds. Moist and cloudy weather, yet less cold about the 28th. The air much milder, more dry and pleasant, though windy, about the 29th. The 31st, changeable." For our author, we may fairly say, that he does not shirk the question. There is "no day before, or day after," but all most distinct and particular.

*Shakespeare's Monument.*—We are glad to learn that the design for the restoration of this monument, and the chancel of Stratford Church, is gradually receiving the patronage it so richly merits. Mr. Britton's plan for ornamenting the ceiling of the latter with the armorial shields of Warwickshire noblemen and gentlemen is an admirable idea, and would have a splendid effect. Who would not, even in this slight degree, link their name with that of the Immortal?

*Ancient Entomology.*—Mr. Crosse, in a letter addressed to the *Times*, states, in regard to the unexpected appearance of insects in his electrical experiments, that he has "given no opinion whatever as to the cause of their first production; having, as he first stated, mentioned 'facts, but not opinions.'" He adds, "without more data than we at present possess, I do not see how it is possible to form an opinion on the matter, or to say whether the electric agency is, or is not, the secondary cause or acceleration of their birth. Since my two first [first two] experiments, I have met with eight other results, in which similar insects have appeared: in the whole, ten separate formations. Five of these have been in silicious solutions, and five in other fluids; one of them, a concentrated solution of nitrate of copper. In all of these the electrical action was long continued before the insect made its appearance; but this might have been the case otherwise. In the course

of my observations, I have met with some rather curious phenomena, which shall be laid before the public when the train of experiments now in hand, and which must necessarily occupy some time, is completed." In conclusion, the writer justly thanks Mr. Faraday "for the candour and liberality he has evinced towards him."

At a meeting of the Philosophical Society, Cambridge, a paper, by Mr. Warren, of Jesus College, was read,—On the algebraical sign of the perpendicular drawn from a given point to a given straight line. Mr. C. Darwin exhibited various specimens of rocks collected by him in a voyage round the world, made in H. M. S. Beagle, Capt. Fitzroy, and occupying five years. These specimens were tubes of fused sand, produced by lightning, found near the Rio Plata; a white calcareous incrustation alternately formed and removed on the rocks of Ascension Island by a periodical change in the direction of the swell; a black incrustation formed by the spray on the tidal rocks at Ascension; a white hard calcareous rock, formed rapidly at Ascension; a recent calcareous formation indurated by the contact of lava at St. Jago, one of the Cape Verde Islands. Mr. W. W. Fisher afterwards presented an account of a case of *Spina bifida*, accompanied with some physiological and pathological researches on the accumulation of fluid in the ventricles of the brain.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*Dr. Dibdin's Bibliographical and Antiquarian Tour in Scotland.*—We are glad to see preliminary signs of this Tour in the Edinburgh journals, having heard some interesting details of it in parts, when on a Scottish tour ourselves last autumn. In public as well as private libraries (says an address from the Doctor), it was impossible to be more fortunate in attentions received and assistance granted; and if the pages of his work afford not evidence of the value of this aid—as well by the beauty of its decorations, as by the importance of its information—the author will have been labouring unto no commendable purpose.

Dr. Lassen, of Bonn, has, it is stated, completely succeeded in deciphering the inscriptions in the arrow-headed character, copied by Niebuhr and other travellers from the ruins of Persepolis, and of which he has framed an entire alphabet. The discovery is confirmed, both by the similarity of the inscriptions themselves, in style and expression, to those still extant of other nations, and by their approximation to what we possess of ancient Persian. The particulars will, we are informed, shortly appear in English.

Mr. Frederick Wagenfeld announces, in the German journals, a translation into Latin of his recently discovered MS. of *Sanchoniatho's Phœnician History*, complete in nine books; a summary of which has recently been published in Germany. We learn that an English critic means to bring in question the authenticity of the volume, on grounds totally different from the writers of Germany.

#### In the Press.

A Work upon Natural Theology, by Mr. Babbage.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Star-Seer, a Poem, by W. Dearden, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Practice of the Court of Common Pleas, at Lancaster, by W. Wareing, cr. 8vo. 15s.—The First Three Sections of Newton's Principia, with an Appendix, and the Ninth and Eleventh Sections, by J. H. Evans, M.A. 8vo. 6s.—The Hunterian Oration, by Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart. 8vo. 2s.—Letters on Phrenology, by John Stadel, M.D. 8vo. 9s.—The Married Unmarried, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.—Rev. H. Latham's Harmonia Paulina, 8vo. 12s.—Winkler's French Cathedrals, 4to. 12. 10s.—Britain's Glory, by T. Thompson, 18mo. 3s.—History of Protestant Nonconformity on Great Britain, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Thoughts on Times Past tested by Subsequent Events, by the Duke of Newcastle, royal 12mo. 5s.—Pastoral Appeals on Conversion, by the Rev. C. Stovel, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Country Solicitor's Practice in Chancery, by J. Gray, 12mo. 10s.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. XXII. Life of King Henry VIII. by P. H. Tytler, Esq. 18mo. 5s.—Spain, by D. H. Inglis, 2d edition, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s.—Rev. H. Melville's Sermons at Cambridge, 1837, 5s.—Sermons, by the late Rev. T. cott, with a Memoir by the Rev. S. King, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Christian Trials, by the Author of "Bread of Decret," 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Philosophy of Living, by H. Mayo, F.R.S. post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Turner's Sacred History of the World, Vol. III. 8vo. 14s.—A Collex on the Venereal, 8vo. 9s.—W. H. Porter on the Surgical Pathology of the Larynx and Trachea, 8vo. 8s.—Guisot's History of Civilization in Europe, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution, 8vo. 12s.—The Chase,

the Turf, and the Road, by Nimrod, with Illustrations, 8vo. 16s.—Memoirs of a Peeress; or, the Days of Fox, edited by Lady C. Bury, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 16	From 31 to 42	99.09 to 30.03
Friday .. 17	.. 31 .. 41	30.17 .. 30.19
Saturday .. 18	.. 31 .. 44	30.17 .. 30.02
Sunday .. 19	.. 24 .. 41	29.99 .. 29.91
Monday .. 20	.. 24 .. 37	29.87 .. 29.86
Tuesday .. 21	.. 17 .. 37	29.86 .. 29.72
Wednesday .. 22	.. 22 .. 30	29.71 .. 29.70

Prevailing winds, N.E.

Except the mornings of the 19th, 21st, and evening of the 20th, generally cloudy; rain on the 16th and 17th; snow on the 20th, and two following days; remarkably cold.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude .. 51° 37' 39" N.

Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society. February 1837.

Thermometer—Highest .. 55.25 .. the 16th.

Lowest .. 25.50 .. 25th.

Mean .. 40.95535

Barometer—Highest .. 30.09 .. 3d.

Lowest .. 28.85 .. 11th.

Mean .. 29.67559

Number of days of rain and snow, 17.

Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimals, 3.05625.

Winds.—0 North-East—5 East—5 South-East—1 South

—7 South-West—4 West—5 North-West—1 North.

General Observations.—This was the warmest February that has occurred during the last thirteen years, although the maximum was not so high as in the corresponding months, in 1828 and 1831; but the range was nearly thirty degrees. The mean of the barometer was higher than usual for the month; although the maximum was lower than the average. Snow fell on the night of the 26th and morning of the 27th, but did not lie long on the ground, which was only partially covered. The quantity of rain and melted snow has been exceeded only four times in the same month in the period before mentioned. On the night of the 18th, about half past ten o'clock, the heavens were illuminated by a brilliant arch, of about ten degrees in breadth, of a deep red, or vermilion colour, formed by two streams of light; the one arising in the north-east, passing over Arcturus and Ursa major, and the other originating in the south-west, leaving Orion to the southward, passing over Aldebaran and Capella, and meeting in the zenith, where the light was very faint. The western limb was the brightest, and, at intervals, shot forth rays of light approaching to a flame colour; the edges of the main stream were then fringed, and had a feathery appearance; the eastern leg of the arch was the first that began to fade, spreading wider, and becoming fainter, when that part of the sky was mottled, like that called mackerel sky, but still retaining its red tint; the stars were seen through the aurora, which had nearly disappeared by eleven o'clock, the moon all the time shining brightly and nearly at the meridian, the planet Mars almost touching her south-eastern limb, and Jupiter being but a short distance from her to the westward. The barometer stood at 29.97, and the temperature was forty degrees, a light breeze blowing from the westward.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Literary Gazette, which last week contradicted, in an abrupt and somewhat impertinent manner, our intelligence respecting the death of Mr. Davidson, ought to have exhibited the courtesy of confessing its error."

Times of Monday.

We can assure the *Times* that we meant nothing impertinent; and we hope it may be able to say the same, in using the above lines. Our expressions were,—  
"There is no authentic account of his death in London, and it rests on the paragraph in the *Times* newspaper."

We have too high an opinion of the "intelligence" in that journal to undervalue it upon any point; but we understood it, from a paragraph subsequent to the first, to have itself some doubt of the absolute certainty of its sad news; and, being anxious to catch hold of even a last hope for the consolation of the traveller's friends, we hastily adopted the latest accounts we could obtain, without time or mind to weigh the words minutely. In another part of our impression will be found a few particulars respecting Mr. Davidson, which the *Times* is very welcome to copy without acknowledgment, in revenge. Of which, *apropos*, no week passes in which extracts are not made from the *Literary Gazette*, by every one of the leading newspapers in London, without the slightest allusion to their source. Of this we do not complain, for many of them may be taken indirectly from the first paper which has *unconsciously* copied us; but, for ourselves, we never insert a line of matter, not original, without stating whence it was derived.

We have always intended to give a second notice of "Attila," for its fine admixture of history and romance; but the temporary influx of new works of fiction has hitherto prevented us. Some other continuations of reviews are unavoidably postponed.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION,

FALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Fall Mall East, is now open to the Public, from Ten in the Morning till dusk.

Admission, 1s.

T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.

## INSTITUTE of BRITISH ARCHITECTS, Incorporated 7th William IV. 43 King Street, Covent Garden, London.

Extract from the Minutes of the Ordinary Meeting held on Monday, 18th March, 1837:—

Resolved,—That the Medals of the Institute be awarded next Year to the Authors of the best Essays on the following Subjects:—

1. On the excellencies which distinguish the Ancient Athenian Architecture, and on the principles of art and science by which they were attained, with regard to design, proportion, light, shade, colour, construction, and adaptation to purpose, to situation, and to the materials employed.
2. On the system and principles pursued by the Gothic Architects, from the 11th to the 15th centuries inclusive, in the embellishment by colour of the architectural members and other parts of their Religious and Civil Edifices.
3. On the progress of improvement made during the last 100 years in the theory and practice of Construction, illustrated by diagrams and references to buildings.

N.B. Each Essay is to be written in a clear and distinct hand on alternate pages, and is to be distinguished by a Mark, or Motto, without any name in the title.

Resolved,—That the Soane Medalion be awarded for the best restoration of some Priory, Abbey, or similar class of Conventual Building: such as Fountains, Easby, Rivaux, or Kirkstall Abbey, York; Castle Acre Priory, Norfolk; Llanthony Abbey, Monmouthshire, &amp;c. &amp;c. to be drawn from actual measurement, distinguishing in a marked manner the parts existing, and those restored to complete the combination of the Halls, Apartments, Refectory and Offices; accompanied by a description.

N.B. The wish of the Institute is to have a complete and correct delineation of the general arrangement and composition, rather than minute parts at large of the architecture, or highly finished details. The plan is to be as large as a sheet of double elephant paper will admit; and there are to be two elevations, as also two sections through the courts, drawn to the same scale as the plan. The plan, elevations, and sections, to be tinted in Indian ink or sepia.

The competition is not confined to Members of the Institute. Further particulars and directions for Candidates may be had on application to the Secretaries by letter, post-paid.

3 St. James's Square, March 25.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Nos. IX. and III. of the London and Westminster Review, will be published on the 21st. Bills and Advertisements received by Mr. Macrone until Tuesday the 29th.

## MUSIC.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.—The Members of

the Vocal Society beg to announce that Spohr's Oratorio, "The Crucifixion," will be performed, for the first time in this country, on Monday Evening, March 27, at the Hanover Square Rooms, being the last Vocal Concert of the Season. In order to give proper effect to this sublime composition, the Band and Chorus will be considerably augmented; and the Members of the Vocal Society have great pleasure in announcing that many eminent Professors have offered their willing co-operation in its production.

Single Admissions, Half-a-Guinea each, may be had of the Members of the Vocal Society. EDW. TAYLOR, Sec. 3 Regent Square.

## ROYAL MUSICAL LIBRARY, 75 Lower

Grosvenor Street, near Bond Street. J. Willis has the honour of informing the Nobility and Gentry, that his Rooms are at present supplied with a splendid variety of Piano-fortes, Harps, Seraphines, Guitars, &amp;c. by the most improved makers, giving the Public an opportunity of contrasting the relative merits of each, and obtaining them at manufacturers' prices for immediate payment. J. W. begs particularly to call the attention of the Musical World to his extensive Musical Library, to which he is now adding 1800 volumes, containing all the Modern Works of the best Composers, English and Foreign, and to which every musical novelty of merit is added as soon as published. Terms, First Class, 3 Guineas; Second Class, 2 Guineas per annum. Catalogue, 2s. 6d.

Opera Boxes and Stalls in the best part of the house, and Pit Tickets at 5s. 6d. each.

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of a Peeress; or, the Days of Fox.*  
Edited by Lady Charlotte Bury. 3 vols. 12mo.  
London, 1837. Colburn.

THIS work purports to have been written by some late Lady Blank, *alias* Asterisks, and to be only indebted to Lady Charlotte Bury for the duties of editing. How the case may be we cannot tell. The beginning relates to the follies and vices of the fashionable world half a century ago, and possesses considerable liveliness; and the latter pages bring us to the death and burial of Charles James Fox. Many of the characters are introduced in their own names, while others are mystified, but yet not so much as not to be readily recognised. The same may be said of the incidents, which are often real, though occasionally adapted to foreign localities and persons. The early career of the Prince of Wales and his associates is the staple of the performance; and the fêtes of Carlton House, Devonshire House, Ranelagh, and other rendezvous, of the gaiety of a preceding generation, are decked out with the tinsel and flowers, which cannot hide, but only add repugnance to the contemplation of the tomb.

The heroine is a country squire's daughter, who mixes with the *élite* of London, under her aunt, a beautiful, giddy, and imprudent duchess, whose frailty is severely punished. She herself marries a poor but most accomplished man, whose miseries and death, amid duns and bailiffs, afford other tragical topics. The originals of these pictures are easily to be traced; and this circumstance throws a doubt upon the alleged authorship of the memoirs. It is, however, a question of small consequence; and we shall merely offer a few brief extracts, to shew what sort of book the public have to expect.

"We dined the following day in St. James's Square; when Lord Rawborne's carriage, which was always sent for us, followed to the door the stately equipage of Lady Lavinia Shanstone. As we watched her ascend the stairs, escorted by her two tall daughters, Clara and Lavinia, my aunt exclaimed in a peevish tone: 'This is the first time my sister has found it convenient to drive here this winter; I lay my life that Medway has arrived.' 'Is she so fond, then, of her nephew?' 'So fond, that she wants to make him her son-in-law. Those horrid girls have enormous fortunes; and Lady Lavinia is wild to have them form great matches.' 'A saint, yet so ambitious?' 'A saint, because so ambitious. What but the desire of high distinction in paradise is the origin of saintship?'"

"My sanctimonious relatives added little to the conviviality of our family party. Lady Lavinia, a woman of narrow understanding, was the widow of a man rewarded by government with a baronetcy for the same line of conduct in the East, which afterwards brought Warren Hastings into Westminster Hall. Sir Obadiah Shanstone, on his return from Bengal, thought to glaze over, in the eyes of man, the sin of his low extraction, by bribing into wedlock the daughter of an earl; and to glaze over, in the eye of Heaven, the sin of his Oriental speculations, by trying to make a conventicle of the House of Commons,

and assuming in the conventicle the dictatorial importance of a conscript-father. But Sir Obadiah was gone to his long—his very long, account, leaving to Lady Lavinia the disposal of his two tall daughters and half a million of Oriental amassings. The girls were of an age to be presented in society; but, as prayer-meetings and religious dissipation had not then been introduced into fashionable life, Lady Lavinia was perplexed in what way to reconcile her views for their aggrandisement with the forms of sanctity forced upon her adoption by her marriage. Lavinia, the eldest, was evidently a puritan at heart; but I sometimes fancied I detected a gleam in the dark eyes of my cousin Clara, indicative of the repressed gaiety of a child of perdition. In their mother's presence, however, both sisters maintained the rigid perpendicularity of the twin towers of Westminster Abbey.

Though London was then comparatively circumscribed, and the outworks of the great world were far more strongly set up against the approaches of aspiring opulence, society was less easy to collect into a focus. There existed, as in Paris, distinct societies of the court and the town; and Windsor Castle ate its roast mutton, while Carlton House fed upon devilled kidneys. Religion and politics, if less potential, were more polemic. People did not slide from a house where high church implied salvation, to one where low church was all in all; or glide from an assembly given by a Whig premier, to a ball graced by the blessed hierarchy of the Tories. There were as many divisions and subdivisions in society, as there are canals in the city of Ghent, where a thousand bridges are indispensable to enable neighbour A to live on neighbourly terms with neighbour B. Under such disadvantages, a general picture of society must be less accurate than at the present time, when all is imitation,—all echo,—all tautology;—when 'half the platform just reflects the other,' and the aristocracy of rank stands grimacing, like a posture-master on its pedestal, in order that its illegitimate brother, the aristocracy of wealth, may try to prove affinity, by aping every contortion, and out-vaulting every leap. Nevertheless, some generalities existed that serve to inscribe the epoch on my memory. Much as has been said of the demoralisation of the higher classes during the decrepitude of George IV., the demoralisation prevalent during his youth was far more remarkable. Paris, like a repentant Magdalen, affected, just then, on the death of a vicious, and the accession of a virtuous sovereign, the most prudish propriety; and, as Horace Walpole used to say of France and England, that, 'like the sea and land, one could not gain without the other being a loser,' the vices put out of countenance by Louis XVI., took refuge under the protection of the Prince of Wales. Madame du Barri retreated into the obscurity of her pavilion at Luciennes, and the emblazoned chariot of a Perdita drove triumphantly through the parish of St. James. From the days of Alcibiades, however, to those of Brummel, fine gentlemen have existed, like excrescences on the oak, the disease and not the product of the age. It is rather from the women, the matrons of the times, I would draw deductions

of its morality; and I own that, in defiance of the example of a most domestic court, the noble ladies, my contemporaries, would have little to learn from the levities of their grand-daughters. Though less graced with superficial accomplishments than the damsels of to-day, our reasoning faculties were at that time better cultivated. We performed no miraculous concertos, competed for no prizes at the Society of Arts; but we were the chosen associates of a Johnson, a Cowper, a Sheridan. We listened more,—we chattered less. But this superiority of intellectual cultivation added only a new page to the annals of gallantry. It was only the conversion of *Lais* into *Aspasias*. From Mrs. Robinson to my lovely relative, the danger was but magnified through the atmosphere of refinement surrounding the meretricious charms of the goddess of voluptuousness. In its highest circles of *haut ton*, London already emulated the witty profigacy of Paris under the sceptre of Louis XV., and the influence of a Boufflers and a Du Deffand. Of these, enough, and too much, has been consigned to us in the memoirs of their day. But, saving in the archives of Doctors' Commons, nothing remains to perpetuate the peccadilloes of our grandmothers; for England is a prude who, like the Spartan virgins, heeds not that her zone should be unbound, so it be done in silence and obscurity. Nevertheless, a few septuagenarians, like myself, are not hypocritical enough to witness, unmoved, the canonisation of our century. Like the devil's advocate-general, whose duty it is to plead against every new aspirant to the honours of the kalendar, I lift up my voice to attest that the last age was a sinner in its generation; and, unmired by maternal blindness or bitterness, have no hesitation in tracing the effeminacy and fatuity of certain lords of the creation and the realm of the present day, to the enervating and vicious habits of their progenitresses. When I arrived in London, its ways were 'pleasant, but wrong.' It was something, at least, that they were 'pleasant; for I have since found them 'wrong,' yet mightily disagreeable."

We conclude with one other morsel.

"Although a topic peculiarly unfitted to Rochester House and the prince's presence, there were few other times and places where the embarrassments of the prince were not just then discussed. From the day of obtaining his majority, he had laid the foundations of expensive buildings at Carlton House, and of debts of honour and \* \* \* innumerable. Every folly of the day grew to excess under his cultivation. He out-drove Sir John Lade—he out-diced Charles Fox. Ten thousand guineas were expended in a single year on his toilet; and, between play-debts and debts of gallantry, the turf and the tailor's-shop, it was hard to say in what quarter his royal highness's pecuniary engagements lay heaviest. But the nation, or (as the London part of the nation is called) the public, was satisfied! So long as he shared his hazard with Charles Fox, his claret with Sheridan, not a syllable was to be said. The sordid respectability of Kew, or the petty German-courtliness of Windsor, might be lampooned by Wolcot, reviled by Junius, and

burned in effigy by Wilkes's mob;—while the fine, gay, bold-faced \*\*\* of Carlton House was a thing to be applauded in play-houses, and rewarded with prodigal grants by his majesty's court of parliament. Well!—Heaven mend us!—The cardinal virtues of this virtuous kingdom of Great Britain have ever been a stiff-necked and perverse generation! Time out of mind, our sovereigns expectant have waged war against our sovereigns regnant, with a ready faction at their heels; while the mob stands as patiently as a lord in waiting, with a mantle, purple and ermine, to throw over the raggedness of the prodigal son of majesty. The exemplary 'best of royal husbands and fathers,' with his experimental farms, and Handel, and Dr. Johnson, had not a huzzza at command. The prince, who threw away on the bouquets of his footmen thrice as much as the Berkshire farmer on his turnip-fields,—whose anthems were opera airs,—whose Wyatt was Nuvoleschi,—whose West, Sherwin,—whose Johnson, Dick Sheridan;—the Prince was the universal idol!"

There is a good deal about the prince's marriage, and the Princess (afterwards Queen) Caroline, and, in short, about all the fashionables who flourished from fifty to thirty years ago; and also about the politics of the day, Westminster election, &c. &c. &c. the which we now consign to the readers who want to learn how their predecessors acted on the stage of life, mingling notoriously in its vainest pursuits, phantasma, and crimes.\*

*The West Indies: the Natural and Physical History of the Windward and Leeward Colonies, &c. &c.* By Sir Andrew Halliday, K.H., M.D., &c. Deputy Inspector of Army Hospitals. 12mo. pp. 408. London, 1837. Parker.

SIR ANDREW HALLIDAY, possessed of great medical experience, and rich in general information, was, it seems, driven to the West Indies by an enemy whom neither his experience nor his information could conquer, viz. the gout; for relief from which malady he sought a warm climate, and, while resident in it, found the remedy he anticipated. On his return home, however, his adversary again assailed him; and, in the present instance, he has endeavoured to mitigate his inflections by writing the volume before us.

Whatever the limbs or body may be, it is evident that the mind has not suffered; for the work is full of useful observation, embracing various sciences, statistics, remarks on slavery and the abolition, diseases, religion, commerce, history, natural phenomena, and popular characteristics.

Barbadoes was the first island visited by the author; where, speaking of the mortality among the troops, he observes:—

"It would be both wisdom and humanity, as well as great economy, to throw aside all the English and Irish contracts for salt beef and pork, and allow the commissariat on the spot to procure those supplies of fresh meat and vegetables which are required for the proper nourishment of the troops, and are so important as regards their health and efficiency. I state it from authentic documents, and the fullest information collected on the spot, that there is not a colony, or corner of a colony, where British troops are quartered, in the West Indies, that is not capable of supplying these troops,

\* It may be noticed, as a coincidence, that, whilst writing this review, we see the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert announced in the Brighton papers, at the great age of 43. Her part in the affairs of these times was not one of the least influence and importance.

whether few or many, with fresh beef of the best quality, and at a cheaper rate, than what the salt provisions cost the country before they are delivered out to the soldiers' messes. This of itself, one would imagine, was sufficient to cause inquiry; but when I add, that more than a third of that mortality which is so dark a feature in our colonial military service, is occasioned by that rottenness of the constitution which is produced by improper and unwholesome diet (and I do not state this upon slight or untenable grounds), it is a question that ought seriously to engage the attention of our civil, as well as our military rulers. The salted meats, I readily admit, are the best that can be procured, and are most excellent of their kind; but to the soldiers in the West Indies they are doubly pernicious. In the first place, they do not furnish a sufficient quantity of nourishment to the body, while the superabundance of the muriate of soda, as every physician knows, produces that unnatural and unhealthy state of the blood which is so characteristic of a scorbutic tendency; and, in the second place, this diet excites such a craving for liquids that no resolution nor strength of mind can overcome it. Hunger is a severe suffering, but thirst is far more distressing; and, were death in the cup, it could not be resisted. Why, then, I would ask, persist in measures, neither called for by necessity, nor recommended by economy, and which are so conducive to the irregularities of the soldier, and so fatal to his health?"

Of British Guiana we have long and particular details; but we can only copy a little bit of animal anecdote, and a curious account of medical education, as specimens.

"The little wren which I have already mentioned seems to be so alarmed and annoyed by what is here called the lazy-bird (the *Cuculus rufus*), that she seeks and avails herself, as much as possible, of the protection of man, building her nest in the most frequented rooms of the house. One actually hatched and reared her young brood under a table in the mess-room of the 25th regiment, at Eve Leary barracks—a room frequented by hundreds daily, and where noise and uproar generally prevailed for half the night; yet nothing seemed to disturb her. To hang up an empty soda-water bottle in the open veranda is considered by this bird as a great boon; as in it she finds a retreat which the lazy-bird cannot reach: yet it is a most remarkable fact, that, should the lazy-bird succeed in getting her egg placed in the little wren's nest, she not only hatches it, but is most indefatigable in procuring food for the ravenous maw of the alien monster that has destroyed her own natural offspring. Here, as in Europe, the young of the foster-mother disappear as soon as the young cuckoo is hatched. Can it be a recollection of the cruel fate of her own young, and of the additional labour she will have to undergo, that makes her thus so persevering in her endeavours to escape from the pursuit of her remorseless persecutor? I saw a lazy-bird to-day follow a wren into the drawing-room at Camp House, and was with difficulty driven out, and prevented from taking possession of the wren's nest."

The medical system is capital: passing our College of Physicians, or Surgeons' or Apothecaries' Halls, though they may be as useful and advantageous as Pe-ai-ism, is nothing to it!

"All knowledge which the natives possess of the virtues of plants has been handed down by tradition. They have no written language; yet they can cure ulcers, destroy the poison of venomous snakes, and allay the symptoms of various diseases, with perfect success. Their

doctors are a distinguished and a greatly privileged class: they are called Peijmen, pronounced Pe-ai-men; and, before the young aspirant can obtain his degree, he has to undergo a rather severe apprenticeship. It is thus described by my excellent friend, Dr. M'Turk, who was at pains to make himself master of the whole proceeding:—"The person who is desirous of learning the art, or whatever it may be called, applies, either personally or through his father, to the elders of the family of the peijman who is to teach him. The peijman hears the applicant patiently, who relates to him his history, and that of his family, and where he resides: these statements proving satisfactory, the peijman takes his pupil the first night apart from every house or dwelling, and sings and bellows over him the whole night, occasionally puffing tobacco-smoke in his face. This ceremony being over, which commences at six o'clock in the evening, and continues till six o'clock in the morning, without intermission, he is put into the peij-house (a house built and used for no other purpose), closed in at top and sides, leaving only a small aperture for a door, which, when shut, renders the inside quite dark. Here the new initiated remains for a week, seated night and day on a block of wood—no bed, hammock, or any article of furniture whatever, allowed in the house; in this condition he is attended by the peijman every night, who performs the same ceremony as at the beginning: he also visits him daily, on which occasions he gives him to drink a quantity of tobacco-water, which vomits him until he is quite exhausted. The only food that is allowed him is about an ounce of cassava-bread, and about the same quantity of dried fish, and a little water, daily, which he can seldom use from the disturbed state of his stomach. At the end of the week the peijman gives him, by way of a finale, a calabash-full of pawary, a drink made from toasted cassava-bread steeped in water, which forms a fermented intoxicating liquor: this quantity (about a gallon) he has to drink at one draught, which is sure to vomit him; he is then taken out of the peij-house, looking more like a spectre than a human being. It takes some time before the new peijman can walk about, and until his strength is restored, or that he can take his departure for his home. The peij-houses are now very rare. About twenty years ago there was a large establishment of this sort on the Abanacary Creek, in the Essequibo River, where, at stated periods, the peijmen assembled to perform their exorcisms, and examine the younger peijmen. A father cannot teach a son, nor a son a father: at least, it is not the custom."

Tobago, Trinidad, &c. are also illustrated by Sir Andrew; but we have only space to notice, that the principal feature of his book is a theory that the whole of the Caribbean Islands are the product of a vast volcanic stream, thrown off after the formation of the Andes; and the course of which, over the crust of the earth and through the sea, along the track of the hurricanes, from the equator to the Gulf of Mexico, has produced all these islands. Of the value of this opinion we cannot judge; but it is strongly supported by the able and ingenious author.

*Piso and the Praefect; or, the Ancients off their Stilts.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE cannot consider this to be a very felicitous design, though there is much cleverness in its execution. If a modern writer of a different nation, with different manners, tries to take an ancient people "off their stilts," he cannot

help putting them on ground which they never trod. Thus Romans become partly Englishmen; the rest being supplied from Adam's Antiquities, or some such source of information upon customs, manners, and habits. It is true we may be told that human nature is pretty much alike in all times and climes; but it is so modified by circumstances, that we can no more suppose a beggar or a citizen of imperial Rome to resemble an Irish mendicant or alderman of London, than that our lord-mayor is like a Cherokee chief, or our Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench like a palaver-holding African cabocero.

In the story before us, Piso, the last of the illustrious Calpurnian race, returns to Rome from Athens, where he has been for his education; and takes up his abode, in a retired family villa, with his uncle, Scribonius Mummus, a pedantic piece of a philosopher. Their entrance into the home of his ancestors will afford nearly all the illustration we think it needful to adduce of the character of the work.

"Welcome, O Piso, to the home of thy forefathers! Under this roof thou first sawest the light; and though, alas! it seemeth cracked in many places, it may yet afford thee shelter. Here, I trust, thou mayest at least dwell in peace,—perhaps in comfort. Rich, indeed, thou art not; but Cleobulus, the son of Evagoras, hath informed us that a measure is the best." Here the sage paused for a moment, and, observing that his auditor was attentive, waved his hand gracefully, and proceeded with his discourse. "These are the images of your ancestors, O youthful scion of an ancient stock! How awfully do their dark countenances frown upon us from the walls! How majestic are their features! How dignified is their aspect and appearance! Amongst these thou wilt find the most distinguished characters of ancient Rome. That venerable statue with the broken head is no other than the great Pompey; the noseless one beside him is the wealthy Crassus; and there stands Pliny, the statesman and philosopher, whose wife was thy great-grandmother. But stay," continued the speaker, as he walked across the apartment; "let us examine these inestimable relics with more attention: if my memory fail me not, I can give thee information touching them on more points than one."

"This image to the right of Numa," said he, "represents a very different sort of person; a man of whom much may be said, although his history is comparatively little known. He was, once upon a time, a great military commander. He was valiant to a fault, and possessed many other very excellent qualities besides. Unluckily, however, his temper was somewhat irregular and hasty. That is a memorable anecdote which Seneca relates concerning him. He tells us that, a soldier having returned from a foraging expedition without his comrade, he was charged with having slain him; and Piso sentenced the supposed offender to be decapitated. His head was on the block, his neck stretched out to receive the stroke of the axe; when the truant whom he was accused of having murdered returned unexpectedly to his post. The centurion, whose duty it had been to see the sentence performed, stayed the proceedings, and led back the culprit, with his companion, to the general; thus making manifest the innocence of the former, while the whole army followed them with acclamations of joy. Now, a moderate man, under such circumstances as these, would probably have pardoned the two wretches at once; but your ancestor, in a rage, got him up to the tribunal,

and forthwith condemns them both—the one for returning without his comrade, the other for lingering behind; unto which barbarous decree he adds the condemnation of the centurion, for having dared to postpone the execution of his own accord. Thus were three innocent persons put to death as a punishment for the guiltlessness of one."

"The grim-looking personage now before you," continued Scribonius Mummus, advancing a few steps with his nephew, in the course of their progress round the room, "was celebrated in his day for having attempted one of the most barbarous and savage murders on record; an attempt, however, in which he failed. He, and his accomplice, Marcus Silius, were detected with daggers in their hands, prepared for the assassination of their patron, Quintus Cassius, at that time governor of Spain, and under whom they both held inferior posts; your ancestor being the treasurer of the province, and his confederate something else. Yet, strange to say, they both escaped unpunished, notwithstanding the enormity of their offence, and the clear evidence on which it had been proved; for such was the avarice of the governor that he could not resist a bribe, even from the hands of those who had so treacherously conspired against his life. He consented to let them off for a valuable consideration, amounting to about a hundred and ten thousand sesterces between the two; and it was facetiously said at the time, that, had they been able to come down with a still more considerable sum, he would rather have permitted them to accomplish their purpose, as originally designed, than have rejected the cash."

So much for the past. The uncle and nephew mingle with the society of Rome under the Pretorian prefect, Vitanianus, and his gladiatorial wife, Laurentia Ogulnia; and their dresses, feasts, actors and theatricals, gluttony, drunkenness, intrigues, and quarrels, are all related as faithfully as the materials to which we have alluded enabled the author to compass. We cannot say that we are much interested in these exploits; and have only to conclude with a specimen of a pseudo-Roman trait of Basilides of Antioch.

"Clad in flowing robes of embroidered silk; sparkling all over with jewels of inestimable worth; his head crowned with a tiara; his neck encased with carcanets, and his arms bound with bracelets; his eyebrows tinged with black, and his cheeks dyed with vermilion: this singular personage (the most illustrious Pantomimus of the age) sailed slowly into the room. Then, approaching his noble entertainer, he salaamed in the truest oriental style, lifting up his hands till they almost touched his head, and bowing down his head till it almost brushed the ground. Meeting with a reception of corresponding affability,—for, indeed, the prefect was more than usually polite,—he proceeded to the pronunciation of an exculpatory speech in language much disfigured by provincialisms. 'E oped,' he began, 'that is ighness would pardon im for not harving hearlier; but really the eat ad been so hoppressive hall the morning, that e could not find it in is cart to urry the bearers of is litter; oo, poor devils! were halmost hexhausted and quite hout of breath before they reached the hend of their journey, is ouse being a long way hof, hat the hother side of the Haventine III.' The prefect admitted the apology as valid, though he could not help smiling at the strange phraseology in which it was couched. He had, however, often heard the language of Rome murred by the natives of Syria in the same way

before; for, whatever may be alleged by Caledonian critics on the subject, the abuse of the aspirate has not always been confined to the modern populace of Cockney-land."

*Observations on the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Record Commission, in 1836, and the Report, so far as it refers to the Irish Records.* By Sir W. Betham. 8vo. pp. 28. Dublin, 1837. Curry and Co.; London, Groombridge; Boone.

THE worthy and intelligent Ulster King of Arms, having been much misrepresented in some of the evidence given before the committee, has not deemed it consistent with his high station in the literary world, and character as a conservator of Irish records, to sit silently down under these interested imputations. On the contrary, he has in this pamphlet given them such answer as a gentleman would give; and, if the truth be told, it is, in the way of fact and argument, a very complete one, both as respects himself and the state of the records in Ireland. But it is not so much our province to enter into this "very pretty quarrel," as to refer to what must possess more general interest; and, in this point of view, we think the following quotation will deserve the best consideration of the public at large:—

"If (says Sir William) the committee had properly examined into the Irish records, and sifted the business properly, much valuable information would have been elicited, and the impertinences by which their attention was drawn from the true state of things, exposed. The committees of the House of Commons are formed of twelve or fourteen gentlemen, most of whom, and often all, but slightly acquainted with the rules and laws of evidence: the consequence of which is, that nine-tenths of what is called the evidence taken before them is not entitled to that name, but consists of crude thoughts, surmises, wishes, and opinions, generally speaking of little value, often worse than useless. The witnesses are not examined on oath, nor subject to any pains or penalties for not speaking the truth. Again, they are frequently volunteers, offering their testimony in support of a friend, or offensively against any one to whom they feel an enmity. In short, most of the witnesses are partisans on one side or the other, as may be sometimes the members of the committees; and the examination is often conducted in the most offensive and ungenerous manner, evidently more with a view to inculpate than to elicit truth. Men are allowed to make statements affecting the reputation of absent individuals, without the power of contradiction or cross-examination. These are printed and distributed to the public before the accused are even aware of their conduct being called in question. Public officers are particularly obnoxious to this injustice; for, if they do their duty, they will not fail to give offence to, and incur the animosity of, those whose unjust, unreasonable, or improper requests have been refused. A committee of the House of Commons, on any subject connected with their department, affords a favourable opportunity of revenge; and, like dismissed servants, they endeavour to criminate those who were too honest to comply with their demands. The good old maxim of *ex parte alteram partem* is neglected; and the accused must remain under unjust censure, or appeal to the press for his justification. The volume of the Report, &c. of the Committee on the Record Commission is a fair specimen, in every respect, of such proceedings. It consists of about 1100 pages. How much grain is to be found in this mass of chaff, let any lawyer, who knows what evidence is, declare. Will he report that there are one hundred pages of evidence in it, if the Appendix be omitted? I doubt it. The remainder is, for the most part, mere rubbish, on which no rational proceeding ought to be based. It might be worthy of consideration, whether, in all committees before which evidence is to be taken, a barrister of a certain standing should not attend as an assessor, to correct the exuberance of testimony, and prevent the printing of such nonsensical rubbish as is annually inflicted on the public, at an enormous expense, under the false appellation of evidence. Would it not, also, be an equitable regulation, where the conduct or character of any individual be impugned, especially if he be a public officer, that he should be sent a copy of the evidence against him as soon as taken, and be summoned to attend the committee forthwith, to explain and justify himself. If he be able, and be confronted with his accusers? If this plan were adopted, the practice with time of the committee would be saved; their labours diminished; great dimensions would take place in the expense of printing; and the nauseous labour of wading through masses, perhaps, of malicious scandal, and intolerable nonsense, which those who read the Parliamentary Papers, for the sake of discovering valuable facts on any particular subject, are now condemned to endure, would be spared."



for, assuredly, there would not be so many volunteer witnesses, if their inanity or malice were to meet immediate exposure and contradiction, and consequent rebuff. The committee would very often expunge their statements, and censure their impertinence; and, in cases where there was any doubt, the charge and explanation of the accused would go forth together, which is but just. It is important to ascertain the opinions of individuals who are eminently qualified by their talents, acquirements, and attention to given subjects in which they are distinguished and eminent; and such opinions partake of the nature of evidence, and are valuable: but opinions, thoughts, surmises, or hearsays, criminating or affecting the characters of individuals, should never be allowed to disgrace the printed evidence, unless the accused has been also heard in explanation or defence. The most worthless individuals are those who attack others secretly, and it frequently occurs, that justice requires the accuser and accused to change positions; and no system affords such facility as the committees of the House of Commons, for the criminal to become an accuser, or for a worthless and incapable person to force his way into notoriety, for the purpose of attaining place and patronage."

Such criticism does not apply to any one committee of the House of Commons *alone*—there is much in it which it would be well if every committee of that house, and every member of it, took seriously to the reflection of their closets; and, if they did, there would be infinitely less private wrong and public folly than is now committed under circumstances which seem to guarantee the people of England from suffering in either way. The most inefficient and uncertain, and often unjust, tribunal in the kingdom, is a committee of the lower house; swayed by self and party interests, beyond the belief of any man out of the sphere of actual observation.

*The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville.* 12mo. Pp. 367. London, 1837. Bentley.

THIS is a reprint of a very clever and characteristic little book (published, if we remember rightly, at Richmond, United States, and partly previously in some Nova Scotia journal\*); and is, even with its localities (less attractive to European readers), altogether a very amusing performance. The Yankee pedler of Mr. Hill is of the same genus, and those who have seen him upon the stage will have a tolerable idea of Mr. Slick. The work, we have heard, is from the hand of Mr. Haliburton; and, though he is not a clock-maker, neither is he a book-maker, in the obnoxious sense of the name. On the contrary, he has drawn the Yankee in small compass, but imitatively well; and the lesson taught the Nova-Scotians, by contrasting his activity, industry, and acuteness, with the opposite qualities in them, is one which ought not to be thrown away; nor will it, if talent and humour can point a moral.

The introductory letter is a fair specimen of the whole.

"To Mr. Howe.—Sir, I received your letter, and note its contents. I aint over half pleased, I tell you; I think I have been used scandalous, that's a fact. It warn't the part of a gentleman for to go and pump me arter that fashion, and then go right off and blart it out in print. It was a nasty, dirty, mean action, and I don't thank you nor the squire a bit for it. It will be more nor a thousand dollars out of my pocket. There's an eend to the clock trade now, and a pretty kettle of fish I've made on it, hav'nt I? I shall never hear the last on it; and what am I to say when I go back to the States? I'll take my oath I never said one-half the stuff he has set down there; and as for that long lochrumb about Mr. Everett, and the Hon. Alden Gobble, and Minister, there aint a word of truth in it from

beginnin to eend. If ever I come near hand to him agin, I'll larn him—but never mind, I say nothin. Now there's one thing I don't cleverly understand. If this here book is my 'Sayings and Doings,' how comes it yourn or the squire's either? If my thoughts and notions are my own, how can they be any other folks's? According to my idee, you have no more right to take them than you have to take my clocks without payin for 'em. A man that would be guilty of such an action is no gentleman, that's flat; and if you don't like it, you may lump it—for I don't valy him, nor you neither, nor are a blue-nose that ever stept in shoe-leather, the matter of a pin's head. I don't know as ever I felt so ugly afore since I was raised; why didn't he put his name to it, as well as mine? When an article han't the maker's name and factory on it, it shows it's a cheat, and he's ashamed to own it. If I'm to have the name, I'll have the game, or I'll know the cause why, that's a fact? Now folks say you are a considerable of a candid man, and right up and down in your dealins, and do things above board, handsum—at least so I've hearn tell. That's what I like; I love to deal with such folks. Now 'spose you make me an offer? You'll find me not very difficult to trade with, and I don't know but I might put off more than half of the books myself, tu. I'll tell you how I'd work it. I'd say,—'Here's a book they've namesaked arter me, Sam Slick, the clockmaker; but it tante mine, and I can't altogether jist say rightly whose it is. Some say it's the general's, and some say it's the bishop's, and some say it's Howe himself; but I aint availed who it is. It's a wise child that knows its own father. It wipes up the blue-noses considerable hard, and don't let off the Yankees so very easy neither; but it's generally allowed to be about the prettiest book ever writ in this country; and, although it aint altogether jist gospel what's in it, there's some pretty home truths in it, that's a fact. Whoever wrote it must be a funny feller, too, that's sartain; for there are some queer stories in it that no soul could help larfin at, that's a fact. It's about the wittiest book I ever seed'. It's nearly all sold off, but jist a few copies I've kept for my old customers. The price is jist 5s. 6d., but I'll let you have it for 6s., because you'll not get another chance to have one.' Always ax a sixpence more than the price, and then bate it, and when blue-nose hears that, he thinks he's got a bargain, and bites directly. I never see one on 'em yet that didn't fall right into the trap. Yes, make me an offer, and you and I will trade, I think. But fair play's a jewel, and I must say, I feel ryled and kinder sore. I han't been used hansum atween you two, and it don't seem to me that I had ought to be made a fool on in that book arter that fashion, for folks to laugh at, and then be sheered out of the spec. If I am, somebody had better look out for squalls, I tell you. I'm as easy as an old glove, but a glove aint an old shoe to be trod on; and I think a certain person will find that out afore he is six months older, or else I am mistakened, that's all. Hopin to hear from you soon, I remain yours to command,

"SAMUEL SLICK."

*"Pugnose's Inn, River Philip,  
Dec. 25, 1836.*

"P.S. I see in the last page it is writ, that the squire is to take another journey round the shore, and back to Halifax with me next spring. Well, I did agree with him, to drive him round the coast; but don't you mind—we'll understand each other, I guess, afore we

start. I concait he'll rise considerable airly in the mornin, afore he catches me asleep agin. I'll be wide awake for him next hitch, that's a fact. I'd a ginn a thousand dollars if he had only used Campbell's name instead of mine; for he was a most an almighty villain, and cheated a proper raft of folks, and then shipped himself off to Botany Bay, for fear folks should transport him there. You couldn't rub out Slick, and put in Campbell, could you? that's a good feller; if you would I'd make it worth your while, you may depend."

We will not enter into the main story, but pick out a few of the *dicta* put into the watch-maker's mouth, which will slightly shew the astuteness of his impersonation.

"'What a pity it is, Mr. Slick,' (for such was his name); 'what a pity it is,' said I, 'that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time!' 'I guess,' said he, 'they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about house of assembly. If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is all owing to the bank; and if he runs into debt, and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you.'

"'We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in human natur to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to soft sawder to get them into the house, and to human natur, that they never come out of it.'

"Taking a small penknife from his pocket, he began to whittle a thin piece of dry wood which lay on the hearth; and, after musing some time, said, 'I guess you've never been in the States.' I replied that I had not, but that, before I returned to England, I proposed visiting that country. 'There,' said he, 'you'll see the great Daniel Webster; he's a great man, I tell you; King William, No. 4, I guess, would be no match for him as an orator; he'd talk him out of sight in half an hour. If he was in your house of commons, I reckon he'd make some of your great folks look pretty streaked; he's a true patriot and statesman, the first in our country, and a most particular cute lawyer. There was a Quaker chap too cute for him once, tho'. This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so, says he, 'Lawyer Webster, what's your fee?' 'Why,' says Daniel, 'let me see, I have to go down south to Washington to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company; and I've got to be at Cincinnati, to attend the convention; and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and great fatigue; it would cost you, may be, more than you'd be willing to give.' Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this; for he could not do without him no how, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all: at last he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take? 'Why,' says Daniel, 'I always liked the Quakers; they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it,

\* The story of Alden Gobble and Abernethy the surgeon, was copied from this source into the *Literary Gazette*, last year. No. 1026.

and it would be better for our great country if there were more such 'people in it. I never seed or heerd tell of any harm in 'em, except going the whole figure for Ginerall Jackson, and that everlastin', almighty villain, Van Buren; yes, I love the Quakers; I hope they'll go to the Webster ticket yet, and I'll go for you as low as I can any way afford; say 1000 dollars.' The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heerd this, but he was pretty deep too; so, says he, 'Lawyer, that's a great deal of money; but I have more causes there: if I give you the 1000 dollars, will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?' 'Yes,' says Daniel, 'I will, to the best of my humble abilities.' So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker, he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, 'what will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me 1000 dollars for a fee; but now he and I are pretty thick, and, as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you;' so he got 300 dollars from one, and 200 from another, and so on, until he got 1100 dollars; jist 100 dollars more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heerd this. 'What!' said he; 'do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire?' 'Friend Daniel,' said the Quaker, 'dist thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine.' Daniel laughed out, ready to split his sides, at this. 'Well,' says he, 'I guess I might as well stand still, for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence, any how;' so he went good-humouredly to work, and pleaded them all."

"No; if you want to know the inns and the outs of the Yankees — I've wintered them and summered them; I know all their points, shape, make, and breed; I've tried 'em alongside of other folks, and I know where they fall short, where they mate 'em, and where they have the advantage, about as well as some who think they know a plaguy sight more. It tants them that stare the most, that see the best always, I guess. Our folks have their faults, and I know them (I warnt born blind, I reckon), but your friends, the tour writers, are a little grain too hard on us. Our old nigger wench had several dirty, ugly lookin children, and was proper cross to 'em. Mother used to say, 'Juno, its better never to wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to wring it off.'"

"It is in politics as in horses; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's een amost sure to get one not so good as his own. My rule is, I'd rather keep a critter, whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know."

"The English are the boys for tradin with; they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather — it flies all over the thrashin floor; but then they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kicken breed of cattle, as I een a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly tempered, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks."

*Murray's Summer in the Pyrenees.*  
(Second notice.)

WE resume our pleasant task of making our readers better acquainted with these volumes; and first we select a tribute to the Spanish national character, which only causes us to lament the more its being defaced and degraded by the horrid continuance of intestine war. Our countryman has had a faithful guide, who is taking leave of him; and he tells us:—

"Before quitting me, he gave me voluntarily some information regarding the character of his countrymen. He said, 'You will, in all probability, be soon among my countrymen; if not in Spain, you may still meet with them in the mountains, and may chance to have to apply to them either for food or shelter. Do not believe what is said as to their being a savage and revengeful people; their enemies belie them. When injured, they do, indeed, seldom forget it, but they as seldom forget an act of kindness; and if, from mistake, they have committed an act of injustice, they will ever afterwards endeavour, by every means in their power, to efface it. Trust them, and you will find them worthy of your confidence; use them kindly, and they will, as I would wish to do now, follow you any where.' Since I heard Francisco repeat this little episode, I have seen something of Spanish character, and heard more; but I have never had reason to doubt the truth of what he said."

The chief industrial pursuit in the range of the Pyrenees is in smelting iron, which is performed in a rude manner; and the primitive state of the whole may be gathered from a glance at one portion, the Val d'Urdino.

"This is one of the richest and most fertile of the lesser valleys of Andorre; and the greater part of it, including the forge, belongs to one proprietor, who, consequently, is the wealthiest individual of the republic. I inquired of an Andorrian, what might be the amount of yearly income enjoyed by this great man; and the answer, which I received in French, conveyed most perfectly the benefit which a person unacquainted with the luxuries of life, supposed the possession of a large income conferred on its possessor: 'Il a quatre-vingt francs à manger chaque jour.' This would give an income of a thousand a-year, or perhaps one-fifth of the whole revenue of Andorre. I endeavoured to ascertain how this individual came to acquire such large possessions, but I could not discover any thing further than that his family had held them for a long period. Urdino is a considerable village; the inhabitants of which, having little property of their own, necessarily depend upon the 'great man' of the place for employment. The forge employs, for six months of the year, a great proportion; the remainder are engaged in cultivating the land, or tending the flocks. Urdino was the village in which the four Carlist officers had been murdered by a party of the Christians three days before I reached it. They had, however, confined themselves to the slaughter of the officers, and had done no injury to the inhabitants of the place. The forge is very much larger than the others of Andorre; and, although the machinery connected with it is but of very simple construction, still, the great advantage of capital is apparent in all its arrangements. Most of the other forges in the mountains are stopped working as soon as the weather, breaking up, prevents the mules bringing the mineral over the mountains, or the charcoal from the forests; but, at Urdino, there is always a large supply of both ore and charcoal, far beyond what is

necessary for the immediate consumption; so that, when all the forges of the country are at a stand, the forge of Urdino is giving employment to many individuals, and is profitable to its proprietor. Having examined the interior of the forge, we went into the posada of the village, to replenish our wine-skins before ascending the mountains. The price of the wine amounted to two francs and a half; and I handed the hostess a five-franc piece in payment. She had, however, no change to give me; and she went out to borrow it from her neighbours. She was some time in returning; and, upon Etienne's interrogating her concerning the cause of the delay, it appeared that it arose from the difficulty of collecting the two francs and a half in the village; and it had been only after borrowing a few sous from many different individuals that the sum was made up. From this great scarcity of money, I inferred that the 'great man' paid his labourers in 'kind.' The house in which the gentleman lived was a large, square, and ugly looking building in one of the dirty lanes of the village; and I could not help being astonished, that the owner of so many beautiful sites for a place as this valley offered, should have preferred being surrounded by the dirty hovels of the village. One cause of his living in the village might arise from the great difficulty which, in many winters, he would have experienced in reaching his forge, by reason of the snow-storms, even although he resided but a very short distance from it."

The account of Andorre itself, of which we spoke in our last No., is very interesting; and we will try to separate a few of the descriptive paragraphs.

"The republic of Andorre, situated upon the southern side of the Pyrenees, and beyond the natural frontier of France, ought, from its physical position, to belong to Spain. It is, however, considered as a neutral and independent province, although it is to a certain extent connected with both countries; to Spain by its religious — to France, by its civil government. The history of this little country presents a phenomenon well worthy the attention and study of the naturalist and the politician. It affords the almost solitary instance of a people, few in number, and, in comparison with their powerful neighbours, almost incapable of defence, having preserved, during twelve centuries, their independence and their institutions, uninjured by the many revolutions which have so frequently convulsed the two great kingdoms which surround it. The contented and unambitious minds of its inhabitants, with their seclusion from the world, and indifference to, or ignorance of, the political intrigues and commotions which have overthrown and subverted its many states, have for such a length of time secured to them, as the feudatory republic of France, more real and substantial liberty than was ever enjoyed under the purest of the Italian republics. Andorre is composed of three mountain valleys; of the basin formed by the union of those valleys, and its embouchure, which stretches towards the Spanish Urgel. Its valleys are the wildest and most picturesque in the Pyrenees, and the mountains, with their immense peaks, which inclose it, amongst the highest and most inaccessible. Its length from north to south may be six-and-thirty miles; from east to west, thirty. It is bounded on the north by Arriège; on the south, by the district of Urgel; on the west, by the valley of Paillass; and on the east, by that of Carol. It contains six communes; Andorre, the chief town, Canillo,

Enchamp, La Massane, Urdino, Saint Julien, and above thirty villages or hamlets. The government is composed of a council of twenty-four; each commune electing four members, who are chosen for life. The council elect a syndic, who convokes the assemblies, and takes the charge of public affairs. He enjoys great authority; and, when the assemblies are not sitting, he has the complete government of the community. It is to Charlemagne that Andorre owes its independence. In 790, that prince having marched against the Moors of Spain, and defeated them in the neighbouring valley of Carol, the Andorrans (following the tradition of the country, the only, but in a state like this the best, authority to rely upon), rendered themselves so useful to the French army,—supplying them with provisions, and taking care of their wounded,—that the emperor, to recompense them for their kindness, made them independent of the neighbouring princes, delivered them from the Moors, and permitted them to be governed by their own laws. After him, Louis le Debonnaire, whom the Andorrans style the Pious, having driven the Moors across the Ebro, ceded to Liebus, the bishop of Urgel, a part of the rights over Andorre which Charlemagne had reserved to himself and his successors. It was in virtue of this grant that the Bishop of Urgel acquired a right to a part of the tithes of the six parishes, and still exercises a spiritual jurisdiction over the country. This is the only manner in which it has any dependence upon Spain."

Its successive governments being described, Mr. Murray adds:—

"Andorre is altogether independent of Spain; and, as regards France, the annual payment it makes to that country is only in lieu of certain privileges which it enjoys from it; while, there being so little crime in Andorre, the appointment of the French judge has been more with a view to deter criminals of that country from taking refuge in the neutral province, than for the punishment of its natives. Andorre may, therefore, be justly considered as the oldest free republic in existence. The population is from seven to eight thousand; quite great enough for the resources of the country. The Andorrans are all of the church of Rome, and very religious. The members of their clergy are in general natives; and they, and the more wealthy of the inhabitants, receive their education at Toulouse or Barcelona. Each curé, in addition to his pastoral duties, has the charge of a school, where the poor are instructed gratuitously; but this does not give him much extra trouble, few of the peasants thinking it at all necessary to send their children to school to acquire what, in their land of shepherds and labourers, they imagine can be of little consequence to them in their future lives: this erroneous impression is the cause why few of the natives have more learning than is sufficient to enable them to read and write; and the great majority are in total ignorance of even these first principles. The Andorrans are simple and severe in their manners, and the vices and corruptions of cities have not hitherto found their way into their valleys, still, in comparison with the rest of the world, the abode of virtue and content. The inhabitants live as their forefathers lived a thousand years before them; and the little they know concerning the luxuries, the arts, and the civilisation of other countries, inspiring them rather with fear than envy. Their wealth consists in the number of sheep or cattle they possess, or the share they may have in the iron-forges, only a very few of their number being the proprietors of any ex-

tent of land beyond the little garden which surrounds their cottage. Each family acknowledges a chief, who succeeds by right of primogeniture. These chiefs, or eldest sons, choose their wives from families of equal consideration with their own, reprobating mes-alliances, and looking little to fortune; which, besides, is always very small upon both sides. The eldest sons have, even during the lives of their parents, a certain status, being considered as the representatives of their ancestors; they never leave the paternal roof until they marry; and, if they marry an heiress, they join her name to their own; and, unless married, they are not admitted to a charge of public affairs. When there are only daughters in a family, the eldest, who is an heiress, and succeeds as an eldest son would do, is always married to a cadet of another, who adopts her name, and is domiciliated in her family; and, by this arrangement, the principal Andorrian houses have continued for centuries without any change in their fortunes, *ni plus riche — ni plus pauvre*. They are married by their priests, after having had their bans, as in Scotland, proclaimed in their parish church for three successive Sundays. The poorest of the inhabitants are, in Andorre, not so badly off as in other countries: their wants are few and easily supplied, the opulent families taking care of those who are not; and they, in gratitude, honour and respect their benefactors."

Our author gives us many details of Christiano and Carlist warfare: but we have enough of these in the political journals; and it is dreadful to contemplate the scourge, wasting with rapine and massacre abodes which should be those of peace and innocence. Some of the anecdotes of Guerilla exploits are also striking and romantic, though hardly less violent and murderous. These we pass for two commercial notices, of considerable interest.

"Great complaints have been made against the French government on account of the quantities of stores which have been conveyed to the partisans of Don Carlos, through the Pyrenees; and the authorities of that country have ever been accused of conniving at the infraction of the law. There never has been cause for such complaints; and such insinuations are most unfounded. Every one who has visited the wilds of the Pyrenees must be perfectly sensible of the impossibility of completely preventing smuggling upon the frontiers of the two countries. The whole troops of France could not, supposing they were stationed along the frontier of Spain, be an adequate security. Hundreds of the paths among these mountains are known only to the natives, or to those engaged in the illegal traffic. Soldiers and douaniers may be posted in the valleys and outlets; but they cannot be quartered upon the mountains and among the precipices. They may keep a tolerable sharp look-out so long as daylight permits them to see about them; but, when night comes, and the contrabandiers are at their work, the soldiers and douaniers must return to their quarters in the valleys. They might as well search for a needle in a haystack, and with as much probability of their finding it, as endeavour to hunt the smugglers of the Pyrenees in the dark: and the utmost that the French government can, under such circumstances, and using the greatest possible vigilance, be expected to accomplish, must be merely to increase the dangers of his trade, by throwing a few additional obstacles in the way of the contrabandier; but, not diminishing its profits, the inducements to smuggle are

still the same as before, and increased difficulties can be overcome by increased exertion. Don Carlos *must* receive supplies from France; and, so long as he has money to pay for them, he will continue to do so. The additional restrictions of the French government, and the vigilance of their douaniers, may, indeed, raise the price of his necessaries, and thus occasion his resources to disappear the sooner; but, so long as he can afford to pay the contrabandiers of the Pyrenees, they will work for him, and supply his wants; nay more, if they have faith in his success, they will, and can, give him credit. There is another cause which greatly favours Don Carlos in drawing supplies from France: it is the universal discontent which prevails throughout the whole of the French frontier departments, induced by the stagnation of the commerce which they carried on with Spain. In many districts, the Spanish wool was bought in great quantities, manufactured into cloth in France, and resold in Spain. Thousands of mules, not only those bred by the peasants in the Pyrenean districts, but from Poitou and other central departments, were annually exported into Spain. These, as well as many other sources of profit to the French inhabitant, are now, by reason of the present war, drained up; but, as those individuals, thrown out of employment, cannot live on air, numbers of them are reduced to earn their bread illegally, who, previous to the disturbed state of the adjacent provinces, were honest and industrious members of the community. \* \* \*

"Government (says a well-informed French gentleman) will not allow the inhabitants, within a certain distance of the frontier, to erect machinery for commercial purposes; and, although the southern districts have complained of this great hardship, over and over again, to the Chamber of Deputies, by means of their representatives, whom they have latterly elected solely upon condition that they should exert their influence to obtain for them the removal of this grievance, they have never yet been able to succeed in their endeavours; and we are obliged to go on in our old way, when, by having justice bestowed upon us, our districts would become the most flourishing in France.' He attributed the continuance of this oppressive and impolitic law to the 'partiality of the government shewn to the northern districts: they send a greater number of deputies to the chamber; and they legislate for the south as it suits their convenience. There is no such oppressive tax upon industry on the northern frontier; on the contrary, every encouragement is held out to its inhabitants; but here, in the south, our commercial spirit and enterprise are cramped and checked by laws of the most arbitrary as well as impolitic nature. From the great advantages which we possess, by our situation enabling us to employ the most extensive machinery—so great is the water power which we could call into requisition—and our vicinity to the market where we procure the raw material, we could afford to sell our produce much cheaper than we can at present do; and we could give constant employment to a much greater number of our countrymen. And this injustice is not confined to our particular district, nor to the article which we manufacture; but the whole frontier is included in the law which prohibits the erection of machinery: and thus the commercial exertions of the inhabitants of a country some hundred leagues in length, and ten broad, are paralysed. But the people of the south of France are beginning to be sensible of the injustice that is done them by the government, and will

eventually force an acknowledgment of their rights.' This is but a solitary instance of the internal misgovernment of France, particularly as regards her commercial laws, many of which are of the greatest detriment to her interests, and must ever prevent her becoming a great commercial nation. Were the commercial laws of France revised, and placed upon the footing which, for the good of the nation, they ought to be, there could be no limits set to the prosperity which would reign throughout the interior, and which, at present, is confined to a few maritime towns and districts. And were Great Britain, at the same time—studying her true interest, in preference to harbouring a foolish and altogether unfounded feeling of jealousy against France—to act in the same spirit, as to render the advantages which both the countries would acquire from a more liberal commercial intercourse reciprocal, she would find a mart for her commodities of ten times more value to her than half her colonies and possessions. France produces some articles which Great Britain naturally cannot do, or unattended with great expense. Great Britain, on the other hand, can never fear competition with her manufactures from France; that country does not naturally possess the materials for constituting it a cheap manufacturing country, which Great Britain enjoys to an unlimited extent. It is, therefore, most ardently to be hoped, that the present good understanding which subsists between the two countries may continue; that such useful and profitable changes in the laws, which regulate their commercial intercourse, may take place as is absolutely necessary for their mutual welfare: and we may rest assured, that, when such alterations have been effected, the peace and happiness of Europe will be more securely established by that act than by all the treaties which have ever been signed: it will then be based upon the surest of all foundations—mutual interest. Whenever the feeling has grown up in France and England, that they are mutually dependent upon each other, that their heat interests render it necessary that such should be the case, all jealousy and rivalry between them must subside; friendship (interested although it may be at first) will take their place, and all the world will be benefited by it."

We conclude (the first volume only) with a notice of bone caves, and an anecdote and description.

"In one of the caverns in the rocks opposite to Uszat have been found a great quantity of human bones, mingled with those of bears and other animals; which is not, however, a very difficult circumstance to account for, as those caves have, undoubtedly, at some period or other, been inhabited as dwellings by the peasantry, in the same manner as those in the freestone rocks on the banks of the Loire, and other places, where thousands of the labouring population are at this moment residing. In a warm climate these houses in the rocks are far more comfortable than those built in the open air; they preserve a more equal temperature: in summer they are not too hot, and in winter they are much warmer. Chimneys are pierced through the rock in every direction; and it is a curious sight to see the smoke bursting as if it were through the solid rock, where the situation of the cabins would, but for that circumstance, remain undiscovered: or, in other places, to observe a long line of windows, with their sashes and glass, in the face of a high wall of rock. Sometimes, when care has not been taken in scooping out these dwellings, the roof gives way, and the families are for ever

buried in the mass which falls upon them. Some years ago a marriage party had assembled in one of these dwellings, and, with music and dancing, were spending the evening in the greatest hilarity. The happy bridegroom had gone to the door to bid a friend who was leaving the party good-bye, when the roof came down upon those who were in the interior of the dwelling, and all of them perished in the midst of their joy and mirth, the bridegroom alone escaping the untimely fate of his wife and relations. \* \* \* At Tarsaon I was exceedingly amused with a mistake committed by a gendarme, who had demanded my passport. After having examined it he returned it to me, satisfied that it was perfectly regular. 'You are from Eocesse?' said he. 'Yes,' answered I. 'And, pray, in what part of France is Eocesse situated?' inquired the officer of peace. 'In the north,' said I. 'Oh, yes! said he, 'new I recollect perfectly, well; we passed through it on our way to join the army in Flanders.' The valley of Arriège, between Tarsaon and Foix, assumes a more quiet and gentle character; mountains and sterile rocks giving place to hills whose slopes are productive in grain, and whose warmer and more sheltered nooks are clothed with vineyards. The manner in which the vines are planted and trained is peculiar. In all the corn-fields the stones, which would otherwise encumber the soil, are gathered in heaps of various forms and sizes; among these heaps of stones the vines are planted and trained over them on poles or espaliers: the effect of this arrangement is beautiful; and the corn-fields may be taken for a garden, the knots of vines for its parterres. I left the mountains to visit Foix, because I was most anxious to see a place whose ancient barons had entwined their names so gloriously in the history of their country; in early times by their power and grandeur as feudal princes, in later times as statesmen and warriors."

#### *Semilasso in Africa.*

(Conclusion.)

LEAVING Keruan, of which the accounts are the most interesting of any in these volumes, the traveller proceeded to Iruda, looking for Spetla, the ancient Suffetela; and thence through a valley with many traces of ruins: and he says:—

"At the end of an hour, the schamsch, whom we had despatched for that purpose, returned with the joyful intelligence that he had discovered a camp hidden in the corner of a valley; and thither our tribe of locusts (for such we were to the poor Bedouins) moved as fast as they could. We found only a miserable deer, where we could get nothing but milk for ourselves, and cuscous, without meat, for the suite; but a very tolerable provision of barley for the horses. For my own part, I had greatly improved in abstinence, and from Keruan to Keif, a journey of twelve days, had scarcely tasted meat; my usual food had been two hard eggs daily, but, on an average, I had drunk twenty or thirty glasses of milk, sometimes with, and sometimes without, water. I recommend the same regimen to every traveller in these regions in summer: it restores one almost to primitive innocence, like a child at its mother's breast. On the following day, we rose before the sun, and, as nobody exactly knew the way to Spetla, soon succeeded in losing ourselves in the rocky defiles, out of which it was difficult to find a practicable path for our mules, some of which stumbled. Shortly before, we came quite unexpectedly upon the ruins of a great city, partly built on prismatic hills,

similar to those before described, and which, though it lies much more northerly than is laid down in Shaw's map, was, doubtless, the ancient Clima. Many foundation-walls of various dwelling-houses, and the traces of some temples, were plainly to be discerned, as well as the defences of a citadel, of which there still remains a half-tower, and in the valley several pillars, and a long street or broad wall; it is no longer possible to distinguish which. Further off stands a kind of gate, formed by three colossal stones, not unlike the druidical remains in England and Brittany, but whose destination here was not quite evident to me. Fragments of columns and cornices lay about in abundance, but I saw no inscription. We hurried over these ruins, however, because our whole attention was directed towards Spetla, whose remains Shaw considered as the most interesting and important in all Barbary. I may remark here, once for all, that if I seldom quote any other modern writer than the often-cited Shaw, it is because few have written about them, still fewer seen them, and almost all have only servilely copied him."

The remains of Suffetela itself do not agree with Shaw's description: they are, however, of a splendid kind; and we rejoice to learn that we are likely to have a more ample and accurate account of them from Sir Grenville Temple than M. Semilasso has been enabled to give. Advance we, therefore, to the Smella of Ain Ranim, where the Bedouin governor-general lives (as reverend an old man as King Solomon, whom his son at our night's halting-place does not at all resemble), is probably the largest diar in the kingdom, as it consists of several hundred tents, which occupy the whole of a small mountain valley. The number of dogs doubles that of the tents; and one dare not go about the diar without some kind of weapon, on account of these animals, as the savage ones frequently attack a stranger in right earnest. It is, however, worthy of remark, that madness is unknown among them. In the tent where the governor has his harem, I saw three beautiful falcons, very different from ours, sitting with their hoods on: they hunt both birds and hares with them with great surety. They were moulting, so that we could not make trial of their dexterity. They are ready for the field in October. To make us amends, a very pretty little daughter of the Caïd, a child about five years old, gave us a specimen of her abilities: she was a perfect little devil, climbed like a squirrel to the top of the highest tent; then threw herself upon a horse, and rode about full tilt; next wrestled with the boys, and began to throw stones with them in such a style, that we grown-up people very soon had enough of it. In spite of her courage, however, both she and the boys ran away in the greatest terror when I looked at her through my glass; and nothing could prevail on her to remain when I brought it again to my eye. She took it for an evil eye to a certainty, when it was only a weak one. Her father was most diverted with the joke: he was the first Bedouin I ever heard talk politics, while the others know nothing of the rest of the world beyond their Smella. He was supported by a negro hamba, a freedman of the Sapatapa and Exclusives of Tunis, who was here on an embassy. The result of their observations was by no means flattering to us; for they maintained that, since the death of Napoleon, there was only one celebrated man in the world worth speaking of—Mehemed Ali of Egypt. The first ruin we met with on the following day showed traces of an amphitheatre,

quite destroyed, and the remains of temples, and some mausoleums; but they were of no interest. Perhaps this might be the ancient Sufo. Towards noon we reached a singular rocky region, where we breakfasted in a grotto, before which flowed a clear mountain stream. The rocks in this ravine have exactly the appearance of an ancient pavement under foot; and around, that of walls, constructed by human hand as regularly as if they were squared throughout. Here were seeming balconies, supported on brackets; in another place columns and pillars, none bearing the smallest appearance of vegetation. Even near the brook there was nothing of the kind to be seen, and the water purled over loose pebbles. Further on, where the brook fell into a deeper basin, we saw some women washing linen by stamping on it with their feet,—the universal method of washing here, where nearly every thing is done in a manner precisely the reverse of ours. For example, the Arabs mount their horses on the right side; write from right to left; wear the crooked sabre with the concave side in front; let the beard grow, and shave the head; sit on their own legs instead of a chair; eat their bread hot, and their meat cold; take their soup at the end of the meal, instead of the beginning; bare their feet instead of their heads on entering a room,—and many other things in like manner. If our laundresses chose to adopt the Arabian fashion, they would have a double advantage: they could wash and knit at the same time. You see I profit by my travels. We afterwards saw a man pass on horseback who had put meat under his saddle, in the manner of the Tartars, to make it tender; by which means it really becomes tender, and better flavoured, than it does by all the beating the outlets get with us, to soften their dispositions."

Thugga is another site of antiquarian interest, which is slightly touched upon.

"I knew (says the prince) that on the following day we should find the ancient Thugga; but, as Shaw, the only traveller who has mentioned it, dismisses it with a few words, I was not at all prepared to find a place which, for its environs and the interest of its antiquities, I must declare, unconditionally, to be the best worth seeing of any in the kingdom: its magnificent monuments would have attracted the observation of every traveller, even in Italy. The very first glance raised our astonishment to the highest degree; for Thugga, whose name has in so long a time undergone no further change than to Dugga, has the finest situation of any city that we had seen; it is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on rock-crowned hills, girded with a plain of varying width, on its side again inclosed by high mountains. The greater part of these mountains are overgrown with wood, and the plain is most carefully cultivated, partly laid out in corn-fields, and partly in plantations of olive, of extraordinary thickness and freshness. The hills on which Dugga itself stands are nearly covered with a forest of olives, so dark, in many places, that the sun can hardly penetrate, and from among whose bluish verdure the imposing ruins of the ancient city stand out on every height and declivity. It is to be lamented, that the modern village is built among the ruins, because it destroys the better part; but, as, fortunately, the modern houses are constructed of rough unchiselled stone, without roofs, have no windows outwards, and the doors are, for the most part, formed from the fragments lying about, it requires a practised eye to distinguish these decaying walls from

those of the ancient city. I myself thought, at the first glance, that only the old Thugga lay before me. There is scarcely any kind of building, of which an interesting specimen may not be found here; and every where in the dwelling-houses, pillars, architectural decorations, and inscriptions are to be found. One cow-shed contained in this manner a tombstone, and a superb fragment of a pillar bearing the inscription that it had been erected to the honour of the Emperor Antoninus Pius; and, a little further off, the yet perfect gate of a large palace, rearing itself high over the modern erection, led to a dark and dirty hole, the abode of the bitterest penury. Among the ruins, which have a circuit of two leagues, a large temple, with its portico almost perfect, stands conspicuous. At the back the roof had fallen in, within the last ten years, we were told; the gable was yet undecayed. This temple, decorated in the Corinthian style with great richness and elegance, has the form of a parallelogram; its length, including the portico, is about seventy feet, and its breadth, thirty. The pillars, which are all built of one piece and in admirable harmony, are thirty feet high; and, at the base, have a diameter of four feet and a half. On the field of the gable, on one side, is a colossal eagle in alto-relievo; on the other, the decoration has fallen down; the inscription of the frieze is almost entirely broken off. Shaw has given a copy of this inscription; but, like that given of Spetla, it does not at all agree with the few words that are still legible. It has an almost touching effect to find a stork's nest on the point of the gable, directly over the head of the eagle: it was a pity that the inhabitant was at its summer residence in Europe, where, perhaps, some of my readers may have seen him stalking gravely about, while we were looking at his empty house."

We conclude with a legend of this temple:—

"This temple was probably dedicated to Jupiter, as the first word of the inscription on the gable field seems to be 'Jovis'; the eagle, also, indicates such a destination. It, perhaps, owes its preservation chiefly to a phenomenon of nature, or to a superstition, that Dugga is one of the places where no scorpion can live; and none are really ever found here. The Thaleb of the Shechs related a singular fable concerning this peculiarity, as we reclined under the shade of the pillars on my carpet: we were obliged to spread it here, upon heaps of dried dung, which covered the floor of the temple, because it was the only shady place; we took, however, the precaution to lay some mats obtained from the Bedouins undermost. 'A powerful king and sorcerer,' said the Thaleb, 'lived here in ancient times, who had a most beautiful daughter. To preserve her from the bite of the scorpions, which then swarmed here, he drew a magic circle in the air around, within which no dangerous animal could live. When the beautiful princess was of a marriageable age, a neighbouring giant, who was also a powerful magician, demanded her hand, but was refused, as an ugly, deformed, and wicked man. He brooded long over schemes of vengeance, without finding a favourable opportunity of wreaking it, because the art of the good king far surpassed his own. On the approaching marriage of the fair princess with a beautiful young prince, whom the fame of her extraordinary charms had brought from a distant country, one of his evil genii instructed him in the following diabolical artifice. He changed himself into a female eagle, built a nest upon a neighbouring rock, and laid two

eggs; in each of which he inclosed a poisonous scorpion. He knew that the princess was passionately fond of eggs, which were brought to her of all kinds, as there was no surer method of earning her favour. It happened she had never tasted an eagle's egg, and rewarded the bringer with the most favourable glance of her starry eyes. The finder of this new delicacy was no other than the bridegroom himself, in whose hands the wicked magician had contrived the fatal eggs should fall. Scarcely had the prince given them to her, on the evening preceding the wedding-day, than the princess, with the eagerness of a spoiled girl, whose wishes must all be gratified at the moment, desired to enjoy her feast; but no sooner had her tender fingers touched the shell, than the sting of the poisonous reptile darted forth, and wounded the beautiful princess so severely that her life flowed forth with her rosy blood. The tender-hearted prince died a few days after in grief and despair. The inconsolable father built this temple, and caused the figure of the eagle to be represented on it, in memory of this melancholy occurrence; soon after he, also, sacrificed within its walls the treacherous giant, whom he easily caught by means of the legion of spirits that were at his command. Since that time,' concluded the Thaleb, 'the custom has prevailed with us, that no bridegroom shall see his bride before the wedding-day; and none of our girls need fear a similar destiny, because no scorpion dares come within a league round Dugga.'"

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### *Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

[Third notice: conclusion.]

AFTER Scott's marriage, the present volume continues the narrative of his domestic affairs, and legal and literary pursuits, to the year 1804, when the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Sir Tristrem," were published. His correspondence with Heber, Ellis, Ritson, and other lovers of antiquarian research in literature, is interesting, but we find nothing in it which we can separate for extract. Some unfinished poems, and other matters, illustrate this period of his career, before he achieved the more distinguished honours of the pen: and the whole makes us look with great avidity for the next volume.

*Memoirs of the Life and Works of the late Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.* By his Son, the Rev. John Sinclair, M.A. &c. &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1837. Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THIS is a most worthy monument of filial love, to which few parents were ever better entitled than the late Sir John Sinclair. The review of such a life, too, is replete with instruction; and these volumes cannot be read without contributing eminently, and in many ways, to the improvement of the reader. There is, first, the example of how much sterling good may be done by one man, during a long life devoted to useful and beneficial objects. Then there is the light which he throws upon a number of topics of much public importance, few of them so confined to bygone times as not to be applicable to present circumstances. The integrity of purpose throughout all his inquiries; the genuine philanthropy of all his plans and projects; the direct-mindedness with which he approached, and the almost unparalleled perseverance and industry with which he pursued, every object which he considered would advance the true interests of his country, and the comfort and happiness of his fellow-creatures, point



out this record of the labours of Sir John Sinclair as a production eminently entitled to attention and respect.

*Observations on the System of Currency adopted in this Country.* By W. H. Morrison, Esq. 8vo. pp. 74. London, 1837. Capes.

THIS is a very able work, and full of valuable information; not the less valuable for being clearly and skilfully applied to establish the writer's arguments. The absurdity of rejecting our standard of value to gold coin is demonstrated; and it is equally demonstrated that, if the standard of both metals is to be (necessarily) rejected, silver alone would be infinitely superior to gold. There are also many important remarks on the subject of coinage; and, altogether, the great questions connected with the circulation of the country are discussed with much practical knowledge and soundness of judgment.

*The Chase, the Turf, and the Road.* By Nimrod. With Illustrations by Henry Alken, and a Portrait by D. Maclise, A.R.A. 8vo. pp. 301. London, 1837. Murray.

THE papers which compose this sporting volume appeared originally in the *Quarterly Review*; but are now written up to the latest period, and capably illustrated by the pencil of Alken, and a striking likeness of the author, engraved by E. Finden, after Maclise. The fund of information given on hunting, horse-racing, and travelling, is of real and actual value to almost every inhabitant of our locomotive land; and the acute remarks and amusing anecdotes, in his own peculiar way, with which the writer has diversified his work, make it one of entertainment, quite as much as of utility.

*The Poetical Works of W. Wordsworth.* Vols. V. and VI. London, 1837. Moxon.

THESE volumes most worthily complete this very neat edition: the whole is a treasure of poetry — of deep and amiable thought — of the finest sympathy with nature; all that can ennoble and exalt the human mind, nothing to pervert or debase it.

*Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God, from the Facts and Laws of the Physical Universe; being the Foundation of Natural and Revealed Religion.* By John Macculloch, M.D. &c. &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Duncan.

THIS work was completed seven years ago, and, therefore, owes nothing, either for the original idea or for its construction, to the Bridgewater Treatises. The melancholy death of its author has added to the disadvantage of appearing after the publication of these volumes; but it is, nevertheless, so comprehensive, — we may say so universal, — and so powerfully written, that it may well take its place, in the higher literature of our country, with the foremost and most successful of these productions. The object is the same, viz. to "prove from the facts of the material world the existence of God, together with such attributes of his character as can be deduced by reasoning from those evidences." In this great attempt, the immense and profound knowledge displayed is an honour to the human mind: it shews what it is capable of performing, when cultivated; till man, indeed, for intelligence, may be declared to be but a little lower than angel. From creation, the author traces the progressive changes of the earth, and brings the mightiest views of every science to bear upon the question. Animal and vegetable structure and functions; organisation, capacities, adapta-

tion: all the phenomena of nature, in short, are examined and expounded; and, in the end, the continued action and superintendence of an omniscient and omnipotent Deity is deduced as an inevitable consequence from the matters explained and the principles laid down. As essays on these various subjects, even without the metaphysical results and religious truths with which they are inseparably connected, the statements of Dr. Macculloch are admirably instructive and full of intelligence.

*Johnsoniana; or the Supplement to Boswell. Being Anecdotes and Sayings of Dr. Johnson, &c.* 8vo. pp. 530. London, J. Murray.

DELIGHTFULLY and most interestingly illustrated with portraits, views of places, rendered celebrated as the *locals* of events intimately connected with the lives of eminent persons, facsimiles of various kinds, &c. &c. This volume is a perfect treasure of fine art and anecdotal literature. If Joe Miller has been popular, generation after generation, for *facetiae*, what ought we to expect for a publication in which Johnson flourishes as the Joe Miller of wisdom? The piquancy and the instructive character of this collection ought to recommend it to equal favour; and the superior style and beauty with which it is "got up," must make it favourite for the best libraries, while its fund of entertainment fits it for the lighter amusement of every class of readers.

*Highland Rambles, and Long Legends to shorten the Way.* By Sir T. Dick Lauder, Bart., author of the "Account of the Moray FLOODS," "The Wolfe of Badenoch," "Loch-andhu," &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1837. A. and C. Black.

WITH some remarkably clever etchings by W. Dyce, Sir Thomas Lauder has here produced a very agreeable and interesting work. A Highland tour, with several friends, leads, not only to picturesque descriptions of scenery, and general observation, but to the introduction of romantic legends, and details of some of those extraordinary events which occurred to tartan chiefs and clans in days of lawless turbulence and barbarous chivalry. It is with regret that we are compelled to put such pleasant pages aside with only the tribute of praise, and without any extracts to justify our favourable opinions; but the truth is, we found any detailed example of moderate length quite impracticable, and the shortest of the "Long Legends" is far too long for our limited space. We can, therefore, only promise readers much gratification from these remarkable stories.

*The Philosophy of Living.* By Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., Senior Surgeon of the Middlesex Hospital. Pp. 319. London, 1837. J. W. Parker.

THE result of much experience and observation, this is a practical work of high value. The pages are worth guinea-fees to doctors; and there is so much excellent advice, that it is only to be hoped none of it will be thrown away.

*England under Seven Administrations.* By Albany Fonblanque. 3 vols. London, 1837. R. Bentley.

MR. FONBLANQUE is well known to the world as one of the ablest political writers of the day. His papers in the *Examiner* newspaper could not be read without stamping their author as an individual whose pen did honour to the periodical literature of his country, high as that branch of its literature has been raised by some of the principal journals, not only of the metropolis, but of the provinces. His style is eminently pointed, epigrammatic, and trenchant —

almost the *beau idéal* of political partisanship. With regard to his principles or opinions, we have nothing to say; but justice demands from us to state, that this collection of his essays and remarks on most subjects which have occupied public attention for the last ten years, prove him to be a man of very superior talent in the walk of life to which he has devoted himself.

*The Science of Botany*, by Hugo Reid. Pp. 103. (Glasgow, Reid.) — Simple, elementary, and explanatory, this is an excellent little book to test the young and uninitiated to enjoy the pleasures of botany, rising whenever they stroll into field, wood, or garden. We strongly recommend it to attention.

*Miscellaneous Papers on Scientific Subjects, written chiefly in India*, by T. Seymour Burt, Esq. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. etc. 200. (London, Allen and Co.) — Well may this collection be called *Miscellaneous*, for the papers treat of Indian antiquities and languages, spherical mirrors, mathematical instruments, the making of salt, the question of lunar atmosphere, the magnetic needle, the construction of chimneys, gunpowder, and mining, &c. &c. We have heard how dangerous too much learning may be; and, perhaps, too much science is not quite safe.

*A Practical System of Algebra*, by Nicholson and Rowbotham. The third edition, very greatly improved. Pp. 313. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.) — We should scarcely have thought of noticing a book so well known and appreciated as the *System of Algebra* of Messrs. Nicholson and Rowbotham; but our attention was called to the improvements in various departments of this edition, many of which are highly important, and none more so than the binomial theorem and imaginary quantities. In addition to these, there are many alterations; all of which may be termed improvements: so that we can again, and more than before, cordially recommend this *System* to the attention of those intrusted with the care of youth, and even to the high mathematician.

*Introduction to Phrenology*, by Dr. Macmah. (Glasgow, Symington and Co.) — A second edition, enlarged. Bravo, phrenology in hydrocephalus!

*Arithmetic Tables*, by Mr. Hart. Pp. 24. — This slight work, designed for the use of his own teaching, impresses us very favourably. Brief as it is, it goes into some useful details not always seen in more ambitious publications of the same kind; and is, consequently, a good elementary guide.

*The Elements of Botany, with Illustrations*, by Mrs. E. E. Perkins, Professor of Botanical Flower Painting. 8vo. pp. 268. (London, Hurst.) — Deservedly patronised by the Duchess of Kent, this work is at once useful and elegant. For young and for lady students of this delightful science, it is the very thing.

*Essays, Literary and Political*, by W. E. Channing. 12mo. pp. 448. (Glasgow, Hedderwick and Son; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.) — We have had frequent occasion to speak in high terms of Dr. Channing's abilities, as some of these *Essays* have come separately before us. For their collection together, in this neat and cheap form, we are much indebted to the publishers; who have thus given us the views of one of the most popular writers in America upon a number of very interesting subjects.

*The Sunday Scholar's Annual and Juvenile Offering*, edited by the Rev. J. Burns. Pp. 192. (London, G. Wightman.) — A well-meant little collection, in prose and verse.

*Potter's Grecian Antiquities*. 12mo. pp. 811. (London, T. Tegg.) — To have this valuable work, with notes and improved indices (by Dr. James Boyd of Edinburgh), in a single duodecimo volume, is really a triumph of cheap literature; and, when we add that it is illustrated by above 150 engravings, chiefly on wood, but some on steel, we have described a book which is eminently entitled to the public patronage.

*Southey's Works of Cooper, Vol. XI.* (London, Baldwin and Cradock.) — With two beautiful classical engraved subjects after W. Harvey, by Stocks and Goodall. This volume appropriately continues the *Iliad* to the conclusion of Book XII.

*Aræteus on the Causes and Signs of Disease*. Translated from the Greek, by T. F. Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 157. (London, Pickering.) — A curious volume, which shews the folly and wisdom which prevailed in medicine and among the medical faculty of ancient times. We are better informed now-a-days; but still it is a question whether some translator in the year 2000 may not find quite as much nonsense, and no more sense, in the ablest work of our times.

*Library of Entertaining Knowledge: Secret Societies of the Middle Ages*. (London, C. Knight.) — Well digested accounts of the Assassins, Templars, Secret Tribunals, must possess much popular interest; and such are the contents of this volume. In the first of these, the compiler ought to have acknowledged Dr. Wood's excellent translation of Hammer's "Geschichte," lately published.

*A Synopsis of the Family of Nakades*, by Isaac Lea, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 60. (Philadelphia, Carey, Lea, and Co.; London, Miller.) — A very useful synopsis of this beautiful family. The *Unio spinosus* (Lea) is exquisitely engraved and coloured.

*The Book of Human Character*, by C. Bucke, Esq. Vol. II. Library of Anecdotes. Pp. 340. (London, Knight.) — We noticed the first volume of this miscellany with much approbation, and the second deserves quite as good a character. Mr. Bucke has read and observed a

great deal; and the fruits are here carefully gathered, and presented in a variety of pleasant and instructive forms.

*A Companion to the Ship's Medicine Chest, &c.*, by W. G. Faddy, Surgeon. Pp. 68. (London, Hightley.)—A small, but useful little treatise on the diseases of seamen and in tropical climates, so as to enable their officers or companions, in many cases, to alleviate their ailments, and, perhaps, preserve their lives.

*Second Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, &c.* Pp. 658.—Contains a mass of information on the working of the new system.

*A Selection of One Thousand Latin Prescriptions, &c.*, by G. Futvey. Pp. 173.—To enable young medical students to pass their examination, and pass Apothecaries' Hall, this is a useful little book, with every form of prescription arranged according to the London Pharmacopœia.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Marylebone Literary (Mr. C. C. Clarke on Chaucer and Spenser, and the 10th), 8 P.M.; Russell Institution (Mr. Serle on the Drama, and the 10th), 8 P.M.

*Tuesday*.—Limeau, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers. (Architectural Essay by T. H. Wyatt), 8 P.M.; Belgrave Literary, (Mr. Elsdell on Respiration, the conclusion on the 11th), 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary Conversations, 8 P.M.

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoology, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8½ P.M.; Islington Literary (Mr. Woodcock on Polarised Light), 8 P.M.; Western Literary (Mr. Buckingham on Palestine, and three ensuing weeks), 8½ P.M.

*Friday*.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M. Islington Literary Meeting.

## FINE ARTS.

### PALM MALL GALLERY.

THIS pretty little gallery has been recently opened for the season, with a new arrangement of such of the pictures as remained from last year's exhibition, and with a number of clever accessions. Decidedly, the most curious and valuable of the latter is, "A View of Whitehall, taken from about the spot where Richmond Terrace now stands," by Canaletti. If the gallery contained no other work of art, it would well deserve a visit. It is a highly interesting subject of contemplation, both to the artist and to the historical antiquary. To the former it presents all the peculiar qualities of Canaletti's firm and decided pencil; its tone being similar to that of the fine picture, by the same master, in the National Gallery. "The lines," as the description in the catalogue justly states, "have so much the appearance of truth, that it seems almost a production of the camera lucida; and there is evidence of its having been a favourite work with the painter, as it was retained in his possession until his quitting England, on his return to Venice, when it was sold by him to Mr. Crewe (afterwards Lord Crewe), about the year 1762, who ultimately exchanged it with Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, the father of the present proprietor." The antiquary will be pleased to find in it a representation of the old palace of Whitehall, long since removed: as well as of the buildings more recently taken down for the purpose of erecting the Treasury, the Privy Council, and other edifices on their site.

### THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. (Second notice.)

11. *On the Dutch Coast; Boats going out to a Wreck.* J. Wilson.—It is wonderful how skilful art reconciles us to scenes like these. It prepares us to say, in the words of Zange, "Horror is not unpleasant to me." We know not if Mr. Wilson be "a sailor for all weathers;" but we know that he is a painter of all weathers, and a very skilful one, too.

4. *On the Coast near Margate.* Alfred Clint.—The simplicity of form in the subject

is amply made up by the truth and ability with which the aerial perspective is painted.

217. *Evening Showers.* F. R. Lee, A.R.A.—Apparently a composition, and rather a novel feature in the artist's practice: somewhat resembling the manner of Cuyp, but without any thing like obvious imitation.

105. *The Pyrenees, from Oleron, looking towards Badens.* J. W. Allen.—The clearness of the objects in the foreground is beautifully set off by the warm glowing atmosphere, and the melting softness of the distant mountains.

196. *Sunday Morning, going to the Christening of the first Child.* P. F. Poole.—We mean no reflection on the artist, but a little more reflection in the shadows of his flesh would have given that luminous transparency so desirable to art. Mr. Poole has treated his subject with much humour. The young father and mother are evidently not a little proud of what Mrs. Norton, in one of her novels, calls "the effects of their creative ingenuity."

161. *Hungarian Ford, at Pesth, on the Danube; Pemas in the Distance.* J. C. Zeitter.—There is a grandeur in the management of this work, which gives it the air of a historical picture. The commanding figure in front, the preparation of the groups, who are about to cross, and the struggle of those who have already plunged into the torrent, fill the mind, and suggest to the imagination the idea of some bold and hazardous military enterprise.

248. *Pandy Mill, Falls of the Mochno, North Wales.* J. Stark.—The artist could hardly have found an object better calculated for the display of his well-known talents. It comprehends all the qualities which constitute the picturesque; and he has studied it with ease, and executed his work with skill.

283. *Study of an old Favourite.* C. Josi.—A brown horse, painted with such marvellous powers of deception, that the spectator is tempted to feel whether it is not a coloured alto-relievo.

280. *Sketch, for a large Picture, of the Paragistes assembled round the Funeral Pile, previous to their abandoning their native soil; preferring exile to the mercy of Ali Pacha.* J. and G. Fogg.—As a composition, we have seldom seen any thing better; as an event, it is eminently calculated to excite sympathy for the sufferers, and detestation of their oppressor.

381. *Smugglers Aroused; Scene in a Hay-loft.*—We have thought it unnecessary to add the name of the artist, for our readers will immediately guess that it can be no other than H. P. Parker. He has here reached the climax of interest and excitement, of which his so oft repeated subject is capable. Nothing can exceed the character and expression of the principal smuggler: the direction of his eye to the point of danger, the firmness with which his weapon is grasped, and his determined look, all indicate the approaching fate of him whose hand alone is seen on the topmost round of a ladder from below. A female has given the alarm; and the assailant must fall. Such are the sensations with which the mind is occupied, until we turn to admire all the appropriate and skilfully painted appendages of the scene.

385. *The Pilferer.* G. S. Reynolds.—We were attracted to this little performance by its distinguished excellence in that deceptive imitation which peculiarly belongs to subjects of still-life.

399. *A Morning Ride in Gorton Park; Portraits of Lord and Lady Suffolk, and the Hon. Miss Harbord; with Gamekeepers.* G. Clint.—We are too well aware of the difficulty of this department of art not to admire the

skill with which Mr. Clint has grouped his party. All is made subservient to the picturesque; yet, apparently, without any sacrifice of individual resemblance.

453. *The Dying Chamois Hunter.* J. H. Leigh.—In this, as in other subjects of a historical or imaginative character, Mr. Leigh displays great talent. The catastrophe of the dangerous sport is painted with a powerful pencil.

440. *Mary, widow of Louis XII. of France, receiving Charles Brandon, Ambassador from her brother, Henry VIII. of England.* V. Fisk.—Splendid in its regal character, and skilfully executed; although, perhaps, with somewhat too much of that peculiar light which pervades the works of De Hooghe.

(To be continued.)

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*West Indian Scenery, with Illustrations of Negro Character, the process of making Sugar, &c. From Sketches taken during a voyage to, and residence of seven years in, the Island of Trinidad.* By R. Bridgens. Jennings & Co.

ALTHOUGH with very moderate merit as performances of art, the plates in this volume contain highly amusing representations of negro character and habits, and of West India scenery, architecture, and usages; and in that respect supply, as the author justly remarks, a great deficiency in the numerous works which have hitherto issued from the press, describing the West Indies. It is gratifying, also, to observe in them a confirmation of the assertion of many writers, that the black population of our colonies are, upon the whole, a merry and a happy race.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SONG OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS TO OFFA, KING OF MERCA.

SEEK thou the enchanted forest bower,  
At eve's bright sun-departing hour;  
Where, 'mid her diamond-flashing cell,  
The Adeluana loves to dwell.

Fear not to tread the hallowed shades,  
Or wander through her myrtle glades,  
Where magic flowers eternal bloom;  
And, through the midnight's deepest gloom,  
Shine like the stars of the dark-blue heaven,  
Or the sun-born splendours of the even.

Flourish her groves in fadeless green,  
Where giant plants from isles are seen,  
That lie amid the Indian sea,  
Breathing the sweets of Araby;  
And on their boughs hang fruits divine,  
Like gems, amid a rubric mine,  
Kissed by the winds, that steal their scents,  
And whisper love-like blandishments  
To every bird and every flower,  
At morn and eve's dew-freshened hour.

With varied plumes that still outglow,  
In all its dyes, the sunlit bow,  
The minstrel birds wild measures sing,  
Where fountains joyously outfling  
Their silver treasures to each flower,  
Like prodigal in beauty's bower.

And when the moon comes wandering by,  
To keep lone vigil in the sky,  
O'er the repose of that sweet home,  
Like maiden pale o'er lover's tomb;  
Its tuneful dwellers still prolong  
The music of impassioned song,  
Mid groves of oak and lofty pine,  
Mid purple riches of the vine;  
While, like the meteors of the sky,  
Which o'er you arch flash splendidly,

That wildly sweet nocturnal choir,  
With gem-bright wing and eye of fire,  
Illumes the blossom-crested shades,  
Which storm nor lightning e'er invades,  
Without the will of her who there  
Reigns sovereign queen o'er earth and air.

On sapphire couch, in her fairy bower,  
Sits the empress, girt with magic power;  
Nor dwells she there in pomp alone,  
A thousand shapes wait round her throne;  
Star-spirits, in their glory prond,  
Who ride upon the thunder-cloud;  
Who wake the winds from their peaceful sleep,  
And dash them on the howling deep;  
Who revel in those gulfs of flame  
That shake the world's eternal frame;  
And where the sounding mountains rise,  
Hurl fiery tempests o'er the skies;  
Who sport on the ocean's whirlpool waves,  
Where merchant and mariner find their graves;  
Whose voice along the western rocks,  
Is heard when the sheep-boy folds his flocks;  
Foretelling storm and shipwreck near,  
And making the seaman pale with fear;  
But heed thou not, for round thy head  
Our guardian wings shall be outspread.  
Invisible, perchance, may be  
Their magic queen, yet bow the knee;  
And incense cast upon the flame,  
And thrice pronounce her awful name  
When thou the altar-fire shall nigh,  
Which, to the gaze of mortal eye,  
Burns in the porch of her ruby cell,  
With brightness unendurable.  
Then will she to thy sight appear,  
The dreadful one, the female seer—  
And thy proud fate of glory tell  
"Which with Futurity doth dwell.  
Obey her mandates, do her will,  
And thy great destiny fulfil,  
So shall thy star ascendant smile,  
And thou reign chief o'er Britain's isle!"

J. FITZGERALD PENNIE.

Rogvald Cottage.

#### THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

By Maurice Harcourt, Author of "Poor Law Melodies."  
Look at the boy who gambols in the sun,  
Glad that the labours of the school are done;  
With sparkling eyes he mingles in the game,  
And, lost in "whoop," heeds not the call of fame.

Content with tops he spins away his time,  
Nor tries ambition's pinnacles to climb;  
And as to wealth, what can he wish for more?  
In marbles rich — of buttons quite a store!  
He seeks not, Titan-like, to scale the skies,  
But proudly hopes his kite aloft will rise.  
He mounts not o'er his equals' heads at will,  
Though leaping o'er their backs calls forth his skill;  
And his kind play-mates can but smile to see  
The antics of this man-epitome.

Oh, happy childhood! Life's propitious spring!

Flowers o'er thy path-way joy delights to fling,  
Thy sky is cloudless, and thy prospects bright,  
One morn of bliss, which dreads no coming night.

Too soon experience, and her train of care,  
Thought, tears of anguish, hatred, and despair,  
At time's command, disturb thy peaceful reign,  
And bring with knowledge an increase of pain.

The merry urchin, fixed upon his play,  
Heeds not how swift the minutes fleet away;  
And still inclines the village-green to roam,  
When, lo! his mother comes to fetch him home.

\* We are glad to introduce a *jeu d'esprit* from the pen of this young writer, of whose merits we spoke in our last week's Notice to Correspondents. — Ed. L.G.

What pen can picture, or what language tell,  
The deep emotions which her bosom swell,  
While gazing on her healthful, joyous child,  
On whom his dying sire in sorrow smiled?  
See, she approaches — but her looks are sad,  
As she beholds her thoughtless, blithesome lad;  
Maternal love no longer can be mute,  
And thus she chides from frolic's wild pursuit:  
"Go, wipe your nose, you dirty little brute!"

#### SKETCHES.

Alexandria, 28th Nov. 1836.

PROFESSOR VON SCHUBERT arrived here yesterday, on board a ship from Smyrna; all the Germans, and especially his Bavarian countrymen, are delighted at his arrival. He is accompanied by his wife, two young physicians, from Munich, and a young painter, from Spire. They are all in excellent health, but must perform twenty-one days' quarantine; when this is expired, and he has visited this city and the environs, M. V. Schubert intends to go to Cairo, and thence to Mount Sinai.

The travelling naturalist, M. William Schimper, returned, some time ago, with rich botanical and zoological collections, from his visit to Arabia and Upper Egypt; and, though his health is rather impaired by the fatigues he has undergone, he has, without allowing himself a little repose, prepared for a journey to Abyssinia. He left Cairo on the 1st of this month; his letters are from Suez, of the 12th, whence he was to set out on the following day for Arabia. Another German traveller, Baron Von Katt, from Prussia, has left Mocha for Abyssinia; his intention is, to penetrate through the Galla country, further into the interior of Africa, and, if possible, to reach the coast of Guinea. Should he succeed in this most hazardous adventure, which is encompassed with hardships and dangers, we may expect highly interesting discoveries, as he is by no means destitute of scientific knowledge.

Another traveller, M. Gobat, who has rendered important services in Abyssinia, lately arrived at Cairo, from a second visit to that kingdom. It is deeply to be regretted, that severe sufferings have so shaken the constitution of this worthy preacher of the Gospel, that he could not remain any longer in the country. His departure may be considered as a melancholy event for Abyssinia, where his loss is irreparable; and it is neither possible nor desirable that he should go there for a third time, his illness having been owing to the effects of the climate, and, during his second visit, nearly caused his death. Mr. Wolf accompanied him to Djedda, and afforded him the kindest aid in his sufferings. Mr. Wolf intends to go back to Abyssinia another way, more to the south of Massauva. Though, on his first journey to Mr. Gobat, he became better acquainted with the obstacles which make it impossible for a traveller to penetrate into the interior of Africa, he has not yet renounced his original intention. According to the accounts of English travellers, the cholera has now penetrated into the mountainous part of Abyssinia, and many persons fell victims to it in the summer: in general, the course of the disorder was very rapid. It had not disappeared in the autumn. It is now raging, for the second time, on the coast of Arabia, at Djedda, and even at Mecca. By repeated journeys to that country, I have found that this disorder rages on the coast of Arabia as endemically, and, perhaps, even more fatally than even in India.

#### MUSIC.

##### VOCAL SOCIETY.

ON Monday, the last night of the season, Spohr's oratorio of *The Crucifixion* was produced for the first time in this country, and performed in such a manner as to reflect the highest credit on the Society. Every musician knows that Spohr's music is no child's play, and the choruses and accompanied recitatives of this work are, if we may judge from one hearing, not among the least difficult of even his compositions. *The Crucifixion* is replete with all the beauties and peculiarities of its author. It frequently reminded us of his own former works of the same class, and there were, also, slight occasional reminiscences of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart; though nothing that, according to our ideas, amounted to plagiarism, except, perhaps, the choral fugue, "Thou alone art his refuge," the subject of which is precisely that of a movement in (we believe) Haydn's 5th mass: yet Spohr has worked it up in a manner so beautiful, and so peculiarly his own, that one cannot but pardon the theft. A *terzetto* for three female voices, very sweetly sung by Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Seguin, and Miss Hawes, was perseveringly demanded a second time; and the vocalists were eventually obliged to comply, though the repetition disturbed the progress of the music, and was somewhat detrimental to the effect of the succeeding recitative. We cannot think the composer has been fortunate in the *libretto* of his oratorio, especially as regards the first part. The attempt at depicting all the circumstances of the trial, with the evidence of the witnesses, and the detailed opinions of the priests and pharisees, is altogether in very bad taste. It is, also, attended with the disadvantage of introducing too many solos. At the same time, we must admit that Spohr has made this very part the vehicle of some most extraordinary and beautiful music. The work requires, like all the compositions of this master, to be heard repeatedly, before all its merits can be duly appreciated: but much beauty is developed at the first hearing; and it may be pronounced, without hesitation, that *The Crucifixion* is quite worthy the reputation of the composer of *The Last Judgment*, though not, as a whole, equal to that sublime and masterly oratorio. But it is quite enough for immortality, for a man to have produced one such work as *The Last Judgment*, in the course of his life. The performers, in addition to those already named, were Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, Balfé, Bellamy, Bradbury, Moxley, E. Taylor, and Master Coward; and all exerted themselves in the most praiseworthy manner, though, for spirited and appropriate vocal elocution in the recitatives, it would be unjust not to particularise Mr. Hawkins. The best thanks of the musical public are due to the able translator of the oratorio, Mr. Edward Taylor, for the share he has had in bringing forward a work of so much merit. Q.

*Societa Armonica.* — The first dress concert of the season was given to a crowded auditory, at the Opera Concert-room, on Monday evening. The selection, from the most admired composers, was made with much discrimination, and every piece was executed in a very superior style. We consequently anticipate much delight from the future entertainments, both vocal and instrumental, and particularly from the latter.

*Quartet Concerts.* — The third of these entertainments took place on Thursday evening; and several fine compositions were finely given by Mr. Blagrove and his instrumental brethren.

### DRAMA.

THE theatres have all reopened with Easter novelties; and there is such a press that we shall content ourselves with a hasty glance at each, premising that there has been no failure.

*Drury Lane* has revived *Valentine and Orson* with great splendour; and it draws its quota of play-going folks. Mr. Barnett's opera alternates with Mr. Forrest.

*Covent Garden*.—A gorgeous Eastern piece, entitled *Nourhaddin and the Fair Persian*, has drawn good houses: it is an entertaining piece of the kind, and exhibits much beautiful scenery.

*St. James's*.—Mrs. S. C. Hall has turned dramatist in earnest; a serious drama from her pen, called *Mabel's Curse*, was produced on Monday, and afforded an opportunity for the display of some beautiful acting by Miss Allison, and for the reappearance of Miss P. Horton, who, notwithstanding her former well-earned popularity, is decidedly improved from her trip to Edinburgh.

The *Olympic* has added its novelty, *The Rape of the Lock*, founded on the poem of that name, to the list: it was completely successful, as it deserved to be, for the manner in which it is got up.

*Adelphi*, not at all behind its contemporaries, has two new pieces: one, of the spectacle kind, called *The King of the Danube and the Water Lily*, a pretty French importation, which displays Mrs. Honey as the *Water Lily*, and the corps de ballet as other nudes, is beautifully got up, and will long continue to flow on successfully; the other, *Ruth Tudor*, is an Adelphi piece, in which Mrs. Yates adds even to her reputation by her beautiful acting.

*Strand Theatre*.—The company of Messrs. Hammond and Jerrold, with several valuable additions, have returned to their old quarters, and commenced their season with the *Galante Showman*, a drama from a story of Jerrold's, and, we believe, from his pen, being the only novelty. *The Perils of Pippins* was the after-piece; and we were glad to hear it so cordially welcomed.

The *New Royal City Theatre*, in Norton-Falgate, commenced its campaign on Monday, with a rather indifferent company; redeemed, however, by Williams and Wilkinson, though their parts in the *Pickwick* piece did not fit them quite well. It is an elegant structure, rather larger than the Adelphi, and reflects much credit on the architect, Mr. Beazley.

*Asley's*.—Sir Walter Scott is the donor of the spectacle here, which has been highly successful in equestrianism. The conquests of *Ivanhoe* are capitally managed at the amphitheatre.

*Surrey*, and *Sadler's Wells*, and *Victoria*, and *Pavilion*, and *Garrick*, &c., have all their varieties; and, at the different parts of our mighty metropolis, add their little to the great all of amusement at Easter-time.

### VARIETIES.

*The Pleasures of Editorship*.—On Wednesday morning we received twenty-three volumes of new publications; to all which, however, together with their prede- and suc-cessors, we shall render justice as soon as possible.

*Weather-Wisdom*.—The last week has not answered the predictions very satisfactorily. The 26th was not merely gloomy and cold, but a heavy snow-storm; and from all parts of the country we have accounts of a long-continued and severe storm. The 31st was not "changeable," but a fine, though rather cold day. Now

for April: "Changeable weather at the beginning. Very frequent showers about the 3d. The new moon (5th) denotes windy weather; and Mercury in trine to Jupiter and Mars will produce very high winds about the 6th and 7th."

*British Manufacture*.—On Tuesday was entered at the Custom House, on board the *Miranda*, Captain Hopper, for Rio de Janeiro, two carriages, built for the two princes of the Brazils, by Messrs. Birch and Howard. The magnificence of these carriages may be guessed when we state, that, with the harness, they were valued by the broker at 15,000l. The export duty alone, at 10s. per cent, amounting to the sum of 75l., was paid on the entry being passed.

The *Colosseum* is now in high figure among the sights of London; and Sutton, the con-juror, is really so marvellous that we dare not describe his feats. They must be witnessed to be believed.

The *Cosmorama*, in Regent Street, is also flourishing with new subjects, of which we purpose giving a more detailed notice.

*Ants*.—Fish-oil is stated, in a French paper, to be an effectual remedy against the depredations of ants.

*Isaac Walton*.—An original portrait of this piscatory hero, by Housman, has been bequeathed to the National Gallery by his descendant, the late Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Salisbury.

*Earthquake*.—The Quebec newspapers state that a rather severe shock of an earthquake was recently experienced there.

Mr. Charles Nicholson, the celebrated flute-player, died on Monday, at the early age of 42.

*Progress of Knowledge*.—It is a new era to find that the Grand Seigneur has established a medical school at Pera, with lectures, by European teachers, to Turkish students. The ulemahs opposed this strange innovation, but finally assented to it, on an understanding, that only the bodies of Christians and Jews should be brought as subjects to the dissecting-rooms for the study of anatomy.—*Constantinople Letter*, in the *Times* of March 1.

Captain Allan, who was on his way to explore the regions of central Asia, we lament to say, died at Smyrna.—*Idem*.

*China*.—The *démouement* of the Chinese change recently brought before the public in our pages, is proceeding rapidly. Calcutta papers of November 21, state, as news from Canton, that the Chinese government had resolved to carry into effect measures by which the principle of "free trade and moderate duties" was partially recognised, and to begin with the important article of opium; and later papers contain a decree, ordering the barbarian Jardine (the great house of Jardine, Matheson, and Co.) and other merchants, to leave Canton, and only to stay a short while at Macao.

*Antiquities of Carthage*: Extract from a Letter on board the *Vanguard*.—We have been to Tunis since I last wrote to you, and I visited and took sketches of the ruins of Carthage, which are very interesting. Sir Thomas Reid, our consul there, has commenced excavating the ruins, and has been very successful hitherto, having discovered a number of beautiful Corinthian columns, supposed to have belonged to the Temple of Jupiter: the shafts are quite plain, but the capitals are beautifully worked, and as perfect as if they were just finished. He has, also, found a colossal head of Jupiter, and his big toe, and a small hand of Ceres, holding a cornucopia. His collection of coins is also, I understand, very beautiful, and must be very

valuable, as some of them are 2000 years old.—*Oxford Herald*.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The History of England, by Thomas Keightley, Author of "The History of Greece," &c.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of Eminent Foreign Statesmen, by G. P. R. James, Vol. IV. (forming Vol. 89 of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia), fcap. 8vo. 6s.—An Elementary Introduction to Mineralogy, by W. Phillips, new edit., with additions, by R. Allan, post 8vo. 12s.—The Cambridge University Calendar for 1837, 12mo. 6s.—Erris in the Irish Highlands and the Atlantic Railway, by P. Knight, C. E., 12mo. 3s.—The Candidate for the Ministry, a Course of Lectures, by Rev. J. H. Pinder, M.A. 5s. 6d.—Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God, by Dr. J. McCulloch, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.—Reports and Documents on the Culture of Cotton Wool, Raw Silk, &c. in India, 8vo. 12s.—The Complete Correspondent, consisting of Original Letters, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Essays, Literary and Political, by W. E. Channing, 12mo. 6s.—The Clockmaker; or, Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Concealment, a Novel, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Rev. C. Girdlestone's Old Testament, with Commentary, Part II. 8vo. 9s.—The Parlour Book; or, Conversations on Sciences and the Arts, by W. Martin, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—A Little Book for Little Readers, royal 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Family Library, Vol. LXIII.; Sketches of Imposture, Deception, &c. 12mo 5s.—Austria and the Austrians, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.—West Indian Scenery, by R. Bridges, Imperial 4to. 1l. 10s.—Peasage for the People, by W. Carpenter, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Evidence on the Aborigines, fcap. 8vo. 6s. bd.—The Felony of New South Wales, by James Mudie, 10s. 6d.—Piso and the Prefect; or, the Ancients of their Stills, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Heath's Sporting Alphabet, 12mo. 3s. 6d. plain, 5s. 6d. coloured.—Account of an Expedition to the Interior of New Holland, edited by Lady M. Fox, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—England under Seven Administrations, by A. Fonblanque, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Titles Commutation Tables, with Notes, &c. by W. Palgrave Simpson, Esq. 4s. 6d.—Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir John Sinclair, by his Son, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 23	From 19 to 39	29.68 to 29.66
Friday ... 24	... 18 ... 38	29.65 ... 29.75
Saturday ... 25	... 23 ... 41	29.74 ... stat.
Sunday ... 26	... 34 ... 45	29.75 ... 29.71
Monday ... 27	... 15 ... 40	29.69 ... 29.92
Tuesday ... 28	... 27 ... 47	29.68 ... 29.62
Wednesday 29	... 31 ... 50	29.68 ... 29.65

Winds, S.W. and W. by N.  
Except the 24th, 25th, and 27th, generally cloudy; snow on the evening of the 26th, accompanied with hail; rain at times on the 29th.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude ..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—As your Gazette is the medium for all kinds of useful information, I am induced to trouble you with this note, in hope I may be able to interest you in a circumstance which has recently occurred, and in the result of which I am, in common with several friends, very much disappointed. The fact is, that Messrs. Williams and Co., paper-stainers, in West Smithfield, having lately made some excavations to enlarge their underground premises, the workmen employed for this purpose came suddenly upon a long succession of stone arches, in which were several chains, and some human bones, mixed up with those of animals; the vaults, which range from opposite Messrs. W.'s house towards Long Lane, were found to terminate in a very ponderous iron door. The party in whose service the discovery was made, being, I presume, more incurious than the lover of antiquity would think praiseworthy, and having, perhaps, fears that his workmen would be exploring monkish remains instead of perfecting modern decorations,—without affording the chance of a glimpse to antiquarian curiosity, has caused the entrance to be closed with bricks; and, unless some one has sufficient influence with this reckless paper-stainer to induce him to reopen his neglected treasure, an excellent opportunity may be lost for illustrating some difficulties with relation to the history of London, and the craving of many a lover of new fragments of the old world will remain unsatisfied. Perhaps, Sir, if you will be good enough to notice this hidden discovery, public knowledge of the circumstance may induce Mr. Williams to allow inspection of his occult treasure; and you will oblige, Sir, yours, &c. J. S.

Notwithstanding all our diligence with the new publications of the last few days, we have been obliged to defer the notice of Sharon Turner's third volume of the "Sacred History of the World;" Guizot's "General History of Civilisation in Europe;" "Austria and the Austrians," and several other works. We are not gods, to "annihilate both time and space."

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The Professorship of German Language and Literature being vacant, Applications from Candidates for the Appointment will be received on or before Friday, the 4th of May.

CHARLES C. ATKINSON, Secretary.

26th March, 1837.

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes in Theology, the Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, and History, under the superintendence of the Principal and Professors, the Rev. T. G. Hall, R. W. Brown, and T. Dale, will be re-opened on Tuesday next, the 4th of April.

The Classes for Private Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental, and other Foreign Languages, will also be resumed.

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March 31, 1837. H. J. ROSE, E.D. Principal.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs.* Embellished with One Hundred and Twenty Portraits from the Indian Gallery in the Department of War, at Washington. By Thomas L. M'Kenney, late of the Indian Department, Washington, and James Hall, Esq. of Cincinnati. Vol. I. No. 1, fol. London, 1837. Campbell and Co.

We rejoice, after much expectation, to see the first portion of this great and national work ready to issue from the press. Its subject is most interesting, its form and style most becoming, and its illustrations "a dainty dish to set before the king;" for his majesty, as we mentioned in the *Literary Gazette* of Feb. 4, has graciously placed his royal name at the head of the list of its patrons.

The history is divided into two parts—one giving a biographical account of famous Indian chiefs, warriors, &c.; and the other, a general view of the origin and destinies of the various tribes and nations. In the former we have, together with striking portraits of the individuals, the lives of Red Jacket, a splendid orator of the Senecas; of Kish-kallo-wa, a Shawnee chief; of Mohongo, an Osage woman (who, with her child, makes quite a Murillo picture); of Shingaba W'Ossin, a Chippewa; and of Pushmataha, a Choctaw, all more or less celebrated in the annals of the red men. Before looking at the historical narrative, which is, indeed, only begun in this No. to the extent of twenty pages, our readers may like to have a nearer glance at some traits of these individuals: thus we are told of Red Jacket:—

"Red Jacket was the foe of the white man. His nation was his god; her honour, preservation, and liberty, his religion. He hated the missionary of the cross, because he feared some secret design upon the lands, the peace, or the independence of the Senecas. He never understood Christianity. Its sublime disinterestedness exceeded his conceptions. He was a keen observer of human nature; and saw that, among white and red men, sordid interest was equally the spring of action. He, therefore, naturally enough suspected every stranger who came to his tribe of some design on their little and dearly prized dominions; and felt towards the Christian missionary as the Trojan priestess did towards the wooden horse of the Greeks. He saw, too, that the same influence which tended to reduce his wandering tribe to civilised habits, must necessarily change his whole system of policy. He wished to preserve the integrity of his tribe by keeping the Indians and white men apart, while the direct tendency of the missionary system was to blend them in one society, and to bring them under a common religion and government. While it annihilated paganism, it dissolved the nationality of the tribe. In the wilderness, far from white men, the Indians might rove in pursuit of game, and remain a distinct people; but the district of land reserved for the Senecas was not as large as the smallest county in New York, and was now surrounded by an ever-growing population, impatient to possess their lands, and restricting

their hunting grounds, by bringing the arts of husbandry up to the line of demarcation. The deer, the buffalo, and the elk, were gone. On Red Jacket's system, his people should have followed them; but he chose to remain, and yet refused to adopt those arts and institutions which alone could preserve his tribe from an early and ignominious extinction. It must also be stated, in fairness, that the missionaries are not always men fitted for their work. Many of them have been destitute of the talents and information requisite in so arduous an enterprise; some have been bigoted and over zealous, and others have wanted temper and patience. Ignorant of the aboriginal languages, and obliged to rely upon interpreters to whom religion was an occult science, they, doubtless, often conveyed very different impressions from those which they intended. 'What have you said to them?' inquired a missionary once, of the interpreter who had been expounding his sermon. 'I told them you have a message to them from the Great Spirit,' was the reply. 'I said no such thing,' cried the missionary; 'tell them I am come to speak of God, the only living and true God, and of the life that is to be hereafter.—Well, what have you said?' 'That you will tell them about Manito and the land of Spirits.' 'Worse and worse!' exclaimed the embarrassed preacher; and such is, doubtless, the history of many sermons which have been delivered to the bewildered heathen. There is another cause which has seldom failed to operate in opposition to any fair experiment in reference to the civilisation of the Indians. The frontiers are always infested by a class of adventurers, whose plans of speculation are best promoted by the ignorance of the Indian; who, therefore, steadily thwart every benevolent attempt to enlighten the savage; and who are as ingenious as they are busy, in framing insinuations to the discredit of those engaged in benevolent designs towards this unhappy race. Whatever was the policy of Red Jacket, or the reasons on which it was founded, he was the steady, skilful, and potent foe of missions in his tribe, which became divided into two factions, one of which was called the Christian, and the other the pagan, party. The Christian party, in 1827, outnumbered the pagan; and Red Jacket was formally, and by a vote of the council, displaced from the office of chief of the Senecas, which he had held ever since his triumph over Corn Plant. He was greatly affected by this decision, and made a journey to Washington to lay his griefs before his great father. His first call on arriving at Washington was on Colonel M'Kenney, who was in charge of the bureau of Indian affairs. That officer was well informed, through his agent, of all that had passed among the Senecas, and of the decision of the council, and the cause of its displacing Red Jacket. After the customary shaking of hands, Red Jacket spoke, saying, 'I have a talk for my father.' 'Tell him,' answered Colonel M'Kenney, 'I have one for him. I will make it, and will then listen to him.' Colonel M'Kenney narrated all that had passed between the two parties, taking care not to omit the minute incidents that had combined to produce the open rupture that had

taken place. He sought to convince Red Jacket that a spirit of forbearance on his part, and a yielding to the Christian party the right, which he claimed for himself, to believe as he pleased on the subject of religion, would have prevented the mortifying result of his expulsion from office and power. At the conclusion of this talk, during which Red Jacket never took his keen and searching eye off the speaker, he turned to the interpreter, saying, with his finger pointing in the direction of his people, and of his home, 'Our father has got a long eye!' He then proceeded to vindicate himself, and his cause, and to pour out upon the black coats the phials of his wrath. It was finally arranged, however, that he was to go home, and there, in a council that was directed to be convened for the purpose, express his willingness to bury the hatchet, and leave it to those who might choose to be Christians to adopt the ceremonies of that religion; whilst for himself, and those who thought like him, he claimed the privilege to follow the faith of his fathers. Whereupon, and as had been promised him at Washington, the council unanimously replaced him in the office of chief, which he held till his death, which happened soon after. It is due to him to state, that a cause, which has retarded the progress of Christianity in all lands lying adjacent to Christian nations, naturally influenced his mind. He saw many individuals in Christendom who were worse than pagans. He did not know that few of these professed to be Christians, and that a still smaller number practised the precepts of our religion; but, judging them in the mass, he saw little that was desirable in the moral character of the whites, and nothing inviting in their faith. It was with these views that Red Jacket, in council, in reply to the proposal to establish a mission among his people, said, with inimitable severity and shrewdness, 'Your talk is fair and good; but I propose this. Go, try your hand in the town of Buffalo, for one year: they need missionaries, if you can do what you say. If, in that time, you should have done them any good, and made them any better, then we will let you come among our people.' A gentleman, who saw Red Jacket in 1820, describes him as being then apparently sixty years old. He was dressed with much taste, in the Indian costume throughout, but had not a savage look. His form was erect, and not large; and his face noble. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting shirt; with blue leggins, very neat moccasins, a red jacket, and a girdle of red about his waist. His eye was fine, his forehead lofty and capacious, and his bearing calm and dignified. Previous to entering into any conversation with our informant, who had been introduced to him under the most favourable auspices, he inquired, 'What are you—a gambler (meaning a land-speculator), a sheriff, or a black coat?' Upon ascertaining that the interview was not sought for any specific object, other than that of seeing and conversing with himself, he became easy and affable, and delivered his sentiments freely on the subject which had divided his tribe, and disturbed himself, for many years. He said, 'that he had no doubt that

Christianity was good for white people, but that the red men were a different race, and required a different religion. He believed that Jesus Christ was a good man, and that the whites should all be sent to hell for killing him; but the red men, having no hand in his death, were clear of that crime. The Saviour was not sent to them, the atonement not made for them, nor the Bible given to them; and, therefore, the Christian religion was not intended for them. If the Great Spirit had intended they should be Christians, he would have made his revelation to them as well as to the whites; and, not having made it, it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers.' The whole life of the Seneca chief was spent in vain endeavours to preserve the independence of his tribe, and in active opposition, as well to the plans of civilisation proposed by the benevolent, as to the attempts at encroachment on the part of the mercenary. His views remained unchanged, and his mental powers unimpaired, to the last. The only weakness, incident to the degenerate condition of his tribe, into which he permitted himself to fall, was that of intoxication. Like all Indians, he loved ardent spirits; and, although his ordinary habits were temperate, he occasionally gave himself up to the dreadful temptation, and spent several days in succession in continual drinking. The circumstances attending his decease were striking, and we shall relate them in the language of one who witnessed the facts which he states. For some months previous to his death, time had made such ravages on his constitution as to render him fully sensible of his approaching dissolution. To that event he often adverted, and always in the language of philosophic calmness. He visited successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them, upon the condition of the nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would soon be heard no more. He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended, and pointed out, as few could, the wrongs, the privations, and the loss of character, which almost of themselves constituted that history. 'I am about to leave you,' said he; 'and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer heard, or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree, and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I leave none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself: I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come; but my heart fails when I think of my people, who are soon to be scattered and forgotten.' These several interviews were all concluded with detailed instructions respecting his domestic affairs, and his funeral. There had long been a mission among the Senecas, who was sustained by a party among the natives, while Red Jacket denounced 'the man in dark dress,' and deprecated the feud by which his nation was distracted. In his dying injunctions to those around him, he repeated his wishes respecting his interment. 'Bury me,' said he, 'by the side of my former wife; and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice in my coming.

Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there!' He died on the 20th of January, 1830, at his residence near Buffalo. With him fell the spirit of his people. They gazed upon his fallen form, and mused upon his prophetic warnings, until their hearts grew heavy with grief. The neighbouring missionary, with a disregard for the feelings of the bereaved, and the injunctions of the dead, for which it is difficult to account, assembled his party, took possession of the body, and conveyed it to their meeting-house. The immediate friends of Red Jacket, amazed at the transaction, abandoned the preparations they were making for the funeral rites, and followed the body in silence to the place of worship, where a service was performed which, considering the opinions of the deceased, was as idle as it was indecorous. They were then told, from the sacred desk, that, if they had any thing to say, they had now an opportunity. Incredulity and scorn were pictured on the face of the Indians, and no reply was made, except by a chief called Green Blanket, who briefly remarked,—'This house was built for the white man; the friends of Red Jacket cannot be heard in it.' Notwithstanding this touching appeal, and the dying injunctions of the Seneca chief, his remains were taken to the grave prepared by the whites, and interred. Some of the Indians followed the corpse; but the more immediate friends of Red Jacket took a last view of their lifeless chief in the sanctuary of that religion which he had always opposed, and hastened from a scene which overwhelmed them with humiliation and sorrow. Thus early did the foot of the white man trample on the dust of the great chief, in accordance with his own prophetic declaration."

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In his fancy uniform he looks very like some Russian commander of Cossack or Mongolian breed and lineage. Of him, the author says:

"He attended a council, held in 1823, near the residence of Major Pitchlynn, a wealthy trader among the Choctaws, and at a distance of eighty miles from his own habitation. The business was closed on the 3d of July; and on the following day, the anniversary of our independence, a dinner was given by Major Pitchlynn to Colonel Ward, the agent of the government of the United States, and the principal chiefs who were present. When the guests were about to depart, it was observed that General Pushmataha had no horse; and as he was getting to be too old to prosecute so long a journey on foot, the government agent suggested to Mr. Pitchlynn the propriety of presenting him a horse. This was readily agreed to, on the condition that the chief would promise not to exchange the horse for whisky; and the old warrior, mounted upon a fine young animal, went upon his way rejoicing. It was not long before he visited the Agency on foot, and it was discovered that he had lost his horse in betting at ball-play. 'But did you not promise Mr. Pitchlynn,' said the agent, 'that you would not sell his horse?' 'I did so, in the presence of yourself and many others,' replied the chief; 'but I did not promise that I would not risk the horse on a game of ball.' It is said that, during the late war, General Pushmataha, having joined our southern army with some of his warriors, was arrested by the

commanding general for striking a soldier with his sword. When asked by the commander why he had committed this act of violence, he replied that the soldier had been rude to his wife, and that he had only given him a blow or two with the side of the sword, to teach him better manners. But, if it had been you, general, instead of a private soldier,' continued he, 'I should have used the sharp edge of my sword, in defence of my wife, who has come so far to visit a great warrior like myself.' At a time when a guard of eight or ten men was kept at the Agency, one of the soldiers, having become intoxicated, was ordered to be confined; and, as there was no guardhouse, the temporary arrest was effected by tying the offender. Pushmataha, seeing the man in this situation, inquired the cause; and, on being informed, exclaimed, 'Is that all?' and immediately unciated the unfortunate soldier, remarking, coolly,—'Many good warriors got drunk.' At a meeting of business at the Agency, at which several American gentlemen, and some of the chief men of the Choctaw nation, were present, the conversation turned upon the Indian custom of marrying a plurality of wives. Pushmataha remarked that he had two wives, and intended to have always the same number. Being asked if he did not think the practice wrong, the chief replied,—'No: is it not right that every woman should be married? and how can that be, when there are more women than men, unless some men marry more than one? When our great father, the president, caused the Indians to be counted last year, it was found that the women were most numerous; and, if one man could have but one wife, some women would have no husband.'"

"He was taken sick at Washington, and died in a strange land. When he found that his end was approaching, he called his companions around him, and desired them to raise him up, to bring his arms, and to decorate him with all his ornaments, that his death might be that of a man. He was particularly anxious that his interment should be accompanied with military honours; and when a promise was kindly given that his wishes should be fulfilled, he became cheerful, and conversed with composure until the moment when he expired without a groan. In conversation with his Indian friends shortly before his death, he said, 'I shall die, but you will return to our brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers, and hear the birds sing; but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you shall come to your home, they will ask you, Where is Pushmataha? and you will say to them, He is no more. They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.' The only speech made by Pushmataha, on the occasion of his visit to Washington, was the following. It was intended by him to be an opening address, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have followed by another more like himself. We took it down as he spoke it. The person addressed was the secretary of war. 'Father, I have been here some time. I have not talked—have been sick. You shall hear me talk to-day. I belong to another district. You have no doubt heard of me—I am Pushmataha. Father, when in my own country, I often looked towards this council house, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, father, I hang in



the bend of your arm, and look in your face, and now hear me speak. Father, when I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house. I can boast, and say, and tell the truth, that none of my fathers, or grandfathers, nor any Choctaw, ever drew bows against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out. Father, I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country, till it is very small. I repeat the same about the land east of the Tombigby. I came here, when a young man, to see my father Jefferson. He told me, if ever we got in trouble, we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like a man who meets another, and says, How do you do? Another will talk further.' The celebrated John Randolph, in a speech upon the floor of the senate, alluded thus to the forest chieftain whose brief memoirs we have attempted to sketch:—'Sir, in a late visit to the public grave-yard, my attention was arrested by the simple monument of the Choctaw chief, Pushmataha. He was, as I have been told by those who knew him, one of nature's nobility; a man who would have adorned any society. He lies quietly by the side of our statesmen and high magistrates in the region—for there is one such—where the red man and the white man are on a level. On the sides of the plain shaft that marks his place of burial, I read these words: 'Pushmataha, a Choctaw chief, lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs, who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation, in the year 1824, to the government of the United States. Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council; eloquent in an extraordinary degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the white man's friend. He died in Washington, on the 24th of December, 1824, of the group, in the 60th year of his age.' Among his last words were the following: 'When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me.'"

[To be concluded in our next.]

*The Anglo-Saxon Poems of Beowulf: the Traveller's Song, and the Battle of Finnesburh.* Edited by John M. Kemble, Esq. M.A. &c. Second Edition. 12mo. London, 1837. Pickering.

*A Translation of the Anglo-Saxon Poem of Beowulf; with a copious Glossary, Preface, and Philological Notes.* By John M. Kemble, Esq. M.A. &c. 12mo. London, 1837. Pickering.

We have lately had several occasions of expressing our satisfaction at the increasing attention which is every day paid to the language and literature of our forefathers, not only to its pure form in the days of Saxon rule, but also during the long period which followed the breaking up of the Saxon, until the establishment of our language in its present form. In this age, when we have so much reason for looking forwards, it is a gratifying and no unimportant sign to find some tendency to looking back; and we are glad, even taking it in this point of view, to meet with works of any kind that may encourage us to examine and study the past condition of our country. We must add that, in writings in the native tongue

of our island, whether Saxon or English, we must alone hope to find and to understand the true English spirit, which we believe still exists the same, only refined and polished, as it did ten centuries ago. We shall there best see the feeling which raised the institutions about which we have all so much reason to rally in the hour of danger; and we shall there meet with the political and religious sentiments of our forefathers, at different periods and under varying circumstances, most clearly developed. For example, those who would know the condition and doctrines of the Saxon church, let them go to the Saxon homilies, which are preserved in great numbers; and those who would have an accurate knowledge of the state of public feeling in the days of Wickliffe, must seek it in the vernacular poems and writings of that day, in "Piers Plowman," and a host of other works, which we could point out to them. Even the gayer works, such as the romances and the poetry in general, interest us, not only by the light they throw on the state of contemporary society, but by the beautiful flights of imagination which frequently recur in them. Solomon said wisely, that there is nothing new under the sun; and many ideas which we believe to be the growth of to-day, bear ages upon their heads.

The literature of no nation of Europe can boast of a romance which remounts to an age so remote from our days as that which witnessed the formation of the poem of Beowulf. The sole manuscript which contains it was written in the tenth century; and there are many circumstances about it which prove, beyond a doubt, that it had been composed some centuries before. It thus gives us an accurate and striking picture, drawn by one of themselves, of the private and public life of our Saxon forefathers, at a period long before we have any other testimony of it, unless it be that drawn by a foreigner and an enemy, the Roman Tacitus, at a period when they dwelt among the wilds of Germany. Its hero is ever engaged in combats with the monsters who held so prominent a place in the popular creed; its scene alternates from the festive hall to the place of slaughter; and in each the poet has abundant opportunities of giving most interesting traits of society in the Saxon heroic age. We intend to give one sample of the language of this singular poem; and, among the many sketches of manners with which it abounds, we have found it difficult to make a choice. Our extract shall be the death-scene of its hero Beowulf, the king of the Geats or Saxons, who were then situated on the shores of the Baltic. Beowulf, in his old age, is mortally wounded by the dragon which, with the aid of his faithful companion, Wiglaf, he has slain. The latter goes into the dragon's den, and brings out part of the treasures which have been long concealed there, in order to lay them before the eyes of his prince, who dies rejoicing, that, by his death, he has procured treasures for his people. His wish to be buried on the shore, that his mound may be a mark to sailors, might be paralleled from the heroic and semi-heroic ages of Grecian story. Beowulf looked on the gold, and said,—

## Text.

" Ic ðara frætwa,  
fræn ealles ðanc  
wuldur-cyninge  
wordū [se] cge  
ecū dryhtne,  
þe ic her on starie;  
þas ðe [ic] mōste

## Translation.

" I give thanks in words  
to the Lord of all,  
the King of Glory,  
the eternal Lord,  
for the treasures  
which I here stare upon;  
that I might

minū leddū  
ær awylt-dæge  
Swylc ge-[str] ynan;  
nū ic mādna bord  
minne be-bōhte  
frōde forþ-lege:  
fremmað ge-nū  
leōða þearfe:  
ne mæg ic har leng  
wean;  
hātað heaðo-mære  
hlæw ge-wyroean,  
beorhtne æfter hære,  
æt brimes nosan  
se scel tō ge-myndū  
minū leddū  
heah hlifan  
on Hrones nese;  
þæt hit æn-liðend  
syððan hātan  
Bið-wulfes biorh,  
ða ðe Brentingas  
ofer flōða ge-nipu  
feorran drifað.  
Dyde him of heale,  
hring gyldenre,  
þiðden þrist-hydg  
þegne ge-sealde,  
geōngū gār-wigan,  
gold-fāhus helm,  
beaþ and byrnan,  
hēt hynne brūcan well.  
Dū eart ende-lāf  
ūsas cynnes,  
Wæg-mundinga;  
ealle wyrd for-aweoð  
mine magas  
tō metod-scafte,  
eorlas on elne;  
ic him æfter secal."  
Dæt was þā gornelan  
gingmete word,  
brocst-ge-hygdum,  
ær he beal cure,  
hāte heaðo-wylmas:  
him of hweðre ge-wāt  
sāwol sēcān  
sōð-sæstra ðōm."  
V. 5583.

for my people,  
before my day of death,  
obtain such;  
now I a horde of treasures  
have purchased prudently  
with my death;  
it will be yet of advantage  
at the need of my people:  
longer may I not here be;  
mean;  
command the famous in  
war  
to work a mound,  
bright after the funeral  
fire,  
upon the nose of the pro-  
montory,  
which shall be a memorial  
to my people,  
rise high aloft  
on Hronesness,  
that the sea-sailors  
may afterwards call it  
Beowulf's mound,  
when the Brentings  
drive afar over  
the darkness of the floods."  
The prince, bold of mind,  
did from his neck  
the golden ring,  
(he gave it to his thane,  
the young warrior,)  
his helmet coloured like  
gold,  
a ring and byrnie;  
he bade him brook them  
well.  
"Thou art the last rem-  
nant,  
of our kin,  
of the Wægmundings;  
fate hath swept away  
all my sons  
to death,  
warriors in their valour;  
I must follow them."  
That was the last word  
of the old prince,  
in the thought of his  
breast,  
before he chose the funeral  
fire,  
the hot war-waves:  
from his bosom departed  
the soul to seek  
the glory of the just.

For the study of the Anglo-Saxon language the two volumes by Mr. Kemble (the best of our Anglo-Saxon scholars) are invaluable treasures. The first volume is a reprint, with many improvements, of his former edition of the Saxon text. The second volume, which may be had separately, contains, 1. a long and curious preface; 2. a literal translation of the whole poem; 3. a complete glossary, both to Beowulf and, in some measure, to the whole mass of Anglo-Saxon poetry; and 4. an appendix of valuable and necessary philological notes. We are glad to hear that these volumes are not to be the only contributions by Mr. Kemble to the library of the Anglo-Saxon scholar: he has another work now in the press. He is making great progress with a Saxon mythology; and we understand that he is employing his leisure on a complete dictionary of the Saxon tongue, which has already made no small progress, and will be exceedingly welcome to all scholars.

*Modern India; with Illustrations of the Resources and Capabilities of Hindóstan.* By H. H. Spry, M.D. F.G.S. &c. Bengal Medical Staff. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Whittaker and Co.

PERSONAL observation, the best of all sources for a popular work of this kind, supplies the materials for this view of Modern India. Its history is not compiled from Hindú or Mahometan books, but studied on the spot; and the pictures of living manners are very complete. We do not know any publication which can afford so general and satisfactory an idea of our vast eastern empire, and none, therefore, more likely to be useful to all persons who are desirous of being well informed on the subject. To illustrate this opinion, we may almost open these volumes at any part, and transfer a few pages, as specimens, into our columns. *Et. gr.*

"The division of Chittagong, appertaining to the eastern portion of the province of Bengal, has been selected for the grand dépôt established for the purpose of taming and rearing the Company's elephants. The superintendent of the stud despatches men skilled in the pursuit, into the neighbouring blue mountains, in the direction of Ava, who hunt down and secure these valuable animals. Many, however, are born and reared at the Company's establishment. The pursuit of wild elephants in these regions has brought us acquainted with a race of cannibals scarcely to be distinguished from the monkeys with which they herd. Were not the information relative to these people so strongly authenticated as to leave no doubt upon the minds of those who desire to make inquiries upon the subject, the reader might justly refuse to credit the existence of a set of savages, scarcely worthy of the name of man. But, having gathered the following particulars concerning them from the able and enterprising officer who held a staff appointment from the government, as superintendent of the stud, I am enabled to offer them to the public as facts, which can be corroborated by the testimony of all who are connected with the elephant dépôt at Chittagong. The Kookees, as these brutal wretches are called, have, according to the account afforded me by Major Gairdner, protuberant bellies; they are low in stature, with set features, and muscular limbs. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, and build their villages on the boughs of the forest trees. They do not appear to have any settled abiding place, but wander in herds from one wilderness to another. When a site favourable to their purpose has been found, the whole community immediately set to work to collect bamboos and branches of trees, which are afterwards fashioned into platforms, and placed across the lofty boughs of the different trees. On this foundation, the rude grass superstructure is raised which forms the hut. When these sheds are completed, and every family provided with a habitation, the women and children are taken into their aerial abodes. The men then lop off all the branches within reach of the ground, and, having constructed for themselves a rough ladder of bamboos, they ascend the trees by means of this rude staircase, drawing it up after them to prevent the intrusion of strangers, and a necessary precaution against the encroachments of their four-footed companions of the forest. In this manner they repose, floating in the branches, and cradled by the wind, partaking more of the savage ferocity of brutes than the milder charities of man. To persons who have travelled much in India, the mere circumstance of a whole tribe of natives choosing to take up their permanent habitations

in the trees would not excite much surprise, since the watchmen who are employed in the charge of mango-groves, or other valuable fruit-cultivations, often form a sort of nest on the branches of some neighbouring trees,—a small hut, or rather shed, just sufficient to shield the body from the inclemency of the weather, being raised upon a platform resting on the boughs. The Kookees, therefore, in this particular, only differ from more civilised natives, forced by necessity upon expedients of the kind, by living constantly in trees; in other respects there is, fortunately, no similarity even to the most degraded beings of the human race. They openly boast of their feats of cannibalism, shewing, with the strongest expressions of satisfaction, the bones and residue of their fellow-creatures who have fallen a prey to their horrible appetites. So intent are they in their search after human flesh, that the superintendent was always obliged to send out the men, employed in hunting the elephants, armed with muskets, and in not fewer than parties of ten. One poor man they unfortunately caught while off his guard, and devoured him almost before his life-blood had congealed in his veins. Attempts have been made to subdue and civilise these people, and one of their head men was won over, and employed by Major Gairdner at the elephant dépôt; but he could not be induced to relinquish his old habits. In a short time he was detected in the commission of a murder, and was executed by the civil authorities of Chittagong. When the tidings of this man's fate reached the ears of his former associates, they became greatly incensed, and for a long time afterwards exerted themselves, happily in vain, to obtain possession of the person of the superintendent, who had frequently occasion to cross their path in the execution of his duty. These people, strange as it may appear, are living within 150 miles of Calcutta, the metropolis of British India and the seat of government; and yet their existence even is scarcely known by the people who are not in authority—comparatively little information from the woods and jungles of the savage portions of Bengal finding its way to the Calcutta newspapers. The existence of cannibals in India is a fact only recently established, and many were of opinion that the races were extinct; it has now, however, been proved beyond all question, that the Kookees who infest the blue mountains of Chittagong, and the Goanda, inhabiting the hill forests of Nagpore, both feed upon human flesh. There is this distinction in favour of the latter, that they partake of it only occasionally, and in compliance with a religious custom, while the Kookees delight and banquet on the horrid repast."

Of superstitions, the following are examples. "Among the endless superstitions of the natives are some observed by the farmers of this province, connected with the sugar-cane, which, from their singularity, will doubtless prove amusing. The sugar-cane and betel plant are both regarded by the Benares farmers in a sacred and superior light. The sacred appellation for the cane is Nag'bele. On the 26th October, termed by these people Deut'han, they proceed to the fields, and, having sacrificed to Nag'bele, a few canes are afterwards cut and distributed to those cormorants the Brahmins. According to the rules of established usage and custom, until these ceremonies are performed, no persuasion or inducement can prevail on any one of them to taste the cane, or to make any use whatever of it. On the 25th May, termed the Desharah, a different precaution is universally taken. At this

time the cane-planting for the year is over, and it not unfrequently happens that a few canes still remain standing; for it is usual to reserve certain portions of the canes of the preceding year in the fields, without cutting them, to serve as plants for their new cultivation. Whenever this happens the proprietor repairs to the spot, and having sacrificed to Nag'bele, as in the preceding case, he immediately sets fire to the whole, and is exceedingly careful to have this operation executed efficiently and efficaciously. The cause of this extraordinary practice proceeds from a superstitious notion of a very singular nature. They apprehend, that, should the old canes be allowed to remain in the ground beyond the 25th May, they would, in all probability, produce flowers and seed—a circumstance which it is supposed would prove one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall them. The cultivators unanimously assert, that, if the proprietor of a plantation should happen to catch a glance of a single cane in flower, the greatest calamities will not only befall him, but also his parents, children, and property; in short, that death will befall himself among his family, and not cease till he has destroyed the whole. If the servant of the proprietor happens to see the flower, and immediately pulls it from the stock, buries it in the earth, and never reveals the circumstance to his master, no evil consequences are expected to result; but should the matter reach the proprietor's ears, then the calamities before mentioned will infallibly ensue. In support of this belief, many of the oldest zameendars and cultivators recite instances falling within their own personal knowledge, wherein they have unhappily been witnesses of the evils and misfortunes which befall those ill-fated mortals, whose destiny led them to behold so untoward a sight. These superstitions are so deeply rooted in the minds of all the rural population, that they must have originated in a period of high antiquity."

A sketch of manners is curious enough, and quite new to us.

"Conformably to the state of subordination in which Hindú women are placed, it has been judged expedient to debar them the use of letters. The Hindús hold the invariable opinion, that acquired accomplishments are not necessary to the domestic habits of the female; either as contributing to her individual happiness, or in preserving that decorum of character and simplicity of manners which alone render her useful or amiable in the estimation of her family. They urge, that a knowledge of literature would divert the attention of a woman from her household cares; and, by infusing discontent into her mind, give her a disrelish for the performance of those offices which should alone afford her satisfaction, and constitute the only amusement in which she can, with propriety and a due observance of rectitude of conduct, partake. Such is the force of custom, that a Hindú lady would incur a severe reproach were it known that she could read or write. It must not be concluded from the foregoing statement, that all Asiatic ladies are kept in bondage, and have no will of their own. Notwithstanding their fondness for home, Mahomedan ladies enjoy privileges which few husbands in the free countries of the west would be disposed to concede to them. Like the stern resolves promulgated by the lady-matrons who presided over the courts of love in former times in Europe, the Asiatic ladies have their code feminine. In it their privileges are duly stated, and so satisfactorily explained as to leave no doubt of their impartiality and independence.

The book is called *Kitabi Kuslum Nanéh*, or the Book of Kuslum Nanéh. The work is, however, the production of a conclave of seven learned ladies, Kuslum Nanéh being only the chief personage. The ladies in their poem declare their purpose in the following language:—

'Here Persia's matrons, skill'd in worldly lore,  
Amend the power their mothers held of yore;  
In council deep, grave matters they debate,  
And household cares, and mysteries, too, relate;  
Proudly in solemn conclave they unfold  
By what nice conduct husbands are controll'd;  
Tell of the spells which check connubial strife,  
And the vagaries of a woman's life.  
These moral laws the sex's homage claim,  
And shed renown on Kuslum Nanéh's name.'

According to these ladies there are three classes of husbands in the world:—1. A proper man. 2. Half a man. And, 3. A hupul-hupla. A proper man at once supplies whatever necessities or indulgencies his wife may require. He never presumes to go out without his wife's permission, nor do any thing contrary to her wish. Your half man of the second class is a very poor snivelling wretch, always meddling, with but little furniture in his house, and just a sufficiency of bread and salt to maintain life—never on any occasion enjoying the least degree of comfort. The wife sits in the house and works. It is therefore *wajib* (correct) in that industrious woman to reply harshly to whatever he says; and if he beats her it is *wajib* for her to bite and scratch him, and pull his beard, and do every thing in her power to annoy him. If his severity exceeds all bounds let her petition the *kasi* and get a divorce. The third class, or hupul-hupla, has nothing—no friends. He wants to dress and live luxuriously, but is totally destitute of means. If the wife of such a man absent herself from his house, even for ten days and ten nights, he must not, on her return, ask her where she has been; and if he sees a stranger in the house, he must not ask who it is, or what he wants. Whenever he comes home, and finds the street-door shut, he must not knock, but retire, and not presume to enter till he sees it thrown open. Should he act contrary to this, the wife must immediately demand a divorce. Kuslum adds a separate remark of her own, and declares, that if such a husband should afterwards even beg to be pardoned, and allowed to resume his former habits, it would be wrong in the wife to remain a single day under his roof. On the chapter embracing the conduct of husband and wife, the learned seven declare that man to be deserving of praise who confines himself to one wife: for if he take two he is wrong, and will certainly repent of his folly. The ladies, however, are not strict in exacting a similar observance from their own sex: for Kuslum Nanéh expresses her astonishment how a woman can live all her life with one husband. Why should he, she innocently inquires, deprive her of the full enjoyment of this world's comforts? Days and years roll on and are renewed, whilst a woman continues the same melancholy inmate in the same melancholy house of her husband. She has no renewal of happiness—none. The lady piteously exclaiming—

'The seasons change, and spring  
Renews the bloom of fruit and flower;  
And birds, with fluttering wing,  
Give life again to dell and bowser.  
But what is woman's lot?  
No change her anxious heart to cheer,  
Confined to one dull spot,  
To one dull husband all the year.'

Among the duties to be inculcated on the part of the mamma, Kuslum Nanéh particularly specifies the acts of endearment as being necessary for the daughter: how to dart amorous glances with effect; how to play off coquettish airs,

blandishments, heart-ravishing smiles; and, in short, every characteristic of an accomplished beauty. This is both *wajib* and *sunnat*, necessary and expedient, according to the traditions of Mah'ummed.

Does the following belong to natural history? The scene is Lucknow.

"Amid the numerous sights which the city of Lucknow affords, none attracted my attention more strongly than the royal menagerie. To see this collection, it is necessary to have a private order from the palace, and a servant of the household usually accompanies the stranger to the keeper. I mention this place, in preference to several others equally interesting, because I do not recollect, in the numerous recent sketches given to the world of the city of Lucknow, that any account has been given of this menagerie. The building presents a spacious quadrangular pile, the façade being inwards, with a line of pillars forming a piazza. Up and down this covered way the cages and dens of the animals are constructed. Sauntering about, examining the half-starved tigers, and other ferocious beasts and ravenous birds that were here congregated together, judge my astonishment at discovering, confined in a line with these zoological specimens, a being belonging to the human race! The keeper styled him a wild man, or a *jungles ke admees*, and told a story of his having been dug out of a cave, with two others, in the depths of the Teryace forests, which lie between the city of Fyzabad, in Oude, and Nipál: that they understood no language, and, consequently, nothing could be discovered regarding them, more than they were *jungles ke admees*. The sight of this poor creature filled me with very melancholy sensations. He had been provided with a low bed-frame (I forget whether he was tied on it), in a line with the tigers, and was duly exhibited as one of the varieties of untamed animals. In height he was about five feet five inches, of a spare habit, and weak frame. His features partook of the ordinary cast of his civilised brethren, and had nothing of a ferocious aspect about them; neither had the body any superfluous or redundant hair. At the usual hour his food was brought him, with the rest of the caged animals; and, having partaken of it, like them he sank to repose. On my speaking to him, he uttered an unintelligible sound, between a screech and a yell. He seemed evidently unconscious of his degraded and melancholy condition, and certainly could not be regarded as a responsible being. I could not arrive at any accurate knowledge of his age. He had been in confinement about three years. To appearance, he seemed about 25 or 36. After a careful survey, I became impressed with the conviction that the miserable wretch was an idiot, and that the account which the keepers gave me must be considered as one of those florid amplifications for which the Orientals are so much distinguished. That creatures, however, in 'human form divine,' do exist in a state closely approaching to wildness, I have sufficiently shewn in the earlier part of this volume. The cannibals, called Kookoes, who infest the Blue Mountains, lying between Chittagong and Ava, who live in the branches of trees, and feed on human flesh and roots, can scarcely be considered other than wild and brutish animals, and afford to the philanthropist and philosopher a field for melancholy contemplation."

We shall, probably, devote another notice to the second volume; and have only to add, that the whole performance is full of entertaining and instructive reading.

*Travels in Crete.* By Robert Pashley, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Murray.

THESE two volumes present us with an account of Mr. Pashley's wanderings in Crete during the spring and summer of 1834. Mr. Pashley has viewed the scenes through which he has passed with the eye of a scholar both in ancient and modern lore; and, while he describes the political and natural features of Crete in the present day, loses no opportunity of transporting us to the classical feast. The work opens with an able Introduction, putting the reader in possession of the history of these "minor regna," from the outbreaking of the Greek revolution to the winter of 1833. At the commencement of this period, the island was in a most disturbed and wretched state: it was under the government of a pasha, appointed by the sublime porte, who depended entirely on the janissaries. This turbulent body of men, conscious of their importance, filled the unhappy island with every species of violence, with impunity, completely terrifying the local authorities; and, under the Mahomedan sway, the Christian population were exposed to all sorts of oppression and insult. One tribe alone, the Sfakians, preserved their independence; and, when the Greek revolution broke out, the Christians, headed by this courageous people, in less than a year drove the Mohammedans into the fortified towns. In 1822, the Viceroy of Egypt despatched 7000 Albanians to the assistance of the besieged, but without success. In 1824, however, the Greeks, attacked by still stronger forces, were obliged to yield: but being again, if possible, more cruelly treated, in 1829 they again succeeded in shutting up the Mahomedans in the towns; and would, in all probability, have entirely banished them, had not the three allied powers given up the island to Mehmet Ali. This decision was equally unpopular among the Christians and Turks; the one merely changing masters, and the others losing all their former importance. The Christians, after some unsuccessful appeals to the English, submitted; 30,000, however, notwithstanding the specious promises made by the Egyptian viceroy to detain them, left their native land. Under this new government, for some time, every thing went on very smoothly; but the viceroy soon began to alienate the good-will of the inhabitants by the imposition of heavy and irregular taxes. Crete continued for many months in a disturbed state, under the wily management of Mehmet, who disappointed, by his clever pretences and contrivances, all the hopes the Cretans had formed from the interference of the foreign powers. Having succeeded in lulling, in some degree, the watchfulness of the European agents at Alexandria, he determined to strike terror into the inhabitants, by making an example of some of those who had risen and formed a species of council to preserve the liberties of the island. Ten of the so-called conspirators were, accordingly, hanged; and this was followed by about twenty other executions. Mr. Pashley says,—"Doubtless, if these measures had been anticipated, the Sfakians would have risen in open revolt, and would have been joined by all the inhabitants of both religions in the country; but the executions took place simultaneously, and without any one's having expected such a catastrophe." This was the condition of Crete when our author arrived at Khenia.

It will be impossible to follow Mr. Pashley through his track; and we must be content with extracting one or two passages, which will

give our readers some idea of the amusing and instructive manner in which the author describes the scenes he has witnessed. Here is a visit to the tomb of no less a personage than Jupiter himself.

"I found, as a guide up the mountain, a shepherd, who had become acquainted with the tomb of Zeus in tending his flock. A good hour was spent in reaching the summit; towards the northern extremity of which I observed foundations of the massive walls of a building, the length of which was about eighty feet. Within this space is an aperture in the ground, which may, perhaps, once have led into a moderate-sized cave; but, whatever may have been its former size, it is now so filled up that a man cannot stand in it, and its diameter is not above eight or ten feet. These, then, are the only remains of that object of deep religious veneration, the supposed tomb of 'the Father of gods and men,' with its celebrated inscription,

'All which devouring Time, in his so mighty waste,  
Demolishing those walls, hath utterly defaced:  
So that the earth doth feel the ruinous heaps of stones.  
That with their burdens weight now press his sacred bones.'

I now stand on the spot in which Zeus was supposed to be at rest from all celestial and terrestrial cares, and which was so celebrated during many ages. The testimony of a long series of ancient and ecclesiastical authors, proves fully and distinctly, that the tomb remained an object of curiosity to strangers, and of veneration to the Cretans, from an early period till after the age of Constantine. The legal establishment of Christianity, as the paid religion of the state, by that emperor, did but little in Greece towards extinguishing the ancient superstitions. The Christian ruler of the Roman world, in his earnest desire for the conversion of all his heathen subjects, undoubtedly held out many strong inducements to make them adopt the newly established religion: he bestowed temporal prizes on conformity, and, sometimes, used violence and persecution to attain his end. Still he professed to tolerate those who adhered to the old theology: 'let not any one molest another, but let each person follow the religion which he prefers,' were his words, although his conduct did not always correspond with them. We find that the Cretans continued to worship the old deities of their island, and to venerate the tomb of Zeus, half a century after this legal establishment of Christianity throughout the empire. It was only when the Spaniard Theodosius made himself the blind instrument of orthodox fanatics, and annexed the severest penalties to the celebration of the sacrifices and ceremonies of the old religion, that the corrupted Christianity of the fourth century prevailed. Those who wish not to see penal laws applied to religious opinions, will regret that such unholy aids should have been had recourse to, in order to accelerate the triumph of the Christian faith, which its own truth, and its comparatively tolerant establishment by Constantine, must, soon or late, have caused to spread into every part of the empire. After the Theodosian persecution of the heathens, we hear no more of the tomb of Zeus as an object of reverence to the people of his native island; but, at all events, it seems as if the pomp and glories of the old religion retained, for nearly four centuries after the Christian era, an unrelaxed hold on the convictions and affections of the Cretan people, notwithstanding the labours of Titus, and the elders whom he established among them. And it does not surprise us that Christianity should have failed to take root

suddenly and deeply in a mountainous country like Crete; the inhabitants of which, though they must have been pretty free from that vain wisdom and false philosophy which made the disputants in the school of Athens turn a deaf ear to the preaching of St. Paul, yet, being a nation of mountaineers, would naturally be like the other Pagans of whom we read, and the stubbornness of whose hearts it was every where difficult to overcome. We should, also, remember that their country was the very stronghold of heathen superstitions: the birth-place not only of the king of heaven, but of many of its other deities, so that,

*Al tempo degl' dei falai e bugiardi,*

scarcely a fountain, or stream, or glen existed in it, where ancient traditions were not preserved of the time when gods dwelt among the sons and daughters of men. A well-known couplet of Callimachus accuses the Cretans of being liars, because they asserted that the immortal Zeus had been buried in a tomb which, as the poet says, was the work of their own hands. I know not why the religious zeal of this learned writer should have taken offence at the Cretan tradition, that Zeus was buried in the land of his birth. According to other ancient legends, similar fates befel many of the gods: Hermes was interred at Hermopolis, Ares in Thrace, Aphrodite in Cyprus, and the tomb of the Theban Dionysos was long shown at Delphi. It is evident that, if Zeus was not exempted from the common lot of humanity, he could have no fitter resting-place than in his native island. And his fate was not unusual, even if we view him as the supreme ruler of heaven and earth: his father, Kronos, paid the debt of nature, and was buried at Mount Caucasos; Uranos had perished long before; and, according to the Orphic traditions, those ancient and mighty rulers of the world who preceded him, Phanes and Night, had also endured the common fate of gods and men. Still less reason shall we find for peculiar indignation at the Cretan legend, when we remember that Aeschylus ventured to make Prometheus declare, even before an Athenian audience, that Zeus would very soon be buried with disgrace from his throne, as his predecessors had been."

The following remarks on the Cretan wine are interesting.

"The growth of the vine here may, perhaps, have received a check while the Saracens were masters of the island, in the ninth and tenth centuries: but, if so, it soon recovered; and, while Crete still belonged to the Byzantine empire, its sweet wine was again celebrated. Theodore Ptochoprodromos mentions it, with that of Mysilene, as opposed to the Chian. From the period of the Venetian conquest, Italy again enjoyed Cretan wines, which were not long in finding their way into the other countries of Europe. At the moment of the great insurrection of the Venetian colonists, in 1363, as detailed in several unpublished manuscripts of St. Mark's library, wine was one of the principal exports of the island. Somewhat less than a century afterwards, Buondelmonti travelled in Crete, and wine still held the first place among the exports. About the same time, Prince Henry of Portugal sent to Crete for plants to stock the island of Madeira, where the first Portuguese colony was established in 1421. The wine of Crete is said, by Aeneas Sylvius, who also flourished in the fifteenth century, to have been in great request even in Bohemia; and a Carthusian monk, who visited the island in 1507,

on his way to the Holy Land, makes especial mention of the Cretan wine and honey. The commerce between Crete and England, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was so great, that Henry the Eighth, in 1522, appointed one Balthazari as 'the master, governor, protector, and consul, of all and singular the merchants and others, his lieges and subjects within the port, island, or country, of Crete or Candia.' The staple export of Crete was its wine; and the return obtained by it from England consisted chiefly of woollen cloths, a branch of commerce which was subsequently obtained by the French. Thevet and Belon both write in the middle of the sixteenth century, and both bear testimony to the abundance and excellence of the Cretan wines. An English traveller, in 1569, mentions the exportation of malmesey as the common trade of the island. The wood annually imported, in order to make casks to hold it, was a considerable article of commerce. Sandys, who wrote more than forty years later, after speaking of the other produce of Crete, subjoins, 'but that which principally enricheth the country is their muscadines and malmesies, wines that seldom come vnto vs vncuted, but excellent where not, as within the streights, and compared vnto nectar.

'Crete I confesse joues fortress to be,  
For nectar only is transferred from thee.'

The testimony of the English traveller is confirmed by that of a contemporary Italian bishop, who was born in Crete, and who, when he speaks of his native land as 'vini serax,' immediately adds,—

'Ignosce vini si excidit nomen mihi,  
Nectar volebam dicere, aut si quid magis  
Best liquare lauta divum prandia.'

Another testimony to the excellence of the Cretan wine is, also, afforded by a passage of Ben Jonson. In 'The General Historie of the Turkes,' by Knolles, published at London, in 1603, I find the island spoken of as 'now most famous through a great part of the world, for the good malmesey which there groweth, and is from thence in great abundance sent into many farre countries.' England is mentioned as one of these countries by the proveditor-general, Foscarini, in his report to the senate at Venice, made in 1576; and he also speaks of the excellence of the Cretan wine. Wine seems to have been produced in great quantities in the island, till it came into the possession of the Turks. Since that event, the juice of the Cretan grape is rarely met with out of the island; but all modern travellers who have tasted it are unanimous in celebrating its praises. I must quote the very words in which they are sung by Falconer:—

'Relaxed from toll the sailors range the shore,  
Where famine, war, and storm, are felt no more;  
The hour to social pleasure they resign,  
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.'

The letter-press is accompanied by a clear and useful map; and the engravings, which are plentifully scattered through the two volumes, add much to the amusement derived from the whole. To all those who take any pleasure in seeing the customs of by-gone days illustrated by similar curious observances of the present times, and delight in viewing the past, though in a somewhat altered shape, in the acts that are still passing before them, we can recommend Mr. Pashley's book, as connecting ancient and modern ages in a most agreeable and interesting degree.

*Austria and the Austrians.* 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. H. Colburn.

THIS appears to be a sensible and impartial work, giving a very fair view of the Austrian empire, its political position, its royal family, aristocracy, middle classes, and general population; with their institutions, manners, literature, amusements, and all matters which mark the condition of a country. Of the manner in which this is done, the following will suffice to afford a criterion. A general remark compares the German with the English and French national character. The author observes:—

“Morally speaking, I should say, that the characteristics which most prominently distinguish the three nations are, ostentation, the English; vanity, the French; and good sense, the Germans. The English, as a people, have, with their ostentation, a high sense of honour, truth, and practical generosity: but even of these, as well as in their display of the power of wealth, and what riches can purchase, to exalt ignorance, they make, too generally, an ostentatious exhibition quite offensive to, and always ridiculous in the opinion of, foreigners. The French, with their excess of vanity, have the talent of making themselves, whether they be sincere or not, agreeable; and possess, above all others, the gift of concealing or suppressing what may offend. The German is equally anxious to avoid giving offence; but in doing so he is less adroit, while he is far more anxious to observe and to know what is practically great in other countries.”

Having got to Vienna, we find sketches of the late and present emperors, from which we select a few passages.

“The downfall of Napoleon, and the superior abilities of Prince Metternich at the congress of Vienna, restored Francis to more than former power; and for the last twenty years of his life no private gentleman need have been less disturbed in his tranquillity. The able and celebrated prime minister of his empire, of whom I shall have the opportunity to speak hereafter, had all along relieved him of the labour, not the direction, of governing; but Francis was, however, not an idle man, although he appeared to be so. If Frederick the Second patronised and associated only with philosophers and military favourites, hated women, and acted with much less than bare justice to his *roturier* subjects; Francis the Second, of Austria, shuddered at the name of philosophy, and would sooner have admitted the devil into his society than Voltaire. He restored, to some extent, a few of the monasteries suppressed by Joseph II., and paid great deference, but gave little power, to the priests. He went at regular hours to hear mass, said his prayers, confessed his sins, and religiously gave the precedence to the pope's nuncio over all ambassadors. Francis was fond of the society of women, yet faithful to the marriage-bed. He loved his obedient people, and delighted to see them. He gave all classes a free audience twice a-week; he attended to their petitions without distinction of persons; and he was fond, to the extreme of vanity, and perhaps it was his only vanity, of believing himself implicitly considered by them as their father, and in believing them, especially the Austrians, as children who enjoyed his most parental affection. Certainly no monarch was ever more loved than he was by his German subjects, who daily repeat anecdotes of the goodness of *Vater Franz*. During the cholera, the emperor when walking, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, near Schönbrunn, met a hier carrying a body to the cemetery, but not followed by any one. The emperor asked

‘why the corpse was abandoned?’ ‘It is, probably, that of some poor friendless person,’ replied the aide-de-camp. ‘Well, then,’ said the emperor, ‘it is our duty to accompany it to the grave.’ So saying, the emperor took off his hat, placed his arm within that of his aide-de-camp, and both, uncovered, followed the coffin to the cemetery, where Francis himself threw the first spadeful of dust over the body. ‘This,’ say the Viennese, with a thousand others which they tell of him, ‘shew how sensible our good *Vater Kaiser Franz* was of human equality.’ When he opened that magnificent promenade near the Prater, the *au-garten*, to the public, a noble lady said to him, ‘Emperor, I can no longer walk among my equals in rank.’ ‘If I were confined to my equals in rank,’ replied Francis, ‘I must take my daily walks in the vaults of the Capucins,’ but I prefer the Prater and *au-garten*, among my people.’ The French considered Francis *comme une sorte de roi fainéant*, and the English may have also, to some extent, taken this opinion upon Gallic trust; but I have said that the late emperor was not an idle prince. No; Francis was laborious, active, and vigilant. He understood, not only all the languages, but all the dialects of his empire. He rose early, and often worked twelve hours a-day.

“To all who approached the late emperor, he spoke with what is termed *bonhomie* by the French; and to all he was equally unaffected in his demeanour. With ordinary plain sense, with ample talents for ruling a submissive nation, — fond of peace, and dreading whatever might disturb the tranquillity of the empire, or create any change in the actual state of the people, or in the existing administration, — he was evidently not gifted with that sagacity, that political wisdom, or that strong judgment, which form the first order of powerful minds. If he had, the affecting tale of Silvio Pellico would never have appeared, to prove that the humanity of Francis II. was only obliterated by his fears. If others, even the members of his own family, had in any way acquired popularity, it drove him mad: he, alone, would monopolise its possession. He loved accepted truths, which were often fallacies, and which he styled historical rights; dreaded doubts, either in respect to the established government or to the established religion. The very mention of representative governments terrified him. When he visited Milan, among others, an eminent professor was introduced to him, who was considered to have made some important discoveries in the constitution of the atmosphere. Startled by the word, Francis exclaimed, ‘*Costituzione! costituzione! ah! e quella parola che ci ha fatto tanto male!*’ ‘Constitution! constitution! that word has subjected us to many evils!’ When the deputies of Hungary were presented to him at Laybach, ‘In your pursuit after ideal constitutions,’ said the emperor, ‘*totius mundi stultitiam*.’ Francis, with all his amiable personal qualities, did not belong, as an administrator, to the character of the age. Politically speaking, he ought to have died, before his grandmother, Maria Theresa, was born. The tempest of the first French revolution laid his judgment prostrate at the moment he ascended the throne; and, from that day until the hour he signed his last superstitious will, the dreaded evils of innovation influenced all his conclusions and all his actions. The last French revolution drove

“In the vaults of the Capucins are deposited the bodies of the deceased imperial family: the hearts are placed in silver jars deposited in the church of St. Augustin, while the viscera are preserved in copper urns in the crypt of St. Stephen’s.”

him to utter despair: ‘*Alles ist vertoren! Alles ist vertoren!*’ he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his political despondency. After the reforming impulse given the empire by Joseph II., posterity may with reason curse their ancestors for submitting to the retrograding rule of a self-willed despotic emperor, in the person of a simple-mannered and benevolent man.”

Of the reigning emperor we are told, —

“The manufacturing industry of the empire seems to have engaged his attention at that period; and unless he has examined the subject on sound principles, I should fear that a predilection may have consequently been formed to maintain home fabrics at the expense of the general national wealth. The object of his labours has been the formation of a museum of national productions and manufactures: that is, the collecting and arranging specimens, first, of raw materials from the three kingdoms of nature; second, of manufacturing industry, and, third, of machines and models. Having devoted his time to this very industrious and useful, but not very difficult task, those employed have succeeded in forming the most interesting collection imaginable. Before his accession, it was supposed that his ideas of government were decidedly liberal, — that he disliked his father's prime minister too much for the latter to remain in power. The letter, written immediately after the death of Francis, by his successor (?), to Prince Metternich, at once disproved the supposition, that Ferdinand would depart willingly from the existing order of managing public affairs.”

The author's opinions of the Austrian character, generally, are very favourable: but we will close with a few further extracts; and, as he seems to be one of the bureaucracy, an *attaché* to the English embassy, we begin with Metternich.

“I have not met any one who has known Prince Metternich personally, who did not speak highly of him as a man, however much they may have differed from him in their ideas of public government. I have also found that all those who have made his acquaintance, have, in consequence, been completely deceived in their previous ideas of this celebrated personage. He has, certainly, much in his personal character that is kind, and which, under another form of government, would render him very popular. He is religiously Catholic, but tolerant in regard to every other profession of faith.”

Of Murat it is related: —

“Early in 1814, he attempted to seduce Prince Eugene Beauharnois, and proposed that he should abandon France, and unite their forces to those of the Austrian general, Bellegarde. The high-minded Eugene, disgusted at the proposal, said, ‘Never would he betray a benefactor.’ Murat, forgetting his origin and the gratitude due to Napoleon, signed, without scruple, an armistice with Austria.”

We conclude with a character not altogether different: —

“Hungary and Transylvania have, at various periods, been as famed for bandits as Spain or Italy; although their exploits have been but little known to western Europe. About twenty-five years ago, a formidable band spread terror over eastern Hungary, Transylvania, and the Banat. For a long time, every attempt to subdue them, and every plan to surprise them, failed. At length, suspicion fell upon a shepherd, who came regularly from the mountains to Lobosch, to purchase wine, in quan-

“All is lost! all is lost!”



ties too great, and of a quality too good, for the ordinary consumption of that part of the country. The shepherd was seized; and threats and promises extorted from him the confession that he purchased the wine for the robbers,—that their number was about one hundred,—that their retreat was of difficult access, in one of the largest caverns in Transylvania, and so strongly fortified at the entrance that they would be able to destroy all who approached it. The shepherd was both frightened and bribed to betray them. If the stratagem failed, and the shepherd did not return, his wife and children, who were retained by the governor of Lobosch as hostages, were to be executed. If it succeeded, the shepherd was to have a free pardon, and a pension of one hundred florins for life. He was then ordered to proceed with the wine as usual, into which opium was infused. The robbers got drunk, and slept upon it; the cavern was surprised and taken, and the whole of the bandits were hung in chains on the mountain above the cavern. The chief of the bandits who are now so formidable in Hungary is called Schubri, or Sobri. Various accounts of his birth and character have been given from time to time. It was first believed that he was of noble birth; and the heroism of his character, and his daring boldness, were the general theme of conversation at all the inns and little towns of Hungary. It was then given out that he was one of the class of wandering shepherds, who have, certainly, produced more brigands than honest men. Schubri's audacious appearance, where he is least expected, exhibits him frequently in a most daring position. He enters towns by himself; dines at *tables-d'hôte*; and, on leaving, says to the guests, 'I am off, and you will boast of having dined with Schubri!' Not long since, several noblemen dined at a *table-d'hôte* in Szarvaz, a stranger entered, sat down as a traveller at the table, amused the guests by his anecdotes and conversation, and, after dinner, bowed to the company, and said, on leaving the room, 'Gentlemen, it is Schubri whose company you have had. Adieu! till we meet again.' His band was at hand; and not long after, he entered the schloss of one of the nobles he had dined with, saying,—'I have occasion for two hundred ducats, and must have them at once, or I will instantly make your heir lord of this castle.' Not long since it was announced that the greater part of his daring band, harassed by detachments of Hungarian troops, were dispersed. This soon turned out a false report: a few of his band were surprised, and three or four taken; among them, were Nagy Janesi, said to be the most bold and dexterous, and Milfait, who has been beheaded, and who has given a curious account of the chief, Schubri. It now appears that this daring brigand is only about twenty-seven years of age, and was born at Funf-kirchen, in which town his father was an extensive tanner, and his uncle a saffron manufacturer, who had in that business realised a fortune. Schubri, when a boy, was so daring, and so often engaged in plots among his fellows, that he gave perpetual uneasiness to his parents. He involved himself in bloody squabbles with the children of the nobles, and he was, consequently, sent from home, and placed in a school at Gotha. He is said to have made extraordinary progress in his studies, first at school, and afterwards in the gymnasium of that town; while he became, at the same time, in the highest degree despotic over the students, who usually submitted to him. At Gotha, he wrote ballads and composed music; and he made his companions sing them, or join

him in the chorus. If they sung out of tune he beat them, yet they obeyed him; and he at last excited them to an insurrection, to storm at night, by torch-light, the numismatic cabinet. Pursued by the soldiers and police, he escaped by swimming the river and burrowing under the stables of the schloss of Friededstein, and then wandered through Hanover and Holstein to Lubeck, from which he passed over to Upsala, in Sweden, by concealing himself in a vessel of that country, and not appearing until they had nearly crossed the Baltic. He was reduced to extreme distress; and from his father, who had previously sent him sufficient means, he had not heard since the beginning of 1836. He was, in consequence, obliged to leave Upsala, where he had previously determined to reform his life, and apply himself closely to study. Before his departure, however, he commenced his career as a robber. It was winter; and he sallied out of town after dark, dug in the road, then deeply covered with snow, a kind of pit, covered it over with branches, and then with snow. The road, in winter, being confined to little more than a track, the first traveller fell into the pit, and was attacked and robbed by Schubri. This he repeated, for four or five nights; but being attacked in the market by the dog of a farmer whom he had robbed, he disappeared immediately from Sweden, and, after landing in Germany, travelled on to Hungary, robbing as often as opportunity enabled him. On reaching Joseph-stad, in his native country, he wrote his father, boldly avowing his robberies, which he laid entirely to the principle of necessity, and to which, he asserted, the first noble families in Europe owed their origin. He then set to work, with extraordinary management and patience, to organise a band of brigands, to whom he wished to impart a romantic, military, and even chivalrous character. Numerous young men of high or desperate spirit, and overwhelmed with debt, amidst society, soon joined Schubri. His band was also augmented by discharged non-commissioned officers, and romantic students, to an organised body of one hundred well-armed and trained men. In less than seven months, either as a body or in detachments, they have committed the most daring robberies. Schubri, in all attacks, is at their head. In June he had a most desperate engagement with a troop of hussars. He was wounded; but he fought his way with great bravery, and escaped with his men. He was lately, with three of his men, surrounded at night in a farm-yard near the Platten-See, by forty horsemen. His presence of mind and audacity saved him. He directed his companions to throw aside their arms and part of their clothes. He then, followed by them, ran with lighted lanterns to the outer entrance, and addressed the soldiers, as if he belonged to the farm-house, saying, they had better station themselves immediately at the inner gate, to prevent the robbers escaping, as they were desperate, and should be at once surprised in the house, where they were then regaling themselves. The stratagem succeeded, and Schubri and his men were off before the soldiers even approached the house, in which all the inmates were surprised asleep, quite unconscious of what had passed. A few days after, he robbed an estate belonging to the Archduke Charles, of every valuable article he could carry away. He is now said to have a completely organised troop of five hundred men, being reinforced by Bosnians, Paudaurs, and others. A comedian of Ratisbon, named Kapfen, has lately joined him; and his band,

altogether, consists, not of starving peasants or serfs, but of men degraded by vices, that have rendered them desperate. He has established among them strict discipline; employs a treasurer; pays his men regularly; has a surgeon to dress their wounds; and gives prizes to those who excel in carbine-shooting and in gymnastic feats. He has subordinate officers, and is now said to be forming a troop of cavalry. He probably dreams of becoming a mighty conqueror. Robbing the rich, and never injuring, but, when possible, to assist the poor, is the principle he promulgates. It is said that not a single murder can be traced to him, and that he once ordered one of his gang to be shot for robbing a peasant. A few days ago, a positive account of his capture reached Vienna. His appearance terrifying the country near Hermanstadt, in Transylvania, was given in another account. In fact, he is a second Rob Roy."

*The Life of Thomas Jefferson, &c. &c.* By George Tucker, Virginia. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Knight and Co.

THIS valuable contribution to the history of America is one of those standard works which our review can only notice and recommend in that light. Analysis and selection are alike impracticable within our limits; and, where politics are so essential a feature of the publication, it is not our practice to enter into opinions. Some of Jefferson's correspondence, not hitherto before the world, possesses considerable interest. There is a good portrait prefixed.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Practical Treatise on the Principal Diseases of the Lungs, &c. &c.*, by G. Hume Weatherhead, M.D., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 184. (London, Churchill.)—In December last, there died, according to the published weekly accounts of the metropolis, of lung diseases, no fewer than eleven hundred and thirty-nine human beings, and from 50,000 to 60,000 persons throughout England fall victims every year to consumption alone; is it, then, surprising that the highest medical talent should be sedulously applied to the study of this fatal class of disorders. Among the most eminent and successful of the physicians who have turned their attention especially to the subject is Dr. Weatherhead, the author of this volume; and it is our pleasant duty to recommend it earnestly to the public attention, as containing all the latest and most important medical investigations, such as those by Laennec, Carswell, and Brettonneau, and throwing great light upon the pathology of diseases of the chest.

*Jacob Faithful, &c. &c.* (London, Saunders and Otley) — Vol. I. of an illustrated edition of Capt. Marryat's Novels, with humorous coloured plates, drawn and etched by W. Buss, and in a binding most appropriate, namely, the material impressed with a ship, in the neatest possible trim.

*The Pulpit, Vol. XXIX.* (London, Sherwood and Co.)—Another volume of this cheap and valuable collection of divinity. Many of the discourses are very eloquent; and the whole a gratifying example of pulpit oratory and piety.

*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Biography of Eminent Statesmen, Vol. IV.* by G. P. R. James, Esq. (London, Longman and Co.)—This volume contains the biographies of Louis de Haro, Cardinal Dubois, Cardinal Alberoni, and the Duke of Ripperda, all which are written in Mr. James's excellent manner, combining research with sound judgment and acute observation.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Mr. Loudon, F.L.S. sent for exhibition a specimen of the mistletoe (*Viscum album*) growing upon a branch of an oak, from a tree at Eastnor Castle. The specimen exhibited a degree of luxuriance more than usual.—Read, a further continuation of Mr. Wood's observations on the European genera of grasses.—The secretary announced that the late Alexander Collicie, Esq., surgeon to the colony of Western Australia, had bequeathed to the Society a collection of dried plants gathered by him in that colony.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 22d. Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A paper, On the supposed ancient state of the North American continent, especially on the extent of an inland sea by which a great portion of its surface is conjectured to have been covered, and on the evidences of progressive drainage of the waters, by Mr. Roy, was commenced.

April 5th. Mr. Greenough, vice-president, in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Roy's paper was concluded. The author of this communication, having been employed in extensive surveys, especially in the lake districts of North America, found, on drawing out sections for professional purposes, that the country everywhere exhibited successive ridges, which encircled the lakes; and, upon comparing sections to the north of Lake Ontario with others to the south, that the ridges exactly corresponded in elevation. The highest of these ridges is 996 feet above the level of the sea, or 762 above that of Lake Ontario; and, connecting this elevation with the physical features of the great valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri, Mr. Roy supposes that the whole of the area bounded on the west by the rocky mountains, from the table land of Mexico to the parallel of 47° of latitude,—on the north by the barrier separating the head waters of the lakes from those of the northern rivers, and extending to Cape Tourmant, below Quebec,—and on the east by the hills stretching through the United States to the Gulf of Mexico, formed one vast inland sea, occupying 960,000 square miles. Having thus given the extreme height and supposed extent of the sea, the memoir proceeded to shew by what progressive operations the author considers that the boundaries were broken through and the waters drained, till they were reduced to the detached basins forming the Canadian lakes. These details, however, cannot be understood without the aid of diagrams.—A paper, On the geology of the neighbourhood of Smyrna, by Mr. H. E. Strickland, was then read; but of which, as well as a letter from Mr. Fox, we must postpone our report.

Extracts from two letters on the earthquake in Syria in January last, addressed by Mr. Moore, his majesty's consul-general at Beyrout, to Viscount Palmerston, and communicated by J. Backhouse, Esq. and the honourable W. T. H. Fox Strangways, under secretaries of state. The first letter, dated Beyrout, January 2, 1837, announces that the earthquake was felt in that city at thirty-five minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon of the preceding day. It was accompanied by a rumbling noise, lasted about ten seconds, and appeared to proceed from the north. No buildings were thrown down in the town, but seven or eight without the walls, and one or two lives were lost. In the neighbourhood of Beyrout, the course of the river Ontilius was suspended, and mills built on its banks were deprived of water for some hours. When the stream returned, it was turbid, and of a reddish, sandy colour. During the day of the earthquake, the atmosphere was close, and charged with electricity. Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 66°, but five minutes after the earthquake it rose to 70°. Four or five minutes after the shock, the compass was still agitated. The oldest inhabitants did not remember so severe an earthquake. The second letter was written also at Beyrout, partly on the 9th of January, and partly on the 23d. It contains detailed accounts of the damage which has been done to numerous towns and villages. At Damascus, four minarets

and several houses were thrown down; and at Acre, part of the walls and some buildings. Saffet was entirely destroyed, and nearly all the population, amounting to between 4000 and 5000, had perished. The ground near the city was rent into fearful chasms; and, up to the last accounts, shocks were felt daily. Tiberiad was also entirely overthrown, except the baths; and the lake rose and swept away many of the inhabitants. The despatch contains a list of thirty-nine villages which had been totally destroyed, and six partially; and Mr. Moore says, it had been ascertained that the earthquake was felt on a line of five hundred miles in length by ninety in breadth. It was also perceived in the island of Cyprus.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting was held on Thursday afternoon. A considerable balance in favour of the society was carried to the account for April: upwards of twenty individuals were elected, and the names of twenty-six candidates for election were read. Six thousand four hundred and ninety-six persons visited the gardens and museum in March. The table shewing the state of the society's stock at the gardens was also read: it exhibited very little alteration as compared with the publication of last month. From a long and interesting communication by George Bennett, Esq. F.L.S. on a species of *Glaucon*, we subjoin the following notes. During a voyage from England to Sydney, New South Wales, in latitude 4° 26' N., and longitude 19° 30' W., with light airs and calms prevailing at the time, a number of damaged and perfect specimens of the *Glaucon hexapterygius*, (Cuv.) were caught in the towing net. On being immediately removed from the net and placed in a glass of sea-water, they resumed their vital actions and floated about in the liquid element, exhibiting a brilliancy of colour and peculiarity of form which excited much admiration. The back of the animals, as well as the upper surface of the fins and digitated processes, and the upper portion of the head and tail, were of a vivid purple colour, varying occasionally in its intensity; the abdomen and under surface of the fins were of a beautiful pearly-white colour, appearing as if it had been enamelled; the usual length of the specimens caught, from the extremity of the head to the tail, was 1½ inches; the body of the animal is sub-cylindrical, terminating in a tail gradually becoming more slender towards the extremity, until it finally terminates in a delicate point. These little animals are very delicate and fragile in their structure, yet they fling themselves about in the water without sustaining any injury. When there is much movement of the water, in carrying the glass from one place to another, they are evidently disturbed and restless, and the fins are dropped: if, therefore, a slight motion of the water disturbs them, what can become of these delicate mollusks during tempestuous weather? can they be similar to the *ephemeris*, doomed to live merely for the space of a day and then perish in myriads? From the immense number seen only from the ship—and how many myriads extended beyond the range of vision of those around!—it conveyed to the mind some idea of the profusion of human beings inhabiting the wide expanse of ocean, and a feeling of astonishment at the inconceivable variety of forms and constructions to which animation has been imparted by creative power.

## ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 3. The Rev. F. W. Hope, in the

chair.—The minutes of the last meeting having been confirmed, various donations of books and insects were announced, including specimens of the *Chiasognathus Grantii*, a very splendid stag-beetle, from the island of Chiloe. Various interesting species of insects were also exhibited by Lord Prudhoe and others; amongst which was a very fine series of Patagonian *Carabi*, brought home by C. Darwin, Esq. The secretary called the attention of the meeting to the attacks of insects upon some of the pictures in the National Gallery, especially the "Sebastian del Piombo;" and he also read extracts from the Parliamentary Report upon this subject, which led to an extended discussion, in which various remedies were suggested by different members. An extract from a letter addressed to the secretary, by W. Raddon, Esq., was read, giving an account of the injury committed in a stack of wheat by the larva of a lepidopterous insect of considerable size; several of which were exhibited, as well as specimens of the *Musca pumilionis*, a small fly, which had also been very destructive to corn. Extracts were also read from a letter from Van Diemen's Land, containing observations upon the natural productions of that country, by Mr. R. H. Lewis. The following memoirs were also read:—Observations upon the natural history of a species of *Cynipide*, or gall-flies, which produces the small lens-like galls on the underside of oak-leaves, which have long perplexed naturalists, having been regarded by many as fungi; by Mr. W. Smith. Further observations upon the economy of the *Scolytus destructor*, or elm-beetle; by W. Spence, Esq. Observations on the insects and larva of insects found in the human body; by the Rev. F. W. Hope: accompanied by figures of various species, chiefly from the collection of the College of Surgeons, which had been obtained from the human body; and, also, by tables of great extent, containing nearly two hundred cases, which the author distributed into three sections, to which he gave the names of *Scoleciasis*, *Canthariasis*, and *Myiasis*. The last-mentioned paper produced much discussion, in which Messrs. Bell, Owen, Bracony, Clark, Dr. Blundell, and others, took part. Certificates in favour of the Earl of Burlington and C. F. Jephson, Esq. were read.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday, J. E. Gray, Esq. president, in the chair.—Some members were elected, and others proposed. A paper was read from the secretary, W. M. Chatterley, Esq., being a translation of De Candolle's Geographical Distribution of Plants, extracted from "La Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," which led to an interesting discussion. A specimen of *Potentilla supina*, found by Dr. Bossey at Woolwich, was exhibited. The meeting then adjourned.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

ON Saturday last, Mr. C. W. Williams Wynn, president, in the chair.—Presents were noticed, and members admitted; after which Mr. H. Wilkinson read a paper on the causes which produced the pattern, or watering, on the celebrated sword-blades of Damascus. After alluding to the ancient renown of the Damascenes in the manufacture of swords, and the general belief that the conquest of Damascus, by Timour, in the 14th century, and consequent dispersion of the workmen, had caused the secret to be lost, Mr. Wilkinson observed, that in the

remote times when this celebrity was obtained, all eastern countries were greatly superior in arts to those of Europe, and that the excellence of the swords of Damascus had been much exaggerated from this cause; but that the estimation accorded to them was not warranted by our present experience, as swords of equal, or better quality, might be now manufactured at a twentieth of the price paid for a Damascus blade. The attempts at imitation of these swords had been almost all directed to the external appearance alone; i. e. the watering, or *jower*, which Mr. Wilkinson considered had never been successfully produced. From several years' attention to the subject, he had reason to believe that the natives of the East were either totally ignorant of the cause of the desired appearance themselves, or that they made a mystery of that which was, in fact, none. Several attempts had been made in Europe; all of which had proved failures: they had improved neither the appearance nor the quality of the blade; and, in general, had done no more than produce a certain external watering, which might deceive a person unacquainted with the real sabre. From this condemnation he excepted the process of Signor Crevelli, an Italian, which was calculated to produce blades of great beauty, and equal to any ever made at Damascus; though he trusted he should be able to prove that Signor Crevelli's process was not that of the Damascus manufacturers. Mr. Wilkinson here explained the process adopted by Crevelli, which consisted of a peculiar intermixture of iron and steel. He illustrated his explanation by pieces of lead and copper, bent into the required shapes. Another method, Mr. Wilkinson observed, had been adopted in Georgia. It consisted in twisting alternate laminae of iron and steel, and welding them together: the process was well known in Europe; but it produced a metal totally unfit to form the edge of any cutting instrument. A few of these were made by Goork, of Teflis; almost all of which were in the possession of kings. The one on the table had been made for the Emperor of Russia, by whom it had been presented to the late Shah of Persia: it was given by him to Colonel Hart, on whose death it was bought by Sir John Campbell, for 35*l*. In all swords of this sort, the damasked portion was, simply, an ornamental band, introduced near the back of the blade, being, as before observed, unfit to form a cutting edge. The real cause of the *jower*, or watering of the Damascus blades, Mr. Wilkinson conceived to be, first, the nature of the iron employed; and, secondly, the mode of converting it into steel. This is explained as being done by imperfect fusion and agglutination, and cementation with charcoal in small crucibles; the produce of which was generally a very good steel, crystallised variously, and partially mingled with minute portions of the metallic bases of the earths employed in the operation. The pattern, or *jower*, exists in the steel itself; and it would be as impossible to make a sword of this steel without obtaining the true Damascus figure, as it would be to imitate the true figure by any artificial mixture of iron and steel. Mr. Wilkinson had examined a cake of steel from Cutch, and found that it could be tempered without difficulty; and that it exhibited, when cut, the true Damascus pattern, as it did, also, when forged into a bar. It was a curious coincidence that the trade between Cutch and Damascus was formerly direct; and it was, consequently, highly probable that the Syrian workman obtained his celebrity from a mere casual

circumstance, which would not have occurred if he had obtained his steel from a part of India where the manufacture of it was conducted by a different process. It should also be remarked, that, in consequence of the small size of the cakes of steel furnished by the Indian market, three, four, or even eight cakes were required to make one sword-blade. These cakes must of necessity be drawn into bars, welded together, laminated, and doubled again and again; which process would necessarily increase the intricacy of the pattern; and even the indentations of the hammer, and clumsiness of the workman, would combine to increase its diversity. Mr. Wilkinson concluded by observing, that in these processes, all the required varieties would be obtained; and that the figure of all genuine Damascus blades was entirely the result of nature, and not of art. After the reading of the paper was concluded, Mr. Malcolmson stated, that he had that morning seen a piece of steel from Nirmal, a place in India celebrated for the manufacture of that article. The greatest part of the steel of that place went to Persia, and much was employed in making sword-blades. The process of manufacturing the steel at Nirmal, was described in a paper by the late Dr. Voysey, published in the first volume of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*. Mr. Wilkinson observed, that he had no doubt that other Indian manufacturers produced steel of a similar quality to that he had been describing. He also said, that he had seen at the East India House, a manuscript, he believed, of the late Mr. Moorcraft, describing a mode of bringing out the pattern on the steel without the aid of acids. It consisted in suspending the polished metal in a sort of well, about six feet deep, shaped like an inverted funnel. A quantity of warm litter was heaped up at the bottom, and the atmospheric air carefully excluded; the acrid vapour arising from the dung brought out the pattern on the steel in a few weeks, without any of the inconveniences arising from the use of acids. The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Wilkinson, for his interesting paper; and the meeting adjourned.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, president, in the chair. Mr. Knight (through Mr. C. R. Smith), presented a drawing of a *praeforium*, or sacrificial vase, in his possession, found, with other Roman remains, in the burial ground of Saint Pancras Church, Colchester, with a short description. Sir Frederick Madden communicated a dissertation on Perkin Warbeck, and his evanescent claim to the crown of England. He shortly gave the statements and variations of our different historians on the subject, with additional historical observations of his own, and copies of two letters, hitherto unnoticed; one from Perkin to Isabella, queen of Spain, written in 1463, and the other from the same to Bernard de la Foese, in 1496—both materially illustrative of Perkin's history. Part of this paper being read, the remainder was postponed.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; Belgrave Literary Conversazione.  
*Tuesday*.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Ed. Cowper, Esq. on Recent Improvements in Paper Making); Lambeth Literary, 8½ P.M. (D. Cooper, Esq. on Cryptogamic Botany).  
*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund, Committee, 3 P.M.; Election of Secretary,

4 P.M.; Club to meet the Stewards for the Anniversary of 30 May, at 3½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.  
*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 9½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (First Lecture of the Season, Dr. Lardner on Steam Communication with India.)

## FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.  
[Third Notice.]

92. *The First Lesson*. 100. *Persuasion*. Miss F. Cosbaw.—In both these compositions, and especially in the first, the fair artist has displayed a very beautiful sentiment. The designs are exceedingly tasteful; and, if there had been a little more solidity in the execution of them, they would have appeared to still greater advantage.

143. Miss Kearsley.—This lady also claims our admiration. The subject of her picture is full of pathos; and it is sweetly painted.

298. *Lodovico Waterfall*. W. Flavell.—A scene of perfect enchantment; in which, through the medium of picturesque form and richly varied colour, wood and water play their parts in a way equally attractive to the sight, and pleasing to the imagination.

363. *Repose in Egypt*. C. W. Cope.—We are glad to hear of repose any where. In the fine work before us it is beautifully shown; not only in the principal figure, but in those by which it is accompanied. It is, perhaps, scarcely possible to prevent a composition of this nature from reminding us a little too strongly of some of the old masters.

244. *The Look-out at Clovelly, North Devon*. W. Shayer.—It is a good look-out for the artist, when he can meet with a subject so well adapted to the pencil. As in other works of his, Mr. Shayer has enriched his scenery with appropriate and well-drawn groups.

234. *Will Watch, the bold Smuggler, taking Leave of his Sire*. T. Clater.—A very fine illustration of the lines quoted in the catalogue; powerfully painted; and the hour of parting naturally and well expressed. By the same artist, and executed in the same forcible and harmonious tone of colour, is 255. *Discussing the Poor Laws*; in which a cobbler and a mechanic are carrying on a fierce argument—doubtless very much to their own satisfaction.

The portraiture in the great room gives it an air of much importance. Among the most characteristic are:—133. *Portrait of the Earl of Egremont* (than whom the arts have never found a kinder patron). 21. *Portrait of John Carew, Esq.* (the celebrated sculptor). G. Clint. 42. *Portrait of a Lady*. F. Y. Hurlstone.—In simplicity, grace, and composition, worthy the pencil of Vandyke. 115. *Portrait of the Countess of Winterton*; 146. *Portrait of the Earl of Winterton*. F. Y. Hurlstone.—Admirable.—8. *The Right Hon. Lord Maitry*; 14. *Thomas Wilde, Esq. K. S.*, M. P. Mrs. C. Pearson.—This lady maintains her rank among our fair artists; and these specimens of her talents shew them to great advantage. The first is self-collected and dignified, and well adapted to the station it is to occupy (the Town Hall at Mold); the second is equally characteristic, but has more of the familiar and domestic in its appearance.—93. *Dr. Mayo*. J. Lonsdale. A fine example of this artist's firm and solid style.—179. *Portrait of Sir Peter Laurie, as Lord Mayor of London*. J. Lilliey. A faithful likeness; and executed with great breadth and vigour.

155 and 176 are two beautiful heads; the

first, *La Pignarola*, by J. P. Davis, is remarkable for its clear and transparent complexion, and for its witchery of look and expression; the second, *Flora Mac Ivor*, by J. Borden, is a well-imagined and skilfully executed representation of the lovely, spirited, and interesting heroine of Waverley.

427. *Rydal Water*, in Cumberland. J. B. Pyne.—Whether the clear sky in which the young moon appears in this beautiful view, and the distant mountains, are too blue, or true blue, we are not quite prepared to say, but we rather think that, in this respect, Mr. Pyne has taken a poetical license; which, however, we are not inclined to deny him, as it not only gives a poetical character to the subject, but sets off the figures and other objects in the foreground.

444. *Venice*. J. Holland.—The glowing colours in this fine performance likewise seem to us to indicate the resort to a poetical license; without which, indeed, many a resplendent work of art would lose much of its attractive quality.

437. *Cattle*. T. S. Cooper.—The present, like other of this able artist's productions, seems to shed light and life on the spot in which it appears.

Besides those which we have specified, there is a very fair variety of pleasing landscapes, &c.; among which will be found—198. *Mill at Ventnor, Isle of Wight*. F. Watts.—196. *Fishery—Autumnal Morning; the sun dispersing a mist*. E. Child.—194. *The Baptistry of St. Mark's, Venice*. G. B. Moore.—227. *Outhouses with Cattle, near Horley, Surrey*. J. Wilson, jun.—239. *Beach Scene, Sherringham*. A. Priest.—318. *Misty Morning, Windsor*. A. Montagne.—331. *Canal Scene; Early Morning*. J. Tennant.—352. *Folkestone, Kent*. T. Crenwick.—353. *Cattle and Figures, by the Side of a River*. J. Dearman.—357. *Fort Rouge and Calais Piers; Boats by G. Chambers*. J. B. Pyne.—406. *Cologne*. G. Bulmer.—418. *Scene on the Thames; Moonlight*. J. B. Crome, &c. &c.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Die Schachspieler*. Zeichnung von Moritz Retzsch. Leipzig. In Commission bei Ernst Fleischer.

*The Chess-Players*. A Drawing, by Moritz Retzsch. London. Schloss.

AND who do our readers think are the players? The Devil, and Man, who has been rash enough to stake his soul on the issue! "The scene is chosen with a sort of mysterious reference to the whole idea that is to be expressed. The very architecture intimates the presence of that dark being to whose sphere belongs all that is horrible, confounding, and seductive. It is a wide vault, whose arch is formed by two lizard-shaped monsters, whose heads, half bird, half locust, as well as their short misshapen claws, adhere closely to its two pillars, down which they seem to creep. The upper surface of a sarcophagus is transformed into a chess-board; and Man, as a fair youth, sits at this table, his head, covered with the curls of early manhood, resting on his hand, and his countenance full of careful thoughts. Opposite to him, on the spectator's left-hand, is Satan, the Prince of Darkness, seated in a large chair, one of whose arms shews an open-mouthed lion, seeking whom he may devour; while, lower down, the claw of this lion, grasping a human skull, intimates his death-bringing power. A broad cloak, from which only his bony clawlike hands appear, is thrown around him; and his hair and his beard bristle wildly about. In his

cap is the long, crooked cock's feather, which ancient tradition has uniformly regarded as suspicious. The features of his countenance are noble, for he is still a fallen angel; but their expression, as becomes his fallen state, is devilish and hateful." The pieces are—on one side, his Satanic Majesty himself, Pleasure, Indolence, Anger, Pride, Falshood, Avarice, Envy, and Unbelief; on the other side, the Youth's own Soul, Religion, Hope, Truth, Peace, Humility, Innocence, and Love; all characterised by their respective symbols. The pawns on the part of Vice are Doubts, in the shape of herpies; on that of Virtue, Prayers, in the shape of angel's heads. We regret to say, that "the game stands ill for the Human Being. His adversary has already weakened the power of Prayer, by taking from him several angel's heads; Love and Innocence are lost; Humility gone; and Peace, just seized, is still held in his clawlike fingers. Pleasure, Unbelief, and Doubts, are pressing tumultuously forward against Religion, who stands there, tranquil and sublime, protecting Man; who is thus attacked in so many ways, but who, so long as he does not give up Religion, may yet hope for escape." We own that this species of allegorical composition, whether literary or graphic, is no great favourite of ours; but it would be doing Mr. Retzsch great injustice, if we were not to bear testimony to the depth of thought, and facility and vigour of execution, which are shewn in the extraordinary work under our notice.

#### Madame Malibran. Schloss.

THE smallest portrait, we presume, that was ever engraved: not too large to set in a brooch or ring; and yet distinctly retaining the character and expression of the highly gifted and lamented original.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### ODE.

On a Lachrymatory, in the Third Chamber of the interesting Etruscan Antiquities, now to be seen in Pall Mall.

Is't so? and have three thousand years,  
That yesterday of ages, fled  
Since thou, frail vase of human tears,  
Wert placed beside the warrior dead?  
Fall'n is his brow, that throne of thought;  
His bones are passed to dust — to air;  
Yet thou surviv'st, as perfect wrought,  
As if but yesterday left there!

Oh, mockery of human power,  
And vanity of human pride!  
That hero filled his little hour,  
Fought, triumphed, tyrannised, and died.  
And, then, his deeds were pictured here,  
As if in mockery, to last,  
Frail though their faintest colours were,  
Until his very dust was past.

Oh! had he deemed, of all his fame,  
Thou only should'st remain the trace,  
Thou painted vase! to mock the flame  
So long departed to its place;  
He had not toiled his life away,  
Nor, Cain-like, made mankind his foe;  
But felt, and cast his sword away,  
The vanity of all below.

Time, whilst we stand upon life's brink,  
Gives us the wisdom drawn from them:  
They paused not in the stream to think;  
Enough to struggle, rise, and stem:  
We judge their deeds, or good or ill,  
Forgetful that, in our brief day,  
We, with unreined and lawless will,  
Live on as frail and wild as they.

For, had he looked — this nameless one —

Like us, beyond the tide of years,  
The wreath of myrtle he had won,  
And scoried the laurel washed with tears.  
His spear had then become a crook,  
His sword a staff, his fame been air;  
The world to him had been a book,  
Peace, hope, and love, engraven there.

J. E. READE.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Obituary*.—Among distinguished characters recently lost to literature and the arts, we have to notice the death of J. Jekyll, Esq., K.C., and a benchor of the Inner Temple, who died on the 8th ultimo, at the age of eighty-five. Mr. Jekyll was one of the wisest men of his day; and his *bon-mots* often convulsed the bar, and delighted the high society into which his station and talents gave him the most ready admission. Hamlet's apostrophe to the skull of Yorick might aptly be applied to him; and we hope to see a collection of some of them preserved in a permanent form, and not left to the fast-fading colours of memory.

The famous Abbé de Pradt is another of our recent losses. He, also, had reached a good old age. His political and other writings are of great extent, and produced very considerable effects upon the Continent.

We are informed of the death of Mr. Constable, one of the most eminent of our landscape painters, and ablest writers upon the fine arts. As yet we have not heard the particulars, but only that his last illness was of very short duration.

Mr. J. Maddox, the author of "Travels in the Holy Land," has also, we learn, been numbered with the dead. He had resided some time at Tunbridge Wells, was a most agreeable and entertaining companion in social life, and is sincerely regretted by a numerous body of the friends whom his excellent qualities had made.

#### SKETCHES.

##### THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB.

"Ne siles inter amicos

Sit, qui dicta foras eliminat."

Hor. lib. 1. epist. 5. 1.

"—— That none where life grows gay,  
The sacred hour of confidence betray."—Francis.

SUCH was the motto of the Beefsteak Club, commonly called the "Sublime Society of Beefsteaks," and originated from the following circumstance. The late Richard Wilson, (better known by the familiar cognomen of "Dick,") of famous "Chedworth" memory, was an old member of the society, and, although proverbially as good-natured a fellow as ever existed, yet such were the blunders he constantly made, that he was always considered to be the Marplot of the club, as the sequel will illustrate. To those in the habit of joining that festive board, it is known, that on all other except on what are termed private days, where none but members attend, each brother is allowed to introduce a visitor. Now, this society is supposed to consist of an *omnium gatherum*, Whig, Tory, song, anecdote, and a *quantum suffi* of Blocky; but there ever was, and always had been, a strong disposition towards Whiggery: consequently, it did not very frequently happen that a Tory friend was introduced. On one of the open days, the unfortunate Dick introduced no less a personage than the high Tory "Loyalty John Reeves, patent printer of the Holy Bible," &c. &c. The moment he entered, gloom took possession

of every body, and a dull evening slowly dragged on its measured chain. In vain the chairman was badgered; in vain Billy Linley said all his good things; in vain the modest and retiring treasurer spread his blushes around: an Incubus had possession of the society, and Erebus and Nox superseded Apollo and Bacchus. Loyal John was too good a judge not easily to discover that his loss, on retiring early from the Steakers, would not break many of their hearts, and, accordingly, he did so. His departure was the signal for a general attack on the ill-fated Dick, and every thing in the shape of annoyance was instantly adopted; this he bore for some time, but, his patience being at length exhausted, he justified himself for having introduced such an unwelcome guest, by exclaiming, "Why, what have I done? 'tis true, I have brought Mr. Reeves as my visitor; but, have I not heard 'Bonaparte,' 'Jack Ketch,' and a variety of other equally amiable individuals, given as toasts in this Society?" "Yes," exclaimed old Tom Scott, then nearly ninety years of age; "true, you have heard them given as toasts, but, by Jove, no one ever introduced them personally." The lyric bard of the society, Captain Morris, instantly recommended the motto alluded to, and which was as promptly adopted.

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—At this theatre Mrs. Wood has been produced as the attraction, and sang in the *Sonnambula*, &c. with much applause.

*Covent Garden.*—Mr. Macready, after a long illness, has reappeared in some of his principal characters, all so highly and deservedly popular that, on the evenings of his performing them, the house is literally crammed, and he is most warmly greeted by the enthusiastic admirers of his splendid delineations. Miss H. Faucit is also rising rapidly to higher eminence in the first walks of her arduous profession.

*Adelphi.*—The *Peregrinations of Pickwick*, after only one week's rehearsal, was produced with complete success (though there were dissentient voices on account of the great length) on Monday, to an overflowing house. There appears to have been many additions, alterations, &c. of the capital Pickwick Papers, and, as Mr. Yates truly observed, in a neat little speech at the fall of the curtain, "That few could be aware of the difficulty of extracting the *tit-bits*, where the whole dish was so good." This, however, has been well accomplished at the Adelphi; and, after an unsparing use of the literary pruning knife, these *Peregrinations* will be about as delightful to see as they have been to read. Mr. Yates was Mr. Pickwick; the dress, the appearance, the—in fact, he looked as though he were Seymour's spirited sketch walked forth from the engraving; and his acting was no way beneath his looks. John Reeve played *Sam Weller*, and, with only a week's preparation, was tolerably perfect for John Reeve. Buckstone's *Jingle* was one of the very best characters in which we ever saw him; and every other part was ably sustained by the Adelphi corps, including Mr. Rice, as *Jim Crow*—an introduction, we think, very injudicious. Mrs. Yates, in the episode of the *Miser Father*, was, as she always is, exquisitely natural. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as an Irish servant girl, sang some beautiful old Irish melodies as sweetly as ever; and Mr. Dunn was a capital representation of the fat boy. No part, however, was superior to the *Doctor Slammer* of Saunders, and his metamorphosis into *Old Weller*, the father of Samiell.

*King's Theatre.*—On Saturday, Donizetti's

rather dull opera of *Belisario* was performed; and not so highly supported as to render it more than usually attractive. Inchinde is truly an old man; and, with the exception of Gian-noni, we can say nothing in favour of the vocal talent displayed on the occasion. Mediocrity was the order of the night.

*French Plays.*—These entertainments commenced very indifferently at the Lyceum, on Monday. The pieces were poor, and the best of the acting not above commonplace.

#### VARIETIES.

"*The Musical World*," after relating the death of Mr. Nicholson, states, that it is in contemplation to give a concert, for the benefit of his aged mother and orphan children, at which the Philharmonic band will unanimously assist.

*Canton: China.*—Some of the newspapers state, that the edict against the "barbarian" English merchants at Canton, noticed in our last No., is of an old date, viz. the beginning of 1835; and, consequently, previous to the extraordinary relaxations in regard to foreign trade.

*Mr. Wilkins*, the builder of the London University and the National Gallery, has been elected professor of architecture in the Royal Academy.

*Sign.*—"The Gentle Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," half-way house between Simon's Town and Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, kept by an eccentric character called Flormer Peck, who emigrated from England some twenty or thirty years ago, the following is on the sign-post:—"Life is but a journey. Let us live well on the road," says the good shepherd.

"Multum in parvo, pro bono publico,  
Entertainment for man or beast;  
Lekker kost, as much as you please;  
Excellent beads, without any fees.  
Nec patrum fugimus, nos we are here;  
Vivamus, let us live by selling beer;  
On come à boire et à manger ici;  
Come in and try, whoever you be."

You will see that these lines are Latin, French, English, and "lekker kost" is Dutch.

*Theatrical Portraits. No. I. L. C. Nisbett.* On stone by Fussell, from a sketch by Buss. (Pigot and Co.)—A dashing likeness of this dark-haired and dark-eyed beauty, executed in a free and sparkling style. There is something about the mouth, however, not half so finely formed as in the original; but the general effect is highly pleasing and picturesque. It promises well for the series; and we look for a charming portfolio of our fair theatrical friends.

*Characteristic Sketches of the Civil War in Spain, No. II.* (London, Dickinson). Major C. V. Z. has again given us some fearful representations of the horrors which occupy so large a portion of Spain. The costume and groupings are full of character; and, though there is little of art, there is, unhappily, too much of truth in these sketches.

*M. Benjamin Delassert* (associate of the Academy) has just received, from his correspondents at Buenos Ayres, a letter of M. Bonpland, from whom no news have been received for several years: it is dated the 14th of July, 1836, from San Borgia, on the Uruguay, in the province of Rio Grande, Brazil. M. Bonpland continued his scientific labours: he accustomed himself, he says, to live in the virgin forests, and on the banks of the great rivers. He enjoyed good health, and was preparing to send his collections to Buenos Ayres, to be forwarded to the museum of natural history at Paris.

*Weather Wisdom.*—Lieut. Harrison has been tolerably correct in his anticipations

during the past week. The weather has been changeable, and unusually windy for the season, though the highest wind was on the afternoon of the 5th, when the new moon denoted "windy weather," and thus the day before the 6th and 7th, specified in the predictions to "produce very high winds" in consequence of the trine of Mercury to Jupiter and Mars. Looking forward, we find "very frequent changes, yet fair at times, about the 8th, 9th, and 10th. As the Sun aspects Herschel on the 12th, the weather grows much colder, and the middle of the month will be very bleak with sleet or snow. Unsettled."

*New Caricatures.*—H. B.'s last trio burst is thorough game. The new Patent Safety Cab, with O'Connell driving Lord John Russell, is admirable for the expression of the countenances. The next represents Lord Palmerston at Saint Sebastian, tied to a tree by the bonds of the Quadruple Treaty, and transfixed by many barbed arrows, with the quivers inscribed "Hernani," "Louis Philippe's speech," "the Vixen," &c. &c. The last (No. 477) is more elaborate and full of figures. It is called "Going to the Fair with it." Lord J. Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, and Mr. O'Connell, are acting as puppet-showmen; the first on long stilts, the second balancing a church at the end of a stick on his chin, and the third swallowing a sword marked "Repeal;" various politicians, with John Bull, are looking on and applauding or blaming. Among them the Archbishop of Canterbury, Brougham, Burdett, Hobhouse, Wellington, Peel, C. Buller, Hume, &c. are conspicuous.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Duchess D'Abrantes has just added the 5th and 6th volumes to her *Memoirs*, which complete that work.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 30	From 29 to 47	29.65 to 29.73
Friday .. 31	.... 16 .. 45	29.80 .. 29.85
April.		
Saturday .. 1	.... 21 .. 51	29.84 .. 29.83
Sunday .... 2	.... 20 .. 47	29.63 .. 29.71
Monday .. 3	.... 29 .. 49	29.47 .. 29.45
Tuesday .. 4	.... 24 .. 46	29.51 .. 29.62
Wednesday 5	.... 38 .. 46	29.72 .. 29.83

Prevailing Wind, W. by S.  
Except the 4th and 6th, generally clear; a little rain on the 3d instant.

Rain fallen, 16.75 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.



## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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## THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, will open on Monday, 8th instant.

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R. HILLS, Secretary.

## THE ART-UNION; a Society for

the Advancement of the Fine Arts.  
At a Meeting of Gentlemen desirous of establishing a Society for the Advancement of the Fine Arts by the purchase of selected works for distribution amongst the subscribers, held at No. 18 Edwards Street, Portman Square, on Tuesday the 31st of March, 1877, Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq. F.R.S. in the Chair, the following Resolutions were passed unanimously:—

1. That a Society be instituted for the advancement of the Fine Arts, entitled Art-Union; and that every annual Subscriber of One Guinea or upwards, be a Member thereof.
2. That the Funds of the Society shall be devoted to the purchase of Pictures in Oil, Water Colour Drawings, Sculpture, Medals, or Engravings, to be annually distributed amongst its Members.
3. That for the first year of the Society's operations, the Committee of Management shall determine the Number of Prizes, and their respective Amounts, according to the State of the Funds, at the closing of the Subscription Lists for the Year; and that each Subscriber who may obtain one such Prize at the Ballot, shall select for himself a Work of Art of equivalent Value, from some one of the following Public Exhibitions in London of the current Year: viz. the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and the New Society of Painters in Water Colours.
4. That every Subscriber shall be entitled to the Opportunity of obtaining a Prize for each Guinea annually subscribed, and that the Subscription Books of the current Year shall remain open until a Day to be determined by the Committee; to be then closed for the Purpose specified in the third Resolution.
5. That the Works purchased agreeably to the third Resolution, shall be publicly exhibited, for such Time and under such Regulations as the Committee may deem fit.
6. That the Gentlemen present be a Provisional Committee, for the Purpose of carrying the Object of this Society into Effect, with power to add to their number.
7. That Edward Edwards, Esq. be requested to act as Honorary Secretary to the Committee.
8. That Benjamin Hawes, Esq. M.P. be requested to act as Treasurer pro tempore, and that the Treasurer, Secretary, and each Member of the Committee, be empowered to receive Subscriptions.
9. That the London and Westminster Bank be Bankers to the Society.
10. That the following Gentlemen be a Sub-Committee for the purpose of drawing up Rules and Regulations for the Society, founded upon the foregoing Resolutions, viz. Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq. Edward Edwards, Esq. Benjamin Hawes, Esq. M.P. Edw. Hawkins, Esq. Henry Hayward, Esq. and Henry Thomas Hope, Esq. M.P., three of them to be a quorum.
11. That this Meeting be adjourned to Tuesday next, the 30th instant; to meet at the same place, at three o'clock, p.m.

BENJAMIN BOND CABELL, Chairman.  
Thanks having been voted to the Chairman, the Meeting adjourned accordingly.

## Committee.

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John Britton, Esq. F. 17 Burton Street, Barton Crescent.  
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The Subscription List for the current Year will be closed on Sunday, the 30th of May next.

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THE Public are respectfully informed that, on the 17th and 18th of April next, a magnificent collection of ORIGINAL DRAWINGS, by BONINGTON, the property of the late Mr. L. B. a connoisseur well known for his superior judgment and excellent taste in the selection of works of art, will be offered for sale in Paris, Hotel des Commissaires Priseurs, Place de la Bourse, No. 2.

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Catalogues to be had in London of MM. Paul and Dominie Colnaghi, Pall Mall East.

## MUSIC.

## MELODISTS' CLUB. At a General

Meeting of the Club, held on the 30th of March, the Premium was awarded to Mrs. C. B. Wilson, as the writer of the song best suited for a convivial society. Silver Medals were awarded to the authors of three other songs, which had been selected out of 217 received, as best calculated for the object which the Club has in view; their names are, G. E. Inman, J. W. Burgeon, and John Gwynd. The sealed papers containing the names of the rest of the candidates will be destroyed unopened.

JOHN PARRY, Honorary Secretary.

## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Preparing for publication,

THE GUIDE; a Stamped Weekly Newspaper, addressed to all classes. Price 3d.

Prospectuses, to be obtained of News Agents and Booksellers, will be issued in the course of the week. Communications and Advertisements to be forwarded to H. Hooper, 12 Pall Mall East. Office for publication will be at the Corner of Catherine Street, in the Strand.

## MAGNETISM.

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Circular Letter of the Chief Rabbi in London to the Jewish  
Congregations in England—Dr. Lingard and Wilford—Proceed-  
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The work consists of letters from male and female writers, in what is called the world of fashion—the individuals who come under that denomination including persons of high rank and as high purity, the more notorious clique of exclusives, with their imitators and toadies, and the still more common rousés and demireps of a lower order, yet sufficiently exalted to make the vulgar stare. If the “Peeress,” we recently reviewed, gave us any insight into the doings of similar beings fifty years ago, the present production will receive an increased interest by its portraiture of those of our own day.

The chief contrast lies between two young and noble ladies, friends, who each marry eligibly as to family; but the one wisely, and on principles conducive to lasting happiness; the other, in too early years, upon a capricious impulse, too likely to lead to an opposite fate: and so runs the story between Lady Delaward and Lady Annandale. The latter is introduced, in London, by her husband, to doubtful, and worse than doubtful, society; and, through wicked intrigues and machinations, brought to the suspicion of infidelity and a premature grave. After this, the catastrophe which attends the really guilty is fearfully conceived; and, from crime to crime, the reader is dashed on, till poverty, murder, suicide, and the scaffold, complete the awful retribution.

It would be cruel in us to deprive the boudoir and library of any portion of the interest that belongs to the construction of the tale; which is, however, skilfully shadowed forth in an episode of the St. Amands, which closes the first volume. We shall rather endeavour to display some small specimens of the accomplished writer's talents, by selecting passages of various kinds, which neither interfere with nor exhibit the incidents or plot. Thus Lady Delaward, on the eve of marriage, states some of the grounds on which she relies for happiness.

“The probation to which Lord Delaward at first submitted with so bad a grace, is expired; and I now may become a wife, with that indispensable, and only surety for domestic peace,—a perfect reliance on the principles of a husband. That I preferred him to all others, you have known; and you know, also, that, when after his return from Italy he sought my hand, I had no means of judging of his tastes or pursuits, except by waiting a year, and seeing or hearing how he occupied his time. He has passed triumphantly through the dangerous

ordeal of a season in London, and an autumn and winter in the society of his friends, at their residences, and at Delaward Park. He has neither frequented Crockford's, nor attended every meeting at Newmarket; nor hunted at Melton; nor formed intimacies with dissolute men; nor flirted with any of the women who are more remarkable for attracting admiration than for repelling admirers. In short, he is not a young man of fashion; or, rather, a fashionable man; and, therefore, I am not afraid that he will find clubs more agreeable than home, or any other man's wife more to his taste than his own.”

An incident at the ceremony is touchingly described by her friend.

“Mary (no longer Mary Howard) preferred being married in the parish church to having the ceremony performed at home: I ventured to ask her the reason yesterday, when we were alone; and she told me, that, having been baptised, confirmed, and having received the sacrament in that church, she wished to pledge her faith at the same altar. ‘My mother, too, sleeps there,’ added Mary, with a tear trembling in her eye; ‘and this is a strong inducement to me: it is as though it sanctified still more solemnly my marriage.’

“The children of the school that Mary founded here, all attended at the church, headed by their mistress, and in their Sunday clothes, each carrying a bouquet. The clergyman who performed the ceremony is the same who baptised Mary; and he read the service most impressively. She repeated the words in a clear and firm voice, as if she wished all present to hear her; and when Lord Delaward placed the ring on her finger, she looked at the monument of her mother, as if to beseech the blessing of her whose remains are reposing beneath it. Tears were continually stealing down the cheeks of Lord Howard; his thoughts appeared to be divided between the wife he had lost, and the child he was then resigning.”

The following is a fine observation:—“A bold woman is, to me, one of the most offensive objects on earth. I have always felt disgust for such; though it has often been mitigated by recollecting in how many instances their husbands have been conducive to this fault, by their want of delicacy, or by the improper associations they have allowed them to form. But, when an unmarried woman emancipates herself from all the constraint that modesty and propriety prescribe, my disgust is unmitigated by pity. I am one of the few who maintain that modesty may survive the virtue it was meant to guard; but that virtue rarely, and only then, by chance, or calculation, outlives modesty.”

And the following is a lively and well-pointed sketch:—

“When I see, every season, the marriages that are formed, and the motives that lead to them, I turn with repugnance from the contemplation. You remember that good-natured but weak man, Lord Allingham, who was induced to propose to a girl he had met at every ball for six seasons before,—without bestowing a thought on her, except to remark that her *tournure* was *gauche*, and her feet

clumsy,—because some interested people about him assured him she admired him. He marries—discovers that he has made indeed a sad mistake; for he finds that her temper is irascible; that her manner is even more *gauche* than her *tournure*; and her mind as blank as her countenance. Poor Allingham! but he is rightly punished for his vanity. One of our acquaintances marries a woman because half the men in town admire her; and another is piqued into marrying one who has admired half the men in town, because, with a laudable ambition, he wished to rival them in her good graces. A thought beyond the gratification of the present fancy seldom enters into their heads: and, that fancy satisfied, they are left at leisure to discover the defects, moral and physical, that now are as visible to their scrutiny, as they were previously concealed. What follows? the poor woman, married through caprice, and neglected from the same motive, is mortified, if not wounded; and seeks consolation in a round of dissipation, where she soon finds some idle lounge who, by his attentions, soothes her wounded vanity, while inflicting an indelible stain on her reputation, if not on her virtue. How many such women might, in the hands of a sensible and honourable man, have become happy and estimable! instead of serving, as is but too frequently the case,

“To point a moral and adorn a tale.”

in the circles in which they move. To trace effects to causes, all because they had been selected by some silly man as an object of selfish gratification, and deserted from the same motive.

The evil communication to which Lord Annandale exposes his wife, though it cannot corrupt her purity, estranges her affections; and her condition in his house, with her love for a child by his former lady, displays equal knowledge of human nature, discrimination, and feeling. The character of Miss Montresor, with its occasionally momentary relapses into virtuous emotions, is powerfully drawn:—

“There are (she says, in one of these moods when her arts have nearly destroyed her unsuspecting victim,) moments when I feel so much pity for this lovely and interesting young creature, that I could yet be capable of sacrificing my own schemes to secure her happiness. Av, you may smile at this declaration. Delphine, knowing how I have steeled my heart against soft emotions since I became the dupe and victim of—a villain. But a woman, though she may, by circumstances, be compelled to enact the rôle of *philosophe*, never ceases to retain one of the inherent and indigenous qualities of her sex; and that is, pity. The young expend it on others, and the sentiment is called love; the old reserve it all for themselves, and it is named selfishness: the change is merely in the object; the principle is, even in the altered state, identical: consequently, I compassionate, and never blame, the egotists we so frequently meet with in society. Could we read the histories of their lives, and trace the events that led to this selfishness, with how many romances, more



touching than all those of fiction, should we become acquainted! By how many pangs, occasioned by others, have they been tried! Before closing all the portals of the heart, they endeavoured to supply the place of the expelled idols with one equally deceptive, and, perhaps, equally unworthy—self!

The same lady, in a gayer tone, thus describes the fashionable circles of London, to a Parisian dame of her own stamp:—

“By the by, *chère amie*, you would be not a little shocked, could you but witness the free and easy style of the men of fashion here. It positively amounts to insolence; yet they do not mean it. No, they only mean to be at their ease; but this precludes any well-bred woman from feeling at hers, in their society. They are at once *nonchalant* and familiar; make no ceremony of talking of the House of Commons, the political questions of the day, their hunting or shooting, or, in fact, all that peculiarly concerns themselves; rarely, if ever, introducing those topics which are generally supposed to be most agreeable to women. The Comtesse Hohenllinden told me, that here the ladies are obliged to study the tastes and pursuits of the gentlemen, in order to find favour in the eyes of those lords of the creation. Is not this a dreadful degradation to our sex? Only fancy women talking of horses, and not only talking of, but visiting them in their stables! Fancy their betting, and keeping books in which are entered not *les douces pensées des dames*, but the wagers they have made, and the odds *pour et contre*! This would not be believed in France; *mais c'est un fait, je vous jure*. Here, a lady who wishes to captivate, relies, not on her charms, but on her tact, and the weakness to which it is to be opposed. Is the man who is to be won a politician?—she reads all his speeches, an operation painful and impracticable to all save one impelled by a predominant motive: she does more,—she succeeds in remembering some portions of them, and quotes them with eulogium; when, unless he is the most ungrateful of his sex, she is rewarded by his preferring her to all things save himself and his speeches. The only chance of defeat consists in the number of competitors for his favour. If a man is devoted to hunting, the ladies who wish to please him are suddenly struck with admiration for that amusement. ‘They dote on horses,’ they delight in driving to the cover-side; they pat the necks of the ‘beautiful animals,’ and praise the red coats of their masters. Nay, examples have been known of their donning scarlet habits, and risking their necks, to attract some coveted Nimrod. If a man be fond of theatricals, then each lady who aspires to win him is dying to act too. She discovers that the amateur far excels the best actor on the stage. His tragic acting is so affecting (affected, she means); and, having persuaded him that he is the only Romeo alive, she hopes to be selected as his Juliet. Military men are courted, by the female aspirants flocking to reviews, and doting on martial music. Yachters are vanquished by delicate women, who tremble at the bare idea of a storm, and turn pale at a high wave, declaring, that ‘they are nowhere so happy as at sea;’ that ‘a yacht is infinitely preferable to a house, and a sailor’s life the most agreeable thing in the world, except that of being his wife.’ It is thus that ladies in England administer to the weaknesses of the ‘sterner sex,’ and subjugate them (*apropos* of the word subjugate, a man said, two days ago, that subjugate and conjugate were synonymous); while you, in *la belle* France, exact that deferential homage which is

woman’s due, and to which she cannot resign her claims, without being guilty of a want of respect towards her whole sex. I attribute the *mauvaise manière* of the Englishmen of fashion to the want of dignity of the women. The long war took so many men away, that, owing to their scarcity, they became more in demand, and the claimants were so numerous, that the claimed grew saucy. This, I imagine, first led to the unnatural system of the men being courted instead of courting; a practice to which they have now become so used, that I know not how it is ever to be eradicated. A French *grisette* would expect—ay, and exact, too—more attention than a London fine lady dreams of meeting from the men of her circle.”

Here are other pictures of fashion.

“To propitiate this more than eastern tyrant, his subjects form new friendships with persons they cannot esteem; and break through old ones with persons they loved. Even the ties of blood are violated at his mandate; for what daughter or son could exhibit affection towards the authors of their being, if they happened to be voted without the pale of fashion? The most reprehensible and undisguised bad conduct is tolerated, if the practiser is *à la mode*; the most disagreeable persons, *fétés*, and the most stupid, *recherchés*, if once the seal of fashion be placed on their passports. Fashion reigns omnipotent in London. Its stamp can give currency to the basest metal, and buoyancy to the heaviest dullness. Men of bad reputation, and women without any, can, by the power of fashion, be kept afloat in the society, it patronises; and persons of high birth and station, with unsullied names, may be rejected, if this chameleon deity looks coldly on them. The favourites of fashion are, indeed, a motley crew. Beauty, virtue, wit, or goodness, are rarely numbered among them; but, *en revanche*, the vicious, the dull, the frivolous, and the impudent, abound. Lady So-and-so is cited, in the clubs and coteries, as furnishing as much cause of complaint to her admirers, individually, as to her husband. Her acquaintances in general, and her friends in particular, do not attempt to deny the justice of the accusation; but Lady So-and-so is a fashionable woman, and, consequently, is received *pariout*. Lord So-and-so, or Mr. So-and-so, is said to have ruined many men, and more women; he is suspected of a dexterity at play, and skill in calculation, that would not disgrace the most adroit professors of slight-of-hand; but Lord So-and-so, or Mr. So-and-so, is a man of fashion, and, as such, has the *entrée* wherever fashion is worshipped.

“The exclusive circle is at war with genius and talent, though their vanity often induces them to draw to their dull routs and proxy dinners, those who are considered to possess either of these attributes in an eminent degree. They think ‘it looks well’ (another favourite phrase) to see among the aristocratic names that are every day announced in the newspapers, as having partaken of their ostentatious hospitalities, those that form the aristocracy of genius; for they imagine themselves modern Mæcenases, who patronise poets and philosophers, from the association with whom they expect to derive distinction. For gentle dullness they have a peculiar predilection—from sympathy, I suppose; a fellow-feeling being said to make men wondrous kind. A few of the houses with the most pretensions to literary taste have their tame poets and *petits littérateurs*, who run about as docile, and more parasitical, than lap-dogs; and, like them, are equally well-fed, ay, and certainly equally

spoiled. The dull *plaisanteries*, thrice-told anecdotes, and *résumés* of the scandal of each week, served up *réchauffés* by these pigmies of literature, are received most graciously by their patrons, who agree in opinion with the French writer,—

‘Nul n’aura de l’esprit.  
Hors nous et nos amis.’”

We conclude with one other quotation, in which there is far too much of truth.

“The unmarried men in London are remarkable for a degree of selfishness, indulged even to an oblivion of all else, and for a prudent forethought, even in their affections, not so much the result of wisdom, as the dictate of this all-engrossing egotism. Venus herself, without a fortune, could hardly tempt them to wear any other fetters than those of her caress; while a very Gorgon, with a large domain, would soon find them eager candidates for the hymeneal chains. They regard every young beauty with distrust and alarm, as having designs on their freedom; or as being likely, by their fascinations, to tempt them into a rash marriage, which they consider as the premature grave of their selfish enjoyments. They look on dowdless wedlock as on death, a misfortune to be encountered, perhaps, at some remote period, when age and infirmity prevent the pursuit of pleasures, or satiety has palled them. With the distant prospect of settling down at last with some fair young being, who is to be the soother of his irritability, and the nurse of his infirmities, the man of pleasure systematically and ruthlessly pursues a round of heartless dissipation; until his health broken, and his spirits jaded, he selects his victim, and, in the uncongenial union (which, like the atrocious cruelty of Mezentius, chains the living to the dead), seeks the reward of his selfishness. The men forming the upper class generally marry for what they term love, which is nothing more than an evanescent caprice, an *envie* to possess some object not otherwise to be obtained. They are so little in the habit of denying themselves any thing they conceive necessary to their pleasure, that one of their race makes little more difficulty of marrying the girl that has struck his fancy, than he does of buying some celebrated horse, for which he has to pay an extravagant price, and probably gets tired of one as soon as the other. During the first brief months—say, three or four—of his union, he considers and treats his young wife, not as the dear friend and companion of his life, the future mother of his children, but as an object of passion; to be idolised while the passion continues, and to be left in loveless solitude—cast, like a faded flower, away—the moment satiety is experienced. She has been indulged to folly, doted on to infatuation, for three months; and then, spoiled by flattery, and corrupted by unwise uxoriousness, she sees herself first neglected, and ultimately abandoned, to bear, as best she may, this humiliating, this torturing change. If she loves her husband, jealousy, with all its venomous pangs, assails her young breast. She knows how ardently, how madly, he can adore, compares his present undisguised coldness with the fervour of the happy past, and concludes (not in general without cause), that another object has usurped her place in his heart. Love, pride, and jealousy, are now in arms; and how strong must be the virtue, and how steadfast the principles, that enable her to resist the temptations offered by vanity and vengeance! Reproaches or tears await the inconstant at home; his selfishness makes him loathe both, and he seeks abroad a *dédamagement* for the *ennui* they produce.

The result generally is, that his wife either breaks her heart or her marriage-vows, or sinks into that humiliating and humiliated being, an unloved and unpitied hypochondriac; who details her wrongs and maladies, in a whining tone, to the vegetating dowagers and spinsters who have no better occupation than to listen to the tedious catalogue."

Such are varieties in high life drawn by no common pen; and, uninitiated as a poor critic must of necessity be, we must commit them and the volumes to which they belong to the taste and judgment of our readers. All we dare say is, that the whole has struck and interested us very forcibly; and we think the work well calculated to sustain, if not to enhance, Lady Blessington's literary fame. We have but one quarrel with her ladyship—the profuse introduction of French phraseology. Surely, though this may be the practice of, and consequently excusable in, the speech or writing of persons who have resided much on the Continent; it is a deformity and out of place in the home-bred, who ought to be able to express English ideas in the copious language of England. Some of her ladyship's characters would naturally introduce such jargon; but others ought not, for they have had no occasion to acquire so bad a habit.

*General History of Civilisation in Europe, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution.* Translated from the French of M. Guizot. 8vo. pp. 432. Oxford and London, 1837. Talboys.

A SUBJECT more interesting than the one selected by M. Guizot to form the theme of this series of lectures, can hardly be imagined. To trace the progress of the human mind from the epoch when, slowly emerging from the rudest barbarism, we begin to trace vestiges of those institutions and social systems, then in their infancy, many of which have now passed away, and others are becoming obsolete, must form a topic sufficient to arrest the attention of every one. It must be a source of the highest moral gratification to discover by what progressive steps we have arrived at our present high standard of civilisation, and to speculate upon what still higher grade our posterity may be destined to achieve. Is it not possible that there may be a constant revolution of events, that the human race is formed to rise only to a certain height in civilisation; and, having attained the meridian, are we to decline again, and to set once more in the darkness of barbarism? History seems to warrant it. Etruria, at a very early period, was highly civilised. Its powers became enervated—it fell. Barbarism succeeded. Rome afterwards arose gradually, spreading its wide influence through every land, from ocean to ocean. It flourished for a time, then drooped and withered; and once again barbarism and anarchy reigned, in the long night of the middle ages. Again Europe awoke, and is now fast advancing in the career of civilisation; but may there not still be a coming darkness to close our historical day? We will not, however, pursue this speculation any further, but turn our attention to M. Guizot. He commences by defining what is to be understood by the word civilisation.

"It has been the custom for some time past, and very properly, to talk of the necessity of confining history to facts: nothing can be more just. But it would be almost absurd to suppose that there are no facts but such as are material and visible; there are moral, hidden facts, which are no less real than battles, wars, and the public acts of govern-

ment. Besides these individual facts, each of which has its proper name, there are others of a general nature, without a name, of which it is impossible to say that they happened in such a year, or on such a day, and which it is impossible to confine within any precise limits, but which are yet just as much facts as the battles and public acts of which we have spoken. That very portion, indeed, which we are accustomed to hear called the philosophy of history—which consists in shewing the relation of events with each other—the chain which connects them—the causes and effects of events—this is history just as much as the description of battles, and all the other exterior events which it recounts. Facts of this kind are, undoubtedly, more difficult to unravel; the historian is more liable to deceive himself respecting them; it requires more skill to place them distinctly before the reader: but this difficulty does not alter their nature; they still continue not a whit the less, for all this, to form an essential part of history. Civilisation is just one of these kind of facts: it is so general in its nature that it can scarcely be seized; so complicated that it can scarcely be unravelled; so hidden as scarcely to be discernible. The difficulty of describing it, of recounting its history, is apparent and acknowledged; but its existence, its worthiness to be described and to be recounted is not less certain and manifest. Then, respecting civilisation, what a number of problems remain to be solved! It may be asked—it is even now disputed,—whether civilisation be a good or an evil? One party decries it as teeming with mischief to man, while another lauds it as the means by which he will attain his highest dignity and excellence. Again, it is asked whether this fact is universal—whether there is a general civilisation of the whole human race—a course for humanity to run—a destiny for it to accomplish; whether nations have not transmitted from age to age something to their successors which is never lost, but which grows and continues as a common stock, and will thus be carried on to the end of all things? For my part, I feel assured that human nature has such a destiny; that a general civilisation pervades the human race; that at every epoch it augments; and that there, consequently, is a universal history of civilisation to be written. Nor have I any hesitation in asserting that this history is the most noble, the most interesting of any, and that it comprehends every other. Is it not, indeed, clear that civilisation is the great fact in which all others merge, in which they all end, in which they are all condensed, in which all others find their importance? Take all the facts of which the history of a nation is composed, all the facts which we are accustomed to consider as the elements of its existence—take its institutions, its commerce, its industry, its wars, the various details of its government; and, if you would form some idea of them as the whole, if you would see their various bearings on each other, if you would appreciate their value, if you would pass a judgment upon them, what is it you desire to know? Why, what they have done to forward the progress of civilisation—what part they have acted in this great drama—what influence they have exercised in aiding its advance. It is not only by this that we form a general opinion of these facts, but it is by this standard that we try them, that we estimate their true

value. These are, as it were, the rivers of whom we ask how much water they have carried to the ocean? Civilisation is, as it were, the grand emporium of a people, in which all its wealth, all the elements of its life, all the powers of its existence, are stored up. It is so true that we judge of minor facts accordingly as they affect this greater one, that even some, which are naturally detested and hated, which prove a heavy calamity to the nation upon which they fall—say, for instance, despotism, anarchy, and so forth—even these are partly forgiven, their evil nature is partly overlooked, if they have aided in any considerable degree the march of civilisation. Wherever the progress of this principle is visible, together with the facts which have urged it forward, we are tempted to forget the price it has cost—we overlook the dearth of the purchase. Again—there are certain facts which, properly speaking, cannot be called social—individual facts which rather concern the human intellect than public life: such are religious doctrines, philosophical opinions, literature, the sciences, and arts. All these seem to offer themselves to individual man for his improvement, instruction, or amusement; and to be directed rather to his intellectual amelioration and pleasure, than to his social condition. Yet, still, how often do these facts come before us—how often are we compelled to consider them as influencing civilisation? In all times, in all countries, it has been the boast of religion that it has civilised the people among whom it has dwelt. Literature, the arts and sciences, have put in their claim for a share of this glory: and mankind has been ready to laud and honour them whenever it has felt that this praise was fairly their due. In the same manner, facts the most important—facts of themselves, and independently of their exterior consequences, the most sublime in their nature—have increased in importance, have reached a higher degree of sublimity by their connexion with civilisation. Such is the worth of this great principle, that it gives a value to all it touches. Not only so, but there are even cases in which the facts of which we have spoken—in which philosophy, literature, the sciences, and the arts, are especially judged, and condemned or applauded according to their influence upon civilisation."

Again:—

"Two elements, then, seem to be comprised in the great fact which we call civilisation; two circumstances are necessary to its existence; it lives upon two conditions, it reveals itself by two symptoms: the progress of society, the progress of individuals; the amelioration of the social system, and the expansion of the mind and faculties of man. Wherever the exterior condition of man becomes enlarged, quickened, and improved; wherever the intellectual nature of man distinguishes itself by its energy, brilliancy, and its grandeur; wherever these two signs concur, and they often do so, notwithstanding the gravest imperfections in the social system, there man proclaims and applauds civilisation."

This is sufficiently clear: our author then proceeds to develop these ideas:—

"Of the two developments of which we have just now spoken, and which together constitute civilisation,—of the developement of society on one part, and of the expansion of human intelligence on the other,—which is the end? which are the means? Is it for the improvement of the social condition, for the amelioration of his existence upon the earth,

that man fully develops himself, his mind, his faculties, his sentiments, his ideas, his whole being? Or, is the amelioration of the social condition, the progress of society,—is, indeed, society itself merely the theatre, the occasion, the motive and excitement for the development of the individual? In a word, is society formed for the individual, or the individual for society? Upon the reply to this question depends our knowledge of whether the destiny of man is purely social, whether society exhausts and absorbs the entire man, or whether he bears within him something foreign, something superior to his existence in this world? One of the greatest philosophers and most distinguished men of the present age, whose words become indelibly engraved upon whatever spot they fall, has resolved this question; he has resolved it, at least, according to his own conviction. The following are his words:—‘Human societies are born, live, and die, upon the earth; there they accomplish their destinies. But they contain not the whole man. After his engagement to society there still remains in him the more noble part of his nature; those high faculties by which he elevates himself to God, to a future life, and to the unknown blessings of an invisible world. We, individuals, each with a separate and distinct existence, with an identical person—we, truly beings endowed with immortality—we have a higher destiny than that of states.’ I shall add nothing on this subject; it is not my province to handle it: it is enough for me to have placed it before you. It haunts us again at the close of the history of civilisation.—Where the history of civilisation ends, when there is no more to be said of the present life, man invincibly demands if all is over—if that be the end of all things? This, then, is the last problem, and the grandest, to which the history of civilisation can lead us. It is sufficient that I have marked its place, and its sublime character. From the foregoing remarks, it becomes evident that the history of civilisation may be considered from two different points of view—may be drawn from two different sources. The historian may take up his abode during the time prescribed, say a series of centuries, in the human soul, or with some particular nation. He may study, describe, relate all the circumstances, all the transformations, all the revolutions, which may have taken place in the intellectual man; and when he had done this he would have a history of the civilisation among the people, or during the period which he had chosen. He might proceed differently: instead of entering into the interior of man, he might take his stand in the external world. He might take his station in the midst of the great theatre of life: instead of describing the change of ideas, of the sentiments of the individual being, he might describe his exterior circumstances, the events, the revolutions of his social condition. These two portions, these two histories of civilisation, are strictly connected with each other; they are the counterpart, the reflected image of one another. They may, however, be separated. Perhaps it is necessary, at least at the beginning, in order to be exposed in detail and with clearness, that they should be. For my part, I have no intention, upon the present occasion, to enter upon the history of civilisation in the human mind; the history of the exterior events of the visible and social world is that to which I shall call your attention. It would give me pleasure to be able to display before you the phenomenon of civilisation in the way I understand it, in all its

bearings, in its widest extent—to place before you all the vast questions to which it gives rise. But, for the present, I must restrain my wishes; I must confine myself to a narrower field: it is only the history of the social state that I shall attempt to narrate.”

Here we shall for the present conclude, promising our readers again to return to this admirable work, and to present them some specimens of the opinions of M. Guizot on the great leading events which have characterised and contributed to the present progress of civilisation, such as Christianity and the Reformation, Feudalism, the Crusades, &c.

*First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan; embracing an Outline of the Voyage to Calcutta, and Five Years' Residence in Bengal and the Doab, from 1831 to 1836.* By Thomas Bacon, Lieutenant of the Bengal Horse Artillery. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Allen and Co.

HAVING in this and a preceding *Gazette* gone over the publication of Dr. Spry, we will limit our remarks upon these volumes to observing, that they are even more desultory and excursive. The author having skirred the country far and wide, visited the Himalaya and Hurdwar, &c. &c. &c., gives us a scampering and anecdotal narrative of what he saw and heard. He often introduces conversations and stories to illustrate characters and events; and his work is embellished with a number of views of striking scenery, &c. in India. Of its general tenour the two following examples will furnish our readers with a notion; and we need only add, that the whole is light and entertaining:—

“Here the entrance of the visitors cut short the exposition of their powers. The usual salutations and introductions passed, and the hungry travellers acquitted themselves bravely upon our viands. ‘This is excellent claret,’ said Templeton; ‘almost as good as that I import myself; and this *chutni* is nearly equal to my father’s. By-the-by, Garlic, you are a bit of an epicure, and know the history of these things; are you aware that my father, who entered the service in 1762, was the original inventor of *chutni*? It’s a fact, upon my honour.’ ‘But, my dear fellow, surely you’re mistaken,’ returned Garlic. ‘Why, Abul Fazil mentions, in 1573, that the Emperor Akbur being indisposed, did very greatly alarm his physicians and aggravate his disease, by partaking inordinately of *chutni*; and then follows a long description of the sauce, a list of the ingredients of which it was composed, and a voluminous recipe for its concoction.’ ‘Oh! yes, yes; that’s all very true; I’m perfectly aware of the circumstance you refer to, my dear Garlic; but it has been ascertained that it is not at all the same kind of thing. The objection was started by one of my father’s friends, and so he wrote a pamphlet to demonstrate the difference which marked the two inventions; in fact, he called his sauce by the name of *chutni*, after Abul Fazil’s. Now, my dear fellow, do let me set you right; the two condiments have not the least resemblance: why, Abul Fazil’s is an intoxicating compound. I made some last year, and a monkey of mine got hold of the bottle, and made himself as drunk as a fiddler upon it.’ ‘Ay, ay, Pemberton,’ said Bridges; ‘but that’s no proof that it’s intoxicating, monkeys get drunk upon any thing almost. I gave your Jocko some coffee the other day, and it so inebriated the little rascal that he went staggering about the compound, and insulting all the ducks and hens, till a

general rise took place among the champions of the farm-yard, and he was ejected neck-and-crop from their society.’ ‘Ah! master Jocko is a character,’ replied Templeton; ‘his sagacity and cunning are beyond all credence; his knowing is not confined to the mere vulgar instinct of the brute creation. I have had him many years, and am fully persuaded that he has more than a smattering of many useful sciences. The circumstances under which I took him prisoner from his native wilds displayed most evidently an intuitive knowledge of the medicinal virtues of herbs, and of the art of preparing and applying them. I must give you an account of his capture; it’s really an interesting story, and worth recording. I have often thought of sending a statement of the facts to the Asiatic Society:—Some years since I was marching through Rajmahal, and in the evening having nothing better to do, I wandered out with my gun over my shoulder, and in a mango *tōp* I wantonly shot at an impertinent little monkey, who was making faces at me from the bough of a tree. Although he was plainly damaged he did not fall, but skulked off pretty briskly, and I thought no more of him. Well, gentlemen, it so happened that the next morning I walked through the same *tōp*, and, observing some thing red up one of the trees, I called immediately for my gun, expecting to make a rare and valuable addition to my collection of natural history, which was then by far the finest in India.’ ‘*Nota bene*,’ said Garlic aside; ‘Templeton never in his life collected any thing but thumping improbabilities and overdrawn embellishments. The present *rara avis* (I have been favoured with fifty varieties of it) is a fair specimen of his museum.’ ‘I couldn’t exactly make out what sort of an animal it was,’ continued Templeton, after eyeing the bye-play rather suspiciously, ‘but I shot at it, and down came the grinning young sinner that I had shot at the day before, plump on the ground before me; the very same monkey, gentlemen; and, lo and behold! strange as it may appear, it’s a truth, he had a piece of red *kurwar* (coarse cloth) tied over his rump. Ah! you may smile; but upon my veracity, gentlemen, it’s no more than the fact; and, stay a minute, that’s not all: curiosity induced me to untie the young rascal’s cloth, and, by the prophet! there was a *nime* poultice applied to the small-shot wound. Ay! gentlemen, on the word of a soldier, just as good a *nime* poultice as ever was made by human hands. I even picked out some of the shot, in order that there should be no mistake about it, and truly it was all correct, No. 6, the very shot that I had been shooting with the day before, and No. 4, with which I had just brought him down.’ ‘Well, that’s an uncommon good story, Templeton,’ said Bridges; ‘but might not the monkey have belonged to some native, who had perchance learnt the art of making a *nime* poultice?’ ‘Out of the question, my dear fellow; utterly impossible; deuce a house or hut was there within twelve miles of the place. No, there’s no way of misunderstanding the thing; I am ready, as Juvenal says, *vitam impendere vero*, to stake my life upon the truth of it; that monkey plucked the *nime* leaves, and boiled the poultice himself: there’s not a doubt of it.’

“An officer, Major Blundel, of H. M. 11th Dragoons, was returning home upon his *ghoort* from the house of a brother officer; and, as he rode leisurely along the road, having observed a snake upon the bank, he gave orders to his *sáes*, who walked behind him, to destroy it. The man was unable to find the reptile; and

the major, with the intention of assisting in the search, turned his pony round, but injudiciously, with its head towards the bank, instead of facing the precipice. The road was very narrow; but there would have been no difficulty in turning, had the latter mode been observed. As it was, the pony, unmindful of the danger which lay behind him, made rather too wide an evolution; and his hind feet slipped over the brink of the precipice, which overhung a yawning abyss, at least seven hundred feet in perpendicular height. His imminent peril for a moment paralysed the old gentleman; but the pony, with immediate sense of its danger, made the most strenuous efforts to regain its footing, clinging with wonderful tenacity by his fore-legs, and catching at the roots and vegetation with his teeth to save himself; and in this he might, perchance, have succeeded, had not the major made an attempt to dismount, thereby throwing the pony off his balance. Down, down, they went—a long shrill scream rending the air before them, as they dashed headlong through it, in their fearful career. Down, down, the awful gulf, full seven hundred feet without obstruction, were they hurled; and then their further course was broken, though not stayed, by jutting crags and splintered stumps of trees; onward they rolled, tumbling from point to point, followed in their downward flight by detached fragments of rocks and loose stones, upset from the mountain side, until, at last, they reached the torrent-bed, at the bottom of the wild descent, and here their mangled bodies lay jammed in the narrow channel.

"One of my servants, a Mussulman, had a slave-girl, whom he had purchased for the sum of twenty-four rupees, about 2*l*. Her history, as far as she was herself acquainted with it, is a very romantic one; and the reader will, perhaps, excuse my giving a slight sketch of it, which may be condensed in very few pages. The name of the girl was Rahmea; she was handsome, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, a native of Almora; her parents were not Ghoorikas, as might thence be naturally inferred, but settlers from some large town upon the banks of the Chináb, in the district of Kishitáwar; the girl herself was ignorant of the name of the town. Her mother had been exceedingly beautiful; and, though poor by birth, had been exalted to great honour and dignity, as the wife, or favourite concubine, of a petty rajha, who, by virtue of his comparative wealth, was looked upon as the principal man of the town; but he was a dissipated, debauched character, according to his wife's account, and she, therefore, thought it no sin to decamp from his bed and board, and furnish herself with a more sober, though less consequential, lord and master; and, being in fear of vengeance from him, upon whom she had turned her back, she quitted the neighbourhood and fled with her new spouse to Almora. Here they continued to live in peace and happiness for several years, having a bond of unity in the existence of a little daughter, who was considered the beauty of the place. When the daughter had arrived at the age of ten years, she was one day playing, with others of her acquaintance, in the neighbourhood of the temples, when she was accosted by an old man, in the guise of a *fakhr*, who asked her many questions about her father and mother, their names and history; the child, unhesitatingly, gave the religious man all the information in her possession, and further told him that her father lay at home sick of an ague, which no medicine would cure. Upon this, the holy professor tendered his services

and was gladly conducted by the little girl to the habitation of her parents, who, unsuspecting of evil, thankfully received the advice and remedies which he proffered them. The drugs having been administered, the symptoms of the patient grew more and more alarming; but the loving pair were comforted by the *fakhr*'s assurances, that all would be well, and that a very few hours would suffice to free the sufferer from his malady. In company with the beautiful matron,—who, contrary to the general rule among eastern women, was still fascinating, even though she had been ten years a mother, and twice a wife,—the disinterested old priest sat and watched the sick man, giving him from time to time fresh draughts to quench his thirst; until, at last, as midnight approached, the patient declared his conviction that life was fast ebbing, and would no longer credit the assurances of his physician. The old stranger was still arguing the point with him, when suddenly the poor man's features became dreadfully convulsed, and, after lingering about an hour in the most exquisite torment, he expired, affirming with his last breath that the *fakhr* had poisoned him. 'Even so,' said the disguised rajha, for it was he, the lady's former lord: 'even so; I have poisoned you: would that your pangs had been doubly, ay, tenfold more excruciating! And now, Luchmi,' said he, turning to his *quondam* love, 'what better fate do you expect from your injured master? Your nose is my first demand, and your matchless daughter is the next;' and then, at his command, the hut was immediately filled with armed men. The beautiful Luchmi was gagged, and bound; and her ruthless captor, with his own hand, severed her nose from her face: she was then placed on horseback, under the charge of one of the rajha's followers, and was conveyed away, the daughter knew not whither; certainly with no very happy purpose, for nothing of love or tenderness was seen in the tyrant's bearing. There can be little doubt that, if suffered to live, she must have been confined for life, her only lot protracted misery; but there is better reason to believe that the ruffian would have destroyed her, when the heat of his reproaches and abuse had in a measure evaporated. As for the poor child, Rahmea, she was carried to the rajha's zenána, and continued for a few months an unwilling concubine of the murderer of her father; but, having made more than a few attempts at self-destruction, she was ultimately cast adrift upon the wide world, with no fortune but her native comeliness. This gave her value in the eyes of one of the rajha's dependants, who obtained permission to take her into his house; and business soon after carrying him to Delhi, he disposed of her to my servant, Secundur Kahn, for the trifle above mentioned, being wearied of the poor girl's unbending indifference. At the time that Secundur Kahn related this tale to me, the girl had become greatly attached to her master, having been with him about six years, and being the mother of three fine children. I expressed a wish to see her, and my servant instantly complied. She was quite as handsome as he had described her; but I could elicit from her no intelligible replies to my inquiries, touching her history, or that of her mother. This, apparently, did not arise from shyness or stupidity, but from a disinclination to converse upon the subject with a stranger, and, therefore, I forebore to probe her further. I must be excused for anticipating the regularity of my narrative, for the purpose of mentioning that the pair are now living in comparative affluence: Secundur Kahn having succeeded to a

small patrimony in the neighbourhood of Lucknow, only a few months previously to my quitting India."

*Evenings with Prince Cambacérès, Second Consul, Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, Duke of Parma, &c. &c. &c.* By Baron Langen. 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. London, 1837. Colburn.

THIS is one of those gossiping French memoirs, of which the reader does not exactly know how much to believe and how much to discredit. Having cursorily run over it, we shall merely make an extract or two by way of sample, and enable our friends so far to form their own judgment. The following is told, among other stories of Bonaparte, and put into the mouth of David the renowned painter:

"Subsequently, he was proclaimed emperor. The first time he saw me, after this change, he beckoned me to approach him. I obeyed. 'Have you any designs ready?' inquired he. I understood his hint, and, bowing, replied, 'It is not designs that are wanting; but where is the ceremony to be fixed, and in what costume?' 'We will speak of this matter another time.' Would any one have imagined that, after this conversation, I should not have been appointed to execute the programme of the coronation? Yet I was passed over, and the commission was given to Isabey. The details were all collected from the past, it is true; but they bore no trace of the glory of the Roman empire. The emperor himself directed a great share of his attention to the regulation of the costumes and decorations. He arranged the escutcheon of the empire. Here Count Fabre de l'Aude observed that, in his post of procureur-general of the *Conseil du sceau des titres*, he had had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some particulars not generally known, which he would relate to us. 'At first,' continued the count, 'the first consul was recommended to assume the title and functions of a king.' 'That will not do,' he replied; 'royalty was destroyed on the scaffold of Louis XVI., and it would be requisite to exhume it from the ruins in which it lies buried. The title of emperor would be the thing that would enable me to leap over an interval of ten centuries. Then I should be, not the successor of Henry IV. nor of Philip Augustus, but of Charlemagne, and thus linked with the Roman empire. This would entitle me to the supremacy over other crowned heads, and to the protectorate of Germany. With the title of emperor, I might style myself supreme ruler of Italy. I should neither violate nor cause to be violated any oath; and every one would be satisfied.' Napoleon addressed these words to Count Regnault, who laughed, and said,—'I assure you I should not be very deeply vexed, if you should oblige me to commit perjury in such a case. We have taken so many oaths, that it would be no easy matter to find out which is the right one. If you wish for the imperial title, be it so: its novelty will please, and the nation will readily adopt it. The nation dislikes only the committee of public safety and the directors. But, before you can take your rank among the sovereigns of Europe, you must have a coat of arms. Will you adopt your father's escutcheon, which is azure, a gold rake in pale, with three fleur-de-lis, two in chief, one in point?' 'My dear count,' replied Napoleon, 'you are quite mistaken. Where did you learn that that was the Bonaparte escutcheon? Whoever told you so had not consulted the registers of the military school where my brothers and I were educated.'

archives of St. Cyr, where my sister Eliza was brought up. If they had, they would have known that our shield is gules with two bars of gold, accompanied in chief sinister and in point dexter by a star of gold. The shield supported by two Gothic letters B and P, and surmounted by a count's coronet. Madame Permon, likewise made me a present of the arms of her family, the Comenit. But I shall not take the one or the other. It is my wish to be in all things amalgamated with France: she is my adopted mother, and we will both bear the same shield.' 'Then,' resumed Regnault, 'you would make choice of the old Gallic cock; and he may hold in his claws a tri-coloured standard?' 'The cock,' said Napoleon, 'in spite of his good qualities, is not a sufficiently dignified representative of a great nation. We must have an animal more imposing, more emblematic of power: an elephant, for example, or a lion couchant on the map of France, with one paw thrust forward to the boundary of the Rhine, and the device, *Gare à qui ma cherokee*.' 'Ma foi!' exclaimed Regnault, 'but why should we determine limits, which the lion may shew himself inclined to overstep.' Napoleon approved of this hint, and began to think of something else. Regnault suggested the fleur-de-lis. The mere utterance of the word produced an effect almost electrical. 'Never!' exclaimed Napoleon; 'these ensigns of a proscribed family shall never again be seen among us. I am not the son of Louis XVI. I commence a new dynasty, or, rather, I found an empire. Let us not revive old recollections, but adhere to our young institutions. My dynasty will not be that of Hugues Capet, — it will be my own, and will commence with myself. Names and things are the same: your fleurs-de-lis and white flags belong to the Bourbons; I will, therefore, retain the three colours with which they were driven away. We must recognise, by the difference of form and colour, the banner round which we are to rally, should the conflict commence again. You seem not to be aware of the influence of recollections on mankind: unfurl a white flag, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, and one half of France will regard as inevitable the return of Louis XVIII., an event which no one now dreams of. I am emperor! I succeed Charlemagne and the Cæsars, and I must have their emblems. The empire and myself will, therefore, adopt an eagle with spread wings, adorned with a thunder-bolt. The eagle shall be of gold, on a field — what colour is considered noblest? — gules, I think. Well, then, on a field of gules. But, stay, — the Parisians might think that too red. It would furnish a subject for jests; and it would be said that my eagle, instead of hovering in the air, was swimming in blood.' 'Would you have the mantle embroidered with eagles?' 'No, that would have a bad effect. I would have gold stars, or, rather, gold bees. The latter would be a national emblem, for bees were found in the tomb of Chilperic. That insect is the symbol of industry. The stars will be for me, and the bees for the people. These, and the gold eagle, with the thunder-bolt in his claws, on a field of azure, picturing the heaven to which he is soaring: these are more than sufficient. Then, for my livery, I shall have green. I will not have blue, lest that should revive the memory of the Bourbons. The tri-coloured flag will lead us to victory; and the French of the next generation will have nothing in common with their forefathers. The lily will be irrevocably abolished. Our national colours and emblems will all refer to me;

and to our descendants I shall be the founder of all things.'"

Another party gives the following as an instance of Napoleon's independence of female influence:

"On another occasion of a similar kind, I saw the emperor in a most violent rage. A lieutenant-colonel had sent him a letter, soliciting promotion, and adding that, should he obtain it, he had two daughters, who would be too happy to throw themselves at the feet of their good emperor, and thank him for the benefit conferred on their father. The good emperor was furiously indignant, and he said to me, — 'I don't know what withholds me from having this infamous letter inserted in the order of the day of the writer's regiment.' He made some inquiries respecting this officer, and he learned that he had been a *septembriseur*, and a friend of Robespierre and Fleuriot; and that, moreover, he had attained the age which would qualify him for retirement. The emperor, therefore, immediately granted him his retiring pension. He extended his generosity to the two daughters, who were amiable young females, and totally unconscious of the infamous project entertained by their father. The emperor settled a small pension on each of them, on condition of their leaving Paris, and retiring to their native city. This fact reflects the highest credit on Napoleon. His estimable qualities are not sufficiently known. The sovereigns of Europe were bent on his destruction, but they will live to deplore his downfall. With him fell the key-stone of the monarchical arch. The present race of kings have not power to stem the revolutionary torrent, which, sooner or later, will certainly sweep them from the face of the earth."

We shall only add, as our criticism, the Italian saying, "*Se non e vero e ben trovato*."

#### *History of the Indian Tribes of North America.* [No. I. Second notice: conclusion.]

REVERTING from the personal biographies to the general history, we now take leave to make the following interesting quotation: —

"Every one must recollect the wonderful accounts which have been given of the hieroglyphical pictures of the Mexicans; and these have been often referred to as evidence of the advances made by those people in knowledge and civilisation. In Dr. Robertson's "*History of America*," accurate representations are given of those paintings; and they resemble, in every particular, the rude drawings made by the Sioux, and other Western Indians, upon the fleshy side of their buffalo skins. The exact resemblance cannot be mistaken, as every one may satisfy himself, who will compare the reduced facsimiles given by Dr. Robertson, with those which accompany Dr. James's "*Account of Colonel Long's Travels to the Rocky Mountains*." In the region extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, there were numerous tribes wandering over the country, and dividing it among them by very indefinite boundaries, and an imperfect possession. It is impossible to form an enumeration of these tribes as they existed at the era of the discovery. We have ourselves collected not less than two hundred and seventy-two names of different tribes, which are found in the early narratives and histories; and, how many more would have been disclosed by further research, we presume not to say. Upon what principle these appellations were originally given, it is impossible to ascertain. They far exceed any actual divisions among the Indians,

either social or political, which could have existed; and it would be vain to inquire to what tribes or bands many of them were given. Then, as now, the Indians were doubtless separated into many communities, occupying different regions, and with interests which were, or were supposed to be, various and sometimes adverse. Whether they all descended from a common stock, is a question not easily answered. Even at this day, our information concerning the Indian languages is very imperfect. The principles which regulate them are but partially known; and much more severe investigations into their construction will be necessary before we are enabled to ascertain all the points of resemblance which they bear to one another, and all the anomalies they exhibit when compared with the more methodised and finished tongues of the Old World. Many of the Indian languages are evidently cognate dialects; but, in attempting to ascend to their common origin, we soon become involved in uncertainty. The great division of the French writers was into the Huron, or Wyandot, the Algonquin, and the Sioux stocks. These comprehended almost all the tribes known to them, and they yet comprehend much the larger portion of the tribes known to us. But, besides these, the present state of our information upon the subject leads to the conclusion that there are three primitive languages spoken by the southern tribes. Of these, the Choctaws and Chickasaws form one; the Creek, or Muskogee, another; and the Cherokee, a third. West of the Mississippi, the primitive dialects appear to be the Minnataree, the Pawnee, the Chayenne, the Blackfeet, and the Padouche, making eleven original stocks between the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Rocky Mountains. But it is by no means certain that all these great families are radically different one from another. Further investigations may exhibit resemblances not yet discovered, and reduce to cognate dialects, languages now supposed to be radically dissimilar. This great diversity of speech among a race of men presenting, in other respects, features almost identical, is a subject of curious and interesting speculation. Every one who has surveyed the Indians must have been struck with the general resemblance they bear to each other. In all those physical characteristics which divide them from the other great branches of the human family, they form one people. The facial angle is the same, and so is the colour, general stature, form of the face, appearance and colour of the eyes, and the common impression which is made, by the whole, upon the spectator. These facts indicate a common origin. But we find among a people occupying the same general region, and with similar habits and modes of life, and unbroken communication, eleven languages; among which no verbal resemblance has been discovered. And yet, as far as we are acquainted with them, one common principle of construction pervades the whole. Whence this unity of form and diversity of expression? Are they to be traced to the facility with which the words of unwritten languages are changed, and to the tenacity with which we adhere to the process by which our ideas are formed and disclosed? If so, these languages have descended from a common origin, and the tribes must have separated from one another at periods more or less remote, as their dialects approach or recede from each other. But this conjecture does not accord with the local relations and established intercourse between many of the tribes. Some of those speaking languages radically different



live, and have lived for ages, in juxtaposition, and the most confidential relations have been established among them. This is particularly the case with the Winnebagoes, speaking a dialect of the Sioux stock, and the Menomines, speaking a dialect of the Algonquin stock; and such is also the case with the Hurons, or Wyandots, and the Ottawas. And it is well known that the Shawanese, whose language is similar to that spoken by the Kickapoo, and other northern tribes, emigrated from the south, and were, when they became first known to the Europeans, planted among the creeks upon the streams flowing through Florida. The patronymic appellations used by the various tribes, indicate a connexion very different from that which we should be led to deduce from a comparison of their dialects. We cannot trace these claims of affinity to any known source; but, like many usages which have survived the causes that gave birth to them, they were doubtless founded upon established relations existing at the time. The Wyandots claim to be the uncle of all the other tribes; and the Delawares to be the grandfather. But the Delawares acknowledge themselves to be the nephew of the Wyandots; and these two tribes speak languages which have not the most remote resemblance. Whether we shall ever be able to settle these questions is doubtful. At any rate we can only hope to do it by observation, and by a rigid abstinence from idle speculations, until our collection of facts shall be greatly enlarged.

"Some of the Indian traditions refer to an eastern, and some to a western origin, but most of the tribes trace their descent to the soil they inhabit, and believe their ancestors emerged from the earth. Nothing can be more uncertain, and more unworthy, we will not say of credit, but of consideration, than their earlier traditions; and, probably, there is not a single fact in all their history, supported by satisfactory evidence, which occurred half a century previously to the establishment of the Europeans. It is well known that important incidents are communicated, and their remembrance preserved, by belts of wampum, formed of strings of beads, originally made of white clay, in a rude manner, by themselves, but now manufactured for them from shells. These beads were variously coloured, and so arranged as to bear a distant resemblance to the objects intended to be delineated. The belts were particularly devoted to the preservation of speeches, the proceedings of councils, and the formation of treaties. One of the principal counsellors was the *custos rotulorum*; and it was his duty to repeat, from time to time, the speeches and narratives connected with these belts; to impress them fully upon his memory, and to transmit them to his successor. At a certain season every year they were taken from their places of deposit, and exposed to the whole tribe, while the history of each was publicly recited. It is obvious, that by the principles of association, these belts would enable those whose duty it was, to preserve with more certainty and facility the traditionary narratives; and they were memorials of the events themselves, like the sacred relics which the Jews were directed to deposit in the ark of the covenant. How far the intercourse between the various tribes extended, cannot be known. There is reason to believe that the victorious Iroquois carried their arms to Mexico. It has been stated by Mr. Stickney, an intelligent observer, well acquainted with the Indians (having been formerly Indian agent at Fort Wayne), that he once saw a very ancient belt among the

Wyandots, which they told him had come from a large Indian nation in the south-west. At the time of its reception, as ever since, the Wyandots were the leading tribe in this quarter of the continent. Placed at the head of the great Indian commonwealth by circumstances which even their tradition does not record, they held the great council fire, and possessed the right of convening the various tribes around it whenever any important occurrence required general deliberation. This belt had been specially transmitted to them, and from the attendant circumstances, and accompanying narrative, Mr. Stickney had no doubt but it was sent by the Mexican emperor at the period of the invasion of that country by Cortez. The speech stated, in substance, that a new and strange animal had appeared upon the coast, describing him like the fabled centaurs of antiquity, as part man and part quadruped; and adding, that he commanded the thunder and lightning. The object seemed to be to put the Indians on their guard against this terrible monster, wherever he might appear. Could a collection of these ancient belts be now made, and the accompanying narratives recorded, it would afford curious and interesting materials, reflecting, no doubt, much light upon the former situation and history of the Indians. But it is vain to expect such a discovery. In the mutations and migrations of the various tribes, misfortunes have pressed so heavily upon them, that they have been unable to preserve their people or their country, much less the memorials of their former power. These have perished in the general wreck of their fortunes—lost, as have been the sites of their council fires, and the graves of their fathers."

It is painful to trace the extinction of this race of human beings. Powerful tribes are almost annihilated; and a few generations will, perhaps, only know them from having mixed their blood with families of their white conquerors, unless, indeed, they could realise a grand plan of union and settlement in some yet unpeopled division of the vast new continent which was once nearly all their own. But this seems to be too chimerical; though we have seen it hinted at as possible.

Of the Wyandots, about seven hundred remain. "The ingenuity of vengeance has, perhaps, never devised a more horrible punishment than that provided among this tribe for murder. The corpse of the murdered man was placed upon a scaffold, and the murderer extended upon his back, and tied below. He was here left, with barely food enough to support life, until the remains of the murdered subject above him became a mass of putridity, falling upon him; and then all food was withheld, when he perished thus miserably. There were no traces of a similar punishment among any other tribe."

Of the Iroquois, their tremendous enemies, we hear—"Of this once powerful confederacy, about six thousand individuals now remain. The larger portion of them live upon a reservation near Buffalo, in the state of New York, a few are found in Pennsylvania, and some in Ohio, at Green Bay, and in Canada."

But these tastes will serve to shew the nature of this fine publication, which reminds us of the better days of books; and we have only to add, that the prefixed war-dance of the Sauks and Foxes, with their victim for sacrifice, the accuracy of all the portraits, and the character and costume of the whole, render the work infinitely more novel and valuable than we could possibly have anticipated.

### Dr. Spry's Modern India.

[Second and concluding notice.]

ANOTHER Indian work having appeared, and being unwilling to load our page with more than its due proportion on one subject at a time, we are induced to dismiss these pleasant volumes with somewhat of more convenient brevity than we might otherwise have done. Dr. Spry's account of the Thugs, their capture and execution, adds curious particulars to the history of that atrocious brotherhood in the *Edinburgh Review*; and both writings afford a remarkable instance of the little attention paid to India by the mother country, and the extraordinary slowness with which the strangest news from the East finds its way to Europe. So long ago as 1830, 31, 32, the abominations of this murderous conspiracy were discovered, hundreds of the perpetrators of systematic assassination seized, and no fewer than a hundred and forty-six of them hanged at Jubbulpore and Saugor, and yet not a word was heard on the subject in England till a few weeks ago! Dr. Spry says,—

"Sentence of death was pronounced in a very impressive manner, by Captain Sleeman, on different parties of Thugs, executed during my residence in Saugor. The criminals, drawn up in a semicircle round the bench on which the judge was seated, were surrounded by a strong guard of musketeers and dismounted cavalry. The warrants were placed before them, and each name, as called out by the court, was repeated by the Sheristhadar. At the conclusion of this ceremony, Captain Sleeman addressed them in the Hindostanee language, in a few sentences, which may be rendered thus:—'You have all been convicted in the crime of blood; the order from the Calcutta Council therefore is, that, at to-morrow's dawn, you are all to be hung. If any of you desire to make any further communication, you may now speak.' As a literal translation can only convey a very imperfect idea of the force of the expression employed, I shall make no apology for subjoining the original Hindustanee. '*Khoon men sabit hooa, Calcutta ke council se hookum hys kul bura fujur ke wugt toom phanase pawaga, Jo Tomara jee men kooch khinah hys so koho.*' Few answered; those who did reply, merely requested, as a dying favour, that their bodies, on being taken down, might be burnt. One hardened villain, however, as he was turning round to leave the court, disturbed the solemnity of the scene by muttering,—'Ah, you have got it all your own way now, but let me find you in Paradise, and then I will be revenged!' The night was passed by these men in displays of coarse and disgusting levity. Trusting in the assurance that, dying in the cause of their calling, Bhowanee would provide for them in Paradise, they evinced neither penitence nor remorse. Stiffing their alarm with boisterous revelling, they hoped to establish in the minds of their comrades, who could hear them through the wall, a reputation for courage, by means which at once proved their insincerity and belied their fortitude. Imagine such men on the last night of their existence on earth, not penitent for their individual errors, nor impressed with a sense of the public mischiefs to which they had contributed, not even rendered serious by the dismal ordeal which in a few hours was to usher them into an unknown world; but singing—singing in the condemned cell, and repeating their unhallowed carols while jolting along in the carts that conveyed them to their gibbets! When morning came, numerous hackeries drew up to the goal-door, taking five men in each. They looked dreadfully haggard.

As one cart was laden after the other, it was driven away, surrounded by sepoys with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. The place appointed for the executions was on the north side of the town of Saugor, about a mile and a half from the gaol. '*Rookut, Doctor Sahib.*' '*Salam, Doctor Sahib,*' were the salutations which I received, as I rode by the wretched tumbrils which were jolting them to execution. The gibbets were temporary erections, forming three sides of a square. The upright posts which supported the cross-beams were firmly fixed in stone-masonry five feet in height. From either side of these walls foot-boards were placed, on which the unhappy criminals were to land on reaching the top of the ladder. The cross-beams were each provided with ten running halters equidistant from one another. As each hackery load of malefactors arrived, it was taken to the foot of the respective ladders, and as one by one got out he mounted to the platform or foot-board. Their irons were not removed. All this time the air was pierced with the hoarse and hollow shoutings of these wretched men. Each man, as he reached to the top of the ladder, stepped out on the platform, and walked at once to a halter. Without loss of time, he tried its strength by weighing his whole body on it. Every one having by this means proved the strength of his rope by his own hands (for none of them were handcuffed), introduced his head into the noose, drew the knot firmly home immediately behind the right ear, and, amid terrific cheers, jumped off the board and launched himself into eternity! Thus, in the moment of death, we see a scrupulous attention paid to the preservation of caste. To wait to be hung by the hands of a chumar, was a thought too revolting for endurance. The name would be disgraced for ever; and, therefore, rather than submit to its degradation, every man hung himself!"

A less wicked, but hardly less mischievous class of natives are described in the following notice on the subject of witchcraft.

"The greater part of the cross accidents in life which befall the people are supposed to be caused by the secret machinations of some enemy who has had recourse to this black art for the purpose of circumventing them. If they lose a wife or child by premature death, when their corn is blighted, or a mirrian breaks out among their cattle, none of these calamities are attributed to a natural cause, but are all ascribed to preternatural devices, employed by some secret enemy. Diseases, particularly such as are of long continuance, are attributed to the same cause; and, if these occurrences should happen during any quarrel or law-suit, the whole is attributed to the opponent, who is considered to have accomplished it by magical devices. For the first twelve months a Hindú mother carefully secludes her child, lest the evil eye should fall on it. These mischievous magicians are very much dreaded and hated, and never fail to be punished when it is believed that by their spells they have been instrumental in promoting any calamity. Taking further advantage of the credulity of their countrymen, these vagabonds give out that, in the utterance of their mantras, the utmost nicety is required; since in the correctness of their pronunciation depends the pleasure of their god or demon: while any imperfection or defect that occurs, infallibly brings on the head of the utterer all the mischief he was essaying to procure for others. The punishment assigned to them, generally, is, to draw their two front teeth, as their loss will for ever afterwards render them incapable

of correct utterance. As an instance of the hold which these men sometimes obtain over the minds of their countrymen, the following anecdote, which fell within my own knowledge, will serve to shew. A highly respectable Hindú landholder at Saugor, named Baboo Bight, refused one of these men a plot of ground for a garden. Of the motive for the denial of this request I am ignorant, nor is it a matter of any importance. It is sufficient to state, that the fellow received a refusal. Undismayed, he renewed the application, which was again rejected. He became more importunate than ever, and a third time solicited the grant, but met with no better success. He vowed, in consequence, to conjure the life of the landholder away within a year, and made the Baboo acquainted with his intention. From this moment he commenced the diabolical undertaking; but the Baboo, being in good health at the time, took no notice of the threat. The fellow established himself on a plain close to the military cantonments of Saugor, on the confines of Baboo Bight's land. Every evening the incantations would be resumed, and the fire be seen blazing about the mystical earthen pot. Days and weeks passed on with, apparently, no effect. At length, it was given out that Baboo Bight was ill. His sleep had deserted him, his appetite was gone, and he became restless and feverish. He affected to treat the threatened machinations with contempt; but it would not do: they were evidently uppermost in his mind, and making a deep impression. Six months or more had elapsed, and the fellow continued unremitting in his acts of conjuration. Baboo Bight's health was gone; a low destructive fever had insinuated itself into his system, and it was evident that he was fast approaching the grave. The fellow, more vigorously than ever, stirred his fire and invoked his deity; till, at last, the poor man died. Thus, by the operation of fear, in less than twelve months, a mind active and strong became disturbed and anxious, then diseased, till, at last, by the influence of this wretch's slow but sure mystical incantations, life was juggled away, and lost."

We conclude with the notice of another horrid caste.

"In the wild unreclaimed jungles in the eastern part of the Jubbulpore division, stretching along to the far-famed hill of Omercutuc, into the Nagpore districts of Bustar and Chutteesghur, these people are no other than savages, and wander about when and where inclination prompts. They recognise a chief; and many extensive tracts of country are still held by Goand Rajahs. The Rajah of Bustar, in the Nagpore kingdom, is a Goand. These people are cannibals, and, like the Kookees of the Blue Mountains of Chittagong, of whom an account has been given in the early part of this work, they sacrifice and eat their fellow-creatures! The fact of their doing so is so well attested, that there can be no doubt, I think, of its correctness. Captain Crawford, of the Bengal artillery, held for many years the sole jurisdiction of the Chutteesghur division of the Nagpore kingdom, and had ample opportunity of verifying the circumstance, and he has distinctly assured me of his thorough conviction of its reality. He says, 'A caste of Goands reside in the hills near Bellaspore (Nagpore kingdom). The caste is called Bhen-darwar, perhaps from their eating monkeys. In January, 1828, Mr. Wilder, the British resident at the Court of Nagpore, over which he held the entire political control, came to Chutteesghur, on which occasion the Rajah of

Bustar went to pay his respects to him. This man had previously vowed to Devi, that, if he should obtain a favourable meeting with the resident, he would offer up twenty men. The wished-for interview proved auspicious, and he returned back to his own country satisfied. In September of the same year (1828), he fulfilled his vow, and sacrificed twenty of his fellow-creatures: they were principally labourers employed on his own fields, a few only being travellers from Hyderabad and Chanda. When an offering of a certain number of human victims is to be performed, the unhappy wretches are congregated together, and kept without food for three days. On the fourth and last of their existence on earth, they are shaved all over, then bathed and rubbed with oil, after which they are led out to the image of Devi, whom they are made to worship. After this performance has been gone through they are conducted to a neem-tree, close by which there is a hole, and on the edge of this they are sacrificed. The Goand Poorjare takes the knife out of the temple of Devi, and cuts off their heads. The inhabitants and priests of the temple immediately take up the bodies and bury them. For three days afterwards the door of the temple is shut, and no worship performed in it during that period. In the reign of the father of the present rajah, only one man was sacrificed during a period of three years, but now many are offered up."

Our author's informant further states, "that four men are murdered, one at each corner of the rajah's car, whenever he mounts it on a state occasion. At the same time with these human victims, goats and buffaloes are also sacrificed. He adds, that they are particularly fond of killing men of the Jungum caste; esteeming the smallest portion of their bones and flesh to be very efficacious in improving their crops, when buried in the fields; and that the gouteas (heads of villages), whenever they can find a safe opportunity, seize and sacrifice human victims for this purpose. These details, he assures me, he received from the people of the country, who warned him to fly. This testimony alone, from a gentleman so well qualified to give information as Captain Crawford, is sufficient to establish the fact of these people offering up the lives of their fellow-creatures in sacrifice to their goddess. And having once satisfied our minds on that point, we can readily give credence to the following horrible details of their cannibalism, by Lieutenant Prendergast. This gentleman says, that he learned, 'after much trouble, that there was a tribe of Goands, who resided in the hills of Omercutuc, and the S. E. in the Gondwarra country, who held very little intercourse with the villages; and never went into them, except to barter or purchase provisions. This race live in detached parties, and have seldom more than eight or ten huts in one place. They are cannibals in the real sense of the word, but never eat the flesh of any person not belonging to their own family or tribe. Nor do they do this except on particular occasions. It is the custom of this singular people to cut the throat of any person of their family who is attacked by severe illness, and who they think has no chance of recovering; when they collect the whole of their relations and particular friends, and feast upon the body. In like manner, when a person arrives at a great age, and becomes feeble and weak, the khilalkhor (butcher) operates upon him, when the different members of the family assemble for the same purpose as above stated. In other respects this is a simple race of people. Nor do they consider cutting

the throats of their sick relations, or aged parents, any sin; but, on the contrary, an act acceptable to Kalee, a mercy to their relations, and a blessing to their whole race.' \* \* \*

"On questioning a Goand about killing and eating the sick and aged of his tribe, he did not deny it; but said, 'it was an ancient custom of theirs.' I asked him, if he would eat the flesh of people not belonging to his tribe, when, with visible marks of anger and disgust, he replied, 'No; I never eat of any person not belonging to my own tribe.'"

What a world it is for the philosophic eye to range over, and the philanthropic mind to contemplate! Alas, for the perfectibility of human nature! half the earth is yet covered with barbarism and the bloodiest of cruelties and crimes; and the other half is only civilised into a cooler, but equally hard-hearted, system of hypocrisy, oppression, and guilt.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

[Papers, &c. postponed from our last report.]

APRIL 5th. Mr. Greenough, V. P., in the chair. The vicinity of Smyrna consists of limestone and greenish slates containing hippurites, lacustrine limestones and marls, and trachytic rocks. The hippurite limestone and schist form considerable tracts both to the north and south of the bay of Smyrna, constituting Mount Sipylus, Mount Tartali, and Mount Corax. In some localities it consists of gray limestone, more or less associated with black and greenish schists, but in others it is composed almost solely of the latter. The lacustrine deposits constitute an extensive table-land, ranging south from Smyrna, and to the north of the bay, the southern base of Mount Sipylus. Mr. Strickland is of opinion, that they were accumulated in a basin, bounded principally by the hills of hippurite limestone. The table-land is composed chiefly of white or yellowish limestone, sometimes resembling chalk, at others, the compact, secondary limestone of the Ionian islands, and contains nodules and layers of black flint with quartz resinite. White and greenish marls are interstratified with the limestone and extensive beds of gravel, especially towards the margin of the basin. The beds are generally horizontal; but in some places, when near the trachyte, they are inclined. The shells found by the author belonged entirely to fresh-water genera, but, in the deposit at the foot of Mount Sipylus, he discovered a rich store of vegetable remains, in the highest state of preservation, and consisting of leaves of about twelve species, which belonged to the genera *Laurus*, *Nerium*, *Olea*, *Salix*, *Quercus*, and *Tamaris*.—*Trachyte*. This volcanic rock Mr. Strickland ascertained to be more recent than the lacustrine deposits, because, in the plain of Pedikeui, it overlies the fresh-water limestone, and because no pebbles of it occur in the alternating beds of gravel. The trachyte is principally porphyritic and homogeneous; but it sometimes contains numerous angular blocks and fragments of black porphyritic trachyte, much harder than the general body of the rock; and, near the ford of the Meles, it contains a mass of quartzose conglomerate. In some localities the trachyte splits into slabs from a foot to an inch thick; and the cross fracture exhibits stripes of various colours parallel to the planes of cleavage. These layers are occasionally accumulated to the thickness of 100 feet, and are traceable, laterally, for as many yards. The paper concluded with some general observations on the changes produced in the features of the coun-

try by the eruption of the trachyte, and the drainage of the lake in which the lacustrine formations were deposited.—A letter from Mr. R. W. Fox, of Falmouth, to Sir Charles Lemon, Bart. was afterwards read. The object of this letter was to prove, that, though the non-mechanical deposits in mineral veins may be due, in part, to infiltration from the enclosing rocks, yet that they might have been derived, in almost indefinite quantities, from currents of heated water ascending from the deeply seated portions of the original fissures. Water in this condition, Mr. Fox says, would be highly capable of holding in solution earthy or metallic substances, and, in ascending, would gradually cool and deposit against the sides of the fissures its mineral contents. He is of opinion, that the formation of mineral veins cannot be due to simple chemical affinity only, because the accumulation of the metallic masses is not found, in Cornwall at least, to depend on the nature of the containing rock, the ore of a given metal being sometimes found in granite or in elvan, and not in killas; and sometimes in the latter, and not in either of the former. On the contrary, he considers, that the remarkable concentration of ores in some rocks in preference to others, may have resulted from their relative positions; but that electricity has been the most active and powerful agent in determining the distribution of the contents of veins.

##### NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 16. The president, Dr. Lee, in the chair.—The communications read at this meeting were as follow:—1. A letter from Mr. John Williams, accompanying a specimen of the currency of the gold coast of Africa, called a *manille*—a ring in the form of a bracelet, and usually manufactured in Europe, the present specimen being one of a large quantity cast in iron at Birmingham some years ago. This gentleman has been engaged by the council to give two lectures on the Greek and Roman coinage at the Society's meetings of 20th April, and 25th May.—2. A letter from Sir Henry Ellis to the president, on the farthings and half-crowns issued in the time of the Commonwealth. The writer proves, from a newspaper of that period ("Several Proceedings of State Affairs," April 20-27, 1654), in the British Museum, that among the patterns for farthings given by Ruding (in vol. iii. plate 31, of his "Annals of the Coinage of Britain,"), as having never been put into circulation, there is one, No. 12, which was certainly issued, the inscription and device being described at length. Sir Henry also quotes another paper ("The Public Intelligencer," Oct. 22-29, 1655), which contains an advertisement to caution the public on the subject of false half-crowns coined by one Abraham Stapley, with the date 1655, "there being none of that date in his highness's mint coined to this day, the 26th Oct." The writer supposes that none were coined subsequently to that date in the year 1655, from the invariable absence of such in the numerous cabinets he has examined.—3. A letter to the president, from Mr. Cullimore, with reference to Mr. Akerman's communication at the previous meeting on the subject of Mr. Hogg's notice on the Barberini Inscriptions (see our report, *Literary Gazette*, March 11). Mr. Cullimore considers that Mr. Hogg was justified in rejecting the restoration by De Gozze, of the tribunitian and imperial dates, from whatever authority he has replaced them, though he has undoubtedly overlooked the evidence of medallion

history in assigning the prænomen of *imperator* to Claudius. The remaining consular date fixes the inscription to A.D. 51, when Claudius was the 5th time consul, and Caractacus was sent prisoner to Rome by Ostorius; whereas the coins from which De Gozze restored the wanting indices, refer to the personal British triumph of Claudius in the year A.D. 44, and have no consular date, being, doubtless, struck in the interval between the 3rd and 4th consulships of Claudius, A.D. 43 and 47. It follows that the date of this record in the 5th consulship, chronologically separates it from coins previously issued, and at a period when Claudius did not hold the office of consul; so that a second triumph is here most probably commemorated, as Mr. Hogg has, in a great measure, proved.—4. A communication, by Mr. Akerman, "On the coinage of the ancient Britons." This paper develops the results of an inquiry which the author originated in the second number of the "Numismatic Journal." He shews that the ancient Britons possessed a coinage at the period of, and long anterior to, the Roman invasion, contrary to the assertion of Caesar, and the opinion of most numismatic authorities. This is evident from the monetary remains found in England, and nowhere else, which have been too generally referred to the Gaulish series, from which they totally differ in the characters of art and impress. Although not datable, these coins determine themselves to be of an earlier and ruder age than those of Cunobellinus, the father of Caractacus. Mr. Akerman admits, however, that the ring or bracelet money, mentioned by Caesar, was probably employed to make up the deficiency of the coined currency. Engraved specimens of these rings were given. From various evidence, they seem to have been used from as early as the times of Abraham, for a general medium of commerce, as well as for ornament. The writer next alluded to what is considered by M. de Sauley to be the ancient wheel money of the Gauls, in times previously to a regular coinage; but which, Mr. Akerman thinks, should rather be viewed in the light of amulets, or charms, the cross in the circle having been held as a mystic symbol from remote antiquity, and long before the coming of the Messiah. The wheel is, moreover, found stamped on the coins of the Gauls, Britons, and other nations. Engravings of numerous unedited early British coins accompanied this essay, together with descriptive catalogues, in which the mistakes of Ruding, and other writers, were pointed out and rectified.—5. Some remarks on the coins of the Ptolemies, by Samuel Sharpe, Esq. This essay commences by remarking on the fact, that no coins have been discovered among the Egyptian ruins of times previous to the Greek sovereigns; and on the improbability that any such existed, notwithstanding the proverbial wealth of Egyptian Thebes. Authorities are quoted to shew that the exchange of the precious metals was effected by weight, as evinced by the account of the tributes paid to Ramesses the Great, which was, according to Tacitus, preserved in inscriptions, which the Theban priests translated by order of Germanicus. The hieroglyphic character for money is ascertained to be a leopard, in the form of the Greek diphthong (the manilla of other nations), though no other light has been thrown upon the subject by hieroglyphical researches. Under the Ptolemies, a regular series of coins has been found, as is the case in all countries within reach of the Grecian arts and customs. The author next proceeds to exemplify the

respect for the ancient Egyptian customs, from which the Ptolemies never unnecessarily departed, apparent in their coinage. The hieroglyphic symbol of the eagle or hawk, may here be interpreted by the Greek title, *Σαυγ*,—saviour or avenger,—that bird being the emblem of the god Horus, called in the inscriptions, "the avenger of his father." So, the lotus, the hieroglyphic symbol of Lower Egypt, which was inhabited by Greeks in the times of the *Lagidae*, represents the word "Greek," as proved by this interpretation, assigned to it on the trilingual pillar of Rosetta. The respect paid to women by the Egyptians, appears in the custom of placing the heads of the king and queen together on the obverse, by the joint dedication of king and queen, under the hieroglyphic title of "brother gods," their apotheosis during life, &c. The *Λ*, or *Α*, on these coins, being the first letter of the word *λῦσις*, *the year*, is followed by the numeral for the year of the reigning prince, which was the invariable method of dating under the native kings of Egypt. The year here used, Mr. Sharpe concludes must have been either the lunar, Macedonian, or the sidereal, and not the movable year of the ancient Egyptians, which would not have answered the Greeks for civil purposes. The essay concludes with a table, in which the weight of the Græco-Egyptian drachm is determined at 107 grains, from coins in the collection of the Earl of Pembroke, of from a quarter of a drachm to four drachms each.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. MURCHISON, vice-president, in the chair.—A letter from Hobart Town, dated 21st Oct. last, was read. It communicated the interesting fact, that Major Mitchell, the surveyor-general of New South Wales, had completed his tour from Sydney to Bass's Straits, making what is termed his sea-fall at the point he intended,—namely, Portland Bay, to the westward of Port Phillip. He describes the country through which he passed as superior to any he had before seen in Australia. The district is further described to be eligible for every purpose of pasturage and agriculture. A noble river (besides others), near Cape Howe, is mentioned; within the heads of which is a capital harbour, superior to the river Derwent, but with the disadvantage of a bareness: there were 15 feet at low water. The country is stated as abounding with cedar.—There was also read a paper on the provinces of Oman, on the east coast of Arabia, by Lieut. Wellsted, of the Indian Navy. The spirited author of this valuable communication is the first European traveller who has penetrated into this country, whose people remain wholly unknown to us. Lieut. Wellsted was chosen, by the government at Bombay, to make the journey; by that government he was supplied with proper instruments for scientific observations; as well as with letters to the Imām of Muskat, who, in return, gave the author letters to the chiefs of the districts through which he passed. Mr. Wellsted reached Muskat on the 21st November, 1835. The population of this place is about 60,000; its imports may be estimated at 3½ millions of dollars. He then proceeded to Sur, 80 miles to the south-east, where he was well treated, and provided with 14 camels: he then journeyed 20 miles in a south-west direction; and thence over a flat country to a Bedouin Camp, in latitude 22° 3' N., where Captain Thompson, with his detachment, in 1820, suffered so much, and which led to the despatching of Sir Lionel Smith against the tribe in the following year, when they were destroyed. Those

of the tribe who still remained treated identically. Wellsted kindly, observing, "We have fought; you have made us every compensation for those who fell, and we should now be friends." Proceeding into Arabia, the author was struck with astonishment at the fertility and beauty of the country, abounding with luxuriant groves of almond, citron, and orange trees. All the principal towns, villages, and oases, visited by our traveller, are fixed in the map of the country constructed by him from actual observation; and there is no place of importance in Oman, the geographical site of which has not been correctly determined. Although, from untoward circumstances, the author was prevented reaching Derayah, yet, in adding a description of a province equal in extent to Syria, to the scanty knowledge we formerly possessed of Arabia, he trusts it will be apparent, that the several months he remained there were neither passed in inactivity nor idleness. The paper was accompanied by the map referred to.—Lord Milton and three other candidates were elected members.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

APRIL 7.—Mr. Dent, on the manufacture and construction of clocks and chronometers. The lecturer exhibited a table, showing the difference, in principle and construction, between a clock and a chronometer. He shewed that it was on the elastic properties of the balance-spring that correct performance mainly depended; that the balance-spring was affected by two causes when exposed to variable temperature: by heat it was lengthened, which caused the chronometer to go slower; and its elasticity was also decreased, tending to make the chronometer further lose on its rate of going; but the amount of loss arising from this latter cause is three times in amount that which arises from direct expansion of the metal of which the balance-spring is composed. Mr. Dent made an experiment, to shew the effect of heat on the elasticity of metal, by counting the continuous sound of a bell, which, in the temperature of the room, lasted fourteen seconds; but when heated to boiling-water point, the sound was audible for four seconds only; and he stated, if the heat were continued, it would lose its sound altogether, and would return progressively to its former duration of fourteen seconds as it reassumed the temperature of the room. Escapements, he said, were of two kinds: the "escapement of contact," and "detached escapements." The escapements of contact are those where the motive force is always in contact with the verge (or axis) of the balance-wheel; consequently, no part of the oscillation of the balance-wheel is performed independently of the motive force. The detached escapements are those which, after having received the impulse, perform the remainder of the oscillation of the balance-wheel, free and solely under the influence of the balance-spring; for example, if a balance-wheel vibrates in a semi-arc of 200 degrees, and the escapement occupies 40 degrees, then there will be 160 degrees of free vibration. Mr. Dent gave an account how far the manufacture of steel into balance-springs increased the price of one ounce of iron: he took the value of one ounce of iron at one farthing, which, when converted into steel of the best quality, was worth 4½d.; that the ounce, when drawn into balance-spring wire, would produce about 950 yards, and be worth 13½d. If made into balance-springs, hardened and tempered, and producing 7650, at 2s. 6d. each for labour, amounts to

956l. 6s., being the effect of labour on the farthing's worth of iron.

## ST. JAMES'S ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WE learn, with much pleasure, that a plan for the extension of the objects of the "St. James's Ornithological Society," which at present are confined to the aquatic tribe, is about to be brought forward at a general meeting of the members. As epicures, we trust that the *utile* may be found to go hand-in-hand with the *dulce*. What donation may some modern Lucullus—some "Epicuri de grege" alderman present to a society which may enable him to set on the table some worthy *confrère* to the turkey or the pheasant!

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 5th April.—In a convocation, the degree of Doctor in Divinity, by diploma, was conferred upon the Lord Bishop of Salisbury elect.

The following gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Master of Arts:—Hon. W. H. Dawney, Christ Church; Rev. R. Jackson, Pembroke College, Grand Compounders; Rev. G. Slade, St. Edmund Hall; T. Lloyd, Christ Church; W. Bowring, Queen's College; W. G. Ward, Fellow of Balliol College; C. Daman, Fellow of Oriel College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—The conclusion of a paper by Professor Daniells, being Observations on voltaic combinations, was read. Without the diagrams and tables which accompanied this elaborate communication, we can convey but an inadequate idea of the author's remarks and experiments on the wonderful and widely diffused phenomena of which he treats. In our notice of Mr. Lubbock's paper on the tides, alluding to the money granted by the British Association, our reporter ought to have stated that the sum was liberally given for reducing tide observations, not for making them; the error arose from the omission of a character in the notes taken of the paper.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—Mr. Duke exhibited five crucibles, found in the porch of St. Thomas's Church, Salisbury. Mr. Hunter exhibited a deed of conveyance of a house in Canterbury, curious, as being dated in the first year of the reign of *Jane*, Queen of England, &c. A further portion of Sir Frederick Madden's dissertation on the history of Perkin Warbeck was read, and the remainder postponed.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Marylebone, 8½ P.M. (Mr. W. Newton on Woollen Manufacture, with Models, &c.) Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (Mr. T. Phillips on Vocal Music, and two following Mondays, assisted by the Misses Brandon, and illustrating Sacred, Dramatic, and Miscellaneous Music.)  
*Tuesday*.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary, 8½ P.M. (Mr. Serle on the Drama.) Belgrave Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. Cowper on the Printing Machine.) United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Dr. Ritchie on Experimental Philosophy.)  
*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.  
*Thursday*.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8½ P.M.  
*Friday*.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Dr. Lardner on Steam Communication with India.)

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, EXETER HALL.

WE have been favoured with a view of the approaching Exhibition of this Society: although but a hasty and imperfect one, it warrants us in saying, that the exertions of the

various members have been, at least, equal to those of any former year. Among the most distinguished contributions (of which we shall give a more detailed description in our next Number) are, Mr. John Martin's "Demonsthenes on the Sea-shore;" Mr. Kearney's "Martin Luther cited by the Council at Augsburg;" Mr. Duncan's "Oyster-boats;" Mr. Warren's "Straight Street, in Damascus;" Mr. Haghe's "Scene at Rouen;" Mr. Howse's "Architectural subject at Rouen;" Mr. Weigall's "Fighting Cocks;" Mr. Campion's "View of Windsor;" Mr. Fahey's "View in Scotland;" Miss Fanny Corboux's "Scene from the Spectator;" Mr. Green's "Hawking;" Mr. Wehnert's Astrologer;" &c. &c.

#### THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[Fourth and concluding notice.]

IN the Sculpture Room there are some very clever pictures; among which,

568. *The Balcony*, J. L. Colley, is distinguished as a novelty, not only in subject, but, with respect to the artist, whose name (as well as we remember) has not before met our eye, although the qualities of his performance must be the result of much previous practice. The group is composed of the gay and the grave, and is executed in a pure, yet brilliant, style of art.

495. *Collegian at his Studies*. W. Kidd. — The shafts of pictorial satire have been directed, time out of mind, against the substitution of field sports for college exercises. The young under-graduate, from the care with which he is examining his Joe Mantons, is evidently desirous to rival the subject of

463. *Portrait of — Scoles, the celebrated Shot*. T. Lewis; of which portrait it is but fair to say, that it possesses much character; and that imagination might easily find in it an expression, connected with the views and aims of the original.

486. *Meditation*. E. M. Eddis. — Independently of the expression, the colouring and execution of this performance entitle it to our entire approval.

481. *Interior of St. Laurent, Rouen*. T. H. Pitt. — Picturesque in character. Time and art have combined in giving effect and interest to the scene.

508. *The Flight interrupted, from Milton*. J. and G. Fogg. — A sublime conception of the exalted subject.

Some of the most striking varieties in the landscape department of this room, are, 510. *Brook Scene, with Cattle*. J. Dearman. — 502. *Wood Scene*. J. Stark. — 521. *Moon Rising*. J. B. Crone. — 529. *View near Lyndhurst*. Miss C. Naemyth. — 580. *Banditti passing a Ravine*. J. M. Ince. — 555. *Off the Flemish Coast*; and 563. *On the Midway*. J. Wilson.

We presume it to have been unavoidable in the present instance; but sculpture and painting do not mix well in a public exhibition. In private collections, and under peculiar arrangement, the case is different. Among the pieces of sculpture in this room, are some of great taste and beauty of form; viz. 594. *Pastoral Apollo*. E. G. Papworth. — 618. *A Nymph*. J. Ternouth. — 619. *A Mother bending over her Sleeping Infant*. J. Thripp. — 613. *Psyche*. E. G. Papworth. — 616. *Model of a Fountain*. E. W. Wyen. — Nor, though familiar in subject, must we omit to notice, 593. *The Invalid*. E. Cotterill; which, like Gainsborough's "Old Horse," is a sad representation of what is daily passing in the wear and tear of omnibus cattle. — The Heads and Busts by R. C. Lucas, S.

Clint, J. Ternouth, &c. are highly creditable to those by whom they have been produced. To these, 631. *Chariot Race*. E. H. Corbould; 605. *Painting—a Basso Relievo*. F. Mace; and 615. *Portrait of a celebrated Scottish Greyhound*. P. Park; add a pleasing variety.

The arrangement of works in the Water-colour Room seems to have been one of more haste than speed. Though between the high and the low there is much good art, great injustice has been done both to the former and to the latter. The low, however, may be got at by stooping; and some are well worth the trouble; as 806. *An Interior*. G. Sintzenich; the elaborate finish of which can hardly be conceived, except by those who are acquainted with the artist's former productions. — 634. *Interior of a Stable*. C. Josi, is also a performance on which the eye would have been delighted to dwell. — 685. *Primroses*. Mrs. M. Harrison; and several others of similar excellence, are in the same predicament. The qualities of those on high (some of them portraits of a miniature size) nothing but an opera-glass can bring into view. But our business is with works which can be seen; and of those, 700. *Street Scene on a Wet Night*. J. Martin, is one of the most extraordinary productions even of that extraordinary artist's pencil. Though small, it has all the effect of a panorama; and the light from the shop-windows is perfectly deceptive. — The landscape department is well filled up with scenes "foreign and domestic." Of the latter, 650. *Village of Barnes—Evening after a Shower*. G. F. Phillips; 649. *Folkestone*. T. Wood; 687. *Clewer Point, near Windsor*. J. W. Allen; 815. *Scene at Northfleet—Twilight*. J. M. Ince: of the former, 704. *Bisnone Market-Place, near Lugano*. G. Baruard; 720. *Mill, near Cologne*. D. Fowler; 821. *Nesso, Lake Como*. W. L. Walter; are among the most striking. — 839. *Gauchos going after Cattle on the Pampas (Monte Video)*; one has ridden his horse to death—a common occurrence. H. Martens. No doubt, among barbarians a common occurrence. Would that civilised England, with her steeples, chasing gentry, were innocent of the cruelty! Mr. Martens has also a very spirited performance — 893. *The Grenadier Company of the 42d Highlanders, charged by French cavalry, at the Battle of Orthes*. — 902. *A Gentleman reading*. Miss S. Satchell. A very clever study. — 879. *Portrait*. H. Corbould. The care and labour bestowed both on the figure and on the accessories might entitle this work to be called "The Portrait." — 743. *Portrait of John Audubon, Esq.* 803. *Portrait of Victor G. Audubon, Esq.* F. Cruikshank. Powerful in character, spirit, and execution. Mr. Holmes has also some light but characteristic portraits; of which, 694. *The Right Hon. Lady Delamere*, is a clever example. — 744. *Pleasant Thoughts*. Mrs. Gent. "A penny for your thoughts;" but if we may judge from the appearance of the lady, they are much more valuable. — 834. *Morning Amusements*. Mrs. Briane. Although hardly to be seen, is evidently full of taste and elegance. Alas! for the lottery of exhibitions! many no doubt equally clever performances by this fair artist (the daughter of the celebrated Paye), are placed in so exalted a situation, that even their numbers are not distinguishable. — 811. *Sketch of a Lady*. F. Rochard. A tasteful production; and something more than a sketch. — Miniatures, Flowers, and Still Life, add their usual attractions to this room. Among the first, those by C. Baxter, J. Bradley, Mrs. Manning, P. Fischer, and H. Collen, are distinguished: of Flowers there is a very fair

show from the pencils of Mrs. Harrison, Miss H. B. Rosenberg, W. Spry, &c.: of the last-named department of art, 660. *Wild Fowl*, affords an exquisite specimen; and 838. *Sleeping Bloodhound*. Miss Jessica Landseer (*Still-life certainly*), does that lady great credit.

#### GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE fourth meeting of this Society took place on Wednesday last, at the Thatched House. The members and visitors were gratified by seeing many beautiful works of art, though they were not so numerous as we have sometimes seen displayed in these agreeable soirées. There was a striking engraving by Cousins, of Edwin Landseer's "Bolton Abbey,"—one of the finest works ever produced in mezzotinto—and a spirited study of horses' heads by the same painter. Folios of sketches in Spain, by J. F. Lewis, and a folio of drawing, principally for his "Sketches at home and abroad," by Mr. Harding. A mounted set of David Roberts's lithographed Spanish sketches. Several folios of miscellaneous drawings furnished by members and visitors, and many beautiful sketches in oil and in water-colours, studies, and engravings.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Giulia Grisi, in Norma*; on stone, after A. E. Chalon, R.A. By R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Mitchell.

A VERY fine resemblance of this popular *prima donna*, as she is uttering the words, "Io nei volumi arcani leggo del ciel." Mr. Chalon has happily caught the true spirit of both attitude and countenance; and Mr. Lane has lithographed the figure in his sweetest style.

*Dresden Gallery*. Leipzig, Wunder; London, Schloss.

THE third and fourth Numbers of this extensive publication are lying before us. They consist of large and ably drawn lithographic plates, from the works of Wouvermann, Ruissdæl, Metz, Titian, Dosso Dossi, Netscher, and Giacomo Palma. Although in some respects, undoubtedly, they are not equal to engravings on copper, they have a freedom of execution denied to the latter; and convey, at a price within the means of the humblest lover of art, a very adequate notion of the celebrated originals.

#### SKETCHES.

##### UNROLLING A MEMPHIS MUMMY.

ON Monday, Mr. Pettigrew unrolled the Mummy from Memphis, belonging to M. Athanasi, in the Great Room at Exeter Hall, which was, however, too large, and not well adapted to the purpose; as the spectators were not only too far distant, but all around the space inclosed for the operation: and thus many of them were precluded from having a good view of Mr. Pettigrew's skilful process. From the case, and numerous inscriptions on the wrappings, the corpse was pronounced to be an eminent priest of Phra, chief of the spirits, prophet, &c. &c. The linen was in narrower strips than we have ever seen before; and there were various peculiarities which rendered this specimen interesting. All down the front of the body, longitudinally, were laid pieces of linen, covered with figures and inscriptions; some of the former altogether new. These were delicately executed in lines. On the head was a species of helmet-mitre, much gilt; and below, a human face was rudely traced on the bandages above the original countenance. After some travel, Mr. Pettigrew came to a complete asphaltic



envelope, of extreme hardness and tenacity, into which the body had been plunged; and which resisted hammers, knives, and chisels. By much perseverance it was partially removed; and about the neck scarabei, cornelians, and other stones, were found. The toe-nails were gilt, the legs separately bandaged, and the arms crossed over the breast; the whole indicative of the Greco-Egyptian period. The mummy was, therefore, about 2200 or 2300 years old. Finding it impossible to make greater way in removing the obstacles interposed by the preparation, it was announced that the task would be carefully completed elsewhere, and the results submitted to the view of the public. We should guess that there were five or six hundred persons present.

## MUSIC.

## OPERA CONCERT ROOM.

THE second Societa Armonica concert for the season was held here on Monday evening: it was fully attended. "The Power of Sound" (Spohr) was the opening symphony; and rather long. We must do this orchestra justice in saying, we never heard music more correctly and ably performed than this symphony; and, indeed, all intrusted to them during the evening. A *aestet*, by Neukomm, was also, finely played. Some sweet vocal music much enlivened the evening's amusement. Mrs. Bishop was in excellent voice, and sung an aria, "Come, Summer! come," composed by her husband, delightfully. Perhaps the strong sympathy of a freezing audience in the midst of April, aided in procuring her a cordial encore. Rubini was, as usual, rich in sweet sounds, and was encored most heartily in a beautiful cantata (Beethoven). Madame Giannoni's pure, mellow voice, was one of the greatest attractions of the evening; her "Dove sono" was truly beautiful.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Crescentini, Paer, and Pellegrini's celebrated Solfeggi, or Exercises for the Voice: forming a complete System of Practice for the Student in Singing: arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, &c.* By J. B. Duruset. THIS is a most judicious selection of solfeggi from the best masters, and cannot be too highly recommended to those who wish to attain perfection in singing. The accompaniments are most appropriate, and render the studies so pleasing, that the tediousness usually existing in all exercises for the voice is wholly done away with, and the road to improvement rendered alluring. We trust to see them in general use; and are sure that every student and lover of music will owe a lasting debt to Mr. Duruset, for his judgment in the choice of these exercises, and his taste and skill in their arrangement with his own charming accompaniments.

## DRAMA.

*King's Theatre.*—Signori Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini, and Madame Grisi, made their welcome appearance on Saturday last, in Bellini's beautiful opera, *I Puritani*, which, we need hardly say, was sweetly sung, or that the singers were cheered and encored as of old, and as they so well deserved to be. Mdlle. Duvernay's benefit, on Thursday, was, we are glad to say, a bumper; and this exquisite *dansette* was as enchanting as ever: we are sorry we are to lose her so soon. Her *cachouca* is peculiarly her own; and her acting, as well as dancing, in the *Brigand of Terracina*, is of the highest order.

*St. James's Theatre.*—On Tuesday, Mr. Burnet, from Edinburgh, made his first appearance in London, as *Squire Norton*, in the *Village Coquettes*: he possesses a voice of considerable sweetness, and has a good deal of taste, but was evidently afraid to do his best; consequently, his singing appeared tame and monotonous. An encore, however, brought forth some sparks, and, we think, for ballad singing, he will be a decided acquisition to this company: he has much feeling, but wants practice. On Wednesday, Mr. Ellason held his usual dramatic entertainment, which lasted from seven o'clock till one in the morning. Surely, this is too much. Some heavy instrumental music might well have been spared, particularly a piece performed by four bands, placed on the stage, intended to be an echo. Mrs. Bishop and Miss Clara Novello sang some sweet ballads; and MM. Ellason and Bousillon played a duet of the violin and contra bass, exquisitely. "A health to the king," and "Scots wha hae," were given twice, in his very best style, by Braham; and one act of the *Village Coquettes* dismissed the remaining auditors to their homes at "past one o'clock, and a frosty morning!"

## VARIETIES.

*The King*, we are informed, intends to preside in person, at the opening of the New National Gallery, on the 28th.

*Vice Versa.*—"Well, sir," said one person to another, to whom he had, in a matter of business, made a very absurd offer, "do you entertain my proposition?" "No, sir," replied the other; "but your proposition entertains me."

*Weather Wisdom.*—Lieutenant Morrison (whom we hurriedly wrote Harrison last week) has been most accurate in his predictions, as copied into our last *Gazette*. Truly, the sun aspecting Herschel *has made it* [?] exceedingly bleak, snowy, and disagreeable! For the next, we are told, "high winds, dashing rain, hail, or snow, about the 15th and 16th. Very cold. Change on the morning of the 17th. Full moon on the 20th shews high winds, and turbulent, cloudy, unsettled weather. 21st, Raw, cloudy, and unpleasant." This is a close-dated prediction.

*The Influenza.*—"Pray, mamma," said a little girl of five years old, "why do people die?" "Because, my dear, it is God Almighty's pleasure," answered mamma, in that self-complacent tone, which indicates a consciousness of perfect propriety and wisdom. During an evening of the next week, somebody was observing, that ten persons had died in the neighbourhood, that morning, of the influenza. "God Almighty has been taking his pleasure to-day, mamma," exclaimed the child.

The following little effusion was written by Captain Morris, somewhere about 1786, at the express command of a late illustrious individual, who was in the habit of singing it to an amiable lady, also deceased.

TUNE.—"There's a difference between a beggar and a queen."

"There's a difference, in fact, betwixt a promise and an act,  
And I'll tell you the reason why;  
An act can't betray though I own a promise may,  
Yet I hope neither you nor I.

## Chorus.

Let thy cares and thy fears go hang, go hang,  
Let thy doubts and thy sorrows drown;  
Give but my bosom love enough,  
And my heart is all thine own, dear girl,  
And my heart is all thine own.  
Though sometimes I rove, like a bee in a grove,  
And my flights were a little too wild;  
Yet I fix, from this hour, on that sweet fancy flower  
That blooms on your cheek when you smile.  
Let thy cares and thy fears, &c.

This world I approve as the region of love,  
And I care not one fig for't besides;  
The spoils of the whole,—the most dear to my soul,  
Are those which the gods do provide.  
Let thy cares and thy fears, &c.

The following epigrammatic note from General Chichester to General Evans, is amusing and characteristic:—

"Dear E., What do you next propose be done,—  
Take Fontarabie?—  
"No, dear C., I-run."

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The *Foreign Quarterly Review* for April, No. XXXVII. among other literary announcements, has the following:—"Notwithstanding the exposure of the suspicious circumstances attending the pretended discovery of the history of Sanchoniatho, which appeared to stamp the transaction with the character of imposture, we perceive from an announcement by Schünemann, of Bremen, that the work will speedily be published by him with the title of 'Sanchuniathonis Historiarum Phœnicie libros novem, Græce veros a Philone Byblion, editit, Latineque versione donavit, Friederich Wagenfeld.'

"The number of the journals published in Austria amounts to seventy-two, twenty-one of which are furnished by Vienna. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom issues thirty-four; Milan alone, twenty-five; Venice, six; and Verona, four."

"We are assured, that the Russian 'Conversations-Lexikon,' which has advanced to the sixth volume, is rich in contributions on the history, geography, statistics, and industry of Russia, on the social relations of its various tribes, and in biographical accounts of its distinguished statesmen. The work employs at this moment all the eminent Russian literati, who have become contributors to it; so that there is a momentary stagnation in all branches of Russian literature, in which considerable activity till lately prevailed."

## In the Press.

Jeannette Isabelle, a novel.—Another Tale of the Sea, by the Author of "Cavendish," called Gentleman Jack, and reported to be the actual life and adventures of a Post Captain in the Navy.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The British Atlas, comprising Separate Maps of every County in England, by J. and C. Walker, imperial 4to, 3s. 3d.; large paper, 4l. 4s.—Novels of Nature, by Mrs. Chadwick, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Shaw's Medical Remembrancer, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, gent., 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—A Six Days' Tour through the Isle of Man, 12mo. 3s.—Cooling's Domestic Gardening Assistant, 12mo. 1s.—Corboux's Pearls of the East, or Gems from Lalla Rookh, imperial 4to, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Evenings with Prince Cambracères, by Baron Langon, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.—The Victims of Society, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Christ a Christian's Life, by Rev. J. Gammon, 9th edition, by J. Irons, 18mo. 3s.—Stovel's Dreadful Requisite, &c. &c. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The General Turnpike Road Acts, with Notes, &c. by T. S. Pratt, fcap. 7s.—The Manufacturer's Assistant, or Calculating Wages, by J. Milne, 18mo. 3s.—Abercrombie on the Stonehenge, fcap. 3d edition, 6s.—The Rector of Auburn, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. 6d.—History of Christ's Hospital, 3d edition, 3s. 6d.—The Miracles of Christ, by B. H. Drapers, 2d series, 32mo. 2s.—The Man of Sorrows, by C. D. Sillery, royal 18mo. 2s.—Woodland Gleanings, by the Editor of the "Sentiment of Flowers," 64 plates, fcap. 10s. 6d.—Lexicon of the Latin Language, edited by F. P. Leverett, royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—On the Punishment of Death, 3d edition, greatly augmented, cloth bds. 3s. 6d.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 6	From 25 to 47	29.80 to 29.88
Friday .... 7	.... 23 .. 40	29.97 .. 30.17
Saturday ... 8	.... 27 .. 45	30.21 .. 30.25
Sunday .... 9	.... 22 .. 43	30.21 .. 30.16
Monday .... 10	.... 19 .. 43	30.05 .. 29.88
Tuesday ... 11	.... 17 .. 44	29.87 .. 29.60
Wednesday 12	.... 16 .. 42	29.60 .. 29.67

Wind, N. E.

Except the 8th and 10th, and morning of the 11th, generally cloudy; hail on the afternoon of the 7th, and snow on the 9th, and three following days.

Edmonton.

Latitude ..... 51° 37' 33" N.  
Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have duly received Mr. Lagarde's book, which shall receive an early notice. We thank him for his polite offer; but it is unnecessary.

Many communications are under consideration.

ERRATA.—In the last Number, page 221, col. 3. l. 12, for *fast* read *rest*; ditto, l. 15, for *minor* read *Minors*; p. 228, col. 3, line 25, for *Flavell* read *Havell*; same page and column, line 48, for *Sire* read *Sue*.

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# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences,

No. 1057.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1837.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Rory O'More: a Romance.* By Sam. Lover, Esq., author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London. Bentley. "Give a dog an ill name, and hang it," quoth the proverb; but, with regard to a novel, though often worse used than a dog, we may say the very reverse—give it a good name, and hang it, if at all well supported, if it does not help it to succeed. In troth, a good name for a book is a very good thing; and we deem Mr. Lover lucky in having adopted that of his popular song as the patronymic of a work of fiction, like the present—destined, or we are much mistaken, to be equally, and it could hardly be more, popular. A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet; but the benefit of the name is, that it leads us to smell the flower: then, to be sure, if it were a daffodil, we would cast it down with contempt; but, if a real, genuine queen of the garden, we would rejoice in appreciating its delicious and refreshing odours.

But what has all this to do with Rory O'More? Simply, that the author's lively ballad, so called, is a universal favourite; and that there is nothing in the production before us to lessen the favour attached to the title. Rory admired in verse, will be *More* admired in prose: the lively national lyric having only paved the way for the greater undertaking—the truly Irish, national, and characteristic story.

This is the first flight of Mr. Lover to such an extent; none of his preceding tales having occupied more than portions of a single volume;\* and the difference of effort is very considerable; for, though much and original talent was requisite to frame the delightfully humorous effusions to which we have referred, still more must be exercised in the conception, construction, and execution of a design which was not only to sustain his preceding fame, but to place him in the front rank among the foremost writers of the country in this branch of literature. In his pictures of Irish manners and Irish life there is no exaggeration, no straining after effect. Though the incidents are often striking and startling, they are, nevertheless, natural and probable. The miseries of the rebellion of 1792 are, indeed, painted with the feelings of an Irishman, but they are not disfigured by the daubings of a partisan. Events grow out of the state of society which are sufficiently strange for the pen of the novelist, and sufferings sufficiently severe for the sorrow of the patriot; yet there is such an appearance of truth over the whole, and the characters are so vividly drawn, that, while you wonder at the scenes presented, you never entertain a doubt of their reality.

Of some of these features we shall now endeavour to convey an idea, though it must of

necessity be a very imperfect one. The volumes open with a description of the cottage of the O'Mores, and nothing can be more graphic.

"In a retired district of the South of Ireland, near some wild hills and a romantic river, a small by-road led to a quiet spot, where, at the end of a little lane, or boreen, which was sheltered by some hazel hedges, stood a cottage, which in England would have been considered a poor habitation, but in Ireland was absolutely comfortable, when contrasted with the wretched hovels that most of her peasantry are doomed to dwell in. The walls were only built of mud; but then the doorway and such windows as the cabin had were formed of cut stone, as was the chimney, which last convenience is of rare occurrence in Irish cabins, a hole in the roof generally serving instead. The windows were not glazed, it is true; but we must not expect too much gentility on this point: and, though the light may not be let in as much as it is the intention of such openings to do, yet, if the wind be kept out, the Irish peasant may be thankful. A piece of board—or, as Pat says, a wooden pane of glass—may occupy one square, while its neighbour may be brown paper, ornamented inside, perhaps, with a ballad, setting forth how

'A sailor courted a farmer's daughter  
That lived conveyant to the Isle of Man;'

or, may be, with a print of Saint Patrick banishing the *serpents*; or the Virgin Mary in flaming colours, that one might take for

'The king's daughter a come to town,  
With a red petticoat and a green gown.'

But, though the windows were not glazed, and there was not a boarded floor in the house, yet it was a snug cottage. Its earthen floors were clean and dry; its thatched roof was sound; the dresser in the principal room was well furnished with delft; there were two or three chairs and a good many three-legged stools; a spinning-wheel, that sure sign of peace and good conduct; more than one iron pot; more than one bed, and one of those four-posted, with printed calico curtains of a most resplendent pattern. There was a looking-glass, too, in the best bed-room, with only one corner broken off and only three cracks in the middle; and that further damage might not be done to this most valuable piece of furniture—most valuable, I say, for there was a pretty girl in the house who wanted it every Sunday morning to see that her bonnet was put on becomingly before she went to chapel; that no further damage might be done, I say, this inimitable looking-glass was imbedded in the wall, with a frame-work of mortar round it, tastefully ornamented with cross-bars, done by the adventurous hand of Rory O'More himself, who had a genius for handling a trowel. This came to him by inheritance, for his father had been a mason; which accounts for the cut-stone doorway, windows, and chimney of the cottage, that Rory's father had built for himself. But when I say Rory had a genius for handling a trowel, I do not mean to say he followed the trade of his father; he did not: it was a gift of nature which Rory left quite unencumbered by any trammels of art; for, as for line and rule, these were beneath Rory's consideration.

This the setting of the glass proved, for there was no attempt at either the perpendicular, the horizontal, or the plane; and from the last being wanting, the various portions of the glass presented different angles, so that it reflected a very distorted image of every object, and your face, if you would believe the glass, was as crooked as a ram's horn, which I take to be the best of all comparisons for crookedness. Mary O'More, however, though as innocent a girl as any in the country, did not believe that her face was very crooked: it was poor Rory who principally suffered, for he was continually giving himself most uncharitable gashes in shaving, which Rory attributed to the razor, when, in fact, it was the glass was in fault; for when he fancied he was going to smooth his upper lip, the chances were, that he was making an assault on his nose, or cutting a slice off his chin. But this glass has taken up a great deal too much time, which, after all, is not uncommon: when people get before a glass, they are very likely to linger there longer than they ought. But I need not go on describing any more about the cottage: nobody wants an inventory of its furniture; and I am neither an auctioneer nor a bailiff's keeper. I have said Rory's father was a mason. Now his mother was a widow—*argal* (as the gravedigger hath it); his father was dead. Poor O'More, after laying stones all his life, at last had a stone laid over him; and Rory, with filial piety, carved a crucifix upon it, surmounted by the letters I. H. S., and underneath this inscription:—'Pray for the soul of Rory O'More; Requiescat in pace.' This inscription was Rory's first effort in sepulchral sculpture, and, from his inexperience in the art, it presented a ludicrous appearance; for, from the importance Rory attached to his father's soul—or, as he had it, *soul*—he wished to make the word particularly conspicuous; but, in doing this, he cut the letters so large that he did not leave himself room to finish the word, and it became divided; the word *requiescat* became also divided: the inscription, therefore, stood as follows:—



\* *Id est*, in the "Tales and Legends of Ireland," which appeared some five years ago; and, in vol. 2d of the same, which was published about two years since, both having run through several editions. And *apropos* of these volumes, we ought to warn readers against a not very creditable *rose*, by which another volume, viz. "Popular Tales and Legends of Ireland, with Illustrations by S. Lover," has been made to pass off as written by Mr. Lover: whereas he only executed the etchings for it; and, in truth, its literature would rather tarnish than reflect credit on his name.—Ed. L. G.

You were thus called on to pray for the Sow in one corner, while the Cat was conspicuous in the other.

"Besides, Rory was (we are told) not a little proud of his name. He was taught to believe there was good blood in his veins, and that he was descended from the O'Mores of Leinster. Then, an old schoolmaster in the district, whose pupil Rory had been, was constantly recounting to him the glorious deeds of his progenitors—or, as he called them, his 'owld anshint anshithers in the owld anshint times,' and how he should never disgrace himself by doing a dirty turn; 'not that I ever seen the laaste sign iv it in you, *ma bouchal*—but there's no know-in'. And sure the devil's busy wid us sometimes, and dales in timtashins, and lays snares for us, all as one as you'd snare a hare or ketch sparrows in a thrap; and who can tell the minit that he might be layin' salt on your tail unbeknownst to you, if you worin't smart?—and therefore be always mindful of your anshithers, that wor of the highest blood in Ireland, and in one of the highest places in it too, Dunamaise—I mane the rook of Dunamaise, and no less. And there is where Rory O'More, king of Leinster, lived in glory time out o' mind; and the Lords of the Pale dern't touch him—and pale enough he made them often, I go bail: and there he was—like an eagle on his rock, and the dirty English afeard o' their lives to go within miles iv him, and he shut up in his castle as stout as a ram.' In such rhodomontade used Phelim O'Flanagan to flourish away, and delight the ears of Rory and Mary, and the widow no less. Phelim was a great character: he wore a scratch wig that had been built somewhere about the year One, and from its appearance might justify the notion, that Phelim's wig-box was a dripping-pan. He had a pair of spectacles, which held their place upon his nose by taking a strong grip of it, producing thereby a snuffling pronunciation, increased by his taking of snuff: indeed, so closely was his proboscis embraced by this primitive pair of spectacles, that he could not have his pinch of snuff without taking them off, as they completely blockaded the passage. They were always stuck low down on his nose, so that he could see over them when he wished it, and this he did for all distant objects; while for reading he was obliged to throw his head back to bring his eyes to bear through the glasses; and this, forcing the rear of his wig downwards on the collar of his coat, shoved it forward on his forehead, and stripped the back of his pate: in the former case, his eyes were as round as an owl's; and in the other, closed nearly into the expression of disdain, or at least of great consequence. His coat was of gray frieze, and his nether garment of buckskin, equalling the polish of his wig, and surpassing that of his shoes, which indeed were not polished, except on Sunday, or such occasion as the priest of the parish was expected to pay his school a visit—and then the polish was produced by the brogues being greased, so that the resemblance to the wig was more perfect. Stockings he had, after a sort; that is to say, he had woollen cases for his legs, but there were not any feet to them; they were stuffed into the shoe to make believe, and the deceit was tolerably well executed in front, where Phelim had them under his eye; but, like Achilles, he was vulnerable in the heel—indeed, worse off than that renowned hero, for he had only one heel unprotected, while poor Phelim had both. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Phelim had a shirt—you saw he had; but towards

the latter end of the week, from the closely buttoned coat, and the ambushade of a spotted handkerchief round his neck, there was ground for suspicion that the shirt was under the process of washing, that it might be ready for service on Sunday; when, at mass, Phelim's shirt was always at its freshest. There was a paramount reason, to be sure, why Phelim sported a clean shirt in chapel on Sunday: he officiated as clerk during the service—or, as it would be said amongst the peasantry, he 'sarved mass'; and in such a post of honour personal decency is indispensable."

The schoolmaster figures with much drollery throughout the narrative; but a yet more conspicuous person is a certain Mr. De Lacy (the hero) with whom Rory encounters on a coach journeying from Dublin. He is on a secret mission from the French Directory, and, being seized with small-pox, becomes an inmate of the cottage we have just described. We select a previous part of their conversation, as a sample of the dialogue:—

"The traveller laughed outright at the absurdity of Rory's expectation, that well-fitting boots for all persons were to be made by intuition. 'Faith, I thought it would plaze you,' said Rory. 'Don't you think I sarved him right?' 'You astonished him, I dare say.' 'I'll engage I did. Wanting to humbug me that way, taking me for a nash'ral bekase I come from the country!' 'Oh, I'm not sure of that,' said the traveller. 'It is their usual practice to take measure of their customers.' 'Is it, thin?' 'It really is.' 'See that, now!' said Rory, with an air of triumph. 'You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the country; and they ought to be so, by all accounts;—but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely.' 'How so?' said the traveller. 'Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the country at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dh rives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed. Now, isn't that better than sitch botches as thin in Dublin, that must have the measure, and keep you waitin'? while in the country there's no delay in life, but it's jist down with your money and off with your brogues!' 'On with your brogues, you mean?' said the traveller. 'No, indeed, now!' said Rory, 'you're out there. Sure we wouldn't be so wasteful as to put on a bran new pair o' brogues to go lickin' the road home?—no, in throth; we keep them for the next dance we're goin' to, or maybe to go to chapel of a Sunday.' 'And if you don't put them on, how can you tell they fit you?' 'Oh, they're all alike!' 'But what would you do, when you wanted to go to your dance, if you found your brogues were too small?' 'Oh, that niver happens. They're all fine aisy shoes.' 'Well, but if they prove too easy?' 'That's aisy cured,' said Rory; 'stuff a thrifle o' hay into them, like the Mullingar heifers.' 'Mullingar heifers!' said the traveller, rather surprised by the oddity of the expression. 'Yes, sir,' said Rory, 'did you niver hear of the Mullingar heifers?' 'Never.' 'Why, you see, sir, the women in Westmeath, they say, is thick in the legs, God help them, the craythurs! and so there's a saying again thin, 'You're beef to the heels, like a Mullingar heifer.' 'Oh! I perceive.' 'Yes, sir, and it's all on account of what I towld you about the hay.' 'How?' said the traveller. 'Why, there's an owld joke you may take a

turn out of, if you like, when you see a girl that's thick in the fetlock—you call afther her and say, 'Young woman!' She turns round, and then says you, 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think you're used to wear hay in your shoes.' Thin, if she's innocent, she'll ask, 'Why?'—and thin you'll say, 'Bekase the calves has run down your legs to get at it.' 'I see,' said the stranger, 'that is, if she's innocent.' 'Yis, sir—simple I mane; but that seldom happens, for they're commonly up to you, and 'cute enough.' 'Now, in case she's not innocent, as you say?' said the traveller. 'Faith! maybe it's a sharp answer you'll get thin, or none. It's as like as not she may say, 'Thank'ee, young man, my calf doesn't like hay, and so you're welkum to it yourself.'"

Old Mrs. O'More's desire to treat the small-pox affords another fair example.

"When Rory returned with his mother, she asked the stranger (for so we shall yet continue to call him) how he felt. He told in what manner he was suffering, and she replied by proposing to him to take a glass of whisky. The very name of the thing produced nausea to the sick man, who refused the offer with a shudder. 'See how you thrimble, sir!' said she. 'Indeed, if you b'lieve me, a good big dhrop o' whisky is the best thing you could take.' 'Don't mention it, I beg of you: I fear it is the small-pox I have caught.' 'Plaze God, I hope not!' said the widow: 'but if it is, not a finer thing in the world than a dhrop o' whisky to dhrive it out from your heart.' Thus she continued to urge the taking of ardent spirits, which, to this hour, in the commencement of every sickness amongst the Irish peasantry, is considered the one thing needful, and for the reason the widow assigned in this case, namely, to 'dhrive it out from the heart.' The heart is by them considered the vulnerable point in sickness as well as in love; so much so, indeed, that, no matter what disease they labour under, it is always called an 'impression on the heart.' So well understood does this seem to be amongst them, that even the part affected is not necessary to be named, and the word 'heart' is omitted altogether; and, if you ask, 'What's the matter with such a one?' the answer is sure to be, 'He's got an impression.' 'Mrs. O'More, said the stranger, 'I am certain it is the small-pox; and, while I may yet be moved, pray let me be conveyed to the neighbouring town, to the inn, and let not your house be visited with the disease and the contagion.' 'Oh, God forbid that I'd do the like, sir, and turn the sick stranger outside my doors when it's meet he wanted the caring for—and in an inn, too! Oh, what would become of you at all in sitch a place, where I wouldn't have a sick dog, much less a gentleman, behowldin' to! Make yourself aisy, sir; and if it's as bad as you think, we'll take care o' you, niver fear.' 'I don't fear,' said the stranger, affected by the widow's kindness; 'but it is not right that you should have this horrid disease under your roof, and all for a stranger.' 'Keep your mind aisy, dear, do,' said the widow: 'sure we're all poor craythers, God help us! and if we did not help one another in our want and throuble, it's the dark and blake world it would be! and what would we be Christhans for at all, if we hadn't charity in our hearts? I beg your pardon, sir, for sayin' charity to a gentleman; but sure it's not charity I mane at all, only tinderness and compassion. And, as for the sickness being under our roof, my childer, God be praised! is over the small-pox—iv it be it—and had it light—as well as myself: so make your mind

aisy, dear, and thrive it out from your heart with the whisky. Well, well! don't shake your poor head that way; I won't ax you to take it till you like it yourself: but whin there is an impression, there's nothin' like thrivin' it out. So I'll lave you, sir, for a while, and see if you can sleep; and I'll come in again by and by; and if you want any thing in the mane time, you can jist thump on the flure with the chair; I have put it convaynient to your hand: and the sooner you can bring yourself to take the sper'ts, the better. Well, well! I'll say no more—only it's the finest thing in the world, with a clove o' garlic, for worms or fayer, to throw out the venom.' And so, muttering praises on her favourite panacea, she left the room."

It is impossible for us to enter into the various ramifications of the conspiracies which now occupy the canvass; the appearances and transformations of De Welakein, the master of a French smuggler off the coast; and the adventures which precede the mysterious removal of several of the actors from the stage. As we cannot, therefore, shew how United Irishmen agree and disagree in these respects, we shall give a brief extract to shew generally why they fight.

"Sure, we always do challenge each other to play a match of ball or hurling, and thin, in the course of play, one man gives a false ball, or another cuts it, and thin there's a dispute about it; or in hurlin', the same way, in the hate of the game, may be the fellow before you is jist goin' to have the ball all to himself, and you afther him, hot foot, what can you do but give him a thrip? and away he goes head over heels, and if he's not disabled, there's a chance he loses his timper, and comes to thrip you—when, may be he is not so necessitated to thrip you as you wor to thrip him, and that doesn't stand to rayson in your opinion, and may be you can't help givin' him a clip o' the burl, and down he goes; and thin, may be, one o' his barony sees that, and doesn't think it raysonable, and slaps at you—and so on it goes like fire amon; flax, and the play turns into a fight in no time; and, indeed, in the long-run we find 'tis the best way of arguin' the point; for there might be some fractious sperits would dispute about the fairness o' this play, or the fairness o' that play, and that it was an accedent settled the game; but when it comes to rale fightin', there can be no words about it: for, you see, when you thrive every mother's son o' them before you, and fairly leather them out o' the field, there can be no mistake about it."

The love adventures of our hero in Paris form a amusing episode; and his and Rory's return to Ireland after the rebellion has been quelled, brings on the *dénouement* through several appalling circumstances. Poor Rory's trial for murder, and the horrible fate of the tinker who, with Regan, the brother of Rory's sweetheart, occupy important situations throughout the novel; the extraordinary verdict of an Irish jury, and a multitude of other affairs, complete the interest of the third volume—an interest which is rather augmented than impaired by the comic relief occasionally thrown in to lighten it. Thus, when Rory is assured that De Lacy will see justice done him, we read:—

"God bless him!" said Rory, "he was always good and kind to me; and tell him, if you please, sir, that I'm sinnible of all he's done for me, and even if I should die, I won't forget it all the same." "It would puzzle you to remember it after you die, O'More. But,

banish such melancholy thoughts, my man,—don't think of dying." "Faith, I hear it's a bad chance with any poor fellow who comes here of late, since the bad times. I hear they come in at the door, and go out at the window with a balkinny that has a very unsafu bottom to it; and for fear they should hurt themselves in tumblin' through it, they tie a bit of athring to thian, to brake the fall." The lawyer could not suppress a smile at this ludicrous description of the fatal drop which Rory looked forward to as his new means of exit; but, in a gentle and soothing tone, desired him to be of good cheer, and not to let his heart fail him."

The trial reminds us (though with a "difference") of that of Kishogue:—

"Larry Finnegan again attempted to descend from the table, but was interrupted by the counsel for the prosecution; and the look of despair which the countenance of mine host of the 'Black Bull' assumed was almost ludicrous. 'Is it more you want o' me?' said he. *Counsel.* A few questions. Sit down. Larry scratched his head, and squeezed his hat harder than he had done before, and resumed his seat in bitterness of spirit; but his answers having latterly all gone smooth, he felt rather more self-possessed than he had done under his previous examination by the prosecuting counsel, and his native shrewdness was less under the control of the novel situation in which he was placed. The bullying barrister, as soon as the witness was seated, began, in a thundering tone, thus:—*Counsel.* Now, my fine fellow, you say that it was for the particular purpose of asking for his crow-bar that the prisoner went to your house? *Witness.* I do.—*Counsel.* By virtue of your oath? *Witness.* By the varth o' my oath.—*Counsel* (slapping the table fiercely with his hand). Now, sir, how do you know he came for that purpose? Answer me that, sir. *Witness.* 'Faith, thin, I'll tell you. When he came into the place that morning, it was the first thing he ax'd for; and by the same token, the way I remimber it is, that when he ax'd for the crow-bar he hint me, some one stan'in' by ax'd what I could want with a crow-bar; and Rory O'More with that said, it wasn't me at all, but the mistriss wanted it (Mrs. Finnegan, I mane). 'And what would Mrs. Finnegan want wid it?' says the man. 'Why,' says Rory, 'she makes the punch so athrong, that she bent the spoons athrin' to stir it, and so she borrowed the crow-bar to mix the punch.' A laugh followed this answer, and even Rory could not help smiling at his own joke thus retailed; but his mother, and Mary, and Kathleen, looked round the court, and turned their pale faces in wonder on those who could laugh while the life of him they adored was at stake; and the sound of mirth at such a moment fell more gratingly on their ears than the fierce manner of the bullying prosecutor. But the witness was encouraged; for he saw his examiner annoyed, and he took a hint from the result, and lay in wait for another opportunity of turning the laugh against his tormentor. He was not long in getting such an opening; and the more he was examined in hope of shaking his testimony, the less the prosecutor gained by it. At length the counsel received a whisper from Sweeney, that the fellow was drunk. 'He has his wits most d—nably about him, for all that,' said the lawyer. 'He has been drinking all the morning—I can prove it,' said Sweeney; 'and you may upset his testimony, if you like, on that score.' 'I'll have a touch at him, then,' said the lawyer. When the jury perceived the same witness still kept on the table, and a re-examination for the prosecution en-

tered upon, they became wearied, and indeed no wonder; for the silk-gowned gentleman became excessively dull, and, had he possessed any tact, must have perceived from the demeanour of the jury that his present course of proceeding was ill-timed. Yet he continued; and, in violation of all custom, sought to invalidate the testimony of the man he himself had called as a witness: but Larry's cross-examination having favoured the prisoner, the crown counsel became incensed, and abandoned all ceremony and discretion, which at length was noticed by the bench. 'I beg your pardon, my lord, but I am anxious to sift this witness.' 'By gor!' said Finnegan, 'if you wor to sift me from this till to-morrow, the devil a grain more you'll get out o' me!—and indeed you've been gettin' nothin' but chaff for the last half hour.' The answer had so much of truth in it, that the counsel became doubly annoyed at the suppressed laugh he heard around him; and then he determined to bring up his heavy artillery, and knock Larry to atoms. *Counsel.* Now, sir, I've just a question or two that you'll answer by virtue of your oath. *The Bench.* Really, Mr. ——. *Counsel.* I beg your lordship's pardon—but it is absolutely important. Now, by virtue of your oath, haven't you been drinking this morning? *Witness.* To be sure I have.—*Counsel.* How much did you drink? *Witness.* 'Faith, I don't know; I never trouble myself keepin' 'count, barrin' I'm sarvin' the customers at home.—*Counsel.* You took a glass of whiskey before breakfast, of course? *Witness.* And glad to get it!—*Counsel.* And another after?—*Witness.* Av course—when it was to be had.—*Counsel.* When you came into the town, you went to a public-house, I hear, and were drinking there, too, before you came into court?—*Witness.* Oh, jist a thrille among some frinds.—*Counsel.* What do you call a trifle?—*Witness.* Four pots a' porther and a quart o' sper'ts.—*Counsel.* Good God! Gentlemen of the jury, listen to this:—a gallon of porter and a quart of whiskey!—*Witness.* Oh, but that was betune six iv uz!—*Counsel.* Then, sir, by your own account, you're drunk at this moment.—*Witness.* Not a bit.—*Counsel.* On your oath—remember your oath, sir—do you think, after drinking all you yourself have owned to, you are in a state to give evidence in a court of justice?—*Witness.* 'Faith, I think a few glasses only helps to brighten a man!—and, betune ourselves, Counsellor ———, I think you'd be a grate dale the better of a glass yourself this munit.' The laugh which this rejoinder produced finished 'the counsellor,' and he sat down without roaring, as usual, at the witness, 'Go down, sir.' But Larry kept his seat until the laugh was over; and, not receiving the ordinary mandate to retire, he looked at the discomfited barrister with the most provoking affectation of humility, and said, 'Do you want me any more, sir?' This renewed the laugh, and Finnegan retired from the table under the shadow of his laurels."

We cannot conclude without giving two specimens of the lyrical compositions which enrich these volumes—the one charmingly poetical, and the other fanciful and lively; and neither unworthy of the charming songs of the author, now sung in every corner where music is heard.

"The Land of Dreams.

There is a land where Fancy's twining  
Her flowers around life's fading tree,—  
Where light is ever softly shining,  
Like sunset o'er a tranquil sea.  
'Tis there thou dwelt'st in beauty's brightness,  
More fair than aught on earth e'er seems;  
'Tis there my heart feels most of lightness,—  
There, in the lovely land of dreams!

'Tis there in groves I often meet thee,  
And wander through the sylvan shade.  
While I in gentlest accents greet thee,  
My own, my sweet, my constant maid!  
There, by some fountain fair reposing,  
Where all around so tranquil seems:  
We wait the golden evening's closing.—  
There, in the lovely land of dreams!  
But when the touch of earthly waking  
Hath broken slumber's sweetest spell,  
Those fabled joys of Fancy's making,  
Are in my heart remember'd well!  
The day, in all its sunshine splendour,  
Less fair to me than midnight seems,  
When violons shed a light more tender  
Around the lovely land of dreams!"

*"The Wind and the Weathercock."*

The summer wind lightly was playing  
Round the battlement high of the tow'r,  
Where a vane, like a lady, was staying.—  
A lady vane perch'd in her bow'r.  
To peep round the corner the wind would try:  
But vane, you know, never look in the wind's eye;  
And so she kept turning slyly away:—  
Thus they kept playing all through the day.  
The summer wind said, 'She's coquetting;  
But each belle has her points to be found:  
Before evening, I'll venture on betting,  
She will not then go, but come round.'  
So he tried from the east, and he tried from the west,  
And the north and the south, to try which was best;  
But still she kept turning slyly away:—  
Thus they kept playing all through the day.  
At evening, her hard heart to soften,  
He said, 'You're a flint I am sure:  
But if vainly you're changing so often,  
No lover you'll ever secure.'  
'Sweet sir,' said the vane, 'It is you who begin,  
When you change so often, in me 'tis no sin.  
If you cease to flutter, and steadily sigh,  
And only be constant—I'm sure so will I.'

One feature more requires to be noticed, a new one in this species of publication; namely, fifteen very clever and characteristic etchings, with which the pencil of the artist has illustrated the pen of the author. They are extremely clever and full of character.

*Early English Poetry.* Edited by Thomas Wright, B.A. Printed in the Black Letter, with Prefaces and Notes.—1. *The Turnament of Tottenham and the Feast*.—2. *The Nutbrowne Maid*.—3. *The Tale of the Basyn, and that of the Frere and the Boy*.—4. *Songs and Carols*.—4 vols. square 16mo. London, 1837. Pickering.

If there be a Roxburghe Club in the pleasant land of Faëry, and a Whittingham Press dedicated to the black-letter revellings of the antiquaries of Elf Land, the elegant little volumes whose titles we have just transcribed must surely have emanated from their joint labours. But a truce to jesting: these little Roxburghe, as we have heard them very aptly designated, contain some of the choicest specimens of early English poetry, which are none the less valuable for being of a popular character. The two ballads which form the first part are very early specimens of humour and burlesque, and filled with that jovial spirit which has gained for our father-land its well-known name of "Merry England." The old proverb couples a fray and a feast; and, in these two poems, they follow one another very naturally. The commendations which Prior and the Bishop of Dromore have bestowed upon the "Nutbrowne Maid," render all praise on our part quite unnecessary: we cannot, however, refrain from expressing our satisfaction at having so nice a reprint of it in its earliest form. The "Tale of the Basyn" and "The Frere and the Boy" are two early tales of magic, printed from MSS. preserved in the public library at Cambridge; and right laughable ones they are withal. They have both been long popular in England, and figure, also, in the traditional literature of Germany and Scandinavia. The story of the "Jew in the Bush," in Edgar Taylor's delightful collection of "Ger-

man Popular Stories," exhibits one of the most recent forms in which one of these wide-spread stories has appeared. The songs and carols from a manuscript in the Sloane Library are by no means the least interesting division of this agreeable series. They are very varied in their character, ranging from the pious carol to the homely ditty which the ploughman sung at his work or his ale. Several of the former are extremely pretty, and characteristic of the tone of popular religion in those days. We subjoin a couple of the other songs to which we have alluded. The first contains a caution to all young men matrimonially disposed, which in spirit coincides with the canonical injunction against marrying one's grandmother.

"Yung men, I warne yu every one,  
Olde wyvys tak ye none,  
For I myself have one at home:  
I dare not speke when she says 'peace.'

When I come fro the plow at none,  
In a riven dish my mete is done,  
I dare not asken our dame a sponse:  
I dare not, &c.

If I aske our dame bred  
She takith a staf, and brekith myn hed,  
And makith me run under the led:  
I dare not, &c.

If I aske our dame fleysh,  
She brekith myne hed with a dysch,  
Boy, thou art not worth a rysh;  
I dare not, &c.

If I aske our dame chese,  
Boy, she sayth, al at ese,  
Thou art not worth half a pece:  
I dare not speke when she sayth 'peace.'

We earnestly recommend the foregoing to all Benedicts in prospect. Should they, however, neglect its friendly caution, they may have to seek solace in the wine-pot, to which this collection affords the following most appropriate accompaniment, which is a curious and very early specimen of the Bacchanalian lyrics of the olden time:—

"Omnes gentes plaudite:  
I saw many byrddes setyn on a tre:  
They tokyn they fleyght and flew away,  
With, ego dixi, have good day.  
Many whyte feders hath the pye:  
I may no more syngen, my lypes are so drye.  
Many whyte feders hath the swan:  
The more that I drynke the lesse good I can.  
Lay stykkes on the fyre, wel may yt bren;  
Gyve us ones to drynke, er we go henn."

Great as is the value which these choice reliques of the ancient poetry of England possess in our eyes, this collection is rendered doubly acceptable to us by the introduction, and glossarial and explanatory notes, with which the editor has accompanied them. The poems themselves are either first editions, or printed, for the first time, from earlier and better manuscripts than have hitherto been used: while the editor's philological knowledge has rendered his share of the work not only exceedingly valuable, in illustration of the poems he has here collected, but, also, in regard to the state of the language generally, and the social manners of the age in which they were composed. The notes to the "Feast of Tottenham" display a view of the culinary art in those days, which Kitchener would have rejoiced at.

We cannot close this notice without speaking in the highest terms of the manner in which these books are got up. The woodcuts, which are facsimiles from very ancient drawings, bearing an amusing analogy to the subjects referred to, are perfect gems.

*The Star of Seville, a Drama: in Five Acts.*  
By Mrs. Butler (late Miss Kemble). Pp. 146.  
London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

INSPIRED by reading our elder dramatists, this is a clever production; imitative, but displaying considerable talent and force. The plot is deeply tragical, yet the greater portion

of the dialogue is of a comic nature, and maintained by idle ruffling gentlemen; a most conceited ass, named Hyacinth; two prating girls, Florilla and Isabel; servants, and other inferior characters. The pathetic and the ludicrous are jumbled together without much discrimination, and the jar upon the mind is frequently unpleasant. We cannot step on the instant from the scene of murder and despair to the revel of a tavern, or the pranks of sportive young ladies: the strings are out of tune, and the whole instrument jangles sadly with the ill-timed jesting. Thus, Act V., after the most afflicting scene in the tragedy, begins—

"Isabel. Ha! ha! ha! ha! I prythee give me leave, there shall no play—ha! ha! no acted play—shew better—ha! ha! ha!"

Florilla. Now now, but, cos—come, cos—come, Isabel; stint laughing, and let's to work.

Is. Pry heaven I did not on't!—ha! ha! ha! Is. Beshrew thee, then! what, wench, hast lost thy wits?—marry, cos, cos! Hang thee, vexatious minx! thou putt'st me past my patience.

Is. I have not put thee far; ha! ha! is't not a jest? is not a jest a thing to laugh at?

Fls. Yes, but not this jest—lo you now, Isabel, we lose the time, he will be here, and nothing ready. My father will be coming, or Vasco, or — and we shall lose the very prime of our sport, for thy laughing.

Is. Nay, that were a bad joke at best. Where be these diamonds?

Fls. Here, in this casket: I prythee put them in my hair for me—quick.

Is. Meantime, do thou tell me, what for thou hast indicted this same amorous clothes'peg?

Fls. Marry, first in the street, as thou saw'st his outward man did hit my fancy's humour, as shewing him very fit—

Is. For a very mad jest—where shall I place this band?

Fls. So, o'er the brow: 'twas so my mother wore it: they were her wedding diamonds, rest her soul!

Is. Amen!—and second, how? good preacher, finish thy points, though they were fifty.

Fls. Why, I have since learned, that this same many-coloured fly is the veriest braggadocio that ever flinched from a chaste woman's frown: fetch me yon mirror.

Is. Angels defend us! and where heard'st thou this?

Fls. Pedrillo late last night was with them at the Anchor, where, as thou know'st, they drank the sun to his bed, and well nigh out of it again; among the guests was this same resistless wooer, who, as he saith, did utter such incredible tales of his amorous exploits, and did in such wise misprize and set at naught us luckless women, holding the conquests that he made by handfuls as cheap as handfuls of dust, that Pedrillo swears he must have lov'd more ladies than would people all the seraglios of the East.

Is. Is he rich? he sure must be; for he hath no charm else to tempt the veriest wanton—he must be very rich.

Fls. Tut, dost thou believe all this; credit me, cos, if there be knowers of such a sort as this fellow would pass himself for, there be also fools that have enough iniquity in them to wish for a villainous renown which they have not the daring to achieve, and who think by boasting and big words to make good their claim to an infamous repute which they have not the boldness to merit in very deed—and such an one, or I am much deceived, is this. Among many others did he tell the tale of this same Segovian lady, to whom he said he was by contract bound. This is the fair forsaken thou must enact, and it shall go hard if between us we do not shew this same all-conquering sinner the mettle of our Seville ladies.

Is. Art thou not horribly afraid of being alone with one so badly reputed?

Fls. Affraid! I'll tell thee, Isabel, it is our weakness makes these boasters strong. Credit me, did we but know and feel our footing firm, making a high and resolute mind in us standstead of outward and mere bodily vigour, there's not the boldest braggart of them all but should strike colour to the veriest maid that ever bore our sex's blushing standard on her cheek. But for this mannikin—did'st look in his face?

Is. I looked for his face; but indeed he was so monstrously bearded that he may have one or no for aught mine eyes can vouch.

Fls. Faugh! a beard becomes a man as well as the want of it becomes a woman; but to see such a villainous bush of hair on the skin of what hath the minging gait and leaping syllables of a pampered wanton, begets a very disgusting indignation in me. But come, Isabel, unbend thy hair, I prythee, so, upon thy shoulders—now put me on a look like the forsaken Dido—could'st thou not weep me a tear or two?

Is. I'll use all endeavour.

Fls. Now spread thine arms abroad thus: weep, rant, rave, be disconsolate; remember he hath deserted thee, and thou hast followed hither to claim him."

We cannot say that we like the humour of this sort of thing by itself; but being misplaced, as we have noticed, it becomes still less relishable. We would also remark upon the want of feminine delicacy which its language

evinces; and, indeed, there are certain points in the *Star of Seville* which it rather surprises us a female hand should have written. It is a pity that some judicious friend of Mrs. Butler did not overlook the manuscript, and prevent her from publishing, in the vivacity of her mind, and without remembering that what was consistent with the manners of the age in Shirley, or Beaumont and Fletcher, is not tolerated from any quarter in our more refined time, the unfit allusion put into the mouth of Valentine (page 83), and nearly all the conversation between Hyacinth and Sancho (pages 99, 100), which is not quite proper for the decorous muse. But we are glad to dismiss the topic, and forget it in the following curious bit of composition:—

"We were as like two brothers, my Estrella,  
More like than many that do call one woman mam."

Having now discharged the disagreeable part of our critical duty, we shall proceed to quote a few examples of passages which demand our praise: thus, the description of the heroine:—

"A young maiden's heart  
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many germs  
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there  
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season;  
And though the love of home first breaks the soil,  
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,  
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,  
While that one fades, as summer's flush of bloom  
Succeeds the gentle budding of the spring.  
Maid must be wives, and mothers, to fulfil  
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being."

The dialogue between the lovers on the eve preceding their marriage is also very natural and touching.

"Carlos. There's nothing half so fair, or half so holy;  
There's nothing half so wise, or half so lovely;  
Nothing so wholly good and excellent,  
As thou, my dear one! Thou art the very breath  
That in me breathes; the blood within my veins,—  
Heart of my heart, and spirit of my spirit;  
My nearest and dearest life, my essential self!  
Estrella. Pray leave protesting, sir, unless you wish  
To burn my blushes out; I shan't have one  
To help me look becomingly to-morrow,  
An' you waste them all to-day."

Carl. To-morrow! Estrella,  
Tell me, tell me, dost thou love me  
As I love thee?

Est. No, by this living light!  
Not as thou lov'st me; not in the self-same way.  
For that's a question I could ne'er have asked thee.

Carl. Why not?

Est. Why not? Because—here comes my brother."

The following is of a yet higher quality:—

"Est. Oh, nature knows no other coin for joy  
Or grief, but melts them both alike in tears.  
I have a thousand stifling feelings press  
My heart to bursting; joy to the height of pain  
Comes like a flood upon my every sense;  
Thy voice runs through my frame like the soft touch  
Of summer wind; thy trembling harp-strings playing,  
Thy gentle words and looks that, though I love,  
I dare not meet, make my soul faint within me.  
Oh! Carlos, there is pain in this deep pleasure,  
And e'en our joys taste of earth's bitter root;  
Besides, there is a thought that, hand in hand  
With the sweet promise of our marriage, comes  
Like shadow upon sunlight—I must go  
From my dear home—the home of all my life,  
Where I have lived, oh! such a happy time!  
Aurora's tears are not more like each other  
Than the bright ever-blessed maiden hours  
That the sun of time has, one by one, dried up."

And again:—

"Est. 'Tis a strange life; and in my hand I hold  
Its strangest riddle: a throbbing, restless joy  
Beats in my heart, and flutters there like fear;  
My little day of life comes back o'er me:  
My past existence, Heaven has made it sweet,  
Unmixed with any taint of bitterness;  
And the bright future, like a sunny land  
Descried afar, stretches like paradise  
In rosy bowers and golden fields before me.  
Farewell, my home! farewell, my pleasant chamber,  
Where time and I have still been gay companions;  
Farewell, my virgin couch, which I shall press  
No more with slumbers light, and smiling dreams,  
That were not brighter than reality.  
Night spreads her raven wings, and nears the earth:  
My blood's on fire! Oh, for a breath of air  
From the cool gardens underneath the balcony!  
Once more I'll listen to the rustling boughs,  
Beneath whose leafy screens I've 'scaped the sun  
Of eighteen summers; and, for the last time,

Mark how the moon-beams pierce the crystal folds  
Of yonder fount. Sleep hangs upon them all;

The trees do rock, the waters flow in sleep,  
The sleepy stars wink in their sapphire beds,  
The air breathes gently, heaving in its sleep,  
And the round world spins sleepily on its axis.  
I'll to my couch; mine eyes reflect no more  
This earth's fair picture:—'tis night, 'twill soon be  
morrow.

Now then to dream of him, till he returns.  
Fare thee well, sweetheart!—Good night, Carlos,—  
husband!"

With this we conclude, and will not mar the interest of the piece either by further quotations, or by entering upon the story. As a whole, we presume the writers of the country whence it is imported would apply the term "talented" to it; it reaches no higher standard.

*History of the Afghans; translated from the Persian of Neamat Ulluh. Part II.* By Bernhard Dorn, Ph. D. &c. &c. 4to. pp. 131. London, 1837. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. Valpy.

AFTER a lapse of five years, Dr. Dorn has, at length, presented us with the conclusion of this very curious work. It consists of memoirs of the Afghan saints, and the genealogies of the various ruling families. The style is very amusing, more particularly the inflated oriental epithets, such as "that principal pole of the globe of sanctity!" that "crocodile in the sea of unity!" that "falcon of the religion of the saints!" that "hero on the field of retirement!" &c. We must give our readers some specimens of the wonders worked by these crocodiles and falcons.

"When the Khuja was one day reciting the praises of the Almighty, his heart fell out of his mouth. Upon this, he ordered his servants to wrap it up, broken and burnt as it was, in white linen, and preserve it till his death, to put it with him into his grave; which request his attendants faithfully executed."

This must be a great comfort to other heartless persons.

"That investigator of truth, and revealer of mysteries; that flower of the just, and essence of the pious, Sheikh Mati Khalil, was a strict ascetic. They constituted him the head of twelve Sarbanni clans; and the Afghans flocked in numbers to him, to become his pupils. When the rumour of his miracles had spread over the whole world, Sheikh Kutahr Kasi came to try them; and proudly asked him, 'Do you style yourself the head of twelve clans?' To which he answered, 'Yes.' While they were one day seated on the banks of a river, Sheikh Hassan said, 'The ocean consists of water; and this river, on the banks of which we sit, consists of water, too: dive down, and fetch up pearls.' To this, Sheikh Mati replied, 'O Hassan! the diver gathers pearls in the ocean; but a saint should dive under ground, and pick up pearls from thence.' Sheikh Hassan Kasi saying, 'In the name of God!' Sheikh Mati ordered his youngest son, Hassan, to dive under ground, and, filling both his hands with pearls from the Almighty's subterranean treasury, to bring them up. The ground, where he was standing, opened; and young Hassan dived down, and reappeared with his hands full of pearls, which he laid before Sheikh Hassan Kasi. Upon that, he desired to dive down himself, to procure pearls; but when he got down as far as his knees, Sheikh Mati struck his hand upon the ground, and exclaimed, 'Do not allow Hassan Kasi to dive!'—in consequence of which, the latter could only with the greatest difficulty extricate his knee from the ground. He then seized the

foot of Sheikh Mati Khalil, and said, 'I am now fully convinced of thy greatness.' But God knows best the truth of this.

"That chief saint (Ghouth) of his time, Shah Bakhtiar, who resided in the village of Haykhaneh, was a revealer of mysteries, a distinguished saint, and continually pining for the Deity. When he retired to perform the forty days' fasts, he used to take with him forty cloves. Almost all the Hadjis, that came to pay him their homage, addressed him with the words, 'O sheikh! when did you return from holy Mecca? for we have there, also, offered you our respects.' One day, his servants, perceiving his clothes to be wet, inquired the reason of it. He answered, 'The ship of one of our friends being wrecked, I went to its assistance.' Some time after, that very friend arrived, and related to him that, his ship being sunk at a certain place, he had vowed it to the sheikh; in consequence of which, God Almighty saved it from destruction. When the fame of the sheikh, and of his high qualities, spread abroad, the sheikhs of that place, out of envy, despatched robbers to assassinate him. The latter, accordingly, entered his bed-room; but, beholding all the limbs of the sheikh fallen asunder, and the head separated from the body, they were struck with terror. They then gave information of this to the envious; and from that day, the superior dignity of the saint was acknowledged, and the envious themselves became his pupils. But God knows best the truth of this.

"That pole-star of the saints, and evidence of the devotees; that chosen of the Deity, and wave in the ocean of eternity, Sheikh Ali Sarvar Lodi Shahu Khail, was one of the distinguished individuals amongst this tribe. He lived in the village called Gahrur, belonging to Mooltan. He was very devout; his prayers were always fulfilled, and his sight was blissful. The people of the contiguous districts ranged themselves in the series of his disciples. During thirty years, he never lay down, nor indulged in sleep. One day, while sitting in the mosque, a barber came in to shave him, but immediately lost the use of his eyes. Now, every person that Sheikh Najm Uddeen cast his sight upon obtained the gift of revelation. He, therefore, smiled, and said that this was very easy. When the barber finished his work, he felt himself in a wonderful state, and discoursed on the revelation of mysteries. He laid down his avocation, and devoted himself to an ascetic life; and people used to have recourse to him for the relief of their wants. Several pieces of timber having been carried to the sheikh, to repair his house, ten thieves, during the night, stole some of the pieces, put them upon their heads, and went away. On their arrival at home, they attempted to take their burdens off their heads, which, however, in spite of all their efforts, they could not effect. Being frightened in the extreme, they carried the timber back to the place where they had stolen it. In the morning they came to the sheikh, and confessed their guilt. His noble descendants at present are the resource of high and low, and his progeny and tribes are well settled."

The notes exhibit very great erudition, and are highly valuable.

*The Works of Richard Beniley, D.D.* Collected and edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London, 1837. Macpherson.

WE are glad to see, at last, the works of the father of (and also the best of) our critics published collectively; and we are surprised that



it has not been done long ago. Every thing that Bentley wrote is excellent in its kind. No man was ever so acute and judicious in his criticisms, so convincing and logical in his arguments, with such extensive and profound learning, as the writer of the "Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris."

The famous controversy on the authenticity of these Epistles, which may truly be looked upon as one of the most remarkable events of the close of the seventeenth century, and which (as we learn from his letter to Evelyn) the antiquarian Gale "abominated" at the time, but which left in this Dissertation so valuable a legacy to posterity, arose, as is well known, from one of the most paltry squabbles that can happen among men of letters. So often do small things produce, unexpectedly, great results! From Christ's Church, Oxford, under the name of Boyle, issued an edition of the "Pseudo-Phalaris," with a personal attack upon the great critic: it was answered in a slight, but skilful essay, appended to another person's book: this called forth the united strength of Christ Church, in the shape of an "Examination;" and was followed by the immortal "Dissertation," of which Mr. Dyce has rightly observed that, "in the just arrangement of the matter, in the logical precision of the arguments, and in the readiness and skill with which the most extensive and refined erudition is brought to bear upon the points contested, it is, perhaps, unrivalled by any single work. Enriched with incidental disquisitions on many different topics of classical learning, it will ever be prized by the student as a storehouse of important information. It is animated by a vein of genuine humour; and its diction is always airy, though sometimes coarse and sometimes pedantic."

The two first volumes of Bentley's works contain the "Dissertation on Phalaris;" the other Dissertations, which formed the Appendix to Wotton's "Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning;" and the celebrated "Epistola ad Millium," which was originally appended to the Oxford edition of John Malelas. The whole will, it is expected, extend to about six volumes, in octavo. The second volume is nearly ready, and will contain Bentley's theological writings; among which are the sermons, and the admired answer to the infidel Collins. We have carefully looked through these two volumes, and can safely say, that Mr. Dyce is a good scholar and a careful editor. Bentley could not have fallen into better hands.

*M. A. Plauti Menæchmi, cum Notis ac Glossario, ad Textum præcipue Bothei.* Edidit Jacobus Hildyard, A.M. Coll. Chr. Soc. 8vo. Cambridge, 1837. University Press.

WE take the occasion presented by the foregoing article, to glance at the work of a critic, and a good critic too, of the present day. There is no writer who has been so much neglected in the ordinary course of classical education, and who, at the same time, deserves so much to be generally studied, as Plautus; and it is with unfeigned joy that we see, at last, a prospect of having his several comedies laid successively before our rising scholars in a more tangible form. Mr. Hildyard, who is well known by the distinguished manner in which he has passed through the university, has taken for his model in arrangement the well-known editions of the Tragedies of Æschylus, by the present Bishop of London. His notes are, where necessary, critical; but they are more generally explanatory and glossarial, which are still more requisite in a writer like Plautus.

Another play, we believe, is in an advanced state. Mr. Hildyard is a scholar of whom the university may be proud.

While we praise the editor of this book, we must not forget the syndics of the University Press, by whose liberality it has been printed. In these days of change, the universities, like all our old institutions, must be attacked; but we trust the storm is passing by, and that they, at least, will survive its fury uninjured. There are those who are hungry for the spoil; but, we believe, to counterbalance their efforts, there is too great a weight of those who understand, and have participated in, the advantages of these noble institutions, to allow of their being touched. The only persons who can be hostile to them must be either those who are ignorant of their system and its working, or those who have passed through them unworthily. They are kind mothers to their children: from the moment a person enters the university, if he shews himself worthy of support, he will never want a powerful patron, who will hold him up in the world without any of the humiliating circumstances which are too often attendant on other patronage. A scholar, who is a member of the university, is truly a privileged man; and his privileges, if he know how to use them, are such as no other person nor body can confer.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Pirate of the Gulf; or, Lafite.* 2 vols. London, 1837. Newman and Co.

THIS is not a very original idea, but the story is well told, and the interest well kept up; so that the whole is certainly very superior to the common run of novels. The "Pirate" will, therefore, be acceptable to readers of that class of works, and a profitable book for the circulating libraries. The narrative is too continuous to admit of extract.

*Major Richardson's Movements of the British Legion in Spain, &c.* 2d edition. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—This second edition is rendered more valuable and interesting by the strictures which are added on the war from May 1836 to the late disastrous events at Hernani. The author loudly condemns the conduct of General Evans in the conduct of his last operations, points out his military errors, charges him with courting the Spaniards at the expense of his countrymen, and accuses him with most unjustifiable severity and cruelty towards the latter. We have no doubt but these and other allegations will form part of Sir Henry Hardinge's exposition which stands for immediate discussion in the House of Commons. [This notice was written for last week, but not inserted for want of room. Our anticipation has been largely fulfilled by the debates.]

*Novels of Nature*, by Mrs. Chadwick. Pp. 312. (London, Longman and Co.; Bristol, Davey.)—Two tales of moral tendency.

*The Poor Churchman's Quarterly Magazine*, edited by the Rev. T. K. Arnold, M.A. Vol. I. (London, Rivingtons.)—A cheap and useful collection of creeds, tracts, extracts, &c. which may be perused with advantage by either poor churchmen or dissenters, if the latter may not be included in the epithet *poor churchmen*!

*An Essay concerning the Nature of Man*, by John Dayman. Pp. 159. (London, Longman and Co.)—The author contends and quotes Scripture largely in support of his argument, that the immateriality of the soul is nowhere maintained as a Scriptural doctrine.

*Arithmetic Illustrated by Woodcuts*. Invented and arranged by Arthur Parsey. 12mo. pp. 44. (London, Longman and Co.)—We agree with Mr. Parsey, that "the accordance of figures with forms, arranged according to the popular rules of arithmetic, which is here presented, will assist the apprehension of youth of both sexes." Children are incapable of abstract reasoning; and any attempt to make them comprehend it, puzzles, not enlightens them.

*The Young Dullest; or, the Affair of Honour.* Pp. 108. (London, Simpkin and Marshall; Darton and Harvey; Hailes.)—A tale said to be founded on fact, and possessing interest enough to excite the attention of juvenile readers.

*Woodland Gleanings*, by the Editor of "Sentiments of Flowers." With numerous illustrations. Pp. 183. (London, Tilt; Edinburgh, Menzies.)—This is a sweet, pretty volume, full of agreeable miscellaneous literature and pleasing anecdotes. It describes all our forest-trees, and has an engraving of each; mingling together history, fancy, poetry, and botany, in a manner at once highly picturesque and instructive. The prints are almost as numerous as the leaves on trees, and very tastefully executed. We would say, that altogether it is peculiarly a

production for the lady portion of creation, and the youthful lover of the country.

*Remarks on the Four Gospels*, by W. H. Furness. Pp. 309. (London, Fox.)—Mr. Furness entertains rather singular notions on the subject of Christ's miracles: and also takes a peculiar view of the personal character of the Saviour, and of the facts recorded of his life. His volume, therefore, is one which would lead to much variety of opinion and controversy; and, consequently, is one of which all we shall say is, that, however men may differ from the writer, it is hardly possible to doubt that his purpose in seeking the truth is honest, and his faith of a finely natural and feeling order.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

[Pyramids: Sphinx: latest Discoveries.]

WE have been favoured with the following account of the discoveries of Captain Caviglia, from a gentleman long resident in Egypt, and who is capable of appreciating their importance; and, with a view of obtaining the most authentic information upon the subject, he has applied to Captain Caviglia himself, and submitted it to his inspection previous to sending it. We give the document, translated from the French, in the original form in which we have received it.

"Captain Caviglia is well known by the researches he made, in 1817, in the interior of the Great Pyramid, by the discovery of the temple between the paws of the Sphinx, and by his laborious exertions in the examination of other monuments. In the year 1820, he recommenced his researches in the Great Pyramid. He had been anxious to ascertain the nature and use of the small apertures at the two sides, the north and south, of what is called the king's chamber, and had put up a number of sticks, fastened together in the form of a long rod, to the length of 120 feet; but this had no further result than the persuasion, that other chambers existed in the pyramid. Unprovided with implements capable of cutting the granite with which the interior of the chamber is lined, there was no possibility of enlarging these apertures, which are only about a foot in diameter; he therefore determined on cutting a passage through the limestone blocks behind the granite, and thus reaching the north-west one, which evidently passed in that direction. An opening of 15 feet in length having been made, the channel leading from the aperture in the chamber was discovered, and it was found to run towards the west, ascending at an angle of 27°; but after continuing his examination of it by the same means as before resorted to, nothing further could be ascertained respecting its communication with another chamber, or its probable direction beyond that point. Something, it was hoped, might be determined by making another lateral opening, behind the granite, on the opposite side; and Captain Caviglia commenced this arduous undertaking from above, at the south-eastern corner of Davison's chamber, which lies immediately over that of the king, and succeeded in cutting through the masonry, to the distance of 20 feet. With the limited means at his disposal, he was, however, obliged to abandon the attempt after so much labour; and the use of those channels, and their extent, still remain unknown. In the same year, Captain Caviglia recommenced his researches around the Sphinx. In 1817 he had laid open the north and east sides of that colossal monument, and in 1820 he uncovered the western portion, and found it to be seated on a pedestal, surrounded by a fosse, cut in the rock, which he imagined to be intended as a channel for water derived from the canal, whose existence he inferred from the bridge in the middle of the causeway, to the south of the

trees, in the hollow ground, some distance in front of the third pyramid."

Here we must be allowed to make a few remarks on the supposed canal, noticed by the writer, and by Captain Caviglia. The idea is partly derived from the account of Herodotus, and partly from the appearance of the bridge at the causeway; but, as the level of the Nile was formerly considerably lower than at present, and is still far below that of the plain and hill of the pyramids, it is evident that the water could only be raised to that height by artificial means, and could not be brought by any canal communicating with the river; the bridge in the causeway was merely intended as an opening, to enable persons travelling along the edge of the desert to pass the causeway, which would otherwise have interrupted the road that way; and the ponderous masonry covering it forms a necessary part of the causeway, over which the stones were taken to build the third pyramid. The northern causeway had a similar opening for the same purpose; and the purport of these openings, and the position of the surrounding objects, may be readily perceived in the plan of the pyramids attached to Mr. Wilkinson's "Survey of Thebes."

"While Captain Caviglia was making these researches, he discovered the remains of numerous buildings, houses and tombs, with a capacious cistern, hewn in the rock, about five miles to the north-west of the Great Pyramid, near the village of Kerdassah. There were no traces of hieroglyphics, or of other inscriptions, which would lead to any discovery relating to the town which once stood there; but, supposing that other ruins might be discovered in the vicinity, these researches were continued, and an inclined road, of considerable breadth, and solidly constructed, was observed to lead to the summit of a hill, a short way up the valley. He was delighted and surprised by finding that it led to a platform, which was partly occupied by a stone pyramid, about 300 feet square, surrounded by other smaller pyramids of granite; and the upper portion having fallen, or been purposely removed, the chamber, or hollow space of the interior of the pyramid, was exposed to view. It was cut in the rock, and an inclined passage led down to it from without, on the north side. Few tiers of stone remained of the upper part; but it was remarked, that the granite was much injured by time, and sometimes completely decomposed: and Captain Caviglia concluded, from this, and from the general appearance of the ruin, that it must have been of a date anterior to the erection of the pyramids of Gezeh, where the granite remains in a very perfect state of preservation; though no mention is made of it, nor of the town near which it stood, by any ancient writer. These researches were continued till the year 1821, when Captain Caviglia went to the Memphis, with a view of examining the site and ruins of the ancient city. He had the good fortune there to discover the beautiful colossus of Sesostris (Remeses the Great), which has been so much spoken of in Europe, and which is supposed to be one of those said, by Diodorus, to have been erected at Memphis by that monarch."

This statue has lately been offered to the British Museum, as a cadeau from Mr. Sloane, our vice-consul in Egypt, on condition of its being removed within a certain time,—we believe two or three years; and it is hoped that the government will not grudge the expense of bringing to England so fine a monument of

art. We confess, we shall not be surprised if the time is suffered to elapse before measures are taken for its removal; and then we may, perhaps, purchase at a high price, from another possessor, what is now offered as a present.

"The researches of Captain Caviglia in the Great Pyramid were again resumed in 1836; and the examination of the second pyramid was not neglected. He there discovered a third passage, communicating by a pit with the other two explored by Belzoni, at the point where those two unite on their way to the central chamber; which, it is hoped, will lead to satisfactory results respecting the distribution of the interior. He then decided on opening the mouth of the lower passage, which had been explored to within a certain distance, and was found closed with large stones; and on excavating the pyramid from without, he found that the rock had been covered with a coating of red stucco, to the distance of forty-three feet from the base; and a stone being discovered bearing the same kind of stucco, it was conjectured that the whole of the pyramid had been covered with red stucco to the same height of forty-three feet. The endeavours of several persons to open the third pyramid have been hitherto fruitless, and many points have been fixed upon as likely to lead to a disclosure of the passage; but Capt. Caviglia is of opinion that there is more probability of success if an opening is carried through the open space on the north face, than by looking for an entrance at the base. In the meantime, the examination of the Great Pyramid has been continued, and an opening being commenced above the entrance to Davison's chamber, the roof of which is supposed to form the base of an upper apartment. Capt. Caviglia hopes shortly to succeed in forcing a passage above the masonry of its flat roof. The excavations in the vicinity of the Sphinx have, also, been continued; and he has found, at the distance of 300 feet from it, in the W.N.W. direction, a large tomb, surrounded by a fosse, eighteen feet in length, and six in breadth, and hewn in the rock to the depth of more than sixty feet, to which the excavations have already extended; and this promises the most curious and important results."

Unfortunately, these researches have been suspended for the present, probably for want of funds; but this the writer fails to inform us. We trust, however, that such interesting discoveries will not be abandoned when on the eve of giving a satisfactory reward to the labour bestowed upon them; and we may still hope to see the secrets of those monuments unveiled, and the date, as well as the object of their erection, satisfactorily ascertained.

#### NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

At the last meeting on Thursday, the following letter (transmitted by the writer to us for insertion) was read from Mr. Hogg to the president:—

Sir,—I take the liberty of writing a few lines to you in reply to a letter from Mr. Akerman, one of the secretaries to the Numismatic Society, addressed to you, and just published in the *Numismatic Journal*, No. IV. for April 1837, at page 272: from which I must infer that the writer intended to hold me up to numismatists, as an example of one "all but ignorant of the existence of such an important adjunct" (as medals) "to the annals of the historian." It is with the view of correcting this, as well as other erroneous statements, that I have been induced to trespass on your attention, and on that of the Numismatic Society. First,

Mr. Akerman has "ventured, most unadvisedly," to assert that "Mr. (John) Hogg commenced by stating that, although the præ-nomen IMP. is omitted, the inscription belongs to Claudius I." Now, if Mr. Akerman had been contented to have waited for a few weeks, until my paper had been published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature," he would then have seen that what I have really said is very different from what I am made to state in his letter, and which he has evidently copied from a somewhat incorrect abstract of my Essay. What, indeed, I have written is as follows:—"TI. CLAVDIO.—the commencement here omits IMP., the præ-nomen or title of emperor, which I have not noticed in any of the inscriptions to Claudius Cæsar, collected by the accurate epigraphologist, Gruter; and Suetonius expressly tells us, that he refused that title: 'Prænomini imperatoris abstinuit.' (In *Vit. Claud.* c. 12.) This affords a proof in identifying to what Claudius the marble must be referred; and a still further and more satisfactory proof, that it belonged to Claudius, the fifth Roman emperor." &c. &c. Secondly, If Mr. Akerman had likewise waited to peruse my paper, and the many notes contained in it, he would have discovered that I have made use of several authentic coins and medals of Claudius, in order to illustrate and to confirm certain facts comprised in the history of that period on which I was then engaged: and those I introduced by way of collateral evidence; for, of course, I felt that, in a subject of epigraphy, my primary or direct evidence ought to be that of well-authenticated inscriptions. Thirdly, "as regards the inscription itself," I am quite sure that the date, supplied on whatever authority by the Roman antiquary, Ganges de Gozze, is incorrect; and I flatter myself that, if Mr. Akerman had studied my essay, as well as the works to which I have referred in it, he would have arrived at the same conclusion. The mere tyro in the history of our own country, who has only looked over the plates in any of the later editions of Camden's "Britannia," or the woodcuts of the "History" of John Speed, must be familiar with those coins of Claudius having a triumphal arch, with the epigraph DE BRITANNIS, and which are engraven in those books: but the titular formula in their legends runs thus: TRIB. POT. VIII. COS. IV. IMP. XVI., and not TRIB. POT. IX. COS. V. IMP. XVI. These coins were not struck either on the occasion of Claudius's first triumph, on his return from Britain A.D. 44, or on that of his second triumph over the British king, Caractacus, which took place in A.D. 51: but, as I have conjectured (in one of the notes to my paper), they were expressly minted in commemoration of that emperor's having enlarged the Pomerium, or boundaries of the city of Rome, which he most probably did in consequence of his having extended the limits of the Roman empire by his conquests in Britain—"Auctis Populi Romani finibus"—as the inscription that was erected upon that occasion distinctly informs us. (See Gruter, Vol. I. p. 196, No. IV. Ex. edit. Græv. Amst. 1707; and to which conquests the arch and DE BRITANNIS would seem clearly to refer. This important event occurred, according to Tacitus (*Annal.* xii. c. 23), about the latter part of the year in which C. Pompeius and Q. Veranius were consuls; i.e. in A.U.C. 802, or A.D. 49, when Claudius held the tribunitian power for the ninth, the consulship for the fourth, and had assumed to himself the imperial cognomen for the sixteenth time. I have

proved in my essay, that the TRIB. POT. IX. and COS. V., cannot stand together in the same titular form; and I am sure Mr. Akerman would think so too, if he were carefully to examine, *inter alios*, the following authentic books:—the “Fasti Rom. Cons.” of Onuphrius; “Pavinius” of Jansonius ab Almeloveen; Gruter’s “Inscrip. Antiq.”; Mediolanensis “Imp. Rom. Numis.”; Vaillant’s “Numis. Imp. Rom.” &c. Again; in no work of authority on epigraphy, or on numismatology, have I ever found the titular formula TRIB. POT. IX. COS. V. IMP. XVI.; and should it be noticed on any coin of Claudius, I should be inclined to pronounce it as apurious; for, I need not mention to any one conversant in these matters, the well-known trick practised by foreign venders of medals, of altering the letters and numerals on their legends. And should I be shewn an engraving of such a medal, or a copy of an inscription to Claudius with that formula, I should have little hesitation in saying, that the engraver, or copier, had inadvertently placed COS. V. for COS. IV., by having merely omitted an I before the number V. Lastly; I cannot but consider it somewhat unaccountable that the editor of the *Numismatic Journal* should have published his own letter to you, and should not have also published the “Observations by Mr. Cullimore, which were read” (March 16, 1837), and in which the writer expressed an opinion that Mr. (John) Hogg was *not* in error in his conjecture as to the date of the inscription in the palace Barberini.”—See *Numismatic Journal*, No. 4, p. 274. I will now only hope the same degree of publicity will be given to this letter, as has been given to that of Mr. Akerman, at page 272 of the *Numismatic Journal*; and think, in justice to myself, that it should be favoured with a place in the next number of that work. Let me add that, when my paper shall have appeared in the forthcoming part of the “Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,” nothing will give me greater pleasure and satisfaction than to receive fair and candid criticisms upon any passages in that imperfect essay, whereby I may be enabled to correct all those errors which may really exist, either from Mr. Akerman, or from any other learned person. I have the honour to remain, &c.,

JOHN HOGG.

12 King’s Bench Walk, Temple.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY. Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Owen on the cranium of the *Torodon*, a new extinct gigantic animal, referable by its dentition to the *Rodentia*, but with affinities to *Pachydermata* and herbivorous *Cetacea*. This cranium forms part of the series of fossils collected by Mr. Darwin in South America. It was found in the Sarandis, a small tributary of the Rio Negro, about 120 miles N.W. from Monte Video; and had been imbedded in the whitish, argillaceous earth which forms the banks of that rivulet. The subsoil of the whole of the surrounding country is granitic; and Mr. Darwin considers the argillaceous covering to be an estuary deposit, accumulated by the river now called the Plata, and at a period when the land was at a lower level, with reference to the ocean, than it is at present. The dimensions of this interesting fossil, the extreme length of the skull being two feet four inches, and the

extreme breadth one foot four inches, amply attest that the species to which it belonged attained a magnitude, comparable only with some of the gigantic pachyderms or the extinct megatherium. From the structure of the molar teeth and their continuous mode of growth, Mr. Owen shewed that the toxodon is referable to the *Rodentia*: but that it differs from the existing animals of that order in the number and relative position of the incisors, and in the number and direction of the curvature of the molars. The *Torodon* again deviates from the true *Rodentia*, and resembles the wombat in the form of the articular cavity of the lower jaw. It differs from the *Rodentia*, and resembles the *Pachydermata* in the relative position of the glenoid cavities and zygomatic arches, and in many minor details. In the aspect of the plane of the occipital region of the skull; in the form and position of the occipital condyles; in the transverse extent of the frontal region of the skull; in the aspect of the plane of the bony aperture of the nostrils; and in the thickness and texture of the osseous parieties of the skull, the toxodon differs from both the *Rodentia* and *Pachydermata*, and manifests an affinity to the cetaceous order. From these instances of aberrant characters in the *Torodon*, considered as a gigantic rodent, and which were described in admirable detail, Mr. Owen pointed out that, although the teeth, from their correspondence with many other important parts of the animal structure, and from the facility of observing them, are highly important and useful zoological characters, yet that they are not, in all cases, sufficient alone to determine the order to which a mammifer belongs; and that, upon due consideration, it will appear, that dental characters must yield the precedence to those afforded by the modification of the organs of progressive motion. It may, therefore, be inferred that those orders in the present received systems of mammalogy, which are founded on characters afforded by the teeth alone, are less natural and less important groups than those which are based on modification of the locomotive extremities, and, *a fortiori*, on those which combine such distinctive characters with equally characteristic peculiarities of dentition. At present there is no evidence to determine what was the nature of the extremities of the *Torodon*; but Mr. Owen is of opinion that, although it cannot be positively affirmed the genus may not be referable to the *Muticata* of Linnæus, yet, from the development of the nasal cavity and the frontal sinus, it is extremely improbable the habits of the species were so strictly aquatic as the entire absence of hinder extremities would occasion. In conclusion, he pointed out the interesting fact, that the recent animal most analogous to the *Torodon*, combining the characters of a pachyderm and a rodent, and from its aquatic habits called the water-hog or *hydrocharis*, exists only in South America—the same region in which this gigantic fossil, possessing similar aberrant peculiarities, has been discovered.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 20th. J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S. president, in the chair.—A paper was read from the secretary, W. M. Chatterley, Esq. being a continuation of the translation of M. Alphonse de Candolle’s “Geographical distribution of Plants used for Food,” extracted from “La Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève.” The paper treated of the following *Gramineæ*, the barley, oat, rye, and wheat; the limits of the cultivation of which to the north were pointed out. A paper was also read from Mr. Thomas Han-

cock, on the varieties of *Lamium maculatum*. The meeting then adjourned until May 4th.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 13th April.—The following degrees were conferred:—  
*Masters of Arts*.—A. E. Somerset, E. Fitz Roy Talbot, Students of Christ Church; J. P. Hugo, Fellow, A. C. Yard, Exeter College; Rev. W. H. Carwithen, Worcester College.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—Rev. H. G. Eland, Magdalen Hall; H. D. D. Sparling, Pembroke College; T. J. Brown, Fellow of New College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Earl of Burlington in the chair.—A portion of an exceedingly interesting paper, being observations taken on the western coast of America, by the late David Douglas, drawn up by Major Sabine, and communicated by Lord Glenelg, was read. After glancing at the humble pursuits of Mr. Douglas’s early life, the paper proceeds to notice his introduction to the scientific circles of the metropolis, by the late Joseph Sabine, Esq.; and the success of his mission under the auspices of the Horticultural Society, and of Sir George Murray, and Mr. Hay of the Colonial Office. Of Mr. Douglas’s success as a botanical collector, it is unnecessary here to say a word; every flower-garden in the empire bears testimony to his skill and indomitable perseverance. Though Mr. Douglas’s scholastic attainments were scanty—not extending further in arithmetical than to the first four rules—yet with a vigour of mind equal to his great strength of body, he applied himself to study, and to the use of various instruments, to enable him to make observations when at sea and abroad. By studying 18 hours a-day for three months prior to his leaving England, he made himself master of his instruments; and on board ship, during the outward voyage, his days, to use his own phrase, were as moments, so engaged was he in study. The paper then notices his arrival at his destination, the loss of his books, papers, &c. by the dashing to pieces of the canoe in which he attempted to pass the rapids; and the present portion of it concludes with a list of upwards of a dozen volumes of observations of various kinds, made by Mr. Douglas at the Sandwich Islands, California, the Rocky Mountains, &c. The next portion will be devoted to the Observations themselves, and no doubt will touch upon the catastrophe by which our lamented countryman lost his life.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—The reading of Sir Frederic Madden’s historical essay on Perkin Warbeck was concluded. Much new information on the subject has been elicited in this account, but, from its length, and being read in three detached portions, we regret our inability to give any analysis of it.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

ON Saturday, Sir A. Johnston, V.P. in the chair.—Among the donations was the skull of Muchala, a Thug chief, executed at Sanger, Central India, in 1832; presented by Dr. Spry. A paper on the saltiness of the Red Sea, was read to the meeting, by J. G. Malcolmson, Esq., detailing the particulars of some experiments performed by that gentleman, while returning from India, in the year 1836, and which he had been led to make by the report of the officers of the Hugh Lindsay steamer, that, in consequence of the greater saltiness of the sea in that part of the voyage, they had been obliged to blow off the steam more frequently

\* I remark that the first paper in No. 4 of that journal was read before the Numismatic Society on the same day with those observations.

there than elsewhere; and, by the discrepancies in the results of the analyses of Mr. Prinsep and Dr. Ure, which Mr. Prinsep supposed might be accounted for by the water, on which the various trials had been made, having been taken from different parts of the Red Sea. Mr. Malcolmson's object was to discover how far this was the case; and, although prevented by illness from performing all that he wished to do, he found, in fact, that the water of the neighbourhood of Mocha differed, in specific gravity, very little from that analysed by Mr. Prinsep, while the specific gravity of that taken up at Cosseir, corresponded with the result obtained by Dr. Ure. Mr. Malcolmson concluded by shewing that the increased quantity of salt, shewn by the increased specific gravity, would have a considerable influence on the rapidity of deposit in the boilers, and would be the occasion of some delay in the voyage. A short note, by Baron Hammer and Purgstall, was read, in which the learned orientalist alludes to four Turkish biographies of Mohammed, printed within these sixteen years in Persia and Egypt, containing a mass of facts unknown to the European biographers of the prophet. One of these works records the first translation of the Scriptures, from the Hebrew into the Arabic tongue, to have been made by the cousin of Khadija, Mohammed's first wife. The original Turkish says, "Gospels;" but the baron concludes, that the mention of the Hebrew tongue is decisive that the Bible was meant, and that this is confirmed by the more intimate acquaintance shewn by Mohammed with the Bible than with the New Testament. The reading of some curious details of the doctrines and customs of the Buddhist priests of Siam, by Captain James Low, was commenced. The chairman announced, that the fourteenth anniversary meeting of the Society would take place on the 6th of May.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Antiquaries, 2 P.M. (Anniversary); Geographical, 9 P.M.; Belgrave Literary, 8 P.M. and the ensuing Monday (Mr. E. Cowper on Carving and Sculpture).  
*Tuesday*.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Dr. Ritchie on Statics and Mechanics); Lambeth Literary, 8½ P.M. (Mr. Morton on the Composition of the Atmosphere).  
*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.  
*Thursday*.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M. (Anniversary); Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Captain Norton on Rifle Shells).  
*Friday*.—London Institution, 7 P.M. (Anniversary); Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.  
*Saturday*.—Zoological, 1 P.M. (Anniversary).

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY. (Second notice.)

138. *Luther's Conference with Cardinal Cajetan, at Augsburg, A.D. 1520.* W. H. Kearney. — Every thing connected with the great Reformer must create an interest in the free and intelligent mind. Highly deserving of pictorial, as it has been of historical record, the artist has entered upon his task with every requisite quality for its happy execution. In its arrangement, expression, colouring, effect, and execution, it exhibits Mr. Kearney's talents to great advantage.

149. *Demosthenes haranguing the Waves.* 124. *Kilmenny.* J. Martin. — In these performances, Mr. Martin has presented us with two masterly examples; the one of the sublime, the other of the beautiful. In the former, the figure of Demosthenes is an adjunct, rather than a principal; but the tumultuous ocean, the profound depth, broken by gleamy splen-

dour, may be considered as typical of the unrivalled qualities of his eloquence.

167. *A Street in Damascus.* From a sketch taken on the spot by Captain H. Byam Martin, R.N. Henry Warren. — Those have travelled to good purpose who, like Captain Martin, bring home sketches of such interesting localities; and those have studied the art to good purpose who, like Mr. Warren, can thus embody them. The artist has very judiciously given a detailed description of the subject, and of the characters connected with it, in the catalogue; and we have only to express our admiration of the skill which he has displayed in working up his costly materials. 77. *Tempe*, by the same artist, shews the versatility of his genius, and the extent of his powers.

95. *Fresh Breeze; Boats Dredging for Oysters in Whitstable Bay.* E. Duncan. — Frequently as this class of subjects have met our eye in different exhibitions, we have seen none which, in effect and detail, have surpassed the present performance. The varied arrangement of the vessels, their action, and the motion of the water, together with the harmonious tone of colour, and the spirited execution, place the artist high in the rank of marine art; to which, however, the pathos manifested by him in 254, *The Widow*, shews that he is not exclusively confined.

70. *Cour St. Amand, at Rouen.* L. Haghe. — As we observed of the last-mentioned work, numerous as pictures of this class are in our several exhibitions, we have seen none of more picturesque character, or of more masterly handling.

232. *Interior of a Virtuoso's Library.* T. Kearnan. — Rich in materials, the artist has not only arranged them with skill and taste, but has invested them with an effect, and a harmony of colouring, equally attractive.

225. *Stand at Ease; 226. Attention; 227. Make Ready; 228. Present; 229. Fire; 230. Victory.* C. H. Weigall. — This gallinaceous parody on military manoeuvres is carried on with the most farcical originality, and without a touch of caricature. The pugnacious heroes of the barn-door are drawn and coloured to the life; and the whole series is very amusing.

187. *Catching the Expression.* F. Rochard. — One of the most fascinating countenances that can be imagined. If a faithful resemblance (of which it bears the stamp), the fair possessor of it must catch hearts as well as expression.

131. *From the Spectator.* F. Corbux. — Taste and talent are the characteristics of this performance. We congratulate Miss Corbux on her success, both in the present production, and in 282, *A Roman Peasant with Flowers*; and the clearness of the shadows in the flesh of which has never been surpassed.

259. "Wait your Turn." Miss L. Corbux. — A village girl sharing her meal with a favourite dog; no uncommon occurrence in rural companionship. This is also treated with great simplicity and beauty.

253. *The Fortune Teller.* E. H. Wehnert. — The concomitant accessories, as well as the interior of a fortune-teller's apartment, are of themselves sufficient to furnish materials for a picture. These, as well as the principals, have been ably executed by the artist; but the mellow tone of colouring under which they are seen will, perhaps, equally recommend the performance.

The exhibition is rich in topographical scenes. Among them we particularly noticed,—184. *Waterloo Bridge, from Hungerford Stairs.* T. Maizey.—52. *A View of London, taken from one of the Towers of Westminster Abbey.* T.

Kearnan.—178. *Sittingbourne Church, Kent.* J. Fahey.—194. *A Timber Yard on the Thames, near Lambeth.* G. S. Shepherd.—71. *The Grampians, from Strathspey*; and 76. *Falls of the River Dulnain, Morayshire.* Douglas Morison.—To these we may add, of miscellaneous subjects,—202. *Returning from Hawking.* B. R. Green.—108. *The Forsaken.* W. N. Hardwick. 110. *A Foraging Party Surprised.* R. Farrier.—240. *A Troubadour Serenading his Mistress.* L. Hicks.—186. "We two has paidelt in the burn." H. Warren.—134. *Weeds*; 140. *Flower Piece*; 239. *Fruit.* Mrs. Harrison, &c. &c.

We have thus given what, we hope, is a fair, although it is a brief, notice of this exhibition; and we repeat that we think it an advance on the former exhibitions of the same society.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Right Hon. the Earl of Egremont.* Painted by G. Clint; engraved by T. Lupton. Mason, Brighton.—The fine whole-length portrait of that excellent nobleman, the Earl of Egremont, from which this very clever print has been engraved, was recently noticed by us, as one of the ornaments of the present exhibition of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street. It was "presented by the inhabitants to the town-hall of Brighton, as a mark of their esteem for his distinguished worth; and in testimony of the high estimation they entertain of his munificent support of the public institutions of that town, and of his services as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Sussex."

*Restoration of the Roman Forum.* Engraved in line, by W. R. Smith, from an original drawing, taken at Rome in the year 1832, by S. J. Walker, Architect, Nottingham. London, Williams.

THE genius and acquisitions of Cuvier enabled him, from the examination of a single bone of the vertebral column, confidently to declare the class to which the animal had belonged, to delineate its form, and to describe its nature. Mr. Walker appears to possess similar powers with reference to the noble art of which he is a professor. The shattered and comparatively scanty remains of the celebrated edifices on which his skill has been employed, have afforded him the means of representing them as they may be supposed to have stood in their pristine magnificence. This is a print which must be highly interesting, not only to the artist and the antiquary, but to all whose classical associations are still vigorous and delightful.

*The Birth Day.* Painted by Miss Fanny Corbux; engraved by W. Carlos. F. G. Moon. STRONGLY stamped with the feminine taste and elegance of all Miss Corbux's performances.

*Heath's Shakespeare Gallery. Parts V. to IX.* Tilt.

FIFTEEN clever little female half-lengths; some of them remarkable for their beauty and expression. They are from designs by Meadows, Jenkins, Bostock, Parris, Herbert, Leslie, R.A. Chalon, R.A. Corbould, and Stephanoff.

*Hide and Seek.* Painted by J. B. Herbert; engraved by Mrs. W. H. Simmons. F. G. Moon.

How delightful is every thing that reminds us of the sports of our youth; and of those sports which were more joyous than that which gives a title to this pretty little print? The arch ex-



pression of the countenance of the young hider, and the manner in which she draws up her person, so as to make herself as little visible as possible, are admirable. We have before had occasion to remark on Mrs. Simmons's talents of a mezzotinto engraver. With the exception, perhaps, of a slight tendency to hardness, this is a fine specimen of them.

*Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain.*  
Parts IV., V., and VI. Tilt.

WE have already expressed our admiration of this able and national work. The most striking views in these three Parts are "Sunderland," "Whitby," "Flamborough Head," and "Portsmouth."

*Rome, and its surrounding Scenery.* Engraved by W. B. Cooke, &c. No. VI. Tilt.

THIS classical little publication proceeds with the spirit which has distinguished it from its commencement. The views in the present Number are "The Church of St. Agnes," "The Chigi Palace," and "The Temple of Tivoli."

*Retzsch's Outlines to Shakspeare. Romeo and Juliet.* 1836.

THE finest of the series that we have seen. Nothing can exceed the beauty, tenderness, and elegance, with which some of the scenes are embodied. The farewell of the youthful bride and bridegroom, on the morning after their marriage, is especially exquisite.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

(Suggested by Wilkie's celebrated Picture.)

THERE were murmurs through the night,  
As of multitudes in prayer;  
There were tears of wild affright,  
And the wailing of despair:  
For Invasion's gory hand  
Scatter'd havoc o'er the land.

The startled morn arose  
To the trumpet's fierce acclaim,  
To the ringing steel of foes,  
And the battle-bolts of flame;  
Whilst the Gallic wolves of war  
Round were howling, and afar.

The matron armed her son,  
And pointed to the walls:  
"See, the carnage hath begun,  
'Tis thy bleeding country calls!  
Better, son, the patriot's tomb,  
Than a slave's ignoble doom."

The gray-haired father took  
His time-worn brand and shield;  
The pale monk closed his book,  
The peasant lost his field;  
And daughters, e'en a scar had grieved,  
Now deeds of dauntless heart achieved.

Right onward dash'd the foe,  
O'er the red and reeking ground,  
'Till the giant gates below  
Burst with an earthquake sound;  
And the rocking walls yawned deep,  
'Neath the cannon's shattering sweep.

Yet ne'er with tyrant warred  
A firmer, bolder band:  
Again the gates were barred —  
Again the walls were manned;  
Again, as with prophetic sight,  
The hallowed cross advanced the fight.\*

\* Padre Consolacion, an Augustine friar, exhibited remarkable ability in the defence, as an engineer; and, crucifix in hand, marked the point on which the gun should be brought to bear.

But heavier woes befel

The still unvanquish'd brave,  
'Mid sounds that seem'd the knell  
Of Freedom's hopeless grave:  
A hurricane, a blazing shower,  
Swept shiver'd rampart, rock, and tower!

The ammunition-caves,  
Exploding, rent the ground,  
And scatter'd dwellings, like the waves  
Of endless ruin, round:  
And they no foeman might outbrave  
Then fled, their children, wives, to save!

In that appalling hour,  
When Fate with Gaul combined  
To quell the freeman's power,  
To crush the valiant mind —  
When e'en the last defence had died, [tide?  
Who braved the storm? who stemm'd the

No steel-girt knight of fame,  
No chief of high emprise;  
A maiden's soul enshrined the flame  
Which lit Hope's darkening skies:  
A maiden's valour dealt the blow,  
And stepp'd 'tween conquest and the foe —

Stood on that fatal brink,  
Defying pain and death!  
And could Napoleon's legions shrink  
Before a woman's breath?  
Could Gaul's proud eagle, from its height,  
Stoop to a mean, disastrous flight?

Yes: that fair arm withstood  
The chivalry of France,  
And pour'd destruction, like a flood,  
On quailing helm and lance:  
Leonidas in maiden's stole,  
A woman's breast with Curtius' soul!

Heroic heart and true!  
Thy deeds shall find a voice  
To bid usurping tyrants rue,  
And freedom's sons rejoice:  
The loved of Time, the prized of Fame,  
Spain's noblest boast, and Gallia's shame!  
17th April. C. SWAIN.

**SKETCHES OF SOCIETY**

STATISTICS OF CRIME.

*The Convict Greenacre.*

[We place the following notice under our head of Sketches of Society, as it affords a remarkable illustration of circumstances often noticed in the statistics of crime—namely, that the most horrible offences are frequently prompted by preceding examples dwelling on the mind till a species of monomania ensues; and, in other cases, that instances of extraordinary guilt seem to be fearfully copied by the inhuman perpetrators of similar atrocities.]

AT the late trial of the above criminal at the Old Bailey, the counsel for the prosecution made an allusion to the case of Gaidelle, who was executed on the 4th of April, 1761, at the end of Pantion Street, in the Haymarket, for the murder of Mrs. King, at whose house he lodged, in Leicester Fields; and, from the similarity of the circumstances, as well as line of defence set up by Greenacre, one might almost be led to suppose that the latter was fully acquainted with Gaidelle's case. The narrative runs thus:—Theodore Gaidelle was a native of Geneva, and bred a limner and painter in enamel. He quitted Paris at the age of forty, where he left a wife and a child, and came to London about ten months before the murder was committed, and lodged at the house of the deceased. If we take his account of this horrid transaction, he represents that, having asked her for the payment of a picture which he had painted for her, she fell into a passion and struck him; upon which he pushed her, and one of her feet being entangled in the floorcloth, she fell, and hit the side of her head

against the headstead, which stunned her: that, fearing she might recover and accuse him, he, that instant, conceived the thought of murder; and, pulling out a penknife, stabbed her in the neck, which same put an end to her existence; that he then concealed her body beneath the bed-clothes, and the next morning cut off her head, legs, and arms; and, what is scarcely credible (although from his own relation), having some knowledge of anatomy, he sat down coolly to dissect them; and afterwards, at different times, threw them into the fire, having taken the precaution to use green wood as fuel to prevent the smell from discovering him. Some colour is given to the introductory part of this story by the fact which appeared on the trial, "that the deceased, Mrs. King, made a point that her picture should be very handsome; and teased Gaidelle so much about it, as to induce him, in spleen, to give her features a very different and unfavourable character, and that she shewed her resentment by much satirical and provoking language. The maid-servant having been sent out for some snuff, no person was in the house but Gaidelle and Mrs. King, who, it appears, on his entering the room, renewed her insults, and struck him on the breast: this produced the fatal event that followed." After her fall, he says, on the trial, that he attempted several times to assist her, which she refused; and, fearing that she would die, and he be condemned as the murderer, although, as he says, innocent, he determined on concealing the body, as before related. It appears he discharged the maid servant, and was several days in the house, coolly pursuing his horrid purpose of cutting up and concealing the body. The discovery was accidentally made by a person in the neighbourhood, who was called in to clean the house; and, attempting to draw water from the cistern, found the pipes stopped by part of the deceased's clothes, which were thrown in by the murderer, in order to conceal them. At the time of his apprehensions he appeared penitent, and to the last declared his innocence.

**DRAMA.**

*King's Theatre.*—This week has given us the opera of *La Cenerentola*, for the purpose of introducing the much-famed Albertazzi to an English audience; and her success has been decided. Her voice is one of the most beautiful we ever heard, and of extraordinary compass; her high notes are full and clear, and she not only touches, but dwells upon them with perfect ease—a great rarity in a contralto voice. To us her high and middle tones are by far the most agreeable and natural: her low notes seem rather to be the acquired part of her voice; and, consequently, less perfect than the others. Still there is so little solo music in her part of this opera, that we are only judging of her low tones from a few bars. In the concerted pieces, with such artists as Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanoff, of course the whole is harmony, and no one voice heard above the other. Madame Albertazzi was several times warmly encored; and, at the end of the opera, was called for and greeted with noise enough to make her head ache. She possesses a grace in person, with a sweet smile, and bright eyes: her manner, and, indeed, her singing and acting, are subdued and gentle, rather than brilliant; probably this will wear off as she feels more certain of the favour she so well merits. Lablache and Tamburini were, as usual, perfect in their parts. Ivanoff sang sweetly, but he is very cold and stiff; and his voice not strong



enough for so large a theatre. One word of the subordinate parts in the opera. Madame Castelli has for many years filled such parts as fell to her share in *Cenerentola*, with credit to herself. It is scarcely fair to include her in the condemnation we have seen bestowed on the *subs*. Surely, some person might be found to take the place of Mademoiselle N. N., who not only does not sing a note, but whose appearance is perfectly ludicrous. We heard a reply as to who she was, given in the pit—"Sir, she is N. N., nothing to nobody!"

**Covent Garden.**—On Tuesday, a Mr. Hyde, from Bristol, essayed the character of *Shylock*, and was well received. His performance was full of inequalities, and, in many instances did not evince a sound reading or conception of the part. As his execution, however, might be impaired by the tremor of a first appearance, we shall not pronounce definitely till we see him again. The *Modern Orpheus*, a slight entertainment, sustained by the talents of some of the performers, has been repeated several times; and on Thursday, a piece called *Brian Boromhe*, from the pen of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, was produced. With a few brilliant and poetical passages, to which Miss Faucit did ample justice, and one or two other speeches, the whole is a complete theatrical melo-drama, which might have been the first, but ought not to have been the last, of the productions of so highly esteemed an author. A series of warlike and romantic adventures, between Danish invaders and Irish patriots, constitutes the plot or rather plots: and the matter ends as it should, with a battle royal and prodigious slaughter. There was great applause, in which the brogue was heard more distinctly than usual.

**The Strand Theatre.**—This little theatre continues to fill and (if we may judge by peals of laughter) to amuse. *The Bill Sticker* and *The Galante Showman* are two rich pieces of low humour, or rather low fun. Hammond and H. Hall, Miss Daly, and Mrs. Stirling, are all excellent. The two latter, in a battle of tongues, are almost too natural,—it is the perfection of shrewism. We have much pleasure in adding, although low and comic, we did not hear one offensive word through the whole of these pieces.

#### VARIETIES.

**New Houses of Parliament.**—We rejoice to see that Mr. Barry's plans and estimates for building the new Houses of Parliament have been adopted by the Lords. We may now look for a national structure which shall not be a national reproach. In the parliamentary estimate we rejoice to see an indefinite item, "For fitting up the King's Tower, proposed as the general depository of the Public Records." Only let this be sufficiently and satisfactorily done, and we may hope to see these national treasures, in every quarter, rescued from existing waste and danger, and classed, catalogued, and secured for the public service.

**Weather Wisdom.**—Our oracle, during the past week, has not been so correct. On the 17th there was, certainly, a "change," and an agreeable one; and the 21st was not only raw, cloudy, and unpleasant, but exceedingly wet; but on the 20th the full moon did not shew high winds nor turbulent, unsettled weather. For the next, "The aspects of Mercury denote a continuation of high winds [there are none at present to continue], and about the 24th violent thunderstorms. The 25th and 26th bear the same character—rain and thunder, and high winds. The 27th and 28th, cold and frosty."

**The Eclipse of the moon on Thursday night**

was very visible to the eye in London. It was whimsical enough, that in a moonlight scene at Covent Garden Theatre, between 9 and 10 o'clock, a little hobbling cloud disengaged itself from its companions, and made a lunar eclipse of its own, by dancing in front of that luminary, to the great amusement of the spectators.

**Pompeii.**—The *Piedmontese Gazette* states that, in one of the recent excavations at Pompeii, a caldron of clear and pure water, standing over a fire at the time of the destruction of the city, has been discovered.

**Mr. John Field**, the celebrated pianist, and pupil of Clementi, is stated, in the continental papers, to have died at Moscow (where, and at Petersburg, he had been long settled) in January last. He was fifty-seven years of age.

**South London Horticultural Society.**—The first of this year's exhibition of flowers, under the auspices of this Society, at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, on Thursday, was much more abundant and various than we could have anticipated from the extreme backwardness of the season. Some of the auriculas were very fine; camellias of charming form and colour; one or two heaths; superb and wax-like blossoms; and there were also azaleas, hyacinths, heartsease, primroses, polyanthus, &c., besides several rare plants of much interest and beauty. The vegetable world was more scarce in specimens—a few new potatoes, French beans, and sea-caul, gracing the middle table, as companions to some fine black grapes, early strawberries, and other common fruits. A few of the prizes will enable our readers to fancy what the room contained.

For the best Pair of Auriculas (by Nurserymen), large Silver Medal, Mr. Dickson, Acre Lane; for the best daisy (by Gentlemen's Gardeners or Amateurs), large Silver Medal, Mr. Lidgard, Hammersmith; for the best Polyanthus, middle Silver Medal, Mr. Harding, Sydenham; for the best Collection of fifty Heartsease (by Nurserymen), middle Silver Medal, Mr. Mountjoy, Ealing; for the best Four Orchideous Plants, large Silver Medal, Mr. Lidgard; for the best Collection of Bulbous Roots, not to exceed twelve pots, middle Silver Medal, Mr. Barnard, Brixton; for the best Collection of Miscellaneous Plants, thirty-six pots (by Nurserymen), large Silver Medal, Miss Chandler, Wandsworth; for the best Specimen Camellia, large Silver Medal, G. A. Lake, Esq. (a charming specimen).

**Meteorology (from a Correspondent.)**—It is mentioned by Mr. W. H. White, in "London's Magazine," that, according to the most authentic accounts received, the remarkable hurricane of November 1836 "commenced on the 23d, on the shores of North America, off St. Lawrence. A ship from Poole fell in with it on the 26th, in lat. 47° N., long. 32° 30' W. It continued its progress across the Atlantic, and reached the Land's End about 7½ A.M.; Plymouth, 8½ A.M.; Exeter, 9½ A.M.; Weymouth, 10 A.M.; Poole, 10½ A.M.; Farnham, 12 noon; London, 1½ P.M.; Suffolk coast, 2½ P.M.; and Hamburg, 6 P.M. Thus the storm travelled at the rate of about fifty miles per hour; but the circular motion of the wind had a velocity of from 120 to 150 miles per hour." How, on Lieutenant Morrison's theory, is this circumstance of the commencement of the gale six days before the conjunction of the moon with Mars and Jupiter, to be accounted for? This very storm is one he has brought forward (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1050) as a striking instance in proof of the fulfilment of his predictions, "having occurred on the very day of this aspect of the moon to those two planets." Is it that this small sea-girt island is the only spot in the globe placed under planetary influence? If so, Great Britain may, indeed, without arrogance, exclaim, "Of what vast consequence am I!"

**Edinburgh Literary Matters.**—We learn from Edinburgh, that an active canvass is going on in the society of writers to the signet, or

attorneys as we call them, for the situation of principal keeper of their magnificent library, in consequence of Mr. Napier having received a lucrative appointment in the Court of Session. The candidates already in the field are, Mr. David Laing, secretary to the Bannatyne Club; Mr. Cochran, Mr. W. F. Skene, and Mr. Robert Pitcairn. Some members of the society are of opinion that the office should be given to none but one of their own profession: we trust, however, that the field will not be limited in this way, nor the prosperity of a national institution hazarded by such a selfish resolution; which, at the same time, would compromise the independence of the body. Be this as it may, we are sure that any body whatever would do credit to itself by the election of one so eminently qualified as is our friend, the secretary to the Bannatyne Club.

**Natural History.**—The following curious statements rest on the authority of a Lausanne journal. During the last fortnight great numbers of sick and dead birds, particularly those of the thrush species, have been found in the fields of Soleure. An inflammation of the spleen is the cause, and the disease is attributed to the same acid exhalations from the earth which are said to produce the *grippe*. All the sparrows and finches, it is added, have deserted the infected districts; and, in several other parts of Switzerland, domesticated animals have been attacked in a similar way.

**Changes.**—The Grand Seigneur has granted the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, to the Greek priests, with permission to build a church over that sacred spot.

**Steam Communication with India.**—The Bombay committee, having a surplus fund from the subscription for carrying this plan into effect, seems disposed, by the last accounts, to apply it, during 18 months, partly to the expense of overland packets between Bussorah and Beyrout, and partly to keeping up a similar intercourse *via* the Red Sea, by steamers, when practicable, and, when otherwise, by sailing vessels.

**St. James's Ornithological Society.**—In our advertising columns will be found a sketch of the plan on which this new association is likely to be conducted; in directing public attention to which, we beg to offer a few words on behalf of an Institution which, in our opinion, may be made to contribute essentially to purposes of general utility. The gratuitous exhibition of rare and beautiful birds in the Park, would alone recommend the design to the favour of the million-inhabitants of the metropolis. Sources of innocent and natural pleasure to be enjoyed by every class of the population can never be too widely and sedulously cultivated; especially near so vast a city as London. Even as ornamental appendages they deserve warm support; but, encouragement still more cordial, when we consider that they are useful as well as agreeable, and instructive as well as graceful. The domestication of many foreign birds would add greatly to the varieties of food, to the charms of song, to the harmless entertainment of feathered pet animals. The improvement of poultry and game is an obvious result; and might not a well-arranged ornithological museum and library (both *desiderata*) augment the scientific value of the Institution? It seems, however, to be in excellent hands; and we trust these brief hints will be excused.

**Application of Steam.**—An ingenious boy, aged 16, named Tristram, and residing at Ballymoney, near Belfast, has lately, among other clever applications of steam, contrived an apparatus by which to churn butter.

*Ancient Remains.*—A number of human bones, mixed with those of some gigantic animal, were lately found in Kingsbury Gravel Pits, near St. Alban's. So great a sensation

was caused by the event, that several persons were seriously hurt in endeavouring to obtain a sight of them. They are now collected and preserved at Kingsbury.

GENERAL METEOROLOGICAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1836.  
(Kept at Edmonton.)

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain. Inches.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.		N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January	54	7	37.89	47	30.55	28.98	29.8575	1.57	1.875	13	31	4	11	3	1	7	31
February	51	13	36.05	38	30.30	28.65	29.7396	1.74	1.875	16	1	1	44	3	1	1	29
March	65	23	43.06	42	30.24	28.68	29.5178	1.56	3.125	2	44	16	9	2	1	6	30
April	61	22	44.88	39	30.24	29.02	29.8266	1.22	2.475	11	3	8	9	1	1	1	30
May	72	25	50.73	47	30.48	29.64	30.0735	.84	79	14	8	8	3	4	1	1	31
June	82	41	60.27	41	30.22	29.53	29.8605	.69	1.3025	2	64	14	1	1	1	3	30
July	85	41	63.44	44	30.40	29.43	29.9543	.97	1.965	1	1	2	22	1	1	1	30
August	75	42	60.97	33	30.25	29.54	29.9631	.71	1.5625	8	1	23	16	1	1	4	31
September	68	30	58.33	38	30.17	29.16	29.8001	1.01	3.0275	7	1	16	1	1	1	3	30
October	63	22	47.46	41	30.34	28.86	29.9257	1.48	3.2875	3	61	4	9	1	2	1	31
November	56	21	39.61	35	30.03	28.80	29.5588	1.23	3.2175	3	2	11	1	1	1	11	30
December	56	20	39.13	36	30.30	29.92	29.6621	1.38	1.6875	5	—	—	2	5	1	1	31
Year	85	7	50.98	78	30.55	28.65	29.8116	1.90	26.19	65	31	30	128	13	16	12	366

(Kept at High Wycombe, by a Member of the Meteorological Society.)

Month.	Thermometer.			Barometer.			Rain.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	In Inches.								
								N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January.....	49.50	13.75	35.39919	30.37	28.72	29.65731	2.8375	6	6	1	1	1	3	4	10
February.....	52.50	16	34.57974	30.26	28.46	29.5039	2.50625	6	1	2	3	2	2	2	6
March.....	65	24	40.67741	30.08	28.45	29.27010	3.725	3	6	6	6	1	1	1	2
April.....	56.50	24.50	41.13541	30.12	28.73	29.5403	3.125	3	2	2	6	1	1	1	2
May.....	73.50	28.50	48.52016	30.32	29.44	29.92681	0.75625	14	6	6	1	1	1	1	3
June.....	80	39.50	54.7125	30.05	29.28	29.65866	1.0625	1	7	2	6	1	1	1	9
July.....	87.75	36.50	56.76614	30.12	29.17	29.74537	3.1625	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	2
August.....	77	36.50	54.5625	30.05	29.33	29.77118	2.45625	5	2	2	8	1	1	1	2
September.....	70	36	53.00625	29.98	29.02	29.60188	3.28	9	7	1	1	1	1	1	2
October.....	60.75	25	47.18145	30.17	28.72	29.55365	4.3125	6	4	5	1	1	1	1	6
November.....	54	23.50	40.39375	29.85	28.67	29.35277	4.93125	1	6	3	8	1	1	1	4
December.....	55.25	23.50	38.20766	30.15	28.71	29.54344	2.24375	4	1	9	1	1	1	1	5
Year.....	87.75	13.75	45.42326	30.37	28.45	29.50083	35.19900	43	44	27	73	11	37	56	75

(Kept at Cheltenham, by S. Moss, Chemist.)

Month.	Thermometer.				Barometer.				Rain. Inches.	Winds.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.		N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January	50.0	23.5	38.85	26.5	30.38	28.95	29.674	1.63	2.49	4	5	1	5	2	5	3	8
February	52.0	26.0	39.492	26.0	30.22	28.61	29.584	1.61	2.835	8	2	1	1	1	1	5	10
March	61.0	29.5	43.089	31.5	30.01	28.54	29.286	1.47	4.49	—	9	—	7	13	5	1	6
April	60.0	31.5	45.325	28.5	30.15	28.76	29.627	1.39	2.59	7	2	—	2	4	—	7	7
May	73.0	37.0	52.34	36.0	30.32	29.52	29.966	0.8	0.57	5	—	3	—	13	2	4	23
June	77.0	46.5	58.742	31.5	30.04	29.27	29.687	0.77	2.14	—	5	3	1	1	1	2	16
July	85.0	45.5	62.202	39.5	30.12	29.31	29.741	0.81	3.07	—	4	—	1	1	1	3	12
August	74.5	44.5	58.4	30.0	30.05	29.37	29.79	0.68	2.15	—	1	4	5	8	2	1	8
September	67.0	40.0	53.2	27.0	29.93	29.01	29.626	0.92	2.755	3	3	—	5	3	4	5	8
October	61.5	26.0	48.2	35.5	30.17	28.63	29.911	1.54	3.45	6	1	1	—	—	3	3	5
November	57.0	26.5	42.159	30.5	29.86	28.64	29.37	1.22	4.785	2	—	—	—	—	2	2	18
December	54.5	21.0	40.02	33.5	30.19	28.76	29.58	1.34	2.47	1	1	—	—	—	1	1	13
1836	85.0	21.0	48.25	64.0	30.38	28.54	29.57	1.84	33.865	35	47	9	51	42	25	40	116
1835	81.5	16.0	49.305	65.5	30.55	28.70	29.716	1.85	33.445	25	60	19	48	33	56	34	86
1834	78.5	30.0	51.963	48.5	30.57	29.31	29.843	1.66	31.50	20	53	33	35	45	48	22	116
1833	79.0	27.0	50.297	52.0	30.38	28.60	29.639	1.78	33.455	33	45	28	61	38	58	26	85
1832	76.5	28.5	51.206	48.0	30.26	29.01	29.735	1.25	—	33	54	22	45	31	37	32	90
1831	77.5	25.0	52.205	52.5	30.26	28.52	29.64	1.74	—	—	36	54	32	43	27	48	101
1830	81.5	10.0	49.275	71.5	30.38	28.76	29.65	1.62	—	42	44	30	50	15	51	18	113
1829	79.5	17.0	47.707	62.5	30.32	28.71	29.593	1.61	—	57	38	41	35	52	36	29	75
1828	78.5	27.0	51.75	51.5	30.23	28.82	29.683	1.41	—	30	48	35	38	26	53	20	114
1827	80.5	16.0	49.158	64.5	30.37	28.62	29.693	1.75	—	32	44	25	40	41	43	32	106
1826	86.0	18.5	50.385	67.5	30.24	28.87	29.725	1.37	—	36	46	24	30	50	52	47	79
1825	93.6	24.0	58.75	69.5	30.52	28.76	29.64	1.76	—	50	44	38	49	25	48	22	88

Thermometer, 1836.—Highest, 85°, July 5; lowest, 21°, Dec. 23.

Barometer, 1836.—Highest, 30.38, Jan. 2; lowest, 28.54, March 28.

Rain, 1836.—33.865 inches.

The mode of keeping the above Registers is as follows:—

At Edmonton, the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north, in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from 8 A.M. till 8 P.M. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at 8 o'clock.

At Wycombe, the thermometer and barometer are registered at 8 A.M., at 3 and 10 P.M. The extreme cold is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer. The wind is the result of the most frequent observations.

At Cheltenham, the temperature is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, suspended about five feet from the ground, in a north-east aspect, and the observation made daily at 8 A.M. The winds and barometer are registered at 8 A.M. and 8 P.M.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Month.	Thermometer.			Rain. Inches.	Winds.								
	Highest.	Lowest.	Dif.		No. of Days.	N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January ..	51	19	33	15	2,1275	1	4	2	1	5	3	1	12
February ..	49	18	30	13	2,4675	1	4	2	2	3	3	8	11
March ..	65	29	36	23	4,975	4	—	—	1	3	2	8	19
April ..	62	38	34	18	2,705	4	—	—	2	1	3	2	10
May ..	76	53	43	6	0,82	2	—	—	1	17	3	2	18
June ..	83	47	36	15	2,4775	2	4	—	1	13	1	8	7
July ..	90	47	43	11	2,135	2	—	—	1	9	1	8	4
August ..	77	45	32	11	1,8925	2	1	4	1	4	1	6	10
September ..	74	39	35	19	3,965	4	3	1	4	7	5	10	10
October ..	59	32	29	22	4,25	3	4	2	1	1	4	11	11
November ..	51	22	29	22	4,32	1	3	1	1	1	2	1	11
December ..	52	19	33	20	2,25	6	3	—	1	5	4	11	14
Year ..	90	18	72	189	33,4975	24	31	16	50	42	25	54	124

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We have much pleasure in mentioning, as a forthcoming publication, a volume by the Right Hon. Sir R. Wilmot Horton, Bart. Governor of Ceylon, under the title of *Letters of the Dead*; to which Notes and an Appendix will be added by the Editor. Among the correspondents we find the names of Lord Grenville, Mr. Huskisson, Bishop Heber, Mr. Malthus, Mr. Simond of Geneva, and other eminently distinguished persons.

In the Press.

Gleanings, Historical and Literary, consisting of upwards of Seven Hundred choice Selections from Ancient and Modern standard authors, &c.—The Second Volume of the History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, by the Rev. J. Seaton Reid, D.D.—Observations on the Preservation of Health, in Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age, by John Harrison Curtis, Esq.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arithmetic, illustrated by woodcuts, by Arthur Parsey, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Early Recollections relating to Samuel T. Coleridge, by Joseph Cotti, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 11s. 1s.; ditto, proof plates, 11s.—A Practical Treatise on Cultivations of Grape Vine, by Clement Hoare, 8vo. 2d. edit. 7s. 6d.—The Works of John Hunter, by J. T. Palmer, Vol. II. 8vo. 17s. 6d.—The Principles of real Property, according to the text of Black

# ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION,

PAID MAIL.  
The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## ST. JAMES'S ORNITHOLOGICAL

SOCIETY.—A General Meeting of this Society will be held at the Thatched House Tavern, Saint James's Street, on Wednesday next, the 26th instant, at Three o'clock precisely, to receive the Report of the Provisional Committee, which was appointed to prepare and submit to the Society a Scheme and Regulations for its future guidance.

## HEADS of the PLAN which the PROVI-

SIONAL COMMITTEE of the ST. JAMES'S ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY recommend the Members to adopt.

Title.—The Ornithological Society of London.  
Management.—A Council, with the usual Officers.  
Honorary Members.—Limited to Five. Eminent Scientific Ornithologists, or Liberal Patrons of the Society. Elected by the Council.

Ordinary Members.—Elected by Ballot. Gentlemen will subscribe, annually, Two Guinea; Ladies, One Guinea. Entrance Fee for Gentlemen, Two Guinea; for Ladies, One Guinea. Members of the St. James's Ornithological Society will have the option of being Original Members of the Ornithological Society of London at the annual Subscription of One Guinea.  
Foreign Members.—Elected by Ballot. Eminent Foreign Ornithologists.

Foreign Correspondents.—Elected by the Council. Residents abroad, desirous of assisting the Society, exempt from all pecuniary Contributions.

The objects of the Society are to be obtained by  
The Exhibition of Living Birds;  
The Propagation and Dispersion of the Domesticated Races;  
A Museum;

Library;  
Periodical Meetings;  
Ornithological Lectures;

The Publication of Ornithological Works—Scientific and Practical;  
Prize Shows.

Living Specimens.—The Racial Genera, and their Types, will be particularly attended to, as being most beautiful and attractive, pre-eminently domestic, and practically useful.

The Hardy Birds will be gratuitously Exhibited in the Parks; those for which Buildings are required will be seen by the Public on payment of a small admission Fee.

The Duplicates.—Birds and Eggs will be distributed among the Members.

The Museum.—The Specimens will be accurately Named, according to the Natural System; and so arranged as to convey to the Student, through the eye alone, a general and accurate knowledge of the Anatomy and Analogies of Birds; and to exhibit examples of the different organisations which are known to accompany different habits and modes of life. The Museum will include stuffed Birds, Bird Skins, Skeletons and parts of Birds, Nests, and Eggs; and will be open, without restriction, to Scientific Persons and Artists.

Library.—The Library will contain, ultimately, every Ornithological Work of merit: British and Foreign Ornithological Periodicals will be taken in, and circulated among such of the Members as subscribe an additional Half Guinea for this advantage.

Periodical Meetings, or Conversations, will be held for the Exhibition of living and dead Specimens, Drawings, Books, Nests, &c.—for reading Ornithological Papers, and for oral Observations.

Lectures.—Competent Ornithologists will be invited to deliver Lectures.

Publications.—The Society will publish, or patronise the publication of, a general Ornithological Work at an accessible price; the proceedings will be published concisely and cheaply; and the Society will collect and publish all the information they can obtain as to the best modes of rearing Foreign Birds adapted for the Park, the Preserve, the Poultry Yard, and the Aviary.

Prizes.—A Prize of the value of 15s. or 30s. will be given annually for the best Paper on Systematic Ornithology, in elucidation of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God. Another of the value of 10s. each, will be given for the best Paper on the value of 5s. for the best Method of Keeping Alive in this Country such Foreign Birds as will not Breed.

Application will be made to Government for a Locality for the Society's Museum, Library, and Housed Collections: if the application be successful, the Museum will be freely open to the Public three days a week.

The ordinary Funds, arising from Subscriptions and Entrance Fees, will, in the first instance, be applied solely to the construction of Aviaries, and the purchase, rearing, and breeding of Birds; and an extraordinary Fund will be raised by the creation of 100 Shares of 50s. each, 75s. to be paid, if desired, in two half-yearly instalments, which will be applied exclusively to the purchase of Books, Specimens, and Cabinets, to lay a broad and solid foundation for a worthy Museum and Library. The property thus acquired will be vested in the Shareholders; and will, unless specially conveyed by Donation, form part of the general Property, until the Funds shall be sufficient to pay off the Shareholders.

The Duplicates will, at first, be distributed among the Shareholders only, and, in addition to the ordinary privileges of personal admission to the Museum, Library, and Meetings, they will be entitled to give a certain number of free admissions daily to Strangers.

## THE COMMITTEE of the BIRMING-

HAM and EDGBASTON PROPRIETARY DAY SCHOOL are desirous of engaging a HEAD MASTER, to enter upon his duties at the termination of the next Christmas Vacation. The Salary will be not less than 400l. per annum, without the privilege of taking charge of the School, and to take charge of the higher Classes in English and Mathematics, and as the general superintendent of the School, high classical attainments will be required.

Applicants are requested to Address their Testimonials, &c. &c. (free of expense) on or before the 20th of May, to Mr. J. C. Barlow, the Honorary Secretary, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham, from whom the Rules of the Institution, and any further information, may be obtained.

## INCORPORATED LITERARY FUND

SOCIETY.—The Members and Friends of the Literary Fund Society are respectfully informed that the Forty-Eighth Anniversary of this Institution will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, May 3, when His Grace the Duke of Somerset, the President of the Society, will take the Chair.

Stewards.  
Right Hon. the Lord Mayor  
Right Hon. Lord Canterbury  
Right Hon. Lord Morpeth, M.P.  
Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P.  
Lord Claude Hamilton, M.P.  
Lord Sandon, M.P.  
Sir Robert Bateson, Bart. M.P.  
T. W. Beaumont, Esq. M.P.  
Major-General Sir J. Eiley, M.P.  
John Hardy, Esq. M.P.  
George A. Hamilton, Esq. M.P.  
W. A. Mackinnon, Esq. M.P.  
D. Maclean, Esq. M.P.  
Marven Arnold, Esq. M.P.  
J. B. West, Esq. M.P.  
William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.

William Brockedon, Esq. F.R.S.  
Benj. B. Cabell, Esq. F.R.S.  
Captain Chamier, R.N.  
Rev. Dr. Crombie, F.R.S.  
Charles Dickens, Esq.  
E. M. Fitzgerald, Esq.  
J. G. Thomas Harrison, Esq.  
M. D. Hill, Esq. K.C.  
S. R. Morgan, Esq.  
James Ridgway, Esq.  
Henry Ryall, Esq.  
Frederick Salmon, Esq.  
R. W. Steiner, Esq.  
James Walker, Esq. Pres. Inst. Civil Engineers, F.S.A.

Tickets, 30s. each, may be had of the Stewards; of the Rev. W. Mason, Secretary; at the Chambers of the Literary Fund Society, 4 Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern. Dinner at Six precisely.

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—

MEDICAL SCHOOL. The following Courses of Lectures and Demonstrations will be delivered during the Summer Session, which will begin on the 1st of May, and terminate on the 31st of July.

Sotany.—By Professor Don, Lib. L.S.  
Forensic Medicine.—By Professor Fergus, M.D.  
Midwifery, and the Diseases of Children.—By Professor R. Ferguson, M.D.  
Surgical Anatomy, and Practical Demonstrations of the Operations of Surgery, &c.—By Professor Partridge, F.R.S.

General Science.  
Comparative Anatomy, and Physiology of the Senses.—By Professor Rymers Jones.  
Geology.—By Professor J. Phillips, F.R.S. and G.S.  
Measures of Sound, Heat, Magnetism, and Electricity.—By Professor Wheatstone, F.R.S.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Secretary's Office. April 17, 1837. H. J. ROSE, B.D. Principal.

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

Notice is hereby given, that the Annual General Court of the Governors and Proprietors will be held at the College, on Saturday, the 29th instant. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Visitor of the College, will take the Chair at Two o'clock precisely in the Afternoon.

By order of the Council, H. SMITH, Sec.

## GLOBE INSURANCE.—FIRE, LIVES,

and ANNUITIES. The Offices of this Company in Cornhill being taken down in furtherance of the public improvements, the Directors give notice, that the Company's Business will be transacted at the South-East Corner, Threadneedle Street, until the premises in Cornhill are rebuilt.

JOHN CHARLES DENHAM, Secretary.

London, April 10, 1837.

## ALL the NEW PUBLICATIONS,

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## "GALLERY of COMICALITIES,"

Part V. price Threepence, will be published with the Magazine on the 1st of May: the previous four Parts, containing 25s Comic Woodcuts, were never out of print, and are to be had at the Office of *Bell's Life in London and Sporting Chronicle*, No. 170 Strand, together or separate, at Threepence each. Of the first four Parts nearly a Million Copies have been sold. Any unsold of either Part, in any quantity, taken back from subscribers before the 1st of May, at the Office of *Bell's Life*, No. 170 Strand, London, and the money returned.  
\**Bell's Life in London*, from which the "Gallery of Comicalities" emanated, is the only Sporting Weekly Journal published in London at the price of Fivepence, embracing Racing, Chasing, Hunting, Cricketing, Aquatics, Chess, and all other varieties of sporting matter.

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May be viewed, and Catalogues, price 1s. had at the Rooms. Money advanced upon Duplicate Portfolios of Booksellers' Stock, on Libraries, and Literary Property in general.

## THE HORTICULTURAL NEWS.

PAPER for the Nobility, Gentry, and their Gardeners, called *The Gardener's Gazette*, price 6d., and  
The British Standard, the best Conservative Newspaper in London, price also 6d., are published by T. Hayman, 343 Strand; and sold by all Newsmen.

## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On Monday, price 3s.  
**THE FACTORY QUESTION**, and the  
**TEN HOURS' BILL.**

By ROBERT HYDE GRIG, Esq.  
This pamphlet contains a concise history of Factory Legislation down to the present time, and authentic information respecting the progress of Foreign Manufactures, the Quantity produced by the Machinery in the Continental and American Cotton Mills, compared with those of England; and it shows the precarious tenure on which the Cotton Manufacture of this Country is at present held.

James Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

160 Piccadilly, April 18th, 1837.

In a few days will be published, price 4s.

## THE BRITISH and FOREIGN

REVIEW; or, European Quarterly Journal, No. VIII.

- Contents.  
1. Colonial Legislation: Cape of Good Hope.  
2. McIlroy's Impressions of England; Recollections of an Artillery Officer.  
3. Political Press in France.  
4. Napoleon's Comments on Caesar's Commentaries.  
5. Municipal Corporations; Centralisation and Localisation.  
6. Cooke's Memoirs of Bolingbroke; Philosophy.  
7. Cracov.  
8. Misgovernment of Ireland.  
9. Capture of the Vixen.  
10. Ballot, Reasons against.  
\**\* Vols. I., II., and III. (Nos. I. to VI.), may be had, neatly bound in half Russia, 11s. 6d. each.*  
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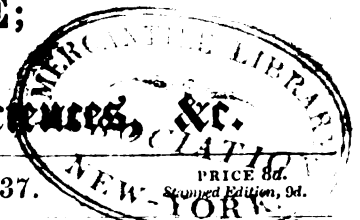
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"The mythology of the early Greeks may, perhaps, be derived from the following principal sources:—First, the worship of natural objects; and of divinities, so formed, the most unequivocally national will obviously be those most associated with their mode of life, and the influences of their climate. When the savage first entrusts the seed to the bosom of the earth

—when, through a strange and unaccountable process, he beholds what he buried in one season spring forth the harvest of the next—the earth itself, the mysterious garner, the benign, but sometimes the capricious reproducer of the treasures committed to its charge, becomes the object of the wonder, the hope, and the fear, which are the natural origin of adoration and prayer. Again, when he discovers the influence of the heaven upon the growth of his labour—when, taught by experience, he acknowledges its power to blast, or to mellow—then, by the same process of ideas, the heaven also assumes the character of divinity, and becomes a new agent, whose wrath is to be propitiated, whose favour is to be won. What common sense thus suggests to us, our researches confirm, and we find, accordingly, that the earth and the heaven are the earliest deities of the agricultural Pelasgi. As the Nile to the fields of the Egyptian, earth and heaven to the culture of the Greek. The effects of the sun upon human labour and human enjoyment are so sensible to the simplest understanding, that we cannot wonder to find that glorious luminary among the most popular deities of ancient nations. Why search through the East to account for its worship in Greece? More easy to suppose that the inhabitants of a land, whom the sun so especially favoured, saw and blest it for it was good, than, amidst innumerable contradictions and extravagant assumptions, to decide upon that remoter shore whence was transplanted a deity whose effects were so benignant, whose worship so natural, to the Greeks. And in the more plain belief we are also borne out by the more sound inductions of learning. For it is noticeable that neither the moon nor the stars—favourite divinities with those who enjoyed the serene nights, or inhabited the broad plains of the East—were (though probably admitted among the Pelagic deities) honoured with that intense and reverent worship which attended them in Asia and in Egypt. To the Pelasgi, not yet arrived at the intellectual stage of philosophical contemplation, the most sensible objects of influence would be the most earnestly adored. What the stars were to the East, their own beautiful Aurora, awakening them to the delight of their genial and temperate climate, was to the early Greeks. Of deities, thus created from external objects, some will rise out (if I may use the expression) of natural accident, and local circumstance. An earthquake will connect a deity with the earth, an inundation with the river or the sea. The Grecian soil bears the marks of maritime revolution; many of the tribes were settled along the coast, and, perhaps, had already adventured their rafts upon the main. A deity of the sea (without any necessary revelation from Africa) is, therefore, among the earliest of the Grecian gods. The attributes of each deity will be formed from the pursuits and occupations of the worshippers—sanguinary with the warlike—gentle with the peaceful. The pastoral Pelasgi of Arcadia honoured the pastoral Pan for ages before he was received by their Pelagic brotherhood of Attica; and the agricultural Demeter or Ceres will be recognised among many

tribes of the agricultural Pelasgi, which no Egyptian is reputed, even by tradition,\* to have visited. The origin of prayer is in the sense of dependence, and in the instinct of self-preservation, or self-interest. The first objects of prayer to the infant man will be those on which, by his localities, he believes himself to be most dependent for whatever blessings his mode of life inclines him the most to covet, or from which may come whatever peril his instinct will teach him the most to deprecate and fear. It is this obvious truth which destroys all the erudite systems that would refer the different creeds of the heathen to some single origin. Till the earth be the same in each region—till the same circumstances surround every tribe—different impressions, in nations yet unconverted and uncivilised, must produce different deities. Nature suggests a God, and man invests him with attributes. Nature and man, the same as a whole, vary in details; the one does not every where suggest the same notions—the other cannot every where imagine the same attributes. As with other tribes so with the Pelasgi, or primitive Greeks: their early gods were the creatures of their own early impressions. As one source of religion was in external objects, so another is to be found in internal sensations and emotions. The passions are so powerful in their effects upon individuals and nations, that we can be little surprised to find those effects attributed to the instigation and influence of a supernatural being. Love is individualized and personified in nearly all mythologies; and love, therefore, ranks among the earliest of the Grecian gods. Fear, or terror, whose influence is often so strange, sudden, and unaccountable—seizing even the bravest—spreading through numbers with all the speed of an electric sympathy—and deciding in a moment the destiny of an army or the ruin of a tribe—is another of those passions, easily supposed the *affatus* of some preternatural power, and easily, therefore, susceptible of personification. And the pride of men, more especially if habitually courageous and warlike, will gladly yield to the credulities which shelter a degrading and unwonted infirmity beneath the agency of a superior being. Terror, therefore, received a shape and found an altar probably as early at least as the heroic age. According to Plutarch, Theseus sacrificed to terror previous to his battle with the Amazons;—an idle tale, it is true, but proving, perhaps, the antiquity of a tradition. As society advanced from barbarism, arose more intellectual creations; as cities were built, and as, in the constant flux and reflux of martial tribes, cities were overthrown, the elements of the social state grew into personification, to which influence was attributed, and reverence paid. Thus were fixed into divinity and shape, order, peace, justice, and the stern and gloomy orcos,† witness of the oath, avenger of the perjury. This, the second source of religion, though more subtle and refined in its creations, had still its origin in the same human causes as the first, viz. anticipation of good and apprehension of

\* "The connexion of Ceres with Isis was a subsequent innovation."

† Orco was the personification of an oath, or the sanction of an oath.

evil. Of deities so created, many, however, were the inventions of poets (poetic metaphor is a fruitful mother of mythological fable); many, also, were the graceful refinements of a subsequent age. But some (and nearly all those I have enumerated) may be traced to the earliest period to which such researches can ascend. It is obvious that the eldest would be connected with the passions—the more modern with the intellect. It seems to me apparent, that almost simultaneously with deities of these two classes would arise the greater and more influential class of personal divinities which gradually expand into the heroic dynasty of Olympus. The associations which one tribe, or one generation, united with the heaven, the earth, or the sun, another might obviously connect, or confuse, with a spirit or genius inhabiting or influencing the element or physical object which excited their anxiety or awe; and, this creation effected, so what one tribe or generation might ascribe to the single personification of a passion, a faculty, or a moral and social principle, another would just as naturally refer to a personal and more complex deity:—that which in one instance would form the very nature of a superior being, in the other would form only an attribute—swell the power and amplify the character of a Jupiter, a Mars, a Venus, or a Pan. It is in the nature of man, that personal divinities, once created and adored, should present more vivid and forcible images to his fancy than abstract personifications of physical objects and moral impressions. Thus, deities of this class would gradually rise into pre-eminence and popularity above those more vague and incorporeal; and (though I guard myself from absolutely solving in this manner the enigmas of ancient theogonies) the family of Jupiter could scarcely fail to possess themselves of the shadowy thrones of the ancestral earth and the primeval heaven. A third source of the Grecian, as of all mythologies, was in the worship of men who had actually existed, or been supposed to exist; for, in this respect, errors might creep into the calendar of heroes, as they did into the calendar of saints (the hero-worship of the moderns), which has canonised many names to which it is impossible to find the owners. This was probably the latest, but perhaps, in after times, the most influential and popular, addition to the aboriginal faith. The worship of dead men once established, it was natural to a people so habituated to incorporate and familiarise religious impressions, to imagine that even their primary gods, first formed from natural impressions (and, still more, those deities they had borrowed from stranger creeds), should have walked the earth. And thus, amongst the multitude in the philosophical ages, even the loftiest of the Olympian dwellers were vaguely supposed to have known humanity;—their immortality but the apotheosis of the benefactor or the hero.

“To sum up, the above remarks conduce to these principal conclusions: First, that the Grecian mythology cannot be moulded into any of the capricious and fantastic systems of erudite ingenuity. As a whole, no mythology can be considered more strikingly original, not only because its foundations appear indigenous, and based upon the character and impressions of the people—not only because at no one period, from the earliest even to the latest date, whatever occasional resemblances may exist, can any identity be established between its most popular and essential creations, and those of any other faith; but because, even all that it borrowed it rapidly remodelled and naturalised, growing yet more individual from its very

complexity, yet more original from the plagiarisms which it embraced. Secondly, that it differed in many details in the different states: but under the development of a general intercourse, assisted by a common language, the plastic and tolerant genius of the people harmonised all discords—until (catholic in its fundamental principles) her religion united the whole of Greece in indissoluble bonds of faith and poetry—of daily customs and venerable traditions. Thirdly, that the influence of other creeds, though by no means unimportant in amplifying the character, and adding to the list, of the primitive deities, appears far more evident in the ceremonies and usages, than the personal creations, of the faith. We may be reasonably sceptical as to what Herodotus heard of the origin of rites or gods from Egyptian priests; but there is no reason to disbelieve the testimony of his experience, when he asserts that the forms and solemnities of one worship closely resemble those of another;—the imitation of a foreign ceremony is perfectly compatible with the aboriginal invention of a national God. For the rest, I think it might be (and by many scholars appears to me to have been), abundantly shewn, that the Phœnician influences upon the early mythology of the Greeks were far greater than the Egyptian, though by degrees, and long after the heroic age, the latter became more eagerly adopted, and more superficially apparent.”

The effects of their religion on the Greek character are also finely explained; and, coming to the Heroic Ages, Mr. B. says beautifully:—

“As one who has been journeying through the dark begins at length to perceive the night breaking away in mist and shadow, so that the forms of things, yet uncertain and undefined, assume an exaggerated and gigantic outline, half lost amidst the clouds,—so now, through the obscurity of fable, we descry the dim and mighty outline of the Heroic Age.”

“Much of the national spirit of every people, even in its most civilised epochs, is to be traced to the influence of that age which may be called the Heroic. The wild adventurers of the early Greece tended to humanise even in their excesses. It is true that there are many instances of their sternness, ferocity, and revenge; they were insatiable from the consciousness of surpassing strength; often cruel from that contempt of life common to the warlike. But the darker side of their character is far less commonly presented to us than the brighter—they seem to have been alive to generous emotions, more readily than any other race so warlike in an age so rude: their affections were fervid as their hatreds; their friendships more remarkable than their feuds. Even their ferocity was not, as with the Scandinavian heroes, a virtue and a boast—their public opinion honoured the compassion and the clement. Thus Hercules is said first to have introduced the custom of surrendering to the enemy the corpses of their slain; and mildness, justice, and courtesy, are no less his attributes than invincible strength and undaunted courage. Traversing various lands, these Paladins of an elder chivalry acquired an experience of different governments and customs, which assisted, on their return, to polish and refine the admiring tribes which their achievements had adorned. Like the knights of a northern myth, their duty was to punish the oppressor, and redress the wronged; and they thus fixed, in the wild elements of unsettled opinion, a recognised standard of generosity and of justice. Their deeds became the theme of the poets, who sought to embellish their virtues, and ex-

tenuate their offences. Thus, certain models, not indeed wholly pure or excellent, but bright with many of those qualities which ennoble a national character, were set before the emulation of the aspiring and the young; and the traditional fame of a Hercules or a Theseus assisted to inspire the souls of those who, ages afterwards, broke the Mede at Marathon, and arrested the Persian might in the Pass of Thermopylæ. For, as the spirit of a poet has its influence on the destiny and character of nations, so Time himself hath his own poetry, preceding and calling forth the poetry of the human genius, and breathing inspirations, imaginative and imperishable, from the great deeds and gigantic images of an ancestral and traditional age.”

Grecian geography is next generally discussed; and we have, in particular, some stirring sketches of Sparta:—

“In their domestic life, the Spartans, like the rest of the Greeks, had but little pleasure in the society of their wives. At first the young husband only visited his bride by stealth—to be seen in company with her was a disgrace. But the women enjoyed a much greater freedom and received a higher respect in Sparta than elsewhere; the soft Asiatic distinctions in dignity between the respective sexes did not reach the hardy mountaineers of Lacedæmon: the wife was the mother of men! Brought up in robust habits, accustomed to athletic exercises, her person exposed in public processions and dances—which, but for the custom that made decorous even indecency itself, would have been, indeed, licentious—the Spartan maiden, strong, hardy, and half a partaker in the ceremonies of public life, shared the habits, aided the emulation, imbibed the patriotism, of her future consort. And, by her sympathy with his habits and pursuits, she obtained an influence and ascendancy over him which were unknown in the rest of Greece. Dignified on public occasions, the Spartan matron was deemed, however, a virago in private life; and she who had no sorrow for a slaughtered son had very little deference for a living husband. Her obedience to her spouse appears to have been the most cheerfully rendered upon those delicate emergencies when the service of the state required her submission to the embraces of another!”

The governments of Greece are described and contrasted with much of sound reasoning, We offer two short specimens:—

“Now appeared the class of demagogues. The people had been accustomed to change. They had been led against monarchy, and found they had only resigned the one master to obtain the many. A demagogue arose, sometimes one of their own order, more often a dissatisfied, ambitious, or impoverished noble; for they who have wasted their patrimony, as the Stagyrite shrewdly observes, are great promoters of innovation. Party ran high, the state became divided, passions were aroused,

“Aristotle, who is exceedingly severe on the Spartan ladies, says, very shrewdly, that the men were trained to submission to a civil by a military system, while the women were left untamed. A Spartan hero was thus made to be hempecked. Yet, with all the alleged severity of the Dorian morals, these sturdy matrons rather discarded the graces than avoided the frailties of their softer contemporaries. Plato and Aristotle give very unfavourable testimonials of their chastity. Plutarch, the blind panegyrist of Sparta, observes, with amusing composure, that the Spartan husbands were permitted to lend their wives to each other; and Polybius (in a fragment of the 13th book) informs us that it was an old-fashioned and common custom in Sparta for three or four brothers to share one wife. The poor husbands!—no doubt the lady was a match for them all! So much for those gentle creatures whom that grave German professor, M. Müller, holds up to our admiration and despair.”

and the popular leader became the popular idol. His life was, probably, often in danger from the resentment of the nobles, and it was always easy to assert that it was so endangered. He obtained a guard to protect him, conciliated the soldiers, seized the citadel, and rose at once from the head of the populace to the ruler of the state. Such was the common history of the tyrants of Greece.

"We should remove some very important prejudices from our minds, if we could once subscribe to a fact, plain in itself, but which the contests of modern party have utterly obscured—that, in the mere forms of their government, the Greek republics cannot fairly be pressed into the service of those who, in existing times, would attest the evils, or proclaim the benefits, of constitutions purely democratic. In the first place, they were not democracies, even in their most democratic shape: the vast majority of the working classes were the enslaved population; and, therefore, to increase the popular tendencies of the republic was, in fact, only to increase the liberties of the few. We may fairly doubt whether the worst evils of the ancient republics, in the separation of ranks, and the war between rich and poor, were not the necessary results of slavery. We may doubt, with equal probability, whether much of the lofty spirit, and the universal passion for public affairs, whence emanated the enterprise, the competition, the patriotism, and the glory of the ancient cities, could have existed without a subordinate race to carry on the drudgeries of daily life. It is clear, also, that much of the intellectual greatness of the several states arose from the exceeding smallness of their territories, the concentration of internal power, and the perpetual emulation with neighbouring and kindred states, nearly equal in civilisation; it is clear, too, that much of the vicious parts of their character, and yet much of their more brilliant, arose from the absence of the press. Their intellectual state was that of men *talked to*, not *written to*. Their imagination was perpetually called forth—their deliberative reason rarely;—they were the fitting audience for an orator, whose art is effective in proportion to the impulse and the passion of those he addresses. Nor must it be forgotten, that the representative system, which is the proper conductor of the democratic action, if not wholly unknown to the Greeks, and if unconsciously practised in the Spartan ephorality, was, at least, never existent in the more democratic states; and assemblies of the whole people are compatible only with those small nations of which the city is the country. Thus, it would be impossible for us to propose the abstract constitution of any ancient state as a warning or an example to modern countries which possess territories large in extent—which subsist without a slave population—which substitute representative councils for popular assemblies—and which direct the intellectual tastes and political habits of a people, not by oratory and conversation, but through the more calm and dispassionate medium of the press. This principle settled, it may, perhaps, be generally conceded, that, on comparing the democracies of Greece with all other contemporary forms of government, we find them the most favourable to mental cultivation; not more exposed than others to internal revolutions—usually, in fact, more durable; more mild and civilised in their laws; and that the worst tyranny of the Demus, whether at home or abroad, never equalled that of an oligarchy or a single ruler. That in which the ancient republics are properly models to us, consists, not in the form, but

the spirit of their legislation. They teach us that patriotism is most promoted by bringing all classes into public and constant intercourse; that intellect is most luxuriant wherever the competition is widest and most unfettered; and that legislators can create no rewards, and invent no penalties, equal to those which are silently engendered by society itself, while it maintains, elaborated into a system, the desire of glory and the dread of shame."

Early literature is the theme which closes Book I.; concluding which, Mr. B. proceeds from dissertation into history. He contends for the personality of Homer, as an Asiatic Greek; but we must come to an end for the present, which we do with a cheering comparison:—

"If we examine the ways of an infant, we shall cease to wonder at those of an infant civilisation. Long before we can engage the curiosity of the child in the history of England; long before we can induce him to listen with pleasure to our stories even of Poltairs and Cressy; and (a fortiori) long before he can be taught an interest in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights,—he will of his own accord question us of the phenomena of Nature; inquire how he himself came into the world; delight to learn something of the God we tell him to adore; and find in the rainbow and the thunder, in the meteor and the star, a thousand subjects of eager curiosity and reverent wonder. The *why* perpetually torments him: every child is born a philosopher!—the child is the analogy of a people yet in childhood."\*

*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. II.*  
1837. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Murray;  
Whittaker and Co.

THE continuation of this delightful literary treasure shews that, intense as was the interest excited, it was far from being exhausted in the first volume; and, on the contrary, is maintained with almost equal spirit, and certainly introducing persons and discussions of more universal concern. It is true that the personal particulars of the infancy and first steps in literature of such a man as Scott, must ever possess attractions of the highest class; but it is not less certain that the tracing of his after progression must involve a multitude of circumstances of perhaps greater importance, though unattended by the individualities which are the more immediate charms of biography.

This volume commences with an account of the removal of Scott to his now famed residence of Ashestiel, on the pastoral banks of the Tweed; and proceeds to detail the formation of his partnership as a printer with James Ballantyne, the publication of the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," his appointment as a clerk of session, the writing and publishing of "*Marmion*," the editing of Dryden, and other matters, to which we shall turn in future *Gazettes*. At present we follow

\* "To this solution of the question, Why literature should generally commence with attempts at philosophy, may be added another.—When written first breaks upon oral communication, the reading public must necessarily be extremely confined. In many early nations, that reading public would be composed of the caste of priests; in this case philosophy would be cramped by superstition. In Greece, there being no caste of priests, philosophy embraced these studious minds addicted to a species of inquiry which rejected the poetical form, as well as the poetical spirit. It may be observed, that the more limited the reading public, the more abstruse are, generally, prose compositions; as readers increase, literature goes back to the fashion of oral communication: for, if the reciter addressed the multitude in the earlier age, so the writer addresses a multitude in the later; literature, therefore, commences with poetical fiction, and usually terminates with prose fiction. It was so in the ancient world—it will be so with England and France. The harvest of novels is, I fear, a sign of the approaching exhaustion of the soil."

the order of dates; and as one of the affairs which produced very material effects throughout his whole career, commence with Scott's embarking in the printing business.

"Mr. Ballantyne, in his Memorandum, says, that very shortly after the publication of the '*Lay*,' he found himself obliged to apply to Mr. Scott for an advance of money; his own capital being inadequate for the business which had been accumulated on his press, in consequence of the reputation it had acquired for beauty and correctness of execution. Already, as we have seen, Ballantyne had received 'a liberal loan;' and now," says he, "being compelled, maugre all delicacy, to renew my application, he candidly answered that he was not quite sure that it would be prudent for him to comply; but, in order to evince his entire confidence in me, he was willing to make a suitable advance to be admitted as a third-sharer of my business." In truth, Scott now embarked in Ballantyne's concern almost the whole of the capital at his disposal, namely, the 5000*l.* which he had received for *Rosebank*, and which he had, a few months before, designed to invest in the purchase of *Broadmeadows*. *Dis aliter visum*. I have, many pages back, hinted my suspicion that he had formed some distant notion of such an alliance, as early as the date of Ballantyne's projected removal from Kelso to Edinburgh; and his Introduction to the '*Lay*,' in 1830, appears to leave little doubt that the hope of ultimately succeeding at the bar had waxed very faint, before the third volume of the '*Minstrelsy*' was brought out in 1803. When that hope ultimately vanished altogether, perhaps he himself would not have found it easy to tell. The most important of men's opinions, views, and projects, are sometimes taken up in so very gradual a manner, and after so many pauses of hesitation and of inward retraction, that they themselves are at a loss to trace in retrospect all the stages through which their minds have passed.

"The forming of this commercial connexion was one of the most important steps in Scott's life. He continued bound by it during twenty years, and its influence on his literary exertions and his worldly fortunes was productive of much good and not a little evil. Its effects were, in truth, so mixed and balanced during the vicissitudes of a long and vigorous career, that I at this moment doubt whether it ought, on the whole, to be considered with more of satisfaction or of regret. With what zeal he proceeded in advancing the views of the new copartnership, his correspondence bears ample evidence. The brilliant and captivating genius, now acknowledged universally, was soon discovered by the leading booksellers of the time to be united with such abundance of matured information in many departments, and, above all, with such indefatigable habits, as to mark him out for the most valuable workman they could engage for the furtherance of their schemes. He had, long before this, cast a shrewd and penetrating eye over the field of literary enterprise, and developed in his own mind the outlines of many extensive plans, which wanted nothing but the command of a sufficient body of able subalterns to be carried into execution with splendid success. Such of these as he grappled with in his own person were, with rare exceptions, carried to a triumphant conclusion; but the alliance with Ballantyne soon infected him with the proverbial rashness of mere mercantile adventure; while, at the same time, his generous feelings for other men of letters, and his characteristic propensity to over-rate their talents, combined

to hurry him and his friends into a multitude of arrangements, the results of which were often extremely embarrassing, and ultimately, in the aggregate, all but disastrous. It is an old saying, that wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong; and dearly did he pay the penalty for the mystery in which he had chosen to involve this transaction. It was his rule from the beginning, that whatever he wrote or edited must be printed at that press; and, had he catered for it only as author and sole editor, all had been well: but, had the booksellers known his direct pecuniary interest in keeping up and extending the occupation of those types, they would have taken into account his lively imagination and sanguine temperament, as well as his taste and judgment, and considered, far more deliberately than they too often did, his multifarious recommendations of new literary schemes, coupled though these were with some dim understanding that, if the Ballantyne press were employed, his own literary skill would be at his friend's disposal for the general superintendence of the undertaking. On the other hand, Scott's suggestions were, in many cases—perhaps in the majority of them—conveyed through Ballantyne, whose habitual deference to his opinion induced him to advocate them with enthusiastic zeal; and the printer, who had thus pledged his personal authority for the merits of the proposed scheme, must have felt himself committed to the bookseller, and could hardly refuse with decency to take a certain share of the pecuniary risk, by allowing the time and method of his own payment to be regulated according to the employer's convenience. Hence, by degrees, was woven a web of entanglement, from which neither Ballantyne nor his adviser had any means of escape; except only in that indomitable spirit, the mainspring of personal industry altogether unparalleled, to which, thus set in motion, the world owes its most gigantic monument of literary genius."

In truth, this secret copartnery, looked at even candidly in its real light, must be considered to have involved Scott in a system of reserve, and almost of duplicity, not quite consistent with open dealing and direct high-mindedness. Publishers, and other parties with whom he had connexions, were not aware of his private interests, and, consequently, treated with him at a disadvantage; and, indeed, he was occasionally compelled, by the necessity of circumstances, to act in a manner more like a tradesman than an author of the highest public eminence. Thus, while, in a letter to Miss Seward (1807), he characterises publishers and booksellers, &c. in a way (no matter how correct) not very complimentary to that class, he, in another to Southey, touches him with a little piece of recommendation to his own concern, which would have been quite in keeping with the character given to "*the Trade*." He says,—

"I think Southey does himself injustice in supposing the *Edinburgh Review*, or any other, could have sunk '*Madoc*,' even for a time. But the size and price of the work, joined to the frivolity of an age which must be treated as nurses humour children, are sufficient reasons why a poem, on so chaste a model, should not have taken immediately. We know the similar fate of Milton's immortal work, in the witty age of Charles II., at a time when poetry was much more fashionable than at present. As to the division of the profits, I only think that Southey does not understand the gentlemen of *the trade*, emphatically so called, as well as I do. Without any greater degree of four-

berie than they conceive the long practice of their brethren has rendered matter of prescriptive right, they contrive to clip the author's proportion of profits down to a mere trifle. It is the tale of the fox that went a-hunting with the lion, upon condition of equal division of the spoil; and yet I do not quite blame the booksellers, when I consider the very singular nature of their *mystery*. A butcher generally understands something of black cattle, and woe betide the jockey who should presume to exercise his profession without a competent knowledge of horse-flesh. But who ever heard of a bookseller pretending to understand the commodity in which he dealt? They are the only tradesmen in the world who professedly, and by choice, deal in what is called 'a pig in a poke.' When you consider the abominable trash which, by their sheer ignorance, is published every year, you will readily excuse them for the indemnification which they must necessarily obtain at the expense of authors of some value. In fact, though the account between an individual bookseller and such a man as Southey may be iniquitous enough, yet I apprehend that upon the whole the account between *the trade* and the authors of Britain at large is pretty fairly balanced; and what these gentlemen gain at the expense of one class of writers, is lavished, in many cases, in bringing forward other works of little value. I do not know but this, upon the whole, is favourable to the cause of literature. A bookseller publishes twenty books, in hopes of hitting upon one good speculation, as a person buys a parcel of shares in a lottery, in hopes of gaining a prize. Thus the road is open to all; and, if the successful candidate is a little fleeced, in order to form petty prizes to console the losing adventurers, still the cause of literature is benefited, since none is excluded from the privilege of competition."

*Per contra* :—

"I am very glad the '*Morte Arthur*' is in your hands; it has been long a favourite of mine, and I intended to have made it a handsome book, in the shape of a small antique-looking quarto, with wooden vignettes of costume. I wish you would not degrade him into a squat 12mo; but admit the temptation you will probably feel to put it into the same shape with '*Palmerin and Amadis*.' If on this, or any occasion, you can cast a job in the way of my friend Ballantyne, I should consider it as a particular personal favour, and the convenience would be pretty near the same to you, as all your proofs must come by post at any rate. If I can assist you about this matter, command my services."

Far be it from us to utter a word against the admirable press of our late esteemed friend, James Ballantyne. A more upright and honourable man never breathed, and Scotland is deeply indebted to him for his improvement in the valuable art of printing (as Scott was for very much of sound, friendly, and critical advice); but we advert to the subject to shew the singular and awkward position in which it placed a man, otherwise so lofty an enemy to any thing which bore the semblance of disingenuousness or jobbery. Hear how his biographer, in the same vein, speaks of a very worthy, industrious, and estimable man, Alex. Chalmers :—

"Scott opened forthwith his gigantic scheme of the British Poets to Constable, who entered into it with eagerness. They found presently that Messrs. Cadell and Davies, and some of the other London publishers, had a similar plan on foot, and, after an unsuccessful nego-

tiation with Mackintosh, were now actually treating with Campbell for the Biographical prefaces. Scott proposed that the Edinburgh and London houses should join in the adventure, and that the editorial task should be shared between himself and his brother poet. To this both Messrs. Cadell and Mr. Campbell warmly assented; but the design ultimately fell to the ground in consequence of the booksellers refusing to admit certain works which both Scott and Campbell insisted upon. \* \* \*

"The body of booksellers meanwhile combined in what they still called a *general edition* of the English Poets, under the superintendence of one of their own Grub-street vassals, Mr. Alexander Chalmers."

But we leave this subject to advance to more agreeable themes. The following, relating to the autumn of 1805, at Ashestiel, and, after the first edition of the "*Lay*" had gone off with great rapidity, indicating its future celebrity and success, is an interesting literary and personal *morceau*.

"Mr. Skene soon discovered an important change which had recently been made in his friend's distribution of his time. Previously it had been his custom, whenever professional business or social engagements occupied the middle part of his day, to seize some hours for study after he was supposed to have retired to bed. His physician suggested that this was very likely to aggravate his nervous headache, the only malady he was subject to in the prime of his manhood; and, contemplating with steady eye a course not only of unremitting but of increasing industry, he resolved to reverse his plan, and carried his purpose into execution with unflinching energy. In short, he had now adopted the habits in which, with very slender variation, he ever after persevered when in the country. He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation; for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those '*bed-gown-and-slipper tricks*,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language) 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast, a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, '*his own man*.' When the weather was bad he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was, to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to start on it by ten: his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness. It was another rule that every letter he received should be answered that same day. Nothing else could have enabled him to keep abreast with the flood of communications that in the sequel put his good-nature to the severest test: but already the demands on him in this way also were numerous; and he



included attention to them among the necessary business which must be despatched before he had a right to close his writing-box, or, as he phrased it, 'to say, "Out, damned spot!" and be a gentleman.' In turning over his enormous mass of correspondence, I have always invariably found some indication that, when a letter had remained more than a day or two unanswered, it had been so because he found occasion for inquiry, or deliberate consideration. I ought not to omit that, in those days, Scott was far too zealous a dragon not to take a principal share in the stable duty. Before beginning his desk-work in the morning, he uniformly visited his favourite steed; and neither Captain nor Lieutenant, nor the Lieutenant's successor, Brown Adam (so called after one of the heroes of the 'Minstrelsy'), liked to be fed except by him. The latter charger was, indeed, altogether intractable in other hands, though in his the most submissive of faithful allies. The moment he was bridled and saddled, it was the custom to open the stable-door as a signal that his master expected him; when he immediately trotted to the side of the leaping-on stone, of which Scott, from his lameness, found it convenient to make use, and stood there, silent and motionless as a rock, until he was fairly in his seat, after which he displayed his joy by neighing triumphantly through a brilliant succession of curvettings. Brown Adam never suffered himself to be backed but by his master. He broke, I believe, one groom's arm, and another's leg, in the rash attempt to tamper with his dignity. Camp was, at this time, the constant parlour dog. He was very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. As for the more locomotive Douglas and Percy, he kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that they might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said; and the animal, certainly, did understand not a little of it: in particular, it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him as a sensible and steady friend—the greyhounds as volatile young creatures, whose freaks must be borne with."

In a letter of Scott's to G. Ellis, about this time, we find a free opinion of one of Moore's juvenile performances, curiously enough engrossed on a defence of the indecencies of Dryden. "In making (says the writer) an edition of a man of genius's works for libraries and collections—and such I conceive a complete edition of Dryden to be—I must give my author as I find him, and will not tear out the page, even to get rid of the blot, little as I like it. Are not the pages of Swift, and even of Pope, larded with indecency, and often of the most disgusting kind; and do we not see them upon all shelves and dressing-tables, and all boudoirs? Is not Prior the most indecent of tale-tellers, not even excepting La Fontaine, and how often do we see his works in female hands? In fact, it is not passages of ludicrous indelicacy that corrupt the manners of a people—it is the sonnets which a prurient genius like Master Little sings *virginibus puerisque*—it is the sentimental slang, half lewd, half methodistic, that debauches the understanding, inflames the sleeping passions, and prepares the reader to give way as soon as a tempter appears."

Mr. Ellis's argument on the same question seems to be far more sound. He writes in return,—"I will not disturb you by contesting

any part of your ingenious apology for your intended *complete* edition of Dryden, whose genius I venerate as much you do, and whose negligences, as he was not rich enough to doom them to oblivion in his own life-time, it is, perhaps, incumbent on his editor to transmit to the latest posterity. Most certainly, I am not so squeamish as to quarrel with him for his immodesty on any moral pretence. Licentiousness in writing, when accompanied by wit, as in the case of Prior, La Fontaine, &c. is never likely to excite any *passion*, because every passion is serious; and the grave epistle of Eloisa is more likely to do moral mischief, and convey infection to love-sick damsels, than five hundred stories of Hans Carvel and Paulo Purgante. But whatever is, in point of expression, vulgar—whatever disgusts the taste—whatever might have been written by any fool, and is therefore unworthy of Dryden—whatever might have been suppressed, without exciting a moment's regret in the mind of any of his admirers,—ought, in my opinion, to be suppressed by any editor who should be disposed to make an appeal to the public taste upon the subject; because a man who was, perhaps, the best poet and best prose writer in the language—but it is foolish to say so much, after promising to say nothing."

And here, for the nonce, we conclude; only noticing an "observable" fact in a letter-writer of such boundless fertility as Scott, viz. that from London, February 1806, in writing to Lord Dalkeith (see pages 94, 95), he repeats every thing he had himself received from Mr. Ellis in a letter from Bath four days before (see pages 89, 90, 91). This is one of the perils of publishing correspondence: that which originally passed for our own is seen to be but a *risfamento* of what we have derived from others.

#### TEN POEMS.—Batch the Seventh.

1. *Flowers of Ebor.* By Thomas Crossley. Pp. 198. (London, Longman & Co.: Leyland, Halifax.)—To deny that this little volume possesses several poems of considerable merit, would be an untruth; and to pass over its many faults, without pointing out a few, would be an act of injustice even to its author. Whether it be sheer neglect, or a want of taste, that has caused Mr. Crossley to finish several of his stanzas so abruptly, and in so slovenly a way, we cannot tell; but certain we are, that he who wrote the second and third Sonnets to "A Moorland Cottage," might with but little labour have greatly improved such stanzas as the following, which, without going into the book in search of faults, we take from the first poems.

"Sent down to cheer man's thorny way,

Exalt him, and refine."

"To tears of joy instead."

"That spot on Eden is to thee,

In after years I woen."

To us, such jumping and inharmonious terminations as these, are as unpleasant as riding in a carriage along a road where masses of rough unsightly granite are placed at sundry distances, merely for the convenience of treating us with regular shaking fits. As to the "I woen," stuck there merely to fill up the line, we exclaim, "Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!" And yet, in spite of this apparent severity on our part, there are Flowers by the Ebor, well worth culling, bud, blossom, and bell, blowing in the full fragrance of beauty, and giving pleasure both to eye and mind. Pity that he who possesses so sweet a garden, should allow dock, and dandelion, and nettle, to deface its lovely beds. We await patiently for another spring, for 'tis a long winter.

2. *Poems. Original and Translated.* By Charles Percy Wyatt. B. A. Pp. 212. (London, Fraser.)—This volume contains several really beautiful sonnets, with a sprinkling of ballads, written after the ancient models, and some of them in nowise deficient of wild incident, and original adventure; and terminating in just such a pleasing and romantic manner, as would keep a novel-reading Miss awake a whole winter's night, and cause her to handle her fiddle-shaped tea-spoon, the next morning, after the most approved fashion in which Amazons handle their daggers. There is, however, nothing great in this work—no mighty thoughts,

"Piled high like cloud on cloud;"

no stanzas that sink into the heart, and send out the blood like rushing rivers, leaving a murmuring music on the lips, syllables we cannot but utter. Neither is there any thing so provokingly bad as to call down severe

censure. Several of the Translations are well and ably given; nor can we resist quoting a portion of one from Matthiesson, entitled "Laura at her Devotions."

"How she kneels! devotion deep and tender!  
(Such to innocence by Raphael given)—  
Clothed already in the immortal splendour  
That beams around th' inhabitants of heaven.  
Oh! she feels in motion soft and light,  
Feels with joy th' Almighty presence now;  
Views already yonder palm-clad height,  
Where the crown of glory waits her brow.  
Thus, her gentle bosom filled with feeling  
Pure as angel's confidence and love:  
Oh! to see this sainted suppliant kneeling,  
Is a glance into your world above."

What a beautiful picture these last two lines represent!

3. *The Bridal of Naworth.* Pp. 111. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)—This poem displays much power, both descriptive, imaginative, and murderous. Bloody-bones stalks through the pages with perfect ease, now using his dagger by way of amusement, or severing a limb just to keep his weapon from rusting, or pausing to make a short soliloquy over his "hatchet of horror," before it again encounter hearts, heads, and every variety of *edge-ware*. Such a poem may suit a few of the true lovers of the blood-red cross; but to us, who delight in "knights of the sky-blue flame or magical flagellates," it has but few charms: we have lost our vulture-relish, there is but little that is wolfish remaining in our eyes; if we let out blood, it is that of the grape; if we murder millions, they are miles; and we have even up our white-sheeted ghosts for white-bait. However much this volume abounds in the terrible, there is no denying that it possesses many merits, many passages that would lose nothing when read beside the picturesque pages of Scott, many scenes that are powerfully and vividly drawn, and many, many faults, which only long study and a better acquaintance with greater bards will enable the writer to remedy. There is much that we like, more that we abhor, and here and there passages that made us exclaim, "this author has the soul of a poet."

4. *Saint Cross, and other Poems.* Pp. 234. Winchester, printed for the Author. (London, Hamilton & Adams.)—This little volume is arranged in a few and rather pleasing manner, and presents pictures of the olden times, processions, and scenes only preserved in history or tradition, that are again brought before us in tolerable smooth verse, but devoid of those master-touches so necessary to the filling up of the canvases. There are several passages which, without sacrificing our critical judgment, we might venture to praise; but, on the other hand, there are so many naked patches on the picture, which genius would have filled with something pleasing, that we cannot say much in its praise. What is done is done passably, but tamely; there are no eagle-soarings above the silver-floating clouds, nor any descents of the sky-lark, that but alights to bury its speckled bosom amid the flowers; it is pretty, but not great, and pleasing to the smallest degree of pleasure.

5. *Ethelbert, an Epic Poem.* By Baker Peter Smith. Pp. 88.—This poem describes the conversion of the ancient Britons and Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, through the preaching of Saint Augustine. There are occasional passages that interest the reader, especially those in which the author dwells upon old customs, or attempts the description of a group, with arms and costume. Upon the whole, we would much rather have seen this subject in prose: it would have gained more readers, and the writer would have found more freedom for such a work; for, to us, his ideas appear at times too much cramped by the metre. It is, however, upon the whole well done, and displays considerable learning.

6. *Ernangarde: a Tale of the Twelfth Century; and other Poems.* By Eliza Heywood. Pp. 140. (Cheltenham, Williams; London, Longman and Co.)—It is two hours by the clock, since we last laid down our pen; it seems but that number of minutes, yet there has old Time perfumed his wings while flapping them over the flowery pages of Eliza Heywood's Poems. Miss Landon yet sends forth her voice of loveliest music; Caroline Bowles, also, showers her golden murmur from the sweetest of harp-strings; Mary Howitt yet opens her thin, eloquent lips, and breathes the melody of a thousand birds; and many others, whose names linger in our memory, like singing rivers, are still full-voiced; and last, but not least, we must introduce Eliza Heywood to her musical sisters, as one worthy of being numbered among the sweet-tongued choir. Her poetry is "beautiful exceedingly;" abounding in rich imagery and delicate thoughts, and full, to overflowing, of tenderness and feeling; while her versification is, at times, as smooth as the silvery-footed clouds, or a lake slumbering beneath the sunshine of a summer's noon. She dips her descriptive pencil in the rainbow, and glides her pages with the richest gold of sunset. It is long since we reviewed a volume of poems possessing so much sterling talent. *Ernangarde* is a gem; while the lesser lyrics remind us of the sweet effusions of Mrs. Hemans. We scorn to use any thing like half-praise towards a writer of so much promise as this lady. Within her soul burns the hallowed fire of genius—the true sterling poetic principle. But take the following description of Spring, which is very inferior to twenty other poems that we could have selected, but shows how genius can huddle even the most hacknied subject.

"The Spring-time, the Spring-time!

The spring-time, the spring-time, is it not fresh and gay—  
When the fairest flowers their offering bring, to deck  
The wreath of May;

When the skylark from his heather nest, or from the dew-scented lawn, (glancing down; Springs lightly with rejoicing voice, roused by the

When the blackbird plumes his jetty wing, and opens his golden bill (shrill; And tunes to pleasure's merry note his whistle clear and the speckled thrush, in softer tone, sings in the wood-lanched dells, (rustling bells; And the purple heath, to hail the morn, unfolds her

When the youthful shepherd counts his flock upon the grassy wild, (scented gold; Then rests beneath the prickly furze, with its flowers of the snowy lamb, with mimic strife, disport in gorgeous play, (beam of day; Or shrink beneath the emerald fern, from the glaring

The spring-time, the spring-time, is it not warm and bright— (new and light; When the noonday sun has robbed the earth in gorgeous— When the grasshopper is singing loud beneath the spreading trees, (labouring bees; And gorged with sweets, with flagging wing, still toll the

When the dragon-fly, with painted skin, floats o'er the sparkling pool (pure and cool; And the wearied cattle panting stand 'mid the brooklets Above the gelled waters play the aspen's quivering leaves, And the twittering swallow forms her nest beneath the cottage eaves;

When the speckled lizard darts to glide beyond the sheltering grass, (pass; While o'er his back the changeful hues in dim succession And the early rose unfolds her breast to hail the faithless ray (day; That casts her faded leaves to earth before the close of

The spring-time, the spring-time, is it not fresh and fair— When the falling dew in viewless showers perfumes the evening air;

When in the arching forest walks the nightingale is heard, (peering gale are stirred; And the tender leaves by the latest breath of the whispering flowers their sweetest scent give forth before they die, (glide by; And, mirrored in the dark blue stream, the white sail When, lengthening o'er the meadows wide, the hedge-row shadows fall, (forsets tall; Or 'mid the stems the golden light gleams through the

When the flagging breezes guide the flight of the purple clouds no more, (shore; And the ocean half forgets to urge his tides upon the The azure hills in pink are dyed, that skirt the blushing west, (his rest; And the sun his wearied coursers speeds to the mansion of

We have no doubt but that after this sample the stores will be visited.

7. *Belvedere. Baron Kolff, &c.* by Thomas Eagles, author of "Mountain Melodies." Pp. 246. (London, Whitaker and Co.)—This volume is an odd assemblage of good, bad, and indifferent; spoiled with petty conceits, weak expletives, and unnecessary epithets; yet, upon the whole, evincing considerable powers of thought and fancy, which, with care and pruning, might have been wrought into very respectable and gentlemanlike poetry, considering this matter-of-fact age. We have, for instance, such lines as the following, weakened by a quantity of useless words, merely to eke out the stanza.

"And close his scathed mortal reign."  
"Why doth he strain his anxious steadfast sight."  
"He had a wife, a beautiful, loving wife;  
A being fraught with virtue, good and kind."  
"His doting wife, and happy, lovely child."

But here is a verse, which to our ears conveys as much music as the whistling of a saw.

"My father was a soldier!—Oh! that men  
Can't live in peace, without the blast of war;  
Dread harbinger of woe!—what horrors then  
Would leave the earth.—Thy sanguine car,  
Thy implements of strife—Oh! hated Mars!  
Thy cannon's thunder, and thy hollow groans:  
Thy death-wounds dire—thy gaping, grumous scars;  
The parting spirit's plaintive dying moans—  
Fell, desolating god! blighter of joys and homes."

Mr. Eagles must do something better than this work, if his birds are to belong to Jove, or flap their broad wings above Parnassus. If he does not, his cryle will be reared amongst the owls and bats that build and hoot in the dark holes at the base of the mountain. There are a few things in his volume so very good, that we wonder at the many bad passages by which they are disgraced.

8. *Original and Select Hymns. A Companion to "Sacred Poetry."* Pp. 336. (London, John Van Voorst.)—One of the very best selections that we have met with for some time, amid this age and rage for compilation. The pieces are not only tastefully selected, but carefully and judiciously arranged; while the original poems (of which there is a considerable portion) breathe both the pure spirit of piety and poetry. Many of them, too, are fraught with that hallowed feeling which pervades the finest passages of Cowper. There is also a sweet vignette, after Bartolozzi.

9. *Xeniola. Poems, including Translations from Schiller and De La Motte Fouquet*, by John Anster, LL.D. author of "Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery," from Goethe. Pp. 174. (Dublin, Milliken and Son; London, Longman and Co.)—This volume contains much

powerful poetry, and shews a mind tinged with that deep and dreamy philosophy of thought in which the imaginings of Coleridge are embodied. A solemn shadow seems to slumber on its pages, here and there broken and intersected with a wild, branchy, and varied light, like that which streams through the painted window of some ruined abbey, and glids shrine, altar, and column with hues that seem to belong to another world. Sometimes we glide along beside a spirit of solitude, that harkens us to lonely islets, between shadowy rocks and overhanging crags, gloomy, and terrible as the grave; then we catch the sound of airy tongues, that seem singing between us and the sky, or glide over landscapes, such as we see only in our dreams. It is, in a word, such poetry as all may brood over with pleasure; but so full of deep thoughts and closely woven beauties, that poets only can wholly fathom them. Such, for instance, is the "Elegy," which, to only a matter-of-fact mind, would be as much understood as some of those isolated thoughts of Milton's when

"Silence was pleased."

We regret that our limits prevent us from giving an extract; and can only conclude by saying, that it is long since we have perused so original and striking a volume.

10. *An Autumn Dream: Thoughts on the Intermediate State of Happy Spirits, &c.* by John Shepherd, author of "Thoughts on Devotion," &c. Pp. 337. (London, Hall.)—This seems to be an excursion (but not Wordsworth's) into the world of spirits, where we are treated to a strange *mélange* of beings and incidents, such as people the pages of Emanuel Swedenborg. There are, really, several beautiful descriptions of celestial, or terrestrial, or rather fairy-land scenery in the volume; but the chain of reasoning is so mystified, so cleverly incomprehensible, that we could as soon understand Shan Von Shikraff's "History of the World before the Creation," as grapple with some of these passages. That the author's intention is well meant, we have no doubt; for, in spite of a few wild, peculiar notions, which here and there spring up, there is still a moral, and sometimes truly religious vein of feeling, flowing through the work. We have no doubt that some favoured few, recipients of the new light, may gather pleasure and benefit from its perusal; but to us, we must candidly confess, it has the appearance of outer darkness. The verification is, occasionally, very melodious; and, as we have before said, some of the descriptions beautiful.

*Gentleman Jack. A Naval Story.* By the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. London, 1837. Colburn.

UNLESS possessed of more than common merit we should guess that the public is becoming rather tired of naval stories and tales of the sea. The glut of such publications has been enough to induce a certain degree of that nausea which is peculiar to the element; and the repetition of morning guns has amounted to so continued a fire of artillery, that the cracking is disregarded. A few, it may be observed in carrying on the simile, have been well shot; but the greater number have been mere blank cartridges, such as are fired at Reviews, and exploded in Magazines, with much more of noise than effect, and more of scattering than aim.

There is another part of this system which we think has been pursued too long to be acceptable: we allude to the appearance of a series of papers in some periodical work, which are immediately afterwards published in volumes. Now, many people do not want to buy the same article twice, and yet these "continuations" must be taken, or you lose all their companions; and then to have them in their best form you have to purchase separately what is already in your possession. Such things, therefore, become the dead weights of popular magazines. A good deal also depends upon the character of the production. A narrative of continued and unbroken interest is altogether unfit for "to be continued" and broken appearances; while sketchy and insulated scenes (allowing them to be connected by a thread, though we do not consider these so proper as separate essays) are most fit for that course, and less suited for the collected shape. There are certainly some skilful and clever exceptions to these rules, which, nevertheless, are generally applicable; for there are not many writers who, in this respect, possess the tact of a Hook, a Poole, a Dickens, or a Lover.

The present performance, it seems to us, might have been cut up into a few periodical articles, with more success than it can expect as a three-volume fiction, or rather commixture of fiction with reality. We are told it is the genuine biography of a naval officer; and, indeed, it bears the marks of authenticity in that light. But in holding to the authentic, it loses the interest of able invention; and, what is worse, it presents us, in too many instances, the coarseness and vulgarity of sailor language and adventure. What midshipmen, or others, may say or do when ashore, may be painted in a manner perfectly true to life: but what is the result? The description does not engage the imagination, while it offends and disgusts the taste. Gentleman Jack may act like a young scamp at Portsmouth Point, and Boatswain Pipes, with his trull-wife, may commit every kind of grossness on board a man-of-war; but, surely, the best accounts of such matters are the least calculated to amuse the general class of novel readers, and are decidedly objectionable to be laid before the purer portion of them. With these impressions strongly upon our mind, though there are some good parts in these volumes, pictures of society in different climes, &c. &c., we must conclude, without extract or example, by saying that they do not display talent enough, if any talent could be enough, to recommend them to the favour of the public.

*The Picaroon.* By the Author of "Makanna." 3 vols. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

IT is now some three years since we noticed "Makanna" (*Literary Gazette*, No. 896, March 22, 1834), and spoke of it as displaying in parts a rich and wild invention, with an imagination very undisciplined, and, as a whole, incongruous, forced, and extravagant. Still we beheld in it those qualities which induced us to hope for "better things." This hope is not, we regret to say, realised in the *Picaroon*. The imagination is still as undisciplined, and the invention, if not so rich, is quite as wild. Bristol smuggling, arson, piracy, and murder, are connected with Calabrian carbonari-ism, robbery, and slaughter; and the writer leaps so from theme to theme, and group to group, that it is with much difficulty we can follow or make out the story. The want of clearness is its irretrievable drawback. In other respects, many of the actions are incredible, without being romantic; and the only praise we can fairly bestow is upon some passages of striking description, and some happy thoughts expressed in forcible language.

*A History of England, from the first Invasion by the Romans.* By John Lingard, D. D. Vol. I. Baldwin and Cradock.

IT is not our intention, at present, to offer any observations upon this History, which is so well known, further than to notice that Dr. Lingard's researches have brought to light much important information; whilst his peculiar views, as a Roman Catholic, have given a tinge to many controverted questions and characters, which prevent its being received as an undoubted authority in all cases where religion is concerned. The present is, nevertheless, the fourth edition of his valuable labours, and brought out, according to the current fashion, in neat, cheap monthly volumes, this being the first of thirteen, in which the undertaking is to be completed.

A very striking likeness of the author, from an original painting by Mr. Lover, and engraved by L. Stocks, forms a most appropriate and interesting frontispiece to the work, and is

in itself an admirable specimen of art. There is also a splendid vignette, of the surrender of Caractacus, by E. Goodall, after a drawing by W. Harvey.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*An Essay on Man's Moral Agency, &c. with Observations on Education*, by R. J. Nelson, A.M. Pp. 199. (London, Baldwin, and Cradock.)—An able essay, containing many very sensible and useful observations, both on old systems and new views.

*Elements of Practical Knowledge, with Illustrations*. Pp. 232. (London, Van Voorst.)—One of those useful compilations which are well calculated to afford the young inquirer information on many subjects. A good index points the way, and, by question and answer, the intelligence is simply given.

*A Practical Compendium of the Diseases of the Skin, &c.*, by Jonathan Green, M.D. 8vo, pp. 371. (London, Whittaker.)—We are glad to see a second edition of this valuable work. No man has investigated the subject more closely and acutely than Dr. Green; and no man has done more towards discovering remedies for the painful complaints connected with it. We have here the bane and antidote ably described and applied.

*Tales about the Sun, Moon, and Stars*, by Peter Parley. (London, Tegg.)—The eclipse of the moon reminds us that we owe a favourable notice to this clever and excellent volume, which has deservedly reached a second edition, and obtained some very beneficial improvements. Under the sobriquet of Peter Parley, and the transatlantic reference, we recognise, we believe, Mr. Kendall, the popular author of "Keeper's Travels," and of several most agreeable and instructive publications. The young owe him a debt of gratitude for the present well-executed guide to astronomical studies.

*The Parlor Book, &c.*, by W. Martin. (London, Darton.)—A similar production by the author of "The Christian's Lacer," &c. and judiciously devised to inform youth on subjects of science and the arts, under the form of familiar conversations. To direct their minds to the interesting phenomena of nature, they could hardly have a more simple and attractive companion.

**PAMPHLETS.**—Among the pamphlets of the day we have to notice *A Reply to the Anglo-Christiano Pamphlet, entitled The Policy of England towards Spain*, by W. Walton. (London, Hatchard and Son; Booth; Baily and Co.) which assumes that the latter proceeded from Lord Palmerston, and strongly argues against the positions of our foreign secretary. As the subject has been debated for three nights in the House of Commons, we do not intrude any of our remarks upon readers.—*Review of C. S. Lloyd's Letter to the Constituents, &c.*, by W. Blacker. Pp. 79. (London, Groombridge.) The author combats the opinions of the chairman of the select committee on the present state of agriculture. He considers redundancy of corn crops to be the cause of distress; and advises the cultivation of other crops as the only remedy.—*Instructions for the Establishment of Friendly Societies, Savings Banks, &c.* We believe we owe this patriotic and useful production to the pen of Mr. Tidd Pratt. It is a work of national value and importance; and, with great distinctness, points out the best modes for forming and conducting Friendly Societies, Savings Banks, Government Annuity Societies, and Loan Societies; each of which, in their way, are admirably calculated to promote individual comfort and public prosperity.—*Structures on the Proposed Poor Law for Ireland, as recommended by C. Nicholls, &c.* Pp. 90. (London, Ridgways.) The author handles Mr. Nicholls's report rather severely, and treats it as a crude and superficial performance, which ought not to be relied on for legislation.—*National Impolicy of the High Duty on Tobacco*. Pp. 27. (London, Vacher.) Contents that extensive smuggling is the consequence of a too high rate of duty; fifty millions of pounds of tobacco being annually consumed, and only twenty-two millions accounted for to the revenue; a loss of four millions a-year, and much of it sent out of the kingdom in specie.—*The Java Question*, by a Dutchman. Pp. 48. (London, Macrae.) Defends the Dutch government from any charge of breach of faith in respect to its conduct towards Great Britain connected with Java.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

**APRIL 24.** J. R. Gower, Esq. in the chair.—Read a memoir on the northern frontier of Greece, by Lieutenant-Colonel Baker. Commencing at the western extremity, resting on the sea, the new boundary line, decided upon by the commissioners of the allied powers, crosses the promontory of Actium; thence traverses the gulf of Arta, in a north-east direction, about 16 miles, and strikes the coast-line at a point where one of the lower off-sets of the Macrin-oros range abuts boldly upon the sea: it is thence carried over the eastern slope of the basin inclosing the gulf of Arta, in a direction E.N.E. for about 15 miles; in

which distance it crosses the river Doubsa, and ascends the course of the river Comboti for about eight miles, to the source of its principal tributary in the plateau of Millia; thence along a well-defined ridge, the line attains the summit of Kelona, so called from the resemblance which this mountain, when seen from a distance, bears to a tortoise, both in its hump-shaped form, and in the variegated spots of heath, pine, and rock, scattered over its western face. It is, also, the most prominent and remarkable of the chain which encircles the gulf of Arta. The portion of the line here described may be said to cover all the principal approaches to Western Greece: the passes of the Macrin-oros, as well as the ridge of Drimonari, afford an excellent position for its defence. The valley of the Comboti, as well as the general face of the country between the gulf of Arta and the river Aspro, is covered with thick wood, increasing in size, and varying in character, in the ascent from the sea-coast to Mount Kelona; the lower levels abounding with many varieties of the oak and plane, and, occasionally, a dense underwood of arbutus, prickly oak, mastic, and other shrubs, whilst the upper slopes are studded with remarkably fine pines and silver-firs. Hellenic remains occur in three spots in this distance. From the summit of Kelona to that of Gabrovo, and thence to the wooded height of Itamo, the line traverses the basin of the river Aspro, including its tributaries, in an E.N.E. direction, for 34 miles. Descending by the precipitous bed of a mountain torrent, it reaches the Aspro between the bridges of Korakos and Tartarina, which are the only means of communication across the river, when swollen by winter rains. Both these bridges are remarkable for the boldness of their design; that of Korakos, especially, is, perhaps, unrivalled in the hardihood and lightness of its structure. The span of the arch measures 132 feet; length of roadway, from rock to rock, 181 feet; whilst the width, including a narrow and very low parapet, does not exceed seven feet eight inches; and the height above the bed of the river is 125 feet. The rocks on either side rise perpendicularly to a great height, and nothing can be more striking than this narrow rib of masonry, connecting the two precipitous banks of the Aspro, at the point where it issues in a romantic glen from the wild gorges of the Agrafiot mountains, and in a situation where the traveller is least prepared to meet with so beautiful and singular a triumph of the skill of the engineers, resembling more the flying buttress of some light Gothic edifice, than a substantial and permanent communication for man and beast over the foaming torrent of the first river in Greece. At Mount Bugikaki the boundary line attains the central chain of Pindus, which has a general direction of N.N.W. and S.S.E., by a crest  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length. The usual formation of this part of the Agrafiot range is calcareous, varying much in character, and with strata very highly inclined. No rocks of a primitive character were observed, though in the more northern range of Pindus both serpentine and granite are found in abundance. From Papa to Pedama the river Platari appears to have forced its way through a wall of rock, many hundred feet in perpendicular height; the rock on either hand approaching so closely, that a traditional legend in support of the name denotes its having been leapt across by some active priest. It can scarcely excite surprise that the events of the last twenty years should have had a withering effect upon these parts of Greece. Even during the lifetime of Ali Pashá of Jannina, the wild in-

habitants of these secluded glens were only kept in awe by the strong arm of the despot; but at his death, and after the revolution in Greece, the habits of the people degenerated into the reckless calling of mere Kleftic hordes. Many villages have, in consequence, disappeared, others are reduced to a heap of ruins. Patrillo, noted by Colonel Leake, in 1805, as the second town of Agrafa, had, in 1832, only two inhabited houses! From Mount Bugikaki the boundary line descends the great chain of Pindus to the cave of Spilia Kamako, the principal source of the Karitza, which here rushes from the perpendicular face of the rock, in a stream of considerable force. From the mouth of this river the line ascends to Mount Itamo, a double-topped peak, thickly covered with pines; thence in a S.S.E. direction, thirteen miles along the crest of a line of hills, to the neck of Zacharachi Vrisi, the connecting link of the chains of Othrys and Eta with the main chain of Pindus, and the line of separation of waters between the basins of the Aspro, the Sperchius, and the Salembria. This spot, so interesting in a geographical, and important in a political light, was ascertained to be eleven miles N.E. of Veluchi, the ancient Tymphrastus. Hence, to the eastern coast, the line runs along Mount Othrys, till it descends to the gulf of Volo, in the Bay of Surbie, including the Pass of Thermopylae, which had been specially assigned to Greece, a few miles within the frontier line. The whole line, including its sinuities, extends over a distance of 137 miles; which is defined, where no physical feature is sufficiently conspicuous, by land-marks, 95 in number. Whenever the boundary happened to approach or to intersect any inhabited district, the most intense anxiety naturally prevailed amongst all classes of the population to profit by the advantages the new territorial division presented. A very remarkable instance of this occurred in the village of Janitzare, consisting of about sixty well-built houses, many of them of stone, and of two stories in height, and two small chapels; with the inhabitants, like all the rural population, wholly Greek. This village, placed about 200 yards below the ridge of Othrys, on the northern slope, having necessarily, from its situation, been consigned to Turkey, the inhabitants, finding any alteration in the line, in amendment of their position, impossible, set themselves to work to remedy the inconvenience by transferring their locale; and, by the following year, notwithstanding the opposition of the Turkish authorities, they had removed the materials of their houses, stone by stone, to the southern slope of the hill, within the Greek frontier. This memoir was illustrated by a very beautiful map of the line of country, laid down on a large scale, which will be an invaluable addition to our scanty stock of topographical detail of this part of Greece.—It was announced to the meeting, that the Geographical Society of Paris had recently awarded a medal to our gallant countryman, Captain Back, for his discoveries, in 1834, in the Arctic Ocean: a third instance of such liberality.

## ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The first general meeting took place at the Thatched House, on Wednesday, and was attended by a number of the nobility, and eminent naturalists and men of science. The report of the provisional committee was received, and the plan and regulations recommended by it were unanimously adopted, and a managing council elected to carry the design into effect. We have already expressed our opinion of

this excellent association, to the future progress of which we shall pay every attention.

### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 20th April.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts.*—F. T. Scott, Worcester College; Rev. G. Austen, St. John's College; Rev. H. B. Williams, Fellow, New College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—G. P. Carew, New Inn Hall, Grand Compounder; W. Benn, Queen's College; R. Dalton, University College; W. S. Crowdy, Lincoln College; Hon. C. L. Courtenay, Hon. G. C. Talbot, Christ Church; W. J. Burgess, Exeter College; E. Smith, F. A. Bowles, J. B. Anstle, Magdalen Hall; E. M. Leod, Worcester College; C. Badham, Scholar, Wadham College; A. Morgan, Trinity College; W. S. Thomson, Jesus College; T. H. Lloyd, M. D. French, Brasenose College; G. M. Bullock, Fellow, St. John's College; R. P. Buller, B. C. Bridges, Oriel College; R. J. Oliver, Pembroke College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 19th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Honorary Master of Arts.*—F. G. J. Foster, Trinity College.

*Masters of Arts.*—W. H. Trentham, Fellow, St. John's College; Rev. H. A. Bishop, Catharine Hall, Compounder; Rev. A. Phillips, Jesus College; G. P. Phillips, Trinity College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—F. Ricardo, W. Smyth, Trinity College; W. C. Sharpe, E. R. Golightly, W. Armstrong, St. John's College; R. B. Jukes, R. K. Cook, W. H. Smith, J. Chadwick, Corpus Christi College; W. Nicholson, H. N. Heale, F. Ibbotson, J. Wright, Christ's College; F. Simpson, J. Sabben, A. Scrivenor, Queen's College; G. Gibson, Catharine Hall; W. R. F. Boggs, Trinity Hall; F. F. Trench, Magdalen College; G. Green, C. P. Miles, Caius College.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—The concluding portion of Major Sabine's paper on Mr. Douglas's Observations made on the Western Coast of North America, was read. The first section refers to geographical observations; the second, to magnetical: both are tabulated. The introduction of another paper by Mr. Murphy, being an Analysis of the Roots of Equations, was also read, and reference made to the tables annexed. A third communication, entitled, On the first changes in the ova of Mammifera, by Mr. Jones, was likewise read. From the title of this paper, it will be seen that its details, and they are curious as well as interesting, would be out of place in our columns. Professor Ehrenberg, Mons. Becquerel, Professor Mirbel, and Admiral Krusenstern, were balloted for, and elected foreign members.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday, the annual meeting, the President, the Earl of Ripon, took the chair; and, after hearing the report of proceedings, and going through other routine business, his lordship read a very admirable address on the occasion. He drew touching characters of the Bishop of Salisbury, the first president, now lost to the Society; and of Dr. Richards and Sir Francis Freeling, who have also died within the year, the former having bequeathed it a very considerable legacy. The noble lord then took a fine and philosophical view of the effects of the general and rapid diffusion of knowledge in our times; and pointed out the absolute necessity for taking means to render this a blessing to mankind, and not suffering it to be perverted into a curse. His lordship glanced at the progress of literature in America, the East Indies, Persia, Turkey, and Egypt, illustrating his views with interesting particulars and remarks, which, as the address was voted to be printed, we will not mar by an imperfect report. The whole was listened to with marked attention, and thanks given to the author with unanimous applause. The officers for the ensuing year were elected, and the meeting adjourned.

### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Monday, the Society held their annual meeting for election of the president, council, and officers, Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—At the close of the ballot, the president and officers were declared re-elected; and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Messrs. Bidwell, Brandreth, D. Burton, Cooper, Rev. P. Hunt, Sir F. Madden, the Marquess of Northampton, Sir G. T. Staunton, and Mr. Westmacott, were chosen into the council, in the room of Mr. Blore, Dr. Burney, the Rev. J. B. Deane, Sir R. H. Inglis, the Bishop of Llandaff, Messrs. Markland, Parker, Rosser, Saunders, and Stapleton, who retired.—After the election, the Society dined at the Freemasons' Tavern.

### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Horticultural, 1 P.M. (Anniversary); Royal Institution, 2 P.M. (Anniversary); British Architects, 3 P.M. (Anniversary); Entomological, 8 P.M. [We observe with pleasure the announcement of other lectures, which may properly be classed with those we are in the habit of thus weekly noticing; namely, a series of six on German literature, commencing this day at 3 o'clock, at Willis's Rooms, by one of our most distinguished German scholars, Mr. Thomas Carlyle. These are to be followed up by a similar series, on the literature of France, by Baron de Lagarde, Membre de l'Institut, &c.]

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. Luiking on Cometary Astronomy); Architectural Society (Essay by Mr. T. L. Walker); United Service Museum (Dr. Ritchie on Rope, Wire, Chain Bridges, &c. &c.)

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; Western Literary, 8½ P.M. (Mr. Hanhart on Lithography).

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 1 P.M. (Anniversary).

### FINE ARTS.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

YESTERDAY, the king did the Royal Academy the honour of opening their new rooms in person. His majesty was received by the president, and the other officers of the institution, who conducted him through the various apartments. After the departure of the king, the possessors of tickets for a private view of the approaching exhibition were admitted. We ascended the noble flight of stairs, and entered the rooms with mingled feelings of regret and gratification: of regret, at the dissolution for ever of all the pleasurable associations connected with Somerset House, and the illustrious names that shed glory on its early history; of gratification, at beholding the superior accommodation now enjoyed by the Academy, and the vigorous and successful efforts made to mark so interesting an occasion, by a more than ordinary display of their talents. As we proceeded, the latter feeling increased; and our breasts dilated with triumph, as we gazed at the brilliant and magnificent proofs before us of our country's genius. To such of our readers as did not visit these new rooms when they contained the designs of the architects who were candidates for the rebuilding of the houses of parliament, it may not be uninteresting to learn, that those appropriated to painting are five in number (one larger than the rest, and all on the same floor); that they are not too lofty; and that the light is excellent. They are distinguished by the names,—*East Room, Middle Room, West Room, Drawings and Miniatures, and Architecture. Of the Sculpture Room* we cannot speak so favourably: it is on the ground floor, and has cross lights; but this defect can be easily remedied. At any rate, the sculptors are infinitely better off than when their works were huddled together in a little dark parlour in the Strand.

We do not know what the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy may have been when the productions of Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Wilson, graced the walls; but we can declare from personal observation that, during the last forty years, there has not been an exhibition even approximating to the present in interest and splendour. It contains nearly 200 more works; and there is a much greater proportion of large and important pictures than in any former assemblage of a similar kind; and they are admirably arranged. The *tout ensemble* is, indeed, most imposing.

Necessarily reserving for our next and succeeding Numbers any detailed account of the various productions of art which compose the collection, we must content ourselves at present with merely congratulating the members of the Royal Academy on this most honourable result of their labours, and wishing them, in their new domicile, and through a long course of years, that prosperity to which they have justly entitled themselves.

### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS— IN WATER-COLOURS.

THIS charming Exhibition was opened to the public on Monday last. The brilliant talents and persevering industry of the members of the Society, during the long period of 33 years, have established for it such a name, that the announcement of the mere fact is sufficient to excite general attention and interest. We proceed to notice a few of the varied and well-selected works which now grace the walls of the Gallery.

37. *The Raft*. S. Bentley.—Of this performance it may justly be said, that it is an exhibition of itself. The artist could not have chosen a subject better calculated for the display of his powers. Mr. Bentley's performance attracts peculiar admiration by the skill with which he has filled a space of such ample dimensions, without a void in any one part to diminish the interest. The vision of the distant wreck, the furious war of the elements, and the perilous condition of the poor wretches whose lives depend on the frail tenure of a few booms and spars hastily bound together, will occupy the imagination of the spectator long after the picture itself has been withdrawn from his sight.

38. *Othello relating his Adventures*. W. Lake Price.—The name is new to us, and we welcome the appearance of the work which bears it with the same feeling we should that of a performer whose *début* gave more than promise of excellence in the histrionic art. The interior (for such it is, although the figures, as adjuncts, are well suited to occupy a place in it) is resplendent in its character; combining every conceivable variety of brilliant colours and costly materials. We congratulate the Society on the accession of a member who does so much credit to their choice.

120. *The Horn of Egremont Castle*. G. Cattermole.—Surprise and alarm are finely and variously expressed in the countenances of the different personages who compose the groups in this romantic subject, according as they are more or less excited by the sudden sound that breaks in upon the revelry of usurped possession. Wordsworth's lines,

"'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace,  
He is come to claim his right,"

are admirably embodied by Mr. Cattermole's skill, while the fancy is left to form its own picture of the approaching catastrophe.

316. *A Spy of the Christiano Army brought before the Carlist General-in-Chief, Zumalacarré*.

*carregui.* J. F. Lewis.—We cannot withhold our admiration of this performance as a work of art; and, as the illustration of a romantic adventure, we should find pleasure in its pictorial character, but, alas! for the terror of the subject. It is no tale of fiction or of former times, but one of the present period, and we fear of almost daily occurrence: and that in a country, of which the dance of the bolero and the serenade of the lover, once formed the chief and best characteristics.

79. *Village Choristers Rehearsing.* J. M. Wright.—In happy contrast to the above, we are here presented with a picture of past days, although not sufficiently remote to be out of the memory of some. The abstracted and absorbed attention of the performers in the principal group, and the varied character of expression and accompanying action, would not discredit the pencil of Hogarth, or fail to call up the descriptive powers of a comic lecturer,\* to whose times the representation evidently belongs. Character without caricature, and expression without extravagance, happily united with grace and elegance where called for, will invariably be found in the works of this able artist.

83. *The Widow.* J. W. Wright.—Evidently the portrait of a mother and child: a subject interesting to every one, and treated with so much elegance of conception, and purity of execution, that we cannot fancy any work of the kind transcending it in pictorial excellence.

44. *Scarborough; early Morning; clearing off of a Storm.* Copley Fielding.—In the effect of light, and in the character of waves, Mr. Fielding has here manifested his accustomed skill. The versatility of his powers is exhibited in 78, *The Fairy Lake; scene from La Mort d'Arthur.* Here he has drawn upon his imagination for one of the most beautiful and enchanting visions that tranquil slumbers ever presented to the mind's eye of poet or painter.

251. *The Barber.* W. Hunt.—We know not if the visitors to the gallery will thank us for calling off their attention from the above exquisite creation of fancy to one of the whimsical realities of common life. The powers of this truly original artist appear to be inexhaustible, and his memory of fitting expression is most tenacious; for such intensity of apprehended pain in the countenance of the urchin on whom the operation of clipping his locks is about to be performed, could have been but momentary in the prototype. The illustrative print of Samson and the Philistines is a happy thought.

97. *A View on the Thames near Kingston.* 266. *Summer View on the Thames.* P. De Wint.—That noble river, the Thames, with all its pleasurable associations, never appeared to greater advantage than in these two delightful representations of its placid and pastoral features.

115. *Morning of the 12th of August.* 123. *Evening of the 12th of August.* F. Taylor.—These are no dandy sportsmen; although we have no doubt that their dogs are well trained, and their shots sure. They have all the rude picturesque of form and character to which Mr. Taylor's masterly style of execution is so happily adapted. At home in all such subjects, we think his powers are seen to most advantage in 270, *The Regimental Farrier*;—we wish it had been placed more on a level with the eye.

85. *Windsor Castle from Clewer; sunrise.* Frederick Nash.—This noble object of historical

and picturesque interest is here depicted under a most brilliant and striking effect.

174. *Venice.* J. D. Harding.—Has there ever been an exhibition of which Venice has not constituted a principal feature? Not of late, we think. Although it might be invidious to say that the present view is the climax of its representations, we can safely pronounce it, both in form and in colour, to be among the most masterly and splendid.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Pearls of the East; or, Beauties from Lalla Rookh.* Designed by Fanny Corboux; drawn on stone by Louisa Corboux. Tilt.

AND a charming string of pearls they are. Whoever has noticed, and as a necessary consequence admired, the peculiar qualities of Miss Fanny Corboux's pencil, may easily anticipate the success of her "attempt to embody the female characters of 'Lalla Rookh';" to render those bright creations of the poet's fancy as familiar to the eye as they already are to the mind and to the heart." In twelve well-selected subjects, she has depicted oriental beauty in all its varieties of voluptuous languor and fascinating vivacity. They are all sufficiently bewitching; but, if we were allowed to throw the handkerchief to any of them, it would certainly be to "the lovely Lalla Rookh" herself; or "the young and enchanting Nourmahal." Miss Louisa Corboux has done her sister's designs great justice. "It is the first work," says the Preface, "consisting entirely of figures, in which application has been made of the newly discovered powers of lithography;—the production, namely, of the most delicate gradations of white on a tinted ground, from the faintest lights to the most brilliantly relieved touches." One of the finest exemplifications of the value of these "newly discovered powers," is the tasteful vignette in the title-page.

*A Scene at Bolton Abbey, in the Olden Time.* Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.; engraved by Samuel Cousins, A.R.A. Boys.

WE have not forgotten the impression which the original of this noble print made upon us, when we first saw it at Somerset House, three years ago. Frequently as Mr. Landseer's powers had excited our admiration, we certainly considered this production his *chef-d'œuvre*, and expressed our opinion of it accordingly. It gave us great pleasure, therefore, to hear that Mr. Cousins was employed in transferring it to copper. The result of his labours is now lying before us; and, unquestionably, a more splendid and highly finished mezzotint engraving never appeared. To say nothing of the extraordinary beauty of the execution, technically regarded, Mr. Cousins has been eminently successful in preserving the character of the various personages who form the interesting group. The venerable and dignified prior, the attendant lay-brother, the sturdy forester, the abashed falconer, and the charming peasant girl, are all rendered with a spirit and fidelity deserving of the highest praise. Nor are the dead game, the dogs, the fish, and the other accessories of this rich composition, less entitled to commendation. So admirable is the whole, that the absence of colours is scarcely felt to be a deficiency.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

DR. WILLIAM CUMMIN.

THIS gentleman's decease took place on Thursday, the 10th instant, at his residence, Great

Russell Street. He fell a victim to the ardour and perseverance with which he pursued his professional and literary studies. Although deeply imbued with all the learning of his profession, and qualified by the most refined education to adorn its highest rank, extensive practice he never enjoyed. He was chiefly known to the public as a teacher of forensic medicine at the Aldersgate Street school. His lectures on that interesting subject, as published in the *Medical Gazette*, exhibit the profound knowledge of the medical jurist, with all the elegant accomplishments of the scholar. To his profession he was known as a writer in the *Medical Gazette*; in which journal he distinguished himself by his contributions on every matter connected with medical literature. His writings were marked by extreme accuracy, correctness of style, exactness of knowledge, and elegance of expression. A tone of truth characterised all that he said, and all that he wrote. Against quackery and vain pretension he waged continual warfare, and ceased not to uphold, against ignorance and prejudice, the honour and the dignity of his profession. He was honest as a reviewer, and never allowed himself to be flattered or frightened into a false panegyric, or an unjust condemnation of any work, by any author, be he what or who he might. He had a passion for knowledge which he pursued to the last moment of his life, with singular devotion. In the University of Dublin he had won the highest honours, and with the principal continental languages was familiar. His habits were those of a retired student; but the few individuals who knew his heart loved him not less for the excellence of his disposition, his candour, and steady friendship, than for his high and cultivated talents.

#### SKETCHES.

##### STRANGE ADVENTURE.

IT was on the morning of St. George's day—and, I regret to add, of the last Sabbath—that, having been kept extremely late discussing the "*Elements*" of a potent Scottish philosopher, under his own roof, I wandered darkling homewards before the break of day. The first streak of dawn, a dim shadowy line of a dunnish hue, however, just *horizontalised* the east, as I crossed Pall Mall,—took a lamplight glance at the inimitable bronze horse, on which Wyatt has mounted, in his habit as he lived, the venerated form of the third George,—and cast my thoughts forward to the noble portico of St. Martin's Church, when suddenly the sound of voices in angry contention over my head, struck upon my astonished ears. On one side there seemed to be the subdued roar of the Lion, and on the other the angry growl of the Bear; so rough and inharmonious was the noise in the upper regions of the air! Yet the speech was human, though the accents were not; and the language was English, though the tones were brutal. Had I been near the Zoological Gardens, I should not have been so puzzled; but at Charing Cross—I could not tell what to make of it. At length, gazing up in wonder, as the atmosphere became a trifle more clear, I discovered, to my yet greater amazement, that the

#### DIALOGUE

WAS CARRIED ON BETWEEN

*The Lion* on the top of Northumberland House and *Mr. Wilkins*, the architect of, on the top of, the New National Gallery!!!

As, it may readily be imagined, there was not much of courtesy between the two: the Lion seemed the most polite, Mr. Wilkins the

\* George Alexander Stevens, the celebrated lecturer on heads.



most surly. Sometimes their voices fell, and I could not make out what they said; but when they spoke louder the words fell towards the street, and I distinctly made out the following passages of their colloquy:—

*Wilkins.* You are an old, ignorant, and impudent ass to censure my work; what can a Gothic monster like you know of the pure Grecian, the Doric, the Ionic, the Tuscan, the Corinthian, the—

*The Lion.* Truce to your calling names, my friend. In my day, taste in architecture was quite as well understood as it is now; and, assuredly, if any progress has since been made in the art, it cannot be laid to your door, with your Doric nonsense and trumpery.

*Wilkins.* Hollo! you brute, what do you mean?

*The Lion.* Simply, that you have made as pretty a piece of national butchery with your National Gallery as ever was perpetrated.

*Wilkins.* And who the devil are you? Who taught you to judge of your superiors?

*The Lion.* Whether the offspring of Bernard Jansen, or Gerard Christmas, or Moses Glover, it matters not.\* Whoever was my parent knew that "Omnes homines, non solum architecti, quod est bonum possunt probare: sed inter idiotas et eos hoc est discrimen, quod idiotas, nisi factum viderent, non potest scire quid futurum sit. Architectus autem simul animo constituerit, antequam incesserit, et venustate, et usu, et decore, quale sit futurum, habet definitum."

*Wilkins.* What is all this about? I don't understand Greek.

*The Lion.* Greek! It is Latin: it is Virgil, whom you translated.

*Wilkins.* Oh! is it? What does it mean, then?

*The Lion.* It means, that "that which is obviously good, not architects only, but all men are able to appreciate. But between architects and idiots the difference is this: that an idiot cannot judge of the effect of a work till he sees it done; whilst an architect, the moment he has conceived his design, has its beauty, its utility, its propriety, all present to his eyes before he begins."

*Wilkins.* Well, well, I thank you for the compliment—say no more about it.

*The Lion.* You thank me for the compliment! why, it is the heaviest censure I could pass upon you.

*Wilkins.* Bah! you're a—lion.

*The Lion.* You would use the other epithet if you durst. But come, I'll make an example of you, any how. You speak of my old friend, the portico of St. Martin's church, as a poor

work—nothing to your Stinkomalee, which, thank Heaven! I have never seen; and you vaunt your higher genius: "I should have passed a great many years of useless study if I could not design something very superior to this portico." Now, look at your own portico! Where is the fine depth of St. Martin's, even allowing the intercolumniations to be a little too wide; and what, in the name of the ridiculous, are these two strange-breasted ferocious doing in the centre, the one riding on the crupper of a horse, and the other on the rump of a camel?

*Wilkins.* The women are fancies of mine; and, as for the portico, is it not edged in the most novel style by two adjuncts, as it were? And speak of intercolumniation—are not these different from the portico? so, if you don't like the one, it is likely you may like the other, or else you are—hard to please, that's all.

*The Lion.* You began—as I overheard his grace read to the duchess one morning in the *Literary Gazette*—you began by abusing the church portico; and when that admirable journal shamed you out of your vain-glorious puffery, what have you done? You have, in the face of public opinion and the censure of every competent judge, contrived to indulge your spleen by throwing back your eastern wing, so that you still destroy the view of the church, though the western termination against the saddler's gabel-end is the most unsightly in all London. Why, if you had forty or fifty feet to spare, did not you give it to the other wing, and not try to spoil that which you could never emulate?

*Wilkins.* You be damned!

*The Lion.* Poor St. Martin's church! When Isaac Ware, as yet a workhouse lad, lay reclining on the pavement before this beautiful structure, sketching that rude, but correct outline which foretold his future greatness, little did he think how that spot, already illustrious, was still further destined to be distinguished,—not, alas! by another exhibition of genius, nor in a boy,—but by the handiwork of one who has cut his wisdom-teeth in vain in the character of an educated architect.

*Wilkins.* My name will go down to posterity as the architect of this splendid structure. You have already confessed that even the name of your edificator is unknown.

*The Lion.* Seven cities contended for the honour of being the birthplace of Homer: what glory! But the disgrace of being handed down to future years, without competition, as the author of the most vile production of the architecture of the 19th century, is yours alone.

*Wilkins.* D—n your tail! Descend to particulars.

*The Lion.* Why have you so incongruously surmounted a pure (impure) Greek building with balustrades?

*Wilkins.* Why, you fool, because every body saw that the building was too low; miserably mean near the College of Physicians; wretched even in comparison with the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. What could I do? I run on a balustrade to raise it.

*The Lion.* The ancients always tried to produce a grand effect, though they also looked to the beautiful. Whether did you consult the grand or the beautiful, or both, in the mustard-pot order of your Saracen turrets and cupola?

*Wilkins.* This is pretty well! Don't you see that these are in opposition to, and to shew my superiority over, your own dirty square turrets, and that centre on which you stand, more like a donkey than a lion?

*The Lion.* Cannot you discern the difference,

and that what is good in one place and style is the reverse in another? The old mews, designed by Lord Burlington, which you have unworthily superseded, was consistent; I am consistent; but your Gallery is a medley of all inconsistencies. Your turrets—

*Wilkins.* Are of the most perfect *outré* of the school of Boromini—

*The Lion.* Upon the Greek! and your figures?

*Wilkins.* Are odds and ends of sculpture, I picked up about the late Carlton House, and so forth. Isn't my Britannia fine? I pocketed off her lion and unicorn, that she might resemble Minerva; and set her looking contempt upon the portico of St. Martin's. There's an idea worthy of—

*The Lion.* Not of Minerva, for she is not your inspiring goddess. But who are all these niches for, along the front?

*Wilkins.* Let me see! Why, there are nine on each side of the portico for the muses.\*

*The Lion.* One side for the classic nine, and the other for the King's *meios*, I suppose—another class. But I see you have filled half a dozen in. What are these, with wings up?

*Wilkins.* How the devil should I know? Don't they fill their niches? that is enough for me. I tried some of them on the top, but the side views made them so like kangaroos that I took down my angels.

*The Lion.* Heaven help us! Your elevation is altogether deficient in unity. Utility ought always to be apparent; and you shew none whatever. Your arches cut through the story, and catch and offend the eye. Archways, a parapet, and balustrades, to a Greek building!—nonsense!

*Wilkins.* Be civil, or I'm— if I won't be worse than an Androcles, to tame you, ye beast!

*The Lion* (wagging his tail). Where is your unity?

*Wilkins.* I have divided my front into eleven compartments, in order to "break my outline."

*The Lion.* Broken, with a vengeance! Where is there ought to denote the purpose of the building, and its connexion with the fine arts?

*Wilkins.* Why, are not the slices of pilasters the same as those of St. George's Hospital? Here is drawing, there tooth-drawing; here sculpture, there amputations; here carving, there anatomy. They are the same—they ought to be the same.

*The Lion.* There is no use in talking to so impenetrable a block.

*Wilkins.* Then, hold your jaw, you miserable screen!

*The Lion.* I am a fitting screen to a princely mansion, with a noble suite of apartments. You are a wretched screen, even to a workhouse.

*Wilkins.* Fiddle-de-dee!

*The Lion.* You are a most consummate goose; but daylight is coming on, and I should be ashamed to be seen speaking to you. A living ass, it has been said, may kick at a dead lion; but the converse does not hold, that a stone-dead lion may kick at a living—

*Wilkins.* You are a stupid, impertinent, ignorant, and tasteless brute. If you could come down, I'd kick you. As it is, I will deprive your house of the boast of possessing one feature beyond what my Gallery possesses; for I will stand here myself, in *propria persona*, opposed to you for ever. You are a beast—I say no more.

\* A *verbatim* declaration of the architect: who must, therefore, have contemplated either two sets of the recognised muses, or eighteen of his own invention.

\* The architect by whom Northumberland House was designed is not accurately known; but it is generally attributed to Bernard Jansen, who practised in the reign of James I. The central part of the street front had, until the middle of the last century, the letters C. A. in a frieze near its summit from which circumstance, Vertue, finding that Gerard Christmas was an architect and carver of reputation at the time the house was built, supposed their meaning to be, "Christmas Edificavit," and imagined such frontpiece to have been designed by him. This is assented to by Walpole, who says, "Jansen probably built the house, which was of brick, and the front-piece, which was of stone, was finished by Christmas." The design of this building has, also, been attributed to one Moses Glover; which is presumed to have been probable, from the circumstance of an old and curious survey of St. John House and the neighbouring villages, still in existence, having been performed by that person, who was a painter and architect. The building originally formed three sides of a quadrangle, to which a fourth, to the south, was afterwards added, under the direction of Inigo Jones. About the year 1750, extensive repairs and additions to the house were made by its noble owner, nearly the whole of the street front having been rebuilt: the central part, however, was but slightly altered, and its appearance is now essentially the same as when first erected. It is surmounted by a carved lion passant, the crest of the family of Percy.

## INTERESTING HISTORICAL DOCUMENT.

The following curious unpublished letter from the Duke of Bedford to the Citizens of London, *temp.* Henry VI., having fallen under our observation, we have much pleasure in making it public, together with some historical remarks.

## By the Duc of Bedford.

RIGHT trusty and welbeloued, we grete you wel with al oure herte, And for as muche as hit liked our lord bat [but] late a goo to calle the King oure souverain lord, that was from this present world un to his pardurable bliage, as we truste fermely, by whos deces, during the tendre age of the King oure souverain lord, that is nows the gouuernance of the Reaume of England, after the lawes and ancien usage and custume of the same Reaume, as we be enfourmed belongeth un to us as to the elder brother of our saide souverain lord that was, And as next unto the courone of England, and hauyng chief interesse after the King, that is oure souverain lord, Whom God for his mercy preserue and kepe, We praye you as hartely and entierly as we can and may, And also requere you, by the faith and ligeance that ye owe to God and to the saide courone, that ye ne yeue in noo wyse assent, conseil, ne confort, to any thing that myght be ordenned, pourposed, or aduised, in derogacion of the saide lawes, usage, and custume, yif any suche be, or in prejudice of us. Laittyng yow faithfully wite that our saide prayer and requests procedeth the pot of ambition, ner of desir that we myghte haue of worldly worshippe, or other of any singuler commodite or prouffit that we myght receyue thereby, but of entier desir and entente that we haue, that the forsaide lawes, usage, and custume, ne shulde be blemished or hurt by oure lachesse, negligence, or defaulte, ner any iudices be engendered to any persone souffisant and able to the whiche the saide gouuernance myght in cas semblable be longyng in tyme comyng, Making plaine protestacion, that it is in no wise oure entente any thing to desire that were ayenst the lawes and custumes of the saide lande, ner also ayenst the ordonnance or wil of oure saide souverain lord that was sayyng our righte, to the whiche as we trowe and truste fully, that hit was not oure saide souverain lordes entente to deroge or doo prejudice. And God haue yow in his keeping. Written under oure signet, at Rouen, the xxvj. day of Octobre.

To our right trusty and withe al oure hert welbeloued the Maire, Sherif, Aldermen, bourgeois, and Comunes of the Cite of London.

This letter was written in the month of October, immediately following the death of Henry V. From the manner in which the duke alludes to Henry's will, we may infer, that that document, which is yet to be discovered, did *not* constitute him governor and protector of the realm during the minority of the young king, as has been stated by an able writer on the subject.\* Had such been the case, he would not have grounded his right to the chief administration of the government, upon the information of others, who stated it to pertain to him by ancient law and usage, as elder brother of the deceased monarch, when, in fact, no law or usage of the kind had ever existed; † nor would there have been the least necessity for him to disclaim, so repeatedly, all ambitious designs in requiring the citizens to acknowledge his authority; since, if his pretensions were recognised by the will, he could have distinctly referred to it, and thereby quieted all apprehension respecting his views. But the strongest confirmation, perhaps, of our

opinion, is to be found in the duke's observation, that "he trusted it was not the late king's intention to prejudice his right," which is almost a confession that that right was not alluded to nor acknowledged by the "ordonnance, or will." On the Parliament Roll, 1 Henry VI., is an entry deserving of some attention, as it supports this view of the matter.\* The Bishop of London, Chancellor of Henry V. for the Duchy of Normandy, shews the parliament that, of two great seals which he had in his keeping, the one ordained for the said duchy, and the other similar to the great seal of England, he had delivered the former, immediately after the king's death, to the Duke of Bedford, at Rouen; and this he did by the advice of the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of March, the Earl of Warwick, and several other English noblemen, seeing that the late king, on his death-bed, had committed the government of the same duchy to the said duke, for a certain time: but, as to the other great seal, he had delivered it to the king himself. Hence it is clear, that if Henry's will had given the duke the same authority over England, and the other dominions of the English crown, as, by the king's dying injunction, he possessed over the Duchy of Normandy, the bishop would have been advised, and in duty bound, to deliver the other seal to him also. But no such authority being recognised by the lords, the seal was, as a matter of course, given up to the young king and his council.

## MUSIC.

## ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE Duke of Cambridge was director for the third concert, which, consisting almost entirely of old-established stock-pieces, may be dismissed in very few words. The only part of the bill of fare which had not been recently heard was a scene from Joshua, for treble and counter-tenor, consisting of recitative, airs, and a duet, to which Madame Caradori and Mrs. Shaw did great justice. The former lady, especially, sang the air "Hark! 'tis the linnet," in so finished and beautiful a style, as to extort very audible applause from even this usually apathetic audience. Among the principal singers, in addition to those already named, were Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Bennett and Phillips, who were admirable in their respective parts, and Messrs. Horncastle, King, and Green. The performance was, throughout the night, excellent; and we must not omit to mention, that Festa's madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," bore evident marks of good rehearsing; the alternations of *piano* and *forte* were so well attended to, and the words were articulated so clearly and so exactly together, as to render the effect admirable, and produce a unanimous call for its repetition. Coralli's trio was charmingly played by Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Dragonetti; and Lindley's accompaniment to "O Liberty!" (excellently sung by Mr. Bennett), was delightful as ever. Q.

*Concerts.*—On Monday, Miss C. Novello gave a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, previous to her departure to Italy for three years. The rooms were well filled by warm friends of this promising young singer, who has long been most deservedly a public favourite, and, we trust, will return to us only rendered more attractive by the study of the best models in the land of song. In "The mighty Power," a new song composed by V. Novello, with a *basso obligato* by Dragonetti, she displayed her talents to so much advantage, that we should

have thought a visit to Italy altogether unnecessary.

On the same evening the *Societa Armonica* gave one of their best concerts, which was fully attended and much applauded.

*Quartet Concerts.*—Mr. Blagrove's fourth and last concert for the season was given on the 13th, and ought to have been noticed by us before, especially as it deserved high commendation for the beautiful performance of Haydn's Quartets. But nearly all the music selected was equally worthy of praise, and finely executed; the whole being well calculated to refine and improve the national taste. On Thursday, we observe, another of these entertainments is to take place for the benefit of their originator.

## DRAMA.

*King's Theatre.*—*Don Giovanni* was, on Thursday, played here to an immense audience. Long ere the doors were opened, the Arcade and Haymarket entrances were surrounded by a crowd, some of whom were seen clinging to the near pillars, so great was the anxiety to be "in first." Owing to one of the doors not being properly opened several persons were slightly hurt. Many ladies turned back frightened; some, more bold, reached the pit, or the entrance to the pit, with no greater misfortune than a very considerable alteration in their costume. After some laughing and some quarrelling, as many as possible of the unfortunates who could not penetrate further than the passages were accommodated on the stage, and the opera commenced. As we belonged to the class of unfortunates, we could only hear, not see. The exquisite music was done ample justice to. Grisi, as *Donna Anna*, was in splendid voice; she almost surpassed herself: still, we would hint that Mozart needs no embellishment; the beautiful trio of the first finale could not be improved even by Grisi, and we would rather hear it as it was written. Albertazzi sang and played the part of *Zerlina* with great taste, but with a want of the energy necessary to the character; her voice is more suited to Mozart's music than any on that stage, and yet she appeared to less advantage on Thursday than on her former evenings—she was too tame. Nothing could exceed the ability displayed by Assaudri; she was delightful in every part of her performance. Tamburini, as *Don Giovanni*, Lablache, as *Leporello*, and Rubini, as *Don Ottavio*, were beyond excellence; the latter sang a song towards the end of the opera so beautifully as to tempt the audience to wish for it a third time.

## VARIETIES.

*Effects of Light.*—During the very foggy weather which occurred between the 7th and 10th of February last, the light-house at the Mull of Galloway was surrounded by small birds, in such amazing numbers that the keepers were employed for many hours in beating them off, so as to make the light free; and when the mist cleared away, they picked up more than 600, which had been thus killed. What is very remarkable, during the same period, similar birds appeared in still greater flocks at the light-houses on the island of Pladda, situated about sixty miles north of the Mull of Galloway. At Pladda, there are two distinct lights, on upper and lower stations. Both were beset by innumerable flocks, which were, as at the Mull Light, switched off by the light-keepers. No fewer than 1129 birds, chiefly larks, with some thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, fieldfares, and redwings, were found.

\* Acts of the Privy Council, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas. Vol. III. Intro. p. xli.

† Witness the Minorities of Henry III. and Richard II.

\* Rot. Parl. Vol. IV. p. 171.

**Weather-wisdom.**—Our Oracle has been completely out during all the past week, and "the aspects of Mercury" not worth a pinch of snuff. Instead of winds, rains, cold frosts, and thunder, we have had a continuance of mild; fine, and seasonable weather. For the next he augurs, "windy and cool, though bright and fair at times. The sun approaching the opposition of Saturn, denotes cold rain, also hail-storms. The 4th and 5th, cold and ill weather for the season."<sup>†</sup>

**The Literary Fund Anniversary**, on Wednesday next, boasts of a very distinguished list of stewards; and the meeting is expected to be fully attended by many of our most eminent literati, who either belong to the ranks of the Society, or have accepted invitations to unite with their brethren in promoting the good cause. The Lord Mayor brings the influence of the city; Lord Stanley, the newly elected vice-president, will, it is hoped, be surrounded by many parliamentary friends besides those whose names grace the list; and we also antici-

\* To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Will you permit me to answer your correspondent's query as to the hurricane of the 29th November last? He states that it commenced on the 23d off St. Lawrence, and was met with on the 25th in longitude 32°. But the evidence falls in with its being the same hurricane; for the full moon of the 23d brought here, also, "stormy and rainy" weather, and on the 25th, also, my diary has, "ante lucem, heavy rain and high winds," and again at 10 p.m., "high wind and heavy rain—ditto all night." Hence, it is only shewn that high winds prevailed on the 23d Nov. off America, and on the 25th in the Atlantic, when they occurred in England; but that the gale of the 29th was not felt in America about our latitude, is not shewn. Yet it should be, to build the inference that the moon passing the two planets was not the cause of the commotion in the atmosphere. The statement that the storm travelled 50 miles an hour, which it did nearly in England, disproves the assertion that it commenced off St. Lawrence on the 23d, or six days before the conjunction. For six days, at the rate of 50 miles an hour, would give the length of its course 7300 miles, but St. Lawrence (lat. 49° long. 60°) is only 5300 miles from London, not one-third the distance. It could have moved on only at the rate of 17 miles an hour, the rate of "a pleasant brisk gale." The balloon to Germany went 20 miles an hour in fair weather. The gale off America on the 23d was not, therefore, the hurricane we had on the 29th November. From the Land's End forward, it moved exactly at the rate of the tide. The time the tide differs at Weymouth from the Land's End is 2 hours; the storm took 23 hours; at Aldborough the tide differs from Weymouth 44 hours; the storm took 44 hours; and from Lowestoft Road to Hamburg, the difference of high-water is 3 hours 10 minutes; the difference of the storm was 3 hours 30 minutes. These remarkable coincidences tend to prove that when there is much electric action in the air, the current of it follows the tide waves, the rise and fall of which must affect the chemical condition of the atmosphere; and, as every chemical action develops electricity, must develop, and derange, or, as I term it, "excite the electric fluid." Whenever any change is going on in the weather, electric action may be detected in the atmosphere; therefore electricity seems to have more to do with those changes than any other agent. To shew the reality of this assertion, I send you the results of one hour's observation of the electricity here yesterday, by a simple little instrument which I have adapted for the purpose.—I am, &c.

Cheltenham, 25th April, 1837. R. J. MORRISON.  
P.S. I hope you will make allowance in criticising my judgments on the weather, as this is a very peculiar season. I only profess to give "the general character of the weather." We have this day the rain and high winds, at least, which I predicted from the sun coming to the declination of Saturn and sextile aspect of Herschel, &c.

Observations made on the Electricity of the Atmosphere by a Magnetic Electrometer, at Cheltenham, 24th April, 1837.  
At noon, the weather was becoming fair, after a rainy and windy morning, and the instrument was placed in the shade on the roof of the Literary Institution. The needle fell into the magnetic meridian; but, in a few minutes, began slowly to deflect to the eastward; and at 0 h. 25 min. had reached 70 degrees to the east of north. This denoted a great extent of positive electricity in the air, which was rapidly clearing; thermometer, 52°. At 0 h. 45 min. the needle had returned 20 degrees to the north: the air brighter; moderate wind, S.W.; dark clouds, N.W. At one o'clock, needle at 40° E.; air warm and pleasant; distant thunder-clouds over the Malvern Hills; thermometer, 54°. At five o'clock the needle was again observed, and found deflected 30 degrees to the eastward; dark clouds and heavy showers over the Severn; rain and wind in the evening. The barometer during the day, about 29.40.

† A common electrometer for measuring the electricity of the atmosphere, having a small magnet suspended within by a delicate gold thread, in lieu of the pith balls,

pate the presence of T. Moore, and other authors of the first rank, to honour the festival and promote the prosperity of this admirable institution.

**Cambridge Philosophical Society.**—The Rev. Dr. Clark, president, in the chair. The Rev. L. Jenyns made some remarks on the unusual degree of cold which prevailed during March. It was stated that the mean temperature of the month, as deduced from observations made at Swaffham Bulbeck, was only 36.2, being the same as that of January, and more than six degrees lower than the average mean for March. The maximum was only 49, and the minimum 11; this last, which was a lower temperature than any experienced since the hard winter of 1829–30, having occurred on the morning of the 24th. Professor Willis exhibited and explained a machine which he terms a Tabulographic engine. The object of this machine is to transfer to paper any numerical series of magnitudes, so as to exhibit the curve which would be obtained by making those magnitudes a series of ordinates; a process of very frequent and important use in comparing the results of observations of various kinds, as, for instance, meteorological, tidal, and statistical observations. The machine takes three places of figures, is capable of being worked with very slight attention, and with great rapidity, and produces a sheet very readily legible and intelligible.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

**United Service Museum.**—Dr. Lardner's second lecture on steam communication with India was, last week, delivered to the members of this Institution. Dr. Lardner's remarks were principally confined to the route by the Red Sea; all the difficulties of which he considered easy to overcome. The lecture was well attended.

**Diorama.**—This week, a splendid new subject was opened here—"The Basilica of St. Paul," in its integrity, and after its destruction by fire. The illusion produced by the change from the magnificent interior to a mass of ruins, is perfectly extraordinary. A beautiful structure of columnar aisles is at once converted into a wilderness of broken shafts and fallen timbers, &c. Nothing can exceed the general interest and effect. "The Avalanche of Alagna" produces in nature what the other exhibits in art.

**Balloon Ascent.**—Mrs. Graham, accompanied by her husband and Captain Currie, ascended from the Surrey Zoological Gardens, on Thursday, about 6 o'clock, and lighted safely near Bromley.

**Overland to India.**—Major C. Davies, of the Bombay army, accompanied by his lady, left England on the 19th of May last, and arrived at Bombay on the 20th of September. Except the heat of the Red Sea, they experienced no inconvenience whatever, and were gratified by many interesting sights. The route was from London to Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, Stuttgart, Inspruck, Verona, the Betuna Pass to Florence, Leghorn, Malta, Alexandria, Atfe (canal joins the Nile), Boulac (port of Cairo), Suez, across the Desert, Jeddah, Mocha, Bombay, and the whole expense travelling, 102l. 14s.; at inns and servants, 89l. 4s. 7d.; total, 251l. 18s. 7d.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A Series of designs, illustrative of Gray, from the pencil of the Hon. Mrs. John Talbot. — Some Account of the Lives of the Compilers of the Liturgy, by the Rev. John A. Bolster, A.M., &c. — The Life of the late John Thelwall, with Notices of his Contemporaries, &c. by his Widow. — Three Voyages in the Black Sea, on the Coast of Circassia, with an Account of the Commercial Importance of its Sea-ports (in one of which the Vixen was seized), &c. — Dr. Waagen's (Director of the Picture Gallery at

Berlin, who gave evidence in 1836 before the House of Commons) Art and Artists in England. — Lieut. Welsted's Travels in Oman (Muscat), Mount Sinai, and along the Shores of the Red Sea. — A Second Part of Hand-book for Travellers on the Continent, containing Southern Germany and the Danube, from Ulm to the Black Sea. — Rank's Popes of Rome. — Translation of the Pharmacopoeia Londinensis, with Notes, by Dr. Castle.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XC.: Moore's Ireland, Vol. II. 12mo. 6s. — Diseases of the Chest, by William Stokes, M.D. &c., Part I. 8vo. 16s. — Modern Accomplishments; or, the March of Intellect, by Miss C. Sinclair, 3d edition, post 8vo. 7s. — R. J. Nelson's Essay on Man's Moral Agency, 12mo. 6s. — The Deluge, a Poem, by Mrs. E. T. Caulfield, 8vo. 7s. — Christian Modes of Thinking and Doing, by the Rev. John Pring, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s. — Hymns for Baptist Chapels, by J. Swain, 32mo. 1s. 6d. — Coghlan's Guide to Brussels, 18mo. 2s. 6d.: Ditto to Belgium, 18mo. 6s. — Ellis's Water-side Practice of the Customs, 12mo. 10s. — The Irish Tourist; or, the People and the Provinces of Ireland, f.cup. 4s. 6d. — Master Wace, his Chronicle of the Norman Conquest, from Roman de Rou, translated, with Notes, &c., by Edgar Taylor, 8vo. 1l. 8s. — Observations on Equity and Common Law, addressed to Country Solicitors, 12mo. 5s. — Church and State, by A. Alexander, M.A. f.cup. 4s. — The Scripture Gazetteer, by W. Fleming, D.D. 2 vols. royal 12mo. (Vol. I.) 12s. — The Pizarro, by the Author of "Makanna," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. — On the Presence of God, translated from the French, 32mo. 1s. — The Latin Tutor, a Companion to the Eton Latin Grammar, 12mo. 2s. — An Easy Introduction to the Greek Tongue, 18mo. 4s. — The Numerical Class-Book, by Mrs. Taylor, 12mo. 3s. 6d. — Lingard's History of England, Vol. I. f.cup. 5s. — Select Notes of the Preaching of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, by E. Sidney, 12mo. 4s. — Athens, its Rise and Fall, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. — Oriental Customs applied to the Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, 3d edition, with additions, by S. Burder, f.cup. 8s. 6d. — Britannia's Royal Chieftain, 4to. 10s. — Martin's British Colonial Library, Vol. VI. (Nova Scotia), f.cup. 6s. — Rory O'More, a Romance, by S. Lover, Esq., with fifteen Engravings, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. — Rev. J. Wilson's Dissertations on the Reasonableness of Christianity, 3d edition, 7s. 6d. — Savery on the Original Election of the Church of God in Christ, 12mo. 3s. — Rev. C. L. Smith's Excursions through the Highlands of Scotland, royal 12mo. 10s. 6d. — The Banquet of Arisaphane, translated into English Verse, with Notes, &c., by C. A. Wheelwright, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. — The Book of Health and Beauty, 3d edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d. — The Works of Thomas Gray, edited by the Rev. S. Mitford, 4 vols. f.cup. 1l.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 29 to 41	29.76 to 29.63
Friday... 14	... 28 .. 40	29.82 .. 29.77
Saturday... 15	... 28 .. 59	29.65 .. 29.51
Sunday... 16	... 27 .. 39	29.39 .. 29.42
Monday... 17	... 28 .. 40	29.65 .. 29.74
Tuesday... 18	... 31 .. 45	29.77 .. 29.87
Wednesday 19	... 36 .. 55	29.88 .. 29.96

Winds, N. and N. W.  
Except the 15th, generally cloudy; a little rain on the 13th and 18th; snow in the mornings of the 16th and 17th. Rain fallen, .0125 of an inch.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 20	From 23 to 55	29.76 to 29.76
Friday... 21	... 22 .. 43	29.73 .. 29.62
Saturday... 22	... 29 .. 50	29.50 .. 29.42
Sunday... 23	... 32 .. 47	29.53 .. 29.50
Monday... 24	... 29 .. 57	29.61 .. 29.73
Tuesday... 25	... 24 .. 56	29.90 .. 29.93
Wednesday 26	... 39 .. 62	29.76 .. 29.77

Winds, S. and S. W.  
Except the evenings of the 20th and 22d, the 25th and following day, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain; a little hail fell on the afternoon of the 22d. Rain fallen, .6675 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Review is again a little curtailed of its fair proportions, in order to make room for the press of temporary matter—Exhibitions, New Gallery, &c. &c. The only exception we have made in our miscellaneous branch is in favour of what will be considered by English historians a very curious document, relating to an interesting period; and, even in our Review, we have only postponed a few articles that stand aside the delay, in order to pay the earliest attention to such subjects as Bulwer's "Athens" and Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

We will look to the "Society for the Encouragement of British Art" as soon as possible, and regret that we could not take it up in this No.

**ERRATA.**—In the account of Capt. Cavaglia's discoveries, in our last, we will thank our readers to improve its accuracy by making the following slight alterations:—Page 254, col. 3, line 49, after "behind the granite," instead of thus reaching, &c., read and thus to ascertain the direction of the northern one, if it should happen to pass that way; and five lines further on, for towards the west read towards the north-west. P. 255, col. 2, l. 17, for explored read cleared; and l. 20, for covered read faced.

On the 1st of May, 8vo. with Plates and a Map,  
**NARRATIVE OF THREE VOYAGES IN**  
 the BLACK SEA, to the COAST of CIRCASSIA,  
 including Descriptions of the Ports, and the Importance of the  
 Trade, With Sketches of the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c.  
 of the Circassians.  
 By the Chevalier TAITBOU DE MARIGNY,  
 Consul of H. M. the King of the Netherlands at Odessa.  
 \* \* \* This edition is the first of the original work  
 which were suppressed in Russia.  
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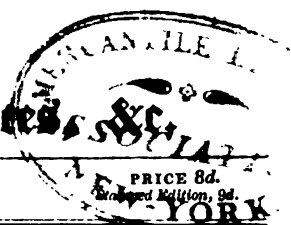
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# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1059.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1837.



### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*P. Terentii Afri Comædiæ Sex, ex editione T. F. G. Reinhardt.* With explanatory Notes by D. B. Hickie, LL.D., Head Master of Archbishop Sandys' German School, Hawkshead. London, 1837. Priestley.

It is not long since we endeavoured to give our readers some slight idea of comedy as it existed in the time of Aristophanes. We are now called upon to view this branch of the drama in an entirely altered shape, closely resembling the appearance that it has worn in modern times. It may, perhaps, not prove an uninteresting or tedious employment to attempt to trace the changes which comedy underwent before it arrived at the pleasing form which it has assumed in the works of the elegant and gentlemanly Terence. As it was our object, in the number we have already alluded to, to shew the political and satirical character of the Aristophanic productions, we trust there is no occasion for us to enter into any further discussion on the licentious and democratical nature of the old comedy. When, in the course of events, the government of Athens became converted into a species of oligarchy, the freedom and liberty of satire, which were not merely allowed, but absolutely cherished, in former times, as might naturally be expected, ceased to find favour in the eye of the authorities; and, accordingly, an edict was issued to forbid the introduction by name of any individual whomsoever upon the stage: it was under this trifling restriction that the dramatists began to engage in what is called the middle comedy. This slight alteration, however, was clearly not likely to produce any real benefit; for, as the name of the personage against whom the malicious and witty shafts of the satirist were aimed was by no means one of his chief characteristics, the audience, who were keenly alive to the smallest allusion, could never fail of seeing the follies and absurdities attributed to the unhappy object of the poet's dislike through the flimsy veil of a fictitious appellation. This state of things lasted but for a short time: finding the facilities of abuse by no means lessened by their late regulations, the rulers of the Athenians put a complete stop to the congenial amusement of the populace by absolutely and unconditionally forbidding the employment of any personal remarks whatsoever. The very essence of the performance being thus abstracted, the satirical drama sank for ever; the poet, being no longer able to catch the exciting events of the passing time, and weave them into the materials of his piece, was forced to have recourse to the common incidents and adventures of domestic life; and from this source alone were drawn the subjects and characters of the new comedy. This species differed so much from those immediately preceding, that by some it is not regarded as belonging to the comic genius; and it is thought that comedy never revived from this last fatal blow, but that the representations which followed under the same name were, in fact, derived from tragedy, which, no longer

degenerated from its original heroic and mysterious tone into the commonplace narration of the affairs of ordinary mortals: and, in fact, some traces of this disposition to descend may be found in Euripides, and furnished material for accusation against the less eminent Agathon. In this new style of drama there was one important omission—that of the chorus, which, “*sublato jure nocendi*,” no longer amused its delighted hearers with its poetical vagaries and fantastical conceits. It was now that Menander came forth: we have no one play of his remaining, and but few fragments; but they are enough to fill us with the deepest regret for the loss we have sustained in the destruction of those master-pieces, which have been pronounced by those of old (and where shall we find better critics?) inimitable. With the exception of these detached passages, and a few more of other poets, which have been preserved by being quoted in more fortunate prose writers, the comedies of Plautus and Terence, derived, as was nearly the whole of the Roman literature, from the Greek, alone enable us to form a just notion of the plot and language of these later productions. Both of these authors selected the writers of the new comedy for their models, to which they bear the same or even closer affinity than the adaptations of the French vaudeville, so plentiful in the present day, do to their originals. The old comedy was so peculiarly Attic, and so deeply rooted in its native soil, that it was found impossible to transplant it, and it withered immediately in a nearly solitary attempt made by Nevius to naturalise it among the Roman people. The Romans, unlike the mercurial Athenians, were unable to see their losses and defeats made the subject of jesting and ridicule. Their extreme sensibility to the slightest disgrace, and their superstitious veneration for their country and its glory, could not permit them to look upon any of their institutions travestied or held up to laughter; and, in the words of an elegant writer, “when the Roman people were seriously offended, the Tarpeian rock, and not the stage, was the spot selected for their vengeance.” The new comedy, however, as founded upon the common propensities of mankind, was more universal in its application, and accordingly obtained no slight degree of popularity in its migration towards the west. It may be considered as the parent of all European comedies of the present age: the early Spanish dramas, and those of Ariosto, were constructed upon this same principle; and in the time of Randolph and our early comedians, it was considered as a mark of excellence to have attained a resemblance to the Roman Terence. An addition made by Terence himself to the production of Menander, was the interweaving of a second plot; but whether this is an improvement or not, has been disputed. On the one side it is contended that the chief intrigue of the piece admits of being agreeably relieved and varied by a slight digression, and that the mind derives more amusement from a skilful intermixture of incidents and purposes, than from a single unsustained action. On the other side it is argued, that there is great danger of the underplot weakening the attractions of the

principal characters, by diverting the attention too long; that the activity and liveliness of the whole may be seriously injured by a complicity of interests; and that, if the subordinate agents be made at all too prominent, the power of each plot is very much diminished. These last arguments, however, we can scarcely understand as condemning an underplot, abstractedly considered, but as pointing out the awkward results arising from an injudicious blending of intrigues; and it will scarcely be disputed but that these expected evils may spring from bad management: it seems, however, to us, that, under skilful direction, a second intrigue may be productive of increased interest. Whether Terence has been happy in his arrangement is another question, and one which has been variously decided. Every reader in this case must judge for himself. The characters introduced in these pieces, and their respective offices, are uniformly of the same species, and can, perhaps, in no way be more concisely and accurately described than in the poet's own words:—

“*Bonæ matronas facere, meretrices malas, Parasitum edacem, gloriosum militem; Puerum supponi, falli per servum senem, Amare, odisse, suspicari.*”

This is, it must be confessed, but a small round of personages to figure in the innumerable scenes that so long delighted an Athenian and Roman audience; but, in spite of these limited means, Terence has animated these invariable shadows with so much delicacy of sentiment and reality of feeling, that the attention of the reader is never wearied by the sameness of the succession, and the identity of the characters is lost in the peculiar and distinctive shades of colouring, distributed with so much art and discernment. The one great objection which has been brought against Terence, from the time of Cæsar to the present day, is deficiency in the *vis comica*, the faculty of drawing those ludicrous and humorous pictures which are supposed to be essential to a true comedy.

“*Unum hoc maceror et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.*”

There are, notwithstanding, in our opinion, more passages and situations in our poet, which are capable of exciting the more risible emotions, than are generally supposed: at any rate, if the annual performances at Westminster may be considered as evidence, there is never any lack of laughter on those festive occasions. The attribute from which our poet derives the greater part of his laurels is the “*ineffabilis amenitas*,” the indescribable easiness and delicacy of language, which run in so smooth and continuous a flow through the whole of his works. While he carefully guards, on the one hand, against soaring into the more majestic and declamatory strain of tragedy, he is equally distant from degenerating into low and farcical expressions; so that, skilfully conducted between the two extremes, the style is sustained in a manner at once conversational and dignified. It is in this point that he most completely carries away the palm from Plautus, whose coarse, and often vulgar language betrays the company with whom he was used to associate, and the nature of the audience whom it was his endeavour to please. The com-

“*Presenting Thebes or Pelop's line, Or the tale of Troy divine,*”

parison between these two comedians has been so often drawn, that it is needless to attempt it here; all the distinctions, however, that are conceived to exist, may be nearly summed up when it is said that Plautus is meant for the stage, and Terence for the closet: the one caricaturing and distorting his truly comic characters; while the other, never "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," adheres to truth in his smallest details. Our limits begin to warn us that it is now time to turn our attention to the edition immediately before us. It is constructed upon the same principle as the edition of Anthon's Horace, which we had occasion some time back to mention favourably. The text has already been approved of, and the notes and remarks seem carefully and judiciously selected from the old commentators; the original matter, also, is well adapted to the purposes of instruction. We think, however, that, on the whole, the explanations are too profuse; for, though it may seem rather strange, it has always been our opinion that the road to learning may be rendered too smooth and easy. Habits of industry and reflection, the most valuable acquirements of the classical scholar, are not likely to be engendered where every seeming and fancied difficulty may be removed by turning over a few pages. By a constant custom of application to explanatory notes the mind becomes afraid to trust to its own resources; and, if the student is used to let another always think for him, he will in time be unable, though he require it, to think for himself. We are aware that, to the solitary reader, without some assistance, the perusal of many authors is impossible: the excess of notes is the only fault we complain of; and, as we said before, we think in many places of this edition the remarks are somewhat supererogatory. With this drawback, which to many, however, will seem an advantage, we heartily recommend Dr. Hickie's labours to those who desire to drink of this well of Latin undefiled.

*The Hussar.* By the Author of "The Subaltern." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

THIS is a simple, unaffected, and true story, the life of one Serjeant Landshelt, now an inmate of Chelsea Hospital, and under the spiritual care of its worthy chaplain. Having, from time to time, like Othello to Desdemona, communicated the history of his adventures to Mr. Gleig, the latter found them strange and interesting enough to be woven into this narrative; and with him we pass from Germany to England, and thence to various lands—Sicily, the West Indies, South America, Portugal, Spain, &c. &c. and listen with pleasure to all the old soldier's reminiscences. Of their quality, the following selections will serve to afford a sufficient idea to our readers.

"My reader is not, perhaps, aware that there is a regulation in the Russian army, which prohibits any woman, whether married or not, from accompanying a body of troops upon foreign or active service. So rigid, indeed, are the Muscovites on this head, that, at the period of which I am speaking, the wife of a field-officer having been detected in her husband's quarters disguised as a page, she was sent home with ignominy, and he reduced to the ranks. It was, of course, impossible for Elizabeth's suitor to hide that fact from his mistress, because the occurrence took place in St. Helier, and the whole island rang with it. But, being master of her affections, he persuaded her to believe that, provided they could contrive to get her removed from Guernsey in one of her

father's schooners, it would be easy enough, when at sea, to pick her up, and hide her in the Russian transport. Accordingly, the poor girl consented to fix the day for the wedding; which was celebrated with all solemnity according to the rites of the established church, and toasted by myself, and a crowd of her friends besides, with great zeal after supper. About a week had passed in marriage festivities, when the Russians were ordered to embark; and the bride was reduced to the necessity of making her own arrangements for the purpose of not being separated from her husband. At his suggestion, she sent all her property, amounting to some hundred pounds, all her clothes, trinkets, and valuables of every description, to his ship; while she herself, with a stock of apparel barely sufficient for a few days' wearing, took her berth in a schooner which her father manned, and made ready to follow the squadron. On the appointed day the whole put to sea; the schooner keeping as near as possible to the husband's vessel, and steering for the coast of England. Elizabeth naturally expected that then, during the bustle of a general rendezvous, she would be enabled to join her lover. But she was cruelly deceived. The scoundrel never meant that she should join him. He had obtained all that he coveted of her little dowry; and now made no effort whatever, during three days and nights, so much as to communicate with the schooner, though all the while within hail. I need scarcely go on with my tale. The Russian admiral, perceiving the schooner at last, ordered its crew to sheer off, or he would sink them; and poor Elizabeth returned to Guernsey, a widowed wife, forlorn, and well nigh broken-hearted. Many years elapsed ere I heard of her again, though I never failed, as often as an opportunity offered, of inquiring into her fate; and then the bitterness of grief was past. She had given birth to a son, of whom the Russian captain was the father; and long devoted herself to the child's education. But the entreaties of her parents, and the devotion of another lover, overcame her sadness at last. She married a second time more prudently; and, succeeding to the business at her father's decease, carried it on at once respectably and profitably."

At Weymouth we have an interesting anecdote of our late venerated king, George III.

"His majesty's common custom was to ride along the front of the troops, and to inspect them cursorily, as kings are wont to do, without making any remark. It happened, however, that on one occasion he deviated from this practice, and the followed scene occurred. A portion of our corps, forming the cavalry plique, held the right of the line, which rendered it necessary for his majesty to begin his inspection with us. The appearance, first of one man, and then of another, struck him; and he stopped to ask questions. 'What countryman are you?' 'A Saxon.' 'Oh! a Saxon, a Saxon,' replied the king: 'a fine nation, a fine nation; very good soldiers, very good soldiers.' He then passed on to another. 'What countryman are you?' 'A Swede.' 'Good, good; excellent men the Swedes—very good men the Swedes.' A third arrested him, and the same question was repeated: the answer was, 'A Hanoverian.' 'Oh! my own country, my own country; all good men the Hanoverians—all good men—all good men.' Now came a fourth; and he was, in truth, as noble a looking fellow as ever mounted a horse. He was very tall, beautifully formed, with a dark oval complexion, piercing black eyes, hair like the raven's wing, and an enormous pair

of mustaches. The king gazed at him for some time, and then demanded, 'What countryman are you?' 'A Hungarian,' replied Forksh, whose name being rendered into English, signifies a wolf. 'All excellent soldiers the Hungarians,' cried the king,—'all excellent soldiers;' and then, as if attracted by the peculiar curl of the man's mustaches, he put forth his hand and began gently to twist one of them. It is impossible to say what motive could have actuated Forksh, for he never gave a satisfactory account of it; but the king had hardly seized his mustache, when he made a sort of snap, like a dog, at the royal hand, which was instantly withdrawn. In my life I never witnessed such a scene. The whole parade was convulsed with laughter, in which, after his first surprise, nobody joined more heartily than George III. As to the Prince of Wales, who rode next to his father, I thought he would have fallen from his horse. But he did not forget, as he passed by, to slip a guinea into the man's hand; who never permitted a muscle of his face to relax, nor swayed, even for an instant, from his upright and soldierlike attitude."

From Sicily we make our next selections, and with them conclude.

"The period of the occupation of Sicily was remarkable for the prevalence of crime among that portion of the British army which was employed in the service. How to account for the circumstance I do not pretend; but it is certain that a greater quantity of murders were perpetrated, and more acts of depredation committed, by the English troops, while they held Sicily in their hands, than by the whole of the Duke of Wellington's forces in Spain, though surpassing them at least four to one in point of numbers. On one occasion, for example, a soldier belonging to an infantry regiment came off guard at night, and, feeling fatigued, lay down upon his bed in order to sleep, but was hindered from sleeping by the serjeant of his squad, who, sitting in the same room, entered into an animated conversation with those about him. The weary man looked up, and begged the serjeant to be silent; a request with which the speaker did not think fit to comply. Again the man raised himself on his elbow, and declared, with an oath, that if the serjeant would not hold his tongue, and permit him to sleep, he would blow his brains out. The serjeant paid no other regard to his threat than to laugh at it; but he little knew the sort of person with whom he was trifling. The man sprang from his bed, deliberately took down his musket from the arms-rack, and shot the non-commissioned officer dead on the spot. He was, of course, tried, found guilty, condemned, and executed; a poor compensation for the life which, in his anger, he had taken away. On another occasion, a soldier was caught by a piano, plundering his vineyard. The countryman either wished to seize the robber, or in some way or another excited his fury; for a struggle took place, and the Sicilian was killed. The court which tried the murderer found him guilty on the clearest evidence, and he was sentenced to be hanged. In order to give to the execution as much solemnity as possible, all the troops in garrison were ordered to attend; while a proclamation went forth, in the Sicilian language, which called upon the people to come and witness the zeal with which the English authorities were prepared to protect their lives and properties. Large crowds of men, women, and children, came together where the scaffold was erected, and three cannon-shot were fired to warn them of the approach of the hour which

was to close the marauder's eyes upon the world for ever. The first gun gave notice that the prisoner had quitted his dungeon; the booming of the second told that he had reached the fatal platform; and when the third sent its echoes among the roots of Mount Etna, the drop fell. It was a hideous spectacle; for, the rope being weak and the man heavy, the former gave way, and the wretched creature was taken up, bruised, from the ground, but quite sensible. A pause necessarily occurred ere a fresh rope could be procured, and then he ceased to live. Strange to say, the effect of this example was so slight that, the very same day, a man of De Rolle's, a foreign regiment in the English service, was put in confinement for murdering his wife. He had gone home from the execution, quarrelled with the poor woman about some trifle, and stabbed her to the heart. He, too, suffered the penalty which the laws both of God and man have awarded to the homicide. Yet the practice continued occasionally, amid such aggravations of horror as to chill the blood of those who listened to the tale at the moment, and effectually to hinder me from adverting to it now.

"The Lady Patroness of Sicily is St. Rosalia, concerning one of whose votaries, in another country, I had occasion, some time ago, to say a few words. How she obtained her honourable station in the calendar my host informed me; and I tell the tale as he told it to me, without vouching either for its accuracy as a legend, or the correspondence of my version with the versions of other writers. According to the padre, Santa Rosalia was a lady of rank and fortune; if I recollect right, a princess, who dwelt near Jerusalem during the days of the Apostles, and was converted by them on the day of Pentecost. She lived in great splendour, and exercised much hospitality towards the believers, till the persecution consequent on the martyrdom of Stephen arose; when she was compelled to flee, attended by a single maid, and to seek an asylum in a country whither the authority of the high priest could not extend. As Providence would have it, the ship in which she embarked was bound for Sicily, and carried her safely to Palermo, in the vicinity of which she lived a life of seclusion during many years. Santa Rosalia was no nun, neither was her attendant; but they kept up very little intercourse with the world, dividing their time, both by day and night, between the practice of devotion and the exercise of charity. Santa Rosalia died at last, without having attracted any great share of public attention, and was buried; but her merits had not been wasted. There occurred, some years afterwards, a grievous sickness in Sicily, which cut down the population by hundreds, and which all the efforts of the physicians proved inadequate to arrest. The whole island, indeed, was in mourning; when, one day, a devout monk, walking out of Palermo into the country, was met, near the cell which Santa Rosalia used to inhabit, by a being manifestly not of earthly mould. There was a glory round the head of the stranger, whose robes were white and shining; while from her eyes a lustre beamed so pure and piercing, that the monk could scarce venture to look upon it. 'I am Santa Rosalia,' said the vision, in a voice whose tones were music. 'I hold a high place in the family of the Blessed Virgin. She has sent me to say that, provided you will raise my bones, and carry them in solemn procession through Palermo, the plague will cease.' The monk, bowing low, returned in all haste to the city, and communicated the substance of what had befallen. The bones of the saint were

exhumed; priests and magistrates bore them through the streets with lighted candles and bands of music; and that very day there came a change of wind, which wafted infection from the shores. I may add that, in honour of the good saint, a convent was forthwith built over the spot from which her body was taken; and that the precious relics, being there deposited, are still shewn to the pious and the liberal, greatly to the edification, as well as to the financial benefit, of the society. There are many festivals in Palermo in honour of departed worthies, but, in point of magnificence, that of Santa Rosalia far surpasses them all. It occurs on the anniversary of the miracle which her bones are said to have performed, and is kept with processions, and feasting, and fire-works, and all sorts of public shows, at which the king and his court, equally with the people, attend. For some weeks previous to the arrival of the great day, all Palermo is in commotion. Frameworks of timber are fabricated, which the carpenters arrange along the Marino, whence the fire-works may be shewn; and an enormous car is made, which, being covered over with silken hangings, supports upon poles a lofty stage, and is surmounted by an image of the saint, half hidden in a mass of silken clouds. The car itself is supported upon low truck-wheels; but on its sides there are four other wheels of a wider span, which never touch the ground, but are turned round and round by a winch, which some of the persons whom the hangings conceal set in motion. At an early hour on the morning of St. Rosalia's day—as soon, indeed, as it is light—the car is discovered on the Marino. On the stage, and surrounding the image of the saint, are groups of women, dressed in showy robes, and covered with flowers; while, tied to the four large wheels, are little children, whom the silks and feathery wings, fastened to their shoulders, cause to represent angels. Then there is a sounding of trumpets, and ringing of bells, which, together with a volley of pater noster, warn the surrounding country that the saint has appeared among men. No sooner is this clamour heard, than, from far and near, country-people are seen driving their bullocks towards the city, which they yoke in a long string to the car. The farmer, indeed, who should refuse to lend his cattle for this purpose, could not hope to prosper at the coming vintage; and happy is he who, arriving first at the Marino, succeeds in placing his bullocks next the car. Then is the machine set in motion; while, from windows and balconies, hats and handkerchiefs wave, and the air is rent with the tumult of voices, the braying of trumpets, and the roar of artillery. Thus slowly, and with frequent halts, the saint is conveyed through the main street towards the further gateway; while, as it moves, the large wheels are turned slowly round, and the poor little angels go up and down, till they are as effectually delivered from the weight of their morning's meal as if they were at sea in a gale of wind. It is surprising the degree of excitement which the procession seemed to create throughout the city; and the quantities of wine, fruit, sweetmeats, and other viands consumed, is enormous. Thus it is during the day; and when darkness sets in, a new and still more brilliant scene is presented. The long line of frame-work of which I have spoken as drawn through the Marino, is now surmounted by fire-works, to witness which the whole population of the city is astir. The Marino, I need scarcely observe, is a broad, open space, that intervenes between a row of

noble houses and the sea. It is the mall of Palermo on common occasions, where ladies in their carriages, and cavaliers on horseback, are accustomed to take exercise; and there is about the centre of it a small marble pavilion, within which the king and his family are in the habit of looking out upon the festivities. To-night neither carriages nor horses are permitted to interfere with the pedestrians, who, in dense crowds, but in perfect order, occupy the parade; while the surface of the bay is covered with boats, each carrying its load of happy spectators: and, it is but fair to add, that the spectacle is altogether magnificent. The fire-works themselves are exceedingly brilliant; and the effect of the light upon the dark-blue waters, upon the multitudes of people, upon the buildings and vessels, is such as I have no language to describe. Such is the feast of Santa Rosalia, which the good people of Palermo celebrate with great delight, and of which the festivities come not to a close till three or four o'clock on the succeeding morning."

*Strafford; a Historical Tragedy.* By Robert Browning, author of "Paracelsus." 8vo. pp. 181. London, 1837. Longman and Co. THE Poem of "Paracelsus" presented so many high poetical beauties, as to give its young author a strong hold upon the public attention, and teach it to expect much from any future production of his pen. He has now appeared in the more difficult and arduous character of a tragic dramatist; and so successfully, that we may truly say he has not disappointed the hopes his first work led us to entertain. There is much vigour in *Strafford*, and much genuine poetry, though Mr. Browning has rather sought to accomplish his aim by the impulses given to his *dramatis personæ*, than by endowing them with the beauties of style and diction. In his Preface he tells us, "I had for some time been engaged in a poem of a very different nature, when induced to make the present attempt; and am not without apprehension that my eagerness to freshen a jaded mind by diverting it to the healthy nature of a grand epoch, may have operated unfavourably on the represented play, which is one of action in character rather than character in action."

We confess we do not very clearly apprehend what this distinction means; but, at any rate, the play is more one of rapid events than of studied poetical embellishment. The only part that seems to admit of the latter, is an imaginary one of Lucy Percy, whom the author has painted as devoted in love to the ill-fated *Strafford*. In most of the scenes, the relation of political events, and the revelation of party purposes, supersede the Muse; and, with the exception of the passionate speeches of the hero, there was hardly room for that species of composition which would so strikingly contrast some other tragedies (such, for example, as Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's "Ion") with the present. We are not sure, indeed, that Mr. Browning has not fallen into the other extreme. The dialogue is very abrupt and interrupted,—the sentences broken and exclamatory, to a degree that often affects the sense. This was felt even more upon the stage than it is in the closet; and, as an acting play, the interest fails after the third act, when *Strafford* is overthrown. The fourth, in which he does not appear, lingers amid the plots for his destruction, and the vacillation of the King; and, though his prison scene is touching and sad, it insufficiently revives our sympathies for the prototype of royal martyrdom. Charles himself is drawn more weak and treacherous than even adverse history



represents him; and only Pym, among the rest, stands out prominently and consistently on the canvass. The younger Vane and Hollis remain to be noticed—Hampton, Savile, Rudyard, &c. are ciphers; and the Queen has not much either to say or do. In short, when we look at the whole, it appears to us as if the original character had been conceived and written; and nearly all else, except the rivalry of Pym, concocted, as it were, to set off the leading personage, and connect the events in which he was concerned. Where Strafford is not, there is nothing to care for; and where he is, is turmoil from the beginning, viz. his return from Ireland, to the end, when alternate doubts and hopes terminate in the despairing certainty that he has been betrayed and sacrificed.

Having given this brief outline of the tragedy, and of our opinions, it remains for us to seek a few specimens wherewith to exemplify the author's powers, though, from the circumstances of break and interruption we have mentioned, it is not easy to select any very connected passages. Thus, when Charles has been induced, contrary to Strafford's advice, to dissolve the parliament,—

"Charles. 'Twas Vane—his ill-judged vehemence that...  
Strafford. Vane?  
Ch. He told them, as they were about to vote  
The half, that nothing short of all the twelve  
Would serve our turn, or be accepted.  
Straff. Vane!  
Vane! and you promised me that very Vane...  
O God! to have it gone, quite gone from me,  
The one last hope—I that despair, my hope—  
That I should reach his heart one day, and cure  
All bitterness one day, be proud again,  
And young again, care for the sunshine, too,  
And never think of Elliot any more,—  
God! and to toll for this, go far for this,  
Get nearer, and still nearer, reach this heart—  
And find Vane there! (Suddenly taking up a paper, and continuing with a forced calmness.) Northumberland is sick.

Well, then, I take the army: Wilmot leads  
The horse; and he, with Conway, must secure  
The passes of the Tyne: Ormond supplies  
My place in Ireland. Here, we'll try the city:  
If they refuse a loan... debase the coin.  
And seize the bullion! we've no other choice.  
Herbert... (Flinging down the paper.)  
And this while I am here! with you!  
And there are hosts such, hosts like Vane! I go,—  
And, I once gone, they'll close around you, sire,  
When the least pique, pettiest mistrust, is sure  
To ruin me—and you along with me!  
Do you see that? And you along with me!  
—Sire, you'll not ever listen to these men,  
And I away, fighting your battle? Sire,  
If they—'t'is—charge me—no matter what—  
You say, 'At any time when he returns  
His head is mine.' Don't stop me there! You know  
My head is yours... only, don't stop me there!  
Ch. Too shameful, Strafford! You advised the war,  
And...

Straff. I! I! that was never spoken with  
Till it was entered on! That loathe war!  
That say it is the maddest, wickedest...  
Do you know, Charles, I think, within my heart,  
That you would say I did advise the war;  
And if, through your own weakness, falsehood, Charles,  
These Scots, with God to help them, drive me back...  
You will not step between the raging people  
And me, to say...

I knew you! from the first  
I knew you! Never was so cold a heart!  
Remember that I said it—that I never  
Believed you for a moment

—And, you loved me?  
You thought your perdy profoundly hid  
Because I could not share your whisperings  
With Vane? With Savile? But your hideous heart—  
I had your heart to see, Charles! Oh, to have  
A heart of stone—of smooth, cold, frightful stone!  
Ay, call them! Shall I call for you? The Scots  
Goaded to madness? Or the English—Pym—  
Shall I call Pym, your subject? Oh, you think  
I'll leave them in the dark about it all?  
They shall not know you? Hampton, Pym shall not...

Our next example is from the mouth of  
Lucy, Lady Carlisle.

"(Aside.) The king!—  
What way to save him from the king? My soul...  
That lent from its own store the charmed disguise  
That clothes the king... he shall behold my soul!  
To Strafford! Strafford... (I shall speak best if you'll not gaze

Upon me)... You would perish, too! So sure!...  
Could you but know what 'tis to bear, my Strafford,  
One image stamped within you, turning blank  
The else imperial brilliance of your mind,—  
A weakness, but most precious,—like a flaw  
In the diamond, which should shape forth some sweet face  
Yet to create, and, meanwhile, treasured there,  
Lest Nature lose her gracious thought for ever!..."  
A few lines from Strafford's conclusion, and we  
also conclude.

"Straff. I shall walk lightly, Sire!  
—For I shall save you... save you at the last!  
Earth fades, Heaven dawns on me... I shall wake next  
Before God's throne: the moment's close at hand  
When man the first, last time, has leave to lay  
His whole heart bare before its Maker—leave  
To clear up the long error of a life,  
And choose one happiness for evermore.  
With all mortality about me, Charles,  
The sudden wreck—the dregs—the violent death...  
I'll pray for you! Through all the angel-song  
Shall penetrate one weak and quivering prayer—  
I'll say how good you are... inwardly good  
And pure... (The King falls: Hollis raises him.)  
Be witness, he could not prevent  
My death! I'll go—ere he awakes—go now!  
All must be ready—did you say, Balfour,  
The crowd began to murmur?—They'll be kept  
Too late for sermon at St. Antholin's!  
Now—but tread softly—children are at play  
In the next room—Ah, just my children—Hollis!  
—Or... no—support the King! (a door is unbarred.)  
Hark... they are here!  
Stay Hollis!—Go, Balfour! I'll follow!"

"Pym. Have I done well? Speak, England! Whose  
great sake  
I still have laboured for, with disregard  
To my own heart,—for whom my youth was made  
Barren, my future dark, to offer up  
Her sacrifice—this man, this Wentworth here—  
That walked in youth with me—loved me it may be,  
And whom, for his forsaking England's cause,  
I hunted by all means (trusting that she  
Would sanctify all means) even to the grave  
That yawns for him. And saying this, I feel  
No bitter pang than first I felt, the hour  
I swore that Wentworth might leave us,—but I  
Would never leave him: I do leave him now!  
I render up my charge (be witness, God!)  
To England who imposed it! I have done  
Her bidding—poorly, wrongly,—it may be  
With ill effects—for I am but a man...  
Still, I have done my best, my very best,  
Not faltering for a moment! I have done!  
(After a pause.)

And that said, I will say... yes, I will say  
I never loved but this man—David not  
More Jonathan! Even thus, I love him now:  
And look for my chief portion in that world  
Where great hearts led astray are turned again,  
(Soon it may be... yes... it will be soon:  
My mission over, I shall not live long!)  
...Aye here I know I talk—and I will talk  
Of England—and her great reward—as all  
I look for there; but in my inmost heart  
Believe I think of stealing quite away—  
To walk once more with Wentworth—with my friend  
Purged from all error gloriously renewed,  
And Elliot shall not blame us! Then indeed...  
This is no meeting, Wentworth! Tears rise up  
Too hot... A thin mist—is it blood?—enwraps  
The face I loved so! Then, shall the meeting be!  
Then—then—then—I may kiss that hand, I know!  
Straff. (Walks calmly up to Pym and offers his hand.)  
I have loved England, too; we'll meet then, Pym!  
As well to die! Youth is the time—our youth,  
To think and to decide on a great course:  
Age with its action follows; but 'tis dreary  
To have to alter one's whole life in age—  
The time past, the strength gone! as well die now.  
When we meet, Pym, I'd be set right—not now!"

*A Birthday Tribute, addressed to H. R. H.  
the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, on at-  
taining her eighteenth Year.* By L. E. L.  
With a Portrait. 4to. pp. 19. London,  
1837. Fisher, Son, and Co.

MESRS. FISHERS have, with excellent taste  
and most opportunely, invoked the genius of  
one of the sweetest priestesses in the temple of  
Apollo, to embody the national feelings on this  
auspicious occasion. In olden times, such an  
event would have called forth hundreds of trib-  
utes from seats of learning, and all the scat-  
tered children of the muse. Now we are, we  
trust, not less gallant and loyal, but certainly  
more commercial and plodding, and must be  
contented with a more limited application of  
sympathy and talent to celebrate even so inter-  
esting an epoch as that birthday of the fair

Hope of England, which passes her from the  
state of infancy to the eminent height of his-  
torical importance.

What is here done is done beautifully. The  
poem opens with a clustering of youthful  
images all congenial to the subject, and full  
of kindred loveliness:—

"When has the day the loveliest of its hours?  
It is the hour when morning breaks into day,  
When dew-drops like the yet unfolded flowers,  
And sunshine seems like hope upon its way.  
Then soars the lark amid the azure, singing  
A seraph's song, that is of heaven, not earth;  
Then comes the wind, a fragrant wanderer, bringing  
The breath of vales where violets have birth.  
Which of the seasons in the year is fairest?  
That when the spring first blushes into bloom;  
There is the beauty, earliest and rarest,  
When the world warms with colour and perfume.  
Then are the meadows filled with pleasant voices,  
Earth one bright promise what it is to be;  
Then the green forest in its depths rejoices,  
Flowers in the grass, and buds upon the tree.  
Then the red rose reveals her future glory,  
Breaking the green moss with one crimson trace;  
So dawns the white—while old historic story  
Tells now they wreathe for England's royal race.  
If thus so fair the spring-time and the morning,  
But in the world of leaf and bud; how fair,  
With all their early loveliness adorning,  
Still lovelier in our human world they are.

Youth is around thee, ladye of the ocean,  
Ocean that is thy kingdom and thy home,  
Where not a heart but kindles with emotion,  
Dreaming of honoured years that are to come.

What is the light of morning's rosy breaking,  
To the young promise of that royal mind?  
What are the hopes of sunny spring's awaking,  
To hopes which in thy future are inscribed?  
Mighty the task, and glorious the fulfilling,  
Duties that round thy future hours must be;  
The east and west depend upon thy willing—  
Mistress art thou wherever rolls the sea.

Fair art thou, Princess, in thy youthful beauty  
Thoughtful and pure, the spirit claims its part;  
Gazing on thy young face, a nation's duty  
Bursts forth into the homage of the heart.

O'er thy high forehead is the soft hair braided;  
Be never darker shadow on that brow!  
Not yet one tint of youth's sweet hues are faded;  
The loveliness of promise lights thee now.

Around thee are a thousand hearts addressing  
Prayer for thy sake to every power divine;  
No lip that names thee, names without a blessing;  
A nation's holiest wishes are all thine."

The fair writer then casts a retrospect over  
the past history of the country, and deduces  
from it lessons for the future. A few verbal  
inaccuracies scarcely detract from the spirit  
and yet gentle philosophy which pervades this  
sketch, till we come to this period, when

"The progress of our race is marked  
Wherever we can turn;  
No more the gloomy woods extend,  
No more the death-fires burn.  
The village rises where once spread  
Th' inhabitable moor;  
And Sabbath-bells sweep on the wind,  
The music of the poor.  
The sun sinks down o'er myriads of spires  
That glisten in the ray,  
As almost portions of that heaven  
To which they point the way.  
There is not a more lovely land  
On all our lovely earth,  
Than that, Victoria, which now gives  
Its blessing on thy birth."

Breaking into another rhythm, we must  
quote a few lines more of fine imagining.

"Farwell unto thy childhood, and for ever;  
Youth's careless hours dwell not around a throne;  
The hallowed purpose, and the high endeavour,  
The onward-looking thought must be thine own.

From glowing Ind to Huron's waters spreading  
Extends the empire that our sword hath won,  
There have our sails been peace and knowledge shedding,  
Upon thy sceptre never sets the sun.  
A nobler triumph still awaits thy winning,  
The mind's ethereal war 'tis in its birth;  
The Cross of Christ is on its way, beginning  
Its glorious triumph o'er the darkened earth.  
God's blessing be upon thee, Royal Maiden!  
And be thy throne heaven's altar here below,  
With sweet thanksgivings, and with honours laden,  
Of moral victories o'er want and woe.

Glorious and happy be thy coming hours,  
Young Daughter of old England's royal line!  
As in an angel's pathway spring up flowers,  
So may a nation's blessing spring in thine."

Such are the tones and tender of this charming composition; and we have only to add, that it is encased in a most appropriate binding, embossed on primrose—the colour of the Spring.\*

*Travels of the Duke of Ragusa (Marshal Marmont.) [From the French.]*

WE lay before our readers some extracts from the work which the marshal Duke of Ragusa is about to publish. Every thing contributes to render this book highly interesting. The Duke of Ragusa has travelled through countries which are hardly known to France, and in which the most elevated questions of politics and civilisation are now agitated. He has visited them as a philosopher, a warrior, and a man of learning; he gives profound views and accurate delineations of each of them. His book every where bears the stamp of perfect tolerance and moderation: we always see in it the prudent reserve of a man who, as he says himself, has too often been the unhappy witness of the errors of others not to distrust his own opinions and his own judgment.

The Duke of Ragusa, leaving Vienna in 1834, intended first to visit Southern Russia, then Constantinople, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. In order to reach Odessa, he had to pass either through Galicia or Hungary and Transylvania. He chose the latter route. Hungary and Transylvania are two countries which contain the germs of great future prosperity. They possess the elements of immense riches, and are destined to become the principal basis of the power of the House of Austria. We subjoin some extracts from the marshal's tour in Hungary.

"The actual state of a great part of Hungary is as follows. The country appears to be deserted, and entirely destitute of inhabitants. You traverse immense plains; assemblages of cultivators, to the number of 30,000 or 40,000 souls, are placed at great distances from each other. In the spring every one leaves his winter quarters, and goes to encamp on the land which he is to cultivate. During the whole week he remains at his work; and the town has no inhabitants left but the women, the young children, and some servants. On Saturday evening the head of each family returns home, leaving all his implements in the field; but, on Monday morning, he goes back to his labours. When these are ended, all return to the town. Some of the temporary encampments have been converted into collections of huts, which are adorned with plantations; and the huts will one day become houses. Then the population will remain there; the country will be covered with farms and villages; and people will live in Hungary as in the rest of Europe. The towns, losing a great portion of their population, will assume a different appearance; they will be inhabited only by persons who are not engaged in agricultural pursuits, who live on their incomes or the profits of trade, as they do in other countries.

"At Comorn they shewed me a very valuable natural production, namely, coals of very good quality, which are obtained, two leagues from the town, on an estate belonging to Count Sandor. The working of the mine

has but just begun; it promises to be a source of great riches to the proprietor, and of vast advantages to the country. The country through which you pass to reach Buda would give but a very imperfect idea of Hungary to a traveller who should go no further. It is well cultivated and variegated; it puts one in mind of Germany, though it does not present an image of the same prosperity: the influence of the vicinity of Vienna is very manifest. Accordingly, the land between the Leytha and Buda is more valuable, *ceteris paribus*, than that beyond the Danube. The country, as you approach Buda, is mountainous; high hills command the right bank of the Danube; the road lies at their feet; and there is a fine view of the rich and magnificent islands which cover the river. The sight of Buda is very striking. As an ancient city, the capital of Hungary, a city full of historical recollections, it fills the traveller with a feeling of awe, and reminds him of the middle ages. \* \* \* Buda is the seat of the public authorities, the city of the government; it is as handsome as its situation will allow, and is adorned with fine palaces. It is in this city that the palatine resides; it is here that the higher tribunals administer justice; it is the royal city. On the other side of the Danube is the city of Pesth. This is the city of the opposition, of innovators; the city of commerce and manufactures. It is rapidly improving; its population is constantly increasing; handsome streets are being built; and yet one invincible obstacle will prevent any Hungarian town from becoming a great place of trade—till the civil laws which govern the country shall have been modified. There is no extensive and advantageous commerce without credit; and there is no credit where property is uncertain, and where a debtor cannot be compelled to pay his debts. Such is the case in Hungary: the creditor has no security but in the morality of his debtor; and how can this value be estimated in the case of bills, covered with the signatures of persons, most of whom are often unknown? The people of Hungary are fully sensible of the wants of the country, of the changes which its interest requires; but, as every change that is useful to the generality is, however, unfavourable to some, the most happy innovations meet with opposition: confused ideas cross each other; people will and will not. Thus they wish to have coals, which are indispensable to commerce and improvement. As the government has not the necessary funds to execute such works, some commercial company must undertake them, and a toll be imposed to reimburse the expenses: but he who has demanded coals, who most ardently wishes for them, will not hear of a toll, because a Hungarian gentleman cannot and will not be subject to any tax. They do not yet comprehend in Hungary, that the only reasonable privilege is not to pay without having consented, and that people must consent to pay, in order to enrich themselves and to increase their fortune and their enjoyments. In general, Hungarian pride is indignant at the idea of a contribution; and, till the prejudices which are founded on ignorance, and in the want of the plainest dictates of common sense, are eradicated, the country will remain stationary, and without the immense amelioration of which it is capable."

We pass over several interesting pages, in which the author shews to what degree feudalism is still impressed on the constitution and manners of Hungary. The following is a striking proof of this fact:—

"Near Oedenburg is the fort of Torchen-

stein, which belongs to Prince Esterhazy. It is situated on an eminence, and contains a considerable quantity of artillery, arms for three or four thousand men, and a treasure, composed of precious jewels, of immense value. A statute of the house of Esterhazy binds every prince who is the head of that illustrious house, to add to this treasure. The statute does not authorise them to touch it, except to ransom a member of the Esterhazy family, who is a prisoner of war, or a slave among the Turks. Henceforth there will be no occasion to resort to this regulation, dictated by prudence and humanity. In 1809, the country of Oedenburg was occupied by the French army. A detachment of cavalry appeared before Torchenstein; the soldiers of Prince Esterhazy, who form the garrison, refused to open the gates; the detachment withdrew; and the fort, and the treasures it contained, were preserved to the owner. This situation of Prince Esterhazy, is, perhaps, the only one in Europe that gives us an idea of that of the great vassals of the middle ages. Immense estates, and a fortune which, if well administered, would equal that of a sovereign; fortresses belonging to himself; troops maintained in his service; the right, sanctioned by custom, of guarding his sovereign whenever he comes to his territories; the privilege of entering the suburbs of the capital, with a detachment of his soldiers with his colours flying,—all this exists here alone. A Prince Esterhazy, in a country like Hungary, possesses elements of greatness which might give him the highest place in society, next to the throne; he might be the right arm of his sovereign, and the benefactor of his country. In one of the halls of the palaces, you see painted on the wall a genealogical tree, which announces no very moderate pretensions. It begins with Adam: he is lying on the ground, the tree is planted in his side, passes through Seth, Noah, Ham, the patriarchs, and ends in 1676, with Nicholas Esterhazy, palatine of Hungary. Certainly such a document should put to shame the house of Levis, which goes back only to the family of the virgin, or the house of Croi, whose title-deeds, as every body knows, were preserved in Noah's Ark. It may readily be imagined, that the Esterhazys are the first to laugh at this folly."

The following is another of the most characteristic traces of the middle ages, in the constitution of Hungary. The author is speaking of the coronation of the kings.

"The reigning Emperor Ferdinand was crowned King of Hungary at Presburg, in 1830. This magnificent ceremony, now unique in Europe, calls to mind the middle ages, and still retains its original character. All passes on horseback in the open air: the bishops themselves, wearing their sacerdotal ornaments, with mitres on their heads, and croziers in their hands, march in the place belonging to their rank, mounted on horses splendidly caparisoned and led by grooms richly dressed. We see at once that this is the pomp of a nomade people; the political and religious act of a people whose life was devoted to warlike occupations, and whose destiny it was to conquer the country they had before them. The whole has a legal and religious character. The king takes an oath in presence of the nation—that is to say, of the nobility and the clergy, the only classes possessing political rights—to govern according to the laws, to preserve the privileges of all, to defend the state against all enemies; and, as a token of the duty which he takes on himself, and which he promises to perform, he gallops, drawing his sabre, to a mound erected for the

\* We regret to hear that the gifted writer is in such indifferent health, as to be obliged to decline contributing to any of the *Annals* of the ensuing year. They will thus be shorn of one of their most popular ornaments.

purpose: there he cleaves the air with his sabre in the direction of the four cardinal points, thereby indicating that he will defend the country, and combat its enemies on whatever side they may appear. The clergy consecrate, anoint, and crown the king; but the duties, the strictness and extent of which the monarch acknowledges, are first confirmed, and it is not till he has sworn to fulfil them that he is put in possession of the crown.

At present we can only give one other extract:

"From Deré Kegyhaza I went to pass the night at Mezohegyés. This is the finest establishment in the Austrian monarchy for the breeding of horses, and their improvement. I have examined it with care, and will give a detailed account of it. The stud of Mezohegyés is on 40,000 acres of land, of the best quality, and in one piece. This immense space is surrounded by a broad and deep ditch, which completely isolates it. It is environed by fine plantations, sixty feet broad, in its whole extent, which is fifteen leagues. A thousand acres, planted with walled groups of trees, break the uniformity of the plain: it is carefully cultivated, and its produce serves for the support of the establishment. Three hundred and sixty ploughs are employed on it; half of which are drawn by oxen, and half by horses. Formerly this stud had to supply horses to recruit the cavalry; 20,000 horses were kept there. But the horses were not good, and diseases shewed the defects of this system. At present, the object of the government here, as well as at Bablona, is only to obtain stallions of a good breed, which are sent to the dépôts in the provinces for the service of private persons, and in order to keep up the number, 2000, which has been judged to be necessary. In the annual supply of 400, the contingent of Mezohegyés is 150. To produce them, there are kept 1000 brood-mares and forty-eight stallions. Two hundred mares and 600 oxen are employed in cultivating the ground. The plain is divided into four equal parts; each of these four is subdivided into portions, which are like so many farms. An officer, and two subaltern officers, are placed at the head of each great division, to direct and superintend it. All the persons, the implements, and the teams necessary for the cultivation, are then collected, as well as the young animals, which are classed according to their age and sex. At the age of four years the young horses are all collected in the centre of the establishment, which is amply provided with all the necessary buildings. The best animals are selected to supply the deficiencies in the establishment, in order to keep it always on the same footing. A selection is then made of what may be wanted by the other studs; then, when the stallions have attained the age of five years, a hundred and forty, or a hundred and fifty, are sent to the principal dépôts. The remainder are sold by auction, or given to the army to remount the cavalry. At present, the whole number of horses here, including the stallions, the brood-mares, colts, and fillies, is 3000. The persons employed in the direction, the cultivation, and the care of the young animals, consist of a major-director, twelve subaltern officers, and 1170 soldiers, keepers, cultivators, &c. &c. Never was so vast an establishment conducted with more order and economy. The present director is Major Blockberg, an officer who appeared to me to be very capable, and worthy of the post which is confided to him. The imperial treasury advances to this establishment, every year, the sum of 118,000 florins: it is reimbursed by

the sale of the 150 stallions which the establishment sends every year to the provinces, at the price of 1003 florins each, and by the value of the horses supplied to the cavalry. All the other expenses, of every description, are paid for by the produce of the establishment, which is required to defray, and does defray, all. The consumption of oats is 72,000 bushels. The cultivation of wheat being extremely advantageous on this soil, it is carried on here, and the wheat is sold to provide for other wants. 150,000 quintals of forage are consumed, besides straw. The results of this system are, therefore, marvellous; and especially in the eyes of a Frenchman, whose country has nothing analogous to it. It is an immense estate; a farm on a colossal scale; a stud in proportion, managed for the account of the sovereign, which produces a considerable revenue, independently of the principal object which is attained, and which consists in the propagation of the best breeds, and the multiplication of horses. Thanks to this system, the success of which is complete, the Emperor of Austria can purchase, at a moderate price, a number of horses, always sufficient for the wants of his army. He pays for horses for the light cavalry, 110 florins; for the dragoons, 120; for the cuirassiers, 140; for the train, 160; and for the artillery, 180. It is a great element of power to possess at home such an immense resource against a time of war, at an expense so far below that which the powers of the west and south of Europe are obliged to incur."

*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. II.*  
1837. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Murray; Whittaker and Co.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

It is a remarkable portion in the life of Sir Walter Scott, to see the incredible efforts he made to keep his Edinburgh presses at work; the labour of incessant editing works of great magnitude, and all to bring grist to the mill. We are now at the year 1808, when his biographer tells us:—

"Conversing with Scott many years afterwards, about the tumult of engagements in which he was thus involved, he said, 'Ay, it was enough to tear me to pieces, but there was a wonderful exhilaration about it all: my blood was kept at fever-pitch—I felt as if I could have grappled with any thing and every thing; then, there was hardly one of all my schemes that did not afford me the means of serving some poor devil of a brother-author. There were always huge piles of materials to be arranged, sifted, and indexed—volumes of extracts to be transcribed—journeys to be made hither and thither, for ascertaining little facts and dates: in short, I could commonly keep half-a-dozen of the ragged regiment of Parnassus in tolerable case.' I said he must have felt something like what a locomotive engine on a railway might be supposed to do, when a score of coal-waggons are seen linking themselves to it the moment it gets the steam up, and it rushes on its course, regardless of the burden. 'Yes,' said he, laughing, and making a crashing cut with his axe (for we were felling larches); 'but there was a cursed lot of dung-carts, too.' He was seldom, in fact, without some of these appendages; and I admired nothing more in him than the patient courtesy, the unwearying gentle kindness with which he always treated them, in spite of their delays and blunders, to say nothing of the almost incredible vanity and presumption which more than one of them often exhibited, in the midst of their fawning; and I believe, with all their

faults, the worst and weakest of them repaid him by a canine fidelity of affection. This part of Scott's character recalls by far the most pleasing trait in that of his last predecessor, in the plenitude of literary authority—Dr. Johnson. There was, perhaps, nothing (except the one great blunder) that had a worse effect on the course of his pecuniary fortunes, than the readiness with which he exerted his interest with the booksellers on behalf of inferior writers. Even from the commencement of his connexion with Constable, in particular, I can trace a continual series of such applications. They stimulated the already too sanguine publisher to numberless risks; and, when these failed, the result was, in one shape or another, some corresponding deduction from the fair profits of his own literary labour. 'I like well,' Constable was often heard to say, in the sequel, 'I like well Scott's ain bairns; but Heaven preserve me from those of his fathering!'"

Again: "The reader does not need to be reminded, that Scott, at this time, had business enough on his hand, besides combing the mane of Brown Adam, and twisting couples for Douglas and Percy. He was deep in Swift; and the Ballantyne press was groaning under a number of works, some of them already mentioned, with almost all of which, his hand, as well as his head, had something, more or less, to do. But a serious change was about to take place in his relations with the spirited publishing-house, which had, hitherto, been the most efficient supporters of that press; and his letters begin to be much occupied with differences and disputes, which, uninteresting as the details would now be, must have cost him many anxious hours in the apparently idle autumn of 1808."

His disputes with Hunter, Constable, and Co. are related; and also the causes of his differences with Jeffrey. The results were, his embarking largely with the Messrs. Ballantyne as printers and publishers, in Edinburgh; and his taking a very active part in setting up the *Quarterly Review* in London, to counteract the political influence of the *Edinburgh Review*. All the accounts of these matters are of much literary interest and curiosity, and the correspondence of this period will be read with much gratification; though we must again reclaim against the disparaging tone in which the Messrs. Ballantyne are frequently spoken of by the biographer. It seems hard, after years of the closest intimacy and friendship, even with the greatest man of the day, to be shewn up as pigmies or puppets, as it were, merely to swell his gigantic proportions and importance. We quote an instance of the correspondence above alluded to.

"The enclosure (to Mr. Ellis, July 8th, 1809), and the rest of the letter, refer to the private affairs of Mr. Southey, in whose favour Scott had, for some time back, been strenuously using his interest with his friends in the government. How well he had, while in London, read the feelings of some of those ministers towards each other, appears from various letters written upon his return to Scotland. It may be sufficient to quote part of one, addressed to the distinguished author whose fortunes he was exerting himself to promote. To him, Scott says (14th June),—'Mr. Canning's opportunities to serve you will soon be numerous, or they will soon be gone altogether; for he is of a different mould from some of his colleagues, and a decided foe to those half-measures, which, I know, you detest as much as I do. It is not his fault that the cause of Spain is not, at this moment, triumphant.

This I know, and the time will come when the world will know it too."

His intercourse with this great and patriotic statesman was always of the most delightful kind; but we come to a sterner trait of character, which we hardly anticipated in the man.

"The unfortunate brother, the blot of the family, to whom Scott alludes in this letter, had disappointed all the hopes under which his friends sent him to Jamaica. It may be remarked, as characteristic of Scott at this time, that, in the various letters to Ellis concerning Daniel, he speaks of him as his relation, never as his brother; and it must also be mentioned as a circumstance suggesting that Daniel had retained, after all, some sense of pride, that his West Indian patron was allowed by himself to remain, to the end of their connexion, in ignorance of what his distinguished brother had thus thought fit to suppress. Mr. Blackburn, in fact, never knew that Daniel was Walter Scott's brother, until he was applied to for some information respecting him on my own behalf, after this narrative was begun. The story is, shortly, that the adventurer's habits of dissipation proved incurable; but he finally left Jamaica, under a stigma, which Walter Scott regarded with utter severity. Being employed in some service against a refractory or insurgent body of negroes, he had exhibited a lamentable deficiency of spirit and conduct. He returned to Scotland a dishonoured man; and though he found shelter and compassion from his mother, his brother would never see him again. Nay, when, soon after, his health, shattered by dissolute indulgence, and, probably, the intolerable load of shame, gave way altogether, and he died as yet a young man, the poet refused either to attend his funeral, or to wear mourning for him, like the rest of the family. Thus sternly, when in the height and pride of his blood, could Scott, whose heart was never hardened against the distress of an enemy, recoil from the disgrace of a brother. It is a more pleasing part of my duty to add, that he spoke to me, twenty years afterwards, in terms of great and painful contrition, for the austerity with which he had conducted himself on this occasion. I must add, moreover, that he took a warm interest in a natural child whom Daniel had bequeathed to his mother's care; and, after the old lady's death, religiously supplied her place as the boy's protector."

Pride and ambition steeled his heart; no wonder that a late repentance followed. To proceed, however, with our narrative, we find Scott now dabbling much in Edinburgh theatricals, and hear of his intimacy with Mrs. Siddons, J. Kemble, and others; and particularly with Mr. Terry, who acquired his unbounded confidence and friendship.

"Mr. Terry (we are informed) had received a good education, and been regularly trained as an architect; but, abandoning that profession, at an early period of life, for the stage, and was now beginning to attract attention as a valuable and efficient actor in Henry Siddons's new company at Edinburgh. Already he and the Ballantynes were constant companions; and through his familiarity with them, Scott had abundant opportunities of appreciating his many excellent and agreeable qualities. He had the manners and feelings of a gentleman. Like John Kemble, he was deeply skilled in the old literature of the drama, and he rivalled Scott's own enthusiasm for the antiquities of *verru*. Their epistolary correspondence in after days was frequent, and will supply me with many illustrations of Scott's minor tastes and habits. As their letters lie before me, they appear as if

they had all been penned by the same hand. Terry's idolatry of his new friend induced him to imitate his writing so zealously, that Scott used to say, if he were called on to swear to any document, the utmost he could venture to attest would be, that it was either in his own hand or in Terry's. The actor, perhaps unconsciously, mimicked him in other matters with hardly inferior pertinacity. His small lively features had acquired, before I knew him, a truly ludicrous cast of Scott's graver expression; he had taught his tiny eyebrow the very trick of the poet's meditative frown; and, to crown all, he so habitually affected his tone and accent, that, though a native of Bath, a stranger could hardly have doubted he must be a Scotchman. These things afforded Scott and all their mutual acquaintances much diversion; but, perhaps, no Stoic could have helped being secretly gratified by seeing a clever and sensible man convert himself into a living type and symbol of admiration. Charles Mathews and Terry were once thrown out of a gig together, and the former received an injury which made him halt ever afterwards, while the latter escaped unhurt. 'Dooms, *Daaniel*,' said Mathews, when they next met; 'what a pity that it wasna your luck to get the game leg, mon! Your *Shirra* wad hae been the very thing, ye ken, an' ye wad hae been croose till ye war coffined!' Terry, though he did not always relish bantering on this subject, replied readily and good-humouredly, by a quotation from Peter Plunder's *Bossy and Pious*:—

"When Foote his leg by some misfortune broke,  
Says I to Johnson, all by way of joke,  
Sam, sir, in Paragraph will soon be clever,  
He'll take off Peter better now than ever."

Mathews's mirthful caricature of Terry's sober mimicry of Scott was one of the richest extravaganzas of his social hours; but, indeed, I have often seen this Proteus dramatise the whole Ballantyne group with equal success—while *Rigdumfunnidos* screamed with delight, and *Aldiborontiphosphornio* faintly chuckled, and the Sheriff, gently smiling, pushed round his decanters."

The "Lady of the Lake" was now published, and had immense popularity. Touching it, the following quotation is full of interest:—

"Of the success of his new poem, he speaks as follows in his Introduction of 1830:—'It was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me, for the moment, to conclude that I had, at last, fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune. I had attained, perhaps, that degree of public reputation at which prudence, or certainly timidity, would have made a halt, and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase it. But—as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to King George the Third, that he himself, amid his high tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite—so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been, at any time, a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality which I could not have claimed from merit: and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.' James Ballantyne has pre-

served, in his 'Memorandum,' an anecdote strikingly confirmative of the most remarkable statement in this page of Scott's confessions. 'I remember,' he says, 'going into his library shortly after the publication of the 'Lady of the Lake,' and finding Miss Scott (who was then a very young girl) there by herself; I asked her, 'Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like the 'Lady of the Lake?' Her answer was given with perfect simplicity: 'Oh, I have not read it; papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry.' In fact, his children in those days had no idea of the source of his distinction; or rather, indeed, that his position was in any respect different from that of other advocates, sheriffs, and clerks of session. The eldest boy came home one afternoon about this time from the High School, with tears and blood hardened together upon his cheeks. 'Well, Wat,' said his father, 'what have you been fighting about to-day?' With that the boy blushed, and lung his head, and at last stammered out, that 'he had been called a *lassie*.' 'Indeed!' said Mrs. Scott, 'this was a terrible mischief, to be sure.' 'You may say what you please, mamma,' Wat answered roughly, 'but I dinna think there's a *wasfer* (shabbier) thing in the world than to be a *lassie*, to sit boring at a clout.' Upon further inquiry, it turned out that one or two of his companions had dubbed him *The Lady of the Lake*, and the phrase was to him incomprehensible, save as conveying some imputation on his prowess, which he accordingly vindicated in the usual style of the Yards. Of the poem he had never before heard. Shortly after, this story having got wind, one of Scott's colleagues of the Clerks' Table said to the boy, 'Gillknockie, my man, you cannot surely help seeing that great people make more work about your papa than they do about me or any other of your uncles; what is it, do you suppose, that occasions this?' The little fellow pondered for a minute or two, and then answered, very gravely, 'It's commonly him that sees the hare sitting.' And yet this was the man that had his children all along so very much with him. In truth, however, young Walter had guessed pretty shrewdly in the matter, for his father had all the tact of the Sutherland Highlander, whose detection of an Irish rebel up to the neck in a bog, he has commemorated in a note upon 'Rokely.' Like him, he was quick to catch the sparkle of the future victim's eye; and often said jestingly of himself, that, whatever might be thought of him as a *maker* (poet), he was an excellent *trouveur*. Ballantyne adds: 'One day, about this same time, when his fame was supposed to have reached its *acmé*, I said to him, 'Will you excuse me, Mr. Scott, but I should like to ask you what you think of your own genius as a poet, in comparison with that of Burns?' He replied, 'There is no comparison whatever; we ought not to be named in the same day.' 'Indeed!' I answered; 'would you compare Campbell to Burns?' 'No, James, not at all; if you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country.'—'But, in fact,' continues Ballantyne, 'he had often said to me, that neither his own, nor any modern popular style of composition, was that from which he derived most pleasure. I asked him what it was? He answered, Johnson's; and that he had more pleasure in reading 'London,' and 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' than any other poetical composition he could mention; and I think I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration than while reciting aloud from those productions.'"

In 1811, "The Vision of Don Roderick" was published, as a contribution to the Portuguese Subscription Fund; and, about the same time, Mr. Scott purchased the land of Abbotsford, and began "Rokeby," in order to raise a sufficient fund to clear the purchase, and build upon it. His correspondence with Mr. Merritt is frequent and charming; but we must leave it to the readers of the work (as all will be), and conclude with a few brevities.

**Anecdote of Lord Napier.**—"Lord and Lady Napier had arrived at Castlemilk, with the intention of staying a week; but next morning it was announced that a circumstance had occurred which rendered it indispensable for them to return without delay to their own seat in Selkirkshire. It was impossible for Lady Stewart to extract any further explanation at the moment, but it turned out afterwards that Lord Napier's valet had committed the grievous mistake of packing up a set of neckcloths which did not correspond, in point of date, with the shirts they accompanied!"

**Anecdote of Mrs. Siddons.**—"John Kemble's most familiar table-talk often flowed into blank verse; and so indeed did his sister's. Scott (who was a capital mimic) often repeated her tragic exclamation to a footboy, during a dinner at Ashstead:

'You've brought me water, boy,—I asked for beer!'"

Lord Melville and President Blair died about the same period, and Scott tells the following singular story:

"There is a very odd coincidence between the deaths of these eminent characters, and that of a very inferior person, a dentist of this city, named Dubisson. He met the president the day before his death, who used a particular expression in speaking to him. The day before Lord Melville died, he also met Dubisson, nearly on the same spot, and, to the man's surprise, used the president's very words in saluting him. On this second death, he expressed (jocularly, however) an apprehension that he himself would be the third; was taken ill, and died in an hour's space. Was not this remarkable?"

**Scott's first opinion of "Childe Harold."**—"Have you seen the 'Pilgrimage of Childe Harold,' by Lord Byron? It is, I think, a very clever poem, but gives no good symptom of the writer's heart or morals. His hero, notwithstanding the affected antiquity of the style in some parts, is a modern man of fashion and fortune, worn out and satiated with the pursuits of dissipation; and, although there is a caution against it in the preface, you cannot for your soul avoid concluding that the author, as he gives an account of his own travels, is also doing so in his own character. Now, really, this is too bad; vice ought to be a little more modest, and it must require impudence at least equal to the noble lord's other powers, to claim sympathy gravely for the ennui arising from his being tired of his vassals and his paramours. There is a monstrous deal of conceit in it too, for it is informing the inferior part of the world that their little old-fashioned scruples of limitation are not worthy of his regard, while his fortune and possessions are such as have put all sorts of gratifications too much in his power to afford him any pleasure. Yet, with all this conceit and assurance, there is much poetical merit in the book, and I wish you would read it."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**Botany.**—Messrs. Brogniart and Jusseu, who were appointed by the French Academy of Sciences to examine the plants collected by Dr. Honigberger, have found

among them many that are very remarkable; some of them are also contained in the Herbarium of Jacquemont. The lovers of botany will be glad to learn that Dr. Honigberger's plants will be described by Mr. Jacquin of Vienna, to whom he has confided them. The first part is already published under the title of "Serium Cabulicum: Enumeratio plantarum quas in itinere inter Daraghistan et Cabul mensibus Maio et Junio, 1832, collegit Dr. M. H."

**The Millwright and Engineer's Pocket Companion**, by William Templeton. 4th edition. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Liverpool, Egerton Smith and Co.)—This fourth edition of "Templeton's Engineer's Companion," will be found most useful to all persons connected with machinery. Mr. T. is, we understand, an operative mechanic; and his work has been considerably enlarged by the addition of much valuable matter.

**An Analysis of Poisons**, by G. J. Cox, M.R.C.S. Pp. 174. (London, J. T. Cox; E. Portwine.)—A plain and sensible exposition of the qualities of various poisons, their action on the animal economy, and their safest and readiest antidotes.

**Southey's Cowper, Vol. XII.** (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—With two fine and spirited embellishments from the pencil of W. Harvey, engraved by Goodyear and Goodall, this volume continues the *Iliad* to the end.

**A new Guide to German and English Conversation, &c. &c.** by J. Rowbotham. (London, Dulau and Co.)—Like all Mr. Rowbotham's works, a most useful publication; excellently arranged, and adapted to improve the student in speaking German.

**Murray's Pocket Byron, Vol. V.**—This is the second volume of the dramas, and contains the *Two Foscari*, *Cain*, the *Deformed Transformed*, and *Werner*. Venice by E. Finden, after Stanfield, forms a beautiful vignette.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

(Last accounts.)

Baghdad, January 31, 1837.

MY DEAR —, — *The Literary Gazette* (which, with great propriety, finds its way to the H. E. I. Company's Presidency at Baghdad, and has travelled across the desert with unaccustomed celerity since the Euphrates expedition stirred up the phlegm of the Asiatics) has reached as far as the loss of H. M. steamer *Tigris*, at the time when your correspondent is inditing his second letter from "the city of the Caliphs." He regrets extremely (although, with proper self-respect, he attributes to the lamp-black ink of the East, which effaces by damp, and not to his calligraphic inaccuracy) the errors which you have, with equal kindness and industry, endeavoured to amend. He hopes to be able to give you some detailed information upon these points; but, in the mean time, Deir, and not Dura, در, "a monastery," is a small town 211 miles, by water, below Balis, and nominally at present the frontier town of Ibrahim Pacha's possessions in Syria. The site of Thapsacus, of Xenophon and Arrian, is controversial. Those in the expedition who amused and instructed themselves with questions of historical geography, placed it at El Hummam, "the baths," 12 miles above Racca, where is a causeway leading to the city of Sura, "flavia firma Sura," between which and Palmyra was a great road passing through Resafa, and on the left or east bank of the river, another road leading by Aragla Castle to Racca, which was a favourite residence of Haroun al Raschid; the Nikephorium of Alexander, and Callinicum of the Romans. Unanimity is something. Rennell and D'Anville placed Thapsacus at Deir; in order to do which, and preserve any correspondence in distances, they had recourse to the extraordinary assumption, that Xenophon had transposed the distances between the Daradax and Thapsacus, Thapsacus and the Araxes. It remains, however, questionable, if Alexander did not pass higher up. "Zelebé" or "Zenobia," you are right, a marble city of the greatest interest. "Cercusium," limitrophical city of Roman dominion in the East: now Kerkissia, a corruption, or Abou Serai, "the father of palaces." Of Salahiyyat سلاحيه rather Salahiyyah, an extensive ruin, with castle and gateways in tolerable perfec-

tion, I know nothing. Erzi ارزي (arzy) the popular Arabic name of Ezra, whose tomb on the Tigris is a great resort for Jewish pilgrims. It was, probably, a colony of captive Israelites. Rauwolf and Balbi give an erroneous idea of its extent, from the river winding round the ruins. It was the Corote of Xenophon; and the river Masca, of the same historian and general, is a branch of the Euphrates. This will require detail.\*

The Euphrates steamer, after forwarding despatches from Baghdad early in October 1836, returned immediately to Korna, where the H. E. I. Company's steamer, *Hugh Lindsay*, had already arrived with a second mail.† The steamer having had the misfortune to bring up with her from Bombay a Mr. Samuel, whose apostolic labours, two years ago, nearly caused the destruction of all the European inhabitants of Baghdad, she was put into religious quarantine, and the Arabs threatened to kill any body who should land. This was soon put to rights on our arrival, and, having received the mail, H. M. steamer at once sailed up the river Euphrates upwards of 70 miles, and anchored off the encampment of the Sheik of Montefidge, when every possible explanation and concession was made in the most amicable manner possible. The mail was taken up as far as the Lemloon marshes, and thence forwarded, under charge of Mr. Fitzjames, by dromedary. In my last, I put you quite *au fait* to the difficulties under which the expedition laboured, with only the large steamer remaining, and a mail arriving at the very lowest season of the year. She struggled, however, for some days in the narrow and shallow channel in the Lemloon, till the cross-bar of one of the engine's pumps broke, and there was nothing left but to return alongside the *Hugh Lindsay*, and get it repaired. Under these adverse circumstances, and in consequence of orders received from his majesty's government, for the approaching suspension of our labours, Colonel Chesney determined upon proceeding at once to India, principally, I believe, with a view to put the navigation of the river upon that footing which experience has now shewn to be most likely to be attended with success. The opinion upon this subject of all our naval officers is, that it might be performed with expedition, and all the advantages desirable, by steamers of power, draught, and dimensions, varying with the portion of the river to be navigated. Opinions are here, I believe, a little divided, whether two or three, or even more, small steamers would not be required for the river navigation. The views, however, of none of the officers extend to the necessity of a system of steam navigation half so complex as that at present in force on the Danube, and which would secure to India a constant and speedy communication with the mother country; whereas the Red Sea, as yet, has been unapproachable in one direction during nearly one half of the year.

At the colonel's departure, after a ride to Zobeir in the Desert (the unfortunate sheikh of which has since been shot at Basra, while upon a visit to the governor, and his decapitated body thrown into the streets), we received orders to proceed in the important examination of the Delta of Susiana. While the steamer breasted the wholesome Karoon, or Khoaspes, "the drink of none but kings," a small party went along the old bed of the river at Sabia into the Gaban Canal; along which

\* Our readers will remark, that these interesting geographical and antiquarian details and corrections refer to our former correspondence.—Ed. L. G.

† See *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1047, Feb. 11.



they navigated, a day and a night, to Felahy, or Dorack, the residence of the Sheik of Kaab, Chah, or Gab, as Europeans indifferently spell كعب Kaab, or Kaab, the heel of Arabia, as Otranto has been designated to be of Italy. Although subjects of Persia, they pay tribute to no one for Mohammra, and hence exact only trifling customs, which has caused the sudden and temporary rise of that mart, to the detriment of Basra. But retribution, not to mention cupidity, is not slumbering in the breast of Ali Pacha, and commerce may soon be expected to return to its old channel. Mohammra has, however, great natural advantages.

From Felahy the party proceeded up the Jerahy; afterwards, crossing the level plain at the foot of the Persian Appenines, to Ahwaz, celebrated for its bund, or dam, on the river, its ruins of the early times of the Caliphate, and remarkable for its rocky neighbourhood, where rocks are rare. The ledges of solid sandstone (tertiary) which cross the river, form a more complete obstacle to navigation than the remains of the dam itself; and the steamer, which had ascended as far as to the foot of the lowermost of the ledges, had completed all that was in its power of the navigation of the Karoon. Here the expedition found the ancient bed of a river, known to the natives by the name of Chabour, or Shahour, both at Ahwaz: and, from information subsequently obtained at Bendikil, this river, it appears, still flows past the tomb of Daniel, which is on the site of Susa, on the Ulai of Scripture, on the Khoaspes of Herodotus, and on the Euleus of Arrian; all three rivers celebrated for the same virtues as are attributed by the Easterns in the present day to the Karoon, of which the Chabour was a branch, but now flowing into the Ab-i-Dez, or Deshboul river. The ruins of Susa extend from it to the banks of the Keruli, or Karasou of the Turks, which has hence been confounded with the Chabour by one party (Rennell, Ouseley, Barbré de Bocage, Hoëk, &c.), who place Susa in its real position; and by another (D'Herbelot, Vincent, Mannert, D'Anville, Von Hammer, &c.), with the Ab-i-Shuster, or river of Shuster, another branch of the Karoon: these eminent geographers considering Shuster as the site of Susa. By the system, however, now proposed, the difficulties which existed in explaining (if Shus, or Sus, is admitted as the site of Susa) the navigations of Nearchus and of Alexander, and the movements of Eumenes and Antigonus, supposing Sus to be on the Kerah, are overcome. Nearchus ascended the Karoon, his Pasitigris, although not that of Pliny: Alexander descended the Chabour, Khoaspes, or Euleus, by which he could reach the sea. Spasinus Charax, being at Mohammra, and when designated as Alexandria, after the usual complimentary fashion of the Macedonians, only *iii mille passuum* from the sea.

The same party which had traversed the Kaaban proceeded up the river, in a native boat, to determine some of the numerous points of illustration which are connected with this question; and which Von Hammer (*Recueil de la Société de Géographie*, tom. ii. p. 320) announces as "*la plus grande difficulté qui se soit élevée parmi les géographes modernes*:" but the Arabs stood between us and the completion of our wishes. The character of the Uxli and Paratœceni, as given by Arrian and Strabo, remains unimpeachable for veracity. The sum of money demanded for our passage at Bendikil (Bendahel of the Arabs) was extravagant to excess; and being refused, we were, professedly,

neither allowed to go forward nor to return: till, finding further delay unavailing, we were obliged, to our infinite disappointment, to adopt the latter course, and regain the steamer, with faded laurels upon our brows. The Delta was not, however, left till the steamer once more descended the Bansishere; and we crossed the plain of alluvium, covered in parts with salt, like a wintry coat, to the bed of the old Karoon, not far from its mouth. Besides many questions of interest in historical geography, which will have received illustration from this *reconnaissance*, some points of importance were astronomically determined by Lieut. Cleaveland and Mr. Charlewood: magnetic experiments were carried on by Capt. Estcourt; and the Karoon was navigated with security on our return, by the survey effected on the ascent, and laid down by Sergeant-Major Quin, R.A.

The Euphrates steamer has now effected a second navigation of the Tigris to Baghdad, and made a further ascent up the river to the north of that city, previous to being laid up for the winter under charge of the residency. Guided by Colonel Taylor and Dr. Ross, of that establishment, our latest researches have been directed towards questions of geography, while the levelling between the two rivers is in progress for the intended canal. A series of accurate admeasurements have been already made in different lines between the two; and the learned world will be indebted to a corporal of the Royal Engineers (Greenhill) for an efficient and excellent survey of Babylon. The wall of Media, you will be glad to hear, still exists; it crosses from the Macepracta of Julian to above the site of Opis. The river Athem, or Phrycus, joins the Tigris in the same neighbourhood, and constitutes, with the Altoun Sou, or Little Zab (the Zabatus of Xenophon and the Caprus of Ptolemy), and the Great Zab (the Zathes of the Greek, and the Leukus of the Alexandrian historians), all the rivers that enter the Tigris between Baghdad and Mesul: the country in which hydrographical errors have so long taken up their home. The position of Sitace is, I hope, also satisfactorily determined.

The last remnants of the expedition will proceed to the Mediterranean, across the great Syrian Desert; the Retreat of the Ten—Thousand omitted. How differently, in modern times, are revolutions effected to what they were in ancient days! A handful of men can do more towards permanently bringing a country under the subjection of morals and civilisation than the armed hosts of antiquity. Will the spark that has been lit be allowed to pass away like the armies of Cyrus, Alexander, Trajan, Severus, Julian, and Timour?

Your correspondent proceeds, in company with Mr. Rasam, who is versed in Chaldean and Syriac, as well as the languages of the day, to the heart of Kurdistan, and will visit (*Deo volente*) the Nestorian Christians, journeying onwards to Argana Maden, in the Taurus; from whence the English consul at Erzeroum has sent good specimens of lignite. If the barometer survives the journey, there are hopes of determining approximatively the elevation of the sources of the Euphrates and of the Tigris, and of completing the geological survey of these rivers. It so often happens, however, in the East, that the accomplishment of your intentions is prevented by some flaw in the character of the people, that there is more rashness than judgment in anticipating the future.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. FARADAY brought before the members the very curious subject of the singular condition acquired by iron under certain modes of treatment, in relation to oxygen, nitric acid, &c. &c.; a subject which has lately been greatly developed by the investigations of M. Schonbein of Bâle. He first stated and illustrated the relation between the attraction of a metal, as zinc or iron, for oxygen, and the fitness of that metal for the construction of voltaic arrangements. He then shewed that clean iron, when put into strong pure nitric acid, was not acted upon after the first moment; but that if the acid had been previously mixed with its bulk of water, the iron, when immersed in it, would be acted upon, becoming rapidly oxydised. If, however, the iron which had previously been immersed in the strong acid, were put into the dilute acid, that piece would not be acted upon; or if a piece of ordinary iron were put into the dilute acid, being at the same time in contact with a clean platina plate, also immersed, then the iron did not suffer; and the platina might, after a few seconds, be withdrawn, and still the iron and the acid would not affect each other. But if now a piece of common iron were put into the same acid, it was affected; and when it was made to touch the iron in the peculiar inactive state, it at once destroyed that state, and both pieces were acted on as common iron. The cause of these singular relations of this metal remains as yet unexplained and unperceived; but some valuable results flow from them. Mr. Faraday shewed, by striking experiments, that when iron and platina were in contact in an acid so dilute that action would proceed, a voltaic current was produced, as was to be expected; but when the iron was made to assume the inactive state, then no current was occasioned, though metallic contact was continued. This result, combined with that he formerly published, in which the current was obtained without metallic contact, fully prove that voltaic electricity is due, not to the contact of metals, but to chemical action. Mr. Faraday then went into various other cases in which iron exhibited this peculiar condition, and in which it was made to assume the condition by contact with silver, charcoal, gold, &c. &c.; and concluded by drawing attention to the several singular relations by which iron is distinguished so much from other metals—as, for instance, its magnetic relations; its power of forming steels with a minute proportion of carbon, silica, &c.; and its falling on the earth, occasionally in large masses, from the regions above.—On the 1st of May the anniversary meeting was held: a very satisfactory report was read, and officers were chosen for the ensuing season.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Read a description of a new species of the genus *Trigonocephalus*, by Mr. Schomburgk. This snake is called "Bushmaster" by the colonists, and is reckoned the most venomous reptile of Guiana. It is from six to eight feet in length. It occurs in marshes and woods; and its habits are nocturnal.—Mr. Ward exhibited specimens of two new species of *Acterotes*, a remarkable genus of *Umbellifera*, from New Holland.—At the meeting on Tuesday evening, the Duke of Somerset in the chair, M. Gandichaud, Professors Hugo, Mohl, and Müller, were elected foreign members of the Society.—Among the presents were a collection of reptiles, and the eggs of a large gallinaceous bird, from Lieutenant Roe, R.N. surveyor-general of Western Australia. A

flowering specimen of the *Sterculia platanifolia*, from the Duke of Northumberland's magnificent collection at Sion House, was exhibited.—Read an extract of a letter from W. H. Harvey, Esq. stating his having ascertained the *Trichomanes cormophitum* to be only a peculiar condition of the fronds of *Hemitelia asperis*.—Read, also, the conclusion of Mr. Keith's paper on the evolution of the seed and bud.

#### ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY, at a late meeting, laid on the table a specimen of some delineations of the stars in the vicinity of the North Pole, made with Steinheil's astrophotograph. This is an ingenious instrument, by which a person can see, at the same time, the stars and the copy of them; and thus, by simultaneous observations, obtain the greatest accuracy. The instrument itself has not yet been introduced into this country.

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 4th. W. H. White, Esq. in the chair.—A paper was read from the treasurer, John Reynolds, Esq., being a continuation of the translation of Father Kersch's *China Illustrata*. A paper was also read from Arthur Wallis, Esq. on the Flora of Chelmsford. This was followed by a paper from Mr. G. E. Dennes, being a translation of Professor Meyen's paper on the circulation of the cellular juice in plants, extracted from *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, for November 1835. An interesting discussion ensued, after which the meeting adjourned until May 18th.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 27th April.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelors in Divinity*.—Rev. L. A. Sharpe; Rev. G. Adams, Fellow of St. John's College; Rev. G. P. Becker, Worcester College.

*Masters of Arts*.—J. B. Alexander; C. G. Bethune, Trinity College; Rev. A. Stackhouse, Lincoln College; Rev. J. Boucher, Worcester College; A. W. Black, Christ Church; T. K. Kingston, Exeter College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—H. Wood, St. Edmund Hall; J. A. Clarke, Trinity College; E. T. Graves, Worcester College; W. H. Ripley, University College; H. G. Allen; L. Sanders; A. Hackman, Christ Church; R. P. Humphrey, Lincoln College; W. Hill, Magdalen Hall; C. D. Rees; J. G. Clay, Jesus College.

#### THE LITERARY FUND.

THE forty-eighth anniversary of this valuable Institution was held at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday; his Grace the Duke of Somerset, president, in the chair. The company was more numerous than for several years past; and the meeting went off in the most satisfactory manner. On the right of the chair were the Lord Mayor, Lord Sandon, Sheriffs Sir J. Duke and Johnson, Mr. Adolphus, Mr. C. Pearson, Mr. Wire: on the left, and around the table, Lord Stanley, Lord Bolton, Sir Jno. Elley, Sir R. Bateson, D. Maclean, E. Tennent, M.P.'s, Sir W. Chatterton, Mr. F. W. Hope, Dr. Roget, Professor Lee, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. S. Anderson, Mr. Barrow, C. Croker, &c. &c., while, in the body of the hall, acting as stewards, friends of, and officers belonging to the fund, were many gentlemen of high professional and literary distinction, and most of the eminent booksellers and publishers of the metropolis. After the removal of the cloth, the noble chairman gave the usual loyal toasts of "The King," "The Queen," "The Princess Victoria and the rest of the Royal Family," which were received with great applause, and accompanied by national music, finely executed by Mr. T. Cooke, C. Taylor, Bellamy, and Hawkins. The ensuing toast, "The Army and Navy," called up Sir J. Elley, who, in an appropriate speech,

sketched the glories of both services during the late war, when the army took up the cause, in consequence of the navy not having left a foe to encounter on the face of the ocean, and finished it under the illustrious command of the Duke of Wellington—whose name was hailed with loud plaudits. "Prosperity to the Literary Fund" was next drank, and Mr. Jordan briefly addressed the meeting on its behalf. He noticed that its leading principles were consideration of the cases of distress referred to it, promptness in their succour, and secrecy in preserving the names of parties from the curiosity or pity of the world. The only remaining quality wanted was, that there should be a sufficiency for relief; and for this, though possessed of considerable funds, the Society mainly relied on the bounty and generosity brought forth at the anniversaries. He alluded to some recent and striking instances of the good done by the Society to most meritorious characters, and the blessings it had the means to confer on the suffering children of literature. Mr. Croker read a list of subscriptions, which were numerous and gratifying, amounting to above 400*l*. The health of the president was proposed by Lord Stanley, who complimented his Grace on his long-continued devotedness to this benevolent Institution, the chair of which he had taken nearly twenty times in the course of thirty years. His Grace returned thanks, and proposed "The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and Prosperity to the City of London;" which the Lord Mayor acknowledged for the city, and invited the Sheriffs to answer for themselves. Sir J. Duke, in a concise and neat manner, expressed their friendly feelings towards literature in general, and particularly to the Society whose laudable objects they had attended to support. "Lord Stanley and the Vice-presidents" were next toasted; and his lordship was greeted by loud and continued cheers. Being the last-elected Vice-president, he observed that it reminded him of his school-days, when the youngest was called on to be the sag. It was the first time he had attended these meetings, but he looked forward to many opportunities of doing so, and promoting the interests of the fund, till he, being then a senior, saw others entering upon the same career as he was now. "Lord Sandon, and the other Members of Parliament," was replied to by his lordship, who expressed his conviction that no higher duty devolved upon legislators than to aid to their utmost the literary and scientific pursuits of the country. It was delightful to remove from the struggles of politics for awhile, for relaxation in such society as he saw around him. "Sir R. Bateson and the Stewards" were drank, for which Sir R. returned thanks. "Mr. Dickens, and the rising talent of England," called up the author of the *Pickwick Papers*, who happily acknowledged the toast as a rising writer, and expressed his hope that, like many who had paid him so flattering a compliment, he might, in due time, be able to do so, as one who *had risen*. [He was much applauded.] One of Mr. Lover's sweet lyrics was, at the request of the president, sung by himself. "Mr. Adolphus and the Bar," procured an able address from that gentleman; and, after a few other toasts, the evening concluded to the entire satisfaction of the assembly.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOT in the chair.—Signor Campanari exhibited a copy of an Etruscan painting in fresco, discovered at Vulci. It contained two figures, about three feet in height. Mr. C. R.

Smith exhibited several *penates*, or small statues of deities, in bronze, found in the bed of the Thames; some in his own possession, and others in the possession of Mr. Newman. From the beauty and perfection of their forms, Mr. Smith considered them of Grecian workmanship. In an accompanying paper he entered into an interesting dissertation on the ancient mythologies.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; Belgrave Literary Conversazione.

*Tuesday*.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Illustrations; Mr. Hemming on the Art of Engraving); Lambeth Library, 8½ P.M. (Mr. Lukeing on Light, Colour, &c.); United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Dr. Ritchie on the Laws of Motion); Belgrave Literary (H. H. Lewis on Pneumatics).

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund Committee, 3 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Western Literary, 8½ P.M. (Mr. Fry on Milton).

*Friday*.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

*Saturday*.—H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex's Conversation (should his Royal Highness's health permit); Mr. Hope, President of the Entomological Society, Conversation.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. [Second Notice.]

IN our last Number we described the general impression made upon us by the present exhibition. We proceed to mention some of the principal works of which it is composed.

160. *The Highlands*. E. Landseer, R.A.—Under this general and sweeping title, the visitor will find a perfect gem of art—a production to which the epithet "fascinating" may most justly be applied. As he looks at it, he will be reminded of David Gellatly's song, "My heart's in the Highlands." Mr. Landseer's heart has evidently been in his performance. The party returning from deer-hunting, headed by the piper in full blast; the boy aping the laird; "the laird himself;" his attendants; the horses bearing the noble game; the gleaners resting from their toil; the approaching group in the middle distance, are all admirable. Nor must we omit to notice the picturesque beauty of the mountain scenery, nor the exquisite tone and texture of the rustic bridge in the foreground; almost betraying the very quarry from which the stones that compose it were hewn. We repeat that this is a perfect gem of art.

104. *Raffaello and the Fornarina*. A. W. Calcott, R.A.—The first view of this picture created in us a degree of surprise, hardly justifiable, perhaps, when the well-known talents of the artist are considered. It is so different from the walk of art which Mr. Calcott usually pursues; and, at the same time, it is so charming. The ardent gaze of the admiring lover, and the coquettish employment of his beautiful mistress, are most happily expressed. The figures are of the size of life; they relieve darkly upon the ground; and the tone and treatment of the whole work are equal to those of the most pure and delicate productions of the Italian school. Let any one turn to 179, *Rocco on the Coast of Genoa*, by the same artist, and he cannot fail to be struck by the versatility of powers displayed. The latter is one of the finest specimens of that brilliant and masterly style of painting landscape by which Mr. Calcott has so long delighted the public.

138. *Scene in the Greek War: An Arab Chief of Reshid Pasha's army selling Captives; some Monks approaching to endeavour*

to ransom them. C. L. Eastlake, R.A.—A subject of more touching interest could hardly have been selected; and it is treated with Mr. Eastlake's usual skill. All the varieties of hope, fear, doubt, and anguish, are depicted—we had almost said too much to the life—for, while they evince the artist's powers, they, perhaps, lay too heavy a tax on the feelings of the spectator; since, alas! the story is not one of fiction.

144. *The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-Teller*. Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.—One of those extraordinary events in the romance of life which make a strong impression on those who do not reflect that, for a solitary prediction of the kind, which turns out to be true, tens of thousands are falsified by the event. Sir David has introduced great variety of character into his composition; and the half-serious, half-sportive action and expression of the future empress, are very naturally portrayed. The general tone of colour has a slight tendency to pinkishness, which is not quite agreeable.

21. *Samson betrayed by Delilah*. W. Etty, R.A.—In our opinion one of the finest and most powerful pictures (of a cabinet size) ever painted in this country. Its energy of action and character, its depth and richness of colour, and its masterly execution, are all transcendent, uniting the highest qualities of Rubens and Tintoret.

122. *The Sirens and Ulysses*. W. Etty, R.A.—We are unable to speak in terms of equal commendation of this performance; although there are portions of it—such, for instance, as the vessel, with its living freight, and the distant sea—which shew no ordinary power. But what could induce Mr. Etty to bestow his time and his talents on so disgusting a subject? Who would like to have the representation of a charnel-house suspended in his apartment?

46. *The Hindoo Girl's Offering*. W. Daniell, R.A.—The nature of the subject is explained in the catalogue. Mr. Daniell has embodied it with a taste and a feeling which leave nothing to be desired. The beautiful and elegant forms of the native females, launching their brittle barks, seen under the effect of moonlight, fill the mind with poetical visions, which almost hallow the gentle superstitions of the East.

50. *East Deen, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight*. W. Daniell, R.A.—A site more desirable for an embellished dwelling could nowhere be found; uniting, as it does, every charm of beautiful scenery. But for the well-known fidelity, as well as versatility, of Mr. Daniell's pencil, we might be induced to suspect that he had here been playing off a little of the witchery of his art upon us.

188. *Return from Hawking*. E. Landseer, R.A.—No artist enters more boldly into open daylight in all his works than Mr. Landseer. It is as if every part of his canvass contained a pet object, on which he had determined to exercise all his skill. Nothing is neglected nor hurried over. The admirable work before us illustrates this in a striking manner. The noble pair (Lord Francis Egerton and his lady), their lovely offspring, the huntsman and domestic, the horses (as fine as Cuyper), the hawks, the architecture, and all the accessories, are painted with a carefulness, and, at the same time, with a spirit and a fluency of pencil, wholly unrivalled. This is one of the most attractive performances in the room.

130. *Story of Apollo and Daphne*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Apollo and Daphne! One of those gorgeous effects of prismatic colours in all their original and distinct vividness, which,

under any other management than that of Mr. Turner, would be offensive; but which he renders absolutely magical.

[To be continued.]

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second notice.]

86. *Mountainous Scenery*. J. Varley.—Belongs to a high order of art. Though evidently a composition, it is based on the study of nature by one long acquainted with her grand features, as well as with her minute details.

126. *Interior of a Wood-house*. W. Hunt.—Such is the alchemy of this artist, that in his hands chips and straws, shreds and patches, become materials of value, things of price. Yet, when order and regularity are required, as in 213, *Morning*, every thing is in its proper place. The last-mentioned production is, in point of sentiment, greatly superior; in the effect of light equal to the works of Da Hooge, or the more elegant Metzger.

92. *Rosbuck*. R. Hills.—Mr. Hills' representations of domestic cattle are skilful and true; but still his subjects of wild deer, in the enjoyment of mountain liberty, are his best and most spirited performances.

112. *Girls ascending the side of Snowdon*. J. Crispall.—This picture reminds us of Anne of Geierstein. As a work of art, it derives great interest from its local character, its picturesque scenery, and the skill with which it is executed.

351. *Ploughing*. D. Cox.—Persons who visit this, or any other exhibition, with a predilection for any particular style of art, will lose much of the pleasure which variety ought to give. Truth appears in a plain, quite as frequently as in a florid garb. Mr. Cox's productions are all evidences of the fact. Slight as some of them seem to be, they are the result of long observation and great practice.

240. *Lady and Duenna*; 298. *Spanish Girls*. F. Stone.—In each of these performances, the qualities of expression and execution are so happily united that, without reference to any particular story or sentiment, it is highly attractive.

158. *Chatsworth Park*. W. A. Neafield.—The ducal mansion, and even the park itself, are but adjuncts to the deer; the noble and picturesque forms and action of which are depicted with admirable truth and spirit.

238. *Interior of a Shetland Cottage*. A. Chisholm.—Poverty and want are not the most pleasing objects of contemplation; but Mr. Chisholm has exhibited great skill in the management of the light, and in the picturesque character which he has given to this interior.

231. *The Antiquary*. J. Stephanoff.—The rage of the antiquary at finding his sacred apartment invaded by the housemaid is well expressed; but we think the subject rather overlaid by the number of the component parts. This is not the case with some of Mr. Stephanoff's smaller performances. In 202, *Pray remember the Grotto*, an annual nuisance, is whimsically illustrated.

227. *Old Buildings at Godalming*. W. Scott.—We have a great regard for ancient edifices of this description, and feel much indebted to Mr. Scott for the skill which he manifests in their pictorial preservation.

219. *The Stroll in the Woods*. Mrs. Seyffarth.—A very agreeable thing when summer suns give out their heat; and especially when, as in the present case, the stroller is accompanied by pretty faces and the expression of holiday delight.

218. *Taming the Shrew*; 211. *Scene from*

*Woodstock*. Joseph Nash.—These subjects are treated with great skill. They are forcible in effect, harmonious in colour, and just in expression.

348. *Morning*; 338. *Moonlight*; 167. *Lane Scene—Evening*. G. Barret.—Among the best specimens of this able artist's poetical pencil.

183. *Fruit*; 215. *Dahlia*. V. Bartholomew.—Mr. Bartholomew's composition, colouring, and execution, in works of this kind, have always excited our highest admiration.

In taking leave of these well-selected and fascinating performances—whether of those which we have noticed, or of those which our limits alone prevent us from noticing—we may truly say that, in their respective departments of art, the several members of the Society have nobly "done their duty."

#### THE ART-UNION.

SUCH is the rather foreign-sounding combination of a name given to a new association for the advancement of the Fine Arts; an advertisement, describing which, appeared in our pages a fortnight ago. It differs from the Society formed last year "for the Encouragement of British Art," inasmuch as in the first, the works were bought by the managing committee, and distributed by lottery among the subscribers; while, in the last, the lottery-prizes are intrusted to the selection of the fortunate holders. A few minor details are also at variance; but, upon the whole, the object is the same, and the organisation similar in spirit. We were, therefore, glad to hear that it was proposed to unite the two; and now regret to learn that the plan has proved abortive. Conjoined, we are inclined to think the power and influence would have been greater than if both proceed, more or less interfering with each other, and dividing and neutralising the public feeling.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

L. E. L. Painted by MacIise, A.R.A.; engraved by E. Finden. Ackermann and Co. If, under any circumstances, a successful female portrait is rarely accomplished, how much must the difficulty be increased when, to delicacy of features, the artist has to add vivacity and delicacy of intelligence? Over this difficulty, however, Mr. MacIise and Mr. Finden have completely triumphed in this graceful and beautiful print, which we noticed during its progress, which is now finished, and which must be allowed by all who know the fair and celebrated original, to be a perfect resemblance. Should a copy be purchased by only one in a thousand of those who have read and admired Miss Landon's charming works, it will prove a very lucrative speculation to the publishers. It will not shine the less, being compared with the abominable caricature which deforms the last No. of the *New Monthly Magazine*. We never saw such an atrocious libel on the human face divine.

*The Maid of Saragossa*. Engraved by Samuel Cousins, A.R.A. from the original picture in the Royal Collection, painted in Madrid by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. Moon.

Most of our readers will recollect that "The Maid of Saragossa" was one of the first pictures exhibited by Sir David Wilkie, after his return from Spain; and that it excited great public attention, in consequence, not only of the interesting subject, but of the freer and grander style of drawing, of colour, and of effect, with which it was evident the able and popular British artist had been im-

buied, by his study of the vigorous and deep-toned works of the Spanish school. The heroic maid herself, her patriotism stimulated by revenge; the gallant and determined Palafox; that noble specimen of "the church militant," Father Consolación; the priest writing the despatches, to be forwarded by the carrier-pigeon held by the mulatto boy; the volunteers, two employed in training the gun, the other ready to be called into action; and the corpse of the unhappy cannoner, the lover of Angostina, form a group, the contemplation of which awakens some of the most powerful feelings of our nature. The name of Mr. Cousins is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the engraving,—which we understand has been executed under the immediate superintendence of Sir David Wilkie. It is in the highest degree honourable to both artists.

**James Emerson Tennent, Esq. M.P.** Drawn by G. Richmond; engraved by R. A. Artlett. A spirited and excellent likeness of the honourable and eloquent member for Belfast; which will form one of the embellishments of the next number of Ryall's "Portraits of Conservative Statesmen."

**Hafed, a celebrated Deer-hound.** Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.; engraved by C. G. Lewis. Ackermann and Co. As finely painted, and as finely engraved a dog's head (of the size of life), as it is possible to conceive.

**Pictures picked from the Pickwick Papers,** by Alfred Crowquill. Sheet I. Ackermann and Co.

LAUGHABLE little sketches. "The Fat Boy" and "Payne" are among the best.

#### MUSIC.

**Hanover Square Rooms.**—Mr. Sale's concert was too late for us to notice last week, though it was one of the best musical entertainments of the season. The choice of songs, duets, and instrumental pieces, was excellent. The opening carol, in honour of the Princess Victoria, who was present, was sweetly sung by Caradori Allan, Miss Hawes, Mr. H. Phillips, and chorus. Notwithstanding two or three disappointments in the second part, there was quite enough of delightful music to satisfy a large and fashionable audience.

On Saturday, Mr. Hawes, also, gave a brilliant concert.

On Thursday, for Mr. Blagrove's benefit, a choice selection of the finest music was performed, and received, as it deserved, with great applause.

#### DRAMA.

**King's Theatre.**—On Thursday *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was performed for the benefit of Lablache, who was in great force on the occasion. The whole cast was admirable, and the treat delicious.

**Covent Garden.**—Having delivered our opinion upon the published play of *Strafford*, we have here only to speak of the acting. That of Macready was most forcible and striking. *Strafford* is deeply agitated from first to last; and nobly and naturally did this accomplished performer embody the character throughout. The bursts of feelings were inimitably fine. Miss Faucit, also, played with great taste and effect. *Pym*, in Vandenhoff's hands, was rather croaky; but there is a sort of sameness in what he has to say and do, which, perhaps, led to this result. Mr. Ben-

nett, and Webster, junior, did well for *Hollis* and *Vane*. The *King*, Dale, was awfully bad; the *Queen*, Vincent, only a shade better. It is not in her pretty coquettish line.

**Adelphi.**—The Adelphi closed on Thursday, after, we believe, a season as prosperous as it has been active and enterprising.

**St. James's Theatre.**—The nightly entertainments here are of that pleasing kind which affords most entertainment to genteel and cultivated audiences. We rejoice to see that they win their way to the popular patronage they so richly deserve.

**Olympic.**—*Peculiar Position*, a very clever and amusing piece by Planché, with Liston in his best style, has been added to the very popular list of Olympic attractions.

**Strand Theatre.**—*Romeo and Juliet* has been produced here in the broadest burlesque, and with the most laughable success.

#### VARIETIES.

**Caricatures.**—H. B. is out-pouring his fancies with prolific fertility. We have this week three, Nos. 478, 479, and 480. The first is "Jim Crow Dance," with a dozen leading political characters capering away, with ludicrous activity: which way the "turn about, wheel about," is likely to end, is as dark and difficult to guess as in the present actual state of parties. "Something between the sublime and the ridiculous," represents a fine ship, the *Constitution*, in peril; the King and John Bull looking over the stern for succour. A boat, pulled by Wellington, Lyndhurst, &c. and steered by Peel, is pulling up hard; while on the other side is another boat, with the ministry hurrying from the wreck. In the last, "Looking out," O'Connell, as a smuggler, with a pistol, inscribed on the barrel "Repeal," is one of the boldest heads ever executed by the artist.

**Diffusion of Knowledge.**—"Friday, there were taken from the stomach of a trout, caught in the Tay, five pieces of the *Fifeshire Journal*. They appeared to have been but lately swallowed, as they were quite legible when dried."

**Perth Advertiser.** When trouts are tickled into taking in newspapers, we may, indeed, truly boast of the "spread," &c. and march of intellect. The only pity is that the critters are mute, and cannot, in return, communicate intelligence to the inhabitants of dry land. The name of one of Walter Scott's schoolmasters was *Whale*. There is no saying what may occur!

**Artists' Fund.**—To-day, this benevolent association observes its anniversary, with the Marquess of Northampton presiding. A numerous and distinguished attendance is anticipated: few charities deserve it more.

**Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.**—Another of our most meritorious charities, which has announced a very attractive bill of fare for Saturday next. It promises much social entertainment.

**King's College.**—The annual meeting, last Saturday, was attended by many very eminent persons; and the report was of the most satisfactory description.

**Weather-wisdom.**—All quite wrong again. Instead of cold and ill weather, it has been beautiful; and the sun, "approaching the opposition Saturn," has had no effect whatever. Now, to look forward: "Sudden dashing showers and thunder about the 7th. A change on the 8th; windy weather prevails. Fairer and warmer about the 10th and 11th, as the Sun aspects Mars, and the Moon Jupiter; yet high winds and thunder prevail. Growing weather, rather hot; mild rain."

**The King of the Rats?**—The natural curiosity known by the name of the "king of the rats" (*Rattenkönig*), has been declared, by many naturalists, to be a mere fable. On the 21st of March, there was found, in the wall of a stable at Zaisenhausen, in the grand duchy of Baden, a king of the rats, which consisted of twelve full-grown rats, which were all alive when found, whose tails are so entangled together that they cannot be unloosed. Four other live rats were found with them, by which the twelve so joined together were provided with food. The twelve rats are all nearly of equal size, and seem to be well fed. It seems evident that they must have got so entangled immediately after their birth, because the tails, when an attempt was made to disengage them, are bent quite conformably to the knot.

—*German Journal.*

**Conundrum.**—Why was Noah like one of the most unfortunate of rat-catchers?—Because he was forty days without seeing e'er a rat. (Ararat.)

#### Grammatical Epigram.

Come, now, Annie dear, how I wish you'd decide,  
And make up your mind if you will be my bride—  
Say at once—shall I go for the parson and ring?  
Give a definite answer, you whimsical thing!  
I won't be called "thing," Mr. Marry-in-haste,  
Love of definite answers in me were misplaced;  
Had you ever been taught by your grammar a particle,  
You'd have found out that Anne's an indefinite article.  
R. J.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Moore's second volume of the History of Ireland brings it down to the end of the twelfth century; and shall have due notice in our next Gazette.

#### In the Press.

A new Naval Novel, under the title of "The Anchorite; or, Ten Thousand Top-sail-sheet Blocks," by the Old Sailor.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hymns for the Sundays and Festivals throughout the Year, selected by Henry Alford, M.A., 18mo. 1s. 2d.—*A Treatise on the Influence of 1837*, by Peyton Blackiston, M.A., 2s.—*The Hussar*, by the Author of "The Subaltern," 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.—*Sidney Smith's Chancery Practice*, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 4s.—*J. Rowbotham's Guide to German Conversation*, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—*Margam Abbey, a Historical Romance of the Fourteenth Century*, 12mo. 9s. 6d.—*An Inquiry into the Nature of the Books of the Ancients*, fcap 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Gil Blas*, illustrated Edition, Vols. I. and II., each 10s.—*Chitty's Office and Duties of Constables*, 2d edition, royal 18mo. 3s. 6d.—*Lord Mahon's History of England*, Vol. II., 8vo. 14s.—*Rev. W. F. Hook's Last Days of our Lord's Ministry*, new edition, 12mo. 6s.—*The Book of the Young*, an Invitation to early Christian Piety, by Rev. Joseph Jones of Newchurch, 18mo. 6s.—*A Birthday Tribute to the Princess Victoria*, by L. E. L., 4to. 3s.—*Opinions of Lord Brougham*, post 8vo. 12s.—*A New Dictionary of the English Language*, by C. Richardson, 2 vols. 4to. 5s. 5d.—*Freedom, the Spirit of the Age, and other Poems*, by H. Mead, 12mo. 5s.—*The Young Duellist; or, the Affair of Honour*, royal 12mo. with plates, 6s. 6d.—*Hymns of the Primitive Church*, by the Rev. S. Chandler, fcap. 4s. 6d.—*Remarks on the Ecclesiastical Condition of the United Kingdom*, by Dr. Robinson, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*The Church of Christ Considered*, by G. Payne, L.L.D., fcap. 2s. 6d.—*Discourses on the Complete Restoration of Man*, by Dr. Chapman, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Dennis Kelly's Practical Sermons*, 2d edition, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*The Great Metropolis*, Second Series, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.—*Library of Romance*, illustrated edition, Vol. I., fcap. 8vo. 6s.—*Autumnal Leaves*, Poems by H. F. Wallé, 2d edition, post 8vo. 6s.—*A Dream of Life, a Poem*, by Rev. W. G. Moore, fcap. 5s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

	April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..	27	From 31 to 54	29.73 to 29.68
Friday....	28	.... 29 .. 56	29.66 .. 29.58
Saturday..	29	.... 35 .. 53	29.53 .. 29.31
Sunday....	30	.... 43 .. 60	29.35 .. 29.51
May.			
Monday..	1	.... 41 .. 64	29.61 .. 29.73
Tuesday..	2	.... 37 .. 64	29.85 .. 29.66
Wednesday	3	.... 39 .. 64	29.77 .. 29.65

Winds, S. W. and N. E.

Except the mornings of the 28th, 29th, and 30th ult., and 3d instant, generally clear; frequent showers; a little hail fell in the afternoon of the 30th.

Rain fallen, .275 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, is now open. Open each day from Nine till Dusk.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

## JUST OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S

PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Boston.

Open daily, from Ten till Five.

## CORREGIO MAGDALEN.—This

Divine Work of Art, perhaps the Chef-d'œuvre of Corregio, is now on View at the Scientific Institution, No. 49 Pall Mall, and will remain till the 30th of June.

Admission, 1s.

Open from Ten till Five o'Clock.

N.B. A few Doors from the British Institution.

## SONS OF THE CLERGY.—The Rehearsal of

the Music to be performed at this Festival will take place on Tuesday, the 9th of May, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the Anniversary on Thursday, the 11th of May, when a Sermon will be preached there, before his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops, the Lord Mayor, Sheriff, Aldermen, Clergy, and others.

By the Very Rev. THOMAS CALVERT, D.D.

Warden of Manchester Collegiate Church.

Divine Service will on Anthem at Ten o'Clock, the Doors of the Cathedral will be opened on each day at One o'Clock.

Stewards.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge (sixth time).

The Marquess of Salisbury The Ven. Archdeacon Pott,

The Earl of Mansfield B.A. Rev. George Thos. Pretyman,

The Bishop of Durham (3d time) Rev. George Thos. Pretyman,

The Bishop of Lichfield B.A. Rev. James W. Vivian, D.D.,

The Bishop of Sodor and Mann Rev. David Williams, D.C.L.,

The Lord Bexley (3d time) Rev. John Lonsdale, B.D.,

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor Rev. John Abbt, M.A.,

The Hon. Mr. Justice Patteson Rev. Samuel Bandy Broke, Esq.,

(3d time) Nicholas Charrington, Esq.,

The Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge Benjamin Cotton, Esq.,

Sir Brook W. Bridges, Bart. John Deacon, Esq.,

Sir John Dodson Charles Francis, Esq.,

Sir George Smart John Foydner, Esq.,

The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford David Rowland, Esq., M.D.,

The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge Thomas Arthur Stone, Esq.

The Performance of Music will consist of

The Dettingen Te Deum Handel.

The Hallelujah Chorus Handel.

The Grand Coronation Anthem ("O God, the King of Kings") Attwood.

Cantata Domino (composed for this Charity) Boyce.

Anthem, "Lord, thou hast been our refuge" (composed expressly for this Charity) Boyce.

Conductor, Sir George Smart.

Mr. Attwood will preside at the Organ.

Leader of the Band (which will consist of the Members of the Royal Society of Musicians), Mr. F. Cramer.

The Committee beg to state, that each person contributing

Gold will be admitted either at the North or South Doors of the

Cathedral, to the Galleries and Closets; and for admission into the

Choir, at the North-west and South-west Doors, it is earnestly

hoped that no person will contribute less than half-a-crown.—Carriages are to set down at the South Door.

The Collections at St. Paul's Cathedral and Merchant-Tailors' Hall are appropriated by the Corporation of the Clergy in

apprenticing the Children of necessitous Clergymen, or otherwise

placing them in situations of respectability.

After the conclusion of Divine Service on Thursday, the 11th

of May, the Annual Dinner will take place at Six o'Clock, at

Merchant-Tailors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, for which Tickets may be had of the Treasurer, and of Messrs. Elvington, St. Paul's

Churchyard, and Waterloo Place; and at the London Tavern, Chancery Lane.

Benefactions to this Charity will be thankfully received; and any

information communicated, by the Treasurer, Oliver Har-

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No Tickets are requisite for admission into the Cathedral.

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The Rev. R. W. Brown, B.A. The Bishop of Norwich, Vice-

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The Earl of Liverpool, President.

Captain Mangles, R.N. F.R.S. W.S. Macleay, Esq. M.A. F.L.S.

The immediate objects of the Society are to provide in the Public

Parks a Free Exhibition of Living Birds—to hold Periodical

Meetings for the reading of Ornithological Papers, Scientific,

Popular, and Practical; for the Exhibition of Living and Dead

Ornithological Specimens, &amp;c.; and for Oral Discussions and

Conversations: to form an Ornithological Library, and to circulate

among the Members of the Society, British and Foreign Ornithological Periodicals.

If the funds of the Society should be sufficient, the Rooms will

gradually be enriched by the acquisition of an Ornithological

Museum, commencing with British Birds; and ultimately, if the

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The Annual Subscription is—For Gentlemen, Two Guineas; for

Ladies, One Guinea. Admission Fee for Gentlemen, Two

Guineas; for Ladies, One Guinea.

There will be a General Meeting of the Society on Saturday,

the 3d of June, and, until that day, Candidates may be elected by

the Council, on application to the Secretary of the "Ornithological Society of London."

Letters for the Secretary are received at No. 6 Stafford Row,

Piccadilly; by Mr. Baily Postlecher, Davies Street, Berkeley

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Donations and Subscriptions are received by the Society's

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Lough, proof before the Letters; the Madonna, after Caracci,

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after Smith, by Wallist; and other Landscapes by Wallist,

Browne, and Mason; Proofs from the National Gallery; St.

Gaulle, by Sharpe; Byron's Dream, after Eastlake; Venice,

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## ON FRIDAY, MAY 13th,

Books in Quires and Boards,

Remainders, Copyrights, &amp;c.

Including the remainders of Collinson's Somersetshire, 2 vols.;

Milner on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of England; Brooke's

Fomona Herfordensis; Etices on Disputations; Copies of

Walker's Rhyming Dictionary; Maundrell's Little Lessons;

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&amp;c. &amp;c.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Society in America.* By Harriet Martineau. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

THE name of this work is a misnomer. "Society in America" is the least applicable title which could have been bestowed upon it. Politics, parties, government, economy, agriculture, transports and markets, manufactures, commerce, currency, slavery, civilisation, and religion, are the heads of Miss Martineau's lucubrations; and her papers are essays upon these most important subjects, which relate to masses, and not to "Society." There are, however, many pages, illustrative of her arguments and opinions, which tell us something of her social intercourse with the Americans, though, certainly, not enough to give a bookselling title to the publication.

It stands upon higher grounds. Miss Martineau is a decided politician, political economist, and philosopher. Her book is redolent of all the profundities of speculation connected with these grand questions: then, why give a flippant, commonplace name to an article of a much higher order? Miss Martineau writes like a man; and she ought not, thus, to be treated as a woman. Saunders and Otley have to answer for it.

The *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, perhaps the *Foreign*, and other *Reviews*, which take three, six, or nine months (as suits them) to concoct their articles, will, we doubt not, execute the justice it pleases them upon this work; shewing its ability, its foolery, its wonderful sagacity, its absurdity, its genuine philosophy, its false principles, its logical accuracy, or its stupidity, as may be their humour and interest. For ourselves we can only, in this, as in other lesser and greater concerns, go straight forward in our literary career, and simply tell the impression made upon us by the matter we have read.

Thus speaking, we must say that these three volumes have been one of the toughest yarns to which we have been obliged to tackle for a long while. There is so much of candour, and so much of pretension; so much of superior sense, and so much of inconclusive argument; so much of sound reasoning, and so much of illogical conclusion; in short, so many contradictions, that we can only say, a panegyric or a denunciation might be equally well supported. We shall take neither side; but endeavour to afford our readers some idea of the work.

In her Introduction, Miss M. says, "It has been frequently mentioned to me that my being a woman was one disadvantage; and my being previously heard of, another. In this I do not agree. I am sure I have seen much more of domestic life than could possibly have been exhibited to any gentleman travelling through the country. The nursery, the boudoir, the kitchen, are all excellent schools in which to learn the morals and manners of a people: and, as for public and professional affairs, those may always gain full information upon such matters, who really feel an interest in them—be they men or women. No people in the world can be more frank, confiding, and affectionate, nor more skilful and liberal in com-

municating information, than I have ever found the Americans to be. I never asked in vain, and I seldom had to ask at all; so carefully were my inquiries anticipated, and my aims so completely understood. I doubt whether a single fact that I wished to learn, or any doctrine that I desired to comprehend, was ever kept from me because I was a woman."

It is impossible to decide which sex can write best upon foreign travel. It depends upon circumstances. No man could have told us so much of Turkish harems as Lady Wortley Montagu (or as Miss Pardoe, we hope, is prepared to do); but, on the contrary, there are a hundred things in the manners of every country which no woman can explore. In the instance before us, we do not think that either Miss Martineau's sex, or fame as holding particular opinions, could have been favourable to her as an impartial observer of America. Like a government commissioner, she would have nothing brought under her notice but that which was wished to be reported. Every thing is got up for the occasion if we know that the party is going to write a book about it.

"If there's a hole in a' ye're coats,  
I'd ye tent it;  
There's ane among ye taking notes,  
And faith he'll prant it."

In another respect there is a rather whimsical claim to superior correctness in this work, which we copy for the benefit of the blind, the lame, &c., &c. The author says,—

"I laboured under only one peculiar disadvantage, that I am aware of; but that one is incalculable. I mean my deafness. This does not endanger the accuracy of my information, I believe, as far as it goes; because I carry a trumpet of remarkable fidelity—an instrument, moreover, which seems to exert some winning power, by which I gain more in *téte-à-téte* than is given to people who hear general conversation. Probably its charm consists in the new feeling which it imparts of ease and privacy in conversing with a deaf person."

It is funny that a lady, with an attractive "instrument," should fancy that the exertion applied to its resonance should be quite unknown to the folks round about! *Nothing admisters so much to human vanity as defects.*

But we must leave off our own axioms, to give a taste of this book. To treat it gravely would require a year's *Gazettes*; to treat it lightly would be unjust to its merits. It is a singular work for even a clever woman, but it is a woman's work. Come:—

"The experiment of the particular constitution of the United States may fail; but the great principle which, whether successfully or not, it strives to embody—the capacity of mankind for self-government—is established for ever. It has, as Mr. Madison said, proved a thing previously held impossible. If a revolution were to take place to-morrow in the United States, it remains a historical fact that, for half a century, a people has been self-governed; and, till it can be proved that the self-government is the cause of the instability, no revolution, nor series of revolutions, can tarnish the lustre, any more than they can impair the soundness of the principle that mankind are capable of self-government."

At page 85, Miss M. tells us,—"Never, perhaps, did statesmen begin their task of constitution-making with so much aid from preceding circumstances as the great men of the revolution. A social neighbourhood of colonies, all suffering under colonial grievances, and all varying in their internal government, afforded a broad hint of the present system, and fine facilities for putting it in practice. There was much less speculation in the case than might appear from a distance; and this fact so far takes away from the superhuman character of the wisdom which achieved the completion of the United States' constitution, as to bring the mind down from its state of amazement into one of very wholesome admiration."

So that, after all the high-spun theory of the beginning, we are taught, that a government might be framed of able men (not "the people,") upon good models all about them; and that the silly conclusion, "that mankind are capable of self-government," if we only knew what it meant, is, at any rate, unsupported by the half century existence of American experiment. Be it understood, we do not undervalue either the principle or the example, but we abominate such crude theories. Now we arrive at some of our author's ideas upon the conditions of various classes of mankind in every country:—

"As long as men continue as differently organised as they now are, there will be two parties under every government. Even if their outward fortunes could be absolutely equalised, there would be, from individual constitution alone, an aristocracy and a democracy in every land. The fearful by nature would compose an aristocracy, the hopeful by nature a democracy, were all other causes of divergence done away. When to these constitutional differences are added all those outward circumstances which go to increase the fear and the hope, the mutual misunderstandings of parties are no longer to be wondered at. Men who have gained wealth, whose hope is fulfilled, and who fear loss by change, are naturally of the aristocratic class. So are men of learning, who, unconsciously identifying learning and wisdom, fear the elevation of the ignorant to a station like their own. So are men of talent, who, having gained the power which is the fit recompense of achievement, dread the having to yield it to numbers instead of desert."

To our minds this is utter nonsense. First, men must, not "now," but *for ever* be "differently organised;" and, therefore, there must be "two"—many more—"parties under every government." We should imagine that "the fearful" would be the last, instead of the first, to achieve aristocracy; and that "the hopeful," beginning, in many instances, in an aristocratic career, would truly be the aristocrats. Wealthy men—nay, men who have ever so little to lose—are naturally averse to change; but this does not make them of "the aristocratic class;" on the contrary, the aristocratic class have none so much to dread, if they misconduct themselves, as those who have secured competency and independence. As for the argument against men of learning, wisdom, and talent, it is a miserable piece of sophistry, and as absurd as

it is sophistical. When the learned scholar of profound labour, the professional man of many years' study, and the man of native talent, are afraid of "the ignorant," then, indeed, will they be jealous, and the toe of the peasant tread so hard upon the heel of the courtier, that it will gall their gibes.

Of the author's nationality we cite one example

"Washington's influence is a topic which no one is ever hardy enough to approach, in the way of measurement or specification. Within the compass of his name lies more than other words can tell of his power over men. When the British officers were passing up the Potomac, in the last war, to perpetrate as dastardly a deed of spoliation at the capital as ever it was the cruel fate of soldiers to be ordered to do, they desired to be told when they were passing the burial-place of Washington, and stood uncovered on deck as long as they were within sight of Mount Vernon. Any in England, who happen to know how deeply disgraced their country was by the actors in this expedition, will feel what the power must have been which, breathing from that shore, humanised for the hour the cowardly plunderers as they floated by."

Upon this, comment is unnecessary. We will pass on to Miss Martineau's account of American newspapers—the free and unstamped press. She has told us that American rhodomontade nationality is not common to the people, but got up for public exhibitions; and then she says:—

"Side by side with the sinners of the rostrum, stand the sinners of the newspaper press. The case is clear—and needs little remark or illustration. The profligacy of newspapers, wherever they exist, is a universal complaint; and, of all newspaper presses, I never heard any one deny that the American is the worst. Of course, this depravity being so general throughout the country, it must be occasioned by some overpowering force of circumstances. The causes are various; and it is a testimony to the strength and purity of the democratic sentiment in the country, that the republic has not been overthrown by its newspapers. While the population is so scattered as it now is, throughout the greater part of the Union, nothing is easier than to make the people know only one side of a question; few things are easier than to keep from them, altogether, the knowledge of any particular affair; and, worse than all, on them may easily be practised the discovery that lies may work their intended effect, before the truth can overtake them. It is hard to tell which is worst—the wide diffusion of things that are not true, or the suppression of things that are true. It is no secret that some able personage at Washington writes letters on the politics and politicians of the general government, and sends them to the remotest corners of the Union, to appear in their newspapers; after which, they are collected in the administration newspaper at Washington, as testimonies of public opinion in the respective districts where they appear. It is no secret that the newspapers of the south keep out of their columns all information which might enlighten their readers, near and afar, as to the real state of society at home. I can testify to the remarkable events which occur in the southern States, unnoticed by any press, and transpiring only through accident. Two men were burned alive, without trial, by the gentlemen of Mobile, just before my arrival there; and no newspaper even alluded to the circumstance, till, many months after, a brief

and obscure paragraph, in a northern journal, treated it as a matter of hearsay. It is no secret that the systematic abuse with which the newspapers of one side assail every candidate coming forward on the other, is the cause of many honourable men, who have a regard to their reputation, being deterred from entering public life; and of the people being thus deprived of some better servants than any they have. Though a faithful public servant should be able to endure all the consequences of faithful service, yet there are many cases where men, undecided as to their choice of public and private life, are fixed in favour of the latter by this one circumstance. It is the one obstacle too much. A public man in New England gave me the history of an editor of a newspaper, who began his professional course by making an avowed distinction between telling lies in conversation and in a newspaper, where every body looks for them. Of course, he has sunk deeper and deeper in falsehood; but retribution has not yet overtaken him. My informant told me, that this editor has made some thousands of dollars by his abuse of one man; and jocosely proposed, that persons who are systematically railed at by any newspaper, should lay claim to a proportion of the profits arising out of the use of their names and characters. The worst of it is, that the few exceptions to this depravity,—the few newspapers conducted by men of truth and superior intelligence, are not yet encouraged in proportion to their merits. It is easy to see how a youth, going into the wilds, to set up a newspaper for the neighbouring villages, should meet with support, however vicious or crude his production may be; but it is discouraging to perceive how little preference is given, in the Atlantic cities, to the best journals over the worst. Still, there is a preference, and it appears to be on the increase; and that increase, again, is in proportion to the intrepidity of the paper in discussing affairs as they arise. There will be no great improvement in the literary character of the American newspapers, till the literature of the country has improved. Their moral character depends upon the moral taste of the people. This looks like a very severe censure. If it be so, the same censure applies elsewhere; and English morals must be held accountable for the slanders and captiousness displayed in the leading articles of British journals, and for the disgustingly jocular tone of their police reports, where crimes are treated as entertainments, and misery as a jest. Whatever may be the exterior causes of the Americans having been hitherto ill served in their newspapers, it is now certain that there are none which may not be overpowered by a sound moral taste. In their country, the demand lies with the many. Whenever the many demand truth and justice in their journals, and reject falsehood and calumny, they will be served according to their desire."

So much for journalism; but a still greater blame is cast upon America—indeed the greatest, except the abolition of slavery, which, yet, Miss M. softens a little in consequence of the kind treatment generally experienced by the slaves: we allude to the ill usage of the women in the United States.

"One of the fundamental principles announced in the Declaration of Independence is, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. How can the political condition of women be reconciled with this? Governments in the United States have power to tax women who hold property; to divorce them from their husbands; to fine,

imprison, and execute them for certain offences. Whence do these governments derive their powers? They are not 'just,' as they are not derived from the consent of the women thus governed. Governments in the United States have power to enslave certain women, and also to punish other women for inhuman treatment of such slaves. Neither of these powers are 'just;' not being derived from the consent of the governed. Governments decree to women in some states half their husbands' property; in others, one third. In some, a woman, on her marriage, is made to yield all her property to her husband; in others, to retain a portion, or the whole, in her own hands. Whence do governments derive the unjust power of thus disposing of property without the consent of the governed? The democratic principle condemns all this as wrong, and requires the equal political representation of all rational beings. Children, idiots, and criminals, during the season of sequestration, are the only fair exceptions. The case is so plain that I might close it here; but it is interesting to inquire how so obvious a decision has been so evaded as to leave to women no political rights whatever. The question has been asked, from time to time, in more countries than one, How obedience to the laws can be required of women, when no woman has, either actually or virtually, given any assent to any law? No plausible answer has, as far as I can discover, been offered—for the good reason, that no plausible answer can be devised. The most principled democratic writers on government have, on this subject, sunk into fallacies as disgraceful as any advocate of despotism has adduced. In fact, they have thus sunk from being, for the moment, advocates of despotism. Jefferson in America, and James Mill at home, subsided, for the occasion, to the level of the author of the Emperor of Russia's Catechism for the young Poles."

This is a serious question—this of the young Poles and Miss Martineau. We do not know, however, how to treat it gravely. We are inclined to think that women ought to have the political rights Miss M. demands for them: but we have just been looking on the Westminster election; and we have said, Should we like wife, daughter, sister, cousin, distant relative, or female friend, whom we loved or respected, to take a part in these drunken orgies and black-guard struggles? Oh, no. There are too often too many and too slight quarrels which break the bonds of amity between man and woman; for heaven's sake do not increase them by exposing the tender, the soft, the loving, and the loveable sex, to ruffian collision and the turmoils of the vestry, the committee, the club, or the ballot-room! Let us have them clever as Miss Martineau, if you please, but more feminine,—less Malthusian, if so be, but more natural and productive of every natural pleasure. Being rather better than angels, who would convert them into offensive politicians?

If we have a few words more to say of this work, we shall anon.

*The History of Ireland.* By T. Moore, Esq. Vol. II. (Vol. XC. of *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

Pursuing the tangled thread of Ireland's early annals, this volume commences with the Danish invasion, A.D. 787, and brings us down to the end of the twelfth century, when the English had established themselves in the country, and it had seen the last of its native monarchs. About this time, we should imagine, the authentic history ought to begin; but it is not amiss to



accompany our poet-historian through the preceding and darker periods. It is, indeed, curious to remark the disposition of the poetic temperament to dwell on events and times which afford scope and play for the imagination; every genuine bard is more than half an antiquary, and, if he did not employ himself in writing verses, would assuredly devote much of his leisure to antiquarian researches. This is, perhaps, the reason why Mr. Moore has devoted two of his volumes to the obscure traditions and legendary lore of Ireland; and we have only to trust that it may not cramp him to confine the rest within the single additional volume originally announced.

Our task not being poetical, but critical, we shall not venture into the realms of Brian Boru, or Malachy, far less meddle with their barbarous ancestors, and the fierce Northmen with whom they contended. Even the battle of Clontarf shall be only a reference with us; but we may fairly afford a specimen of our author by a few selections from his notice of its famous leader:—

“In estimating the character of Brian Boru, it will be found that there are three distinct points of view in which he stands forth prominently to the eye—namely, as a great warrior, a successful usurper, and a munificent friend to the church. In the attributes belonging to him, under these three several aspects, are to be found the main as well as subsidiary sources of his fame. The career of Brian as a military leader appears to have been uniformly, with one single exception, successful; and, from the battle of Sulchoid to that of Clontarf, his historians number no less than fifty great battles in which he bore away the palm of victory from the Northmen and their allies. In his usurpation of the supreme power he was impelled evidently by motives of selfish ambition; nor could he have entailed any more ruinous evil upon the country, than by thus setting an example of contempt for established rights, and thereby weakening, in the minds of the people, that habitual reverence for ancient laws and usages which was the only security afforded by the national character for the preservation of public order and peace. The fatal consequences of this step, both moral and political, will be found but too strikingly evolved in the course of the subsequent history. Attempts have been made to lend an appearance of popular sanction to his usurpation, by the plausible pretence that it was owing to the solicitation of the states and princes of Connaught, that he was induced to adopt measures for the deposition of Malachy. In like manner, to give to this step some semblance of concert and deliberation, we are told of a convention of the princes of the kingdom held at Dundalk, preliminary to the assumption of the monarchy, and convoked in contemplation of that step. But the truth is, for none of these supposed preparatives of his usurpation is there the slightest authority in any of our records; and the convention held at Dundalk, or Dundalk, so far from being a preliminary measure, did not take place till after ‘the first rebellion,’ as it is styled by our annalists, of the King of Munster against the monarch. This very term, indeed, applied by Tigernach, by the Annals of Inisfallen, and the Four Masters, to the daring enterprise of Brian, sufficiently proves in what light it was viewed by all the most trustworthy of our historians. That the feelings of a people whose chief occupation was warfare would be easily enlisted on the side of the veteran of fifty battles, even in an aggression on the ancient throne of the Hy-Niells, may, without difficulty, be believed; but, that he

ever attempted to disguise or smooth away his usurpation by any such show of respect for public opinion as his later apologists have attributed to him, is a supposition founded on modern notions, and wholly unauthorised by the authentic records of his acts; which simply state that he twice, at the head of a numerous army, entered hostilely the royal precincts of Tara—that, on the second of these occasions, he dispossessed the legitimate monarch of his authority, and placed himself on the supreme throne in his stead. By some inquirers into his conduct, a far more enlarged and noble motive than the mere desire of self-aggrandisement has been assigned for this bold step, which they suppose to have been dictated by the patriotic conviction that the whole strength of the country ought then to be directed unitedly against the Danes; and that it was only by the grasp of one vigorous hand, consolidating her resources and collecting her scattered energies, that so great and vital an object could be accomplished. Of the spirit and wisdom of this view of the policy then required, there can exist no rational doubt. It was the same acted upon, as we shall see, by Brian, at an interval of nearly fourteen years after, and with perfect and glorious success. But a work neglected through so long an interval, and then forced upon him by a great and perilous exigency, will hardly be assumed as one of the chief and pressing considerations that now impelled him to usurp the supreme power. On the contrary, so remote and subordinate was the place held by the Danish intruders in his views, that, though they still had possession of all the chief maritime towns of the kingdom, not a single effort did he make, during the ten or twelve years following his accession, to dislodge or molest them. But, intent chiefly on strengthening and guarding his own usurped position, he left to the Danes by far the longest interval of repose they had ever been suffered to enjoy on Irish ground; content with awing, by his name, into peaceful submission, as well the foreign as the native princes over whom he ruled. How little even he had transcended the level of his times, or risen to any clear views of a patriot's duty or dignity, may be judged from his employing a squadron of Danes as his vanguard in the first incursion he made into the territory of Tara; thus sanctioning, by his own example, the treason of alliance with the invader, and resorting to the ranks of his country's enemies for aid in assailing and overturning her ancient monarchy. Of the beneficial effects attributed to his government, his wise laws and strict system of police, the numerous edifices he either built or repaired, the bridges and roads constructed by his order throughout the country,—of these, and other such happy results of his reign, there occurs no mention, whatever, in our annals; nor have we, I fear, any graver authority for them than that of the veracious chronicler who has described so minutely the corridors, kitchens, and wine-cellar belonging to the monarch's favourite banqueting-house, Ball-Borume.”

At the close of every century, Mr. Moore gives a sketch of its literature and literary men, which is always pleasant reading; we only wish we had more about Turlough and other distinguished writers. The following passage, relating to the church, is one which will attract attention:—

“It is true, from the secluded position of Ireland, and still more from the ruin brought upon all her religious establishments during the long period of the Danish wars, the intercourse with Rome must have been not unfrequently interrupted; and the powers delegated

to the prelate of Armagh, as *legatus natus*, or, by virtue of his office, legate of the holy see, may, in such intervals, have served as a substitute for the direct exercise of the papal authority. But that the Irish church has ever, at any period, been independent of the spiritual power of Rome, is a supposition which the whole course of our ecclesiastical history contradicts. On the contrary, it has been frequently a theme of high eulogium upon this country, as well among foreign as domestic writers, that here is the only national church in the world which has kept itself pure from the taint of heresy and schism.”

At last, we arrive at the grand point—the English invasion:—

“That Dermot's resolution to apply for aid to England was, in any degree, prompted by a knowledge of the papal grant, is by no means necessarily to be implied. Already the proximity of the two islands must not unfrequently have suggested the likelihood of an invasion, at no distant time, from the shores of the larger and more powerful. Up to this period, the tide of incursion appears to have been entirely from the Irish side of the Channel; and, in all the struggles of Wales against English domination, troops were waited over to her aid in the coracles of her warlike neighbours. In the rebellion of Godwin and his sons against Edward the Confessor, Ireland furnished, as we have seen, men and ships in their cause; and, after the defeat at Hastings, three sons of the conquered king sought refuge and succour in the same country, and were enabled to fit out from thence a large fleet for the invasion of England. On the other hand, it appears pretty certain that both William the Conqueror and the first Henry entertained serious thoughts of adding the realm of Ireland to their dominions; and William Rufus, in one of his expeditions against the Welsh, is reported to have said, as he stood on the rocks in the neighbourhood of St. David's, and looked at the Irish hills, that he would ‘make a bridge with his ships from that spot to Ireland.’”

“Though it must be clear that the fate of a nation such as the Irish were at this period, embroiled and distracted among themselves by an almost infinite division of interests and factions, nor as yet recovered from the effects of a long series of barbarous invasions, which, though not powerful enough to reduce them to subjection, were but too efficient for the purpose of enfeebling and demoralising them; though the doom of a people thus lamentably circumstanced was sure to be sealed, and perhaps irreversibly, whenever a more civilised foe found footing on their shores, with skill to avail himself of their dissensions, and a disciplined force to oppose to their rude numbers, yet it must be owned that the almost unresisted facility with which a mere handful of men was allowed to acquire that footing,—the either infatuated or treacherous passiveness with which the first steps of a design so formidable were witnessed,—far outwent even all that might naturally be expected from the weak, degenerate, and disorganised state of the whole

† See Leland, book i. chap. i. Girald. Camb. Itinerary. Camb. lib. ii. cap. i. Instead of citing the words of the original, I shall give the whole anecdote, as rendered by Hammer, in his Chronicle:—“Cambrensis, in his Itinerary of Cambria, reporteth, how that King William, standing upon some high rocks in the farthest part of Wales, beheld Ireland, and said, ‘I will have the ships of my kingdom brought hither, wherewith I will make a bridge to invade this land.’ Murchard, king of Leynster, heard thereof, and, after he had paused awhile, asked of the reporter, ‘Hath the king, in that his great threatening, inserted these words, *‘If I please God?’*” “No,” Then, said he, “seeing this king putteth his trust only in man, and not in God, I fear not his coming.”

kingdom. That neither the monarch nor any of the other princes were yet aware of the extent of Dermot's designs, nor of the powerful patronage he had secured for himself, appears to be highly probable; though, assuredly, there were wanting no further facts to awaken vigilance, if not foresight, than the flight of the traitor himself from the country, on avowed purposes of revenge, and his sudden reappearance in the field attended by foreign troops. Even then, had the Irish monarch and his liegeman of Breffny but followed up vigorously their first advantage over the fallen renegade, they might have crushed at once the whole base conspiracy, and at least postponed, if not wholly averted, the fatal extinction of their country's dearly bought independence.

"Among a people of strong religious feelings such as the Irish had, even to this period, remained, notwithstanding the ignorance and barbarism to which internal misrule and foreign invasion had reduced them, it was not unnatural that the new scourge which had now fallen upon their land should be viewed with terror as a judgment of God on account of the sins of the people,—an awful renewal, by the hand of Providence, of all that their fathers had endured in days gone by, when first the Black and the White Strangers descended in swarms upon their shores. That some such panic must, at this period, have taken possession of them appears manifest, not merely from the unmanly alarm with which, on several occasions, whole multitudes of the natives are said to have fled before small parties of these foreigners, but also from the proceedings of a remarkable synod, convened at Armagh this year, for the purpose of taking into their consideration the perilous state of the country. Concluding that the sins and offences of the people were the great cause of the awful calamities that threatened them, they resolved to seek, in some general and national act of repentance, the salutary means both of propitiation and self-relief. 'The synod declared,' says the chronicler, 'that this calamity was to be held as an infliction of Divine justice, on account of the sins of the Irish people; and more especially because that, in former times, they used to make bond-slaves of the English whom they had purchased as well from merchants as from robbers and pirates: a crime for which God now took vengeance upon them by delivering them into like bondage themselves. For the English people,' it was added, 'while yet their kingdom was in a state of security, were accustomed, through a common vice of the nation, to expose their children for sale; and, even before they were pressed by want or distress, to sell their own sons and kinsmen to the Irish. It was, therefore, natural to suppose that the purchasers, as well as the sellers, in such a traffic, would well deserve, for their enormous crime, to be doomed themselves to wear the yoke of servitude.'" Acting upon the

spirit of these humane and Christian views, the synod unanimously decreed and ordered, that all the English throughout the island, who were in a state of slavery, should be restored to their former freedom. It may be remarked here, that slavery had, from a very early period, existed among the Irish, as is proved by the regulations respecting bondmen and bondwomen, which are found in some very ancient canons of our church. Wherever the practice, indeed, of piracy, whether in ancient or modern times, has prevailed, there the traffic in human creatures, as an ordinary article of commerce, has also existed; and it was in the course, as we have seen, of a predatory expedition of Nial of the Nine Hostages to the coast of Gaul, that St. Patrick, then a youth, was carried away and sold as a bond-slave in Ireland. Besides the slaves imported from England, of which traffic Bristol was the great mart, the Irish had also a class of bondmen called villeins, which were regarded, as the law expresses it, to the manor, and esteemed a part of the inheritance or farm. In referring to the remarkable synodic decree just cited, an Irish writer of the seventeenth century,—one of the many whom, at that time, the persecution of their country's creed at home compelled to carry their talents and industry to other shores,—indulges in a wish as deeply significant as it is melancholy and hopeless. 'If, then, the Irish,' he says, 'as Giraldus intimates, made themselves accomplices in the guilt of the English by buying their children, when offered willingly by them for sale, it were to be wished that the English nation, which reduced the children of those Irish to slavery, contrary to the will and wish of their parents, would in so far imitate the act of the Irish of that period, as to release their posterity, long suffering in servitude, and restore them to their former independence and freedom. For, if the lighter crime drew down on its perpetrators such punishment, how heavy a judgment must fall upon the greater and more lasting wrong?'

[To be continued.]

*Adventures of Captain Bonneville; or, Scenes in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West.* By Washington Irving, Esq., author of "The Sketch-Book," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

FOLLOWING up his "Astoria," Mr. Washington Irving has, in these volumes, penetrated yet further into the West, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and spread out before us the wild scenery, and perilous adventures, which pertain to the trappers, as the hunters for peltry are called, in these remote and uncivilised regions. He states that he received the chief part of his information from a Captain Bonneville, who, in May 1832, at the head of one hundred and ten followers, formed an expedition of this sort; and, after enduring every exciting variety of dangerous and romantic life, returned, at the end of nearly three years, again into the bosom of society.

selling the English taken by pirates, or otherwise.' Of all share in this barefaced falsification, Sir James Ware himself is to be acquitted, being, as Dr. Lanigan justly remarks, 'too honest to corrupt his authority.' The blame, therefore, of the dishonesty, or the ignorance, whichever it may have been, must lie at the door of his translators. The calumny, however, has been adopted, without examination or scruple, by others; and we find Rapin confusedly assigning, as the pretext for Henry's invasion, 'the Irish having taken some Englishmen prisoners, and afterwards sold them for slaves.' Speed, also, who takes the same false view of the subject, adds, in the genuine spirit of misrepresentation, 'which made the Irish clergy themselves confess, that they had deserved no other than that their land should be transferred to that nation whom they had so cruelly handled.'

It is only within the last ten or a dozen years that these parts have been partially visited by American trappers, and strange accounts are given of the competition among rival companies and parties, such as the Hudson's Bay, and bands of free trappers, to outwit and overreach each other, and to induce the Indians to traffic with them in the furs they have obtained. Capt. Bonneville is described as being of a sanguine temperament, and full of jovial feelings; but hardy, intrepid, and daring. Not fearing any adverse dealing, he boldly embarked in his undertaking; and, accommodating his associates with wagons, dashed off into the mountains. Here we soon learn,—

"In these rugged and elevated regions they began to see the black-tailed deer, a species larger than the ordinary kind, and chiefly found in rocky and mountainous countries: they had reached, also, a great buffalo range. Captain Bonneville ascended a high bluff, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding plains. As far as his eye could reach, the country seemed absolutely blackened by innumerable herds. No language, he says, could convey an adequate idea of the vast living mass thus presented to his eye. He remarked that the bulls and cows generally congregated in separate herds. Opposite to the camp at this place was a singular phenomenon, which is among the curiosities of the country. It is called the chimney. The lower part is a conical mound, rising out of the naked plain; from the summit shoots up a shaft or column, about one hundred and twenty feet in height, from which it derives its name. The height of the whole, according to Captain Bonneville, is a hundred and seventy-five yards. It is composed of indurated clay, with alternate layers of red and white sandstone, and may be seen at the distance of upwards of thirty miles."

This party was the first that ever crossed the crest of the Rocky Mountains, and reached those bounds where the rivers, instead of running towards the Atlantic, sought the Pacific shore. But, before we notice any of their general procedure, we will give our readers a sketch of a free trapper:—

"To explain the meaning of the appellation, free trapper, it is necessary to state the terms on which the men enlist in the service of the fur companies. Some have regular wages, and are furnished with weapons, horses, traps, and other requisites. These are under command, and bound to do every duty required of them connected with the service; such as hunting, trapping, loading and unloading the horses, mounting guard; and, in short, all the drudgery of the camp. These are the hired trappers. The free trappers are a more independent class; and, in describing them, we shall do little more than transcribe the graphic description of them by Captain Bonneville. 'They come and go,' says he, 'when and where they please; provide their own horses, arms, and other equipments; trap and trade on their own account, and dispose of their skins and peltries to the highest bidder. Sometimes, in a dangerous hunting-ground, they attach themselves to the camp of some trader for protection. Here they come under some restrictions; they have to conform to the ordinary rules for trapping, and to submit to such restraints, and to take part in such general duties, as are established for the good order and safety of the camp. In return for this protection, and for their camp-keeping, they are bound to dispose of all the beaver they take to the trader who commands the camp, at a certain rate per skin; or, should they

prefer seeking a market elsewhere, they are to make him an allowance of from thirty to forty dollars for the whole hunt.' There is an inferior order, who, either from prudence or poverty, come to these dangerous hunting-grounds without horses or accoutrements, and are furnished by the traders. These, like the hired trappers, are bound to exert themselves to the utmost in taking beavers, which, without skinning, they render in at the trader's lodge, where a stipulated price for each is placed to their credit. These, though generally included in the generic name of free trappers, have the more specific title of skin-trappers. The wandering whites who mingle for any length of time with the savages, have invariably a proneness to adopt savage habitudes; but none more so than the free trappers. It is a matter of vanity and ambition with them to discard every thing that may bear the stamp of civilised life, and to adopt the manners, habits, dress, gesture, and even walk of the Indian. You cannot pay a free trapper a greater compliment, than to persuade him you have mistaken him for an Indian brave; and, in truth, the counterfeits are complete. His hair, suffered to attain to a great length, is carefully combed out, and either left to fall carelessly over his shoulders, or plaited neatly, and tied up in otter skins, or party-coloured ribands. A hunting shirt of ruffled calico of bright dyes, or of ornamented leather, falls to his knee; below which, curiously fashioned leggins, ornamented with strings, fringes, and a profusion of hawk's bells, reach to a costly pair of moccasins of the finest Indian fabric, richly embroidered with beads. A blanket of scarlet, or some other bright colour, hangs from his shoulders, and is girt round his waist with a red sash, in which he bestows his pistols, knife, and the stem of his Indian pipe; preparations either for peace or war. His gun is lavishly decorated with brass tacks and vermilion, and provided with a fringed cover, occasionally of buckskin, ornamented here and there with a feather. His horse, the noble minister to the pride, pleasure, and profit of the mountaineer, is selected for his speed and spirit, and prancing carriage, and holds a place in his estimation second only to himself. He shares largely of his bounty, and of his pride and pomp of trapping. He is caparisoned in the most dashing and fantastic style; the bridles and crupper are weightily embossed with beads and cockades; and head, mane, and tail, are interwoven with abundance of eagles' plumes, which flutter in the wind. To complete this grotesque equipment, the proud animal is bestreaked and bespotted with vermilion, or with white clay, whichever presents the most glaring contrast to his real colour. Such is the account given by Captain Bonneville of these rangers of the wilderness, and their appearance at the camp was strikingly characteristic. They came dashing forward at full speed, firing their fuses, and yelling in Indian style. Their dark sunburnt faces, and long flowing hair, their leggins, flaps, moccasins, and gaudily dyed blankets, and their painted horses, richly caparisoned, gave them so much the air and appearance of Indians, that it was difficult to persuade oneself that they were white men, and had been brought up in civilised life."

The following relates to the supply of food for the dwellers in these high places, and is a remarkable description:—

"The Salmon river is one of the upper branches of the Oregon or Columbia; and takes its rise from various sources, among a group of mountains to the north-west of the Wind river

chain. It takes its name from the immense shoals of salmon which ascend it in the months of September and October. The salmon on the west side of the Rocky Mountains are, like the buffalo on the eastern plains, vast migratory supplies for the wants of man, that come and go with the seasons. As the buffalo, in countless throngs, find their certain way with the transient pasturage on the prairies, along the fresh banks of the rivers, and up every valley and green defile of the mountains, so the salmon, at their allotted seasons, regulated by a sublime and all-seeing Providence, swarm in myriads up the great rivers, and find their way up their main branches, and into the minutest tributary streams; so as to pervade the great arid plains, and to penetrate even among barren mountains. Thus, wandering tribes are fed in the desert places of the wilderness, where there is no herbage for the animals of the chase, and where, but for these periodical supplies, it would be impossible for man to subsist. The rapid currents of the rivers that run into the Pacific render the ascent of them very exhausting to the salmon. When the fish first run up the rivers, they are fat and in fine order. The struggle against impetuous streams and frequent rapids, gradually renders them thin and weak, and great numbers are seen floating down the rivers on their backs. As the season advances, and the water becomes chilled, they are flung in myriads on the shores, where the wolves and bears assemble to banquet on them. Often they rot in such quantities along the river banks, as to taint the atmosphere. They are commonly from two or three feet long."

The most powerful Indian tribe in these regions are the Blackfeet,—the Crows are next; and then come the Nez Percés, Flatheads, Hanging-ears, and others; but nearly all in bitter hostility one against the other:—

"The Nez Percés, the Flatheads, and the Hanging-ears, pride themselves upon the number of their horses, of which they possess more in proportion than any other of the mountain tribes within the buffalo range. Many of the Indian warriors and hunters, encamped around Captain Bonneville, possess from thirty to forty horses each. Their horses are stout, well-built ponies, of great wind, and capable of enduring the severest hardship and fatigue. The swiftest of them, however, are those obtained from the whites while sufficiently young to become acclimated and inured to the rough service of the mountains. . . . One day a large band of Blackfeet appeared in the open field, but in the vicinity of rocks and cliffs. They kept at a vary distance, but made friendly signs. The trappers replied in the same way, but likewise kept aloof. A small party of Indians now advanced, bearing the pipe of peace; they were met by an equal number of white men, and they formed a group midway between the two bands, where the pipe was circulated from hand to hand, and smoked with all due ceremony. An instance of natural affection took place at this pacific meeting. Among the free trappers, in the Rocky Mountain band, was a spirited young Mexican, named Loretto; who, in the course of his wanderings, had ransomed a beautiful Blackfoot girl from a band of Crows, by whom she had been captured. He had made her his wife, after the Indian style, and she had followed his fortunes ever since, with the most devoted affection. Among the Blackfoot warriors who advanced with the calumet of peace, she recognised a brother. Leaving her infant with Loretto, she rushed forward, and threw herself upon her brother's neck, who clasped his long-lost sister to his heart, with a warmth

of affection but little compatible with the reputed stoicism of the savage. While this scene was taking place, Bridger left the main body of trappers, and rode slowly towards the group of smokers, with his rifle resting across the pommel of his saddle. The chief of the Blackfeet stepped forward to meet him. From some unfortunate feeling of distrust, Bridger cocked his rifle, just as the chief was extending his hand in friendship. The quick ear of the savage caught the click of the lock; in a twinkling, he grasped the barrel, forced the muzzle downward, and the contents were discharged into the earth at his feet. His next movement was to wrest the weapon from the hand of Bridger, and fell him with it to the earth. He might have found this no easy task, had not the unfortunate leader received two arrows in his back during the struggle. The chief now sprang into the vacant saddle, and galloped off to his band. A wild hurry-scurry scene ensued; each party took to the banks, the rocks, and trees, to gain favourable positions, and an irregular firing was kept up on either side, without much effect. The Indian girl had been hurried off by her people, at the outbreak of the affray. She would have returned, through the dangers of the fight, to her husband and her child, but was prevented by her brother. The young Mexican saw her struggles and her agony, and heard her piercing cries. With a generous impulse, he caught up the child in his arms, rushed forward, regardless of Indian shaft or rifle, and placed it in safety upon her bosom. Even the savage heart of the Blackfoot chief was reached by this noble deed. He pronounced Loretto a madman for his temerity, but bade him depart in peace. The young Mexican hesitated; he urged to have his wife restored to him; but her brother interfered, and the countenance of the chief grew dark. The girl, he said, belonged to his tribe—she must remain with her people. Loretto would still have lingered, but his wife implored him to depart, lest his life should be endangered. It was with the greatest reluctance that he returned to his companions. The approach of night put an end to the skirmishing fire of the adverse parties, and the savages drew off without renewing their hostilities.

A few months subsequent to the event just related, the young Mexican settled his accounts with the Rocky Mountain Company, and obtained his discharge. He then left his comrades, and set off to rejoin his wife and child among her people; and we understand that, at the time we are writing these pages, he resides at a trading-house established of late by the American Fur Company, in the Blackfoot country, where he acts as an interpreter, and has his Indian girl with him."

In the transactions of Bonneville's time this Loretto acts a conspicuous part; but we must refer the Indian conflicts, ambuscades, assassinations, and butcheries, to the readers of the work itself; only observing, that they are more prolific of extraordinary heroism in females, than we were prepared to expect among these savages. How they are taught murder by their more civilised, but not less cruel invaders, will appear from the following:—

"Who can calculate on security in the midst of the Indian country, where the foe lurks in silence and secrecy, and seems to come and go on the wings of the wind? The horses had scarce been turned loose, when a couple of Arickara (or Rickaree) warriors entered the camp. They affected a frank and friendly demeanour; but their appearance and movements awakened the suspicions of some of the veteran trappers, well versed in Indian wiles.

Convinced that they were spies sent on some sinister errand, they took them into custody, and set to work to drive in the horses. It was too late; the horses were already gone. In fact, a war party of Arickaras had been hovering on their trail for several days, watching with the patience and perseverance of Indians, for some moment of negligence and fancied security, to make a successful swoop. The two spies had evidently been sent into the camp to create a diversion, while their confederates carried off the spoil. The unlucky partisan, thus robbed of his horses, turned furiously on his prisoners, ordered them to be bound hand and foot, and swore to put them to death unless his property were restored. The robbers, who soon found that their spies were in captivity, now made their appearance on horseback, and held a parley. The sight of them, mounted on the very horses they had stolen, set the blood of the mountaineers in a ferment; but it was useless to attack them, as they would have but to turn their steeds and scamper out of the reach of pedestrians. A negotiation was now attempted. The Arickaras offered what they considered fair terms; to barter one horse, or even two horses, for a prisoner. The mountaineers spurned at their offer, and declared that, unless all the horses were relinquished, the prisoners should be burnt to death. To give force to their threat, a pyre of logs and fagots was heaped up and kindled into a blaze. The parley continued: the Arickaras released one horse and then another, in earnest of their proposition; finding, however, that nothing short of the relinquishment of all their spoils would purchase the lives of the captives, they abandoned them to their fate, moving off with many parting words and lamentable howlings. The prisoners seeing them depart, and knowing the horrible fate that awaited them, made a desperate effort to escape. They partially succeeded, but were severely wounded and retaken; then dragged to the blazing pyre, and burnt to death in the sight of their retreating comrades. Such are the savage cruelties that white men learn to practise who mingle in savage life; and such are the acts that lead to terrible recrimination on the part of the Indians. Should we hear of any atrocities committed by the Arickaras upon captive white men, let this signal and recent provocation be borne in mind. Individual cases of the kind dwell in the recollections of whole tribes; and it is a point of honour and conscience to revenge them."

With one quotation more we dismiss these entertaining volumes; it is a curious one, the description of the country of one Indian tribe, which seems to have the *amor patriæ* strongly impressed.

"Before (says our author) we accompany Captain Bonneville into the Crow country, we will impart a few facts about this wild region, and the wild people who inhabit it. We are not aware of the precise boundaries, if there are any, of the country claimed by the Crows; it appears to extend from the Black Hills to the Rocky Mountains, including a part of their lofty ranges, and embracing many of the plains and valleys watered by the Wind river, the Yellowstone, the Powder river, the Little Missouri, and the Nebraska. The country varies in soil and climate; there are vast plains of sand and clay, studded with large red sandhills: other parts are grand and picturesque: it possesses warm springs and coal-mines, and abounds with game. But let us give the account of the country as rendered by Arapooish, a Crow chief, to Mr. Robert Campbell, of the

Rocky Mountain fur company. 'The Crow country,' said he, 'is a good country. The Great Spirit has put it exactly in the right place; while you are in it you fare well—when ever you go out of it, which ever way you travel, you will fare worse. If you go to the south, there you have to wander over great barren plains; the water is warm and bad, and you meet the fever and ague. To the north it is cold; the winters are long and bitter, and no grass; you cannot keep horses there, but must travel with dogs. What is a country without horses? On the Columbia they are poor and dirty, paddle about in canoes, and eat fish. Their teeth are worn out; they are always taking fish-bones out of their mouths. Fish is poor food. To the east, they dwell in villages; they live well; but they drink the muddy water of the Missouri—that is bad. A Crow's dog would not drink such water. About the forks of the Missouri is a fine country: good water; good grass; plenty of buffalo. In summer, it is almost as good as the Crow country: but in winter it is cold; the grass is gone; and there is no salt weed for the horses. The Crow country is exactly in the right place. It has snowy mountains and sunny plains; all kinds of climates, and good things for every season. When the summer heats scorch the prairies, you can draw up under the mountains, where the air is sweet and cool, the grass fresh, and the bright streams come tumbling out of the snow banks. There you can hunt the elk, the deer, and the antelope, when their skins are fit for dressing; there you will find plenty of white bears and mountain sheep. In the autumn, when your horses are fat and strong from the mountain pastures, you can go down into the plains and hunt the buffalo, or trap beaver on the streams. And when winter comes on, you can take shelter in the woody bottoms along the rivers; there you will find buffalo meat for yourselves, and cotton-wood bark for your horses; or you may winter in the Wind river valley, where there is salt weed in abundance. The Crow country is exactly in the right place. Every thing good is to be found there. There is no country like the Crow country.' Such is the eulogium on his country by Arapooish. We have had repeated occasions to speak of the restless and predatory habits of the Crows. They can muster 1500 fighting men; but their incessant wars with the Blackfeet, and their vagabond, predatory habits, are gradually wearing them out."

*The Great Metropolis: Second Series.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

It is hardly possible to be serious with this second series of as curious a species of book-making as the public has been called upon to swallow and digest even in these days of literary manufacture. The subjects represented, or rather mis-represented, by the author, in this prolongation of his labours, are, Almack's, Political Opinions, Literature, Authors and Publishers, the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, the Royal Exchange, the Old Bailey, Newgate, and that distinguished class of our periodical literature known by the name of Penny-a-liners.

Of Almack's, he knows as much as a Highland Scot knows of Italian music. The trash of pseudo-fashionable novels, the common journalist notices, and, perhaps, some inquiries through a waiter, with an inventive colouring of his own, furnish the picture of drunken brutes of lords, and absurdities about mammas and daugh-

ters, exclusives, &c. &c. &c., which is to pass for a likeness of this aristocratic resort.

Under "Politics" we have a most extravagant account of the Radicals, or Destructives, about town, and particularly in Marylebone; and the writer declares it is derived from his personal attendance at their meetings:—he does not say he visited Almack's! If not true, this is a horrid caricature: if true, it is yet more disgusting. He is describing the "Great Radical Association of England," which met every Tuesday at Mr. Savage's public-house, and he says:—

"The proceedings usually occupied about three hours. Before one hour had elapsed, the 'great hall' was 'choke full' of smoke. The scene was one which would have done a poet's heart good. Nothing could be more poetical than the graceful way in which the volumes of smoke curled, as they were whiffed, redolent of heavy wet, from each mouth, before losing themselves in the general mass,—especially in those cases in which two or three of the volumes affectionately entwined themselves in each other's embraces. A wag one night popped his head in at the door, and asked the patriot next to him what it was all about. The Destructive, in a gruff brutish tone, replied—'Vy, it's jist about a-ending.' 'Then,' said the other, coughing loudly, as if already half suffocated, 'it looks as if it would all end in smoke.'

"The torrents of eloquence which each successive speaker poured out, never interrupted the business of the house. In fact, the 'great hall' on such occasions only presented the spectacle of a tap-room on an enlarged scale. Mr. S——, to 'keep up the consarn,' as a bricklayer's hodman one night happily expressed himself, occasionally gave the 'Great Radical Association of England' five minutes of his seditious oratory; but at other times, he and a couple of pot-boys had their hands sufficiently full in executing the orders for 'haccy' and heavy wet. In giving these orders, the parties always spoke as loudly as did the demagogue for the time being. The effect was infinitely ludicrous. Take the following as an illustration. Dr. Wade was the orator:—'I say, gentlemen, that until the working classes are united among themselves, they will never ['Boy, bring me a pint of porter with the chill taken off'] be able to do any thing ['I say, you little chap with the jacket, get me a pipe and 'baccy'] to redress their grievances. It is now four years—['I say, Mr. S——, I won't stand that any longer any how. It's a good quarter o' an hour since I ordered a glass o' gin-and-water, and I've not got it yet.—'You'll get it presently.'] It is now four years since the Reform Bill passed into a law, and none of you ['Bring me a match to light my pipe with—will you, boy?'] have reaped the slightest benefit—[Mr. S——. 'Did you pay for your porter, Jack Hogan?'] 'Voy, to be sure I did. This here Bob Martin,' pointing to a son of St. Crispin who sat beside him, 'saw me fork out the hapienies. Didn't you, Bob?' 'Yes, I'll take my oath on't Jack.' Not one of you, I say, gentlemen, have yet derived the slightest benefit from the Reform Bill, and until ['Take a hearty swig of this heavy, Harry, my boy'] associations of this kind are established in all parts of the country, you never can ['Boy, a pint of porter of the right sort; none of your swipes now'] raise yourself to that station in society which you are entitled to occupy. Gentlemen, we owe whatever liberty we possess to a body of men who roamed eight hundred years ago amidst the forests of Germany: let us only be ['I say, Ned, old chap, shall we have another go of gin-and-water,'] united and energetic, and

we will complete what our German ancestors ['Mr. S—, have you got no spit-boxes?'] so gloriously began. I am sure, gentlemen, I need not remind you, in pressing on you the advantages of union, of the well-known story of ['Bring me a pint of half-and-half, you boy with the apron round your middle!'] the man and the bundle of sticks. I am well aware of what might be done by—[Here the worthy doctor was interrupted by Jim Rogers puffing a quantity of smoke down his throat while Jim was lighting his pipe afresh at the candle, which stood on a table just before the doctor's face. The effect of the four-feet-six patriot interposing his head and shoulders between the reverend orator and the candle, was that of a temporary total eclipse of the jolly-looking cabbage-coloured physiognomy of the latter, and caused a burst of laughter from the Destructive assemblage. After the cessation of a violent fit of coughing, caused by the dense volume of smoke which Jim had injected from his mouth, the doctor good-naturedly resumed]—'I am well aware, I was going to say, gentlemen, of what might be done by physical force; but I, as a minister of the Gospel of peace, cannot recommend you to have recourse to such extreme measures. I would say ['Mr. S—, bring me a crust of bread and cheese'] exert yourselves peacefully but spiritedly; ['Another glass of brandy-and-water, Tom, my boy;'] do this, and ['I'm blown if I don't have another pint of porter. Fill this pot again, Mr. S—, and here's your blunt;'] do this, I say, and you are sure eventually to succeed. Allow me to say, gentlemen, before I sit down, that perhaps I have gone, in the first part of my speech, a little too far. [A gruff voice from a stranger looking in at the door, 'I think you have a deuced deal, doctor; so good night,' followed by cries of 'No, no!'] If, gentlemen, I have, in the excitement of the moment—[Here the worthy divine wiped the perspiration off his brow, and gave two or three gentle coughs]—if I have said any thing unbecoming, I am sure you will ascribe it all to my zeal in your cause.' The rev. gentlemen sat down amidst tumultuous cheers, in which the stentorian lungs of 'the people' were ably aided by the application of Mr. S—'s pots to the forms on which the Destructives sat. In the midst of the uproarious applause, a recent importation from Tipperary, with his coat off and his breast open, just as if newly returned from paving the streets, advanced to the platform, with a pot in his hand, foaming with Barclay and Perkin's entire; and, looking the orator, with an approving smile, full in the face, sung out, 'Bravo, docther; here's your jolly good health! Isn't it yourself, docther, will be afther taking a drop of it to wet your throat with?' So saying, the Emerald handed 'the pewter' and its contents to the Radical divine, who took a hearty draught of the latter."

The Literary and Publishing chapters are a bundle of guesses, misinformation, and errors; mixed up with here and there a notorious fact. The style is usually a combination of platitudes and bombast; but occasionally can boast of novel nonsense. Thus a successful author, desirous of publishing a Sequel, consults his booksellers, but "they disadvised him from the speculation; and pointed out the probable difference as to sale, between their extensive and powerful bookselling connexion, and his utter want of such connexion. The advice was disregarded: it was ascribed to interested motives. To press he would go, and to press he went, on his own account. The same number of copies, viz. 20,000, was ordered to be thrown off. The

book appeared; it was largely advertised. What does the reader suppose was the number of copies sold in the same time as it required to dispose of 20,000 of the former parts, published by the influential house alluded to? It was considerably under 500!"

The Bank and the two Exchanges are like the rest, merely newspaper matter hashed up into book form—neither more nor less authentic, neither more nor less new, neither more nor less intelligent. Even at the Old Bailey our author is not more at home nor conversant with his subject. He speaks, if we gather his meaning rightly, of our worthy friend, John Adolphus, who delivered a very good speech at the Literary Fund dinner on Wednesday week, as having been dead some years (see p. 197); though it may mean Mr. Andrews: at any rate, the whole account is erroneous. But, however, there is one curious character here, whose portrait may serve as the best extract we could give from the work.

"There is one eccentric character whom it were unpardonable to pass over in a chapter devoted to the Old Bailey: I allude to Mr. Curtis, who is as constantly to be seen in the New Court as the judge himself. Mr. Curtis is known to every body in and about the place, and nobody can know him without being attached to him. A more honest, kind-hearted, or inoffensive creature, does not exist. For nearly a quarter of a century has he been in constant attendance at the Old Bailey, from the opening to the close of each session, never, so far as I am aware, being absent, with the exception of two occasions when attending the county assizes. He writes short-hand; and has, I understand, a stenographical work in the press, to be called 'Short-hand made Shorter.' He is so passionately fond of writing the trials, that he takes down, for his own special amusement, every case verbatim which comes before the New Court. What his horror of the Old Court arises from, I have never been able to learn; but one might as soon expect to find the Bishop of London in a Dissenting chapel, as to find Mr. Curtis in the Old Court. He is celebrated for his early rising: four o'clock in the morning he considers a late hour. It is quite an era in his life to lie in bed till five. By seven he has completed his morning journeys, which usually embrace a distance, including doubles—for he is particularly fond of going over the same ground twice, if not thrice, in a morning—of from six to eight miles. Among the places visited, Farringdon Market, Covent Garden Market, Hungerford Market, and Billingsgate, are never, under any circumstances, omitted. Farringdon Market has the honour of the first visit, because, as good luck (for it) would have it, he chances to reside in that neighbourhood. His own notion is, that he has walked as much within the last thirty years, before seven in the morning, as would have made the circuit of the globe three or four times. He is, perhaps, the most inveterate pedestrian alive; locomotion seems to be a necessity of his nature. It is the severest punishment that could be inflicted on him to be obliged to remain, for any length of time, in one place. There is only one exception to this rule; and that is, when he is taking down the trials at the Old Bailey. He regards it as the greatest favour that could be conferred on him, to be asked to walk ten or twelve miles by an acquaintance. He frequently inquires of his friends, whether they have occasion to go to any of the villages in the neighbourhood of London; adding, that in that case, he will be

happy to take 'a step' with them. He some time since kindly offered to give me a 'full, true, and particular account' of the eventful vicissitudes of his life, if I would take a walk out to Hampstead, or any other village in the vicinity of London, with him.

"He is particularly partial to wet weather, and is as fond of a rainy day as if he were a duck. He is never so comfortable as when thoroughly drenched. Thunder and lightning throw him into perfect ecstasies. \* \* \*

"He possesses a singularly strong constitution. I have spoken of his early rising; I should have mentioned, in proof of the vigorousness of his frame, that he is also late in going to bed. On an average, he has not, for the last twenty years, slept above four hours in the twenty-four. He is often weeks without going to bed at all. It sufficeth him, as Wordsworth would say, to have two or three hours' doze in his arm-chair, and with his clothes on. In the year 1834, he was seized with the ambition of performing an unusual feat in this way. He aspired to the reputation of being able to sit up one hundred consecutive nights and days, without stretching himself on a bed, or in any way putting himself into a horizontal position, even for one moment. He actually did, incredible as it may appear, accomplish the extraordinary undertaking. For one century of consecutive nights and days, as he himself loves to express it, Mr. Curtis neither put off his clothes to lie down in bed, nor any where else, for a second. Any little sleep he had during the time was in the shape of a doze, as just mentioned, in his arm-chair. His taste for executions, and for the society of persons sentenced to death, is remarkable. He has been present at every execution in the metropolis and its immediate neighbourhood, for the last quarter of a century. This may appear so improbable a statement, that it may be proper to mention I have it from his own lips; and nothing in the world would induce him to state what is not true. Nay, so powerful is his propensity for witnessing executions, that, some years since, he actually walked down before breakfast to Chelmsford, which is twenty-nine miles from London, to be present at the execution of Captain Moir. For a great many years past he has not only heard the condemned sermon preached in Newgate, but has spent many hours in their gloomy cells, with the leading men who have been executed in London during that time. He was a great favourite with poor Fauntleroy. Many an hour did Mr. Curtis spend in Newgate with that unfortunate man. He was with him a considerable part of the day previous to his execution. With Corder, too, of Red Barn notoriety, he contracted a warm friendship; sleeping, I think he has told me, repeatedly on the same bed as that unhappy man had been accustomed to sleep on. Immediately on the discovery of the murder of Maria Martin, he hastened down to the scene, and there remained till the execution of William Corder, making a period of several weeks. He afterwards wrote 'Memoirs of Corder,' which extended to upwards of three hundred pages. The work was published by the present lord mayor, then Mr. Kelly; and, being published in sixpenny numbers, had a large sale. Three portraits, all engraved on one piece of plate, embellished the work. They were portraits of William Corder, Maria Martin, and Mr. Curtis himself. I believe this is the only literary work of Mr. Curtis; he is proud of it; nothing pleases him better than to be called the biographer of Corder."



Of the Penny-a-liners we may presume the writer really possesses some knowledge; but his stories about them are weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Otherwise it might have been curious to obtain some accurate information of a class of men who daily and weekly inundate the public with as much folly and falsehood as the press, stamped and unstamped, can bear to carry.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON Friday evening, Dr. Boase delivered an interesting lecture on tin, and its application to the fine arts. The working and smelting of tin are of very ancient date; it is recorded as having been known at or before the time of Moses, and introduced into the East by the Mideonites. Diodorus Siculus, lib. v. cap. 22, writes of the Cassiterides, now the British isles, that a store was established at *Ictis*, where the metal was brought in carts, at low water, and whence it was transported to Gaul. *Ictis*, of the olden time, from its semi-insular position, is supposed to have been the rocks of the present day on the coast of Cornwall, known by the name of St. Michael's: for this opinion, see "Cornish Geological Transactions." The ores of Cornwall are abundant, and of good quality; also those of the islands in the Eastern Archipelago: in Saxony, Bohemia, and Chili, ore is found, but in small quantities, and very inferior. Tin, in appearance, is very like lead, only whiter, and not so liable to tarnish; it emits a peculiar odour when rubbed, possesses the singular property, on being bent, of producing a crackling noise, and is fusible at 442° Fahr. The ore is found in two forms, oxides and tin-pyrites, or sulphurets; the former used for reduction, the latter selected for cabinet specimens. The oxides are more or less crystallised in four-sided prisms variously truncated; samples of great specific gravity have been procured, so pure and rich as to have yielded 78½ per cent. In proceeding to point out its geological position, Dr. Boase stated that, when it occurs in veins or lodes, it is called mine-tin; when worked from various diluvial deposits, stream-tin. The stratum in which stream-tin is met with, and which is technically named tin-ground, always rests on the solid rock, the nature of the rock varying according to its position on a higher or lower level—the geological arrangement of the superincumbent layers also differing from the like cause; but in either position, whether high or low, the tin-ground is always covered with a vegetable bed. The following description of the Pendelon and Pentuan workings, sections of which were exhibited, will render this more clear. In the Pendelon the foundation, if it may be so termed, is granite; on this the tin-ground, then a vegetable bed, granitic debris, another vegetable bed, granitic debris, marshy ground on the surface; in this case the vegetable beds are of considerable thickness, similar to the coal formation. In the Pentuan the base is slate-rock, on which rests the tin-ground, covered by a thin vegetable bed, upon which lies river-silt: the intermediate beds are wanting. In the river-silt fossil remains have been found; one specimen is a large humerus of an animal of the ox tribe. The oxides of tin are not of one uniform sort: a fibrous oxide, called toad's-eye, is procured near Penzance. Gold occurs in the stream-works, to collect which the workmen carry quills; and proud is he who picks up

sufficient for a wedding-ring. In working stream-tin, they go from one place to another, without any regularity of operations; the reason they give you for this is, that the old men have been there before them, which is soon discovered by the layers being in a confused state, not in their natural order. The process of working and smelting mine-tin is complicated: the mineral lodes traverse the solid rock in thin layers or strata, mixed with quartz and other substances. The manner of finding the lode is to trace, from the valley to the higher ground, the granite debris; this is called shoaling the stream. It requires an experienced eye to discover mineral matter in the granite pebbles; and, although the matrix presents a poor appearance, it often works profitably. Dr. Boase was of opinion that gold, silver, and other valuable metals, are mixed up with the earthy matter; and that the establishment of a mineralogical school, for the instruction of the workmen, would be attended with beneficial results. The ores are pounded with stamps and washed, and then called slime, which is placed on a succession of planes at different angles; a stream of water, trickling down, separates the particles according to their specific gravities. Arsenical pyrites and sulphuret of copper are always mixed with the ore; and the former being of equal gravity, fire is used to separate them. This is done in a reverberatory furnace: sulphurous acid gas is evolved, the arsenical pyrites sublimed, and deposited on the flues. The burnt tins are more or less red; the metal is run out into blocks, which are sent to the coining hall, and a duty of 4s. per cwt. paid to the duchy. Grain tin is always made from stream tin, and used for the finer purposes of art. Granulation is thus produced: block-tin is placed over a brazier of charcoal; when it begins to melt, it is instantly drawn up to some height, and let fall. Works on chemistry are defective on this point; they, and even Berzelius, state, that grain-tin, melted down and run out, becomes granulated, and that the residue is common tin; the former method described was, fifteen years ago, and is still, practised in Cornwall. Various experiments were shewn with the oxides and chlorides of tin, exhibiting their various properties under different combinations, and the changes they undergo. Dr. Boase alluded to the generating ammonia as an example of chemical change: which being beautifully curious, we will state the process. Sal ammoniac, powdered and mixed with three-fourths of its weight of powdered lime, and heated in a retort, gives out the gas plentifully. Sal ammoniac, or muriate of ammonia, consists of muriatic acid and ammonia, and the acid itself is constituted of chlorine and hydrogen; lime is composed of the metal calcium and oxygen. When the muriate of ammonia and lime act upon each other, the chlorine of the muriatic acid combines with the calcium of the lime, and the resulting chloride of calcium remains in the retort, while the hydrogen of the acid combines with the oxygen of the lime to form water, which evaporates with the ammonia evolved. Peroxide of tin, after calcination, is called tin-putty, and is used for polishing marbles, &c., and for enamelling. The chlorides form, for the dyers, in some instances, mordants; the perchloride is employed, with cochineal, for this purpose: it, also, heightens the colour considerably. Dr. Boase did not enter upon the alloys and amalgams compounded with this metal—bronze, bell-metal, mosaic gold, coatings for mirrors, &c.; the whole of which are replete with interest.

[Apropos of the lecturer: the following notice has been in type for insertion for several weeks; and we cannot delay it after this.—Ed. L. G.]

AT a special general meeting of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall (Penzance), Davies Gilbert, Esq. president, in the chair, Dr. Boase, who has for many years been well known to our readers as the zealous secretary, then tendered his resignation, in consequence of his removal to London. This was received by the president, who paid a most feeling and eloquent tribute to Dr. Boase's invaluable services; not only to the Society as its secretary, but to the county, as the most successful investigator of its geological structure; and to the miner, as a solver of his doubts respecting the composition of such unusual minerals as sometimes fall in his way. A vote of thanks to Dr. Boase, for his important services to the Society as its secretary, for many of its most prosperous years, as well as for his general kindness in imparting the results of his successful labours, was proposed by the Rev. C. V. Le Grice, and seconded by Richard Pearce, Esq., with a proposition that Dr. Boase should be immediately elected an honorary member, which vote was carried by acclamation; and Mr. Henwood, F.G.S., the curator, was requested to act as secretary *pro tempore*.

### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HAMILTON (president elect) in the chair.—Several foreign, honorary, and corresponding members of distinguished name were elected.—The chief business of the evening was the bestowal of the royal premium on Capt. Fitzroy. The chairman, in presenting it, addressed Capt. Fitzroy nearly in the following words:—"In consequence of the unavoidable absence of the president of this society, I have been unexpectedly called upon to announce to you, that the council of the Royal Geographical Society have resolved to award to you the royal premium given by his majesty for the year 1836, in testimony of the high sense they entertain of the valuable additions made by you to our knowledge of a large portion of the South American Continent, and the adjacent islands, whilst you were employed in his majesty's service on the late survey of the coasts of Patagonia, Chili, and Peru. It was in the autumn of the year 1831, that you were commissioned by the lords of the admiralty to proceed in command of H. M. S. Beagle, to conduct this important survey which was to open to the commercial world a new series of approaches to that part of South America, where are daily developing themselves germs of political associations and mercantile prosperity. The eyes of all who were interested in the subject, were directed towards your operations until your return to England in November last, after having surveyed, either in person or at your own expense, seven thousand miles of coast from the Rio de la Plata, on the east, to Guayaquil, on the west side of South America, and after having circumnavigated the globe: and they now greet your return with a degree of pleasure and gratification, and with a portion of national pride commensurate with the magnitude of the scale on which you have acted, and the unceasing perseverance which you have displayed in conducting to its term the task committed to your guidance. During these five years, one of the first of your discoveries laid open to the commercial and scientific world the harbour of Bahia Blanco, in latitude 39°, the only one upon the eastern coast in which a considerable number of line-of-battle ships can lie at anchor. On the same coast, in the face of great and

numerous difficulties, you explored, for the first time, the deep and rapid river of Santa Cruz, from the coast, in 50 degrees S. latitude, to the Cordilleras; the first occasion, it is believed, this part of the continent has ever been crossed by an European. You surveyed, at your sole expense, that very interesting and important feature in the political and physical geography of those seas, the Falkland Islands. You have given to our maps, besides the great inland waters, called those of Otway and Skyring, a new and important channel through the Tierra del Fuego. On the western side of South America you have, for the first time, laid down the archipelago of islands lying to the south of Chiloe, called Chonos. Amongst various material alterations in the old Spanish surveys of the shores of the Pacific and adjacent islands may be mentioned, as a sample of the rest, the important fact, that the island of Chiloe was before no less than 25 miles in error. When your term of service was on the point of expiring, and you were about to proceed on your way home, your zeal for science prompted you to engage a vessel at your own expense for continuing and completing the survey of the coast of Peru as far as Guayaquil; the result of which has been the examination of nearly seventy ports and roadsteads, of which at least forty were never before known to be of capacity to admit of vessels to enter. In circumnavigating the globe, you have, for the first time, carried a complete chronometric chain of measurement, having had twenty-two chronometers under your charge—many of them your own property—from east to west round the globe. You have, also, with the assistance of Mr. Darwin, the well-known naturalist, given us the best account we possess of the earthquake which took place at Concepcion, in 1835; a phenomenon which has given rise to much interesting discussion among those who are engaged in physical and geological pursuits. Captain Fitzroy, those who are best able to form a judgment of the services you have rendered to the science of geography, feel that they give you a fair and just title to be enrolled in the list of the most celebrated navigators, whose names adorn the maritime annals of this or of any other country. I cannot conclude without the expression of the high gratification which I feel at being thus made the organ of communicating to you this mark of the high admiration and esteem in which you are held by this distinguished Society. The premium having been given to Captain Fitzroy, that gentleman replied in the following terms:—"Sir,—Before attempting to thank you for the deep gratification which I feel, I must, indeed, disclaim having such pretensions to the position in which the too favourable opinion of the Royal Geographical Society would place me. But, Sir, however little I may really be worthy of much that you have been pleased to say, I feel so deeply that this honourable testimonial of the approbation of my countrymen is a most ample reward for those attempts to serve my country which I am conscious of having made, that I beg you will accept a feebly attempted expression of sincerely grateful feelings, which cannot be shewn adequately by words. Permit me, Sir, to mention that the Royal Geographical Society have removed from my breast every painful feeling which had there harboured. I, now, am rewarded for those services, such as they were, in the execution of which I was encouraged and assisted by the sincere friendship and decided support of the hydrographer of the admiralty, and by the most cordial co-operation of Mr. Darwin, and the officers of the

Beagle. And, Sir, to shew my gratitude to the distinguished Society of my countrymen over whom you are now presiding, I take this opportunity of declaring that if, at any future time, my humble efforts should be thought likely to be useful, I shall be willing and proud to prefer public duty to private happiness. I believe, Sir, there is a gentleman now present, whose name I have already mentioned, and of whose claims to your notice I beg you will allow me to say a few words. Mr. Charles Darwin embarked in the Beagle, in 1831, as a zealous volunteer in the cause of science. At his own expense he passed five years on board the Beagle, or travelling in those countries she visited; and, at his return, most liberally presented his valuable collections to the public. When it is considered that Mr. Darwin never ceased to be a martyr to sea-sickness, his perseverance may be appreciated. Of the value of his labours, I understand you have already been made partially aware; and, I believe, I am quite correct in saying that the best judges estimate those labours very highly. You have been pleased to mention the beneficial effects which are likely to result from the information obtained during this survey; and, I am sure, you will be of opinion that they will be much enhanced by that information being made available to the public as speedily as possible. All the charts and plans are finished, and deposited in the hydrographical office; and the principal written information will be completed during this year. You have been pleased, Sir, to notice the chronometric chain of measurement which has been carried round the world, from east to west. I have not yet discovered any error in the calculations or observations upon which the results of those measurements depend; and anxiously look forward to the results of some future chain of measurements, made from west to east, with a large number of chronometers, kept at an uniform temperature. Allow me, Sir, to thank yourself, in particular, for the very kind and, to me, so gratifying, manner in which you have communicated the sentiments of this Society, upon whose time and patience, I fear, I have trespassed too long."

A short but interesting paper, being extracts from the diary of an attempt to ascend the river Santa Cruz, with the boats of H. M. S. Beagle, by Captain Fitzroy, was read. To this communication we may have occasion to revert. Dr. Andrew Smith, leader of the late expedition into the interior of Southern Africa, was present at the meeting, and laid on the table many beautiful drawings of the natives, and of objects in natural history. He also stated, that he hoped to be able to open for exhibition, by the month of July, all the specimens in natural history, collected during the late journey of nearly eighteen months, and which, owing to the liberality of the Treasury, had been allowed to be landed free of duty; and that, before Christmas, the full account of his travels over 3000 miles of country would be laid before the public.

#### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 1st. J. F. Stephens, Esq. president, in the chair.—Numerous donations of entomological works and insects were announced from the Royal and other English and foreign societies of entomology, and thanks ordered to be returned to the several donors thereof. The memoirs read were as follows:—1. On some peculiarities observable in the hexagonal facets of the eyes of certain insects. By R. J. Ashton, Esq. 2. On the natural history of the chego

or jyger. (*Pulex penetrans*, Linn.) By W. Sells, Esq. 3. On the structural characters of the same insect. By J. O. Westwood, Esq. This insect, which burrows into the naked feet of the negroes in the West Indies, had been regarded as an *acarus*, *pulex*, and *pediculus*. From a minute examination of the characters, Mr. Westwood considered it as the type of a distinct genus, for which he proposed the name of *sarcopsylla*, or the flesh-flea. 4. On the emblematic worship of the scarabeus by the Egyptians. By the Rev. F. W. Hope; who was induced to consider that the insect had been regarded as a type of the resurrection, in consequence of its being constantly found in sarcophagi, and rolled up in the folds of mummies, in particular positions, such as upon the breast, under the eyes, &c. 5. On a disease to which chickens are subject, produced by a number of worms which are found in the windpipe. By Mr. J. Main. 6. Descriptions of the species of the genera, *arabus* and *cloasma*, brought home by Mr. Darwin, chiefly from Terra del Fuego. By the Rev. F. W. Hope. Various collections, chiefly of rare exotic insects, were exhibited by Sir P. Walker, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Ashton, and others; and specimens of the queen of the white ants, and of several other insects, were presented by Lord Prudhoe.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 5th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, Rev. J. W. Cole, Magdalen Hall; Rev. I. Spencer, St. Mary Hall; Rev. G. A. Chaplin, late Fellow, Rev. W. J. Sawell, Magdalen College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—Sir G. Baker, Bart. Christ Church, Grand Compounder; A. Veltch, Magdalen Hall; C. C. Donville, Wadham College; H. Holden, Scholar, E. H. M. Sladen, Balliol College; E. C. Spedden, St. Mary Hall; J. Williams, Trinity College; C. J. Homfray, Oriel College; G. W. Huntingford, Fellow, New College; R. J. Buddicom, T. H. Haddon, Brasenose College; H. W. Burrows, Fellow, St. John's College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 4th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Physic*.—F. J. Farre, St. John's College.

*Masters of Arts*.—E. Warter, Fellow, Magdalen College; T. H. Wright, St. John's College; A. H. Darley, H. Butterfield, Christ's College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. W. Freese, Trinity College; S. Smithson, Christ's College; H. Knapton, Queen's College; J. Harrison, Magdalen College; M. Dashwood, Downing College.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LAWRENCE in the chair.—A portion of a paper on the absorption of light by coloured media, written by Sir David Brewster, was read. The author notices the speculations on the same interesting subject, of Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Thomas Young, Sir John Herschel, and others; and supports the same from the results of a variety of experiments which, in that part of the paper read, he goes on to detail. The communication read at the previous meeting was from Mr. Wm. Barlow to his father, on the Drummond light. Mr. Barlow, jun. it appears, is at present prosecuting his inquiries on this discovery under the auspices of the Turkish government, with a view to the establishment of light-houses at the mouth of the Bosphorus. The chairman intimated that the conversazioni at Kensington palace commence this evening at 9 o'clock.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM in the chair.—Dr. Lee exhibited drawings of some Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions found at Watermore, near Cirencester, accompanied by a description, part of which was read, and the remainder postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Royal Geographical, 1 P.M. (Anniversary); Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday.*—Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Dr. Ritchie on Hydrostatics.)  
*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.  
*Thursday.*—Western Literary, 8½ P.M. (Mr. Wyld on Railways); Botanical, 8 P.M.  
*Friday.*—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Third notice.]

112. *The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.* E. Landseer, R.A.—No stronger appeal to the feelings of humanity in favour of the brute creation, more especially of that faithful creature the dog, can be made than will be found in this touching performance. As a work of art, it claims our admiration; as an expression of sentiment, our sympathy.

8. *The Lucky Escape.* W. F. Witherington, A.—A whimsical incident. It is impossible not to be amused at seeing the fry of urchins scrambling after the fry of fish. But the picture has higher claims to regard. It is beautifully executed; and the scenery is delightfully rural and picturesque.

154. *Aurora; painted for a compartment in a ceiling of Sir John Soane's Museum.* H. Howard, R.A.—No subject could have been better chosen for the pencil of this veteran and classic artist. He has given to Morning the brightest and warmest tints of his palette; and his Early Hours (like those of real life) float gracefully and joyously along.

42. *The Lesson.* T. Uwins, A.—Art, as well as literature, has its flowers and its fruits; to say nothing of its thorns and its briars. Mr. Uwins has successfully culled many of the former. That under our notice is a beautiful exotic.

47. *Perdita.* C. R. Leslie, R.A.—The charm in this performance arises from the simplicity of its character. There are no stirring passions to excite or alarm. Gentle emotion and silent admiration are all that are expressed; but they are expressed with great skill.

39. *Paulo and Francisca.* C. W. Cope.—“Looks are Love's arrows,” says Otho Venenius, in his “Love's Emblems;” and certainly a tale of love, whether in bower or in hall, cannot be better told than in their language. There is great originality in the composition of this picture; and a beautifully reflected light on the countenance of Francisca. The countenance of her lover is, we think, too boyish; and has, perhaps, too much of individual portrait for the romance of the subject.

86. *Roger and Jenny.* W. Allan, R.A.—A truly Scotch pastoral courtship; simply told, and clearly and brightly painted.

29. *Alex Moham-mad Beg, who accompanied the Horses presented by the Imâm of Muscat to King William IV.* S. A. Hart, A.—Not aware of the importance attached to a person employed on such a mission, we should probably have passed his portrait unheeded, had not the fine characteristic head and countenance, the firm and fine drawing, and the clear and vigorous execution, manifested its importance as a work of art.

123. *A Jew Rabbi.* Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.—In a similar manner do we feel ourselves called upon to express our admiration of this fine, historical, and patriarchal head. Such studies form a pleasing variety in the accomplished president's ordinary practice, and exhibit the versatility of his powers.

176. *A Syrian Maid.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—Rich, powerful, and harmonious, as well in chiaroscuro as in colouring.

73. *Plato.* H. Howard, R.A.—We do not recollect having, in any former instance, thought a subject chosen by this able artist foreign to the nature of painting. As “Sleeping Infancy,” it would have been beautiful; but it is painful to see the fine metaphor of the Roman orator thus actually embodied.

The views and topographical subjects in the East Room are highly picturesque and interesting. Among them we especially remarked, 11. *Scene on the Coast of Normandy, near Gonville.* C. Stanfield, R.A.; 55. *Tower of the Giralda, Seville.* D. Roberts; 78. *Bellstein, on the Moselle, the Hundsrack Ridge in the distance.* C. Stanfield, R.A.; 103. *Strasbourg.* E. Jones, R.A.; 124. *View of Dunkeld Abbey, taken on the spot.* Miss F. Stoddart, H.; 216. *Vesuvius, with the Camaldoli Convent of Capuchins.* W. Havell; 217. *Meyringen, Canton of Berne.* H. H. Horsley, &c. &c. The Portraits in the same room are also powerful and attractive, particularly 67. *Portrait of his Majesty King William IV.* Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.; 68. *Portrait of the Queen.* Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.; 52. *Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh.* T. Phillips, R.A.; 17. *Portrait of Lady Slade.* Mrs. W. Carpenter; 41. *Portrait of the late Mr. Parke.* Sir W. Beechey, R.A.; 170. *The Lady Johnstone and her Daughter.* F. R. Say; 171. *Portrait of his Royal Highness, Leopold, prince of Belgium.* J. Partridge; 12. *Portrait of William Wallace Currie, Esq.* T. Phillips, R.A.; 174. *Portrait of Sir C. Bethal Codrington, Bart.* Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.; 185. *Portraits of Lady Hill and Child.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; 194. *Portrait of Joseph Neild, Esq.* M.P. Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.; 211. *Portrait of the late Pelham Warren, M.D. F.R.S.* J. Linnell, &c. &c.

[To be continued.]

## THE BATTLE OF COURTRAI.

THE Battle of Courtrai, or Field of Golden Spurs, is the most brilliant exploit in the military annals of the Flemings. The picture under our consideration is the production of M. De Kayser, a young painter of Antwerp. However patriotic the feeling, we own that we do not admire his choice of a subject. The world is, we hope, becoming too wise to look with much complacency at battles, or representations of them. But, setting that point aside, we are bound to say, that M. De Kayser has done himself exceeding credit by the manner in which he has executed his difficult undertaking. The moment selected is that at which the unfortunate Comte d'Artois, having been wounded and unhorsed, and seeking in vain for a nobleman to whom he may surrender his sword, is about to receive his *coup de grace* from the axe of a brawny butcher of Bruges. The canvass (which is a large one) is filled with armed figures, engaged in every variety of deadly strife; their action and expression are replete with energy; the groups are well composed, and sufficiently well coloured; and the *tout ensemble* is powerful and striking.

## CORREGIO MAGDALEN.

A VERY charming picture, attributed to Corregio, is at present exhibiting at the Scientific Institution, in Pall Mall. In tone and expression, it is one of the finest things of the kind that we ever saw; and the longer it is dwelt upon the more admirable it appears. We understand that this valuable work was purchased

last autumn, for a mere trifle, at the Auction Mart, so obscured with dirt, that its merits were completely hidden. It is now in a perfect state, and richly deserves a visit from every lover of high art.

## MR. YATES'S PICTURE GALLERY.

ALTHOUGH this gallery does not contain many pictures, it affords a pleasing lounge. The gem of the collection at present is a remarkably fine altar-piece—a Holy Family, by Murillo: sweetly composed and coloured. It has been many years in England, but has been shut up in a mansion in a remote part of the country; so that, to the London connoisseur, it adds to its other attractive qualities the charm of novelty.

*Artists' Benevolent Fund.*—The anniversary of this excellent charity took place at Freemasons' Tavern on Saturday last; the Marquess of Northampton in the chair. The meeting was well, but not so well, attended as usual; nevertheless, above a hundred sat down to dinner. After the usual toasts, the noble chairman, in a neat speech, proposed “Success to the Fund,” which was heartily responded to by the company; and Mr. John Martin, the secretary, read the report, which, we are happy to say, was a very good one; above 500*l.* having been collected after the dinner, including his majesty's annual donation of one hundred guineas. After the chairman's health, and several excellent speeches from Mr. Baring Wall, Mr. B. Bond Cabbell, Mr. Solly, &c. &c., the noble marquess proposed “Sir Martin Archer Shee and the Royal Academy.” “He was sorry,” he said, “that so praiseworthy an institution as the Benevolent Fund was not better supported by the Royal Academy, there being only one member present; he hoped it was not from want of will.” Mr. Reinagle, R.A. returned thanks. The company separated at a late hour, after a very pleasant evening, for which they were much indebted to the spirit of the president, and which was much enlivened by several glees and songs by Messrs. Broadhurst, Fitzwilliam, Hawkins, &c. &c. &c.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Opening of the Seventh Seal.*—*The Flight into Egypt.* Painted and engraved by John Martin. Ackermann and Co.

THE fair way of estimating these striking prints is by considering what would have been thought of them had nothing ever been before seen from the same magical hand. Their having had predecessors in a similar style of art, in no way detracts from their individual and actual sublimity. That they have the stamp of Mr. Martin upon them is true; but it is the stamp of unrivalled power.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SUMMER IS COMING.

By Henry Brandreth.

SUMMER is coming, with sunshine and song,  
 Wild bees are humming sweet flow'rets among;  
 Glad children are shouting, the careless and free,

Whilst valley and mountain re-echo their  
 Away, then, a while with the dark brow of care,  
 Where pleasure is smiling, our home shall be there.

To sorrow nor music nor sunshine belong—  
 And summer is coming, with sunshine and song.

Summer is coming, with fruit and with flower,  
 Gracing the garden, adorning the bower.

Who loves not the summer, who loves not to roam  
Where bee, bird, and butterfly, gladden his  
Where seldom the voice of the minstrel is mute,  
Where fragrant the flow'et, and fair is the fruit?

Oh! there would I dwell, in mine own summer bower—  
And summer is coming, with fruit and with

## MUSIC.

## ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE fourth concert, under the direction of the Duke of Cumberland, was, like its predecessor, a legitimate ancient one; no such heterodox names as Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, being admitted into the programme. The singers were, Madame Caradori, Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Wyndham, and Messrs. Hobbs, King, and Phillips. Most of the songs were more familiar to the audience than a "thrice-told tale;" and, the merits of the respective singers being equally well known, particular remarks would be superfluous, except in the case of Miss Wyndham, who may be considered as new to these concerts, she having performed only at one rehearsal before the present occasion. This young lady sang the first part of Handel's air, "Lord to thee," with considerable feeling; but a stricter attention to the good old rule of swelling every long note would have given more dignity and finish to her style. The second movement she took considerably too fast, and clipped the words in a jaunty, theatrical manner, that appeared to result from a misapprehension of the sentiment. The feeling to be expressed here is not terror, but the courage and firmness inspired by faith in the Divine protection. Miss Wyndham may deem us hypercritical in pointing thus minutely at the defects of one of her early performances; but "we must be cruel only to be kind." We wish to urge her ambition on to the point it ought to aim at—the first rank in her profession. With such talents as she possesses, she will, unless spoiled and rendered indolent by early popularity, certainly attain that rank. Wilbye's delightful madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," was performed with a precision and delicacy that nothing but careful private rehearsing could have insured. It appears that our question, as to the practicability of private rehearsals, has been satisfactorily answered in the affirmative. Whatever be the cause of the improvement in the madrigals, the effect is most gratifying to all concerned, but especially to the audience. The same nice attention to the lights and shades was observable in the chorus to Purcell's beautiful frost-scene. The magnificent chorus from *Jephtha*, "When his loud voice," was so nobly performed as to make it matter of regret that it should be accompanied by the bustle of the company hurrying out to seek their carriages. Handel's trio for stringed instruments, in which Dragonetti has such an opportunity for the display of his powers, was played in its usual perfection by him, F. Cramer, and Lindley. Ere we conclude, we beg to offer a friendly suggestion to the conductor, and those among the noble directors who possess a real love and zeal for the art. The only fault that the most fastidious can find with these delightful concerts is their occasional want of variety. Now, though by no means disposed to quarrel with "the powers that be," for adhering to that school of music, a taste for which it is the main object of this institution to cherish, we yet see no good reason why the se-

lections should not be enriched with as much variety as that school affords. The majestic choruses of Leo (which even Handel thought worth studying and taking as a model for some of his own glorious double choruses), and the ecclesiastical compositions of Durante and Jomelli, would furnish excellent and perfectly legitimate materials for diversifying the character of these performances. There are, also, no doubt, in the library, many treasures of Purcell and Handel lying dormant; and the revival of only one good composition of the really ancient school, at each concert, would go far to strengthen friendly support and silence cavilling objections.

Q.

*Royal Academy of Music.*—On Saturday last, the second concert of our native school was given with excellent effect. The progress of the pupils was very marked; and we hailed in several of them the future ornaments of our theatres and concert-rooms.

The fourth Societa Armonica Concert, on Thursday, was, as usual, a treat. Albertazzi sang splendidly; Ivanoff, also, was in fine voice: this gentleman's proper place is the concert-room, or a small theatre; in the Opera House many of his sweet tones are lost. Lablache was unwell, but sang *Largo al factotum* with all his usual spirit and voice.

## Drama.

## KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday, Cimarosa's beautiful opera of *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was repeated, we need scarcely say, to a crowded house. Nothing can exceed the magnificent acting of all the performers. Lablache is the perfection of comicality. Seconded by Tamburini, he has been nightly greeted by peals of laughter—a great proof of his real talent; as, in all probability, not one-third of the frequenters of the Italian Opera understand the language, or know, except from the incorrect translation purchased at the door, what is going on. If we attempt to particularise, we shall have to name almost every piece of music in the opera: we shall, therefore, only mention one or two of the most striking. Rubini sang one of his most exquisite arias towards the end of the opera; Grist, one piece of glorious recitative, alone worth the price of a ticket. Albertazzi's low voice was called forth in the part allotted to her; and, in one or two of the concerted pieces, the encores may be attributed to her. Assandri was also in delightful voice, and acted extremely well. A duet between Lablache and Tamburini was almost equal to the celebrated Puritani one. No noisy choruses, and no loud music, are to be heard in this opera; but, for the most exquisite, delicate touches of melody, it stands unequalled. Why does not Albertazzi have a chance of greater success given her by playing in the *Donna del Lago* or *Sémiramide*?

*Drury Lane.*—As one swallow does not make a summer, especially when out of place, among bats and sparrows, so neither can one Tagliioni make a ballet among hopping creatures of different breeds. Every foreign experiment tried at this ill-fated theatre, only serves to sink it deeper in the mire.

*St. James's.*—During the week, a new opera has been successfully played at this elegant little theatre. The plot is founded on the touching story of the dilloak-gatherer, in *Three Courses and a Desert*, and is more interesting than the plots of operas usually are. The music

is peculiar, being a selection of Bohemian melodies. The first act is full of characteristic airs; of which Braham sings two or three in his very best style. The last act is rather long and heavy; the airs are less frequent, and the recitatives long and monotonous. Miss Rainforth appears to great advantage; not in singing alone—her acting is simple and natural. Burnett, also, has one or two sweet morsels, which he sings with much feeling. Mr. Lenox played a part of no value, as his first appearance here; and his voice seemed much to want cultivation. Mr. Löffler sang not only his own part, but some of Madame Sala's, who was suffering from cold, with good effect. *Jack Brag*, a smart and laughable farce, extracted from Hook's novel of that name, was produced with entire success on Thursday evening. The original is so dramatic, that any adaptation could hardly fail; and, with Harley as *Jack*, Miss P. Horton as the *Widow*, and the other characters well cast, the piece was carried to the happy pitch which delights proprietors, authors, and audiences.

*Strand Theatre.*—A new farce, entitled the *Tiger at Large*, has been added to the amusements of this attractive little theatre. Hammond is as droll as ever as the *Tiger*, and Miss Daly makes a capital sweetheart. In fact, there is no company in London that plays better into each other's hands than that at the Strand. *Romeo and Juliet*, according to law, continues its laughable and prosperous career: it has been much curtailed, and is decidedly improved. We omitted to notice Mr. H. Hall's capital impersonation of Dr. O'Toole, in the *Irish Tutor*, last week, but beg to mention it now, as a masterly performance, and to hope it will be often repeated.

## VARIETIES.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, Dr. Thackeray, V.P. in the chair.—A paper by A. Moore, Esq., of Trinity College, was read, on the solution of a difficulty of analysis noticed by Sir W. Hamilton. Mr. Whewell gave an account of the performance of a new anemometer, invented by him; which has been erected at the top of the house of the society, and also on the top of the observatory, and of which the indications for the last four months have been recorded. Mr. Kelland also read a paper on the effect of the electricity of the ether in crystals, as bearing on the undulatory theory.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

*Earthquakes in Greece.*—The latest accounts state, that the shocks of earthquake in this quarter have continued with incessant violence, amounting to the number of fifty in a single day. Hydra and Paros are stated to have suffered severely.

*Earthquake in Italy.*—A letter from Lucca, 22d April, states, that forty shocks of earthquake had been experienced in the territory of Monaciano, which had done great damage, and caused the loss of seven lives.

*Phenomenon.*—The *Plymouth Journal* states, that, during a recent snow-storm, a large number of black worms, about three-quarters of an inch long, fell in the village and neighbouring fields of Bramford Speke, Devon. They are said to be quite different from the turnip-worm or any other known to agriculturists in that quarter.

*Panorama of Dublin.*—We had yesterday a brief glance at this new Panorama, by Mr. Burford, in Leicester Square. It is a sweet view of Dublin and its charming bay; and as

accurate as it is beautiful. The country, studded with villas, Kingston, the Hill of Howth, the Wicklow Mountains, the sea, indeed, all the varieties and changes of this splendid scene are vividly represented, and the rich landscape is all but equal to the original.

**The City Wellington Statue.**—At a meeting of the committee yesterday, at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair, it was resolved—1st, that the statue should be an equestrian one of his grace: 2d, That Sir Francis Chantrey, who intimated his readiness to undertake the design for the amount subscribed, should be invited to send in models for the approbation of the committee. The only other artist proposed was Mr. Matthew Cotes Wyatt, the sculptor of the fine statue of George III. in Pall Mall East; when, on putting the question to the vote, it was carried in favour of Sir F. Chantrey; the votes being

For Sir Francis ..... 15  
For Mr. Wyatt ..... 14

Majority ..... 1

**Lady Morgan.**—It is stated that Lady Morgan has had a pension of 300*l.* a-year bestowed upon her, in consideration of her literary labours.

**American Returns.**—"You will never get gold back again from America," said a disputant on the commercial crisis. "How could it be expected?" observed a bystander, tired of the argument; "why, the Americans have not a Sovereign to send."

**Ashmolean Society, April 24.**—Seven large boxes of organic remains, collected in the Himalaya Mountains, consisting of bones of various large terrestrial mammalia, such as elephant, mastodon, hippopotamus, &c., have been received from Lieutenant-Colonel Stacy. Dr. Buckland has undertaken to examine them, and give an account of them to the Society at a future meeting. The secretary read a paper, by Mr. Duncan, which gave a history of the various kinds of fermented liquors which have been, and are, drunk by man; entering, at some length, on the characters of the wines mentioned by classic authors. Dr. Daubeny gave a description of the rocks of Adersberg, on the Bohemian frontier, one day's journey from the Reisengebirge, or Giant Mountains of Silesia; a spot remarkable for the weathered condition of the sandstone of which it consists. The rock is the quadersandstein, which is considered to correspond with the green sand of this country, and is a continuation of the rock through which the Elbe flows, in that district of Saxony called the Saxon Switzerland. The whole body of the sandstone formation, for a space not less than four miles by two, is divided into polyhedral masses, to a depth, from the upper surface, of little less than 100 feet. The causes are, evidently, running streams and the downward actions of rain; to which Dr. Buckland thought that the force of the wind ought to be added. A conversation ensued on the subjects of both papers, in which Dr. Buckland and other members took part.—*Oxford Herald.*

#### Consolation to a Spendthrift.

Though you're wasting your substance, don't be in a fright,  
When you've lost all that's left, Tom, you must be all right.

**Weather Wisdom.**—Our prophet did not foresee the hail, snow, and sleety weather, of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; so far "from being fairer and warmer about the 10th and 11th." At present we are promised "changes frequent, yet fair on the whole about the 16th. The Sun with Venus, on the 18th, will bring thunder-showers. The full

moon still denotes moist cloudy weather, with frequent showers about that period."

Why is a good cricketer like a frequenter of Almack's?—Because he rarely misses a ball.

#### SONNET ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

I hail thy bright approach, fair-handed Spring!  
Thy dancing step, and robes of flowery gold;  
For I do love thy fragrant blossoming,  
Thy breath of perfume warming winter's cold.  
First of thine harbingers, the snow-drop mild,  
Precursor of its race, with pendent bells,  
Braving the lingering frost, thy coming tells;  
The sleepy crocus next, and 'mid the wild,  
The violet, scarcely peeping from its bed;  
The staring daisy, with uplifted eyes;  
And virgin primrose, with its next of kin,  
The love-sick cowslip, whose averted head  
Still strives to hide the heart that bleeds within;  
And polyanthus with its various dies.

W. WALLIS.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Haynes Bayly's Novel, "Marriage Settlements," which has been delayed by his dangerous illness, is now completed, and on the eve of publication.

#### In the Press.

New and Conclusive Natural Demonstrations, both of the Fact and Period of the Mosiac Deluge.—Dr. Lindley's second and concluding volume of "Ladies' Botany,"—Horticultural Tour through Germany, Belgium, and France, by Mr. Forbes, author of "The Gardens and Grounds of Woburn Abbey,"—Lord Palmerston on the Civil War in Spain, and on the Policy of England.—A Historical Account of the University of Cambridge and its Colleges, by B. D. Walsh, M.A.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Seven Lectures on Meteorology, by Luke Howard, 12mo. 5s.—Icons Plantarum, Part III., by Sir W. J. Hooker, K.H., 8vo. sewed, 1*l.*—The Ocean, in Six Cantos, and other Poems, by John Trenhaile, 12mo. cloth, 7s.—Memorials of Shrewsbury, by Henry Pidgeon, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The History of Banking in America, by J. W. Gilbart, 8vo. 7s.—The Philosophy of Human Nature, by H. M'Cormac, 8vo. 12s.—Principles of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, including a 3d edition of Diagnosis, by Dr. M. Hall, 8vo. 10s.—National Education, by Edmund de Bessy, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Nick of the Woods, a Story of Kentucky, edited by W. H. Ainsworth, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 7s.—The French Revolution, a History, by T. Carlyle, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Observations on the Preservation of Health, by J. H. Curtis, fcap. 3s. 6d.—Born's Nautical Dictionary, in eight languages, 10s. 6d.—Treatise on Geology, from the Encyclopædia Britannica, by John Phillips, 12mo. 6s.—The Roman Catholic Chapel, by R. M. Zornlin, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Elements of Botany, 3d edition, 18mo. 2s.—The Mechanical Euclid, by the Rev. W. Whewell, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—The Trinities of the Ancients; or, the Mythology of the First Ages, by R. Musket, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Mammon Demolished: an Essay on the Love of Money, by B. H. Draper, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.—The Kingdom of Christ, Vol. I. post 8vo. 7s.—The Book of Job Translated, with Notes, &c. by S. Lee, D.D., 8vo. 1*l.*—The Arctura, a Naval Story, by Captain Chamier, R.N. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—The Vestal, and other Poems, by H. Verlander, 8vo. 5s.—Society in America, by H. Martineau, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—Byron's Works, complete in 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1*l.*—Remarks on Ancient and Modern Art, in a Series of Letters, by an Amateur, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—W. Jones's Thirty Sermons on Primitive Christianity, 8vo. 12s.—Cavaler's Select Specimens of Gothic Architecture, 4to. plates, 3*l.* 3s.—Royal 4to. 5*l.*—Memoirs of the Rev. A. Collier, by R. Benson, 8vo. 6s.—The Eucharist; its History, Doctrine, and Practice, by the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, 12s.—Observations, &c. by E. W., 2d edit. 3s. 6d.—Adventures of Captain Bonneville, by Washington Irving, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 4	From 37 to 61	29.73 to 29.86
Friday .. 5	34 to 60	29.92 to 30.10
Saturday .. 6	26 to 58	30.14 to 30.17
Sunday .. 7	25 to 59	30.12 to 29.92
Monday .. 8	35 to 63	29.82 to 29.66
Tuesday .. 9	30 to 55	29.60 to 29.59
Wednesday 10	22 to 47	29.58 to 29.73

Winds, N. W. and N. E.  
Except the 5th, 6th, and morning of the 7th, generally cloudy; rain on the 8th and two following days; hail on the 9th and 10th.

Rain fallen, 2.625 of an inch.  
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude ..... 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society. March 1837.

Thermometer—Highest.....	50.50 ..	the 9th.
Lowest .....	17.75 ..	23d.
Mean .....	35.28629	
Barometer—Highest.....	30.15 ..	1st.
Lowest .....	29.01 ..	11th.
Mean .....	29.69290	

Number of days of rain and snow, 13.  
Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimals, 1.08375.

Winds.—2 North-East—1 East—1 South-East—1 South—2 South-West—7 West—1 North-West—16 North.

General Observations.—Unlike the last month, which was warm for the season, this was the coldest March that has occurred during the last thirteen years,—the maximum never rising so high as temperate, by four degrees and a half; the minimum was fourteen degrees below the freezing point, and the mean of the month was but little more than three degrees above it. The barometer was generally high, and the mean has been exceeded only four times in the period above referred to. The quantity of rain, and melted snow was less than usual for the month. Snow fell on eight different days, viz., the 12th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23d, 24th, 26th, 27th. That which lay on the ground, and could be measured, was eight inches in depth; and this fell on the 20th, 21st, and 23d. The wind blew from the northward on eighteen days, and the whole month may be considered as having been dry, bleak, and cold.

#### April.

Thermometer—Highest.....	61.50 ..	the 26th.
Lowest .....	23 ..	10th.
Mean .....	38.37916	
Barometer—Highest.....	30.09 ..	8th.
Lowest .....	29.08 ..	29th.
Mean .....	29.531.	

Number of days of rain and snow, 11.  
Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimals, 1.71876.

Winds.—2 North-East—0 East—3 South-East—0 South—5 South-West—5 West—9 North-West—6 North.

General Observations.—The same prevalence of cold weather was experienced during this, as in the last month, and the mean temperature was nearly three degrees lower than in any April in the last fourteen years; yet the maximum was five degrees higher than in the same month last year. The barometer was generally steady, the range being small, and the mean but little above that of last year. The quantity of rain and melted snow was much less than in the corresponding month last year, though more than in the two years preceding 1836. Snow, sleet, and hail, fell several times during the month, but the snow never lay upon the ground. An indistinct lunar halo was seen about 9 p.m. on the 14th, and thunder was heard on the 30th, about 5 p.m. The commencement of the eclipse, on the night of the 21st, was not seen advantageously at Wycombe: a thick bank of cloud obscured the horizon, and the moon had risen several degrees before she became visible, and even then she was partly covered by clouds. At the period of the total darkness commencing, large cumuli were formed, and the moon was again hidden until nearly nine o'clock, when the whole disc was seen entirely veiled by the earth's shadow, having a dusky rufous appearance. At nearly half-past nine, the first portion of the moon cleared from the obscuration was perceived, when the appearance was extremely beautiful, the brilliancy of the bright limb of the moon being highly contrasted with that under eclipse. After the eclipse was over, the moon shone with considerable lustre—at least she appeared to do so, from the impression made on the mind by her recent darkness.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In reviewing the second volume of Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, you have twice had the goodness to mention my family in a way which calls for my warm thanks. What motives have induced Mr. Lockhart to adopt the very unkind, and certainly unexpected tone in which he has thought proper to speak of my late father and uncle, I do not know: but many passages, besides being in themselves ill-natured and undesigned, agree but ill with Mr. Lockhart's acknowledgments, in the earlier part of the book, of my father's efforts, as he says, in behalf of the work. These efforts, too, as Mr. Lockhart seems to be aware, were made on a death-bed, and by no means an easy one; and this consideration alone ought, in common decency, to have induced him to omit at least the personalities in which he indulges. Although this volume was printed at my own office, I, being absent from Edinburgh, had not an opportunity of seeing the proof-sheets before they went to press, else I should certainly have requested Mr. Lockhart to expunge these offensive passages.—Mr. Lockhart must be aware that he has deeply wounded the feelings of many who have given him no cause, that I know of, for dislike; and I must say, that his tone throughout is such as he would not have used had either his father or my uncle been alive; and such as I am sure Sir Walter himself would have been the first to censure when applied to at least one of his oldest friends.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

JOHN ALEX. BALLANTYNE.

London, May 8, 1837.

ERRATUM.—In the last Number, page 293, col. 2, line 20, after W. S. Macleay, Esq. M.A. F.L.S. insert Vice-President.



## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Under the immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty,  
**THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW**  
**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS** is  
 now open daily, from Nine o'clock till dusk, at the Gallery,  
 Easter Hall, Strand.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogues, 6d.  
 JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Secretary.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk  
 Street, Pall Mall East, is now open to the Public from Nine in  
 the Morning till Dusk.

Admission 1s.  
 T. C. HOFFLAND, Sec.

Mr. Theod's admired Statue of Narcissus, which was received  
 from Rome a few days since, is now arranged in the Exhibition.

## JUST OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S

PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of  
 the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction  
 by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed  
 by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier  
 Bouton.

Open daily, from Ten till Five.

## CORREGIO MAGDALEN.—This

Divine Work of Art, perhaps the Chef-d'œuvre of Cor-  
 regio, is now on view at the Scientific Institution, No. 49 Pall  
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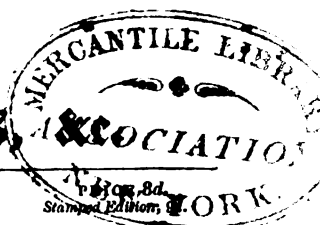
# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences,

AND

No. 1061.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1837.



### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Venetia.* By the Author of "Vivian Grey," and "Henrietta Temple." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

THE talent, and the still higher quality of genius, which are the gifts of Mr. Disraeli, are too well known to the literary world to require any new notice or eulogy from us. His present work affords sufficient examples, both of the more ordinary, and more rare endowment. It displays throughout very considerable talent, and, in many parts, is redolent of the genius of the writer.

The story is shaped upon the character of Lord Byron, and some of the familiar events of his life. He figures here, as in his own poems, as the hero of the piece; and is introduced as Lord Cadurcis, a wayward, spoilt boy, at the age of eleven years. His fond, passionate, and inconsistent mother is also prominent in the first volume; whilst Miss Chaworth, somewhat metamorphosed, appears as Venetia Herbert. Her mother, Lady Annabel Herbert, is a lofty, aristocratic dame, living in proud seclusion, and labouring under a secret grief; the result of an unfortunate union with Marmion Herbert,—himself an idolon of Shelley, we presume; who, after a year of marriage, has deserted his wife and country, engaged with other ties, and forgotten his duty to both. The other leading persons are Dr. Masham, college tutor to Herbert, and friend and instructor to Cadurcis; George Cadurcis, a frank and noble naval officer, cousin to the young peer; Lady Monteaegles, apparently drawn for Lady Caroline Lamb, with a Tory fling at her easy and good-natured husband, now Lord Melbourne; and Mrs. Pouncefort, the attendant of Lady Annabel. The time is laid about sixty years ago; and the American war supplies the foreign events necessary to the author's purpose. Such are the actors on the scene: and the scene itself extends from Cadurcis, *alias* Newstead Abbey, and its neighbouring Cherbury, the seat of the Herberts, or Chaworths, to London, with its fashionable follies, and Italy, where a re-union of the parties takes place.

As we make it a conscience not to impair the interest of a novel with our readers by forestalling its incidents, or following out its thread, we shall endeavour to convey some idea of Venetia by a few insulated selections, only premising that the childish picture of the heroine is admirably conceived. After a quarrel with his mother, in which she boxes his ears, though seriously warned by him that if she does he will not live with her, the boy runs off and joins a crew of gipsies; and a few days after the leader of these outcasts is apprehended for robbery and murder, being caught in the fact of selling the lost lord's pony. Here we can afford an example of the author's humour, in the description of a country magistrate:—

"One Squire Mountmeadow, a very important personage in his way, the terror of poachers, and somewhat of an oracle on the bench, as it was said that he could even take a deposition without the assistance of his clerk. Although, in spite of the oater's lanterns, it was very dark, it was impossible ever to be unaware of the arrival of Squire Mountmeadow; for he was one of those great men who take care to remind

the world of their dignity by the attention which they require on every occasion, 'Coachman!' said the authoritative voice of the squire; 'Where is the coachman? Oh! you are there, sir, are you? Postilion! where is the postilion? Oh! you are there, sir, are you? Host! where is the host? Oh! you are there, sir, are you? Waiter! where is the waiter? I say, where is the waiter?' 'Coming, please your worship!' 'How long am I to wait? Oh! you are there, sir, are you? Coachman!' 'Your worship!' 'Postilion!' 'Yes, your worship!' 'Host!' 'Your worship's servant!' 'Waiter!' 'Your worship's honour's humble servant!' 'I am going to alight.' All four attendants immediately bowed, and extended their arms to assist this very great man; but Squire Mountmeadow, scarcely deigning to avail himself of their proffered assistance, and pausing on each step, looking around him with his long, lean, solemn visage, finally reached *terra firma* in safety, and slowly stretched his tall, ungainly figure. It was at this moment that Doctor Masham's servant approached him, and informed his worship that his master was at the inn, and would be happy to see him. The countenance of the great Mountmeadow relaxed at the mention of the name of a brother magistrate, and, in an audible voice he bade the groom 'tell my worthy friend, his worship, your worthy master, that I shall be rejoiced to pay my respects to an esteemed neighbour and a brother magistrate.' With slow and solemn steps, preceded by the host, and followed by the waiter, Squire Mountmeadow ascended the staircase of the external gallery, pausing occasionally, and looking around him with thoughtful importance, and making an occasional inquiry as to the state of the town and neighbourhood during his absence, in this fashion:—'Stop, where are you, host? Oh! you are there, sir, are you? Well, Mr. Host, and how have we been?—orderly, eh?' 'Quite orderly, your worship.' 'Hoh! orderly! hem! well, very well! Never easy, if absent only four-and-twenty hours. The law must be obeyed.' 'Yes, your worship.' 'Lead on, sir. And, waiter; where are you, waiter? Oh! you are there, sir, are you? And so my brother magistrate is here?' 'Yes, your honour's worship.' 'Hem! What can he want? something in the wind; wants my advice, I dare say; shall have it. Soldiers ruly; king's servants; must be obeyed.' 'Yes, your worship; quite ruly, your worship,' said the host. 'As obliging and obsequious as can be,' said the waiter. 'Well, very well,' and here the squire had gained the gallery, where the doctor was ready to receive him. 'It always gives me pleasure to meet a brother magistrate,' said Squire Mountmeadow, bowing with cordial condescension; and a gentleman of your cloth, too. The clergy must be respected; I stand or fall by the church. After you, doctor,—after you.' So saying, the two magistrates entered the room."

When Cadurcis leaves the country for Eton, we have another example of the writer's ability, but of a different class; it is like the advice of Polonius to his son, but given by Lady Annabel to her favourite:—

"Now, come hither, my dear Plantagenet," she said, extending her hand; "listen to me,

one word. When you arrive in London, you will go to your guardian's. He is a great man, and I believe a very good one, and the law and your father's will have placed him in the position of a parent to you. You must, therefore, love, honour, and obey him; and I doubt not he will deserve all your affection, respect, and duty. Whatever he desires or counsels you will perform and follow. As long as you act according to his wishes, you cannot be wrong. But, my dear Plantagenet, if by any chance it ever happens, for strange things sometimes happen in this world, that you are in trouble and require a friend, remember that Cherbury is also your home; the home of your heart, if not of the law; and that not merely from my own love for you, but because I promised your poor mother on her death-bed, I esteem myself morally, although not legally, in the light of a parent to you. You will find Eton a great change; you will experience many trials and temptations; but you will triumph over and withstand them all, if you will attend to these few directions. Fear God; morning and night, let nothing induce you ever to omit your prayers to him; you will find that praying will make you happy. Obey your superiors, always treat your masters with respect. Ever speak the truth. As long as you adhere to this rule, you never can be involved in any serious misfortune. A deviation from truth is, in general, the foundation of all misery. Be kind to your companions, but be firm. Do not be laughed into doing that which you know to be wrong. Be modest and humble, but ever respect yourself. Remember who you are, and also that it is your duty to excel. Providence has given you a great lot. Think ever that you are born to perform great duties."

Five years elapse before the young lord returns to the Abbey, and renews his intimacy with Venetia and her mother; which is again suddenly broken off. We are then carried back to the previous history of Herbert, which, though we have guessed that Shelley sat for the original, seems partly, as it will be seen by the following, to be also a sort of combination with Byron himself.

"His former tutor learned that Lady Annabel, accompanied only by Pouncefort and Venetia, had sought her father's roof; declaring that circumstances had occurred which rendered it quite impossible that she could live with Mr. Herbert any longer, and entreating his succour and parental protection. Never was such a hubbub in the world! In vain Herbert claimed his wife, and expressed his astonishment; declaring that he had parted from her with the expression of perfect kind feeling on both sides. No answer was given to his letter, and no explanation of any kind conceded him. The world universally declared Lady Annabel an injured woman, and trusted that she would eventually have the good sense and kindness to gratify them by revealing the mystery; while Herbert, on the contrary, was universally abused and shunned—avoided by his acquaintances, and denounced as the most depraved of men. In this extraordinary state of affairs Herbert acted in a manner the best calculated to secure his happiness, and the very worst to preserve his character. Having osten-



tation shewn himself in every public place, and courted notice and inquiry by every means in his power, to prove that he was not anxious to conceal himself or avoid any inquiry, he left the country, free, at last, to pursue that career to which he had always aspired, and in which he had been checked by a blunder, from the consequences of which he little expected that he should so speedily and strangely emancipate himself. It was in a beautiful villa, on the Lake of Geneva, that he finally established himself; and there, for many years, he employed himself in the publication of a series of works, which, whether they were poetry or prose, imaginative or investigative, all tended to the same consistent purpose, namely, the fearless and unqualified promulgation of those opinions, on the adoption of which he sincerely believed the happiness of mankind depended; and the opposite principles to which, in his own case, had been productive of so much mortification and misery. His works, which were published in England, were little read, and universally decried. The critics were always hard at work, proving that he was no poet, and demonstrating, in the most logical manner, that he was quite incapable of reasoning on the commonest topic. In addition to all this, his ignorance was self-evident; and, though he was very fond of quoting Greek, they doubted whether he was capable of reading the original authors. The general impression of the English public, after the lapse of some years, was, that Herbert was an abandoned being, of the most profligate habits, opposed to all the institutions of society that kept his infamy in check, and an avowed atheist; and, as scarcely any one but a sympathetic spirit ever read a line he wrote—for, indeed, the very sight of his works was pollution—it is not very wonderful that this opinion was so generally prevalent. A calm inquirer might, perhaps, have suspected that abandoned profligacy is not very compatible with severe study, and that an author is seldom loose in his life, even if he be licentious in his writings. A calm inquirer might, perhaps, have been of opinion that a solitary sage may be the antagonist of a priesthood, without absolutely denying the existence of a God; but there never are calm inquirers. The world, on every subject, however unequally, is divided into parties; and, even in the case of Herbert and his writings, those who admired his genius, and the generosity of his soul, were not content without advocating, principally out of pique to his adversaries, his extreme opinions on every subject—moral, political, and religious. Besides, it must be confessed, there was another circumstance which was almost as fatal to Herbert's character in England as his loose and heretical opinions. The travelling English, during their visits to Geneva, found out that their countryman solaced or enlivened his solitude by a mistress. It is a habit which very young men, who are separated from, or deserted by, their wives, occasionally have recourse to. Wrong, no doubt, as most things are, but, it is to be hoped, venial; at least in the case of any man who is not also an atheist. This unfortunate mistress of Herbert was magnified into a seraglio; the most extraordinary tales of the voluptuous life of one who generally at his studies outwatched the stars, were rife in English society; and

Hoary marquesses and stripling dukes,

who were either protecting opera dancers, or, still worse, making love to their neighbours' wives, either looked grave when the name of Herbert was mentioned in female society, or affectedly confused, as if they could a tale un-

fold, if they were not convinced that the sense of propriety among all present was infinitely superior to their sense of curiosity."

We are afraid that the latter part of this quotation will not be thought one jot more correct or moral than the lowest of Lord Byron's principles. To blame general society is a bad defence of individual vice or guilt. A bit of the London scenery may illustrate this system. Cadurcis is at home in the evening, and his man enters.

"The young lad has called again, my lord: he says he thinks your lordship has come to town, and he wishes to see your lordship very much." "Bring lights and shew him up. Shew him up first." Accordingly, a country lad was ushered into the room, although it was so dusky that Cadurcis could only observe his figure standing at the door. "Well, my good fellow," said Cadurcis, "what do you want? Are you in any trouble?" The boy hesitated. "Speak out, my good fellow; do not be alarmed. If I can serve you, or any one at the abbey, I will do it." Here Mr. Spalding entered with the lights. The lad held a cotton handkerchief to his face; he appeared to be weeping; all that was seen of his head were his locks of red hair. He seemed a country lad, dressed in a long green coat with silver buttons; and he twirled in his disengaged hand a peasant's white hat. "That will do, Spalding," said Lord Cadurcis. "Leave the room. Now, my good fellow, my time is precious; but speak out, and do not be afraid." "Cadurcis!" said the lad in a sweet and trembling voice. "Gertrude, by G—d!" exclaimed Lord Cadurcis, starting. "What infernal masquerade is this?" "Is it a greater disguise than I have to bear every hour of my life?" exclaimed Lady Monteaule, advancing. "Have I not to bear a smiling face with a breaking heart?" "By Jove! a scene," exclaimed Cadurcis, in a piteous tone. "A scene!" exclaimed Lady Monteaule, bursting into a flood of indignant tears. "Is this the way the expression of my feelings is ever to be stigmatised? Barbarous man!" Cadurcis stood with his back to the fire-place, with his lips compressed, and his hands under his coat-tails. He was resolved that nothing should induce him to utter a word. He looked the picture of dogged indifference. "I know where you have been," continued Lady Monteaule. "You have been to Richmond; you have been with Miss Herbert. Yes; I know all. I am a victim, but I will not be a dupe. Yorkshira, indeed! Paltry coward!" Cadurcis hummed an air. "And this is Lord Cadurcis!" continued the lady. "The sublime, ethereal Lord Cadurcis, condescending to the last refuge of the meanest, most commonplace mind, a vulgar, wretched lie! What could have been expected from such a mind? You may delude the world, but I know you. Yes, sir; I know you. And I will let every body know you. I will tear away the veil of charlatanism with which you have enveloped yourself. The world shall at length discover the nature of the idol they have worshipped. All your meanness, all your falsehood, all your selfishness, all your baseness, shall be revealed. I may be spurned; but, at any rate, I will be revenged!" Lord Cadurcis yawned. "Insulting, pitiful wretch!" continued the lady. "And you think that I wish to hear you speak! You think the sound of that deceitful voice has any charm for me! You are mistaken, sir. I have listened to you too long. It was not to remonstrate with you that I resolved to see you. The tones of your voice can only excite my disgust. I am here to speak myself; to express to you the contempt,

the detestation, the aversion, the scorn, the hatred, which I entertain for you!" Lord Cadurcis whistled. The lady paused; she had effected the professed purport of her visit; she ought now to have retired, and Cadurcis would most willingly have opened the door for her, and bowed her out of his apartment. But her conduct did not exactly accord with her speech. She intimated no intention of moving. Her courteous friend retained his position, and adhered to his policy of silence. There was a dead pause; and then Lady Monteaule, throwing herself into a chair, went into violent hysterics. Lord Cadurcis, following her example, also seated himself, took up a book, and began to read. The hysterics became fainter and fainter; they experienced all those gradations of convulsive noise with which Lord Cadurcis was so well acquainted; at length they subsided into sobs and sighs. Finally, there was again silence, now only disturbed by the sound of a page turned by Lord Cadurcis. Suddenly the lady sprang from her seat, and, firmly grasping the arm of Cadurcis, threw herself on her knees at his side. "Cadurcis!" she exclaimed in a tender tone, "do you love me?" "My dear Gertrude," said Lord Cadurcis, coolly, but rather regretting he had quitted his original and less assailable posture, "you know I like quiet women." "Cadurcis, forgive me!" murmured the lady. "Pity me! Think only how miserable I am!" "Your misery is of your own making," said Lord Cadurcis. "What occasion is there for any of these extraordinary proceedings? I have told you a thousand times that I cannot endure scenes. Female society is a relaxation to me; you convert it into torture. I like to sail upon a summer sea; and you always will insist upon a white squall." "But you have deserted me!" "I never desert any one," replied Cadurcis very calmly, raising her from her supplicating attitude, and leading her to a seat. "The last time we met, you banished me your presence, and told me never to speak to you again. Well, I obeyed your orders, as I always do." "But I did not mean what I said," said Lady Monteaule. "How should I know that," said Lord Cadurcis. "Your heart ought to have assured you," said the lady. "The tongue is a less deceptive organ than the heart," replied her companion. "Cadurcis," said the lady, looking at her strange disguise, "what do you advise me to do?" "To go home; and, if you like, I will order my *vis-a-vis* for you directly;" and he rose from his seat to give the order. "Ah! you are sighing to get rid of me!" said the lady, in a reproachful, but still very subdued tone. "Why, the fact is, Gertrude, I prefer calling upon you, to your calling upon me. When I am fitted for your society, I seek it: and, when you are good-tempered, always with pleasure; when I am not in the mood for it, I stay away. And when I am at home, I wish to see no one: I have business now, and not very agreeable business. I am disturbed by many causes; and you could not have taken a step which could have given me greater annoyance than this strange one you have adopted this evening." "I am sorry for it now," said the lady, weeping. "When shall I see you again?" "I will call upon you to-morrow; and pray receive me with smiles." "I ever will," said the lady, weeping plentifully. "It is all my fault; you are ever too good. There is not in the world a kinder and more gentle being than yourself. I shall never forgive myself for this exposure." "Would you like to take any thing?" said Lord Cadurcis; "I am sure you must feel exhausted. You see I am drinking wine; it is my only

dinner to-day; but I dare say there is some sal-volatile in the house; I dare say, when my maids go into hysterics, they have it!" "Ah! mocker," said Lady Monteaule; "but I can pardon every thing, if you will only let me see you." "Au revoir!" then, said his lordship; "I am sure the carriage must be ready. I hear it. Come, Mr. Gertrude, settle your wig,—it is quite awry. By Jove! we might as well go to the Pantheon, as you are ready dressed. I have a domino." And so saying, Lord Candurris handed the lady to his carriage, and pressed her lightly by the hand, as he reiterated his promise of calling at Monteaule House the next day."

With this quotation we will close, only observing that, in the third volume, in Italy, there is much of poetical beauty and vivid description. The personal scenes are also finely wrought; and the literary topics discussed, shew much of originality and power. The catastrophe occasioned by the "white squall" is a piece of deep feeling, for which we are well prepared by the striking meetings at Rovigo and the Convent of St. Lazaro; and the fate of poor Shelley in another personage is touchingly told. But, as we have said, we will not anticipate; and merely add, that there are some good poetical compositions in these volumes; and that, in the Rovigo meeting, the author seems to have forgotten that his heroine was an invalid when he speaks of her "glowing form" "beaming with grace, beauty, and love."

*Three Voyages in the Black Sea to the Coast of Circassia, &c.* By the Chev. Taitbout de Marigny, Consul of the King of the Netherlands at Odessa. 8vo. pp. 303. London, 1837. Murray.

THE late seizure of the Vixen and other political circumstances having turned the public attention towards the coasts and national position of Circassia, this volume has been produced with the view of gratifying, as far as it could, the curiosity excited in that quarter. The voyages, however, were performed some years ago; and details of the first, at least, published so long since as 1829, under the name of Count Potocki, at Paris. A short appendix notices events which have taken place within the last three or four years; but hardly sufficiently for their importance and for the great change they have wrought in the relative situations of Russia, Turkey, and Circassia. We are, therefore, inclined rather to look to this volume for its sketches of manners, &c. than for its information of a higher character, though it reprints certain mutilations and omissions which were suppressed in a Russian edition of the narrative.

From the whole it appears that the Circassians, or Tcherkesses, greatly resemble the Greeks of the early ages when Greece was divided into small independent states; and, in other respects, the knights and society of feudal times. Having no general government, they are incapable of combined resistance to any enemy; but they are strong in their mountainous country, warlike habits, and indomitable spirit. Almost inaccessible in their fastnesses, supported on the most simple and frugal fare, strengthened by athletic exercises from their childhood upwards; this remarkable people might, if united, bid defiance to every foe, and continue to enjoy their freedom for centuries yet to come; for "The Circassians at the present day offer the astonishing spectacle of a free population, which has always preserved itself in an almost barbarous state, although surrounded by more civilised nations.

They are scattered as far as the summits of the highest mountains, divided by populations of distinct denominations, and forming so many small feudal republics, of which some princes are the chiefs. The Turks alone, since the conquest of the eastern empire, have kept up commercial relations with them; and, without endeavouring to subdue them, they are contented with the possession of Anapa, a fortress situated at the northern extremity of the coast, and eight leagues from the mouth of Kuban, which serves as the boundary of Russia. It is there that they have established their market with the Circassians, of whom they receive boys and girls, corn, wax, honey, hides, skins, &c., in exchange for merchandise brought annually from Constantinople and Anatolia. This commerce, which introduces the plague among them, and carries away their children, necessarily occasions a marked diminution in the population. An enthusiastic love of independence, and an heroic valour which nothing can subdue, renders them formidable to their neighbours. Accustomed from the tenderest age to violent bodily exercise, and to the management of arms and horses, their only knowledge of glory is that of vanquishing the enemy, and of shame, that of flight; we see them, therefore, dashing across their frontiers, pouncing upon their neighbours, ravaging their lands, carrying away their flocks, and reducing to slavery all those whom their arms have spared. Even the sea offers no obstacle to their spirit of plunder: embarking in frail barks, they frequently seize on the vessels which approach their coast. Nevertheless, a usage which is not generally known, but which is also found amongst many other barbarous nations, tends to dissipate the fears of the traveller who comes to visit them. It consists in choosing a host, called a Konak, whose name it is sufficient to know to put oneself under his protection. This individual is thenceforward, in the eyes of his countrymen, the guarantee of all the actions of his *protégé*, to whom he shews every mark of the greatest hospitality, and whom he protects from every insult. Notwithstanding their love of plunder, these people are gentle and susceptible of friendship; this is more particularly remarked amongst the Noutakhaitsin, who amount to 5350 families, and who are the allies of the Chapsoukes, their neighbours, who are renowned for their bravery, and whose numbers may be estimated at 10,000 families. The incursions of the Circassians into the territory of the Tchernomorski Kossacks, and the reprisals of the latter, keep up a continual war on the frontiers, which Russia has for the last forty years fixed as the boundary of the empire. The Russian government has from time to time sent thither troops which, in a country very little known and of difficult access, have very rarely obtained any marked advantages; and these violent means have only rendered still more fierce, men who conceive themselves to be invincible in their mountains. During the last war with Turkey, the capture of Anapa, in 1807, and, in 1811, that of Soudjouk-kalé, a small fort seven leagues to the south, and defended by the Turks, would have been of some advantage if they had not been restored to the Grand Seigneur at the peace of 1818. At the present day, Soudjouk-kalé is deserted, and Anapa, whose fortifications have been increased, is commanded by a pasha.

"My interpreter (says our author) informed me that the Circassians have no fixed hours for their repasts; and that they only eat, when they are hungry, a piece of bread or a millet cake. During their journeys, or their incursions

against their neighbours, a small quantity of fermented flour of millet suffices for their support during the whole day. They carry this food, which they call *komi*, in a small leathern purse suspended to their saddles. It is only on the occasion of the arrival of some stranger, or upon *fête* days, that this frugality is ever broken through; they then eat at all hours, and fare luxuriously."

With regard to their learning, or want of it, we have the following remarks:—

"The Circassians have no idea of writing. Certain epochs in their history are consecrated by songs and by some old traditions, for the most part fabulous. In business they only make use of witnesses, or of an oath taken over some amulets, which, among them (where intrigue is unknown), suffices to cause the engagements which have been contracted to be scrupulously observed. Their relations being confined within a narrow sphere, they are seldom obliged to communicate their thoughts otherwise than by words; and when they are forced to do so, they send a messenger. Some Turks who are settled at Anapa, or in the interior of the country, are the only literati. The Circassians appear, however, to feel how useful writing would be to them. The different marks of their harness gave me the idea of forming an alphabet, by using these signs for the initials of each proprietor: there are about thirty-six of them. Perhaps it would be better to make them acquainted with the Latin characters now adopted generally in Europe, and which might suffice, in the hands of a skilful man, for every sound."

Their religion seems to be a chaos, and little regarded in any of its obscure features:—

"The Circassians acknowledge a Supreme Being, and several celestial powers of a secondary order. They believe in the immortality of the soul and in another world, in which men are to be rewarded according to their works; but careless about such a future state: all their actions have temporal prospects immediately in view. Merissa or Méréfme, surnamed the Mother of God, is the protectress of bees. The Circassians say, that the thunder, in its wrath, would have exterminated them all, but that this holy woman concealed one of them in her sleeve, by which means the species was preserved. The festival is celebrated in the month of September. The Circassians regale themselves, on that occasion, with viands and beverages prepared with honey. I think the etymology of the name of this divinity is Melissa. It is not extraordinary that in a country where honey is one of the chief articles of nourishment among the inhabitants, a protectress should have been given to the insect which produces it. The Greeks call the bee Melissa—Mérissa may very well have been originally a Dimatra (Ceres), whose name and worship are now disfigured and confounded with those of the Virgin Mary. Séozérés was a great navigator, to whom the winds and waves were subject. He is especially venerated by those who live by the sea-side. He is represented by a dry pear-tree, on which only a few remnants of branches have been left. Each family preserves one for this purpose in the court of its house; no one touches it excepting on the fête day of this divinity, which takes place in the spring. This tree is the emblem of Séozérés; it is plunged into water, and washed; a cheese is fastened to its summit, and it is adorned with as many little tapers as there are guests assembled. As soon as it is thus decorated, several persons go to take it to introduce it in full ceremony into the house. The rest of the company wait at

the door to receive it, and to compliment it on its happy arrival. Its entrance is preceded by a sacrifice and preparations for a grand festival. They eat and drink during three days at intervals, praying Séozérés to prevent the winds and waves from committing ravages. When this period of feasting is past, the cheese and other viands are distributed among the guests, and the tree is carried back to its place: the whole society accompany it, wishing the god a happy voyage, and he is then forgotten till next year. He is also the protector of the flocks, and has two brothers. His long voyage, his power, the form of his emblem, which resembles an enormous club, might induce the belief that this divinity was a Hercules. The devotion which the tribes on the shores of the Black Sea paid to Achilles, might likewise lead one to suspect some affinity with the worship paid to that hero, surnamed Pontarkhos, chief or protector of the sea. But the true origin of Séozérés is most probably the Akhaikoros or Akikaros, *Ἀχαικός* or *Ἀκίκαρος*, mentioned by Strabo in his Geography, (Book xvi. page 762) as revered by the inhabitants of the Bosphorus, equally with the Zamolxis of the Getae; and who, according to Lucian, was revered by the Scythians and Persians as a sacred object, and even as a divinity, under the title of Akinaki or Akiraki. Tliêbæ, king and protector of forges. On his fête-day, libations are made in honour of him on a hatchet and plough. Naokhatche, Skuska, Yémiche, and Mété, are other saints or demi-gods, who have also days consecrated to them. The Circassians hold in great veneration three sisters, who preside over domestic harmony and concord between neighbours, and who defend the traveller with their protecting shield. Whoever changes his abode makes a sacrifice to them on arriving at his new domicile, and the traveller who takes a journey does the same on setting out. The similarity between these three sisters, the Penates, and the Guardian Angels, are a new proof of the mixture of creeds which compose the religion of the Circassians. Towards the end of the October moon, they celebrate the commemoration of the dead: this epoch of recollections is marked by prayers, which each separate family addresses to the celestial powers, in order that they may not allow them to stand in need of any thing in the eternal regions. The Circassians have no god of thunder—but it might be erroneous to assert that they never have had one. Thunder is held in great veneration amongst them: they assert that lightning is an angel that strikes those who are distinguished by the benediction of the Creator: the body of a person who has been killed by lightning is solemnly interred; and whilst they weep for the deceased, the relations rejoice in the distinction conferred upon their family. These people come out in crowds from their houses at the noise made by this angel in his aerial course; and when some time has elapsed without his having been heard, public prayers are offered up that he may return to visit them. Thankgivings are made for the rains which have attended it, and for its having refreshed and purified the air during the heats of summer."

With this quotation we would conclude, but that our fair readers would think us very un-mindful of them, if we neglected to say something of the lovely and fascinating Circassian ladies—the principal mercantile export of the country too, let the economists and traders observe that—who form the ornaments and delights of Oriental harems. Well, we read, as an addition in the Russian edition, "All the

Circassian ladies have the itch, but it is of a very mild description, and is called the prince's itch; it must, indeed, be so, for during two voyages in the summer, when I frequently retained in my hands those of the beauties thus affected, I did not catch this disorder. I know not what can occasion it; all the Circassians have it, and I have also seen it in the Crimea among the Tartars, but not so frequently. At first it disgusted me; at length, however, I became used to it, so that it no longer excited my attention. Notwithstanding this effect of habit, we must believe that the Turks cure their slaves before they bring them into their harems. Their care must contribute much to embellish them, for it must be owned, that very few beauties can anywhere resist the effects of the labours and the kind of life to which the women are subjected in their native land. One example will suffice. I said one day to M. Tausch that the warehouses required plastering again. This young man replied, with his Circassian naïveté, that he would tell the princesses so; that they had already done it themselves, and would do it again with pleasure. Imagine, gentle reader, these powerful princesses, with their itchy hands, plastering with mud the warehouses of a merchant, and own that this really is too much in the style of Homer."

Might we not, however mild the disease, apply the old Scotch insult here?

"All ye that go to Anapa, and leave your native home, Provide yourselves with brimstone and a curry-comb."

*The Arethusa; a Naval Story.* By Captain Chamier, R.N. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

CAPT. CHAMIER is certainly not inferior in descriptive power, in the naïve delineation of sea manners and characters, and in the general skill of the novelist, to any writer of the class to which his productions belong. Of that class we have so very lately given our opinion, that we will say nothing more of the *Arethusa* than that it is very clever, and very entertaining. Of these qualities we can hardly afford a better proof than the following middy yarn:—

"In the Shark, the midshipmen might smoke or do any thing else they pleased,—and they did please to smoke and drink—both. The wine was now put aside for grog; and although Abbot manifested some signs of coming inebriation in the thickness of his utterance, and the devil-may-care manner in which he handled the bottle, yet some of the more knowing ones saw that if he went on at the pace he was going, he would soon be rather too hazy to undertake a quiet excursion on shore; this being the *coup de grace*. The victim, after being walked or reeled about until he can no longer stand, is left without a hat on one of the logs near the shore, and 'the moon and the dew do their duty.' Murray saw what was going on, and he guessed that the doctor's advice was well worth following: he took only water, and this enabled him to see the end of the tragedy; for had he drunk brandy, the fork would have been stuck in the table, and he bundled off to his hammock. Oliver proposed a song: he sang a good one himself, and therefore having proposed it, and being able to do it, he set the example, and sang the following, all hands joining in respectable chorus, while Douglas occasionally poured a few drops of new rum—the bottle stood by him—into the sangaree of Abbot.

'When the world was first made, all was order, we know,

Until Admiral Noah took a cruise in the ark:

He had a strange crew to trim sails in a blow,

But he sailed without compass to steer in the dark.

If to north, south, or west, 'twas no moment to him;  
For who could make land when of land there was none?

He drifted about as it suited his whim,  
And the jolly old admiral revell'd in fun.

When he turn'd out at daylight,—he never slept late,—  
His daughters and sons took the scrub-brooms in hand;

And they fagg'd and they toil'd, but they never once ate  
Of the pairs of provisions which came from the land.  
They had ducks, geese, and sheep, with a lion or two;  
Camelopardals, with other large drones;

An elephant also, to clap in the stew,  
With a rather thin donkey to make some broil'd bones.

Now, we are much wiser than Noah, my boys;  
We eat and we drink of the good things on board;

Not a duck or a goose his existence enjoys,  
But a savoury stew he may also afford.

Let us live whilst we can, let us love whilst we may.

For the slight breath of life in a moment is past;

Seize the hour which is now, make the best of the day.

And a fig for the cloud which may evening o'ercast.

'Bravo!' said Douglas, 'Hurrah for the present time, and the devil run a-hunting with the future! Fill up, Mr. Abbot; here's Oliver's good health and song, and it's

'A very good song, and it's a very well sung,

Jolly companions every one.

Put on your hats, and keep your heads warm;

A little more liquor will do us no harm.'

'Ah!' sighed Murray, for he had got a little of his own good sense for his guide, 'that chorus is not like Parr's maxim of health, 'Keep your head cool by temperance, your feet warm by exercise; never eat but when hungry, nor drink but when dry.' 'Hulloa!' said Douglas, 'why, we have got a parson on board, rigged out like a boy of the first class. I dare say you know all about Noah and his Ark; now can you tell where he made the land?' \* \* \*

"The cry was 'Douglas!' the president beat the table, and this lieutenant in expectation gave forth the following song, in a deep, clear voice, his spirit warming with the subject, and his voice gradually increasing in the chorus.

'Saturday night was the sailor's delight,  
When they sang of their love, or described the fierce fight.  
It's in England, or far, far away from this spot,  
That this song of the seaman is never forgot.  
But who in this climate of sickness and sorrow  
Shall dare to look forth for the light of to-morrow?

Hark! hark! to the prayer of the Shark:  
Promotion's uncertain, our prospects are dark;  
Our toast shall be death, though it savours of treason;  
And this is the prayer of the mids of the Shark—  
For a bloody war, and a sickly season.

Hurrah! hurrah!

Near and far,

For a bloody war and a sickly season.

What's life but an ocean of strife,  
For ambition, promotion, another man's wife?  
Who cares for the living placed over our head?  
'Tis a world full of cares, and the blest are the dead.  
The captain's last sigh, though in madness it be,  
Or his groans, would make music the sweetest to me.

Hark! hark! &c.

What's death but the stoppage of breath,  
And a rather damp bed in the ground underneath?  
The best friend we have is the quick yellow fever,  
And the first toast we drink is, 'Promotion for ever!' Let them die who're above us, and, bless'd in repose, Their troubles all ended, we'll step in their shoes.

Hark! hark! &c.

It is needless to add, that the toast was drunk even by Abbot in a brimmer, for although it was partially directed at him, yet he had to move up the ladder, and in his delirium of drunkenness he would not have cried if the man on the step above him slipped off in a hurry. Again was the glass filled and emptied; and now the red eye of drunkenness was fixed in stupid gaze; then came indecent songs, revellings, cursings, complaints of prospects blighted, in almost inarticulate language; and as the relater of his woes dashed his hand on the table, the tears rolled down his face, the glasses danced before and around him. There sat systematic drunkenness, a kind of unmeaning smile upon his lips, his eyes scarcely human, muttering to himself the last words of the song, they-being what he really most wished and best

remembered. By his side was sullen indifference rolling upon his chair; if brandy or water went into his mouth, he could not distinguish the difference. By him, again, was delicate sensibility moistened in tears,—a man crying drunk, his mouth unable to contain the fluid which, like an infant's dribbles, oozed through his lips. On his right was frantic intemperance, quarrelling with all, but noticed by none; and as he rose higher and higher in his blasphemy, his laughing drunk companion was pouring the grog intended for his victim's mouth down the collar of his shirt. Murray eyed it all, and the lesson—the Spartan lesson of making their slaves drunk—was not lost upon him; he became an attentive witness of the danger of drunkenness. The man who had treasured the secret in his breast with religious caution, now blabbed it forth; he who was rigid in his duty, now scoffed at discipline; the silent found an incoherent tongue; the coward became the bravest of the brave; the mildest and most modest was now the fiercest and the most indecent."

A naval action is vividly described, but at too great length for our *Gazette* columns; and indeed, we find it so difficult to detach any fair example of the writer from his connected narrative, that we must be content, in one word, to say, that the *Arethusa* is one of the best of the sea-novels which have lately become so popular.

*Narrative of a Voyage of Observation among the Colonies of Western Africa, in the Flag-ship Thakia; and of a Campaign in Kaffirland, on the Staff of the Commander-in-chief, in 1835.* By Capt. J. E. Alexander. Illustrated with Maps and Plates, by Major C. C. Mitchell. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Colburn.

THE first volume treats chiefly of the voyage of the *Thalia*, and the results of its touching at Madeira, Teneriffe, the Gambia, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, Accra, the Bight of Biafra, St. Helena, and Ascension; whilst the second is dedicated to the Kaffir war of 1835, when Sir B. D'Urban reduced these unruly savages, liberated the Fingo nation from slavery,\* and secured a new and more extended frontier to the Hottentots and colonists. In the former division, though written in a lively manner, we do not find much of extreme novelty to tempt us to extracts: but the account of the Kaffirs and their country is, perhaps, the most ample which has yet been laid before the public.

"Kaffir-land," says our author, "from the Keiskamma to the Umtata, is a tract of South Africa highly favoured by nature. The air is so pure, the sky generally so serene, and the whole face of the country so parklike and inviting, that it realises all we have read of Arcadia. The continuation of the great range of the Winterberg bounds the country of the Amakosa on the north; and beyond these mountains are extensive plains, waving with rich pasture and abounding with game. There, on the Bontebok Flats, a part of the Amakosa hunting-ground near the Doorn river, are seen troops of bounding deer of many varieties: the splendid bontebok, or painted antelope, with its colours of bay, purple, and white; the magnificent koodoo, browsing close to cover, with its sweeping spiral horns; and gnoos, with their cow-head, horse's tail, and deer-limbs, sporting

and frisking in a most grotesque and strange manner. Wolves and lions are found in proportion to the great quantity of game. Wild fowl are in abundance; and, 'as where the slaughter is, there will the eagles be gathered together,' large vultures are continually soaring aloft, and keenly watching for their prey below.

\* \* \* The people who inhabit these fair regions, the Amakosa, are among the finest specimens of the human race: tall, straight-limbed, and active; their every attitude is graceful, and every motion is performed with ease. The head of the Amakosa is well developed, and his expanded forehead shews considerable intellectual capacity. The hair is woolly; the nose is tolerably prominent, and, though in general round, in some there is a tendency to an aquiline shape; the lips are inclined to fullness; the teeth are beautifully white; and the large eye, ever restless, shews deep cunning, is easily lighted up with a smile, yet often flashes with relentless cruelty when the evil passions are at work within. The colour of the skin is a light chocolate; and, though this is often concealed with a coat of grease and red clay, to preserve it from the effects of the sun, the persons of the Amakosa are not disagreeable. The chest is not so broad, nor are the arms so strong, as those of Europeans, for the Kaffir-people perform little manual labour; but the lower limbs are muscular in the extreme. The trousers of few Europeans are large enough for the brawny Kaffir thigh; the legs are really 'pillars of Hercules.' The Amakosa disdains to wear any covering on the head, which is occasionally ornamented by the females, who curl it closely with red ochre into small knots about the size of a pea. In war a band of leather encircles the brows; and from it stand erect, on both sides, the long wings of the blue crane, giving the head a demoniacal appearance. From the shoulders hangs the ungooba, kaross, or mantle of softened hide, worn with the hair next the body, and fastened with a thong at the neck. The Kaffirs near the colony are beginning to change their leather covering for one of cloth, which is not so heavy, and is warmer in wet weather than hide. The chiefs and counsellors wear karosses of leopard skins, neatly vandycked at the neck and skirt, and worn so as to shew a part of the closely spotted hair. In walking, the open kaross displays the whole of the naked body, and the Kaffir is without sense of decency.

"The women are as studious to conceal their persons, as the men are savagely proud and shameless in the exposure of theirs. \* \* \*

"One of the best traits of Kaffir manners is their hospitality. When a stranger of any consideration arrives at a kraal, a bullock is killed for him; he receives a clean hut for himself; and a widow is sent to assist him. Among the worst characteristics of Kaffir society, on the other hand, is its great incontinence. Most young women are frequently and forcibly violated before marriage; and widows are considered public property. When the chiefs, also, wish to carry any particular point, they seize a number of young women, and give them up to their wild warriors. \* \* \*

"The summary and capital punishments of the Kaffirs are merciful: that is, they take the culprit aside, and destroy him with clubs, or thrust him through with an assegai. But their torturing with black ants, and above all, with hot stones applied to the body, is dreadful. Some time ago, there crawled to the mission station of the Chumie, a Fingo herdsman, whose legs from the ankle upwards were perfectly roasted; and the skin and flesh of the sole

detached from the foot, and flapping against it. He died of lock-jaw in a few days, in the greatest agony; and why was this dreadful punishment inflicted? Because, in driving a cow into a kraal, he had thrown a stick at her; it had glanced off the horn, and struck the son of a Kaffir counsellor on the leg! And this is the fine pastoral race, whom travellers have held up for our admiration! and whom a religio-political party, in their mad ambition for extending their sway over South Africa, have pretended were far more 'sinned against, than sinning.'"

Such are some of the prominent features of the people against whom the war was waged, after their ruthless attack upon the colony and Graham's Town. The contest was attended by all the horrid incidents of barbarous strife, not only battles, but ambuscades, massacres, and murders of every description. Of a few of the most curious details we will make a selection, which will serve to shew the character of the people, of the struggle, and of the work.

"We passed (says Capt. A.) some huts burnt down by Colonel Smith in his late dashing inroad; only one hut having been left standing, for an aged and decrepit woman. There was a halt and an 'off saddle;' and several of us went to see the old Kaffir. She was sitting at the wicker door of her large bee-hive and very neatly thatched dwelling; several folds of cloth stained with red clay were round her crisped hair; and the lower part of her body was concealed by a kaross of softened hide. She drew in her stomach as we approached; and clapping it with her skinny hand, called out '*Lambelli, lambelli!*'—'I am very, very hungry.' Haversacks were immediately searched, and biscuit given to her. She leant forward and kissed the hands of the donors; soaked the biscuit in a little pot of water beside her; and rapidly munched it, still mumbling '*Lambelli.*'—'Where are Tyalie and Macomo?' was asked. She stretched out her lanky arm, and arching it, pointed to the mountains northwards, and drawled out the word '*Amatolee.*' We did not find out until after we had been some time in Kaffir-land, that it was customary with the Kaffirs to leave an old woman at their deserted kraals, to give information to the warriors, who stole back at night to communicate with her, and supply her with food. Of course, our old woman said she had been left by all her people, and was dying of hunger. Doubtless, she must have laughed heartily,—not in her sleeve, because she had none,—but at our simplicity, when we left her with a great pile of biscuit and *biltong* (dried meat), and clapping her belly with hollow sound for more. She pretended deafness too, and would answer nothing but '*Amatolee,*' and '*Tamboochanee*' (in the bush of the mountains), reminding me of the master of the good ship *Tyne* hailing a schooner on the coast of Brazil, '*Where are you from?*' Answer, '*Bahi.*'—'*Where are you going to?*'—'*Bahi.*'—'*Did you see the English admiral?*'—'*Bahi,*' (roaring with hands on each side of the mouth). '*We took you for a slaver.*'—(Louder still) '*Bahi!*'"

Again,  
"In order that the enemy might not harbour in our rear, we consigned all the kraals to the flames; and, after a march of eighteen miles, we established our bivouac in a beautifully wooded glen of the Cahoon River, at a place classically named by the Kaffir traders, '*Hangman's Bush.*' Here it was said that a Kaffir was strangled by his chief for a strange act of witchcraft, in milking a cow into his own mouth: which is not allowed in Kaffir land, as it is supposed to occasion misfortune to another party."

\* "On the 7th of May I witnessed a most interesting sight, and one which causes this day to be of great importance in the annals of South Africa. It was no less than the flight of the Fingo nation, seventeen thousand in number, from Amakosa bondage, guarded by British troops, and on their way across the Kye to find a new country under British protection."—*The Author.*

The style is occasionally somewhat stilted :  
*ex. gr.—*

"A tall, reckless-looking fellow of a Kaffir, with handsome rosettes of beads about his neck, and arrayed in a leopard's skin kaross, now came into camp to hear the news, as he said. It was curious to see how he swaggered; to note the wild independence in his eye; and to watch his graceful attitude, and arrangement of his kaross for exhibiting his muscular limbs, 'in all the pride of manhood.' Nor was it less remarkable how he 'pouted the lip of contempt, and upturned the nose of scorn,' when he came near any of the Fingoes. These poor people, indeed, now began to flock to us in great numbers; thankfully eating the heads, tails, and entrails of the slaughtered oxen; hammering out the fresh marrow from a shin and pleasantly licking it off a stone. When Driver, the elephant hunter, saw the proud Kaffir, his countenance kindled with wrath; and the finger of impatience itched to pull the trigger of destruction. 'There's an infernal rascal!' he cried; 'Coubu, a counsellor and a spy of Hintza's: that's the villain that headed the party which destroyed my trading station on the other side of the hills. Only let me drill a hole in his jacket,—the gallows scoundrel!' Coubu, leaning on his staff, merely sneered and grinned at Driver. 'Yes, you know me,' muttered the latter bitterly; 'and a ball and your hide shall be better acquainted before long.' Coubu was now closely watched, and prevented from leaving the camp; but civilly treated."

In the end, Hintza, the chief, came into the British camp, but after a time attempted to effect his escape, and was slain. It is a story of interest.

"On this day's march it was remarked, that Hintza rode for the first time a very powerful bright bay horse, of which he seemed to be very careful, dismounting and leading him up and down inequalities in the road. Colonel Smith, his light and sinewy form in oil-skin chako and blue jacket, rode up the steep ascent at the head of the troops, followed by Hintza leading his horse; and after them, the guides and the rest of the cavalry leading theirs. The colonel had nearly reached the open country at the summit, when he heard a cry of 'Hintza!' behind him; and at the same moment the great chief passed him, he and two of his followers having suddenly thrown themselves on their sheep-skin saddles. The colonel called to Hintza to stop, and presented a pistol. The great chief, unable to penetrate the bush by the road side, returned to the only path, smiling, which made the colonel, for a moment, ashamed of his suspicions. The chief of the staff then turned round to watch the troops ascending the defile, when he heard another cry; and looking for Hintza, he saw him galloping off across the plain at full speed, followed by the lieutenant of the guides, George Southey, an active, light-made, and good-looking young man; William Southey, and William Shaw. The colonel, spurring his horse violently, strove to overtake Hintza; and the fleet bay soon left the three guides far in the rear. Hintza urged on his long-tailed charger at full speed; whilst the colonel, unable to stop the great chief, drew a pistol and snipped it at him. It missed fire; his second pistol also failed him; and he then struck Hintza on the back of the head with the but. The great chief turned round and grinned in derision. The colonel then threw his pistol after him, which struck him; and, redoubling his efforts, after a hard gallop of a mile, succeeded in closing with the athletic chief, who retained his assegais. Twisting his hand into

the collar of Hintza's leopard-skin mantle, and assisting the effort with the weight of his horse, the colonel dragged the Kaffir king with violence to the ground: he fell heavily, with a look of mingled rage and despair. Hintza quickly sprang to his feet, drew the izaka, or man-killer assegai with barbed neck, from the bundle of javelins, and launched it after the colonel. It fell short; the colonel's horse having run away with him for some distance, towards a few huts. Hintza then continued his flight on foot, towards the bed of the river on the right. During this time George Southey was gaining ground; and, after Hintza fell, he sprang from his horse, and running toward the chief, called to him in the Kaffir language to stop, or he would shoot him. Hintza looked round as he ran, and took no further notice. Southey then fired and wounded him in the leg. Hintza fell on his hands, but got up again, and ran swiftly down the hill. By this time Colonel Smith had managed to stop his horse, and returned near to the spot where Southey was, who again called out to the great chief to stop, but he would not; and Colonel Smith then ordered Southey to fire a second time. He did so, when Hintza was two hundred yards from him. Hintza fell; but, strange to say, he got up again, kept on the same course down the hill, and disappeared in the bush skirting the river's bank. Lieutenant Balfour, the colonel's aide-de-camp, had galloped to intercept Hintza, but failed. Some of the cavalry, who had mounted quickly, and come up with shouts of impatience, fired into the bush, but without effect. Southey, having speedily reloaded, scrambled with Lieutenant Balfour down a steep descent of the Ghabacka; Southey going up the stream, and Balfour down it, searching for Hintza: no one else was near. They had each proceeded some distance, when Southey heard an assegai touch the stone on which he stood: quickly looking about him, he saw a Kaffir head, and an assegai uplifted close beside him. He stepped back a pace for room, fired, and shot Hintza through the head. He fell into the water quite dead. Southey then took, as 'spolia opima,' the assegais and brass belt of the great chief, and returned to Colonel Smith, who gave Southey Hintza's horse. The body of the Kaffir king was stripped of its ornaments, but not of the kaross, and left on the bank of the river. It was intended to have buried it; but time would not permit; and the bugle sounded the assembly and march. It was pretty evident that Hintza had expected the co-operation of an ambuscade, which was a little too late to assist him. Kaffirs were soon seen in the bush near his dead body. Umtenee, who had gone off in the morning, saw the whole transaction from a neighbouring rock, out of reach; whilst, of the two who fled with Hintza, one was shot by two of the provisional Hottentots to the right of the column; and the other, 'our friend with the turban,' got clear off. Thus fell the paramount chief of the Amakosa, a victim to the treachery and perfidy of his own character: having, instead of assisting Colonel Smith to recover the colonial cattle, as he had engaged to do, tried every means to mislead him, and to take him to districts where the cattle had been driven off by his own orders. His attempt at escape was a bold enterprise; and he shewed considerable intrepidity and obstinacy on the occasion; but as it was made in defiance of a solemn warning of the consequences, he owed his end to himself alone, and met the reward he so richly deserved."

With this we would conclude, but an in-

stance of canine fidelity is worthy of record. "The entire body of a Kaffir, who had been shot at least a week, probably when hanging on the rear of the retreating Fingoes, lay a little off the road, wrapped in its kaross; neither vulture nor hyena had touched this body; and we saw the cause of their forbearance on approaching it. A small yellowish dog, with a black muzzle, lank with famine, rose from its dead master's breast, where it kept watch, and angrily snarled defiance at every intruder. It was impossible to remove the dog for the purpose of saving it from starvation, until some Hottentots threw a noose of hide round its neck and dragged it off."

Altogether, Captain Alexander's work will sustain his literary repute, and induces us to look forward, with anticipations of pleasure, for other publications by the author of "Travels in the East" and "Transatlantic Sketches."

#### *Miss Martineau's Society in America.*

[Second and concluding notice.]

In various parts of her work, besides those we referred to last week, Miss Martineau stands up for her sex like a resuscitated and reinvigorated Mary Wollstonecroft. Treating of the southern provinces and slavery, she says:—

"It is enough here to say that, if, with the law of liberty and the Gospel of peace and purity within their hands, the inhabitants of the south are unconscious of the low state of the morals of society, such blindness proves nothing so much as how far that which is highest and purest may be confounded with what is lowest and foulest, when once the fatal attempt has been entered upon to make them co-exist. From their co-existence, one further step may be taken—and in the south has been taken—the making the high and pure a sanction for the low and foul. Of this, more hereafter. The degradation of the women is so obvious a consequence of the evils disclosed above, that the painful subject need not be enlarged on. By the degradation of women, I do not mean to imply any doubt of the purity of their manners. There are reasons, plain enough to the observer, why their manners should be even peculiarly pure. They are all married young, from their being outnumbered by the other sex; and there is ever present an unfortunate servile class of their own sex to serve the purposes of licentiousness, so as to leave them untempted. Their degradation arises, not from their own conduct, but from that of all other parties about them. Where the generality of men carry secrets which their wives must be the last to know; where the busiest and more engrossing concerns of life must wear one aspect to the one sex, and another to the other, there is an end to all wholesome confidence and sympathy, and woman sinks to be the ornament of her husband's house, the domestic manager of his establishment, instead of being his all-sufficient friend. I am speaking not only of what I suppose must necessarily be; but of what I have actually seen. I have seen, with heart-sorrow, the kind politeness, the gallantry, so insufficient to the loving heart, with which the wives of the south are treated by their husbands. I have seen the horror of a woman's having to work,—to exert the faculties which her Maker gave her; the eagerness to insure her unearned ease and rest; the deepest insult which can be offered to an intelligent and conscientious woman. I know the tone of conversation which is adopted towards women; different in its topics and its style from that which any man would dream of offering to any other man. I have heard the



boast of the chivalrous consideration in which women are held throughout their woman's paradise: and seen something of the anguish of crushed pride, of the conflict of bitter feelings with which such boasts have been listened to by those whose aspirations teach them the hollowness of the system. The gentlemen are all the while unaware that women are not treated in the best possible manner among them: and they will remain thus blind as long as licentious intercourse with the lowest of the sex unfits them for appreciating the highest. Whenever their society shall take rank according to moral rather than physical considerations; whenever they shall rise to crave sympathy in the real objects of existence; whenever they shall begin to inquire what human life is, and wherefore, and to reverence it accordingly, they will humble themselves in shame for their abuse of the right of the strongest; for those very arrangements and observances which now constitute their boast."

Altogether we would remark, that this is rather curious writing from a female pen; but political economy excuses every thing. If queerish, it is philosophical. As an unmarried lady, we hope Miss M. is wrong in her opinion that wives must be miserable as the ornaments of their husbands' houses, and domestic managers of their establishments. What she would propose instead, i. e. their being "all-sufficient friends," is, we confess, a little beyond our exact comprehension. But we have the subject again in vol. iii.—

"If a test of civilisation be sought, none can be so sure as the condition of that half of society over which the other half has power,—from the exercise of the right of the strongest. Tried by this test, the American civilisation appears to be of a lower order than might have been expected from some other symptoms of its social state. The Americans have, in the treatment of women, fallen below, not only their own democratic principles, but the practice of some parts of the Old World. The unconscionableness of both parties as to the injuries suffered by women at the hands of those who hold the power, is a sufficient proof of the low degree of civilisation in this important particular at which they rest.

"The intellect of woman is confined. I met with immediate proof of this. Within ten days of my landing, I encountered three outrageous pedants, among the ladies; and, in my progress through the country, I met with a greater variety and extent of female pedantry than the experience of a lifetime in Europe would afford."

The sequent reasoning upon this seems to be mere assumption, and quite inconclusive:—

"Where intellect has a fair chance, there is no pedantry among men or women. It is the result of an intellect which cannot be wholly passive, but must demonstrate some force, and does so through the medium of narrow morals. Pedantry indicates the first struggle of intellect with its restraints; and it is therefore a hopeful symptom."

From the pedantic style of what follows, however, we might fancy, were it not for the masculine character of her work, that the writer herself was precisely in her first intellectual struggle. Hear it:—

"The intellect of woman is confined by an unjustifiable restriction of both methods of education,—by express teaching, and by the discipline of circumstance. The former, though prior in the chronology of each individual, is a direct consequence of the latter, as regards the whole of the sex."

But we pass on to a branch of observation always interesting to a literary journal. The author's account and view of the literature of the country:—

"The more (she says) one sees of the people, and the less of their books, the stronger grows the hope of the stranger.

"The best productions of American literature are, in my opinion, the tales and sketches in which the habits and manners of the people of the country are delineated with exactness, with impartiality of temper, and without much regard to the picturesque. Such are the tales of Judge Hall of Cincinnati. Such are the tales by the author of 'Swallow Barn;' where, however, there is the addition of a good deal of humour, and a subtraction of some of the truth. Miss Sedgwick's tales are of the highest order of the three, from the moral beauty which they breathe. This moral beauty is of a much finer character than the *bonhomie* which is the charm of Irving's pictures of manners. She sympathises where he good-naturedly observes; she cheerily loves where he gently quizzes. Miss Sedgwick's novels have this moral beauty too, as has every thing she touches: but they have great and irretrievable faults, as works of art. Tale-writing is her forte: and in this vocation, no one who has observed her striking progression will venture to say what she may not achieve. Among the host of tales which appear without the names of their authors are three, which strike me as excellent in their several ways: 'Allen Prescott,' containing the history of a New England boy, drawn to the life, and in a just and amiable spirit: 'The New England Housekeeper,' in which the *ménage* of a rising young lawyer, with its fresh joys and ludicrous perplexities, is humorously exhibited: and 'Memoirs of a New England Village Choir,' a sketch of even higher merit. Irving's writings have had their meed. He has lived in the sunshine of fame for many years, and in the pleasant consciousness that he has been a benefactor to the present generation, by shedding some gentle, benignant, and beguiling influences on many intervals of their rough and busy lives. More than this he has probably not expected; and more than this he does not seem likely to achieve. If any of his works live, it will be his 'Columbus;' and the later of his productions will be the first forgotten. Cooper's novels have a very puny vitality. Some descriptions of scenery, and some insulated adventures, have great merit: but it is not human life that he presents. His female characters are far from human; and in his selections of the chances of mortal existence, he usually chooses the remotest. He has a vigour of perception and conception, which might have made him, with study and discipline, a great writer. As it is, he is, I believe, regarded as a much-regretted failure. The Americans have a poet. Bryant has not done any thing like what he can and will do: but he has done some things that will live. Those of his poems which are the best known, or the most quoted, are smooth, sweet, faithful descriptions of nature, such as his own imagination delights in. I shall always remember the voice and manner with which he took up a casual remark of mine, about sights to be seen in the pine-barrens. When the visitors had all departed, his question, 'And what of the pine-barrens?' revealed the spirit of the poet. Of his poems of this class, 'The Evening Wind' is to me the most delicious. But others—'The Past,' and 'Thanatopsis'—indicate another kind, and a higher degree of power. If he would live for his gifts, if his future years could be devoted to 'clear poetical

activity,' 'looking up,' like the true artist, 'to his dignity and his calling,' that dignity and that calling may prove to be as lofty as they, no doubt, appeared in the reveries of his boyhood; and he may be listened to as lovingly over the expanse of future time, as he already is over that of the ocean. The Americans have also a historian of promise. Mr. Bancroft's 'History of the United States' is little more than begun: but the beginning is characterised by an impartial and benevolent spirit, and by the indications which it affords of the author's fidelity to democratic principles; the two primary requisites in a historian of the republic. The carrying on the work to a completion will be a task of great toil and anxiety; but it will be a most important benefit to society at large if it fulfils its promise. The periodical literature of the United States is of a very low order. I know of no review where any thing like impartial, enlightened criticism, is to be found. The *North American Review* had once some reputation in England; but it has sunk at home and abroad, less from want of talent than of principle. If it has any principle whatever at present, it seems to be to praise every book it mentions, and to fall in as dexterously as possible with popular prejudice. The *American Quarterly*, published at Philadelphia, is uninteresting from the triteness of its morals, and a general dearth of thought, amidst a good deal of cleverness. The *Southern Review*, published at Charleston—sometime ago discontinued, but, I believe, lately renewed—is the best specimen of periodical literature that the country has afforded. After the large deductions rendered necessary by the faults of southern temper, this review maintains its place above the rest; a rank which is, I believe, undisputed."

Such are our author's opinions, from which, on many points, we essentially differ. On the subject of religion we take leave to be silent, and to conclude with a taste of Miss Martineau's conclusions:—

"However the Americans may fall short, in practice, of the professed principles of their association, they have realised many things for which the rest of the civilised world is still struggling; and which some portions are only beginning to intend. They are, to all intents and purposes, self-governed. They have risen above all liability to a hereditary aristocracy, a connexion between religion and the state, a vicious or excessive taxation, and the irresponsibility of any class. Whatever evils may remain or may arise, in either the legislative or executive departments, the means of remedy are in the hands of the whole people: and those people are in possession of the glorious certainty, that time and exertion will infallibly secure all wisely desired objects."

Even should these exertions cease to be just and good! how can any finite being foresee and be assured of this "glorious certainty?" This is going too far, but not further than, after all, her reprobation of the system of slavery in the Southern States, the author, because a considerable party in America now condemns that system, ventures to tell us, that "Europe now owes to America the justice of regarding her as the country of abolitionism, quite as emphatically as the country of slavery"!!!

*The Principles of English Grammar.* By David Booth, author of "The Analytical Dictionary." 12mo. pp. 343. London, 1837. Knight.

"In the composition of this work," says Mr. Booth, "I have made liberal use of the Intro-

duction to my Analytical Dictionary. I have borrowed very little from any other source, and nothing without acknowledgment."

We have read Mr. Booth's Grammar with much interest; and although we presume to differ from the learned author on some minor points, we perfectly agree with him in general, and think that he has placed many important grammatical truths in a clearer light than that in which they have been hitherto seen. As a brief specimen of this, we especially recommend the attention of certain Cockney writers to the following passage, in reprobation of a barbarous form of construction which they have been endeavouring of late years to introduce.

"It is the state of unfinished action which is understood in such phrases as 'the house is building,' and 'the house was building,' in which the action is taken abstractedly, without attending to the agent. The Romans expressed the same ideas by means of the passive voice, '*domus edificatur*,' and '*domus edificabatur*.' Every language has its idioms, which pedants only would attempt to change. For some time past, 'the bridge is being built,' 'the tunnel is being excavated,' and other expressions of a like kind, have pained the eye and stunned the ear. Instead of 'the stone is falling,' and 'the man is dying,' we shall next be taught to say, 'the stone is being fallen,' and 'the man is being dead.' This incongruous conjunction of a present with a perfect participle, as if for the purpose of producing a confusion of tenses, is an absurdity of very modern origin, and has scarcely yet appeared in any respectable composition. Johnson writes to Boswell, 'my *Lives are reprinting*;' Bolingbroke says that 'the nation had cried out loudly against the crime while it *was committing*;' and Milton, in his speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, indignantly exclaims, 'yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries, as if, while the temple of the Lord *was building*, some cutting, some squaring the marble,' &c. Viewing the present participle solely in its verbal state, it becomes assimilated to the infinitive, and is a general name for the whole class of *continuous exertions*."

*The Felony of New South Wales.* By James Mudie, Esq. 8vo. pp. 362. For the Author.

*Transportation and Colonisation.* By J. D. Lang, D.D. Pp. 244. London, Valpy; Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute.

THE first of these publications is a curious one; and, as the writer truly says, a "*Romance of Life in Botany Bay*;" whether invented by himself, or absolutely true representations of what is more strange in reality than fiction, is not declared. Some of the stories told, however, are so fixed as to names, persons, and circumstances, that we cannot doubt they are founded in actual fact; and, if so, why then there are remarkable things done in Botany Bay. The other day, indeed, we were told of an advertisement of the sale by auction of the carriage, plate, and splendid furniture, &c. of —, "*leaving the colony*," which aforesaid — was only transported a few years since for picking pockets at the Royal Exchange. The Jew-boy now returns a rich man, to speculate in a different manner, if it so please him, as Moses Jacob, Esq. (or some such title), near the scene of his former exploits.

Dr. Lang thinks the transportation system may be much improved, as an adjunct to colonization. Dr. L. is too great a politician; but

having experience of the subject, there is much information to be got from his book.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

MR. PORTER in the chair.—A paper, by Mr. Edmonds, On the movement of the populations of England and Sweden, throughout seventy-five years, ending with 1830, was read; of which the following are notes. Mr. Edmonds observes, in the commencement of his paper, that the increase or decrease of a population, during any period, is, in general, represented by the difference between the numbers born and the numbers dying during that period. The instances are very rare in which the movement of the population of an extensive territory is sensibly affected by migration. The difference between the number of immigrants and emigrants is generally insignificant, when compared with the difference between the births and deaths. In different parts of the same nation, however, the gain or loss from migration is frequently very considerable. In most nations, the town population is constantly receiving large additions to its numbers, at the expense of the village population. In the United States of North America, a large number of the natives of the old and eastern States are yearly transferred to the new, or western, States. In the majority of European natives, the annual births amount to one in thirty, and the annual deaths to one in forty, of the total population; which will yield an annual increase of about nine per cent every ten years. The highest rate of births observed in any nation has been about one in twenty-three; the lowest rate, about one in thirty-three. The highest rate of deaths observed, has been about one in thirty; the lowest rate (in England), one in fifty of the total population. The highest rate of increase of population ever observed, is that of the United States of North America; next to which is that of the population of England. In the United States, the increase, for a long period, has been at the rate of thirty-two per cent every ten years, independently of the gain from migration. The white population and the slave population have increased at the same high rate. In England, during a recent period, the rate of increase has been sixteen per cent every ten years; which is just twice as great as the average rate of increase in other European countries. This high rate of increase in England, compared with that in the rest of Europe, has not been derived from a higher average of births, but from a lower average of deaths. The higher rate of increase of the American population is, probably, the consequence of a rate of mortality, as that of England, combined with a higher proportion of births, say one in twenty-three. The decrease of the black population of the West Indies is mainly attributable to the diminished fecundity of females to meet the annual mortality; one in thirty-six has been frequently observed, and now exists, in several increasing European populations. The climate of the West Indies manifests its hostility to the constitution of African negroes, more by the diminution of births than by the increase of deaths; more by the destruction of the germs of life, than by the destruction of existing individuals. It is a remarkable fact, the author goes on to state, and one which has never yet been explained, that a very great increase in the deaths, for a short period, is always accompanied by a great diminution in the births at the same period. The most marked instances of this are found, in Sweden,

during the two years 1772-3, and during the five years 1806-10; in Belgium, during the year 1817; and in France, during the year 1832 (the year of cholera). The explanation of this fact, Mr. Edmonds believes to consist solely in an increase of deaths, including foetal deaths. From the observations of Dr. Granville, on women of lying-in charities in London, it appears that one in three of all conceptions terminates thus; for the entire nation, one in six is given. In order to account for the diminution of births in years of severe mortality, we have only to make the very reasonable assumption that foetal life is not more capable than respiratory life of resisting disease and privation; we have only to assume that an increase of thirty per cent in the respiratory deaths, is also accompanied by an increase of thirty per cent in the foetal deaths. The aggregate mortalities of two nations may differ in the proportions of one in forty to one in fifty, as in Sweden and England, and yet the mortality, at any age above twenty, may be the same in both nations. It was only at ages under twenty that the mortality of the English population was less than that of Sweden. Similarly, with respect to fecundity, we should not be warranted in concluding, because the proportion of births were equal, that the fecundity of one people was equal to that of the other. The author closes his paper by a few observations on vaccination; the proportion of births to deaths (on which the increase of population is mainly dependant); the proportion of annual deaths to the total population (reduced in England to one in forty-nine, during the twenty-five years from 1806 to 1830); the proportion of annual births to the total population in England (one out of twenty-nine, during the same period); and the proportion of marriages to the total population of England (reduced during the twenty-five years, ending with 1830, to one out of 123½). In Sweden, nearly the same proportion of marriages to the existing population occurred during the above period. In France, the proportion of marriages was one out of 132; in Belgium, the alleged proportion was one out of 141. The proportion of births to marriages has been nearly constant both in Sweden and in England, for the last seventy-five years.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 3d. Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair.—The first paper read was one by Mr. Darwin, describing the district in which had been found the remains of the toxodon, described at the last meeting, by Mr. Owen. The countries bordering the Rio de la Plata contain, in great numbers, the remains of extinct animals. The province of Bander Oriental consists of granitic and other primary rocks. The flat and extensive plains of the Pampas are very uniform in structure over a very extensive tract. A reddish argillaceous earth covers the surface with irregular concretions of an aluminous limestone, or indurated marl, which sometimes unite, and form a stratum, often replacing the former; both containing occasional layers of crystallised sulphate of lime. In the province of Entre Rios, these rest on strata, consisting of sand, layers of clay, and a fine white crystalline limestone, containing shark's teeth, arca, Venus, and pecten, all resembling recent shells. But it is in the superincumbent deposit that are found the fossil mammalia peculiar to this district, consisting of, besides the toxodon, megatherium, a lesser animal, protected by an armadillo-like covering; mastodon, another singular animal, of which only half

the head has been preserved; and, as Mr. Darwin believes, also the horse. In several places Mr. Darwin observed clear proofs of a change of the level between land and water. These he considers connected with the greater changes on the opposite coast; and concludes that, within a period geologically recent, a great bay occupied the area both of the Pampas and the low parts of Bander Oriental. Into this the river poured, as in the present day, reddish sediment from the decomposition of the granites of Brazil, and charged with lime and gypsum, perhaps from the Cordilleras. The bodies of the animals which formerly inhabited the surrounding country must have been likewise swept into this bay, which has now been elevated into dry land. An extract of a letter, dated 18th Nov., 1836, from Captain Cautley to Dr. Royle, was next read, permitting the announcement of a fact which had long been communicated to the latter, of the finding of the remains of a quadrumanous animal in the Sewalika, or Sub-Himalayan range of mountains. The animal must have been much larger than any existing one, and allied to Cuvier's *Cynocephalus* group. Captain Cautley also announced the discovery, by Major Colvin, of a specimen of the head of the *siatherium*, in which, in conformity to the conjectures of Dr. Falconer and Captain C., in their paper, for which the Wollaston medal was this year awarded, it is found that the animal had four horns; two in front, and two huge trifurcated ones behind. He considers the animal as allied to the *Dicranocercine* group of Major Hamilton Smith. A paper by Messrs. Hamilton and Strickland was then read, On a tertiary formation in the Island of Cephalonia, near Lixouri, on the western shore of the Gulf of Argostoli. The parallel ridges composing it extend for two or three miles to the N. and S. of Lixouri, sloping to the east according to the dip of the strata; or from 45° to 55°, and presenting a succession of steep and sharp escarpments towards the west. The conformable beds are of great thickness; and are remarkable as well for the great beauty and number of the fossils as for the variety of beds through which these extend. The beds, of which sixteen are enumerated, may be classed under three principal heads:—1st. The calcareo-arenaceous; 2d. The argillaceous; 3d. gypseous beds. The fossils belong to numerous genera, and many of the species are identical with those existing in the Mediterranean.

#### METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 9th. Dr. McIntyre, vice-president, in the chair.—After the preliminary business had been disposed of, and members and associates admitted, an interesting paper was read, from Mr. T. G. Tatem, On luminous and auroral arches. A paper was also read from Capt. J. Ross, On the weather at Wigton, Scotland; in which he states that, in the county of Wigton, the late season has been mild, when severe every where else; the ground was never completely covered with snow, and there were only two days on which sufficient ice could be obtained for the ice-house. He also further observed, that, having returned from thence, he could testify that vegetation is further advanced than near London. Registers of the weather, kept by C. H. Adams, Esq. Edmonston; Samuel Moss, Esq. Cheltenham; J. O. Tatem, Esq. High Wycombe; and Patrick Murphy, Esq. were also received. The mean heights of the barometer and thermometer, with the fall of rain at the Observatory,

Oxford, during each month of the years 1828 to 1836, by Professor Rigaud, was presented to the society by Captain W. H. Smythe, R.N. Observatory, Bedford. Dr. McIntyre exhibited before the society, a very simple and beautiful graphic illustration of the mean heights of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer; and also of the force and direction of the winds, with observations on the weather, quantity of rain fallen, &c.; which appears to be a grand approach towards a simple and uniform method of keeping weather journals, not only upon a simple plan, but so constructed as to give the entire results of a day, week, month, &c. at a single glance. Dr. Lee proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, and the meeting adjourned.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY.

SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart. in the chair.—The report of the council was read. It was highly satisfactory; and as it formed the aggregate, as it were, of the transactions of the past year, which have been already fully reported in our columns, there is no occasion for an analysis in this place. The society now consists of 545 members, besides foreign, honorary, and corresponding members. The expenditure for the past year was considerable, being 2200*l.*; 490*l.* of which had been paid towards the expedition in British Guiana; 350*l.* towards that in Southern Africa, and so on. It is unnecessary to add, that the report spoke feelingly of the recent lamentable death of Mr. Davidson. W. R. Hamilton, Esq. was elected president.

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 18th. J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S. president, in the chair.—Donations of seeds from the Cape of Good Hope were announced, presented by M. Schmidt. A paper was read from Mr. Hopkins, On vegetable fermentation, treating principally on the formation of sugar in vegetables. An interesting discussion ensued, after which the meeting adjourned until 1st June.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.—Marylebone, 8 P.M. (Mr. Hemming on the History of Chemical Inventions.)

Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Lambeth Literary, 8½ P.M. (W. C. Dandy on the Ear and Sound); United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Dr. Ritchie on Hydraulics.)

Wednesday.—Linnean, 1 P.M. (Anniversary); Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquarian, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Western Literary, 8½ (Mr. Everitt on Faraday's recent discoveries in Electro-Chemistry); Marylebone, 8 P.M. (Mr. Fry on Milton).

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

A new association is in progress, under the title of "The Metropolitan Society of Lecturers on Literature and Science," which has, we are informed, been already joined by a considerable number of individuals distinguished in this branch of scientific and literary exertion. The objects of the members are declared to be, "To facilitate the intercourse between members and the public institutions; and to guarantee to institutions, requiring the services of lecturers, efficient instruction, at a reasonable but sufficient scale of remuneration." To accomplish which objects, it is proposed, to procure accurate information as to the extent, objects, and means of the literary and scientific institutions, throughout the country; and to continue such information by correspondence, at stated times, with the secretaries of provincial societies; to promote correspondence between the directors of institutions in one neighbourhood, who may be disposed to receive the same courses of lectures, at times so arranged, as to lessen travelling expenses, and consequent charges to both parties; to afford institutions commencing their career under difficulties, such assistance as may fall within the reasonable convenience of each member.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (Fourth notice.)

On entering the Middle Room, we are induced, both by the celebrity of the subject, and by the excellence of the picture, to pay our first respects to—

268. *Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; painted for the Mayor and Corporation of Dover.* J. Lilley.—A remarkably fine whole-length of our distinguished hero. The resemblance is excellent; and the depth and richness of the tones, and the general management of the effect, would do honour to the most experienced hand: yet we understand that Mr. Lilley has not yet attained the age of twenty-one. We expect great things from this young artist.

229. *Salzburg, Germany.* C. R. Stanley.—Notwithstanding its elevated situation in the room, the light falls well upon this able performance, and shows to great advantage the contrasted variety of its forms, and the successful treatment of its aerial perspective.

236. *Mill on the Avon, near Perthshire.* F. R. Lee, A.—Possessed of all the freshness of day-light. In its picturesque character it may vie with the celebrated mill from the hand of Waterloo; and it is a pleasing combination of sylvan scenery and agricultural occupation.

241. *Desdemona interceding for Cassio.* J. R. Herbert.—Although our acquaintance with the catastrophe renders it rather painful as a subject, we cannot but admire the talents of the artist in depicting the struggle that is going on in the Moor's mind. The expression of the hands comes finely in aid to that of the countenance.

250. *A Bower in a Vineyard, near the Tomb of Virgil, at Naples, with a Boy playing a Tune on the Mandoline to his Innamorata.* T. Uwins, A.—A bower, wine, poetry, music, and love. What a delightful association! In what bright and glowing colours is it presented to the imagination! yet not brighter or more glowing than those in which Mr. Uwins has steeped his beautiful composition.

274. *The Parting of Hero and Leander.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—It is seldom that we have seen a more splendid display of this extraordinary artist's peculiar powers.

276. *Returning from the Fair.* T. Webster.—The pleasing character, as well as the merits, of this clever and interesting little picture, ought to have insured it a better situation. It is a fine representation of the domestic affections in rustic life. The expression of the fond grandmother is inimitable.

288. *The Meeting of his Majesty's Stag-Hounds.* F. Grant.—To say nothing of the dogs, here are above forty portraits, principally of distinguished noblemen and gentlemen; in the arrangement of which (a matter of much difficulty) Mr. Grant has shewn the greatest skill. Although the general effect is admirably preserved, every individual head is painted with the utmost care and precision. It is really a curiosity in art.

297. *The poor Mendicants.* R. Rothwell.—Subjects of this description have always been great favourites with artists. Mr. Rothwell's group is, in every respect, well managed, and reminds us of Gainsborough.

303. *Spaniels, the property of the Earl of Albemarle.* E. Landseer, R.A.—High in condition, and animated in action, they would be still more pleasing to the eye, if otherwise engaged. However, they do but labour in their vocation.

304. *Richmond—Autumnal Morning.* J. J. Chalon, A.—Beautifully and skilfully executed; yet we are inclined to think that a glowing autumnal sunset would have better harmonised with the scene.

325. *Friends.* E. Landseer, R.A.—A striking contrast to "The Spaniels;" showing that noble animal, the dog, in a more amiable, and not less characteristic, point of view.

358. *The Cotter's Saturday Night.* Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.—Although admirable in its general effect, we confess ourselves disappointed in some of the details; especially with reference to "the sire," who is described by the poet as

—"Turning o'er, with patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' Bible;"

but who, in the picture, has nothing patriarchal in his appearance.

350. *The Lower Lake of Killarney.* T. C. Hofland.—The lakes of Killarney have long been considered among the beauties of "the sister kingdom;" and, like the subject of Lady Morgan's song, one of them has put on her best smiles while she sat to her artist, who has done great justice to her attractions.

375. *Morning—a Farm-Yard near Canterbury.* T. S. Cooper.—We will fearlessly say that the lordly bull, the principal in this group of cattle, was never surpassed by the pencil of any master.

364. *On the Scheldt, near Leiskershoek—Squally Day.* C. Stanfield, R.A.—Equal applause is due to this performance. The translucent and sparkling appearance of the waves has never been surpassed.

365. *The Brothers.* G. Lance.—It is no uncommon thing for a painter, by way of amusement, to step out of his usual line of art. Instead of fruits and flowers, in the imitation of which Mr. Lance so eminently excels, he has here spread his canvass to an extent which we were not prepared to expect; and has exhibited ascetic forbearance and sensual enjoyment in striking contrast.

305. *Saturday Night; or, the Social Pinch.* T. Clater.—Artists are often at a pinch for a title to their works. This is a well-painted interior, in which is seen ample provision for the Sunday's dinner. The social pinch, tendered and taken, has something of Flemish in its character; and the picture is not unworthy of that school.

There are several clever portraits of dogs (249, 332, 333), by A. Cooper, R.A.; and one (319) by J. Ward, R.A. As we wish to leave our readers with smiles upon their faces, we will enrich our columns with the poetical effusion attached in the catalogue to the title of the last-mentioned work.

"I'll sing about my little dog,  
And make him fat as little hog;  
As he sits watching close by me,  
We're both as snug as snugs can be."  
[To be continued.]

#### GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE fifth meeting of this society was held on Wednesday week. It was numerously attended by members and visitors; among the latter, we saw Earl de Grey, Lord Prudhoe, Lord de Tabley, Mr. Faraday, &c. Many objects of interest were shewn; among them, two models of Egyptian obelisks,—one of Karnac, the other of Heliopolis: the latter bearing the name of the Pharaoh of Joseph—these belong to Lord Prudhoe; a folio of spirited and clever drawings, made in the Himalah mountains, by Lieutenant Phillips, of the Bengal Artillery, son of Mr. Phillips, R.A.; some excellent studies in oil, made in Italy, by Rothwell; a

folio of finished drawings, by Brockedon, of Alpine scenery, for a new work, by him, on the Valleys of the Alps; a book of drawings, by Cowen; some drawings, by Pitts, &c. &c. But the chief attraction of the evening was a numerous and beautiful collection of drawings, made by Abyssinian Bruce, in Africa, immediately after he had resigned the consulate of Algiers, about the years 1765, 1766. The extent and grandeur of the ruins of cities, the remains generally of the lower empire of the Romans, in Barbary, as shewn in these drawings, far exceed any idea which even Dr. Shaw excited by his descriptions, when he first made us acquainted with their existence. Fortunately, they prompted Bruce to visit and examine them; and these admirable drawings are the result of his journey. They consist of views, elevations, plans, sections, restorations; details of enrichment, and accurate measurements of temples, arches, aqueducts, tombs, &c. &c. Among them are, a fine Corinthian temple, at Dugga, in the kingdom of Tunis; a triumphal arch, and a small temple, at Assuras; two triumphal arches at Muchtar; an aqueduct at Constantina, the ancient capital of Syphax, king of Numidia; ruins and restorations of the tomb of Syphax, at Mendrassem, in the kingdom of Algiers; a magnificent aqueduct, of three rows of arches, at Arriana; a quadri-frontis triumphal arch, at Tripoly. All these are highly finished, with numerous sections and restorations. Others, less finished, are, a cistern, at Lowan, and an aqueduct, at Carthage; a quadri-frontis arch, and a Corinthian temple, at Tipasa; the three temples at Soffetulla; a triumphal arch, at Termugadi; and a view of the ruins of the tomb of Juba and Cleopatra, the daughter of Anthony and Cleopatra (this tomb, like that of Syphax, formerly mentioned, is a vast cone, 180 feet in diameter at the base, resting on a cylindrical mass, surrounded by columns). These drawings are now the property of Major Cumming Bruce, M. P., who most kindly permitted them to be seen at the Graphic Society, where their appearance created a very general desire that they should become the property of the nation, and be deposited in the British Museum; and this was the more strongly felt, from the honest jealousy of their becoming the property of the French nation. An application has been made for them by that government, to Major Cumming Bruce, as the French are about to publish a national work upon Algiers, similar to their great work upon Egypt, and these drawings are necessary to such an undertaking, as many of them are of objects and places inaccessible to the French armies, and no traveller subsequent to Bruce has had access to them. Some interesting sketches, made in Africa, by Sir Greville Temple, were last year shewn, at a meeting of the Graphic Society; but there were few, except of the three temples of Soffetulla, of the subjects found in this collection of Bruce. Distinguished as Bruce is for his researches in Abyssinia, these drawings furnish grounds for an honourable and lasting reputation, from a very distinct source. It has been said, among some to whom their existence was known, that they were not Bruce's, but the work of a young Italian artist, named Balogani, who was sent to him by Lumisden, the author of "Roman Antiquities." But, among the drawings shewn at the Graphic Society, were some of Paestum, made by Bruce, when he was alone, prior to his visit to Africa, where Balogani first joined him. The execution of these prove the same hand as appears in the greater part and best of those of the African cities. Another proof

is, that, after Bruce returned to England, he presented to George III. some of his finished drawings. All the highly finished ones now shewn, were not then ready to present with them, and were subsequently finished by Bruce, at Kinnaird. It is to be hoped that the publicity now given to the existence of these drawings, and the acknowledgment of their interest and excellence by the artists, and especially the architects, at the Graphic Society, will lead to their becoming the property of the nation. Within the seventy years which have passed away since they were made, many of the ruins have sunk into deeper decay; and, inaccessible as they are likely to continue, whilst they exist, such a collection should be preserved with a national care and pride. We are permitted to close our remarks upon this extraordinary collection, with a letter written by Bruce to his friend, Mr. Seton, in which the dangers and difficulties of visiting the ruins in Mauritania and Numidia are stated, in an adventure of great interest.

"London, April 16, 1775.

"Dear Sir,—You desire that I should again repeat to you my adventure with the Moor of Gibbel Aurez. It is this. In the journey which I made through the southern part of Barbary, I was necessarily led to see the ancient Cirta, once, as you know, the capital of a large kingdom; now it is called Constantina, and gives its name to the most considerable province under the government of Algiers. The bey who commanded there was my particular friend. At my request he gave me nine Moorish horsemen to accompany me in the search after ruined architecture in the neighbouring mountains of Atlas. Lambesa, a principal station of the Romans in Africa, the third legion (*legio tertia Augusta*), was the place I chiefly wanted to see. It is situated in the middle of a circular range of mountains of no considerable height, which probably are the *Aurasius mons* of the middle ages, the Mount Andes of Ptolemy, if I mistake not, for I write without books and from memory. It is, however, a part of Mount Atlas, finely watered, the valleys all cultivated, the mountains covered with wood, and abounding with every sort of verdure. Several powerful clans or tribes of Arabs inhabit these mountains, some of them independent, and at constant war with the Bey of Constantina. It happened that one of these had his dwelling upon a pointed rock (probably the Tumar of Procopius), just over the ruins of Lambesa. As we approached them, these ruins, the nine soldiers of the bey began to murmur for fear of the *Neardie* (so they call this sturdy tribe, who had often beat the bey), and matters had come the length of an absolute refusal to follow, when we alighted at an encampment of Arabs, three hours' journey from Lambesa. I was fatigued with hunting and the heat of the day, and having pitched my tent, lay down to sleep, when I heard a dispute between my servants and an Arab who was wanting to come into the tent to speak to me. As every thing is of consequence to be attended to in these countries, I got up and brought the Arab into my tent. He was an old man of sixty, of a mean appearance. He asked me what countryman I was, if I had been in Italy, and if I spoke Italian. I answered, that I was an Englishman, had been all over Italy, and spoke Italian perfectly; and I was very much surprised to hear him ask me in very good Italian, if I had ever been at Nice, or knew General Paterson. Having satisfied him that I knew the general, and how near neighbours and intimate friends our fami-

lies were, he leaped up and embraced me with great joy and sincerity, calling General Paterson his father. He told me he had been taken by the Sardinian galleys, and at first ill-used; but that, by the interposition of General Paterson, he had been exempted from all hardships and confinement, and treated with great humanity, tenderness, and confidence; that he had also assisted him in his redemption. There was no end of his thanks and gratitude: he brought his wives and daughters into my tent, the greatest of all marks of veneration among the Arabs. He feasted us magnificently, and seemed only at a loss he could not do more. The Arabs, who from the door of the tent had heard their chief speak an unknown language, and shew such marks of respect to a stranger and a Christian, the object of their aversion, came all into the tent; and, after a very adroit explanation given by the old man, all of them made me the most fervent offers of service, as the friend of the deliverer of their chief. It was now time to enter into a discourse about the Neardie, the fears of my companions, and my resolution to see Lambessa, at all hazards. They laughed heartily at the fears of the bey's horsemen, which, however, they confessed to be well founded; but seemed to think lightly of the journey itself. 'You shall do,' said the old man, 'in this case, what no wise man will do in general. You shall have your old friends for your new. You shall have the bey's soldiers to eat and drink here, and I will conduct you to Lambessa. If any harm falls on you in my company, let the soldiers witness against me to their master.' I made no scruple to follow his directions, and the next morning we entered the dark, rocky, wooded defiles which lead to Lambessa; full of lions and tigers, and men more savage than these animals. We stayed three days at Lambessa without molestation, and returned to the tents of our Arab conductor. To this accident is owing my having made one of the most accurate drawings ever seen on paper, as well as the knowledge of many historical circumstances. He attended us two days' journey on our return, and, embracing me at parting, said to me in Arabic, 'God is a free agent in judgment; he saves whom he pleases, and condemns whom he pleases; if so, we may, though of different religions, meet in Paradise. To me it seems impossible, God the great and the merciful should make men like General Paterson and you for damnation.'—Your's, &c.

"JAMES BRUCE."

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Lewis's Constantinople.* M'Lean.

We have before us two specimens—the one, "The Fountain, from the Gate of the Seraglio," the other, "The Reception Room of the Turkish Pasha, New Orsova"—of a work preparing for publication, to consist of a series of subjects, illustrative of the scenes, costume, and general character of the Turkish capital, &c.; arranged and drawn on stone by John F. Lewis, from sketches made on the spot, during a residence, by J. Coke Smyth, Esq. The prospectus of the volume states, that it will be uniform, in style and execution, with Mr. Lewis's last work of "Spanish Sketches" (of which, on its appearance, we spoke in the high terms of commendation it deserved); and, judging from these specimens, we have not only no doubt that such will be the case, but we anticipate an extraordinary treat from the novel, picturesque, and attractive character of the subjects of the intended publication.

*The Lovely Sisters.* Drawn by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by F. C. Lewis. A FACSIMILE of one of the late president's most charming drawings, executed in black, white, and red chalk, on a neutral ground. It consists of two beautiful heads of children, of about six and eight years of age, is of the size of life, and conveys a perfect idea of the taste, firmness, freedom, and delicacy with which Sir Thomas handled the porte-crayon.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. LOCKHART.

IT is with sincere sorrow we have to record the death, on the 17th, of this most amiable and accomplished lady; one so dearly connected with the literary feelings of the country. Mrs. Lockhart was the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, the wife of John Gibson Lockhart, Esq., and the mother of that child whose memory will long be preserved in the writings of his "Grandfather," addressed to him under the playful sobriquet of "John Littlejohn." The loss of Mrs. Lockhart at any time would have been a subject of heartfelt commiseration; but it seems to us to be rendered infinitely more poignant at this period, when the volumes of her father's memoirs are making the public so intimately acquainted with the affecting share she had in all his domestic enjoyments, and her sweet and gentle ministration of every duty which could delight his hours of happy family intercourse, or soothe those later years which were touched with infirmity and decay. Few could charm the dull cold ear with Scottish minstrelsy so beautifully as Mrs. Lockhart; but that voice is now mute to which her fond father\* so loved to listen. Her only sister preceded her to her grave. Mrs. Lockhart left two children, a son and a daughter.

#### SKETCHES.

CONVERSAZIONE AT KENSINGTON PALACE.

ON Saturday evening, H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, as president of the Royal Society, gave his first conversations for the season (the appointments for February and March having been passed over) at Kensington Palace, and it was very brilliantly attended. From nine to eleven o'clock there was a constant influx of visitors, and almost every room in the whole extensive suite of apartments was filled with company. H. R. H. received them at the entrance of the principal room in the most gracious and affable manner; every one rejoicing, not so much even to see him in apparently good health, as to be seen by him after the painful operation on his eyes to which he had lately submitted. We were glad to observe that H. R. H., through his coloured preservative spectacles, perfectly distinguished individuals, and called them to him by name, at the distance of six or eight paces. Amongst the multitude of stars, garters, and ribands, which glittered through the assemblage, and the decorations of honour which graced many a breast, besides the number of eminent men, known only by their personal appearance; it would be a difficult matter to offer any tolerable list of this meeting. There were several foreign ministers, the Duke of Devonshire, Marquess of Northampton, Lord Glenelg, and other peers; many members of the House of Commons; and, indeed, the *élite* of men famed in literature, science, and the fine arts, who at this period of the year are generally to be found in the metropolis. In the

\* Such was the affection of Sir Walter Scott for his daughter, that he said, at her approaching union, "The man who marries that woman brings everlasting sunshine upon his house!"

long gallery the tables were covered with ingenious inventions, improvements on steam and locomotive apparatus, on chronometers (a *helix lever*, by Mr. M'Dowall), on microscopes, cloths made from the cocoon of moths, and other interesting specimens of novelty and talent. Refreshments were amply provided in an ante-room, which, also, had its share of visitors; though the other attractions of the evening, the interchange of intelligence, and the friendly intercourse of so many celebrated individuals, left little inclination for aught but the momentary indulgence in the tea or coffee cup.

#### MUSIC.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE fifth concert, under the direction of the Archbishop of York, was, to our minds, much less interesting than his Grace's former selection, at the opening of the present season. The recitative from *Belshezzar*, "Rejoice my countrymen," though rather too long, contains some very fine points, of which Mr. Phillips invariably makes the most. The noble chorus which follows it, "Sing, O ye heavens!" was, to our feeling, the gem of the concert. The duet, "The Lord is a man of war," at all times worth hearing, is rendered additionally so, when two such singers as Phillips and Machin are associated in it. Mad. Caradori's performance of a florid song, by Paisiello, was, what her bravura singing always is, absolute perfection. Among the vocalists were Mrs. Shaw, whose beautiful voice, perfect intonation, and unaffected style, render her welcome to every audience; Mrs. Knyvett, of whom we can say nothing that has not been said a hundred times before; Mr. Hobbs, whose sweet voice blended excellently with Lindley's violoncello, in "Gentle Airs;" and Messrs. Hawkins and Lloyd. The two last-named singers, with Messrs. Hobbs and Phillips, performed Callcott's glee, "With sighs, sweet rose," so charmingly, as to make one almost forget that the composition scarcely rises above mediocrity. Miss Wyndham was evidently suffering from indisposition; a circumstance which fully accounts for her voice being not entirely at her command. There were, however, many indications of future excellence in her performance of Gagliardi's air, "Gran Dio." "Let the bright Seraphim" is pretty well worn, to be sure; but Harper's accompaniment of it cannot wear out. We have never yet heard this song with what we regard as the true reading; a remark from which we cannot except even the performance of Mad. Caradori, to whose talents we, at all times, bear a warm and willing testimony. The rapid bravura style, now generally adopted in it, destroys that stateliness which is its principal and most admirable feature. As for the final cadence, we cannot hope to see that impertinent interpolation done away with, while audiences are better pleased with mere physical exertion than with the exercise of good sense and correct taste. A chorus, by Handel, "O quanto bella gloria," in praise of hunting, was curious, as exhibiting a degree of vivacity and animal spirits, in which that great composer was not wont to indulge. We hope to hear some of Leo's fine choruses before the end of the present season. Q.

Having been somewhat in arrears with our notices of these performances, we cannot devote so much space as its merits deserve, to the sixth concert, which was under the direction of Lord Burghersh; and consisted of a most admirable selection. The reception of



Madame Pasta was most cordial, particularly at the rehearsal on Monday. The instant she appeared, applauses burst simultaneously from audience and orchestra, and were prolonged for a considerable time. Were it not for these occasional out-breaks, which are of rare occurrence, we should feel inclined to compare the good "ancients" to an assembly of Dutch people, on account of the phlegmatic indifference they usually testify to all that comes before them. The songs allotted to Madame Pasta were worthy her transcendent powers of impassioned declamation: they were Gluck's divine air, "Che farò," and Paisiello's recitative and air, "Crudele!" and "Ho perduto." Her old tendency to singing flat, which was occasionally very evident on Monday, was still more apparent throughout her performance on Wednesday evening, and greatly injured its effect. Indeed, any vocalist of ordinary pretensions must have been utterly ruined by singing so much and so perseveringly out of tune as Madame Pasta did on Wednesday night. But the dramatic energy of this extraordinary woman carried her safely through all disasters; and, in spite of them, extorted the applause of all who could appreciate the highest beauty of the vocal art—forcible and genuine expression. Our native vocalists performed most admirably the tasks assigned them, though, we can only afford space for their names, beyond this general testimony in their favour. The following is the honoured list:—Mesdames Bishop and Shaw, Misses Birch and Wyndham; Messrs. Braham, Phillips, Hawkins, Parry, jun., Lloyd, and Pyne. Mrs. Seguin was also engaged, and sang at the rehearsal on Monday; but, owing, we believe, to indisposition, she did not appear on Wednesday evening. Q.

#### DRAMA.

*King's Theatre.*—*Malek Adel* was produced at the King's Theatre on Thursday, for Rubini's benefit, with an immensely powerful cast of the original characters for whom the opera was composed, and embodying the principal strength of this superb company. It is got up with great care and excellent effect, both as regards the orchestra and the stage. The music we may hereafter criticise, but at present have only room to observe that there are several fine pieces; that in others, the accompaniments are overwhelming; and that the whole is gratifying, though without those ideas which constitute the composer of striking genius.

*Covent Garden.*—*Walter Tyrrell*, a historical drama of neither great historical nor dramatic merit, was produced on Tuesday, for the purpose of Mr. Elton's *début* at one of the large theatres. Of that gentleman we have often spoken in terms of high praise when we have seen him in good parts at minor houses; and we have now only to repeat, that he fully established his claim to that distinction by his acting on this occasion. Mr. Elton possesses much energy, which is directed by much discrimination; and, when intrusted with characters of any worth in themselves, and suited to his style, he will be found a valuable acquisition to any stage.

#### VARIETIES.

*H. B. Caricatures.*—A burst of four of these humorous political squibs (Nos. 481, 2, 3, and 4) have just appeared, and are quite worthy of the artist's inexhaustible talent, prompted by the passing circumstances of the times. Sir F. Burdett, as a "fine old English Gentleman, one of the olden time," is a capital whole-length.

"Following the Leader!"—O'Connell, at the head of a line of placard-bearers; Lords Melbourne, J. Russell, Palmerston, Sir W. Molesworth, Hume, and Sir J. Hobhouse, are supporting Leader for Westminster, while Peel, in the distance, is saying to Wellington, "These, I suppose, are some of the Pismires;"—is a very clever caricature, with striking likenesses, and much character. The next is still better and more laughable. It is "May Day;" the King, as Jack in the Green, finding himself in a rather hot birth, while his Ministers, as dressed sweeps, &c. are dancing round. O'Connell is beating the big drum, inscribed "Justice to Ireland;" Burdett is leaving the company in disgust; and John Bull is saying to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a little sweep, who is collecting the pence, "You little Spooney! how came you to be intrusted with the ladle, eh?" The attitudes of the whole group are superb. The last is Mr. Leader, as the Dog and the Shadow. The bone Bridgewater is dropping out of his mouth, as he is snapping at the shadowy bone of Westminster in the stream.

*Caricatures.*—Besides his most popular H. B. productions, Mr. McLean throws off a multitude of humorous caricature publications, of which we have various laughable specimens now lying before us. "The United Service Alphabet," "The Medical Alphabet," "The Legal Alphabet," and "The Political Alphabet," are all clever performances, in which the various parties and professions indicated figure in alphabetic order. They are very amusing, and very cheap; so that, for the little bit of waiting before dinner, or any other uneasy little occasion, they are quite the thing. Of the same order is "Lavater's Gallery," a personified quiz upon passions and feelings; and "The Book of Etiquette," a satire upon modern manners.

*Fête Champêtre.*—Great preparations, we hear, are making for the grand fête in aid of the Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. Among the novelties, it is stated that two gigantic inflated figures (Dædalus and Icarus) are to ascend instead of balloons, which have now become too common.

*Horticultural Society.*—The first spring meeting was appointed for last Saturday, at the gardens at Chiswick, when the badness of the weather interfered to spoil the show. Nobody can attend auriculas and anemones in the midst of hail and rain: the newspapers, however, state, that the collection and variety of the flowers were "beautiful exceedingly."

*Weather-Wisdom.*—The violent thunderstorm of Sunday, and high winds, may be reckoned to have come near enough to fulfil the predictions after the 11th, but the "rather hot, mild rain" turned out to be hail and extreme cold. It was not "fair on the whole, about the 16th, but excessively wet!" Now, "The full moon (i.e. this day, the 20th, at 7h. 28m. morning) still denotes moist, cloudy weather, with frequent showers. Changes on the 23d and 24th, with a tendency to rain. The 25th and 26th may be warm and fair, yet changes take place." We observe that, both in America and France, meteorology is exciting very great and constant attention. Eminent men in both hemispheres are looking into the phenomena; and M. Arago's prophecies are interesting the Parisians just as ours are the British public.

*The Covent Garden Fund.* on Saturday, went off with great *clat*, and above 900*l.* was subscribed. Sir George Murray presided in the chair most effectively; and the musical performances during the evening, including Mrs. Wood, Albertazzi, Puzzi, Miss Turpin, and some juvenile prodigies, were truly delightful.

*King's College.*—On Saturday, the prizes given to the medical school of this Institution, were presented by the Bishop of London, before a very numerous and distinguished assemblage. F. P. McDougall, and W. M. Prichard, received the gold medals for general medical proficiency. The chairman, in his address, noticed the great acquisitions made in the medical school by the gift of museums, herbariums, &c. &c., from various individuals and public bodies; and, also, other improvements, beneficial to the College and the pupils.

*Copyright.*—We rejoice to see that the laws of copyright are at last in a fair way to be remodelled, so that men of talent and genius will not be liable to have their property ravished from them any more than owners of lands, houses, or goods. Mr. Serjeant Talford, after a most luminous and conclusive speech in the House of Commons, on Thursday, obtained leave to bring in a bill to this effect; and Mr. Spring Rice, Sir H. Inglis, and Lord Mahon (all parties agreeing in the justice and expediency of the measure), were appointed to prepare the same.

*Balloons.*—Balloons now start almost every evening from various parts about town; and men, women, and monkeys, are to be seen ascending and descending. We hear less of commercial and other distress, probably in consequence of all the world's looking up.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

No I. of Flinden's and Ryall's Portraits of the Female Aristocracy of Great Britain, containing the Marchioness of Aylesbury, Lady Louisa Cavendish, and the Honourable Miss Cotton.—Temples, ancient and modern; or, Notes on Church Architecture, by William Bardwell, Architect.—Voyages up the Mediterranean and in the Indian Seas, &c. by the late William Robinson.—Eureka, a Prophecy of the Future, by the author of "Mephistopholes in England."

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

History of British Birds, by W. Macgillivray, Vol. I. 8vo. 16s.—Smellie's Philology of Natural History, 24mo. 4s.—A Treatise on the Greek Expletive Particles, by E. Stephens, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Church and King, by E. Ostler, Imp. 8vo. 4s.—Pictures of Private Life, 3d. series, by S. Stickney, fcap. 7s. 6d.—The Heritage of God's People, by the Rev. A. Whyte, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Selection from Poems of Louis, first king of Bavaria, by G. Everill, fcap. 4s.—Biblical Cabinet, Vol. XVII., Rosenmüller's Biblical Geography, Vol. II. 12mo. 6s.—Central Society of Education, First Publication, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Venetia, by the Author of "Vivian Grey," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—Outlines of the Law, or Readings from Blackstone, &c. by R. Maugham, Esq. 10s.—Rev. Philip S. Dodd on Life and Ministry of St. Peter, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Practical Evils of Dissent, 2s. 6d.—Things hoped for: the Doctrine of the Second Advent, by Viscount Mandeville, M.P. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Three Voyages in the Black Sea, by the Chevalier Taltbott de Marigny, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Essay on Poisons, 7th edition, illustrated by 21 coloured plates, by Thomas Castle, M.D. 24mo. 4s. 6d.—Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Germany and Belgium, by Jas. Forbes, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Tasso's Jerusalem, translated by J. R. Broadhead, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.*—Family Prayers, by H. Cooke, D.D. 18mo. 1s. 3d.—Spiritual Garden of Sweet Smelling Flowers, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Ministerial Responsibility, by Rev. A. Dallas, fcap. 8vo. 3s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be much obliged to you, if you will correct an error into which your reporter has fallen, with respect to what I said at the dinner of the Benevolent Artists' Fund, respecting the Royal Academicians. I certainly expressed, as I felt, on my own account as well as that of the Society, my regret that I did not meet more than one member on that occasion; but I added not merely a hope that it was not owing to any want of goodwill, but a conviction that it was not so, as I saw the names of so many of our chief Artists among the contributors to the funds of the Institution. It would have been very unjust in me not to have said this; and I am anxious that I should not be supposed to have failed in this part of my duty.—I am yours truly,

NORTHAMPTON.

H. P. P.'s complaint is that of many other clever artists. In the Royal Academy, as in every other human institution, partiality is no doubt occasionally evinced; but it should be remembered that only a certain number of pictures can be admitted, and that they cannot all be hung in the best places.

Report of the Asiatic Society, and other papers, of necessity deferred.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL**  
EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in  
WATER-COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, is now  
open. Open each Day from Nine till Dusk.  
Admission 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.  
R. HILLS, Secretary.

**JUST OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S**  
PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of  
the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction  
by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed  
by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier  
Bouton.

Open daily, from Ten till Five.

**CORREGIO MAGDALEN.**—This  
Divine Work of Art, perhaps the Chef-d'œuvre of Cor-  
regio, is now on View at the Scientific Institution, No. 49 Pall  
Mall, and will remain till the 3d of June.  
Admission, 1s.  
Open from Ten till Five o'Clock.  
N.B. Every known Artist will be admitted on presenting his  
own Card.

**THE ART-UNION; a Society for the**  
Advancement of the Fine Arts.  
The Committee beg to inform the Subscribers and the Public,  
that the period for receiving Subscriptions to this Society for the  
current year, is enlarged from the 20th of May, until Saturday, the  
10th of June.

Free Lists of the Subscribers up to the 20th instant, may  
shortly be obtained at the Bankers' or of the Secretary.

The mode of encouraging Art, by purchasing works, to be dis-  
tributed among the Subscribers, is neither novel in principle, nor  
untried in practice; institutions founded on such a plan have  
sustained a firm footing in France and in Germany; have been  
introduced with great success into Scotland, and also, more re-  
cently, into this country. But the promoters of the Art-Union  
propose to combine with this principle, that of leaving the Selection  
of Works to the Subscribers themselves. On the closing of the  
Subscription Books for the year, the Committee will determine  
(according to the state of the funds) the number of prizes and their  
respective amounts; these prizes will then be drawn for, and the  
holders of them will select, each for himself, from some one of  
the five public exhibitions, a work of Art of equivalent value.  
But any Subscriber will be at liberty to defer selecting his prize  
until the opening of the next year's Exhibitions, if he so please.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurers; by the Secretary;  
and at the London and Westminster Bank, 38 Throgmorton  
Street, City, and at the Branch Offices of the same, 9 Waterloo  
Place, Pall Mall; 155 Oxford Street; 215 High Holborn; 12 Wel-  
lington Street, Borough; and 37 High Street, Whitechapel.

The Subscription Lists for the current year will be closed on  
Saturday, the 10th of June next.

EDWARD EDWARDS, Hon. Sec.

35 London Street, Ely Street, May 17, 1837.

**SCHOOL of DESIGN, at the Rooms at**  
Somerset House, lately occupied by the Royal Academy.  
This School has been established, in pursuance of a Parlia-  
mentary grant, for instruction in such of the branches of the  
Fine Arts as are peculiarly applicable to the Manufactures of this  
Country, for which purpose the Students will be instructed in the  
principles of Composition, Light and Shade, Colour, Perspective,  
Modelling, &c.  
The School will be opened for the reception of Students on the  
1st of June.

The hours of attendance will be from Ten till Four daily.  
Each Student to pay Four Shillings per week.

Provisional Council.

The Right Hon. C. Poulett Thomson, M.P. President of the  
Board of Trade.  
The Right Hon. H. Labouchere, M.P. Vice-President of ditto.  
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To whom Application is to be made at the Rooms of the School,  
for the Regulations respecting the Admission of Students, &c.  
either personally, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from  
Ten to Four o'Clock, or by letter (post-paid).  
Arrangements are in contemplation for opening an Evening  
School.

**SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT**  
of BRITISH ART.

The Annual General Meeting of the Society was held at  
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co. 14 Pall Mall East, on Mon-  
day, the 15th inst., when the following Members were elected of  
the Committee for the ensuing year, in lieu of six Members who  
died by rotation.

Thomas Boddington, Esq.  
Rev. E. T. Daniell.  
T. Hesketh Fleetwood, Esq. M.P.  
Colonel Fox.  
Rev. Henry Wallisley.  
Wm. Wells, Esq.

The powers of the Committee were extended to the purchase,  
from British Artists, of any Work executed by them, whether  
the same shall have been publicly exhibited or not, if executed  
within two years preceding.

SECOND EDITION.

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PRISONER of CHILLON, illustrated in Outline, by  
FREDERICK THURFF, Sculptor.

## THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Just published, a highly approved Print of H. R. H. the  
Princess Victoria, executed by command of H. R. H. the Duchess  
of Kent, by R. H. Laine, A.R.A.  
Published by J. Dickinson, 114 New Bond Street.

## A GRAND FETE CHAMPETRE.

under the patronage of Her Majesty, and their Royal  
Highnesses the Princesses Augusta, the Duchess of Kent, and  
the Princess Victoria, and principal Nobility, will be held in  
Lord's Cricket Grounds, Marylebone, on Saturday, May 27, in  
aid of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Dean Street,  
Soho Square.

Tickets, 5s. each, may be had at the Dispensary; at the  
Grounds; and at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers. All  
Tickets issued on the day of the Fête will be charged 10s. each.  
HENRY S. SMYTH, Secretary.

## MADAME DUMAY, Institutrice, Rue du

Parabour Poissonnière, No. 102 bis, à Paris. Madame  
Dumay, whose Establishment for the education of Young Ladies  
has, for twenty years, been honoured by general approbation,  
respectfully informs her English friends and patrons, that she is  
now in London, where she will remain till the end of the month,  
and that on her return to Paris, she will be happy to take charge  
of those Young Ladies who may be confided to her care by their  
Parents or Guardians.

For Prospectuses, References, &c. apply to Messrs. T. and W.  
Boone, 39 New Bond Street; or to Mr. Rolandi, Foreign Book-  
seller, 20 Berners Street.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

SOUTHGATES' ROOMS.

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Including County History and Books in General Literature,  
mostly in choice condition.

Among which are Bridges' Northamptonshire; Chauncy's  
Hertfordshire; Dart's Canterbury; Atkyn's Gloucester; Cam-  
den's Britannia; Fuller's Worthies; Blaeu's Atlas; Valpy's Ste-  
phen's Thesaurus; Nicholson's Architectural Dictionary, rus-  
sian; Collins's Peerage, by Brydges; Pope's Works, by Roscoe; Edin-  
burgh Review, fine set; Magee on the Atonement; Alcoranus  
Marocci, mor.; Sets of best editions of the Classics and of  
Standard English Writers, in elegant binding. Also,

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Deceased,

Including the Reports of Darnford and East; East, Maule, and  
Selwyn; Bingham Barnewall; Alderson, Cresswell, and Adol-  
phus; Taunton, Campbell, Saunders, &c.; Bythewood on Con-  
veyancing; by Stewart; the Statutes of the Kingdom; Evans's  
Collection of Statutes; Chitty on Pleading, &c.

May be viewed, and Catalogues had, at the Rooms.

Money advanced upon Duplicate Portions of Booksellers' Stock,  
upon Libraries, and Literary Property in general.

Mr. Solty's Dutch Pictures.

**MESSRS. FOSTER and SONS** have the  
honour to acquaint the Nobility and Connoisseurs, they  
are directed to SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54 Pall  
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Schooten, M. de Hukshorn, the Acciajuoli, and the Kexenize  
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May be publicly viewed on the 27th, 28th, and 30th of May;  
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Mall, and 14 Greek Street, Soho Square.

## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

In the press, one pocket vol. with a Map.  
**A HAND-BOOK for TRAVELLERS**  
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Bavarian Alps, and down the Danube from Linz to the Black  
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Additions down to 1837.

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Belgium, up the Rhine, and through Northern Germany.

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On the 10th of June will be published, in 2 vols. with Portraits,  
**THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB,**

with a Sketch of his Life.

By Mr. SERJEANT TALFOURD.

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Next week will be published, in 3 vols. post 8vo.  
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Next week will be published, in 2 vols. post 8vo. with Vignettes,  
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and read with avidity, when its contemporary works of fiction are  
utterly forgotten."—Observer.

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Just published, in folio 8vo. price 5s.

**A Dream of Life;**

Or, Augustine and Geraldine.

A Poem, in Five Parts.  
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*Aunt Dorothy's Tale; or, Geraldine Morton.*  
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THERE is a freshness and talent about this unassuming production which has exceedingly captivated our fancy. There is not a hack line in it: what a treat for a reviewer! and a reviewer in these days, when one hack job succeeds another with such unrelenting activity, that it almost seems, at the end of the season, as if we had read only one huge hack work. We are not going to say that Aunt Dorothy is faultless; on the contrary, she exhibits sundry of the blemishes of unpractised writing; but her blots are very venial, and far more than redeemed by a natural beauty and a fine vein of genuine feeling which pervade the whole. The descriptions, too, are charmingly natural, and the reflections sweetly moral, flowing out of the circumstances, and not pedantically lugged in, as it were, just to prove that the tale was a moral tale.

Having said thus much, we shall merely add (for we will not impair the interest of the narrative), that the object of the author has been to contrast two female characters—the one founded on religious principles, the other left more unguarded to the temptations of the world. Something of the heroines may be gathered from the following extract; but we adduce it more to shew the happy qualities of Aunt Dorothy, to which we have alluded.

“A few months before my return to England, I heard that the Mortons were again residing in their beautiful old family mansion, Morton Hall, in ———shire. It was only twenty miles from my brother's place, Lyme Vicarage, where Matilda lived; and, since their return, she had been almost constantly staying at Morton Hall, Geraldine having resumed her youthful friendship for her with tenfold ardour. This surprised the timid girl beyond measure, for nothing could be more different than their true characters; but, perhaps, it was the cause of their extreme attachment: each beheld and admired in the other, those qualities in which she felt herself most deficient. This also delighted me, for I thought Matilda's religious feelings and strong common sense would check the wild ebullitions of Geraldine's enthusiasm. Full of pleasing anticipations I returned to my native land, after an absence of nearly five years. I was so delighted at seeing the dear old cliffs of Dover, that I wondered how I could have remained so long in foreign lands. Every thing enchanted me: I could scarcely refrain from kissing the waiter and chambermaid at the Ship Hotel, and continually asked them some question, and held out my trumpet, that I might have the unspeakable pleasure of hearing the dear language, to the common accents of which, at least, I had been so long a stranger. Even the small sitting-room was charming, with its narrow wooden chimney-piece, devoid of any ornament, save the little round mirror which, with cruelly unbecoming reflection, diminished my already diminutive sleeves and bonnet, but appeared to increase the size of my unfortunate nose, dreadfully reddened by sea-sickness and sea-breezes: but

it was England, and I forgave all, as well as the little, hard, slippery, black sofa, on which I tried in vain to repose my weary bones. Then the small bedroom, filled with a dear, heavy, four-posted bed, and no space left for the innumerable trunks I had brought home, full of foolish finery, for my friends and nieces. At dinner, too, the large silver dish, containing two small mutton-chops, triumphantly placed on the table, and its ponderous cover removed by the fat inn-keeper, the waiter following with a small dish of watery-looking potatoes, and a blue boat of still more watery-looking butter. All small, but the price they cost; every thing dear to me in every sense of the word: I was enchanted with all. I passed through London. It was the end of October; most of the beloved houses and buildings were veiled from my dotting eyes by a thick yellow fog: yet it was forgiven. I hurried on to ———shire, intending first to visit my favourite brother at Lyme Vicarage. Oh, with what joy I approached Lyme Vicarage, that peaceful abode! At the first sight of the old church-tower I nearly jumped out of the carriage-window. My maid, Sukey Sprat—who, though old, is not made like myself, inasmuch as she is very fat, and married to the old village clerk,—fully participated in my delight. We were expected, and many a well-known face was thrust out of the latticed windows as we rattled through the village. Adam Sprat, the clerk, was at the little garden-gate of his own neat white cottage, covered with roses and jessamines: it looked prettier than ever. I made the postboy stop and open the carriage-door, and I had the pleasure of seeing Sukey clasped in the fond arms of a husband she fondly loved, and restored to a comfortable home she had quitted out of affection for me. On I drove; passed the picturesque old church, and turned in at a gate, which was held open by my old friend, the gardener, who was there surrounded by his numerous children and grandchildren, all waiting to greet the ‘auld leddy.’ I passed on through the shrubbery, which had grown thicker than ever, to where a sudden turn in the gravel road discovered the old red-brick vicarage-house, with its irregular front and gable ends, and porch covered with a large — dear me! I forget the name—in full bloom. I discovered figures standing on the steps: my eyes were soon so full of tears, I could see nothing. The carriage stopped: I felt it was the old vicar himself who assisted me out;—that the fond kiss, and tears of joy that mingled with my own, were a brother's; and that the tall girl, who then clasped me in her arms and sobbed upon my breast, was my own darling Matilda. I tried to wipe my spectacles, that I might behold those beloved objects. I looked, and laughed, and cried, but could not speak a word, though I wanted to ask a thousand questions. My little niece and god-daughter, named after me, Dorothy, whom I had left a baby, and whose mother had died at her birth, came bounding down the old oak staircase, at one end of the hall, fancying that she, too, ought to be delighted to see the Aunt Dorothy, whose anticipated return had been the only subject talked of for some time. When she saw me, she stopped suddenly and blushed, and was

going to run away again; but I caught her up and covered her pretty little face with kisses. When my eyes were satisfied with beholding the dear living objects, I proceeded to regale them by examining the inanimate ones, to see if each familiar article was in its usual place. Yes! all wore the same character of tranquil comfort and simplicity which stamped it as the abode of goodness and benevolence—as the dwelling of minds naturally refined, though old-fashioned, and not highly cultivated.”

We have taken this from the opening of the book—a charming scene of a return from foreign travel,—and we shall only contrast it with a touching visit, at the conclusion, to a once happy home, whose light has fled.

“I often drive to Morton Hall, and wander over the grass-grown walks, and think of those who are no more. An old housekeeper of the family opens the great hall-door, which murmurs and groans at the unwonted disturbance. Within, every thing remains the same as when inhabited by the young, the gay, the beautiful. Lord Castleford allows nothing to be touched, nor is any stranger admitted within those stately walls. The old woman, with a melancholy smile of recognition, then opens the ponderous shutters, and the startled dust whirls and eddies in a gleam of brilliant sunshine; and myriads of drowsy flies, the sole survivors of former grandeur, awakened from their long slumber, dance in monotonous reels and melancholy mazes round the carved flowers of the lofty ceiling. Once more are the well-known objects in that splendid room revealed to my saddened gaze. In the centre is a billiard-table, a mace and cue still lying upon it; a ball in one of the pockets, another near the cushion, there left by the hand of the young and thoughtless—perhaps that of Vere or Geraldine, now cold in their graves! The flowers and choice exotics, that used to shed such intoxicating perfumes around, are now withered and dead, entombed in the rosso-antico and porphyry vases they once adorned. The family pictures, in many of whose noble features I trace a strong resemblance to Geraldine—*chefs-d'œuvre* of Reynolds, Lely, Kneller, and Vanddyke,—look from their dusty frames with a sad smile, as if astonished at the unwonted intrusion. I have always a great awe and respect for family pictures; in my youth I have often felt many a sinful thought and foolish jest checked, by knowing the eyes of many revered ancestors were fixed upon me; and I have even fancied their speaking features assumed an angry or pleased expression, according to the demeanour of their descendants. I open a door to the right, and, starting at the echo of my own footsteps on the polished floor, I traverse the long library. In one of the deep windows is a table, and here I pause, for it is there where Geraldine studied—where Lord Castleford instructed her in the obscure pages of ancient lore. A volume of Dante lies still open at the place where last they read; an Arabic manuscript is near, and on a torn sheet of paper I recognise some lines, written by Geraldine, in that language; scratched in pencil at the bottom of the same paper is a caricature, and some half-finished verses, in English, on

some odd gentleman who was then staying in the house. How strongly characteristic of her versatile talents! There, in its richly embossed golden case, lies the very identical pencil which traced those lines; I knew it well, it had been a gift of her husband, and, like him, like her Arabic and other studies, had been thrown aside—lost in the overwhelming current of a fatal passion. I pass on to the magnificent music-room: the piano is still open; the harp, a melancholy emblem of the misguided being whose genius had awakened its melodious tones, is unstrung; some of her favourite songs are upon the desk. I sigh, as memory recalls that lovely voice, now for ever silent. I then wander through the costly saloons to her own painting-room: there are the easels, the paints, and some half-finished pictures. Oh, how forcibly does all here remind me of her!—the colours seem scarcely dry upon the palette; her painting-apron and brushes are flung carelessly on a chair, as if she was gone away only for a few moments; a heap of prints, sketches, and manuscripts, are all in living confusion on the crowded table. Is it possible? Can that transcendent genius be for ever gone—snatched away before her young hand could have time to execute half the designs of her creative mind? In the drawing-room are the portraits of Lady Julia and Geraldine, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, glowing with life, and health, and hope. Can it be? Have I, indeed, outlived those two lovely creatures? Is it a dream? are they really gone? And, as if to convince myself of the truth, I step out through the high window, cross the neglected terrace, and, following a narrow path overgrown with weeds and brambles, I reach the beautiful little Gothic church. There, within its decorated walls, lie the mouldering remains of all its ancient lords, since the days when first they left their native Normandy with William the Conqueror. Monuments of every succeeding age may there be seen, recording the virtues and warlike deeds of the Mortons. Some, rudely engraved on brass, are inserted in the pavement, and their uncouth figures and old English inscriptions are nearly obliterated by the reckless tread of the living. On a raised tomb, beneath a window of old painted glass, lies the tall figure of a crusader, carved in stone, with crossed legs, and hands clasped upon his breast, attired in coat of mail, with helmet and sword by his side:

Gaspar Leondine de Morton was he,  
Far famed in ancient deeds of chivalrie.

Near the recumbent form of the crusader, are the kneeling figures of a lady and her numerous family; the women with large stiff ruffs, flowing robes, and close caps pointed on the forehead. On the opposite side of the church is the splendid monument of Melchior de Morton, created Baron Leondine by Edward the Third; the figures on this are all coloured, and the picturesque dresses of that period retain nearly their original brilliancy of hue. The inscription is rather a curious one: of the eight daughters it is recorded, 'Some were called into holy marriages, others into heaven.'

Melchior de Morton was he high;  
Three wives had he, thrice luckie wight;  
Nine sons,—each youth a val'rous knight;  
Eight daughters, virtuous, chaste, and bright.  
None, sure, could doubt this baron's might.

At the south end of the church is a beautiful monument, by Flaxman, of Geraldine's father; and near this a plain slab of white marble: but my eyes fill with tears, I cannot read, for I know that on it is recorded the name of the last, the loveliest, of that ancient race which, with all its hereditary honours, is now extinct. I kneel at that grave, and offer up a prayer to

the great Being with whom is the soul of Geraldine. Her remains, with those of the dear friend of my youth, her beautiful mother, repose in the vault beneath."

*The French Revolution: a History. In Three Volumes. By Thomas Carlyle. 12mo. London, 1837. Fraser.*

Of this strange work we hardly know how to speak. To treat of it seriously is impracticable; and yet there are portions of it of such an order, that we find it equally impossible to laugh at it. Caricaturing the worst manner of the worst part of the worst German school, Mr. Carlyle out-Richter's Richter, and robs Paul to the last farthing without satisfying Peter, or any body else, with the plunder. He calls his performance "The French Revolution;" but it is more than that: it is a triple revolution:—1st, allowing the French Revolution itself to be *one*; 2d, there is the Revolution of Mr. Carlyle, *two*; and 3d, the Revolution of the English language, *three*!

The volumes, also, are quaintly divided into "The Bastille," "The Constitution," and "The Guillotine;" and, especially when relating to the most horrid and sanguinary matters, so worded, that we cannot tell whether the author is in earnest or in jest. "Life is a jest," said Gay, and "Murder in jest," says Hamlet; but with Mr. Carlyle, not only life, but death, is a standing jest; not only murder, but fusillades, bayonades, and massacres, the merries of jocular descriptions. The very titles of his chapters are like grinning and hideous laughs at mortality and mortal sufferings. Thus, the chapters giving an account of the fall of the Gironde and the Reign of Terror, are headed, "Culottic and Sansculottic," "Growing shrill," "Sansculottism accoutred," "In death grips," "Sword of sharpness," "Death," "Destruction," "Carmagnole complete," "Like a thunder-cloud," "The gods are a-thirst," "Mumbo jumbo," "To finish the Terror" go down to "Grilled Herrings," and "The Whiff of Grape-shot." Surely this is sad trifling with such scenes as those of the French Revolution, and altogether revolting to taste and feeling: but it is the same with the narrative throughout. There is nothing like a history of the events which took place; but, instead, there is a series of rhapsodical snatches, which may remind readers acquainted with the facts, from previous histories and memoirs, what it is that the author is really writing about. By itself, his book is unintelligible.\*

Mr. Carlyle sets out with the last years and death of Louis XV.; and a fair notion of his style and mysticism may be gathered from his speculations on this subject.

"Ours is a most futile world; and man is the most fingent plastic of creatures. A world not fixible; not fathomable! An unfathomable Somewhat, which is *Not we*; which we can work with, and live amidst,—and model, miraculously in our miraculous Being, and name World.—But if the very Rocks and Rivers (as Metaphysic teaches) are, in strict language, *made* by those Outward Senses of ours, how much more, by the Inward Sense, are all Phenomena of the spiritual kind: Dignities, Authorities, Holies, Unholies! Which inward sense, moreover, is not permanent like the outward ones, but forever growing and changing. Does not the black African take of Sticks and Old Clothes (say, exported Monmouth-Street cast-clothes) what will suffice; and of these,

\* The author's peculiar style of punctuation, and strange system of commencing certain words with capital letters, have been retained in our extracts.

cunningly combining them, fabricate for himself an Eidolon (Idol, or *Thing Seen*), and name it *Mumbo-Jumbo*; which he can thenceforth pray to, with upturned awestruck eye, not without hope? The white European mocks; but ought rather to consider; and see whether he, at home, could not do the like a little more wisely."

This may resemble the philosophy of Cant and his school; but we have heard as sound sense and as meaning language in a large house called Bedlam. There is something more of method in the following; that is to say, we can comprehend from it that Mr. Carlyle is staunch for Church and King, and there is a degree of originality and genius, too, in his view.

"Observe, however, that of man's whole terrestrial possessions and attainments, unspeakably the noblest are his Symbols, divine or divine-seeming; under which he marches and fights, with victorious assurance, in this life-battle: what we can call his Realised Ideals. Of which realised Ideals, omitting the rest, consider only these two: his Church, or spiritual Guidance; his Kingship, or temporal one. The Church: what a word was there; richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little Kirk; the Dead all slumbering round it, under their white memorial-stones, 'in hope of a happy resurrection' dull wert thou, O Reader, if never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such Kirk hung spectral in the sky, and Being was as if swallowed up of Darkness) it spoke to thee—things unspeakable, that went to thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a Church: he stood thereby, though 'in the centre of Immensities in the conflux of Eternities,' yet manlike towards God and man; the vague shoreless Universe had become a firm city for him, and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief; in these words, well spoken: *I believe*. Well might men prize their *Crede*, and raise stately Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the title of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for. Neither was that an inconsiderable moment when wild armed men first raised their Strongest aloft on the buckler-throne; and, with clanging armour and hearts, said solemnly: Be thou our Acknowledged Strongest! In such Acknowledged Strongest (well named King, *Kön-ning*, Can-ning, or Man that was Able) what a Symbol shone now for them,—significant with the destinies of the world! A Symbol of true Guidance in return for loving Obedience; properly, if he knew it, the prime want of man. A Symbol which might be called sacred; for is there not, in reverence for what is better than we, an indestructible sacredness? On which ground too it was well said there lay in the Acknowledged Strongest a divine right; as surely there might in the Strongest, whether Acknowledged or not,—considering *who* made him strong. And so, in the midst of confusions and unutterable incongruities (as all growth is confused), did this of Royalty, with Loyalty environing it, spring up; and grow mysteriously, subduing and assimilating (for a principle of Life was in it); till it also had grown world-great, and was among the main Facts of our modern existence."

His sort of poetical jargon is sometimes relieved by queer anecdotes, picked up in the course of much miscellaneous reading, and liberally sported by our author. For instance, speaking of the decline of the old feudal powers, he says:—

"These men call themselves supporters of the

throne; singular gilt-pasteboard *caryatides* in that singular edifice! For the rest, their privileges every way are now much curtailed. That law authorising a Seigneur, as he returned from hunting, to kill not more than two Serfs, and refresh his feet in their warm blood and bowels, has fallen into perfect desuetude, and even into incredibility; for if Deputy Lapouille can believe in it, and call for the abrogation of it, so cannot we. No Charolois, for these last fifty years, though never so fond of shooting, has been in use to bring down slaters and plumbers, and see them roll from their roofs, but contents himself with partridges and grouse. Close-viewed, their industry and function is that of dressing gracefully and eating sumptuously. As for their debauchery and depravity, it is, perhaps, unexampled since the era of Tiberius and Commodus. Nevertheless, one has still partly a feeling with the lady Maréchale: 'Depend upon it, sir, God thinks twice before damning a man of that quality.'

And again, at the death of Louis XV. :—

"Cardinal Grand-Almoner Roche-Aymon is here in pontificals, with his pyxes and his tools: he approaches the royal pillow; elevates his wafer; mutters, or seems to mutter, somewhat; and so (as the Abbé Georgel, in words that stick to one, expresses it) has Louis 'made the *amende honorable* to God;' so does your Jesuit construe it.—'Wa, Wa,' as the wild Clotaire groaned out, when life was departing, 'what great God is this that pulls down the strength of the strongest Kings!'

"Frightful (he observes in a better tone) to all men is Death; from of old named King of Terrors. Our little compact home of an Existence, where we dwelt complaining, yet as in a home, is passing, in dark agonies, into an Unknown of Separation, Foreignness, unconditioned Possibility."

There are often remarks of this class, which do credit to the writer's talent and reading:—

"A paradoxical philosopher, carrying to the uttermost length that aphorism of Montesquien's, 'Happy the people whose annals are threesome,' has said, 'Happy the people whose annals are vacant.' In which saying, mad as it looks, may there not still be found some grain of reason? For truly, as it has been written 'Silence is divine,' and of Heaven; so in all earthly things too there is a silence which is better than any speech."

"It is true every where that foolish Rumour bubbles not of what was done, but of what was misdone or undone; and foolish History (ever, more or less, the written epitomised synopsis of Rumour) knows so little that were not as well unknown. Atila Invasions, Walter-the-Penniless Crusades, Sicilian Vespers, Thirty-Years' Wars: mere sin and misery; not work, but hinderance of work! For the Earth, all this while, was yearly green and yellow with her kind harvests; the hand of the craftsman, the mind of the thinker rested not; and so, after all, and in spite of all, we have this so glorious high-domed blossoming World; concerning which, poor History may well ask, with wonder, Whence it came? She knows so little of it, knows so much of what obstructed it, what would have rendered it impossible. Such, nevertheless, by necessity or foolish choice is her rule and practice; whereby that paradox, 'Happy the people whose annals are vacant,' is not without its true side."

One cannot help lamenting the perversity which has marred all the better qualities of a writer like this, and by such rhodomontades as the following, on the retreat of Madame du Barry from the dying king;

"Nay already, in the afternoon, behold is not this your Sorceress Dubarry with the handkerchief at her eyes, mounting d'Aiguillon's chariot; rolling off in his Duchess's consolatory arms? She is gone; and her place knows her no more. Vanish, false Sorceress; into Space! Needless to hover at neighbouring Ruel; for thy day is done. Shut are the royal palaces for evermore: hardly in coming years shalt thou, under cloud of night, descend once, in black domino, like a black night-bird, and disturb the fair Antoinette's music-party in the Park; all Birds of Paradise flying from thee, and musical windpipes growing mute. Thou unclean, yet unmalignant, not unpitiable thing! What a course was thine: from that first trucklebed (in Joan of Arc's country) where thy mother bore thee, with tears, to an unnamed father: forward, through lowest subterranean depths, over highest sunlit heights, of Harlotdom and Rascaldom,—to the guillotine-axe, which sheers away thy vainly whimpering head! Rest there uncursed; only buried and abolished: what else befitted thee?"

It is, we have to repeat, difficult to make head or tail of this history, of which the fall of the Girondins may serve as an example:—

"History remarks that the Commission of Twelve, now clear enough as to the Plots; and luckily having 'got the threads of them all by the end,' as they say,—are launching Mandates of Arrest rapidly in these May days; and carrying matters with a high hand; resolute that the sea of troubles shall be restrained. What chief Patriot, Section-President even, is safe? They can arrest him; tear him from his warm bed, because he has made irregular Section Arrestments! They arrest Varlet Apostle of Liberty. They arrest Procureur-Substitute Hébert, *Père Duchesse*; a Magistrate of the People, sitting in Townhall; who, with high solemnity of martyrdom, takes leave of his colleagues; prompt he, to obey the Law; and solemnly acquiescent, disappears into prison. The swifter fly the Sections, energetically demanding him back: demanding not arrestment of Popular Magistrates, but of a traitorous Twenty-two. Section comes flying after Section;—defiling energetic, with their Cambrises' vein of oratory: nay the Commune itself comes, with Mayor Pache at its head; and with question not of Hébert and the Twenty-two alone, but with this ominous old question made new, 'Can you save the Republic, or must we do it?' To whom President Max Isnard makes fiery answer: 'If by fatal chance, in any of those tumults which since the Tenth of March are ever returning, Paris were to lift a sacrilegious finger against the National Representation, France would rise as one man, in never-imagined vengeance, and shortly 'the traveller would ask, on which side of the Seine Paris had stood!' Whereat the Mountain bellows only louder, and every Gallery: Patriot Paris boiling round. And Girondin Valazé has nightly conclaves at his house; sends billets, 'Come punctually, and well armed, for there is to be business.' And Megera women perambulate the streets, with flags, with lamentable *allelu*. And the Convention-doors are obstructed by roaring multitudes: fine-spoken *hommes d'état* are hustled, maltreated, as they pass; Marat will apostrophise you, in such death-peril, and say, 'Thou, too, art of them. If Roland ask leave to quit Paris, there is order of the day. What help? Substitute Hébert, Apostle Varlet, must be given back; to be crowned with oak-garlands. The Commission of Twelve, in a Convention overwhelmed with roaring Sections, is broken;

then on the morrow, in a Convention of rallied Girondins, is reinstated. Dim Chaos, or the sea of troubles, is struggling through all its elements; writhing and chafing towards some Creation."

Unless previously acquainted with the facts, who could make any thing of this description of the overthrow of one of the most important parties that figured in this tragical epoch? It is caricature, and even extended to the memorable act of Charlotte Corday.

"Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—towards a purpose. It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day,—when 'M. Marat,' four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Huzzar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, 'to dismount and give up their arms then;' and became notable among Patriot men! Four years: that a road he has travelled;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely elevenpence-half-penny of ready money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rip again! A musical woman's-voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted. Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. 'Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,' croaks the eager People's-Friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbarous, Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion and Lowest*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. 'A mot, *chère amie*, Help, dear!' no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman, left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant to the shades below. And so Marat People's-Friend is ended: the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar,—*whither* He that made him does know."

Again:—"The Guillotine, we find, gets always a quicker motion, as other things are quickening. The Guillotine, by its speed of going, will give index of the general velocity of the Republic. The clanking of its huge axe, rising and falling there, in horrid systole-diastole is portion of the whole enormous Life-movement and pulsation of the Sansculottic System!"

And again:—"There are few Printed things one meets with, of such tragic almost ghastly significance as those bald Pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire* which bear title, *Trial of the Widow Capet*. Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse; like the pale kingdoms of Dis! Plutonic Judges, Plutonic Tinville; encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegathon and Coccyus

named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts: exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine."

Classical absurdities; multitudes of new-coined words; and concocted phrases; illustrations which darken, and expositions which perplex; and a hundred other bewildering follies crush the sense of this work in every page. It is only a literary curiosity, and rather a tiresome one. Let us conclude with one brief quotation from the chapter "Grilled Herings:—"

"Anarchy, hateful as Death, is abhorrent to the whole nature of man; and so must itself soon die. Wherefore let all men know what of depth and of height is still revealed in man; and, with fear and wonder, with just sympathy and just antipathy, with clear eye and open heart, contemplate it and appropriate it; and draw innumerable inferences from it. This inference, for example, among the first: That if 'the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus' gods, with the living Chaos of Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared-for at their feet, and smooth Parasites preaching, Peace, peace, when there is no peace,' then the dark Chaos, it would seem, will rise; has risen; and, O Heavens! has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself? That there be no second Sansculottism in our Earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was; and let Rich and Poor of us go and do *therwise*."

*Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany.* 2 vols.

12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

FROM a dedication to Lady Chatterton we surmise that the writer is also of the better sex, and that her travels must have been in company with the individual thus addressed and her husband, Sir William; and the more so, as we find the initials G— and W— often figure in the narrative. Be this, however, as it may, we have great pleasure in saying that this journal would do credit to any association of grace and talent. It is written in a style of lively simplicity and freshness which cannot fail to rivet the most vagrant attention. The manners of the Germans are well painted; and, in the way of relief, there are some ancient legends very pleasingly told. Indeed, there runs through the whole a vein of playful humour and a spirit of keen observation, which is highly attractive; and which reminds us more of Head's popular "Bubbles of the Brunnen" than any tour we can at present call to our recollection. The description of Dresden and the Saxon-Switzerland is beautiful; and, to add to all their other merits, these volumes are well calculated to be valuable travelling guides to whoever may visit the country to which they relate.

It will not be necessary for us to illustrate these opinions by setting out from Cassel, and following the route pursued by our author: on the contrary, we dart at once through Belgium and up the Rhine, and pause at Langen-Schwalbach, where lodgings were not readily obtained. At last:—

"Some one told us that something was to be had at the 'Goldene Kette' (golden chain), a hotel in the next street. We picked our way over the rough, uneven pavement, and soon reached an elderly looking building, with high roof and balconies, very like the old houses at Chester, and gaily painted white and green. Mine host of the Golden Kette made his ap-

pearance, with his mouth full of supper, his face full of smiles, and a napkin tied round his waist. He assured us, *tout en mangeant*, that he had that day sent away two families; 'But, let me see,' he added, 'I think you said you had a carriage and servants;' and, as if inspired by this idea, he mounted the stairs, making signs for us to follow. We threaded our way through sundry long, narrow, crooked passages, with as many turnings and windings as would have beaten Rosamond's bower, of immortal memory, quite hollow. Not that they were altogether as fragrant. However, when we were almost giddy from our evolutions, the host stopped opposite a door, at which he knocked. 'Herein' ('come in'), sounded from within, in two or three shrill female voices; whereupon, timidly, and with a thousand bows, smiles, and apologies, he half opened the door, and invited us to peep in. 'These charming rooms,' he said, 'you can have to-morrow—there is a whole suite of them, one inside the other, and the ladies start for Ems in the morning.' 'But to-night, good sir—' 'O to night!—I can manage that. I have one room vacant at the end of the passage—you shall have it—'tis not very small. Oh, I assure you, it is not,' he added, earnestly, seeing unfavourable symptoms in our faces—'and for one night only—for one single night!' This was said very imploringly, and in a sort of appealing tone, which seemed to imply some astonishment on the part of the host, that we could not possibly be so exceedingly unreasonable as to object to sleeping all together in one small room—'for one night only—one single night.' We proceeded on our way, and explored sundry other hofs. The result of our experience was to put us in much better humour with the 'Stadt Koblenz,' and, finally, all things considered—to pronounce it the most desirable quarter we had seen. We thought of the old song,

'Try me, try me;  
Prove ere you deny me.'

and, on the strength of it, turned our steps towards the despised domicile, and were received as warmly as ever by the smiling Zapphina and her bunch of keys.

"The day after our arrival here we were startled by the apparition of two extraordinary figures advancing towards us up the street. They were females, both very fashionably dressed, one in white, the other in some showy flowered pattern, with immense stiff gigot sleeves, that stood out like balloons. The ladies, perfectly well formed in other respects, were, horrid to relate, *headless*! We looked at them with amazement and curiosity. They moved on slowly and steadily, like any one else, keeping side by side, but were evidently timid, from the careful manner in which they avoided being jostled by the passers-by. Whenever, too, a carriage or cart approached, they were in a great hurry to get across to the other side of the street; and once, to escape a cloud of dust, raised by a large donkey-party, they both ran behind a large yard-gate for shelter. We watched anxiously, while nearer and nearer came the mysterious ladies without heads. At length, they were quite close, and now proved to be two well-starched gowns going home to their respective owners at the end of the laundress's fingers. This is the way all the dresses are returned from the wash at Schwalbach. The Wäscherin, instead of submitting these important *pièces de toilette* to the indignity of being doubled up and confined in a basket, convert their fingers into pegs, hang their dresses thereon as large as life, and bear

them away,—modestly content to be eclipsed behind their own handy work. You frequently see on some fair promenader at the brunns, the same identical gown you had met quietly walking home, apparently by itself, the evening before. At the end of our first week here, one day the door opened in a great hurry, and, to our dismay, all our petticoats walked in to us. We were just going to tea, and not at all prepared for such *stiff* visitors. The laundress, to whose digits they were appended, was a little, sharp, shrewish-looking creature, all bustle and flutter, with piercing black eyes, that were never still an instant,—and blessed with a volubility of tongue quite inconceivable. She broke into the room with a volley of eloquence that overpowered us, followed by two children, carrying the minor articles in baskets. In a moment her keen, restless eyes had been sent into every corner in search of some spot whereon to deposit her burden. We saw the 'fell intent,' but one might as well have talked to the Falls of Niagara, as attempt to explain that we did not keep our wardrobe in the salon. She kept chattering on, and peering and fussing about; and we trembled lest the whole contents of the baskets should be overturned into our laps—they, indeed, seemed the only vacant spots; for one table was occupied with tea-things, and the other with books, papers, &c. However, in a much shorter time than I have taken to describe it, the baskets were emptied; sofa, piano, wooden-chairs, and every thing were covered, and the poor room looked as if it had been overtaken in a snow-storm, or an avalanche suddenly upset into it. It was some minutes before we could get all the clothes and their loquacious wäscherin cleared away, and we were left to breathe after the noisy and unexpected irruption."

Of the style of living here, the following affords a lively notion:—

"Dinner here is one of the most characteristic, and, to an English visitor, newest features in the place. The sallying forth of the whole population from their abodes at the constitutional hour of one, to congregate together and dine in parties of two or three hundred at a *table d'hôte*, is, indeed, very unlike any thing we are accustomed to at home, and the novelty is very amusing. I looked forward with great delight to our first dinner at the Allee Saal; and as I had not then learned to be hungry at one o'clock, prepared to make active use of my eyes, and observe every thing that was going on. Sitting down to a German *table d'hôte* without an appetite, is not so great an evil as a similar failure elsewhere. The time is very long, it is true, but not tedious, even though you should not be fortunate in an agreeable neighbour; (in the latter case, of course, time is forgotten; as when thus pleasantly beguiled it flies but too fast.) Where there are so many people, and so many dishes, the eyes have ample amusement, and the ears are regaled with the charming music that plays the whole time of dinner. I expected to see the Germans eat an immoderate quantity, but observed this was not the case. At the first glance they might appear to do so, for they helped themselves to every thing that went round, and their plates were changed every two minutes. But these 'helps' were ridiculously small, such as half a chicken's leg, a single slice of tongue, &c. Indeed, the host of the Allee Saal seemed resolved that his guests should not transgress in this way, and on the strength of his hotel being the acknowledged most fashionable dining-place at Schwalbach, often took the liberty of providing very scantily. He seemed to have adopted as his

motto the German proverb, *Alle gute dinge sind drei* ('all good things are three'), for he seldom exceeded that number of the same article on each dish; three fairy cutlets, — three slices of ham that looked as if they had been carved for Queen Mab, and so on. Occasionally a buzz of discontent at this short commons would run along the lines, among the English part of the company; not that there was not enough, but the character for profusion which German diners deservedly enjoy, makes people unreasonable in their expectations. One day I translated this buzz to a German who sat next me, and who had inquired what they were speaking about. 'Ha, is that possible!' he exclaimed, 'your countrymen complaining of not having enough to eat—why I thought they accused us of being the most voracious people in Europe?' This was very true, and what could I say to defend my 'countrymen?' I could only feel sorry that my neighbour's feelings had been wounded, and for myself resolve to think well, how it might hurt others, before I ever give expression to any ill-natured opinion. The German kellers (waiters) are quite a peculiar race. Their office is a most arduous one, from the ceaseless activity it acquires, and the national out-of-door chair-and-table system. They are, of necessity, always young, and are by far the most dapper, spruce, smart, well-dressed youths one sees. If I were asked to translate the word keller, I should certainly render it 'a biped for carrying plates;' for their talents in this respect are quite marvellous. Trays are unknown; therefore the endless train of dishes and plates that compose a German dinner, are brought from the kitchen in the hands or rather on the arms of the kellers. How one left arm can be made to accommodate such a number I cannot conceive. We have frequently reckoned as many as seven, full of soups, ragouts, &c. perched on it, the right being actively employed in handing to the ober-keller (head-waiter), who alone has the privilege of putting them on the table. The rapidity with which the latter functionary discharged this office at the Allee Saal was quite extraordinary. I have often watched his progress down the table as he advanced, attended by a host of kellers, their arms garnished with smoking dishes. As soon as one had been relieved of his cargo, away he flew to the kitchen to fetch a fresh supply, while the indefatigable 'ober-keller' continued to fling down the dishes, stretching over the table with an effort that made one arm fly up in the air while its fellow was extended to its utmost with the dish, and sent the corresponding leg to as near a level with its owner's head as ever Taglioni's was. How the contents of the dishes spun down thus one after another, like a deal at cards, escaped overflowing, I could not conceive, until closer observation shewed me the sort of swing with which each was deposited on the table, causing the gravy, &c., to make a circular evolution within the dish without overpassing its edge. Owing to this extraordinary alertness of the active ober-keller, the long tables at the Allee Saal were replenished and cleared in a very short space of time; and not many minutes after the bevy of young kellers made their appearance with each course, the two or three hundred hungry expectants who had hailed its *entrée*, were busily engaged in eating it."

Frankfort, Leipsig, Dresden, &c. are all seen, and, with their roads, to and fro, and travelling incidents, pleasantly described. As a sample of which, we select a sketch in the Winterberg mountain:—

"Besides the actual enjoyment from present

sources, sights, and sounds, and smells, which I should fail in attempting to convey, there is something in the feeling of being in the midst of a *real German forest*, that must have its effect. The wild superstitions, the unearthly and most imaginative associations connected with it,—the poetical and fantastic tales of which these haunted spots have been the scene, —all these, to any one who has read and can *feel*, must move even the soberest, the most unexcitable. After passing along, sometimes through dark, gloomy paths, whence every ray of sun was excluded by the tall firs that closed over them, sometimes through open rocky glades, we came suddenly upon one of the wonders of the place, the Kuhstahl. It is an immense mass of rock, with a wide, lofty archway underneath. Passing through this natural archway, which forms a grotto, or vaulted chamber of rock, eighty feet high by seventy wide, the view that bursts upon you is magnificent; an amphitheatre of wooded hills, with rocks starting up between them, piled one above the other, like huge isolated pillars. The Kuhstahl, or cow-stable, as the word literally means, is so called, from its having been the place of retreat of the peasants of the surrounding country, their families, and cattle, during the thirty years' war. It is admirably well calculated for this, being a complete natural fortification. From the way in which these stupendous masses have been tossed together, there are within them, chambers, and vaults, and hiding-places, which it would be impossible to discover. Truly, it is a singular place. There are deep, narrow clefts, that reach from the top to the very bottom of the rocks. In one of these, a stairs, or ladder of wood, has been constructed, which we ascended. We entered at the bottom, and a most extraordinary effect it had, to find ourselves thus walled in on both sides in the very heart of the solid rock. The cleft, in some places, was so narrow, that it was not easy to squeeze up through it (a very stout person would certainly have been wedged in), and, of course, all the light we had was from the slit above, where the day appeared high over our heads. We climbed up a zigzag path, cut out of the rock, to an open space, where was a little monument, erected to the first discoverer of this beautiful region, the Columbus of the Saxon Switzerland. He was a great mineralogist, of the name of Götzinger; and, in his researches among the rocks and mountains, while pursuing his favourite study, penetrated into these lovely scenes. In gratitude to him for the source of emolument which he was thus the means of opening to them, all the guides and sessel-trägers subscribed, and erected this simple monument to their friend, in the year 1834. After stating its object, as sacred to 'Wilhelm Leb. Götzinger, born 1758, died 1818,' are the following words:—

'Oft wohl hob sich dein Blick diesen Höhen zum Himmel. Sich jetzt vom Himmel zu uns, treuster der Führer herab!'

'Full oft were thine eyes uplifted from these heights to heaven. Look down now from heaven upon us, thou trustiest of guides.'

"The deep feeling with which our guide, himself one of the erecutors of this little memento, read the simple words, was very touching. Another path disclosed the mouth of a cavern high up in the rock, where a magnanimous tailor had sheltered himself from the horrors of the war. He fled from a contact with cold steel, though one would have thought it more in his way than in that of most peaceful men, being so well-accustomed to handle sharp weapons. His shears are painted in black over the mouth of the cavern. After many climbings and

windings, we found ourselves once more under the archway, where a girl was seated playing a harp, the favourite instrument here as in Wales, and a constant mode of appeal to the liberality of strangers. The whole of the vaulted arch over our heads, and every inch of the rocks outside it, was literally covered with names. These were not, as is generally the case, roughly cut or scratched with a pen-knife, but were systematically painted in large black characters.

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's-self in print.'

As I stood under the archway, looking up at all those names, a very solemn thought came quite suddenly into my mind. The recollection of the two Books, where *all* our names are written, flashed so vividly upon me, that for a moment it drove away every other idea. Oh how ardent was the aspiration I then sent up that mine and those of all I loved, might be found in the book of life at the awful day of reckoning!"

We gather from our author, what we, indeed, knew well before, that Mr. Bulwer was one of the most enthusiastically admired of our writers throughout Germany. After suggesting some of the grounds for this, she concludes:—

"I often wish some of those who wonder at the admiration bestowed on Mr. Bulwer could hear the way in which the Germans speak of him. \* \* \* In short, if Mr. Bulwer would enjoy his reputation and wear his laurels while they are fresh and green, he ought to make a pilgrimage into Germany."

But we must finish our notice, which we do by most cordially recommending this Journal to our readers, whom it will entertain, inform, and improve, in no common degree.

*The Shores of the Mediterranean.* By Frank Hall Standish, Esq. 8vo. pp. 339. London, 1837. Lumley.

THIS volume is a pregnant example of the manner in which a well-educated gentleman, and one who has been prepared for the task of observation by previous travel as well as study, can produce a book the most unassuming, and, at the same time, the most agreeable, and replete with interest and information. A sojourn in Spain for a considerable number of years, and tours over the Continent, had super-added to the gifts of an originally intelligent mind and fine taste, all the experience which was requisite to enable Mr. Standish to make enlightened observations upon the objects presented to him on this, his latest journey; and we feel much gratitude to him for making us his companions on the way. His views of society and manners are described with simplicity and truth; his antiquarian notices, if not all that the labouring plodder might desire, are just and curious; his illustrations from classical writers\* always apt and pleasing; his account of pictures, &c. and criticisms on the fine arts, of the highest order; and his general style, like his general sense, of that excellent quality which never fails to attract the attention and lead the reader captive along—willingly captive along—with the writer. It is a lady phrase, but to us it is a charming volume!

We will not delay at Cadiz or Seville, except merely to note a singular statement, of which our London bakers ought to be proud.

"Near to Seville, on the north, is the small town of Alcala de Guadaina, to which the inhabitants of Seville retire for the spring and autumn seasons to enjoy the country. The

\* We would, perhaps, except the allusions to Hercules Melampiges; which are neither very genteel nor very accurate.



air is very pure, being in rather a high situation, and being purified by bakers' shops, the bread of which supplies Seville."

In February 1835, Mr. Standish proceeded to Italica, of which he says:—

"Ye who would see time deriding the works of man, hasten to Italica, and behold an amphitheatre overturned, baths overwhelmed, a town engulfed, and a convent occupying the palace of the Caesars. An earthquake is supposed to have been the cause of this revolution; and Santa Ponce, only about two leagues distant from Seville, is the halting-place for the explorers of what was once a large Roman city, and of which little now remains. A good tessellated pavement was discovered some years ago, and enclosed; but the building having no roof above, the rain, and the thefts of travellers, have left only trifling remnants of it for the curious. Huge fragments of the Circus are now heaped promiscuously together, and gipsies nestle in the ruins of the corridors, or in the dens where were enclosed the victims for the public games. It is matter for sober reflection, as the traveller stands above these ruins, to consider that they were once filled with the healthy and the gay, and that as they have passed off, so all shall fulfil the common lot, and recede from life's busy scene; whilst the sun rises as he is wont, and the face of nature, and the spring with returning vegetation, smile on a future generation, and will smile for ever on those to come, but cannot bring back what once has been. Italica was the birth-place of Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; and has had the honour of being, perhaps, the only one of the cities under the Roman dominion which furnished a man whom the empire styled, by common consent, 'The Good;' a title to distinction which public opinion now invests with honour far above all other fame. Conquerors pass away, dislodged as they are by other conquerors; wits flourish, and have a credit which 'plays round the head;' but none survive to the admiration of posterity, unless their intentions have been upright, and they have endeavoured by their conquests or their speculations to benefit society, and to relieve suffering humanity."

At Port St. Mary's, which contains some 25,000 inhabitants, we are told:—

"Sherry merchants swarm here: there is a good manufactory for beer; and it may be called a stirring and active town. Caleza drivers, mariners, bull fighters, smugglers, gipsies, and all the worst classes of society, are depicted in their genuine deformity. Combats with the knife are very frequent among the inhabitants of this town; and murders and robberies by no means unusual occurrences on every feast day. The English residents, who are mostly little wine-merchants, affect smartness; and a dandy at Port Saint Mary's is called a *peri*,—perhaps derived from the word *perico*, which means a small pet parrot of the women. The castle to which I have already alluded may perhaps have been erected soon after the conquest of Andalusia by the Moors, as they would at that time have turned their attention to guarding the sea border, and that period is the meridian of the Arab glory; for they were then most advanced in power, civilisation, the arts, and learning. The ground part of this building, which was once a mosque, is now a chapel, and in good preservation. Port Saint Mary's, San Lucar, and Xeres, are famous for the wine called Manzanilla, which, in its variety, is the basis of what is called sherry with us, the Amontillado wine, which is a growth of Manzanilla; and, being mixed with

what is called 'vino duro,' produces sherry; it is not, therefore, a pure wine, as some imagine. 'Vino duro' is the juice of the sherry grape boiled down, and is used for colouring; but is only good when very old to drink alone."

Pass we by Gibraltar, Malta (would it were sufficiently and zealously explored by competent philologists and antiquaries!), Messina, &c. &c., and land in Sicily, where our author remained for a season, and visited much that was worthy of his inspection. From his remarks thereon we shall make our selections; and begin with the Ruins of Selinuntum.

"The Phœnicians, always commercial and migratory, and expelled at last from Syria by Joshua, the general of the Jews, carried with them into Sicily their most industrious inhabitants, adopted the motto of

*'Omne solum forti patria est,'*

and founded Selinuntum, Palermo, and other towns. They acquired courage and force by change of scene and the necessity for exertion, and were repaid for their adventure. They established Carthage, in Africa; Cadiz, in Spain; and the glorious anticipated harvest of tin tempted them to Britain; they then penetrated amongst the skin-clad natives of the Rhine in search of amber, and founded 'Culm' (Cologne). A second Tyre rose at their command in the Persian Gulf. They are considered the inventors of glass of the purple colour, to which they gave a name, the art of dyeing, and the letters of the alphabet. When the Jews prevailed against Cadmus, he brought the instruction and the laws of his predecessors amongst a hitherto barbarous people, and civilised the western world; and the archives of the Jews themselves, and what Christians consider as inspired writings, would possibly have perished, or remained hidden and unknown, had not his countrymen communicated the light of learning by the use of letters, and diffused the fire of knowledge to warm the torpid intellects of the ignorant and savage hordes of the Mediterranean. The foundation of Selinuntum is supposed to be so remote in date as a hundred years before the Trojan war. The name we now know it by is received from the Greeks, who expelled its founders, and possessed themselves of it, calling it Selinus, from much wild parsley on the banks of a neighbouring small river; deviating in this case from the common rule of antiquity, which christened countries and towns after gods, goddesses, or the illustrious. It was afterwards inhabited by the Syracusans under Gelon. The extent of its dominion was from Sciacca to the point of Lilybæum. Dædalus, on coming into Sicily, visited Selinuntum, and constructed there a bath, famous for gradually transmitting heat. Empedocles of Agrigentum rendered the inhabitants an important service by curing a pestilential marsh by the introduction of a current of spring water, which existed in their neighbourhood; and for this he received divine honours, paid him on the sea-shore. Perhaps, indeed, some one of the temples which we now see may have been erected on this occasion. At that period, a number of cities almost incredible adorned Sicily, all rich and powerful, all democratic in their origin till falling into the hands of a designing leader, all governed by their own laws: so much was this the case, that it is scarcely possible to observe a single spot of the country, or a single stone of the highways, without their recalling to mind something of interest; nor to observe the neglected villages, the streets of houses with unglazed windows now occupying the places of palaces,

the careless agriculture, and the general decline of wealth, without feeling commiseration and sympathy for the unfortunate inhabitants of this once great and commercial and warlike land. After various fluctuations of fortune, Selinuntum fell into the hands of Hannibal, and was destroyed. Their allies, the Syracusans, arrived too late to assist them, but sent heralds to the conqueror, entreating that the temples of the town should be spared. He replied, that the gods were hostile to the Selinuntines, and had already left the place. The character of Hannibal has always excited the attention of the curious: he was rough, and bred to camps, yet had not neglected learning; he was a proficient in Greek, the fashionable language of the days in which he lived. He had no religion, nor could be bound by any ties; he believed in no divinity, and understood nothing of the compulsory nature of an oath, save what he offered when a child, of eternal enmity to the Romans, at the shrines of the Carthaginian gods. He achieved great things; he overran Spain, Sicily, and Italy, and had the honour of forcing a passage across the Alps, which none had attempted, save Hercules. He died an exile and in bondage, yet a terror to his enemies to the last hour of life. Although an excellent politician, he was a greater general, and, taken altogether, may be considered the most extraordinary character of the age in which he lived. Though he has met no favour from the Roman historians, his deeds are confessed, and speak for themselves. Hermocrates of Syracuse rebuilt Selinuntum in part, and it still existed in the time of Strabo; but it was again dismantled by the Saracens when they penetrated into Sicily, and the Normans completed the ruin of what little had been left by the Mussulmans."

From ancient, we come now to modern times, and extract with satisfaction the description of an asylum for lunatics near Palermo, highly deserving of consideration and imitation.

"I saw here (says our author) numberless apartments for every purpose; there are consultation rooms—rooms where the convalescent are allowed to see their friends, for both sexes—as well as for the display of the morbid anatomy of those who have exhibited uncommon and peculiar cases of phrensy. There are for recreation, gardens adorned with grottoes and images; and there is the representation of an ancient theatre, the walls of which are painted with views of what Syracuse was supposed to be in former times. These works have all been executed, and the gardens are cleaned and kept neat by the inmates of the establishment,—the celebrated conductor of it having ascertained that the surest and safest cure for madness is employment for the body and the mind, which may prevent the patient from dwelling on the cause of original malady, and improve at the same time the bodily health. He told me that, on an average, he was successful with rather more than forty cases in a hundred of ordinary occurrence; but in those of organic affections all remedies became ineffectual, and all treatment vain. In looking into the statistical accounts of the establishment, I find that among the moral causes, the largest number of cases of derangement, in the male sex, arise from domestic infelicity; and in the female, from jealousy and obstructed love. Among the physical causes, both in men and women, the greatest number in the list given proceed from epilepsy. The grand proportion, however, is greater of those diseased from moral than from physical causes. From investigations made by the Baron Pisani, it may be affirmed that the epochs most liable

to derangement in the human existence are the following:—Amongst males, from twenty years of age till forty; and amongst females, in the extremes of age, either before twenty or after sixty. In the establishment to which I have alluded, violence is never employed, and chains are altogether dispensed with. In the courtyard allotted to those furiously mad, I saw one of the sufferers in a paroxysm of the disorder, which attracted the notice of the baron; he gently approached, followed by the keeper, took the outrageous inmate by the arm, and enclosed him in an empty cell which excluded the light, and all noise instantly ceased. He did not, on being conducted thither, dare to offer the least outrage to his conductor; and it seems, although deprived of proper reason, he knew that he had misconducted himself, and submitted to his punishment without a murmur, being surrounded at the same time by at least twenty of his companions. I was told, also, that they, indeed, were aware of the punishment he underwent, and that this seclusion is much dreaded amongst all. It is doubtless a curious study to watch the evanescent rays of reason in the progress of the disease of madness; and were it attended with any profitable consequences, it would be a desirable object to trace the first symptoms, from irregularity of mental power to the full development of insanity: but, from all I can learn, no faith is to be entertained as to certain symptoms either in the moral or physical organisation in this cruel malady,—and most are decidedly insane, and the bodily functions are deranged, and physical causes complete and irremediable, before mental imbecility shews itself. The attendants on the maniacs in this establishment are generally (for both sexes, and particularly for women) persons who have been mad themselves and since restored to reason."

[To be concluded in our next.]

*Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott. Vol. III.*  
Edinburgh, 1837, Cadell: London, Murray; Whittaker and Co.

THIS volume relates to a busy, important, and we regret to say, a painful portion of Sir Walter Scott's life. Much of it was passed in a heavy struggle with adverse circumstances, through which he was only borne, not scatheless, by his own gallant exertions, and the aid of such friends as few find in the hour of need. The period embraced, lies within the years 1812, 13, 14, and 15; and the chief events are the removal from Ashiestiel to Abbotsford, the publication of "Rokeby," "Waverley," "the Lord of the Isles," "Guy Mannering," "the Bridal of Triermain," "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and some minor productions. The affairs of the co-partnership with Messrs. Ballantyne, and his diary of a voyage to the Shetland Isles, pretty nearly divide the volume: the former being, we think, brought more prominently forward than we would have expected from the judgment of the Editor. Details of business, of difficulties, of embarrassments, and of endeavours to clear the wreck, though they are truly momentous matters in an author's life, are not well to be too minutely dwelt upon; for they do smack of the trader and tradesman so much, that they are apt to injure the high prestige which surrounds and glorifies the Poet. We will not, however, descant on this topic, but only point to the humbling lesson it teaches, when we see the courted companion of peers and princes, the honoured of conquerors and kings, the admired of the wide world, labouring so bitterly under pecuniary troubles, that, with all his ardent and sanguine disposition, the delights of society,

the splendours of the palace, and the applause of mankind, were poisoned in their enjoyment, and cankered by the lowest cares and annoyances. It is a melancholy picture: and when such a man as Scott sits for it, we may too readily suppose how many of his less elevated, and less fortunate, literary brethren suffer like him, and perish in their sufferings.

Occupied by this overwhelming contemplation, we shall only run very briefly over a few striking points in the volume before us. It lets out a great deal of what they called in Edinburgh "literary gaggery." "Triermain" was published to hoax the Edinburgh reviewers, and pains taken to cause it to be believed to be written by George Cranstoun. It was also fathered upon R. P. Gillies; which even Scott himself sanctions in a letter to his friend Lady Louisa Stuart (pp. 53, 54.) Then came "Waverley" with a similar mystery, and again the Author invites his brother Thomas, in America, to fall in with, and help the trick and himself. The letter is a curious one.

"On the publication of the third edition, I find him writing thus to his brother Thomas, who had by this time gone to Canada as paymaster of the 70th regiment:—'Dear Tom, a novel here, called Waverley, has had enormous success. I sent you a copy, and will send you another, with the 'Lord of the Isles,' which will be out at Christmas. The success which it has had, with some other circumstances, has induced people

'To lay the bantling at a certain door,

Where laying store of faults, they'd fain heap more.'

You will guess for yourself how far such a report has credibility; but by no means give the weight of your opinion to the transatlantic public; for you must know there is also a counter-report, that *you* have written the said 'Waverley.' Send me a novel intermixing your exuberant and natural humour, with any incidents and descriptions of scenery you may see—particularly with characters and traits of manners. I will give it all the cobbling that is necessary, and, if you do but exert yourself, I have not the least doubt it will be worth 500*l.*; and, to encourage you, you may, when you send the MS., draw on me for 100*l.*, at fifty days' sight—so that your labours will at any rate not be quite thrown away. You have more fun and descriptive talent than most people; and all that you want, *i. e.* the mere practice of composition, I can supply, or the devil's in it. Keep this matter a dead secret, and look knowing when 'Waverley' is spoken of. If you are not Sir John Falstaff, you are as good a man as he, and may, therefore, face Colville of the Dale. You may believe I don't want to make you the author of a book you have never seen; but if people will, upon their own judgment suppose so, and, also, on their own judgment give you 500*l.* to try your hand on a novel, I don't see that you are a pin's-point the worse. Mind that your MS. attends the draft. I am perfectly serious and confident, that in two or three months you might clear the cobs. I beg my compliments to the hero who is afraid of Jeffrey's scalping-knife."

Of the portions of the narrative, which, in our opinion, smack too much of trade, we shall quote two or three examples.

"How reluctantly Scott had made up his mind to open such a negotiation with Constable, as involved a complete exposure of the mismanagement of John Ballantyne's business as a publisher, will appear from a letter, dated about the Christmas of 1812, in which he says to James, who had proposed asking Constable to take a share both in 'Rokeby' and in the

'Annual Register,' 'You must be aware that, in stating the objections which occur to me to taking in Constable, I think they ought to give way either to absolute necessity or to very strong grounds of advantage. But I am persuaded nothing ultimately good can be expected from any connexion with that house, unless for those who have a mind to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. We will talk the matter coolly over; and, in the meanwhile, perhaps you could see W. Erskine, and learn what impression this odd union is like to make among your friends. Erskine is sound-headed, and quite to be trusted with your whole story. I must own I can hardly think the purchase of the 'Register' is equal to the loss of credit and character which your surrender will be conceived to infer.' At the time when he wrote this, Scott, no doubt, anticipated that 'Rokeby' would have success not less decisive than the 'Lady of the Lake;' but in this expectation—though 10,000 copies in three months would have seemed to any other author a triumphant sale—he had been disappointed. And meanwhile the difficulties of the firm, accumulating from week to week, had reached, by the middle of May, a point which rendered it absolutely necessary for him to conquer all his scruples."

He applied to the Duke of Buccleuch, who at once guaranteed him a credit for 4000*l.*; and Mr. Morritt volunteered, in the noblest manner, the offer of his purse.

Another letter (May 1813) says, "After many offs and ons, and as many *projets* and *contre-projets* as the treaty of Amiens, I have, at length, concluded a treaty with Constable, in which I am sensible he has gained a great advantage; but what could I do amidst the disorder and pressure of so many demands? The arrival of your long-dated bills decided my giving in, for what could James or I do with them? I trust this sacrifice has cleared our way, but many rubs remain; nor am I, after these hard skirmishes, so able to meet them by my proper credit. Constable, however, will be a zealous ally; and, for the first time these many weeks, I shall lay my head on a quiet pillow, for now I do think that, by our joint exertions, we shall get well through the storm, save Beaumont from depreciation, get a partner in our heavy concerns, reef our topsails, and move on securely under an easy sail. And if, on the one hand, I have sold my gold too cheap, I have, on the other, turned my lead to gold."

The following are fine touches in the same unpleasant correspondence:—

"If to your real goodness of heart and integrity, and to the quickness and acuteness of your talents, you added habits of more universal circumspection, and, above all, the courage to tell disagreeable truths to those whom you hold in regard, I pronounce that the world never held such a man of business. These it must be your study to add to your other good qualities. Meantime, as some one says to Swift, I love you with all your failings. Pray make an effort and love me with all mine. \* \*

"I sometimes fear that, between the long dates of your bills, and the tardy settlements of the Edinburgh trade, some difficulties will occur even in June; and July I always regard with deep anxiety. As for loss, if I get out without public exposure, I shall not greatly regard the rest. Radcliffe, the physician, said, when he lost 2000*l.* on the South-sea scheme, it was only going up 2000 pair of stairs; I say, it is only writing 2000 couplets, and the account is balanced."

But later, the letters of Scott are very distressing. He writes:—

"If any thing more can be honourably and properly done to avoid a most unpleasant shock, I shall be most willing to do it; if not—God's will be done! There will be enough of property, including my private fortune, to pay every claim; and I have not used prosperity so ill, as greatly to fear adversity."\*

About this time Scott was offered the laureateship, which he declined, being admirably advised thereto, by a letter from the Duke of Buccleuch, which we cannot resist the pleasure of copying:—

"My dear Sir,—I received yesterday, your letter of the 24th. I shall, with pleasure, comply with your request of guaranteeing the 4000*l*. You must, however, furnish me with the form of a letter to this effect, as I am completely ignorant of transactions of this nature. I am never willing to offer advice, but when my opinion is asked by a friend, I am ready to give it. As to the offer of His Royal Highness to appoint you laureate, I shall frankly say, that I should be mortified to see you hold a situation which, by the general concurrence of the world, is stamped ridiculous. There is no good reason why this should be so; but so it is. Walter Scott, Poet Laureate, ceases to be the Walter Scott of the 'Lay,' 'Marmion,' &c. Any future poem of yours would not come forward with the same probability of a successful reception. The poet laureate would stick to you and your productions like a piece of court-plaster. Your muse has hitherto been independent—don't put her into harness. We know how lightly she trots along when left to her natural paces; but do not try driving. I would write frankly and openly to His Royal Highness, but with respectful gratitude, for he has paid you a compliment. I would not fear to state, that you had hitherto written when in poetic mood, but feared to trammel yourself with a fixed periodical exertion; and I cannot but conceive that His Royal Highness, who has much taste, will at once see the many objections which you must have to his proposal, but which you cannot write. Only think of being chaunted and recitativated by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers on a birth-day, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of honour, and gentlemen-pensioners! Oh, horrible, thrice horrible! Yours sincerely,

BUCCLEUCH, &c."

The laureateship was accepted by Southey,

\* A letter following this, to Mr. Morritt, is, we regret to say, a very disingenuous one (see p. 91); nor do we much admire the bit of worldly craft exhibited in the following, though redeemed by other acts:—"My temper is really worn to hair's breadth. The intruder of yesterday hung on me till twelve to-day. When I had just taken my pen, he was relieved, like a sentry leaving guard, by two other lounging visitors; and their post has now been supplied by some people on real business."—*Monday Evening.*

Oh James—Oh James—two Irish dames  
Oppress me very sore;  
I groaning send one sheet I've penn'd—  
For hang them! there's no more."

A scrap, of nearly the same date, to his brother Thomas, may be introduced, as belonging to the same state of feeling:—"Dear Tom, I observe what you say as to Mr. \*\*\*; and as you may often be exposed to similar requests, which it would be difficult to parry, you can sign such letters of introduction as relate to persons whom you do not delight to honour short, T. Scott; by which abridgement of your name I shall understand to limit my civilities." It is proper to mention, that, in the very agony of these perplexities, the unfortunate Matuzin received from him a timely succour of 50*l*., rendered doubly acceptable by the kind and judicious letter of advice in which it was enclosed; and I have before me ample evidence that his benevolence had been extended to other struggling brothers of the trade, even when he must often have had actual difficulty to meet the immediate expenditure of his own family. All this, however, will not surprise the reader."

but on condition that he was not to profane his muse by the complimentary trash of birth-day odes, &c.; but only write when the spirit moved him, which, indeed, it has done very seldom. We do not think even the Victoria birth (that on which we pen this) will awaken him from his laurelled repose.

The subjoined is a drollery upon the Waverley mystery; it is in "reply to one of John Ballantyne's expostulations on the subject of the secret:—

'No, John, I will not own the book—  
I won't, you Picaroon.  
When next I try St. Grubby's brook,  
The A. of W.—shall bait the hook,  
And flat-fish bite as soon  
As if before them they had got  
The worn-out wriggler

WALTER SCOTT."

The diary of the Voyage to the Scottish Isles, commencing p. 136 and ending p. 277, is a charming journal, to which we can only refer readers, as, in truth, we must be content to do with the rest of the volume.

*The Eastern Seas; or, Voyages and Adventures in the Indian Archipelago, in 1832–33–34: comprising a Tour of the Island of Java, Visits to Borneo, the Malay Peninsula, Siam, &c.; also, an Account of the Present State of Singapore, with Observations on the Commercial Resources of the Archipelago.* By George Windsor Earl, M.R.A.S. 8vo. pp. 461. London, 1837. Allen and Co.

THIS week we have only an hour to notice the work of this enterprising and intelligent traveller, who brings before us very interesting accounts of parts in the Eastern Seas, very little known. It is but a snatch or two at what is curious.

"The only annoyance which I experienced in this abode, proceeded from a large lizard called a *tokkay*: this reptile disturbed my slumbers nightly, by its vociferations; and although I frequently tried to dislodge it from the spot in which it had taken up its station, I never could succeed. These lizards pronounce the word *tokkay* in a loud distinct tone; and a stranger, if not informed of the peculiar nature of the cry, would certainly imagine the word to proceed from the lips of a human being. A story is told at Sourabaya of rather a ludicrous nature, relative to a mistake, occasioned by the oral powers of one of these lizards. An American ship, commanded by a Captain Tookey, arrived at Samarang, and the captain, being much fatigued, retired to rest early in the evening at the house of his agent. When on the point of falling asleep, he thought he heard some one calling out 'Tookey.' 'Hallo!' said the captain, 'what is it?' A dead silence. Presently came the voice again, 'Tookey.' 'That's my name,' answered he, 'if you want me, come round to the door.' After a short pause, he heard his name pronounced a third time, louder than before. 'Well,' said he, 'these savages are unnatural chaps altogether, to come to a man's window bawling out his name when he wants to go to sleep; however, I'll try if I can't spoil his pipe;' and he forthwith seized a decanter, and opened the window, but not a soul was to be seen. He was on the point of closing it, and returning to his bed, when he heard his name called out again, as he thought, in a jeering manner, and the decanter was immediately dashed in the direction from which the voice proceeded. The host, and two or three of his friends, happened to be enjoying their cigars in an adjoining apartment, and they imagined at first that the cap-

tain was talking in his sleep; but when they heard him rushing about the room, and stumbling over the furniture, they thought it high time to interfere; upon their entrance they found him boiling with rage, and searching for some other missile to hurl at the offender; and it was some time before they could persuade him that he had been holding a conversation with a lizard about twelve inches long. The ceiling of my room was constantly occupied by several little gray lizards, about three inches long, which traversed it in pursuit of flies. During the evening, they were always over my table, either in consequence of being able to see better, or on account of the flies being attracted to that part by the light of the lamp, and I was often amused by watching their proceedings. When a fly settled on the ceiling, a lizard would advance cautiously to within about an inch, and then make a dart at it, generally succeeding in seizing the insect. They sometimes attacked large moths, but were not always successful, unless they could manage to seize the head, when, after a struggle of a few minutes, the little reptile would bear away his prey to devour at his leisure. One of them fell down among my papers one evening, and was stunned by the fall; so that I had an opportunity of examining him before he acquired sufficient strength to run away. On holding him up to the light he appeared semi-transparent, and his feet were velvet-like to the touch, from which I supposed he possessed his extraordinary prehensile powers. They were great favourites with me, as they waged constant war with mosquitoes; and I established such an intimacy with one of them, in consequence of feeding him frequently with flies, that he would at last come down the wall to take one from my fingers."

Of the general character in these important tales, the following is a good view:—

"The genuine Arabs are often high-minded enterprising men, but their half-caste descendants who swarm in the Archipelago, comprise the most despicable set of wretches in existence. Under the name of religion, they have introduced among the natives the vilest system of intolerance and wickedness imaginable; and those places in which they have gained an ascendancy, are invariably converted into dens of infamy and piracy. In Java, although they have succeeded in rendering their religion paramount, they have been unable to introduce the bigotry which has caused the ruin of all the Malay states, the feelings of the natives being directly opposed to any thing approaching to the fanaticism which forms a distinguishing mark of too many of the followers of the prophet. The Javanese, indeed, are so far from being rigid Mahomedans, that although the natives of the coast are brought into closer contact with the Arabs than those of the interior, there is considerable difficulty in discovering whether they have any religion at all. Some remains of Hinduism are still to be found in one of the up-country districts, but the community amid which it exists is very small."

A whimsical story of a native:—

"A young man, from one of the inland provinces, came down for some purpose to the south coast of Java, where a heavy sea is always tumbling in upon the land from the Indian ocean. On arriving at the sea-shore, he was amazed at the sight which presented itself; for the waves came rolling in, apparently endeavouring to jump on each other's backs, and dashing with the greatest fury against the beach. This state of affairs being so different from the quiet inland waters which

had hitherto been the object of his contemplation, he concluded that there must be a battle-royal going on among the billows; and, with some trepidation, filled his bottle with the fighting water to shew to his friends at home. When he returned to his native village, the inhabitants crowded about him to hear an account of his adventures. After relating the perils he had encountered on his journey to the coast, he proceeded to describe the appearance of the sea. 'When I approached the great sea,' said he, 'I heard a noise like the roaring of bulls, and I saw that there was a great battle of the waters. They were not quiet and peaceable, like those of our lake, but were tearing and fighting—ay! fighting like tigers and buffaloes.' The gaping audience was struck with astonishment. The Jaxa, who was the oldest, and, therefore, considered the wisest man in the village, at last found his speech. 'Beware, young man,' said he, 'how you endeavour to impose upon us. Waters fight! Are we goats, or are we buffalo-calves, that you tell us this? What is there to make the waters of the great sea fight, any more than those of our lake? I have seen the sea myself, when I went to eat the wind on the top of the Taggal mountain, and it was as smooth as a paddy field.' The traveller looked around him with a triumphant glance, and requested one of the women to bring him a bottle she would find in his bag. 'Now,' said he, 'I expected that the extraordinary fact would be doubted; and I, therefore, procured a bottle of the water. Bring me a basin, and you may judge for yourselves.' The listeners crowded about him, and happy was he or she who could procure a near view of the proceedings. With a sneer at the ignorance of his countrymen, the man who had seen the world drew the stopper from the bottle, and, after a moment's hesitation in order to acquire courage, poured the water into the basin. To his utter amazement and discomfiture, the water 'wouldn't fight,' but lay quite still, as if it had never been pugnacious. The Jaxa, who from the confidence displayed by the traveller had begun to fear that he had been premature in his doubts, and that his consequence as the village oracle would, therefore, be lowered, now denounced the poor man as a vile impostor, and pushed his 'vantage ground' so strongly, that the luckless experimentalist was glad to shut himself up in the house, to avoid the reproaches of his townsmen. Even here, however, he was not safe; for his wife, who had expected that his discovery of the fighting water would exalt her husband to a post of honour, and cause him to be regarded as the leading man of science in the village, the president, in fact, of the Royal Society of the place, vented her disappointment on him in the shape of a curtain lecture: and thus badgered on all sides, the luckless traveller wished that he had drowned himself in the fighting water before he had said any thing about it."

For the present, two paragraphs more must suffice.

"Of the monkey tribe there is an immense variety, a very small proportion of the different species being known, even to the Europeans at Sambas. One variety of baboon, of which M. Benant was kind enough to give me a stuffed specimen, I have not seen described in any work on natural history that has come under my observation. It is about three feet high when standing erect, is covered with short, glossy, brown hair, and has no tail. The chief point in which it differs from all others I have seen, consists in the conformation of the face;

for the nose, instead of being broad and flat, is long and aquiline, projecting about an inch and a half from the face. The countenance, however, does not bear so strong a resemblance to that of the European, as the face of the ourang-outang to that of the negro."

"M. Benant had also several varieties of apes and monkeys in his possession, the most interesting being a wou-wou; a small, tailless, long-armed ape, of a light-brown colour. He was extremely gentle, having none of the mischievous tricks of the monkey; and was, therefore, permitted to be at large, and enjoy the free range of the house. He seemed to be rather afraid of men, but with the children became playful in the extreme; and he might often be seen running after them with his eyes shut, and his arms spread out, like a child playing at blind-man's-buff. He generally walked on his hind legs in a slouching manner; but, when alarmed, would run away upon all-fours, displaying great agility."

*Das Sprachgeschlecht der Titanen (The Linguistic-Genaeology of the Titans).* Von J. Ritter von Xylander. 8vo. Frankfurt, 1837. London, Schloss.

THE object of the author of this curious volume is to shew the affinity which may still be traced between the languages of the different Tartar tribes and that of the ancient Greeks, whom, as peoples, he considers at a remote period to have had a common origin. With this object, he enters into long and detailed comparisons, both of the grammatical forms and the words of the languages of the Tanguisians, of the Mongols, of the Turks, of the Tybetans, and of the Chinese, and, more briefly, of twenty other Asiatic tribes; and, though we must confess that the affinity sometimes appears to us rather fanciful, yet he has collected a mass of analogies between them all and the Greek which is truly amazing. Nothing, indeed, is more certain than that, as we go on arranging and comparing languages, we find them reduced in the end to a very small number of varieties. We recommend Ritter's book to all persons interested in such researches, for the immense mass of arranged material which it contains.

*Wörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache in Beziehung auf Abstammung und Begriffsbildung (Dictionary of the German Language, with Reference to Derivation and Meaning).* Von Konrad Schwenck. Large 8vo. Frankfurt, 1836. London, Schloss.

WE notice this as a most invaluable work, not only for the study of the Teutonic languages in general, but for the particular study of our own also. Every word (and there are contained in it many words not generally given in German dictionaries) is carefully traced through all the dialects in which it can be found; and the exact idea which the word itself conveys to the mind, is similarly traced in the progress of derivation. The Anglo-Saxon and English are allowed, as they deserve, a very important place. We will take, as an example, the German word *futter*, food, and *füttern*, to feed. These words are traced through—Goth. *fodjan*, to feed. Old High-Dutch, *vuotar*; Middle High-Dutch, *vuoter*, food; Swedish, *foeda*, to beget, to feed, and food; *foster*, the thing begotten; *fostra*, to feed, educate; *fostri*, a pupil; Goth. *faderin*, the parents; Anglo-Saxon, *fæder*, father; *fædera*, uncle; *fæthe*, *fæthu*, aunt; *fedan*, to feed; *feded*, begotten; *fedd*, fat; *fednes*, food, nourishment; *fæstrud*, nourished; *fodor*, fodder, food; *foster*,

food, the thing fed or nourished; *fostrian*, to nourish; Icelandic, *faeda*, food; Dutch, *voedan*, to feed; English, *feed*, food, fodder, &c. We may add the Middle-English, *fode*, a youth.

*Pictures of Private Life. Third Series.* By Sarah Stickney. 12mo. pp. 357. London, 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE name of this picture is "Pretension," and the tale is written in Miss Stickney's earnest manner. Impressed with certain truths herself, she is zealous in enforcing them upon the rest of her sex, and takes much pains in dressing them in strong colours, from realities well observed in various familiar scenes, to check the errors, and improve the virtues, of womankind.

*A Treatise on the Greek Expletive Particles*, by E. Stephens, M.A. 8vo. pp. 154. (Oxford, Talboys.)—This little book comes before us without pretence, but not without worth. There is much sound scholarship to be gathered from its pages, which many who have waded through Viger, or have been long wandering in the grammatical-nursery-grounds of Matthiæ, never bring away with them. The nice distinctions, and peculiar force of the Greek expletives, are here bolted upon the mind in a concise and simple form, which more voluminous labours tend, perhaps, as often to conceal as to exhibit. We quote one short passage, as a specimen of the author's method of illustrating his subject:—

“Φαλάν ὡς ἔστις ἀ-  
φνίσις ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἰλάν,  
ἀμπίλου ἴδου καὶ χλάει-  
σαν δρόση, δροῖσινται  
νιανί γαμβροῦ πρεσβίον—  
καὶ ἰνὸν ἵκταρ χυτίν,  
Μοισῶν δέσιν, ἀλοφύρου  
ἀνδροῦν πύκτων, γλυκύν καρ-  
πὸν φρενὸς γ', ἰλᾶσκαυμα  
Οὐλομπή τι Πυθὶ τι νικόν-  
τισσιν.

"As a man taketh a cup, sparkling within with the dew of the vine, and with a hand, liberal of its wealth, presenteth it to his youthful son-in-law, drinking him prosperity—so I, with the flowing nectar which the muses give, the sweet fruit which the mind only [γ'] yields, present my offering to the successful champions, the conquerors at Olympia and Pytho.—Pindar *Olymp. 7. v. l. &c.* γ' draws the attention of the hearer to the comparison instituted between *καρπὸν φρενὸς* and *ἀμπίλου δρόση*—poetry and wine. They are compared as being both productions,—one of the human mind, the other of the vine-tree. If this particle has ever been the means of preventing any to whom this ode may have been recited, from passing unnoticed this beautiful comparison, it has done him a service which many a longer word is incapable of rendering." Many acute philological remarks are scattered throughout: for instance:—"But it is by no means a light or easy task which language has to perform. If we reflect for a moment on what is passing within our own minds, and observe with what rapidity thought succeeds thought in infinite succession, we cannot enough admire that wonderful contrivance by which our ideas, being incorporated, as it were, with the substances of the material world, are borne away in an uninterrupted series to other minds—to spirits like ourselves, not slow in recognising the welcome resemblances of a kindred nature, by them to be stored away in the memory; there, perhaps, to live for ever, though brought thither by fugitive and momentary sounds. But—while with pleasure and astonishment we contemplate these vehicles of thought, as they traverse their airy path, bearing the commerce of the mental world—still the feeling arises, that it is hard for them to keep pace with the progress of mind; and that, notwithstanding all the delicacy and refinement of art by which they have been adapted to their purpose, still they are imperfect and cumbersome contrivances for carrying on the light and unsubstantial traffic in which they are employed. Nor is the expression of thought, in a direct and uniform series, the only difficulty which language has to overcome. There are sudden turns in the mental progress, unexpected deviations from the general direction. Ideas arise, apparently little connected with the previous train of thought; and as each in its turn passes away into temporary oblivion, it leaves behind it a successor, often not exhibiting any perceptible traces of relationship, but always united by those subtle and mysterious ties, which, though they are obscure, and sometimes elude our minutest inquiry, yet hold together in one unbroken association, the remotest varieties of human thought and feeling. Language, in order adequately to represent this circumstance, must not only afford a clear and timely warning to the audience, whenever the series of ideas arising in the speaker's mind diverges from its previous direction, but the intelligence must be conveyed in the briefest manner, or it will not produce its proper effect. For thought, though circuitous

in its course, still flows on with unabated rapidity." We safely recommend Mr. Stephens' book, as a useful tutor's assistant in the labour of "cramming," and as directing the student's attention to those minutiae points of scholarship which cannot be neglected with impunity.

*Vir Sum; or, the Lords of the Creation: a Satire.* Pp. 37. (Edinburgh, Olliphant, jun.)—*Vir Sum* may be, *set popta non est.*

*Wordsworth's Poetical Works. Vol. V.* (London, Moxon.)—This volume contains a number and great variety of the author's sweetest little poems. It is a treasure of thoughts and feelings, and alone well worthy the cost of the whole of this neat and cheap edition.

*The Naturalist's Library, by Sir W. Jardine, Bart.—Vol. VII. Birds of Western Africa, by W. Swainson, Esq.* (Edinburgh, Lizars; London, Highley; Dublin, Curry.)

—This is a beautiful ornithological volume, and commences the history of the birds of Western Africa, in a manner which must excite an ardent longing for the sequel. A memoir and portrait of Abyssinian Bruce, are preludes to admirable delineations and descriptions of the falcons, hawks, owls, crows, grackles, finches, sparrows, shrikes, babblers, thrushes, &c. &c. of the African climate. We note only one curious general observation, which is new to us:—"Every family of birds (says Mr. S.), we may even say every genus, contains one division which puts on some characteristic of the swallow tribe, or in scientific language, is a representation of the *fasiostralis* and *natorialis* type of nature."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. MANTELL, on the Iguanodon, and other fossil remains, discovered in the strata of Tilgate Forest. The learned doctor quoted Sir J. Herschel's Discourse on Natural Philosophy, placing geology, for magnitude and sublimity, next to astronomy; stated that there were certain reserves in the minds of most persons listening to the testimonies of the geologist, and regretted that equal justice was not meted to him as, for instance, to the antiquary. In recent excavations, coins, pavements, and architectural remains, had been discovered; their character stamped them Roman: had they been broken to pieces, the beholder of an accumulation of such fragments would have been satisfied that they could not have been of natural production, that they were the remains of works of art; and the antiquary, on examining them, pronounced that they had belonged to the Romans. These assertions were believed: why had not the geologist a similar passport to belief? Pebbles, scattered every where, supplied to him the same information. They never could have been formed in their present state; they were the remains of flints imbedded in chalk; and they had been rounded and transported there by the waves. There was an abundance of marine shells under Primrose Hill and Highgate—the sea had once covered the site of London; he would not, however, spend time on bringing forward further proofs, but would proceed to relate the geological construction from London to the remarkable strata of the Weald of Kent and Surry; and conclude with a summary, and with important deductions. He then invited his auditors, as we do our readers, to travel with him the road from London to Brighton, and he would describe as he passed along; he feared it was a dull road, but he recollected Mrs. Barbauld's story of "Eyes and No Eyes," and the anticipated gratification for many. He would first pause on London Bridge, to make a few remarks. The Thames bears along quantities of mud, with bones of cats and dogs, and limbs of trees, which are deposited in its delta; the reflux of the tide covers this deposition with layers of sand, thus forming alternate deposits, and giving rise to important changes. Similar formations are in progress in the delta of the Nile, imbedding man and his works, crocodiles, &c. An examination of these deltas would furnish evidence of the character of the contiguous countries, and their inhabitants. The superficial deposits around London consist of

sand and gravel, containing bones and teeth of elephants and other large mammals—mastodon, hippopotamus, &c. These are never found with bones of modern deposits. In the neighbourhood of Huntly occur marine deposits,—crabs and other crustacea,—differing from existing species; therefore, deposited at different and distant times, deduced from similar evidence as the antiquary in proving from Saxon remains being discovered over the Roman, that the latter people had been there first. The chalk appears in the Croydon valley. The remains of many millions of insects were enclosed in a square inch of chalk, and of itself would be sufficient subject for a lecture; he would, therefore, pass on to the Riegate quarries. In them are found ammonites of the class *cephalopoda*, echini, and various shells of other mollusca. The outlines of some are so clearly developed, that they appear like natural mummies. Beyond Riegate there is a clear valley, with large fragments of Sussex marble, with shells on the surface, but these are fresh-water shells; and we are now in the strata of Crawley and Tilgate Forest, arriving at a different epoch. In the vast number of quarries extending to Hastings, bones of enormous magnitude are discovered, various bones of reptiles, belonging to several kinds, many to one kind, but all to the class of water lizards; on the other side of the Weald there is a ridge of sand, then chalk, forming the South Downs, and the remains are the same as those in the North Downs. After the chalk, shells similar to those at Highgate, and bones and teeth like those found in the neighbourhood of London. The strata have been thus laid successively on the Weald. On these, marine deposits, then chalk, and, lastly, elephants and mammals under our modern deposits. Suppose, then, the Wealden to have been upheaved, raised by pressure from below, the superincumbent strata would have been severed; but, still, the original arrangement would have been preserved. And so it is: this will appear on tracing it to the anticlinal axis. The deposits of the Wealden were supposed to have been marine, but Dr. Mantell stated that he had never collected ammonite nor sea shells; that they did not belong to the ocean, but were the remains of dry land or fresh-water animals. The Iguanodon was the largest and most extraordinary; he related the mode of its first discovery, and the steps of tracing its character. A lady, with him, picked up a fragment of a tooth; it appeared insignificant, but, on examination, the surface was worn off; it belonged to an herbivorous animal; at the base, the root had been absorbed by another tooth underneath; the animal's dentation was developed. On further inspection of the tooth and various bones, other qualities were disclosed. The next step, or inquiry, was its assimilation to modern animals, and it answered, in every respect, to the iguana of the Brazils; but, how immense in comparison! The fossil tibia, or thigh bone,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet long; the modern, a mere pigmy: a toe bone of great magnitude was exhibited, claws, &c. The Iguanodon was 100 feet long; startling as it may appear, every one must be convinced of the fact; and, according to a representation shewn, it must have had scales, muscles, and integuments. The figure was not ideal, but, by careful comparisons and close reasoning, a real and mathematical deduction. In the deltas of modern formation, crocodiles, turtles, and palms, would be allowed to be the proofs of tropical climates, and that animals, &c. of those descriptions existed at the time of those deposits. Surely, the

similar conclusion must be arrived at, that the soil, in which the remains of such enormous animals, of fresh-water shells, and vegetables different from those of the existing state, are discovered, did give support and nourish the animals and vegetables themselves. Dr. Mantell alluded to remarks made upon him in Kirby's "Bridgewater Treatise;" and he denied his geological deductions to be unphilosophical or unscriptural.

### ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At a meeting of the council, on Saturday last, the Earl of Liverpool, president, in the chair, ten new members were elected: among them were, Viscountess Milton, Lady Rolfe, Lord Beresford, &c. &c. The secretary reported that the president had appointed the following noblemen and gentlemen vice-presidents of the Society; viz. the Duke of Bedford, the Bishop of Norwich, Sir Robert Peel, Bart., Mr. W. S. Mackay, Mr. Swainson, Mr. Vigor.—Letters were read from Mr. Swainson and other gentlemen, offering to place a considerable quantity of specimens at the disposal of the Society, for exhibition in the museum, so soon as rooms for their safe custody shall have been provided.—A letter was also read from Mr. Selby, the distinguished ornithologist, stating that he was of opinion that the Society is well calculated to promote the advancement of ornithological science, and that he would be happy to furnish the museum with skins, eggs, &c. from the neighbourhood of his residence.—Mr. Holl, F.G.S. was appointed joint-secretary with Mr. Chester; and the Earl of Derby and Dr. Burchell were elected honorary members.—Arrangements were made for opening the Society's Rooms, in Pall Mall, to the general meeting, on Saturday next.

### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

#### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, May 13th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctors in Medicine.*—W. E. Page, Student, Christ Church; R. C. Alexander, Wadham College.  
*Masters of Arts.*—W. Thorold, Worcester College, Grand Compounder; R. Smith, W. Fenn, Christ Church; H. G. Wells, Trinity College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—J. Graham, New Inn Hall; D. C. Legard, Scholar, University College; J. W. Horsley, Exhibitioner, University College; A. W. Street, J. Barney, Magdalen Hall; E. B. Smith, Michel Exhibitioner, Queen's College; T. D. Wintle, L. H. Rudd, Scholars, Pembroke College; G. Stott, Scholar, J. Mortou, E. W. Robertson, W. Winthrop, Worcester College; W. R. S. Fitz-Gerald, T. D. Ryder, E. C. Woolcombe, T. H. Sheppard, J. R. Shortland, Oriel College; D. Roberts, Scholar, Jesus College; R. Stanley, Scholar, W. Milman, P. R. Robin, Brasenose College; H. P. Foulkes, G. Robinson, F. Cooke, H. Mills, Balliol College; J. Cooper, E. W. Tufnell, Scholar, H. D. Skirne, A. R. Symonds, H. Rutland, W. H. Stokes, G. W. B. Wills, C. Mitchell, Wadham College.

May 18th.—The following degree was conferred:—

*Bachelor of Arts.*—J. R. J. Coles, University College.  
May 19th.—Permission was granted to J. D. Harding, M.A. Oriel College, to commute the degree of Master of Arts for that of Bachelor in Civil Law; and the following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. B. B. Beckett, Rev. K. Homfray, Magdalen Hall; Rev. J. R. Mitford, Christ Church; J. Inglis, S. Horsley, Balliol College; Rev. R. Govett, Fellow, J. French, Worcester College; Rev. E. H. Dowar, Rev. H. Barne, Rev. A. Dene, Rev. R. H. Fortescue, Exeter College; Rev. J. Garnier, Fellow, Merton College; G. Renaud, J. Wilson, T. Pelly, H. S. Slight, Scholar, M. Burrell, Corpus Christi College; Rev. W. F. Radcliffe, N. Pocock, Michel Scholar, J. Phelps, Queen's College; C. Bourne, Oriel College; Rev. W. B. Holland, Wadham College; T. Chaffers, Rev. B. King, Fellows, R. F. Taylor, E. Ball, Brasenose College; W. Dyke, Fellow, Rev. B. Rees, Jesus College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—W. H. Woodhouse, Christ Church; J. P. Fletcher, New College; R. B. Jones, Wadham College, Grand Compounders; C. E. Strong, G. W. Chamberlain, R. J. Shirreff, Wadham College; S. C. Malan, St. Edmund Hall; T. A. Clarke, Lincoln College; R. G. Lucas, University College; S. E. Bathurst, A. Cox, T. F. Twemlow, Christ Church; W. F. Pole, E. D. Tinsling, J. E. Bode, Students of Christ Church; J. R. Chater, H. P. Dunster, Magdalen Hall; E. Duke,



B. P. Clement, Exeter College; J. Dennis, C. Whately, St. Mary Hall; W. H. Stevens, Worcester College; H. F. Gray, Exhibitioner, Christ Church College; J. Davis, W. Tattersall, J. Maxwell, T. B. Croome, Trinity College; J. Sparling, Oriel College; J. D. Dixon, E. Sleep, C. E. Gray, Brasenose College; R. Jones, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. W. Battridge, St. John's College.

*Masters of Arts*.—J. W. Cardew, St. John's College; J. Manners, Corpus Christi College.

*Licentiate in Physic*.—S. W. J. Merriman, Caius College. *Bachelors of Arts*.—F. F. Hole, J. Wauchope, Trinity College; J. E. Karshaw, J. Idolls, H. Cogan, St. John's College; J. Abbott, H. F. Corrance, J. M. Widdow, Clare Hall; J. K. Fowler, W. Faulkner, Queen's College; R. B. Frank, Catherine Hall; T. T. Storke, Jesus College; T. Reddall, Corpus Christi College; T. Lowry, Christ's College; J. Fountaine, Emmanuel College; P. I. Harrison, Magdalen College.

The Rev. Benjamin Cronyn, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILLIE in the chair.—A highly interesting paper, On the hereditary instinctive propensities of animals, by Mr. Knight, was read. The author narrates several curious facts illustrative of his position, viz. that the propensities of animals are conveyed to them by their predecessors, without reference to education or habit. A terrier and spaniel, brought up in utter ignorance of their natural pursuits, if we be allowed the phrase, were taken out by the author, and placed within sight of a pole-cat: the terrier displayed all the symptoms of violent anger, while the spaniel looked on with indifference, but sprung his game the moment it was observed. Mr. Knight supposes that these hereditary propensities might be made to cease, and others be substituted. The springing-spaniel, for example, probably would never have been heard of, had not shooting on the wing been introduced. On this point, also, the author observes that the woodcock, now a very wild bird, was, sixty years ago, on its first introduction amongst us, comparatively tame; this wildness being superinduced, as it were, by the constant alarm in which it is kept during the shooting season. Other facts are given with respect to that class of dogs called retrievers, in sportsmen's language; though wholly untaught, they acted as well as the best instructed dogs. The paper terminates with a remark on the hereditary propensities of the Norwegian pony, which are singularly confirmatory of the foregoing.—A paper by Capt. Lloyd, of Port Louis, was noticed: this communication contains the results, we believe, of 50,000 observations, barometrical and other, made by the author at the above-named place.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE fourteenth anniversary of this Society was held on Saturday last, the Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, M.P., the president of the Society, in the chair. The secretary read the annual report of the council. After advertizing to the death of Mr. Colebrooke, the late director of the Society, and to the intention of proposing to members to enter upon a subscription to defray the expense of a marble bust of the deceased, to be placed in the Society's meeting room; as well as to the demise of many others of the Society's members during the past year, among whom were several distinguished literary characters,—the report gave an outline of the Society's proceedings since the last anniversary. The number of members who had joined the Society exceeded the usual average, and comprised seventeen gentlemen, natives of India; affording a gratifying proof of the interest excited among the latter in European literature, and in the success of the

Society. The report then proceeded to remark on the regret of the council at the failure of its hopes of obtaining apartments for the Society in Somerset House; but expressed a conviction that the disappointment would not have the effect of damping the exertions of the members to promote the usefulness of the Society as regards the welfare of our fellow-subjects in Asia, or as regards the people of this country, in being made the medium of communicating to them that knowledge of the former, their arts, sciences, manufactures, and commerce; and of the valuable natural productions of India, of which daily experience was now proving the great and increasing worth. The report then stated that the committee of agriculture and commerce, announced at the last anniversary as about to be set on foot, was now in operation, and that its first day's proceedings had been printed and circulated. It then alluded to the munificent support which the Oriental Translation continued to receive; and a list of the recent publications of that committee was read, as well as of those in progress. The report concluded by a notice of several of the literary communications the council had received from members residing abroad; and expressed a hope that the example would excite those residing in England to communicate the results of their observations and inquiries on subjects connected with the East, and thereby contribute to the literary reputation of the Institution. The report of the auditors on the finances of the Society was then read. The total of receipts for the year 1836, had been 1820*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.*; expenditure, 1310*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* In the disbursement for the current year, the auditors regretted to observe, that it would be necessary to include a heavy sum for the payment of outstanding accounts for printing, and also for unavoidable repairs to the Society's house; they, therefore, recommended that, for the purpose of meeting those demands, a sale of as much of the Society's capital in the three per cents be effected as might be necessary to discharge the same.

Sir Alexander Johnston, as chairman of the committee of correspondence, in an able speech of great length, detailed the various subjects on which the attention of that committee had been engaged. Sir Alexander particularly alluded to the desirability of our possessing accurate information on the geography, and even topography, of that part of the East through which Russia must pass her forces, should it ever be her policy to aim a blow at our Indian possessions. The labours of that distinguished body of men, the Indian navy, had contributed greatly to our information on those points. It was to the diplomatic tact of one of the members of that navy, Captain Cogan, that a friendly intercourse between this country and the Imaum of Muscat had been effected. It would be in the recollection of the meeting, that this prince had presented to the King of Great Britain a splendid teak ship, the *Liverpool*; and that his Majesty had made an appropriate present, in return, of one of his finest yachts. Captain Cogan had been intrusted with the command of both those vessels; and it was at his suggestion that the Society had resolved to elect his highness an honorary member, in testimony of its appreciation of his desire to extend the benefits of European science amongst his people. Sir Alexander then alluded to the beneficial effects likely to be produced by the permission now given to Europeans to settle in India, tending, as it would undoubtedly do, to the raising of the condition of the natives to the level of European civiliza-

tion. After advertizing to the steps the committee had taken to obtain records of the early history of India, and its present statistics, Sir Alexander alluded to the ancient college of Madura; and expressed his hope, that learning would one day again take up its residence there. He then referred to the establishment of the committee of agriculture and commerce; and congratulated the committee on the choice it had made of a chairman in Sir Charles Forbes. Sir Alexander, after touching upon several interesting subjects and occurrences in connexion with the East, concluded by expressing his conviction, that the exertions of the Society would have a great moral effect upon the natives of India, and of the East in general.

The right honourable the president addressed the meeting. He expressed the lively pleasure he felt in witnessing so numerous an attendance of members, evincing as it did the increased interest the Society had attracted. In the progress of his address, the right honourable gentleman passed a high eulogium on the labours of the Oriental Translation committee. He alluded, also, to the suspension of the printing of Oriental works at Calcutta, at the expense of government, which he considered an impolitic measure; inasmuch as we could not arrive at an accurate knowledge of the manners, habits, and customs of the people of India, without cultivating an acquaintance with their native languages and literature. He was glad, however, to find that the works in progress when this measure was carried were to be completed; and that it now rested with the governor-general of India to decide whether the encouragement formerly given to Oriental studies in that country should be resumed or not. The right honourable chairman of the Committee of Correspondence had expressed some fears as to the hostile intentions of Russia. No doubt that country, as well as others, entertained ambitious views; but when he considered the intimate union which had existed between that country and England for more than a hundred years, with little interruption, he thought that greater hopes of continued peace ought to be entertained from that circumstance, than from any precautionary measures that could be taken. When the abrogation of the Emperor Paul had, for a short period, interrupted the harmony which existed between the two countries, the usual commercial intercourse went on, notwithstanding every opposition; and the catastrophe which violently finished the autocrat's reign put an end to every appearance of disunion between Russia and England. He begged to call the attention of the members to the financial state of the society, and he trusted that the members would exert themselves to procure new subscribers. He then gave a short sketch of the circumstances which led to the formation of the Society in 1823, and to the readiness which the government had always evinced to support any measures having for their object the good of the people of India. With reference to the office of director to the Society, rendered vacant by the lamented decease of Mr. Colebrooke, he had to acquaint the meeting that Sir Graves Haughton, a gentleman who occupied a very distinguished place in Oriental literature, had been requested to allow himself to be put in nomination to the vacant chair, but ill health had prevented him from complying with the council's wish. Application had afterwards been made to Professor Wilson, who stood conspicuous as the first Sanscrit scholar of the day; and the Professor had consented to be nominated to the office. He felt

quite sure that the election of that gentleman would confer credit and lustre on the Society, not only in this country, but also on the continent of Europe and in the East. In conclusion, he must again express his pleasure in the full attendance of members that day; and begged to recommend to their good offices the task of procuring a further addition of numbers, in order to promote the prosperity of the institution. The thanks of the Society were severally voted to the council and officers. A ballot then took place for eight new members of council, and for a director and librarian; which latter office had become vacant by the resignation of Sir Graves Haughton. Professor Wilson was elected director; Colonel W. Franklin, librarian; and the Hon. M. Elphinstone, the Right Hon. Henry Ellis, Sir Graves C. Haughton, Colonel J. Briggs, John Francis Davis, Esq., Charles Elliott, Esq., W. Newnham, Esq., and W. Oliver, Esq., were elected into the council.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. HALLAM in the chair.—Mr. Prosser presented a print of a Norman crypt at Guildford.—Mr. Yates exhibited some ancient rings from Egypt; and described their use as ear-rings, in the hair, and other ornamental purposes, and, also, as money. He also observed, that paper was made in Egypt from linen rags, at a very early period.—The reading was concluded of Observations by Dr. Leeman, of Leyden,\* on Roman sepulchral inscriptions, and particularly relative to some found at Watermore, near Cirencester.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—British Architects, 8 P.M.—Marylebone, 8 P.M. (Mr. Hemming on the History of Chemical Inventions, &c.)—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M. (Polite Arts: on Specimens made by Candidates; Mr. Birch's Drawings of a Marine Steam-Engine; Mr. J. Esquillant's Ornaments in Leather for Mouldings, &c. and other matters.)

*Tuesday.*—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Belgrave Literary, 8 P.M. (Rev. Mr. Mortimer on Egyptian Antiquities, &c.)—Lambeth Literary, 8½ P.M. (Conversazione).—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M. (Mechanics: on Mr. J. Gray's Instruments for Tooth-drawing; Mr. H. Chapman's Improved Cross-trees for Ships of War; Mr. J. B. Humphreys on Mr. Dodd's Safe-plug for Steam-boilers; Mr. C. Walters's Reflector for Street Lamps, and other matters.)

*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.—Geological, 8½ P.M.

*Thursday.*—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquarian, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Marylebone, 8½ P.M. (Mr. Parsons on Shakespeare); Botanical, 8½ P.M.

*Friday.*—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.  
*Saturday.*—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH GALLERY: ANCIENT MASTERS.

A HURRIED glance at this gallery, of which the private view takes place this day, and which is opened to the public on Monday, enables us confidently to say, that it is one of the most striking and important to the arts which the institution has ever had it in its power to exhibit. The Duke of Devonshire has been a very distinguished contributor. Previous to removing some of his finest pictures to Chatsworth, his grace has liberally sent no fewer than thirty-five of them here; and has been nobly seconded by other friends and patrons of our national school. We have accordingly many of the choicest Rembrandts ever seen; also, splendid Murillos and Gaspar Poussins; Titians, of marvellous beauty; Salvator Rosas, of the highest class; Cuype, all sunshine (including Lord Farnborough's delightful landscape, of which, however, he only painted a share); Zuccherò's Mary Stuart—but, in short,

\* Not Dr. Lee, as stated, by mistake, in our last notice.

altogether such a number and variety of the greatest masters in every stile of art, that it is impossible to particularise their wonderful efforts. It is a treat of the richest kind where-with to charm the remainder of the London season.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fifth Notice.]

BEFORE quitting the Middle Room we must mention, that among the most distinguished of the portraits on its walls, are,—336. *Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq.*; 284. *The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield. T. Phillips, R.A.*; 232. *Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Barnes, G.C.B. J. Wood*; 233. *Lord Strangford, H. P. Briggs, R.A.*; 242. *The Rev. Dr. Chalmers, J. Watson Gordon*; 264. *His Grace the Duke of Norfolk*; 357. *Mr. Alderman Daniel, of Bristol. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.*; 382. *Reza Kouli Meerza, Timour Kouli Meerza, and Nefes Kouli Meerza, Princes of Persia. J. Partridge, &c.*

On entering the West Room, our attention was immediately attracted to

479. *Bohemian Gipsies. D. MacIise, A.*—It is impossible, in limits like ours, to do justice to this extraordinary performance. It displays an exuberance of imagination which we never before met with in a work of a similar description. The subject is a gipsy encampment; and the whole canvass (which is not a small one) teems with vigorous life. The left of the picture is principally made up by fresh arrivals; men, women, children, mules and dogs, pouring in to swell the throng: feasting, and preparations for feasting, occupy the right: while the centre exhibits a scene of unrestrained enjoyment; forms of exceeding beauty, and charming touches of infant innocence and maternal affection, mingling with the rude and riotous, though still the picturesque. We hardly need add, that the spirit of the execution keeps pace with that of the composition.

455. *The Battle of Langside. C. Landseer.*—The dying Douglas, and the pitying Mary Stuart, are the principal figures of the group; the general tumult of which is finely contrasted by this touching incident. Mr. C. Landseer has treated his subject with a poet's, as well as with an artist's, feeling. He is rapidly placing himself in the highest rank of our historical painters.

402. *Ferry-Boat on the River Thames. F. R. Lee, A.*—The terms "silver Thames," or "placid stream," could never be better applied than to a scene like this. It speaks a simple language, which all understand. Here are no eye-traps (if we may be allowed the expression) to attract the gaze of the spectator. Truth and day-light compose the charm of this admirable work.

415. *Hen and Chickens. T. Woodward.*—Let not the lofty minded disdain to have their attention called to so humble a subject. There are few things to which good art cannot communicate interest. The performance under our notice has been well studied; and it is admirably painted. Dame Partlett and her feathered brood exhibit more intelligence in their look and action than many human beings can boast.

487. *Festa of the Madonna del Arco, at Naples. P. Williams.*—A fine assemblage of graceful forms, and brilliant colours.

453. *The Village Sign-Painter. A. Fraser.*—There is much point and humour in this Anglo-Flemish picture. The rustic artist is just putting to his production the title of "The Great Unknown," and is surrounded by groups of spectators; some in admiration, others dis-

posed to criticise. Among them is a cobbler, whose look and action decidedly shew, that (in spite of the old proverb) there is more of emendation than of commendation going on in his mind. In this and in other instances, the work is full of the comedy of art.

438. *The Valley of Aosta, with Mont Blanc and the Great St. Bernard. W. Linton.*—Few persons could pass this spot without being struck by its character, both of softness on the one hand, and of sublimity on the other; much less an artist like Mr. Linton, who travelled to select such scenes, and who, in this as well as in other of his works, has so skilfully transferred them to canvass.

515. *Clifton, near Bristol, from the Avon. J. B. Pyne.*—The artist could hardly have avoided giving an elevated character to his subject. The foreground, or base of the picture, is composed of the craft of commerce; and the result is seen in the lofty buildings of Clifton. As a work of art, it is highly creditable to Mr. Pyne's talents; although we suspect some pictorial license has been taken with the scene.

491. *Collecting Sea-weed, St. Aubin's Bay, Jersey. E. W. Cooke.*—There are few artists whose works have attracted more universal admiration for fidelity of representation and beauty of execution, than Mr. Cooke's. We were surprised, therefore, at observing his present performance (which appears to possess all the valuable qualities of his pencil) placed in such a situation. He has only, however, to "bide his time;" he will find his level very soon.

335. *The English Harvest; a Dream of the Olden Time: Ploughing—Sunrise*; 460. *English Harvest: Reaping—Mid-day*; 541. *The Harvest-home—Evening. J. P. Knight, A.*—A series of subjects which, to have been exhibited to advantage, ought to have been placed in immediate succession. In the treatment of the first two there is much poetical feeling: into the last, the liberal hospitality and innocent pageantry which formerly belonged to the occasion, are very appropriately introduced.

443. *Rehearsing the new Ballad. T. Clater.*—Music, like painting, speaks a language that is felt, if not understood, by all; and the charms of a favourite song or ballad find their way to the heart of a peasant as well as to that of a prince. It is the impression made on the former which is the subject of this village interior. In composition, colouring, and chiaroscuro, it is in Mr. Clater's best style.

445. *Spaniels, the property of Lady Scott Douglas. E. Landseer, R.A.*—No artist introduces his accessories with more effect, or to better purpose, than Mr. Landseer. In the present instance he has been especially happy. The gloves and the book indicate a fair owner, and the character and action of the dogs her approach. The beauty and condition of these spaniels cannot be surpassed.

Besides the views already noticed in the West Room, 430. *Windsor Forest. J. Linnell*; 463. *Scene on the Medway. C. Stanfield, R.A.*; 461. *The Lock on the Thames, near Queen's Elms, after sunset. W. Davison*; and, 542, *Norwegian Scenery, T. Fearnley*, deserve particular attention.

[To be continued.]

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Compositions in Outline, from Lord Byron's "Manfred," and "Prisoner of Chillon."* By Frederick Thrupp, Sculptor. London, 1837. Ackermann and Co.

ALTHOUGH by a sculptor, on stone, not in stone; still they are of a character more suited

to sculpture than to painting. We have, however, looked at these compositions with great admiration. There are nine from "Manfred," and four from the "Prisoner of Chillon." Mr. Thrupp has treated his subjects with great energy and pathos. He has retained enough of the natural to render them interesting to human beings generally, and has introduced enough of the ideal to redeem them from the slightest meanness or vulgarity.

*Details of Ancient Timber Houses of the 15th and 16th Centuries; selected from those existing at Rouen, Caen, Beauvais, Gisors, Abbeville, Strasbourg, &c.* Drawn on the spot and etched by A. Welby Pugin. London, 1837. Ackermann and Co.

THE admirers of the carpentry of former days, as exhibited in the highly wrought fronts, gables, and other external portions of the edifices of that period, but which are now, owing to various causes, rapidly hastening to destruction, will feel much obliged to Mr. Pugin, for rescuing a few of the most curious and picturesque of such relics from absolute oblivion. It is that gentleman's intention, we perceive, to publish a similar series of examples of internal fittings and decorations of the same period, drawn from the same sources.

#### MUSIC.

##### ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE seventh concert, under the direction of the Duke of Cumberland, for the Earl Fortescue, proved most triumphantly, that all the requisite variety and freshness may be given to these performances, without having recourse to the stimulus afforded by the rich instrumentation of the modern school. Bearing in mind the legitimate object of this institution, we regard the concert of last Wednesday, as the most delightful and satisfactory one of the whole season. We know not whether we have to thank the royal director, or the conductor, or both, for the gratification of hearing that sublime double chorus, the "Gloria Patri," from the "Dixit Dominus" of Leo. This, with the string of choruses from *Israel in Egypt*, the *Coronation Anthem*, "My heart is inditing," and the majestic chorus "Immortal Lord," from *Deborah*, would have stamped the concert as one of superior excellence, even had there been nothing else worth listening to. But the rest of the bill of fare was selected with equal judgment. Greene's noble anthem, "Oh, clap your hands!" would have been all the better for a little previous rehearsing. We hope Sarti's charming trio, "Amplius lava me," will become a stock-piece here. Madame Pasta sang Paisiello's "Il mio ben," with such beautiful expression and chaste embellishment, as fully to merit the *encore* (a rare compliment from this audience) which it received. Her embellishments to "Frenar vorrei," were more redundant, and of a less choice quality, than in her first song. It is gratifying to find her voice, now that it is recovering from the effects of indisposition, exhibiting few, if any, symptoms of decay. Miss Birch, in her performance of Purcell's "Mad Bess," displays union of delicate execution with energetic expression, that fully justifies the reputation she has earned by it. She, however, makes one or two deviations from the simplicity of the original, which are not quite to our taste, however beautiful and finished her style of performing them; but we feel no doubt of being in a decided minority on this point. Mr. Phillips has made "Revenge!

Timotheus cries," completely his own; his performance, not only of this song, but of all that is allotted to him, is usually so perfect, as to leave no room for criticism. Callcott's glee, "Once upon my cheek," which is too seldom heard, is infinitely superior to many other things by the same composer, that are in constant requisition. It was very sweetly sung by Miss Birch, Mrs. Knyvett, and Messrs Hawkins and Phillips. We have only left space for the names of the other vocalists, Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Hobbs; and for a brief allusion to the violoncello performance of M. Moritz Ganz, who exhibited much taste and talent in an *adagio* by B. Romberg. Q.

Mr. Salaman's annual benefit concert on Monday night, was, as it usually is, one of the best of the season. The vocalists were, Mesdames Pasta and Schroeder Devrient, Miss Clara Novello, Signor Ivanoff, and Mr. Balfe. M. Labarre played, with exquisite taste and feeling, a fantasia on the harp, introducing two Irish airs; and Mr. Salaman displayed his talents as a pianist, in a concerto by Weber; a rondo of his own composition, on an air from *The Maid of Artois*; and last, not least, in Thalberg's celebrated fantasia on subjects from *Les Huguenots*. He was much and most deservedly applauded; and the whole concert appeared to give great satisfaction to a crowded audience.

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane*.—On Monday, a series of dances, called a new ballet, under the title of *A Day at the Carnival*, was produced here, and considerably hissed. Taglioni danced, but not with such effect as in already established characters; and the other Taglionis danced foreign dances—Styrian, or Syrian, or Assyrian, we believe—and these were well enough. But, in our national theatres, it would be impossible to do a graceful thing without a large admixture of vulgarity and folly. A parcel of pantomime gesticulations were accordingly presented by brats some fourteen inches high; by Wieland, monkeyism; and by a miserable caricature of the *Cachouca* of Duvernay, called the *Cashew-nut* dance, by Mr. Mathews. The tedious nonsense would not go down, even at Drury Lane.

We should have noticed that the admirable Devrient has appeared here in *Fidelio*: it is a delightful performance in every way.

*Theatres*.—Thursday night seems to have been a climax of confusion at all the large theatres. There was an extra row at the opera, where Grisi was so ill of Epsom (*quare, salts?*), they say, that she could not appear, and the *Cenerentola* was substituted for *Don Giovanni*. At Drury Lane and Covent Garden, also, we are told, matters were all amiss. Nevertheless, we see Sheridan Knowles is to have a benefit next week, and Evans, whose successful *début* in *Farmer Ashfield* we remember some *fourteen* years ago, is to walk the boards on the occasion—not returned from transportation, but from well treating his friends at his hotel in Covent Garden.

#### VARIETIES.

*Weather-Wisdom*.—M. Arago's fine weather arrived two days before the appointed time, i.e. the 24th instead of the 26th; but, as it continues to hold, we will not quarrel with its want of punctuality, and only hope it will last beyond the three weeks predicted. For our home prophecies: the last few days have

been pretty fair, but unseasonable hail of Sunday and Monday was unannounced. The immediate future is not so agreeable. Lieut. Morrison says, "27th and 28th, many changes with rain and thunder storms; the air grows cooler as the Sun nears the square of Herschel. June 1. The weather improves as the sun comes to the sextile of Jupiter; cloudy weather about 3d."

*New Church in St. Bride's*.—Among our pamphlets, this week, Mr. Elmes, the architect, has published one, in which he charges the Rev. Mr. Dale with exceeding want of ingenuousness towards him, in some competition for the building of a new church in St. Bride's parish. The correspondence is of unpleasant local interest, and we are sorry to see church disputes at this time.

*National Monuments, &c.*—We are glad to see a meeting announced for Monday, at Freemasons' Tavern, "to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning His Majesty and both Houses of Parliament, on the advantages of admitting the public, free of expense, to all depositories of National Monuments and Exhibitions of Art in National Buildings, especially to Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the Annual Exhibition of native talent in the new National Gallery." The expediency of some extension of liberality in these respects, has long been felt; but, since our renewed intercourse with the Continent, it is impossible, on returning from a tour or trip, not to be deeply ashamed of the contrast.

*Emma Albertazzi*, in the character of *Zerlina*, is one of the best lithographic prints of celebrated actors which has been produced. It is from a drawing by Miss Fanny Corboux, and reflects honour upon her talent. The likeness is excellent; the attitude natural and graceful; and the costume picturesque. Altogether, the taste and artist-like feeling it displays, are enough to make it a very popular performance, even were its object less of a public favourite than Albertazzi deservedly is.

*Aug. Barre*.—In the *Psyché*, Parisian *Journal des Modes, Littérature, &c.* is a piece, entitled "Adieux de Mlle. Taglioni," with a print of her as *La Sylphide*, and a copy of verses by M. Méry, which are also reprinted, with other poetical compliments, and a memoir, in a separate brochure: but the fair subject, and others of the same class, Duvernay, F. Essler, &c. &c. have been still more vividly brought before us by the productions of M. Aug. Barre, a young French artist, who has just arrived in London. His works are well known and much admired in Paris, though new to us. They consist of whole-length figures, from ten or twelve inches to two feet in height, most accurately representing these characters, in graceful and beautiful attitudes, as they appear on the stage. Nothing can be more perfect or pleasing; and as ornaments of many a boudoir, they are well calculated to supersede Dresden china shepherdesses, or public personages honoured in Sevre. We recommend our fashionable friends to visit the *table-atelier* of M. Barre.

*Dutch Pictures*.—We have been gratified this week by the view of a collection, at Messrs. Fosters, of pictures by Dutch Masters, the property of Mr. Edward Solly. The mechanical talents displayed in many of these productions, and the extent to which they carried many excellences of art, recommend them greatly to the notice of amateurs.

*Fine Aphorism*.—Gratitude has a strange retractive force, which loses its effect, and perishes in its exertion.—Sir F. Burdett.—*Speech in the House of Commons, on Monday.*

**Booksellers' Provident Institution.**—Mr. Brown, the treasurer to this excellent Institution, has paid 5000*l.* into the Bank of England, to be invested in national securities, for the purposes of the fund. It is very gratifying to find so ample a foundation laid for an association so recently formed, and so eminently deserving of prosperity.

**G. P. R. James, Esq.**—It is with extreme pleasure that we observe the literary merits of Mr. James royally acknowledged. The *Gazette* of Tuesday announces his appointment as historiographer in ordinary to his majesty, in the room of the late Dr. Stanier Clark, who held that office under George IV., and was also librarian to the king.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The History and Topography of the Isle of Axholme by the Rev. W. B. Stonehouse, M.A. Part I. 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*  
—A Treatise on Diseases and Injuries of the Larynx and Trachea, by F. Ryland, 8vo. 1*s.*—A Treatise on the Influence of Horses, shewing its Nature, Symptoms, Causes, and Treatment, by W. C. Spooner, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*  
—An Appeal to Philosophers by Nature, on the Demonstration of Vision in the Brain, by John Fearn, Esq. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
—Jenkyn on the Union of the Holy Spirit and the Church, in the Conversion of the World, post 8vo. 8*s.*—J. G. Tlarks' Introductory Grammar of German Language, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*  
—The Book of Sports, by W. Martin, square, 3*s.* 6*d.*  
—Original Tales for the Holidays, by Mary Elliott, 18mo. 2*s.*  
—The Child's First Book of Manners, 64mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
—The Summer, by Robert Mudie, royal 18mo. 5*s.*  
—Cory's Metaphysical, Mythological, and Chronological Inquiries, fcap. 1*s.*; ditto, Chronological and Mythological Inquiries, fcap. 7*s.* 6*d.*  
—Mary, Queen of Scots; a Historical Play, by the late Rev. F. Franklin, D.D. 8vo. 5*s.*  
—Songs of Beranger, translated, fcap. 5*s.*  
—Narrative of a Voyage to Western Africa, by J. E. Alexander, K.S.S. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*s.* 16*s.*  
—Introduction to the Study of the Civil Law, by Dr. D. Irving, 4th edition, 8vo. 5*s.*  
—The Duties of Men, translated by C. Hindley from the Italian of Pellico, post 8vo. 5*s.*  
—Rev. Thomas Dale's Pastoral Sermons at Denmark Hill, 8vo. 1*s.*—Remember, or Mamma's Birth-Day, square, 2*s.*—The Two Cousins, and other Tales, by the Author of "Poetic Sketches," square, 2*s.* 6*d.*  
—Rose and Anne Monosyllables, square, 1*s.* 6*d.*  
—The Shores of the Mediterranean, by F. H. Standish, 8vo. 8*s.*  
—The Mystery of Godliness, by the Rev. J. Ayre, 12mo. 3*s.*  
—Thornborough's Elementary Latin Exercises, 3d edit. 18mo. 2*s.*  
—Christian Councils to Young Persons, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
—The Tour of the Don, 2 vols. 18mo. 7*s.*  
—Memoirs, Correspondence, and MSS. of General Lafayette, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*s.* 2*s.*; ditto, ditto, in French, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*s.* 16*s.*  
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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The City of the Sultan; and Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1836.* By Miss Pardoe, author of "Traits and Traditions of Portugal." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

SINCE Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, except the modest and interesting production of Miss Walsh, we have had nothing of female observation upon the manners of Turkey; and were, therefore, prepared to welcome these volumes as agreeable accessions to our information upon a subject always of considerable interest, and now much enhanced by the curious transition state through which the Ottoman empire is at present passing. From Miss Pardoe, also, we had ground for expecting a pleasant performance of the task she had undertaken. In neither anticipation have we been entirely gratified, nor entirely disappointed. There is much to amuse and inform us in these volumes; but they lack spirit and condensation. The style is very ambitious; and there is a semblance of book-making in the prolix accounts of many things already quite familiar to the world. In our opinion, there might have been one excellent volume made of the materials; the outspreading of which has deteriorated the whole. Our extracts, however, will shew that there are many parts of considerable talent and attraction; and thus, though we cannot praise so highly as we wished, we have no cause to condemn aught but the faults to which we have alluded; viz., a style too florid, and a dwelling on well-known and familiar commonplaces.

Coming from the pen of a lady who enjoyed opportunities for observing her sex in Constantinople, such as male writers could not attain, we shall chiefly direct our attention to sketches connected therewith. Speaking of the inhabitants of the harem, Miss P. says:

"Their habits are, generally speaking, most luxurious and indolent, if I except their custom of early rising, which, did they occupy themselves in any useful manner, would be undoubtedly very commendable; but, as they only add, by these means, two or three hours of *ennui* to each day, I am at a loss how to classify it. Their time is spent in dressing themselves, and varying the position of their ornaments; in the bath; and in sleep, which they appear to have as entirely at their beck as a draught of water; in winter, they have but to nestle under the coverings of the tandoor, or in summer, to bury themselves among their cushions, and in five minutes they are in the land of dreams. Indeed, so extraordinarily are they gifted in this respect, that they not unfrequently engage their guests to take a nap, with the same *sang froid* with which an European lady would invite her friends to take a walk. Habits of industry have, however, made their way, in many instances, even into the harem; the changes without have influenced the pursuits and feelings of the women; and utter idleness has already ceased to be a necessary attribute to the high-bred Turkish female."

Our next quotation affords but a poor idea of the sultan; and puts him in a light very different from that in which we have been accustomed to behold him. We do not know how

far the writer's information can be depended upon.

"As in Japan, the popular belief is firm that the king never dies, so in Turkey, the sovereign is never permitted to imagine that he can grow old; and thus every officer of the household stains his hair and beard, and uses all the means with which art or invention can supply him, in order that no intrusive symptom of age or decay may shock the nerves, and awaken the regrets, of his lord and contemporary: the faded beauties of the seraglio are removed from his sight, the past is seldom adverted to, and the future is considered as his sure and undoubted heritage. Never did monarch lend himself to the delicious cheat more lovingly than Sultan Mahmoud; who, with all his energy of character, is the victim (for in his case I can apply no other term) of the most consummate personal vanity. We are accustomed in England to think of George the Fourth as the *ne plus ultra* of exquisites, the prince of *petit-maitres*; but what will honest John Bull say to a Turkish emperor, an imperial Mussulmaun, who paints white and red, and who considers himself sufficiently repaid for all the care and anxiety of a costly toilette, by the admiration and flattery of the ladies of the seraglio? And yet, such is the case; the immolator of the janissaries, the reformer of a mighty empire, the sovereign of the gravest people upon earth, is a very 'thing of shreds and patches,' a consumer of cosmetics, an idolator of gauds and toys, the sacrificing high-priest at the altar of self-adornment."

The following embraces a number of interesting traits:

"The Turk decorates the roof of his house, the prow of his caïque, the cap of his child, the neck of his horse, and the cage of his bird, with charms against the Evil Eye; one of the most powerful of these antidotes being garlic: and it must be conceded that, here at least, the workers of wo have shewn their taste. Every hovel has its head of garlic suspended by a string; and bouquets of flowers formed of spices, amid which this noxious root is nestled, are sent as presents to the mother of a newborn infant, as a safeguard both to herself and her little one. A blue eye is supereminently suspicious, for they have an idea that such is the legitimate colour of the evil orb: and you seldom see a horse, or a draught ox, or even a donkey, which has not about its neck a string of blue beads, to preserve it from the dark deeds of witchcraft. I was considerably amused on one occasion, when, being about to meet the carriage of a friend, the horse that drew it, either from idleness or caprice, suddenly stood still, and arabahje exclaimed with vehemence to his mistress, 'You see, madam, you see that the horse is struck—the new Hanoum has blue eyes!' turning his own on me as he spoke, with a most unloving expression. I am perfectly convinced that, had the animal met with any misfortune, or been guilty of any misdeed, during the remainder of the day, the whole blame would have inevitably been visited on my unlucky eyes, which had counteracted the effect of a row of glass beads, and a crescent of bone! To protect the reigning sultan from the power of the Evil Eye during his state pro-

gresses through the streets of the capital, a peculiar head-dress was invented for the imperial body-pages, whose ornamented plumes were of such large dimensions as, collectively, to form a screen about his sacred person. Even Sultan Mahmoud, who is superior to many of the popular prejudices, has just caused a firman to be published, prohibiting the women from looking earnestly at him as he passes them, on pain of—what think you, reader?—of subjecting their husbands or brothers to the *bastinado*! The Turkish laws are too gallant to condemn females to suffer this punishment in their own persons, and Mahmoud is consequently to be protected from the possibly fatal effects of the ladies' eyes, by their fears for their male relations. Another singular custom is that of pouring water where any one has fallen, to prevent a recurrence of the accident on the same spot, which is religiously observed by the lower orders; as well as flinging stones at the body of a decapitated criminal, in order to secure the dreams of the spectator from an intrusion of the ghastly object. No Turk of the lower ranks of society ever passes a shred of paper which may chance to lie upon his path: he always gathers it up with the greatest care, as the popular belief leads him to place implicit faith in an ancient superstition, that all paper thus obtained will be collected after death, and scattered over the burning soil through which he is to pass to paradise; and that, consequently, the more he is enabled to secure, the less suffering he will have to endure hereafter. A most extraordinary fact came to my knowledge a short time before I left the East, relative to the female Arabs of the harem. They have a species of society, or institution—I scarcely know how to term it—in which they are initiated from their girlhood, that they call 'babaluk,' whose principle of mystery is kept as secret as that of freemasonry; while the occasional display of its influence is wild and startling enough to remind the spectator of the priestesses of Delphi. Far from affecting any concealment of their participation in the pretended powers of the society, you cannot, when a guest in the harem, please an initiated Arab more surely than by inquiring if she be a babaluk; and the Turkish ladies frequently amuse themselves and their visitors, by exhibiting their black slaves while under the influence of their self-excited frenzy. When a sable Pythoness is informed of the wish of her mistress, she collects such of her companions as are babalukes, for there are sometimes several in the same harem, and a brazier of burning charcoal is placed in the centre of the saloon in which the ceremony is to take place. Round this brazier the Arabs squat down, and commence a low, wild chant, which they take up at intervals from the lips of each other; and then break into a chorus, that ultimately dies away in a wail, succeeded by a long silence, during whose continuance they rock their bodies backwards and forwards, and never raise their eyes from the earth. From the moment in which the chant commences, an attendant is constantly employed in feeding the fire with aloes, incense, musk, and every species of intoxicating perfume.

After a time, they fall on the floor in a state of utter insensibility, and great exertion is frequently necessary to arouse them from their trance; but, when once they are awakened, they become furious; they rend themselves, and each other; they tear their hair and their clothing; they howl like wild beasts; and they cry earnestly for food, while they reject all that is offered except brandy and raw meat, both of which they destroy in great quantities. Having satisfied their hunger, they renew the warfare that they had discontinued to indulge in, and, finally, roll on the floor with bloodshot eyeballs, and foaming at the mouth. A second trance ultimately seizes them, from which they are left to recover alone; fresh perfumes being flung into the brazier to expedite their restoration, which generally takes place in ten or fifteen minutes; and then it is that the spell of prophecy is on them. They rise slowly and majestically from the floor; they wave their hands solemnly over the aromatic flame; they have become suddenly subdued and gentle; and, after having made the circuit of the brazier several times in silence, they gaze coldly round the circle, until, fixing upon some particular individual, they commence shadowing forth her fate, past, present, and to come; and I have heard it seriously asserted, that they have thus divulged the most secret events of by-gone years, as well as prophesying those which subsequently took place. It is scarcely wonderful, even disgusting as a great portion of the ceremonial undoubtedly is, that many of the Turkish ladies occasionally relieve the tedium of the harem by the exhibition of the *babaluk*; that vague yearning to pry into futurity so inherent in our nature, coupled with the uncertainty on whom the spell of the sibyl may be cast, causes an excitement which forms an agreeable contrast from their customary *enui*. No second fate is ever foretold at the same orgies. When the first *babaluk* begins to speak, the others sink down into a sitting posture, occasionally enforcing her assertions by repeating the last words of any remarkable sentence in a long, low wail; and, when she ceases and takes her place among them, they are for the third time overtaken by a trance: the brazier is then removed, the spectators leave the room, the door is carefully closed, and the *babaluks* are left to awaken at their leisure. When they finally come forth, they resume their customary avocations, without making the slightest allusion to the extraordinary scene in which they have been actors; nor do they like the subject to be mentioned to them until several days have elapsed."

Our countrywoman having met a gallant Turk, who agreed to accompany her on the dangerous exploit of a disguised visit to the mosque of St. Sophia, we have a dashing account of the adventure.

"If we escape from St. Sophia unsuspected," said my chivalrous friend, "we will then make another bold attempt; we will visit the mosque of Sultan Achmet; and as this is a high festival, if you risk the adventure, you will have done what no Infidel has ever yet dared to do; but I forewarn you that, should you be discovered, and fail to make your escape on the instant, you will be torn to pieces." This assertion somewhat staggered me, and for an instant my woman-spirit quailed; I contented myself, however, with briefly replying, "When we leave St. Sophia, we will talk of this," and continued to walk beside him in silence. At length we entered the spacious court of the mosque; and as the servants stooped to withdraw my shoes, the *hey* murmured in my ear,—

"Be firm, or you are lost!" and, making a strong effort to subdue the feeling of mingled awe and fear, which was rapidly stealing over me, I pulled the *fer* deeper upon my eye-brows, and obeyed. On passing the threshold, I found myself in a covered peristyle, whose gigantic columns of granite are partially sunk in the wall of which they form a part; the floor was covered with fine matting, and the coloured lamps, which were suspended in festoons from the lofty ceiling, shed a broad light on all the surrounding objects. In most of the recesses formed by the pillars, beggars were crouched down, holding in front of them their little metal basins, to receive the *paras* of the charitable; while servants lounged to and fro, or squatted in groups upon the matting, awaiting the egress of their employers. As I looked around me, our own attendant moved forward, and, raising the curtain which veiled a double door of bronze, situated at mid-length of the peristyle, I involuntarily shrank back before the blaze of light that burst upon me. Far as the eye could reach upwards, circles of coloured fire, appearing as if suspended in mid-air, designed the form of the stupendous dome; while, beneath, devices of every shape and colour were formed by myriads of lamps of various hues: the imperial closet, situated opposite to the pulpit, was one blaze of refulgence, and its gilded lattices flashed back the brilliancy, till it looked like a gigantic meteor! As I stood a few paces within the doorway, I could not distinguish the limits of the edifice; I looked forward—upward—to the right hand, and to the left—but I could only take in a given space, covered with human beings, kneeling in regular lines, and at a certain signal bowing their turbaned heads to the earth, as if one soul and one impulse animated the whole congregation; while the shrill chanting of the choir pealed through the vast pile, and died away in lengthened cadences among the tall dark pillars which support it. And this was St. Sophia! To me it seemed like a creation of enchantment: the light; the ringing voices; the mysterious extent, which baffled the earnestness of my gaze; the ten thousand turbaned Moslems, all kneeling with their faces turned towards Mecca, and, at intervals, laying their foreheads to the earth; the bright and various colours of the dresses; and the rich and glowing tints of the carpets that veiled the marble floor—all conspired to form a scene of such unearthly magnificence, that I felt as though there could be no reality in what I looked on, but that, at some sudden signal, the towering columns would fail to support the vault of light above them, and all would become void. I had forgotten every thing in the mere exercise of vision: the danger of detection; the flight of time; almost my own identity—when my companion uttered the single word '*Gel, Come*;' and, passing forward to another door on the opposite side of the building, I instinctively followed him, and once more found myself in the court. What a long breath I drew, as the cold air swept across my forehead! I felt like one who has suddenly stepped beyond the circle of an enchanter, and dissolved the spell of some mighty magic. 'Whither shall we now bend our way?' asked my companion, as we resumed our shoes. 'To Sultan Achmet,' I answered briefly. I could not have bestowed many words on my best friend at that moment; the very effort at speech was painful. In ten minutes more, we stood before the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and ascending the noble flight of steps which lead to the principal entrance, we again cast off our shoes, and entered the temple. Infinitely less vast than St. Sophia, this mosque

impressed me with a feeling of awe, much greater than that which I had experienced in visiting its more stately neighbour. Four colossal pillars of marble, five or six feet in circumference, support the dome, and these were wreathed with lamps even to the summit; while the number of lights suspended from the ceiling gave the whole edifice the appearance of a space overlung with stars. We entered at a propitious moment, for the Faithful were performing their prostrations, and had consequently no time to speculate on our appearance. The chanting was wilder and shriller than that which I had just heard at St. Sophia; it sounded to me, in fact, more like the delirious outcry which we may suppose to have been uttered by a band of Delphic priestesses than the voices of a choir of uninspired human beings. We passed onward over the yielding carpets, which returned no sound beneath our footsteps: and there was something strangely supernatural in the spectacle of several human beings moving along, without creating a single echo in the vast space they traversed. We paused an instant beside the marble-arched platform, on which the muezzin was performing his prostrations to the shrill cry of the choir; we lingered another, to take a last look at the kneeling thousands who were absorbed in their devotions; and then, rapidly descending into the court, my companion uttered a hasty congratulation on the successful issue of our bold adventure, to which I responded a most heartfelt '*Amen*'—and in less than an hour, I cast off my *fer* and my pelisse in the harem of—Effendi, and exclaimed to its astonished inmates,—'I have seen the mosques!' Knowing what I now know of the Turks, I would not run the same risk a second time, though the Prophet's beard were to be my recompense. There are some circumstances in which ignorance of the extent of the danger is its best antidote. But the feeling that remained on my mind was vague, even to pain. I had seen St. Sophia, it is true, and seen it in all the glory of its million lamps; I had beheld it at a moment when no Christian eye had ever heretofore looked on it; and when detection would have involved instant destruction. I had lifted aside the veil from the Holy of Holies, witnessed the prostration which followed the thrilling cry of '*Allah Il Allah!*' and polluted, with the breath of a Giaour, the atmosphere of the true believers; I had looked upon the Cheik-islam, as he stood with his face turned Mecca-ward, his pale brow circled with gold, and his stately figure draped in white cachemere; and I had stood erect when every head was bowed, and every knee bent at the name of the Prophet."

Miss Pardoe was allowed to inspect the same place at a later period; but we shall conclude with only one further notice of the subject.

"The two huge waxen candles occupying the sides of the arched recess, or *mihrab*, at the eastern end of the building, are lighted every night, and last exactly twelve months; they are the very Gog and Magog of wax-chandlery, and must be at least eighteen inches in circumference. In making the tour of the gallery, we came upon a door that had been stopped with masonry; the frame into which it had originally fitted is of white marble, and remains quite perfect. There are traces of violence on the brick-work, which appears to have been secured by some powerful cement that has indurated with age, until it has acquired the solidity of stone, and has become capable of resisting any ordinary effort to remove it; and this door is the second miracle of St.

Sophia. The legend runs, that the united attempts of all the masons of Stamboul are powerless against the rude masonry that blocks the entrance of this passage, by reason of a wondrous and most potent talisman, which human means have as yet failed to weaken; but that it conducts to an apartment in which a Greek bishop is seated before a reading-desk perusing an open volume of so holy a nature, that no Moslem eye must ever rest upon it. Nor does the tradition end here, for both the Turks and Greeks have a firm faith in the prophecies which have been made, that St. Sophia will one day revert to the Christians, on which occasion the walled-up bishop will emerge from his concealment, and chant a solemn high mass at the great altar."

Some pretty poems, some engravings, and some Turkish legends lend variety to the work; and, taken altogether, it may be considered to give a fair view of Turkish habits and society.

*England; with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis.* By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

THOUGH before Mr. Willis in point of time — for these volumes refer to some nine years ago — Mr. Cooper is behind him in public appearance. In several common respects the works are pretty similar. Both "strangers" were admitted to good and high society in England, and both have related the impressions made upon them, as men of different calibre of mind and views of life might be expected to do. Such productions are almost always entertaining; for people like to hear what is thought of their betters, or said of their neighbours.

Mr. Cooper, on leaving Paris, is told, "You are going from a town where there is little company and much society, to one where there is no society and much company;" but his account of his London visits do not justify the charge. On the contrary, he seems to have been very fortunate in most of his associations: yet his statements often dwell on the ridiculous features. Thus, being a guest at Holland House, he tells:

"During dinner, as the stranger, I had the honour of a seat next to Lady Holland. She offered me a plate of herrings between the courses. Being in conversation at the moment, I declined it, as I should not have done, according to strict etiquette, especially as it was offered by the mistress of the house. But my rule is the modern one of pleasing one's self on such occasions; besides, I never suspected the magnitude of the interest involved in the affair. 'You do not know what you say,' she good-humouredly added, 'they are Dutch.' I believe I stared at this, coming as it did from the mistress of a table so simply elegant and so *recherchée*. 'Dutch!' I involuntarily repeated, though I believe I looked at the same time as if it was a herring after all. 'Certainly, we can only get them through an ambassador.' What a luxury would a potato become, if we could contrive to make it contraband! I shall hold a Dutch herring in greater respect as long as I live. Unluckily there is nothing prohibited in America, and it is a capital oversight in graduating our comforts, it is such a pleasure to sin! I believe I got out of the difficulty by saying there were too many good things of native production, to require a voyage to Holland on my account. Still I frankly avow I ought to have eaten one, even to the fins and tail. From some such feeling as this, has probably come the old saying of 'fish, flesh, and red-herring.' There

are a thousand things in life which will not stand the test of philosophical inquiry, but on which no small part of our daily enjoyments depend. I have mentioned this little anecdote, not because it is particularly pertinent to the house in which I was dining, which would be particularly impertinent in me, but, because I think it illustrative of a principle that pervades the whole structure of English society. Things appear to me to be more than usually estimated here, by the difficulty there may be in attaining them, and less than usual by their intrinsic value. In citing such examples, one is always obliged to keep a salvo for poor human nature (and why Æsop made the animal in the manger a dog, I never could discover); but, apart from this, England is singularly a begrudging country. Every thing is appreciated by its price. They have an expression always in their mouths that is pregnant of meaning, and which I fancy was never heard anywhere else. They say a thing is 'ridiculously cheap.' Now when one becomes ridiculous from buying a thing at a low price, common sense is in a bad way. This is one of the weaknesses of man from which we are more than usually exempt, and I believe that with us, free trade may boast of having done more on this point than on any other. I was asked by the mistress of this house where I had learned to speak so good English: this surprising me quite as much as the herring! The old nobleman I have mentioned, had the civility to offer to take me to town in his chariot; and I was safely deposited in St. James's Place, about ten. As Lord Holland is a man of mark, it may be well if I add that he had an air of great benevolence, and that there were much nature and *bonhomie* in his manner. I thought his feeling towards America kind, and his disposition to speak of it stronger than usual. His wife is possessed of some property in New York, and he complained a little of the squatters; the land, he told me, lying on the Genessee, in Connecticut. You may judge from this single circumstance how much attention we attract, when a man made this mistake about his own property. The day may not be distant when lands in either Connecticut, or New York, will more avail his heir than the lawn before Holland House. Reform must move fast in England, or it will be overtaken by revolution. Sir James M'Intosh pithily observed, that he supposed 'there was about the same danger of finding a squatter in Connecticut, as there would be of finding one in the county of Kent.' He is the only man I have yet met in England who appears to have any clear and defined notions of us. They will not acquire this knowledge, simply because they do not wish to acquire it, until we bear hard on some of their interests, political or pecuniary, and then light will pour in upon them in a flood, as the sun succeeds the dawn. That day is not distant. After the herring, and before the dessert, a page, attired in a very suspicious manner, entered with a regular censor, such as is used before the altar, smoking with frankincense, and, swinging it about, he perfumed the room. I thought this savoured a little of 'Protestant emancipation.'"

At another aristocratic party, he thus describes two of the visitors:

"Both the bishop and the physician had a precise and potent manner with them, that shewed how broad is the separation between castes and the professions in this country.

'Mon tailleur m'a dit que les gens de qualité étoient comme cela le matin.'

We were about to take our seats, when the

bishop, who was on my left hand, bent over the table and uttered a sound that was singularly like that made by a hound gaping. He then commenced an apology to Lady —, who, in her turn, apologised to him, saying, 'You were quite right, my lord.' To my surprise, I learned the divine had been saying grace!"

We shall assume, that these slight extracts may serve to guide our readers to the spirit of the publication, and conclude with one very absurd and one amusing quotation: the first, relating to the usages in knocking at London doors; the other, to a court anecdote.

"A dozen uoblemen may have laid their own patrician hands on my knocker, within a fortnight. As I use the dining-room to write in, I am within fifteen feet of the street door, and no favour of this sort escapes my ears. Ridiculous as it may seem, there is a species of etiquette established, by which a peer shall knock louder than a commoner! I do not mean to tell you that parliament has passed a law to that effect, but I do mean to say, that so accurate has my ear become, that I know a lord by his knock, as one would know Velluti by his touch. Now a loud knock may be sometimes useful as a hint to a loitering servant, but it was a queer thought to make it a test of station.

"A Scotch officer, of no very extraordinary merit, but who had risen to high employments by personal assiduity and the arts of a courtier, was in the presence of George III. at Windsor, in company with one or two others, at a moment when ceremony was banished. That simple-minded and well-meaning monarch was a little apt to admit of tangents in the discourse, and he suddenly exclaimed, 'D——, it appears to me that you and I are just of a height: let's measure—let's measure.' The general placed his back to that of the king; but, instead of submitting to the process of measurement, he kept moving his head in a way to prevent it. Another tangent drew the king off, and he left the room. 'Why didn't you stand still, and let him measure, D——?' asked a looker on:—'you kept bobbing your head so, he could do nothing.' 'Well, I didn't know whether he wanted to be taller or shorter!'"

*A Practical Treatise on the Law of Trusts and Trustees.* By Thomas Lewin, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Large 8vo. pp. 789. London, 1837. A. Maxwell.

THE public has just been presented, for the first time, with a complete and systematic treatise upon the law of trusts. This subject is intimately blended with all our social relations. Few men pass through life so isolated, or so useless, as not to be called upon to exercise the important offices of affection and friendship. The duties of trustee, or executor, or administrator, or guardian, are far too responsible to be objects of attraction; but so long as the fabric of society holds together, every man, in his turn, must lend that assistance to his fellow men by which he has been himself benefited, and which it will some day be his own lot to need at the hands of another: and we presume, that all will gladly avail themselves of such knowledge as is necessarily required for the faithful discharge of duties which none can entirely avoid. Who, upon the marriage of some valued friend, can wish to belie his fidelity by resisting his entreaty to become the trustee of the settlement? Who can refuse to administer the estate of a deceased friend for the benefit of his family? It has long been

our wonder that, where information must be so generally wanted—where a mistaken line of conduct must lead to such irreparable consequences, no master-hand has hitherto been found to clear away the clouds of the law upon this subject, and expound to trustees, in plain and perspicuous language, what course they may pursue with safety to themselves, while they are *honestly* endeavouring to further the interests of others. But, in fact, a good treatise upon law requires no ordinary combination of talents. To extract a sound principle, it is often necessary to charge the memory with a score of conflicting cases at once, in order to trace their minute distinctions with ingenuity and judgment. What patience and what labour must be exhausted upon the perusal of so many hundred authorities as enter into the composition of a standard work! Mr. Lewin, we observe, has referred to about 1800 cases, of which each, upon an average, is cited *twice*; and it must be a very clear perception that can master all the circumstances of an involved statement upon a single perusal. No wonder, then, that a good law-book is so rare a production. Few have the ability and the assiduity *united*, to work out a system from so heterogeneous a mass of black-letter precedents. But, in the present case, the task has at length been accomplished; and we sincerely congratulate the author upon the termination of his arduous labours, and wish him, justly, those honours and wealth which his profession so bountifully heaps upon her few favourites. Among these, Mr. Lewin may justly hope from henceforth to be numbered.

The work is appropriately dedicated, with permission, to Sir E. B. Sugden; and every one must concur in the flattering, but not exaggerated eulogium, that the learned ex-chancellor is one "whose unrivalled legal attainments were long the ornament of the bar, and have lately shed a lustre upon the bench: that the profession is deeply indebted to him for his valuable writings, and the public for the judicious enactments that distinguished him as a legislator."

By way of introduction, the author has succinctly traced the whole history of trusts, from their first appearance in the reign of Richard II., down to the most recent improvements. We know not any number of pages comprising so much matter in so small a compass, at the same time that clearness and precision have been most admirably preserved. The body of the work is distributed into three parts: the first relates to the definition, classification, and creation of trusts; the second, to the estate and office of the trustee; and the third, to the rights of the person who has the beneficial interest in the trust. The most valuable portion of the work, and that on which the least information has hitherto been given, is undoubtedly the second part. The duties and powers of trustees are there stated, at the same time, with brevity and clearness; and we will venture to assert there is no person, professional or otherwise, who would not derive great benefit from a very careful perusal of that branch of the subject. To give some idea of the author's style, we shall quote, but not select, a paragraph from page 100, as containing some very sensible observations upon the subject of trustees, which both solicitors and clients will do well to consider.

"The number of the trustees is also a point very material to be considered; for, in most cases, the misapplication of the trust fund has arisen from want of due attention to this particular. A single trustee, whether originally

appointed such, or become so by survivorship, has the absolute and unlimited control over the property; and, should he become involved in difficulties, he is under a strong temptation to sustain his credit by resorting to a fund, of which he can, with certainty, possess himself, and without the fear of immediate detection. The fallacious hope of replacing the money before the day of payment arrives, has lulled the conscience of many, not the worst of mankind, when suffering under the pressure of poverty. There can be no objection to the appointment of a single trustee where, as in uses to bar dower, the trust reposed in him is merely a nominal confidence; but where the administration of the trust involves the receipt and custody of money, the safeguard of, at least, two trustees ought never to be dispensed with. And, on the death of one of the original trustees, no time should be lost in restoring the fund to its proper security, by the substitution of a new trustee; a precaution, it is feared, but too frequently neglected from motives of delicacy; the surviving trustee is sensitive, and conceives his honesty is called into question, and the *cestui que* trust (the person entitled to the property), often too ignorant of the world to see the necessity of taking precautions against fraud, are apt to suspect their legal adviser of a wish to create business at the expense of the estate. To guard against the constant recurrence of appointment of new trustees, it is common, at least where the property is considerable, to appoint four trustees originally; for then, on the decease of the first, or even a second, trustee, an immediate substitution is not very material, for, so long as the plural number remains, the necessary check is preserved. In the case of stock, it is a rule with the bank not to allow a fund to be transferred into the names of more than four joint proprietors."

In page 472 we find it laid down that a trustee may, at any time, retire from the office, by application to a court of equity, and that, "of course, where no misbehaviour is imputable to the trustee, the costs will be thrown upon the trust-fund." But is Mr. Lewin aware of the case of *Hamilton v. Fry*, 2 Moll. 458, where it is held, that if a trustee accept the office, he cannot retire without a special reason, except at the expense of his own pocket? And the same thing was decided the other day, in the case of *Howard v. Rhodes*, 1 Keene, 581. This we mention by way of suggestion, not of rebuke; as, in general, Mr. Lewin has brought up the cases, not only to the latest reports, but even to the day of publication; for we observe that he has given several from manuscript, and one or two of no little importance.

One great desideratum in a law book is facility of reference; and we think, from the perfect arrangement of the work before us, that the author has, on this point, been eminently successful. Besides the index of contents, systematically arranged at the beginning, we have a full index of contents, alphabetically arranged, at the end, and an index of cases. With such assistance at hand, it seems almost impossible for even a single proposition, throughout the volume, to escape the most superficial examination. Another object of paramount importance in a treatise abounding in references, is accuracy; and here the author appears to have spared no pains. We have submitted different parts of the work to a tolerably severe scrutiny, and we have been unable to discover any material error, and scarcely the most trifling one. We have little doubt, from the general care that has been bestowed upon

this treatise, from the ability and judgment with which the most difficult questions have been discussed and resolved, from the *lucidus ordo* that prevails through the whole work, the practitioner will find his labours abridged, and the public at large will meet with such a mass of intelligible law, that the necessity of consulting a professional adviser will, for the future, be greatly superseded.

#### *Standish's Shores of the Mediterranean.*

[Continued.]

It is a pleasure to return to this volume, to enrich our columns with a few more of its interesting extracts; and we cannot better begin than with the author's remarks on Sicily.

"*Sicula nimium ne crede puella*" has become a proverb; but wherefore, I am unable to determine. Inconstancy is the attribute of weak feminine nature. The restraints of Turkey, and the laws and reproaches of Europe, would fall innocuous on the sex, were they otherwise than varying in purpose; but that the Sicilians are more faithless than others, I am not prepared to admit. The French ladies have been accused of great volatility; but, let the English look at home, and other nations to their own fire-sides, and, perhaps, they may allow that women are pretty much the same every where. Here, as in all other countries (though a prejudice reigns against hot climates), the higher orders are sometimes lax in conduct from indulgence; and the lower profligate from want of money and want of education; yet nothing has struck me, since my arrival in the island, that denotes, generally, immoral conduct in its inhabitants. Many couples live happily and respectably, surrounded by their children, and enjoying the sweets of mutual confidence. The whole of the Sicilians are very fond of gestures, and, perhaps, no nation understands so well the mode of communicating by signs as they; a wink of the eye will almost, to their comprehensive understanding, express a sentence. I have heard it observed, that, when once offended, a Sicilian is slow to forgive: perhaps this may be true: he feels acutely, and, once wounded, time is required before the sore heals; revenge being no more than continued anger. An injurious word, or a slight affront, instantly raises the choler of a Palermitan to a degree which is wholly incomprehensible to the cold natives of the north. In the whole of my tour I have not seen a drunken man. The wines of the country are generally spirituous, and strong; perhaps the best are from Catania and Syracuse, although the *Marzala* has had the advantage of being most known to the foreign market. I confess, however, I prefer the productions of Spain, in this particular, to those of Sicily; and some Muscatel show wine which I tasted at Syracuse, did not strike me so good as what was offered me at Xeres, in Spain. The mode of farming is like that of the Egyptians, the antiquated custom of their forefathers. Florentine farmers have been introduced, by the more enlightened landowners, in order to cultivate estates, and improve, if they can, the scanty rent-rolls of the nobles. The horned cattle of the island are magnificent. The race-horses of *Agri-gentum*, in ancient times, were exported to carry away the prizes of Greece; but now the breed is altogether neglected. The mules are very fine, and not inferior to what I have seen in Spain. The soil suits every species of grain, except oats. The palm and the sugar-cane are scanty in appearance, because their culture has been neglected. The silver-mines did not repay



their proprietors for working. Sulphur offers, as may be supposed, a staple article of commerce in this volcanic country. The luxury and voluptuousness of the ancient inhabitants of the island have entirely disappeared; the 'Siculæ mense' now exist only as descriptions in history, while the cookery is similar to that of Italy. Macaroni is a favourite dish amongst all classes. A country so well supplied as this island is with meat, fruit, fish, and vegetables, must be naturally able to supply luxurious and ample food at a small cost; but the natives use these advantages as not abusing them; they are not excessive in their meals, and few would expend more than a few shillings for a repast, were their wealth even greater than it is. The traveller, used to the prices of Europe, will find himself served for a trifle in Sicily; that is, I mean, in the large towns. Of the arts and the artists, I can only say that the former are much neglected; the pay of the professors being almost always in arrear, and, in some cases, there being chairs named which do not exist; as in the instance of Arabic, at the university, of which language there is no master. As for the artists, Patania is the most popular modern one, in colours; and Pietro Novelli, the Morealese, the only ancient one, I confess, who pleases me. In sculpture, they have had Gagini, and now possess Villareale, a man, I may venture to say, worthy of a greater place in popular opinion than he holds. He was protected by Lord Bristol, and held the situation of statuary to Murat; but, at the change of political events, he was chained to Palermo, and compelled to languish in retirement, for the benefit of his native country, on a pitiful pension irregularly paid. He has not yet been paid the stipulated price of the late king's statue at Girgenti, which has been already seven years on its pedestal. The climate of Sicily is similar to that of Spain, though not so hot; it is between the thirty-sixth and the thirty-eighth degrees of latitude. At the period of my visit to the island, the seasons were, I am told, reversed, for we had stormy, cold weather on the 22nd of June, and I had often to complain, during my stay, of chill and damp evenings; this, too, at a period when the residents mostly cry out against the excessive heat. The gout, with which I am troubled, also haunted me perpetually, although the climate of Sicily is reckoned very favourable to that distressing complaint; and the late prince of Paterno, the last of his illustrious line, survived till ninety under its constant attacks. With what I have seen here I have been highly gratified; its remembrance will continue with me for ever. Long abandoned to idleness, I had never had the resolution to attempt this journey; those with whom I associated, more ignorant than myself, never pointed out its pleasures to me. Should I be able to stimulate others to the tour, I shall not consider my pen ill-exercised. They will gain certainly two things—health and information; and some, perhaps, a third—money, from economy exercised during the jaunt. They will meet no difficulties nor dangers. The lover of Grecian antiquities will find a large field for speculation; and the imagination can dwell with pleasure on as many spots in Sicily as in Greece itself. The country is more beautiful than the parent one; and, though the cloudless splendour of a Grecian sunset has always been the theme of poets, the Sicilian sky does not yield in beauty to any. Thousands are the glorious scenes which it presents to the imagination of the painter and the poet. On those sea-shores, fragrant with wild thyme and roses, and bathed

by the balmy warmth of the air, how often have I repeated the expression of Virgil—

'Carmina pastoris Siculi modulabor avenæ.'

The reed is here still an instrument of melody, and the natural one of the country at the present day. The dances of the peasants are accompanied with the primitive melody of a tambourine, and the pipe of Pan—in that respect differing from the custom of Spain, whose inhabitants adopt a guitar, although the two nations strongly resemble each other in their general habits and their usages.

"Amongst those who are skilled in the classic tongues, few can taste greater beauties in the original than in a translation. The pride of learned men, however, affirms the contrary; and all are willing to believe what is affirmed by the select; while the popular editions of ancient works, with collateral explanations, decide daily, in contradiction to what they would have believed. I confess, however, there is a pleasure in understanding the text, as well as the meaning, of such a poet as Homer, or the Greek tragedians; and, if our application of their words, or our estimation of their sentiments, may be sometimes erroneous, as we figure it to ourselves in perusal, the delusion under which we labour is at least a pleasing one, and preferable, perhaps, to the dry exactness of the grammarian, who dwells on syllables, and counts with rigour the exact construction of every sentence in a translation. The sylvan bard of antiquity, Theocritus, it is to be remembered, was a native of Sicily. I have not, in my tour, noted the plains of Enna, which are now lost and deserted. The lake of Proserpine is a fœtid marsh. The verdant bowers, the labyrinths of roses, and the enamelled meads on which Minerva, Diana, and Venus, according to the poets, wove the flowing garments of Jupiter, have all disappeared. Tradition alone points out where were the cave of Pluto, and the cradle of Ceres. Castrogiovanni, a modern town, with a population of twelve thousand inhabitants, occupies this former paradise, and its position is exactly in the centre of Sicily. These plains were once famous for beauty, but travellers will now seek it there in vain."

Of some of the feelings of the people, the following is an interesting trait:—

"The inhabitants of Palermo in particular, and the Sicilians in general, are desirous of remaining above ground as long as they can; and the vaults of the church of the Cappucini are filled with male and female remains of all for whom their friends have been able to procure admission, which was, however, easily obtained with money. The remains of the departed are confined in a chamber until the flesh has dried to the bones, which process requires a period of six months for completion. The skeleton is then dressed in the usual wearing apparel of the individual when alive, and placed in a niche of the wall, or an assigned situation in the long rows which occupy the sides of it. The males and females have different apartments allotted for their occupation, and the latter repose generally on beds or in coffins, whilst the males are placed erect. I saw also many trunks and boxes filled with dukes, generals, and ecclesiastics, all packed up for their long journey. The friars who have the management of the vaults, and belong to the church, live from charity, and yet contrive to feed many poor, and do much good, for sometimes nearly a thousand mendicants are daily fed with soup. These holy men thus worthily perform two duties; one of taking care

of the dead, and the other of providing for the wants of the living. In this monastic establishment of the Cappucini, I saw no good pictures; but at the entrance to the cemetery I observed the two copper-plates of the holy and sinful death-beds, which are Italian subjects, and which I have seen repeated in many places in Christian countries."

#### Earl's Eastern Seas.

[Conclusion.]

THE author's general remarks on the important island of Borneo will be read with interest.

"The island of Borneo bears the same relation to Eastern India that the continent of America bears to Europe; being a country in which the various tribes inhabiting the further east may find a refuge from religious persecution, or escape the disadvantages of over-population in the mother country. Thus, we find the coasts of the island to be inhabited by several nations totally unconnected with each other, governed by their own laws, and adopting their own peculiar manners and customs. The west coast is occupied by Malays and Chinese; the north-west coast, by the half-caste descendants of the Moors of Western India; the north part, by the Cochin Chinese; the north-east coast by the Sulus; and the east and south coasts, by the Bugis tribes of Celebes. In addition to these, there are no fewer than three distinct tribes, living in prahus, and wandering about the shores of the island: the Lanuns from Magindano; and the Orang-Badju and Orang-Tidong, source unknown. Except on a few spots on the north-west coast, where the Dyaks are to be met with near the sea, the aboriginal tribes have all retired into the interior. If an opinion may be formed of the capabilities of the unknown parts of Borneo, from those of the western portion of the island, it would appear that no country in the world can compete with it; since the districts occupied by the Dutch and the Chinese, in addition to the possession of a soil which vies in richness with that of any other island in the Archipelago, contain inexhaustible mines of gold and diamonds, which are so easily wrought, that the inhabitants are enabled to procure considerable quantities of both, with the most inefficient instruments."

"Their food consists chiefly of rice and fish; and as the latter can rarely be consumed in a fresh state, large quantities of salt are necessary for the cure in so warm a climate. With respect to the supply of salt, the interior of Borneo, like Africa, is dependent upon the frontier for the supply. The salt must be brought from the sea-coast, and the further it is taken into the interior, the more it increases in value; so much so, that at a Dyak town two hundred miles above Sambas, a measure of salt is exchanged for twenty times the quantity of rice. In the wilder parts of the island, cakes of salt, made by burning sea-weed, are used by the Dyaks in lieu of coin as a currency."

"The iron which is obtained in the interior is said to be valued by many of the wilder Dyaks, even more than gold; indeed, the latter is only sought for as the means of procuring foreign articles, for which they have acquired a taste. The iron must either be of an excellent quality, or the Dyaks have discovered a method of tempering it, which sets at defiance the competition of more civilised nations. I have heard of musket-barrels having been cut in two by a single blow of one of their swords, together with other tales, illustrative of their wonderful temper; and, from what I have personally witnessed, I am inclined to

give perfect credence to them. To test the capabilities of these weapons, I cut a twopenny nail in two; and although the temper of the one employed was considered as rather inferior, the edge was not in the least turned or injured. The blades of their swords are about two feet long, slightly curved, broad at the end, and bear a great resemblance to Turkish cimeters. They can only be used in cutting; being, in this respect, dissimilar to the favourite weapon of the Malays, the *kris*, which is intended for stabbing alone, and therefore perfectly useless as a cutting instrument.

"Concerning the religion of those Dyaks who have not been converted to Mahomedanism, I was enabled to discover that they believed in a Supreme Being, and in the existence of a future state. Some reverence is paid to deer, and great respect is shewn towards a black bird, resembling a magpie, which is considered to be an evil spirit; but that portion of their creed which obtains the greatest influence over their mode of life, arises from a supposition which they entertain, that the owner of every human head which they can procure will serve them in the next world. The system of human sacrifice is, upon this account, carried to so great an extent, that it totally surpasses that which is practised by the Battas of Sumatra, or, I believe, by any people yet known. A man cannot marry until he has procured a human head; and he who is in possession of several, may be distinguished by his proud and lofty bearing; for the greater number of heads which a man has obtained, the greater will be his rank in the next world: and this opinion naturally induces his associates to consider him entitled to superior consideration upon earth. A man of consequence cannot be inhumed until a human head has been procured by his friends; and, at the conclusion of peace between two tribes, the chief of each presents a prisoner to the other, to be sacrificed on the spot. The loss of human life occasioned by these latter-named ceremonies, falls far short of that which is produced by the necessity of obtaining a human head to grace the marriage rite,—a necessity which tands so strongly to check the increase of population, that had the lawgiver who introduced it, apprehended that the island would speedily become too thickly inhabited, he could not have hit upon a more efficacious mode of prevention; since, had the bachelors been permitted to cut off the heads of persons belonging to their own tribe, instead of being obliged to confine their aggressions to strangers, the entire population of the island must eventually have been exterminated.

"The Dyaks are apparently of the same race as the Battas of Sumatra, the Laos of continental India, and the Arafuras of Celebes, Gilolo, New Guinea (the inland inhabitants), and of the other larger islands in the Archipelago; all of whom speak dialects of the same language, and among whom the system of human sacrifice also exists, but not to so great an extent as with the Dyaks of western Borneo. The Battas slay and eat prisoners of war and criminals; and the Arafuras, and the aborigines of the northern parts of Borneo, occasionally slay a human victim when they imagine the deity to be offended, the heads being invariably preserved, probably as records of the event."

"Although it is my object rather to shew the present state of the Dyaks, than to make any endeavour to trace their connexion with any other people, yet, as my remarks may induce some future traveller in Borneo to institute some inquiries into the subject, I cannot refrain from noticing the extraordinary and

almost perfect resemblance which the Dyaks bear to those aboriginal tribes in South America, which occupy a similar description of country; namely, those who are found on the banks of the great rivers in Guiana: indeed, more difficulty would be experienced in discovering the particulars in which they differ from each other, than in tracing the resemblance."

With these brief selections we must be satisfied; but the entire work is extremely well worth the public attention.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Works of Lord Byron.* Complete in one volume. With Notes by Moore, Jeffrey, Scott, Heber, Rogers, Wilson, Lockhart, Ellis, Campbell, Milman, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 827, double columns. London, 1837. Murray.

It is hard to be taught such lessons of self-preservation; but, being taught, it is gratifying to see how gloriously they are met. The cheap continental piracies of Byron, and their importation into this country by travellers and smugglers, having compelled Mr. Murray to adopt some course to protect his important property in that author's works, he has here met, and beat the enemy on their own grounds. For beauty of type and paper, for clearness, neatness, accuracy, and cheapness, it would be in vain for any foreign publishers to attempt to contend against this handsome volume. Its appearance will effectually put a stop to the cruel invasion of copyright in, at least, one instance; and shew that it may be done in others, where honest principle does not operate to prevent spoliation and robbery, alike injurious to trade and literature.

*Memorials of Oxford.* Edited by the Rev. James Ingram, D.D.; the engravings by J. Le Keux, from Original Drawings by F. Mackenzie. No. L. Oxford, Parker; London, Tilt.

THE present No. completes this pleasing topographical work; to which, in its progress, we have repeatedly called the attention of our readers. It is justly said of it in the Preface: "Amidst the variety of works relating to Oxford, the present will be found to be of a distinct character from all preceding publications: being the only embellished work which combines the academical with the civil history of the place; traces to their origin the various establishments which have existed at different times; monastic, aularian, ecclesiastical, or collegiate; and unites, with illustrations of the most interesting vestiges of antiquity, all that is most necessary to be known respecting statistical, parochial, and municipal matters."

*Opinions of Lord Brougham, on Politics, Theology, Law, Science, Education, Literature, &c. &c. as exhibited in his Parliamentary and Legal Speeches, and Miscellaneous Writings.* Pp. 504. London, 1837. Colburn.

A MEDLEY selection from the multitude of sayings and writings which have proceeded from the comprehensive mind of Lord Brougham, upon almost every possible subject. Of course, there is much to admire, much to question, much to agree with, and much to dissent from, as the minds of other men are constituted. Altogether, however, the volume is a proud testimony to human intellect.

*The Works of Thomas Gray.* 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Pickering.

THE public are much indebted to Mr. Pickering for this handsome, yet convenient edition, of *Gray's Works*. It is the most complete collection of his poems, and rescues his correspondence from the omissions and corruptions

of Mason, besides adding some interesting letters to the number previously published. Gray was a quiet and retiring man, and, consequently, did not shine in those contemporary writings which bestow so much notice, as almost to make it fame, upon some of his contemporaries. He is, therefore, only to be studied and known in a production like this, for which we again express the cordial public thanks to the editor and publisher. It will long be an ornament to every library of English literature.

*Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts of General Lafayette.* Published by his Family. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

LAFAYETTE is so essentially a historical character, that, though the public has had much of him before in a hundred shapes, and a great deal of what is contained in these volumes; yet it is desirable for the politician and statesman, as well as for observant readers of every class, to have the whole in a more complete and perfect form. Such is presented in the present work; into the various features of which we need not enter, but merely notice, that the additions are considerable, and, as coming from the general's family, may, of course, be considered authentic.

*Mémoires, &c. du Général Lafayette.* 3 vols. 8vo. Paris, H. Fournier, aîné; Londres, Saunders and Otley.

THE French edition of the foregoing work.

*Select Notes of the Preaching of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, A.M., by the Rev. E. Sidney, A.M.* 12mo. pp. 245. (London, Baldwin and Cradock; Norwich, Fletcher.)—"Such delight do I feel in my work (said Rowland Hill), that I could almost wish there might be preaching in heaven." Without entering upon the polemics of this little volume, we will merely say, that it exhibits some striking examples of that oratory which might prompt the wish in the foregoing quotation. "How defective are we in the most essential points, wherein we ought to serve the Lord! For myself, I cannot say that I do not strive, yet I feel like a bird who would mount higher, but his wings refuse to bear him up. I compare myself to the little lark that rises with the morning sun, and sings his lovely song aloft in the sky, but soon falls down to earth with an appearance of dissatisfaction that he can soar no higher. \* \* \* It is not the knowledge in man's head, but the grace in his heart, that makes his conduct to be wise and good. \* \* \* When I look into God's wisdom, I find it is concealed from me. I might as well attempt with outstretched arms to embrace the universe, as with my puny mind to conceive the infinite wisdom of my God. I might as well stand before the sun, and say I will take in all its beams to myself, as to say that I can imagine all the light of the divine intelligence. Yet the sun shines upon me, and gives me as much of his light as I want. \* \* \* You need not teach the bird how to fly, or the fish to swim; each has its own element, and delights to move therein. The element of a Christian is holiness; the people of God dwell therein, and it is as an atmosphere which gloriously surrounds them. \* \* \* Man, by a fatal partiality to himself, is unwilling to acknowledge that he has an evil heart; and is so unconcerned about his state, that he does not desire deliverance from it. What a lethargy! I knew an aged lady once who was lethargic; and when her servant attempted to rouse her, she was angry. The servant remarked, 'I never knew my mistress to be angry when she was well; but now she is ill she is very irritable.' Take care of this awful state of spiritual lethargy. Tens of thousands have died, and have been, I fear, lost from it. It is a fatal sign, when the sinner is angry with those who would attempt to arouse him from his danger!" The preacher was often very happy even in his most familiar illustrations.

*Col. Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas, &c.* Pp. 216. (London, Kennett.)—Under the colour of being a sequel to the "Memoirs of Col. Crockett, like the continuations of "Don Quixotte," "Gil Blas," "Tristram Shandy," &c., the object of this little volume is to give an American version of the war in Texas, replete with all the horrors of barbarous and savage atrocity.

*National Education*, by Osmond de Beauvoir Prieux. 8vo. pp. circ. 411. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—We are afraid there is much of philosophic dream in this work; but the subject is of infinite importance; and, it must be added, that there is also much valuable suggestion for the consideration of those who feel an interest in the subject of national education.

*Memorials of Shrewsbury*, by H. Pidgeon. Pp. 225. (Shrewsbury, Eddowes).—Few places in England are more interesting than Shrewsbury; and we are glad to see so good a guide to its lions as the present volume.

These memorials are cleverly and numerous enlivened; and, altogether, the capital of Shropshire has reason to be proud of its native citizen, to whose literary tastes, diligence, and patriotism, it owes so useful and becoming a volume.

*Family Library*, No. LXIII. (London, Tegg).—This volume contains sketches of imposture, deception, and credulity; and is indeed a curious collection to illustrate the acts of rogues and folly. The frontispiece of Joan of Arc is hardly fair; for whatever merits were adopted to impose on the superstitious of the times, she was a remarkable character, and a high instrument of national redemption.

*A Popular Treatise on Warming and Ventilation of Buildings*, &c., by C. J. Richardson. 8vo. pp. 114 (London, Weale).—With eighteen zinc plates, this treatise contends that the best mode of warming and ventilating is by the circulation of heated water, in pipes, through and about buildings. It is ably written.

*Works of Calderon*. 12mo. pp. 298. (London, Senior; Dublin, Milliken; Edinburgh, Leasing and Forbes).—A volume from the Shakespeare of Spain, who sprang the "Faust" of Goethe, the "Manfred" of Byron, and the "Prometheus, unbound," of Shelley; and containing his famous "Magico Prodigioso," "In Vida es Sueño," and "el Principe Constance." It is very neatly, and, what is better, very correctly printed; and well worthy of the patronage of Spanish scholars. A portrait of the author is prefixed.

*Joseph and Benjamin*, &c. 2 vols., by J. S. C. F. Frey. (New York, Peter Hill; Levett, Lord, and Co.)—A series of letters, in which the author meets all the Jewish objections to the Christian belief and doctrines. There is much learning, and diligent investigation, and able argument, in these volumes.

*Goldsmith's History of England*, by E. Bellchambers. 4 small vols. (London, Allan, Bell, and Co.; Tegg and Son; Washbourne).—A neat little edition, the fourth volume containing the reigns of George IV. and his present majesty, written in a strong anti-tory spirit.

*Bosworth Field: the Fate of a Battlefield*, by the Author of "Britanny." 3 vols. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.).—On its first appearance, we spoke favourably of the historical interest of this work, and it does credit to the public taste that it has so far confirmed our good opinion as to call for a second edition.

*The Popular Cyclopaedia*, &c. Vol. V. Part I. (Glasgow and Edinburgh, Blackie and Son).—From "Missolonghi" to "Peculium," this cheap and well-conducted publication is continued in the volume before us, with the same talent and ability which have distinguished its precursors.

*The Truths of Protestantism contrasted with the Errors of Popery*, as illustrated in the History of past and present Times. In a series of lectures by Ministers of Glasgow. (Glasgow, M'Phun; London, Cotes).—Thirteen lectures, the nature of which is sufficiently explained by the title-page. Of the polemics we say nothing except that they display zeal and ability; the historical illustrations are well sought up and applied.

*Margam Abbey, a Historical Romance of the 14th Century*. Pp. 380. (London, John Green).—A tale of the time of Edward II. in which the fair writer has reaped the beautiful site of Margam Abbey, in Wales, with royalty, chivalry, fair dames, and "clerical monks."

*Remarks on the Ecclesiastical Condition of the United Kingdom*, by David Robinson. Pp. 468. (London, Boone).—A subject of intense interest at the present era. The author writes upon it boldly, ably, and freely; censuring or approving all parties as his conscience and judgment dictate. Not so much a Tory as a Constitutionalist, he, however, leans to the Conservative side, and speaks indignantly against our present ministers.

*The Child's First Book of Manners*. Pp. 109. (London, Darton and Son).—Pretty enough instruction for children by way of dialogue, but, we are sorry to say, not always perfectly grammatical.—*A Little Book for Little Readers*. Pp. 132. (The same).—A nice selection of sweet and improving poems.

*Observations on the Preservation of Health*, by J. Harrison Curtis, &c. &c. Pp. 128. (London, Remshaw).—Full of judicious and sensible observations on the subject, gathered both from reading and from practical experience. Mr. Curtis, after setting out by putting us in the right roads to hear and see, very properly applies his advice to the whole physical and moral system of man.

*Gerardine; a Tale of Conscience*, by E. C. A. 2 vols. (London, Bookers and Dolman).—A religious novel, in which all the mysteries of the Christian faith, and much of the differences of opinion, are expounded according to the author's views, which are Romish, through the medium of a tale.

*The History of Banking in America*, &c. by J. W. Gilbert. 8vo. pp. 207. (London, Longman and Co.).—An important inquiry at the present moment. In a review of the causes of the pressure on the money market, the writer, who is the manager of the London and Westminster Bank, replies to Mr. Horsley Palmer's pamphlet, and defends the system of joint-stock banks.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Arthur Collier, M.A.* by R. Benson. M.A. 8vo. pp. 215. (London, Lumley).—Arthur Collier, an eminent metaphysician, who flourished a century ago, and author of the "Clavis Universalis," after long neglect, has at last found an able biographer in Mr. Benson. The "Clavis Universalis,"—being "a demonstration of the non-existence or impossibility of an eternal world,"—and other metaphysical tracts, are also republished in an octavo volume. They are of great rarity, and extremely curious.

*A Practical Treatise on the Grape Vine on Open Walls*, by Clement Hoare. 8vo. pp. 210. (London, Longman and

Co.).—This is a second edition, and worthy of being so, though we do not recollect the first. It seems to contain all that could or needed be said on the subject.

*W. Colson on the Hip-Joint*. 4to. pp. circ. 120. (London, Evans).—Seeing a new publisher's name, we presume this is a reprint of that valuable treatise which we noticed in the language of commendation which truth demanded, in our *Gazette*, No. 1033.

*The Life of the Rev. Donald Cargill*, by G. M. Bell. Pp. 132. (Glasgow, Dow; Paisly, Gardener; Edinburgh, Oliphant; Dumfries, Halliday; Stranraer, M'Coid).—One of the stoutest and sternest of the Covenanters has here the record of his life and death. It is a curious picture of the times, its persecutions, superstitious, fanaticism, and religious abuses.

*Mammon Demolished*, &c. by B. H. Draper. Pp. 101. (London, Darton and Son).—The successful essay for the premium offered by Dr. Conquest, for the best work on this subject, has been noticed in our pages. The present is one of the unsuccessful attempts, but still thought so well of as to induce its publication—in our opinion, deservedly.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 26th, Mr. Snow Harris, on the phenomena of thunder-storms, cursorily explained the elementary principles of electricity, and proceeded to enlarge upon the mode of its accumulation, the course it invariably follows when discharged, and the most effectual means to palliate, or altogether to parry, the destructive energies, in the violent operation of discharges of lightning on ship-board. He also stated the several objections to, and prejudices against, the use of conductors in vessels, and cited particulars of accidents to ships by lightning, in support of his views. We will not follow Mr. Harris in the order of his lecture; but briefly describe and explain his illustrations of the phenomena of thunder-storms, as they were exemplified in its delivery. A subtle fluid, electricity, pervades all nature, proportionate to the capacities of bodies for it, producing a kind of equilibrium of force in every direction; but it may become unequally distributed by certain natural processes, changes in the temperature and constitution of bodies, &c.; and then this plus subtle principle exerts a self-adjusting tendency, to equalise itself by diffusion into bodies possessing a minus quantity. A reciprocal action, therefore, takes place between the overcharged and undercharged bodies, accompanied with an expansive force, so violent as to shatter the most compact bodies, offering an impediment to equalisation, and an evolution of heat intense to ignition and fusion of other substances. Accumulations of electricity in the atmosphere, producing discharges of lightning, may be thus explained. If two substances, conductors of electricity, the one being insulated, the other having an indefinite capacity for the fluid, were opposed to each other, and separated by a non-conducting or insulating body, the proportionate state of distribution may become deranged in the greatest possible degree, causing an intense electrical force. The above conditions are found in nature, in the relative position of the sea and clouds, and intervening air. The cloud opposed to a conductor of indefinite capacity, the surface of the earth or sea, the air being an intervening insulated medium; hence results a charged battery of enormous force; and the accumulated electricity, in endeavouring to regain a state of proportionate distribution, breaks through the air in its weakest point, falling directly on the sea or land, or through any elevated body which may happen to be immediately in the sphere of action. In every case of electrical discharge there are two points of action, whence it proceeds and whither it goeth. At the instant previous to the discharge, it seems, by a wonderful influence, to feel its way, and mark out, as it were, in advance, the course it is about to follow, which course is invariably through

the line or lines of least resistance, between those points. The points to and from which the electric matter is passing, are out of a ship into the sea and atmosphere—the ship being merely an intervening object—the explosion is experienced in the line or lines of least resistance; and the damage usually happens, not where good conductors are placed, but where they are not present. The fluid is transmitted in a low state of action through good conducting substances, concentrates at the instant of leaving them, producing the disastrous consequences of an expansive agent. This was shewn by passing a discharge of electricity along an interrupted metallic line, upon which heaps of wafers were placed alternately on the broken points and the connected parts: the latter remained undisturbed; the former scattered in all directions. By completing, then, the conducting power of the masts and hulls of ships, they may be placed in a state of the greatest security. The removal of resistance to the electrical diffusion in all directions, is the only principle on which safety depends in attempting to defend buildings or ships in thunder-storms. Some persons suppose ill consequences may be prevented by placing glass or other non-conducting bodies on the mast-heads, or on the most exposed points. What appreciable value can any insulating substance of this kind have in resisting lightning, the action of which, exerted probably between 100,000 acres of electrified clouds and the surface of the sea, breaks through a mile or more of dense air, the most perfect, if not the most compact, of all insulating bodies? The line of conduction, however, must be continuous. The masts, though erect, consist of many distinct portions; and it is often necessary to move one or the other, and sometimes to remove one or two altogether. We should, however, previously have stated, Mr. Harris's conductors are of a superficial kind, consisting of two lamina of sheet copper, laid one on the other, in lengths of about four feet, which are so placed as to admit of the closed joints of the one falling on the continuous portions of the other. Space will not allow us to shew how they are fitted to the mast and caps; but we will describe the illustration of the security afforded when the masts are lowered. Gold leaf was placed on paper, to represent masts partially struck; a discharge of electricity was passed over the gold, which was oxidated only in the line of least resistance; the portion supposed to be below the caps remained perfect. Whatever position, therefore, the sliding masts assume, there is still a continuous line of conduction remaining, as that portion of the mast and conductor, below the cap, is no longer in the line of action, and has no influence on the passage of the electric matter up to the point of fusion of the conductor. Mr. Harris concluded his lecture with a pleasing proof of the efficacy of his conductors; a model of a frigate fitted with them floated in a large trough of water; and astern, not connected with her immediately, a boat. At the frigate's royal mast-head was fixed a small bowl, containing gunpowder, and a similar one in the boat, to which were attached wires trailing in the water, the only medium of communication with the ship. A metallic ball, highly charged with electricity, was made to traverse over the mast-head, where it immediately discharged itself, ignited the powder there placed, and instantaneously that also in the boat; thus proving the security afforded the frigate. A similar discharge through a small mast, in two vertical parts, having within it an interrupted line of metal,

and some percussion and common gunpowder at the discontinuous points, forced them asunder, whilst a thin continuous slip of tin leaf placed externally prevented the electric matter entering the substance of the mast and the ignition of the gunpowder.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 22. Mr. Hamilton, president, in the chair. — Read, 1st. Extracts from a letter from Col. Light, surveyor-general to the South Australian Association, dated St. Vincent's Gulf, Nov. 24, 1836, giving a very favourable account of the prosperity of the colony. He mentions that an excellent harbour, with three fathoms at low water, had been found; also, a creek, extending to within two or three miles of the Fresh-water Lakes; and that the site of the capital of the colony will, most probably, be fixed on the eastern coast of Gulf St. Vincent, in the parallel of about 35°, very near the stream marked in our maps as Sturt River. 2d. A letter from Captain Alexander, in South-east Africa, dated Nabees (Warm Bath), Jan. 1, 1837, stating that, having quitted the missionary station at Kamiesberg, whence his last despatches were dated, on the 16th November, he travelled with a caravan, composed of twenty persons, fifty horses, fifty bullocks, and a flock of sheep, towards the Orange River, over the most barren country he had ever witnessed. — stony gray plains, with low shrubby plants scattered over them. On the 23d they reached the Orange River at the junction of the Giep, or Hoom, one of its northern tributaries, and at about seventy miles from the sea; crossed it without difficulty, and continued, for three days' journey, to the north-east, till they reached the kraal of the chief Abram of the Bondlezwaart tribe, which is composed of sixty reed-huts, situated on each side of the dry bed of the river Hoom, only full three times a-year, in the midst of an extensive plain, with conical hills of 200 feet high, rising here and there. The population of the kraal is about 600. "Here are lions, springboks, zebras, jackals, ostriches, &c. close around us," says Captain Alexander; "and the chief has shot a lion within half a mile of the spot at which I am now writing. I have lately returned from a visit to Africaaner's kraal, about sixty miles east of this spot; and we are now only waiting for the thunder-rains of this month to start for the north, towards Walvisch Bay and the Damaras country. In the meantime, we are packing our specimens, and making preparations. I have got about fifty well-preserved bird-skins and some quadrupeds from Great Namaqua Land. The temperature of the warm spring, whence this spot derives its name, is 103° Fahrenheit." 3d. An account of the ascent of the Old Calabar River, for a distance of about 100 miles from the sea, in the Bight of Benin, to the village of Old Ecrick, in the Quorra steamer, by Messrs. Becroft and Oldfield. Sept. 30, 1836, started in company with 100 canoes, containing about fifty men in each, and proceeded up the river. At fifty miles from the sea, rounded the point of Cross River, and entered a reach running N.W., with from two to seven fathoms of water, and a strong current; islands and mangrove-trees very abundant. The next reach was in a N. by E. direction; and the river 800 yards wide. Continuing our ascent, the stream occasionally narrowed to 100 yards, and again widened out almost into a lake, studded with islands. At about ninety miles, the eastern shore began to rise into hills; and the river flows through deep banks till we reach the town of Old

Ecrick, seated on the slope of a hill, which rises 250 feet above the river, on its eastern bank. Immediately around the houses is a cleared space, beyond which is a forest of fine trees. From information collected during a stay of five days here, we are led to believe this fine river is a branch of the Quorra, diverging from that river below the junction of the Tschadda. Old Ecrick is situate in lat. 6° 40' N., long. 8° 10' west of Greenwich. On this subject, Captain W. Allen, who surveyed the River Quorra in 1833, comes to a different conclusion. His reasons are, briefly, that, in his passage up and down, he discovered no divergent of any size, save the river on its eastern side, between the Tschadda and Ibú; that the preservation of its breadth throughout this distance, and also its keeping the same general direction, and carrying down a larger quantity of diluvium to the sea, would tend to prove the Nún to be the principal trunk of the river; and, lastly, that, by the position assigned to Old Ecrick, it is distant eighty miles from the nearest point of the Quorra, with an intervening elevated tract of country: whence he concludes that the Old Calabar is a noble independent river; that it has its sources far away in the north-east; and, after having drained the south-eastern side of the elevated plateau, named King William's Range on the map, is turned to the westward by the Qua and Rumby Mountains, and empties itself into the sea in the Bight of Biafra, forming, with the Quorra, one common delta; but that, probably, there is water communication between the two streams, by the cross river which traverses their delta, and falls into the Calabar at about fifty miles from the sea. In illustration of this paper, Captain Allen's excellent chart of the River Quorra, or Niger, which, through the liberality of Mr. Macgregor Laird, a spirited merchant of Liverpool, he was enabled to make in the year 1833, was now, for the first time, exhibited to the public. This chart, which is on the scale of twelve inches to a degree, extends upwards from the sea about 400 miles, to the large town of Rabbá, marking the depth of water, and the features of the banks, and containing a very picturesque view of the point where the Tschadda pours in its collateral stream. 4th. A memoir, On the island of Old Providence, by Mr. C. F. Collet, R.N. On the eastern shore of Central America, distant about forty miles from the Mosquito Coast, lies the small island of Old Providence, in lat. 13° 21' N., long. 81° 22' W., celebrated, in former times, as the haunt of bucaniers, and, more particularly, of Morgan, whose name stands conspicuous in their annals. During the progress of the recent survey in the West Indies, under Captain Richard Owen, R.N., this island was thoroughly examined, and the dangerous coral reefs which surround it, at a distance to the northward of nine miles, investigated and accurately laid down in our charts; thereby rendering an important service to hydrography, and to commercial interests in general. The island is about four miles and a half long, by two miles and two-thirds in its greatest breadth; it is of an irregular shape, and may be seen at a distance of ten or twelve leagues, and is easily distinguished from the neighbouring isle of St. Andrew's, by the outline of its abrupt and peaked mountains; the highest of which, nearly in the centre of the island, rises 1190 feet above the sea. Separated from its northern end, by a cut of from twenty to thirty fathoms wide, is the island of Catalina, forming the northern boundary of a harbour so named, affording secure anchorage,

in from two to three and a half fathoms. Morgan's Head, named after the before-mentioned bucanier, is a very remarkable rock, nearly detached from the south-western point of the island of Calabria; it rises forty feet above the level of the sea, and bears a striking resemblance to the figure of a man's head. Fuel, water, and provisions, may be procured here in abundance. Cedar is plentiful, and quite equal in quality to that which grows on the Honduras shore, near Cape Gracias a Dios; it squares from twenty to twenty-four inches. Manchioneal is also common. Beef, pork, poultry, and fish, may easily be obtained, and of good quality; as, also, pigeons, guanas, and hickatees, or land turtle: the latter is found in abundance, and forms a delicious article of food. Yams, cocoa-nuts, plantains, &c., are plentiful. The population of the island is 242 persons, one half of which are slaves. Their chief employment is in raising cotton, and catching turtle, which form the principal articles of export, in exchange for which the inhabitants get British calicoes, clothes, &c. at an exorbitant price. The island is under the government of the republic of New Granada. Since the year 1660 it had been the resort of bucaniers, and many traces yet remain of the forts erected by them. Latterly, it was selected as the head-quarters of General Aurey, a French adventurer, who, with a commission from the government of Buenos Ayres, much annoyed the Spanish trade, during the struggle in which the colonies threw off the yoke of the mother country. The survey of the archipelago of islands, cays, and shoals in the West Indies, is continued under the direction of the Hydrographic Office, and executed by Lieut. Barnet, R.N., whose labours on the vast and dangerous cays near the Mosquito Coast, have entitled him to the gratitude of every West Indian navigator. The president announced to the meeting, that he had just received information of the establishment of a Geographical Society at Frankfort on the Maine; headed by the names of Kriegk and of Meidinger; and he confidently trusted it might be taken as an earnest that many valuable labourers are about to take a share in promoting the object for which this society is instituted, namely, the advancement of geographical science and discovery.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, May 17th. Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair. — A paper, by Mr. Peace Pratt, F.G.S., commenced on the 3d of May, and entitled "A Description of the Geological Character of the Coast of Normandy," was resumed and concluded. On referring to the previous accounts by Mr. De la Beche and Mons. De Caumont, he confines himself chiefly to those points which appear not to have been accurately described. The chalk cliffs which bound the coast between Cape Antifer and Cape La Fleve are composed of chalk marl, and rest upon a bed forty or fifty feet thick of green sand. To these succeed alternations of argillaceous beds, with ferruginous deposits, which appear to indicate the presence of the Gault and Hastings sand. These rest upon an argillaceous limestone, separated into thin beds by portions of clay, of which the upper layers contain *Gryphaea vinguia*, *Ostrea deltoidea*; and these, therefore, represent the Kimmeridge clay. In consequence of a fault — bringing down the argillaceous deposit called argile d'Honfleur to the level of the shore — it has been assumed that this also was equivalent to the Kimmeridge clay, like the deposit on the

northern shore of the Seine, although it really overlies the iron sand. The Kimmeridge clay again makes its appearance near Cricque Bœuf, and is seen resting on a calcareous rock, which the author considers equivalent to the Coral Rag formation, and that they do not represent the Portland beds. Near the mouth of the Touque, a deposit of clay rises from beneath the calcareous strata, containing *Gryphæa dilatata* and *Ostrea gregaria*, and, therefore, representing the Oxford clay. This forms the cliffs as far as Dives, and is seen near the mouth of the Orne, overlying a calcareous oolitic rock, which is usually considered identical with the cornbrash, but in fossil remains approaches much nearer to the forest marble of the west of England. They overlie two beds, filled with fossils, chiefly *Terebratula digona* and *T. plicata*, *Avicula inæquivalvis*, *Apicorinites rotundus*, &c.; and, therefore, representing the Bradford clay. The Caen freestone is usually considered to represent the great oolite of the west of England, but the few fossils found in it resemble those of the inferior oolite. Lias is distinctly seen for a few hundred yards, forming the base of the cliffs near St. Honorine. Hence Mr. Pratt concludes, it would appear from this rapid view, that nearly the whole of the strata found between the chalk and the lias in England are found on the coast of Normandy; the Portland, and perhaps the Purbeck beds, with the Kelloway rock, only, not being seen in this part of France.—A paper, by Dr. Mitchell, F.G.S., was also read, describing a well dug at Beaumont Green, on the premises of Mr. Munt, a magistrate for the county (Hertford), in which chalk was reached at the depth of 126½ feet, a spring met with 40 feet lower; but the excavation was continued for 17 feet below the spring, to form a reservoir. The most remarkable stratum in the section was one 15 feet thick of blue sand, with black pebbles. This, in very wet weather, was found to emit foul air, and in such quantities as to suffocate a well-digger when descending; a hawk flying over the well fell into it; and a similar fate befell smaller birds, as well as bees and flies. Dr. Mitchell has no doubt that the foul air was sulphuretted hydrogen gas, formed by the decomposition of water and iron pyrites. The neighbouring district, to the extent of four miles, is called "Foul Country" by the well-diggers. Nothing remarkable was observed in the well during dry weather. Its safety has since been secured, by bricking it from the chalk up to the surface.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

VISCOUNT GAGE in the chair. The usual monthly meeting took place on Thursday afternoon. From the report which was read, it appeared that the balance in favour of the society, carried to the account for June, was 1650l. 3s. 10d.; the number of visitors to the gardens and museum during May was 24,020. The society's live stock at present consists of 306 mammalia, 702 birds, and 17 reptiles. Twenty-five fellows were elected into the society.—A communication from Mr. Harvey, of Teignmouth, in Devonshire, which referred to a specimen of the electric ray, was lately read. The fish (exhibited) was caught in a trawl-net, near Teignmouth, and was presented to the society by Mr. Harvey. When taken, part of a specimen of the small spotted dog-fish was hanging from its mouth. The fishermen handle the electric ray, while it is alive, without being at all affected by it, always taking care to lay hold of the tail.—Mr. Yarrell exhibited a very large carp, taken by a net in a piece of

water called the Mere, near Payne's Hill, in Surrey. The length of the specimen was thirty inches; the girth of the body, at the commencement of the dorsal fin, twenty-four inches; the weight, twenty-two pounds. Mr. Yarrell observed, that he could find no record of any carp so large having before been taken in this country.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 1. J. E. Gray, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. Hopkins read the continuation of his paper On vegetable fermentation; treating principally on the formation of sugar in vegetables. The continuation of Mr. Wallis's paper, On the Flora of Chelmsford, was also read; from which it appeared that there are a great many rare plants to be found in that vicinity. Some discussion having taken place, the secretary announced donations of plants from Dorsetshire, presented by Dr. Bell Salter; also, donations of plants from Chelmsford, presented by Mr. Wallis. The president announced that the Society had now a large collection of plants, and that they would shortly be arranged and distributed among the members. The meeting then adjourned until July 4th.

## MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

THE fifth anniversary of this Institution was celebrated on Wednesday, by a meeting of its members and friends in the lecture-theatre. The chair was taken by Henry Thomas Hope, Esq. M.P., who, in a most eloquent manner, stated that the Institution had risen to a height of power that was truly gratifying; and that it had prospered in a way that was calculated to advance most materially the great object which it was its end and aim to promote. Societies of this nature (he said) were rising up every day, in all parts of the country, and were supported by all classes of persons; and he was happy to see that, so far from any thing like jealousy on the part of those who promoted these societies, there seemed to be a great desire that each should assist the other. This was a matter of great pleasure to him, for he looked upon the field of literature as a wide plain, rich in every thing that was calculated to benefit society, and only requiring the labour and industry of the husbandman to bring it forth.—Mr. Hemming gave an account of the rise and progress of this now important Institution, by which it appears that it once consisted of only twelve members.—A subscription was entered into for the purpose of increasing the library, to which the chairman most liberally contributed.—Several resolutions were moved by Sir Wm. Clinton, Sir James Hamilton, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Hornaden, the Rev. Mr. Grimston, the Rev. Dr. Jones, and Mr. Serle.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. W. F. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, and late Student of Christ Church.

*Doctor in Civil Law*.—J. D. Harding, Oriel College.

*Masters of Arts*.—Lord C. Thynne, Rev. H. Glynn, Christ Church, Grand Compounders; Rev. W. A. Ormsby, University College; Rev. J. P. Clark, Worcester College; W. Froude, Oriel College; L. W. Jeffray, Balliol College; Rev. J. Brereton, New College; Rev. F. K. Eyre, St. John's College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—H. E. Pratt, University College; T. W. C. Master, C. G. Wynne, Christ Church; W. F. E. Knollys, Merton College; J. R. Miller, Trinity College; I. P. Prescott, Oriel College.

The Theological Prize Essay, founded by Dr. Ellerton, for the present year, on "The Mission of John the Baptist," has been awarded to C. G. Hulton, B.A. of Braconne College.

The Prizes for the present year have been decided as follow:—

*English Essay*.—"The concurring causes which assisted the promulgation of the religion of Mahomet." P. C. Claughton, B.A. Fellow of University College.

*Latin Verse*.—"Marcus Crassus a Parthis devictus." J. J. Randolph, Student of Christ Church.

*English Verse* (Newdigate).—"The Gipsies." A. P. Stanley, Scholar of Balliol College.

The number of compositions sent in for the Newdigate, was 54; for the Latin Verse, 17; for the English Essay, 19.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—A paper On the development and extinction of the crystalline lenses of animals after death, by Sir David Brewster, was read. The author here pursues those interesting researches on the lenses of the cow, the sheep, and the horse, which he had previously instituted in reference to the lenses of the cod, the haddock, the lion, and the hare. In the course of his experiments, Sir David found many differences in the structure of the crystalline lenses of animals belonging to the same species, which led him to believe that they were to be attributed to sex, age, or health: in part confirmation of this, he found in old horses the crystalline structure entirely destroyed. In a separate paper, the author promises to state the conclusions which he has arrived at, in consequence of these experiments, especially in connexion with the cause and cure of cataract. The paper was accompanied by exceedingly delicate diagrams, which served much to illustrate its contents.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOT in the chair.—Mr. Markland, by permission of the Earl of Egremont, communicated a curious document relative to the noble family of Percy, in his lordship's possession, at Petworth. It was written by Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, while confined in the tower, to his son, Algernon Percy, being "Instructions touching the management of his affairs." In some prefatory observations, Mr. Markland observed, that this eccentric and unfortunate peer was committed to the tower, as being connected with the gunpowder plot, and remained there for many years; and, by a sentence of the star-chamber, was subjected to a fine of £30,000, which was afterwards mitigated to £11,000. He was a man of refined taste, and drew round him, as companions, several persons noted for literature and science. Part of the "Instructions" was read, in which the earl tells his son that he had come to his title and estate when young and inexperienced, having succeeded to them on the death of his grandfather, on which he entered into a long course of dissipation and riotous expense, which brought him into serious difficulties, and impoverished his estate, which he attributes to the ill advice and ill management of his retainers, and others about him, and to the alleged rapacity of his grandmother, of whom, in common with the sex, indeed, he writes with no good will.\* The reading of the conclusion was postponed.

## "OES Y BYD I'R IAITH CYMRAEG."

*Ancient Welsh Literature* (under the patronage of the king, several branches of the royal family, and nobility and gentry of high rank and influence).—We rejoice to have had put into our hands a prospectus of a "Society for the Publication of ancient Welsh Manuscripts," which truly says: "It has long been a subject of lamentation, that the numerous unpublished

\* The part of this document read, reminded us somewhat of the character of Lord Byron, and his wayward petulance, when speaking of those about him in the early part of his career.



hardic and historical remains, still extant in the principality, and other parts of the world, should be allowed to continue in their present state of obscurity and precarious existence, without some effective measures having been adopted to lay their contents before the public, and secure them against the various accidents to which they are liable. In addition to the general decay which, from their perishable nature, these venerable relics have for ages been undergoing, within a short space of time whole collections have been destroyed by fire; and of those copies dispersed throughout the country in the possession of individuals, numbers, which are known to have existed a few years ago, are now nowhere to be found." Better late than never, however; and this society has for its object the transcribing and printing of such of these remains as may appear most deserving of publication, not merely as objects of antiquarian curiosity, but as contributing to the elucidation of British history, and being intimately connected with the origin and progress of modern European literature. It is expected that one of the first works put into the press will be the *Mabinogion*, or ancient legendary tales of the Welsh, with English translations. "I think," says an esteemed correspondent, "the existence of this society will prove of immense benefit to the literature of the country generally; and, from my own professional pursuits, I know that if the old Triads could be found complete, a great deal of light would be thrown on the origin of our admirable common law maxims. Coke, in several portions, is but another *Moelmutens*, or *Hoel Dda*."

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Marylebone, 8 P.M. (Mr. Hemming on Chemical Inventions, &c.)

*Tuesday*.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Correspondence and Papers on a letter from Dr. Horsfield; a reference respecting the Wednesday-night meetings of the Society, and other matters. After which, a Joint Committee of Correspondence and Papers, and Manufactures, on Mr. Archer's letter respecting the Engravings of Needham's Cotton Machine.)

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

*Friday*.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

*Saturday*.—H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex's (President of the Royal Society) Conversation at Kensington Palace.\*

#### FINE ARTS. BRITISH GALLERY.

IN our last Number we adverted to the opening of the Gallery of the British Institution, with a fine collection of works by the old masters, and we expressed the delight which we had experienced from a sight of them. We are not going to be so superfluous as to enter into a critical examination of these *chefs-d'œuvre*; but there is one circumstance which we noticed on a second visit to the Gallery, and which afforded us so much gratification, that we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to it. We allude to the introduction of a single modern production—"Fishing-Boats, with Men-of-war in the Distance," by J. M. W. Turner. This noble picture is so placed in the Gallery, as to form a pendant to "A Fresh Breeze, with Men-of-war in the Distance," by Vanderveelde. From the opposite side of the room both performances can be contemplated with ease, and their various qualities compared and estimated; and we put it to the most cynical and inveterate *laudator temporis acti*, whether

\* We regret to state, that Mr. Frederick Hope's (President of the Entomological Society) Conversation for this evening is put off, on account of severe illness in the family.

ther there is a single point in which the old Dutch painter has the advantage over the modern English one? Our artists ought to feel much obliged to Lord Francis Egerton (to whom both these admirable works belong), for the opportunity thus afforded of most unequivocally shewing that, at least in one department of the fine arts, there is in this country living merit, as high as that which is attached to the greatest name, in that department, of former days.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. [Sixth notice.]

OF the numerous portraits in the West Room, one of the most peculiar and striking is—

431. *Portrait of a Gentleman Reading*. Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.—It is, we understand, a portrait of the artist's brother, and has evidently been painted *con amore*. The tones of the flesh, especially, are admirable; and the relief is perfect. We confess, however, that we think the profile shadow projected on the book is somewhat too distinctly marked: it divides the attention of the spectator with the real countenance.

We must content ourselves with merely enumerating, as other portraits in this room well deserving notice, 411. *Earl de Grey*, and 528. *The Son of Sir William de Bathe*. J. Wood; 419. *Mrs. Scaresbrook*. Mrs. J. Robertson; 423. *Major-General Sir Charles Dalbiac*. A. Morton; 425. *Lord Hatherton*, and 508. *Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Brace*. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; 432. *Mr. Serjeant Atcherley*. T. Phillips, R.A.; 447. *Richard Arkwright, Esq.*, and 534. *The Right Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge*. Mrs. W. Carpenter; 462. *John Ellis, Esq.*. J. Hollins; 490. *A Lady*. R. Rothwell; 503. *Lord Montague*. H. P. Briggs, R.A.; 511. *The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor*. Mrs. C. Pearson; 536. *The Right Hon. Frederic Shaw*. T. C. Thompson; and 539. *The Rev. J. Leifchild*. J. Linnell.

The works in the Drawing and Miniature Rooms are in nowise deficient in the qualities that distinguish the larger productions of the pencil to which we have hitherto adverted. Among the views, we especially noticed, 577. *The Sacred Source of the Ganges, Himalaya Mountains*. T. Allom; a powerful example of the novel, wild, and romantic characteristics of Indian scenery.—549. *Part of the Fort of Rhotas Ghur, Bahar*, and 987. *The Fort of Agouree, on the River Soane, Bahar*. W. Daniell, R.A.; with more of extent and aerial perspective than the drawing just mentioned, not less picturesque and interesting.—749. *The Brocas Clump, and Eton College*. F. Nash; the broad and masterly execution of which, together with its effect and air-tint, are admirable.

In enamels, both from pictures and from the life, Mr. H. P. Bone takes the lead.—644. *Virgin and Child, after Vandyke*, is a faithful copy of the much-valued original, and a proof of Mr. Bone's mastery over the difficult process of his branch of the art; but 632. *Portraits of Lord Burghley and Lord Brownlow Cecil*, and other enamels from life, shew his original talents.—W. Essex, in 645. *Enamel of the Saviour, after Guido*; and 637. *Enamel Portrait of his Grace the late Duke of Gordon, after Sanders*, has made a great advance upon his former practice.—646. *Nymph and Child, after Hillon*, M. Takush, can have been executed by no tyro, although the name is new to us.

Among the portrait-drawings, Mr. A. Chalon has distinguished himself by the taste and elegance displayed in 551. *Mrs. W. Boothe*; 587. *Her Grace the Duchess of Montrose*; and 988.

*The Earl of Pembroke*.—591. *Mrs. Samuel Hoare and her Children*; 604. *Christabel and Capel, the Children of Barton Philips, Esq.*, and 682. *The Rev. Francis Cunningham, G. Richmond*, are all beautiful, and in what may be called a clear and expressive style of art.—721. *Portraits of Sir Francis, Lady Sykes, and Children*. D. MacIise, A., possesses a character and a style of composition resembling Vandyke; while 717. *A Lady at a Casement*, and 728. *A Lady at her Embroidery*, by the same able artist, exhibits more of the imaginative. There is great firmness and decision in 678. *Portrait of Sir John Dean Paul, Bart.* and 715. *Portrait of Lady Buckler*. F. Cruikshank; while 986. *Portrait of Mrs. Hodgson Cadogan*, Miss F. Corbux, is in a softer and more delicate style of art.—843. *Portrait of Allan Cunningham, Esq.* C. Fox, is a masterly drawing.—Well knowing the talents of the fair artist, we lamented to see 709. *Scene at a Fancy Dress Ball*. Mrs. Gent, which appears to be a highly finished gem, placed so far above inspection.

The Miniatures are more than usually numerous and excellent; and are seen to great advantage in their new situation. Uniting all the other qualities of art with that delicacy of execution which is peculiarly their own, they form a powerful focus of attraction. Our limits will not allow us to enter into detailed remarks; but we would call the especial attention of our readers to the talents and taste displayed in 878. *Viscount and Viscountess Falkland, and the Hon. Lucius Carey*; 853. *Mrs. Newdigate, and Charles Newdigate, Esq.*, and 826. *The Right Hon. Lady Caroline Turner*, by W. C. Ross; 836. *The Rebellious Ward*, 827. *Lady Knox*, and 832. *The Drowager Lady Rowley*, by S. Lover; 899 (erroneously marked in the catalogue 769). *His Grace the Duke of Roxburgh*, 879. *Her Grace the Duchess of Roxburgh*, and 772. *The Right Hon. Lord Louth, the Hon. T. Barnewell, Charles Martyn, Esq.*, and *Mrs. de Zulieta*, by A. Robertson; 866. *The King*, 862. *The Queen*, and 835. *Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsihal*, by W. J. Newton; 819. *William P. Wood, Esq.*, by F. Cruikshank; 854. *Magnus Gilbert Meason, Esq.*, and 867. *The Infant Daughter of the Viscountess Milton*, by S. P. Denning; 785. *Mrs. Henry Daniell*, and 800. *Charles Millett, Esq.*, by W. Barclay; 792. *A Lady*, by W. Booth; *H. R. H. the Princess Victoria*, by H. Collen; *The Right Hon. Lady Mary Hoare*, by Maria Chalon; 898. *Master Luxmore*, by W. Egle, &c. &c.

559. *The Murrain of Beasts*, 973. *Plague of Hail*, and 720. *Cleopatra on the Cydnus*. G. Jones, R.A.; 760. *Flowers*. Mrs. Pope, and 576. *Fruit*. V. Bartholomew, are among the varieties contained in this room.

[To be continued.]

*National Monuments, &c.*—On Monday, the public meeting at the Freemasons' Hall, which we mentioned in our last Number, took place; Mr. Hume in the chair, and surrounded on the platform by Lord Ebrington, Sir G. Sinclair, Mr. Thomas Hope, Mr. C. Buller, Mr. Wyse, Dr. Bowring, and other members of parliament, besides many men of eminence in the literature and science of the country. Several able speeches were made, and resolutions in accordance with the views of the meeting, equally supported by Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals, were moved, and, after some discussion, carried. With regard to the opening, gratuitously, of all national institutions, where national property was to be seen, there was no difference of opinion; but difficulties presented them-

selves on the question, as connected with the Royal Academy, whose exhibitions consist of private property, though shewn in a building erected at the public expense. At the conclusion, petitions were signed to his majesty and the two houses of parliament; and it seemed to be understood that all necessary negotiations, terms, or arrangements, were to be left to the discretion of Mr. Hume and the committee, who had already so zealously promoted these desirable measures.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen.* No. IV.

THE Marquess of Londonderry, Sir Charles Wetherell, and James Emerson Tennent, Esq. M.P., are the embellishments of Mr. Ryall's present number. A few weeks ago we noticed the admirable head of the hon. member: that of the noble Marquess (from a picture by Boxall) deserves equal praise; but we confess that we do not think the resemblance of the distinguished, though eccentric lawyer, perfectly satisfactory.

*David Salomons, Esq. Sheriff of London and Middlesex, 1835-6.* Painted by Mrs. C. Pearson; engraved by C. Turner, A.R.S. Moon.

STRONG resemblance, dignified character, and powerful effect, render this a very valuable portrait. It strikes us that the head is rather small in proportion to the figure; but, if it be so, it is a fault on the right side.

*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*; by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated by twenty-five Poetic and Dramatic Scenes, designed and etched by David Scott, Member of the Scottish Academy of Painting. Folio. Edinburgh, Alexander Hill; London, Ackermann and Co.

THE character of a "singularly wild and original poem," which Lord Byron gave to "Christabel," is equally applicable to "The Ancient Mariner." It is, indeed, the most imaginative and extraordinary of Coleridge's productions, and has already been the subject, in more than one instance, of graphic illustration; but the spiritual images of the poet have never been so finely and satisfactorily embodied as in the work before us. About six years ago we noticed a publication, by the same artist, entitled, "Of Man: six Monograms." Whoever has seen that publication, must be aware of Mr. Scott's peculiar fitness for his present undertaking; in which we recognise the same novelty and grandeur of conception, and the same daring and skilful execution, that called forth our admiration of the Monograms. "The suffering of the crew from heat and thirst," "The Spectre Ship approaching," "The Ghost's darting past," "The Mariner, alone alive, seeing all dead around him," "The Spirit of the South moving the Ship onwards," "The Spirits of Peace descending," and "The Mariner seeing his home," are among our favourite designs; but they all bear the stamp of a powerful mind, and a masterly hand.

*Some Account of the Art of Painting in Enamel.* By Alfred Essex. Taylor.

MR. ALFRED ESSEX is the brother of Mr. William Essex, to whose beautiful enamels we have frequently had the pleasure of calling the attention of our readers. With a view to facilitate his brother's pursuits, Mr. Alfred Essex states that he has devoted much time to the improvement of the colours proper for

painting in enamel. "One of the objects," he observes, "which I have endeavoured to accomplish, and in which I have not been unsuccessful, is, that they should be of the same colour when on the palette, as they will be when they have passed through the fire. The colours possessing this property, the artist is enabled to see, while proceeding with his work, the precise effect that will be produced after the painting has undergone fusion." This is a very valuable discovery, and will, no doubt, be properly estimated by the professors of the art.

It appears that the largest picture in enamel ever executed, is the late Mr. Muss's copy of the Holy Family by Parmegiano. It measures 20½ inches by 15½, and forms part of the royal collection at Buckingham Palace.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

*The Humours of the American Press* often attract notice on this side of the ocean; and the following recent selection will, we hope, serve to amuse our readers:

*A Tailor's Sign-Board.*—Microcosm's habiliments fashionably fabricated, invisibly renovated, metamorphosed, and depurated, by J. Wayte, cosmopolitan.

*Definitions.*—Experimental philosophy is the asking a man to lend you money. Moral philosophy is his refusing to lend any.

*A Desirable Locality.*—In New South Wales, an old maid is a much rarer animal than a black swan. The fair emigrants from England, no matter what their age or condition, are snapped up at once. It is even asserted, that they receive offers of marriage through a speaking trumpet before they leave the ship!! What a glorious country for those unfortunates who have passed the eventful period when they wonder who they will have, and, arrived at that, when they wonder who will have them.

*A New Yorkist* calls their omnibuses "infernal machines," and says, that they have more victims prostrated before their wheels than the car of Juggernaut; and he further observes, that "no circus has succeeded at New York since the introduction of these conveniences (query?); for the ground and lofty tumbling to be met with in our streets costs nothing to look at. In this, as in other things, it appears that Jonathan is determined to go a-head, or, at least, not fall far behind us Londoners.

*An American Journalist* is bold enough to impugn the doctrine of early rising in the following terms:—"We are no worshipper of the sun ourselves, and willingly confess that we don't belong to the rising generation: there is no doubt, to be sure, but that sleep, the great restorative, like other restoratives (champagne, for instance), may be taken to excess. Some constitutions require more, some less; but every individual should find out his own measure; and if your advocates for 'early rising' would make that the foundation of their arguments, and, moreover, use early rising, as a relative term to be dated from the hour of sleep, their labours would be more rational and more beneficial. As it is, all theories upon the subject are whimsical. We must rise early, forsooth, because the sun does, and the lark does: for the matter of that, the lark is not a respectable character—he is sometimes up all night; and, as for the sun, why, he gets up when he pleases, and not always at the same hour; indeed, if our memory serves us, there are some quarters of the globe where that red-faced Christian lies a-bed for months.

'Rise before the sun,  
And make a breakfast of the morning dew;  
Served up by Nature on a grassy hill,  
You'll find it nectar.'

You don't say so. There's a breakfast to recommend to a stout gentleman with an appetite. If he had written 'mountain dew,' now, there would have been some reason in it; but these poets are strange fellows; and Thompson wrote that panegyric in bed at mid-day. In conclusion, we are willing to believe that the 'rising sun' is a very magnificent object."

*A Yankee Judge.*—One of the judges lately appointed in Connecticut, in a recent charge to the jury, addressed them thus: "As I know nothing about the law, and presume that you do not, you must decide as you please."

*The Natches Newspapers* give, with every death that they announce, the name of the medical gentleman who officiated: the readiest method, to a dead certainty, of making known the relative extent of practice in the profession.

*A Favourite Actor* at New Orleans had a recent benefit: at the conclusion of the performance he addressed a crowded house in the following manner: "Gentlemen, as it is the modern custom to make a speech upon a benefit occasion, I appear at your call. I could make a long speech, but that's all flummery; you are here,—I have your money and am satisfied; I hope you are: good night."

*Wooden Types* are advertised in the American papers, of every character and size, and at so reduced a price, when compared with metallic letters, as to afford no unreasonable expectation of their superseding the latter. It would be a curious incident in the history of the art of printing, if this invention should lead to the revival of block printing, for such standard works as are now stereotyped.

*An American Paper* asserts that every fourth family in the United States possesses a poet!!!

*A New Word.*—An official order, published in a New England newspaper, calls upon certain persons to pay up their "behindments" (arrears) before the ensuing court-day.

*The Fulton Ferry*, at New York, is suffering under the same malady as afflicts the general government,—a plethora of revenue; the company being incapacitated from reducing their rates, or from increasing their dividends. This is a very distressing case, and it is consolatory to us to know that most of our joint-stock companies manage these things better in Great Britain.

## DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—An opera called *Catherine Grey*, an English historical subject, and composed by Mr. Balfe, has been produced here with applause, and played thrice in the course of the last ten days. Mr. Balfe, Mr. Seguin, Mrs. Wood, and Miss Romer, give the music most efficient support. The music itself is of a very pleasing character, and, in some parts, extremely sweet. A serenade is particularly beautiful. The poetical recitative does not seem to suit English tastes; but, altogether, we have much satisfaction in saying, that Mr. Balfe's fame is not diminished by this composition.

*St. James's and the Olympic* closed on Wednesday; the former having brought forward many deserving pieces, and cast them in a manner to earn the applause of the admirers of legitimate theatricals; the latter having also brought forward many clever novelties, to houses almost invariably crowded.

*Strand Theatre.*—A new piece, called *Bachelors' Buttons*, has been produced here with success. Mrs. Stirling assumes a variety of parts in it, all of which she sustains with much talent and spirit.

#### VARIETIES.

*Weather-Wisdom.*—We have no great reason to find fault, either with M. Arago, or Lieut. Morrison, this week; for, if not quite precise, they have not been far wide of the mark in their prognostications. According to the latter, this day will be cloudy, and "the 4th warm, cumuli, thunder showers. The 6th and 7th changeable, with rain and wind; thunder again in some parts on the 7th. 8th to the 10th, warm and pleasant weather."—*Apropos*, we have to acknowledge a note from Lieut. Murphy, who shall be attended to, if he will favour us with any predictions for the future.

*Joe Grimaldi*, the clown of clowns, is dead. He died suddenly at his residence, Pentonville, on Thursday last.

*Princess Victoria*, from a drawing by R. J. Lane. (Dickenson). A lithographic portrait which does great credit both to the taste and talent of Mr. Lane. Being by the command of the mother of our young princess, the artist has well chosen an attitude and expression of countenance to preserve the most pleasing idea of the original. It is a sweet production.

*Thalberg-Herz*, and a nondescript grotesque *piano-forte player*, with some score of fingers on each hand, are little plaster casts (published by D'Almaine and Co.), which are charming mantel-piece ornaments, and pleasing recollections of musical favourites. The likeness of Herz is capital, and the caricature most laughable.

*A New Mechanical Power.*—An application of electro-magnetism to the movement of machinery, has been made by a Mr. Davenport, of New England; and a model of apparatus for applying the principle, is now exhibiting in New York. Professors Silliman, Renwick, and others, have expressed an opinion, that the power of machinery may be increased from this source beyond an assignable limit. It is also computed by these learned men, that a circular galvanic battery, of about three feet diameter, with magnets of proportionable surface, would produce at least a hundred-horse power! and, therefore, that two such batteries would be sufficient to propel ships of the largest class across the Atlantic. The only materials required to generate and continue this power for such a voyage, would be a few sheets of copper and zinc, and a few gallons of mineral water.—*American Paper.*

*British Museum.*—We omitted to state, in our last Number, that, on Whit Monday, the new and admirable collection of Egyptian mummies and antiquities was opened to the public at the British Museum. We attended, of course, and were not less surprised than gratified to see the crowds that literally thronged every room of this establishment. From the highest class, whose carriages rendered Great Russell Street like Charing Cross on the Royal Academy exhibition-days, to the plainest mechanic, all proved that the national stigma of want of taste and interest for intellectual information, is wholly misplaced and false; and the knowledge and intelligence evinced, in our own hearing, by members of the humble class on the subject of Egypt, was well calculated to gratify every reflecting patriotic mind. It was the same on Wednesday. Greenwich fair may

be a loser, but assuredly the public and the nation will be gainers by thus throwing open, on holidays, the sources of rational amusement and instruction to those who have no other opportunities for visiting them. We regret to see the Etrurian antiquities form so small a part of the collection; but Campanari's Etruscan exhibition will, doubtless, awake attention in the proper quarters, to this important portion of the past.

*Society of British Natural History, Antiquities, and Topography.*—We are informed that several scientific and literary persons are actively engaged in instituting a Society of British Natural History, Antiquities, and Topography. They intend to form a library and museum, illustrative of those subjects, which are to be further elucidated by the reading of papers, and the delivery of lectures at their weekly meetings. The natural history, antiquities, &c. of London and its suburbs, are the principal subjects to be investigated.

*Patronage of Literature.*—Simon Casii Chitty, a native of Ceylon, distinguished for having written a Gazetteer for that island, has been rewarded by government with the sum of 100 guineas.

*Zingarelli*, the composer, author of the opera of "Romeo e Giulietta," died at Naples on the 5th, aged 87; another instance of the longevity of musicians.

*Copyright.*—We rejoice to see Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's speech on the law of copyright, published in a correct form (by W. Moxon). It is a fine display of research and reasoning, enforced by brilliant eloquence.

*The Wellington Statue.*—Sir F. Chantrey, on whom the election for executing this work has fallen, attended the committee on Wednesday, when a conversation took place on the subject of the tribute. The result was, that a deputation was appointed to wait upon the Duke of Wellington, to state the circumstances to his grace, and request him to allow Sir F. Chantrey to be put into communication with him. Sir F., in reply to several questions, stated, that he would submit a model, or models, of his design, in, probably, three or four months; but as the first conception of such a group was one of its most important features, he did not like to pledge himself to an exact period. The statue itself, he thought, might be executed in four years, if no accident happened in casting the bronze, or otherwise, to retard it. As the funds are as yet inadequate to an equestrian statue and pedestal of a superior order, the committee resolved to keep the subscription open for a season; and it was agreed that, when Sir F. Chantrey's figure of Sir Thomas Monro, now within a few weeks of being done, should be completed, that distinguished sculptor would invite the committee to see it, so as to furnish them with certain data whereon to estimate the character and attributes of similar productions.

On this matter, a correspondent has sent us the following good-humoured *jeu-d'esprit*, founded, however, on a slight error; for the decision was fifteen to fourteen, independently of the chair:—"On the recent decision, by the casting vote of the Lord Mayor of London, that the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington should be executed by Chantrey, and not by Wyatt.

The admirers of Wyatt  
As well may be quiet.

For if with his steel nothing else can compare—

Though Claudius and Peter are out of their wits—

It seems clear as mud to the knackers and cits,

That the choice of the *Horse* should be left to the

Mayor. *The Guildhall Laureate.*"

*Concert.*—On Wednesday, Messrs. Rousselot and Eliason had their annual concert, at the Concert-room, King's Theatre; and it was, altogether, one of the richest treats of even this *starry* season. Pasta and Grisi sang together; but as almost all the principal attractions of the musical season were congregated together, we need not enter into details. The compositions and performances of Messrs. R. and E. themselves were, nevertheless, among the chief charms of the entertainment, which went off to the utmost satisfaction of a numerous and fashionable auditory.

*London Amusements.*—Among the amusements of London, one novelty springs into existence to-day, viz. the *Hippodrome*, at Bayswater, where horse-races, and a variety of manly and healthful sports, are proposed to be cultivated. The races appointed for this afternoon, by Mr. Whyte, the spirited proprietor, who gives several plates of a hundred guineas, &c. seem to promise great amusement; and, we have no doubt, should the weather be at all favourable, will attract a vast crowd of spectators. Under proper management, such an establishment, so near the metropolis, must be a source of constant entertainment and recreation. The *Beulah Spa*, somewhat more distant, presents inducements to visitors of a different, and not less pleasing, kind. The drive thither is a very agreeable one, and the grounds and woods around are charming promenades. Every opportunity which can take the population of the close and smoky city into the sphere of country relaxation, with fresh air and exercise, is highly to be prized. The accommodations here, too, are excellently well conducted. *Vauxhall*, another of our resorts, is now to be opened for every night in the week.

*West London Literary and Scientific Institution.*—At a general meeting of the members, and others interested in this Institution, Lord Teignmouth presiding, his lordship pointed out the advantages to be derived from institutions of this nature; and the hon. secretary read the report, from which it appears that 208 members have already joined the Institution; that more than 5000. have been received for subscriptions and donations; that a library was rapidly forming; and that the affairs of the Institution were in a very prosperous condition.

*Picture Sales.*—Yesterday, nearly sixty of the admirable collection of Mr. Cosvett (see *Lit. Gaz.* of last year) were disposed of by Messrs. Christie and Manson; of which, as we did not see them till Monday, we could give our readers no intimation. But there yet remains for to-day, some twenty or thirty of the *chefs-d'œuvre*; and well are they worth a visit from every lover of the arts. In the adjoining room, also, is the town collection of Sir George Warrender; about an equal number of pictures, and including admirable Teniers, Gainsborough, &c. &c.

*Caricatures.*—H. B. has already given us a batch of other three clever political sketches on stirring subjects of the day. 485. A race for the Westminster stakes. Burdett beating Leader in a canter, and various well-known M.P.'s, &c. looking on with aspects of different expression—triumph or distress. 486. "Taking up a fare." Peel driving, with the King on the box; Sir J. Graham, cad; Wellington, guard; Lyndhurst, an outside passenger on the back seat; Lord Castlereagh, a footman, with a carpet bag; Lefroy and Shaw also passengers in front; and Burdett and Lord Stanley in admirable character—the latter opening the door, and the other stepping into the coach. 487, is Burdett, as Don Quixotte, attacking the Lion of Demo-

cracy in his den. The last is also finely executed; and both are well calculated to maintain the celebrity of the artist.

**The Suburban Gardener, No. I.** By J. Loudon. (Longman and Co.)—This is a most useful and admirable design: from the first No., and the experience of the writer, we are free to say, that there is nothing which can be required by the villa-poseessor, or cottager, near London, or elsewhere, which will not be ably and clearly taught by this publication.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The French *Historical Commission* has just published four new volumes: the first vol. of the Anglo-Norman Chronicle of Benoit, a poet of the 12th century, edited by Michel; the History of the Crusade against the Albigenses, in Provençal verse, by William of Tudela, edited by Fauriel; the second volume of General Pelet's Military Memoirs of the War of the Succession, from the official documents; and a specimen of a projected Archaeological Society of France, on a very large scale, with numerous plates, including the arrondissements of Nancy and Toul.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches in the Pyrenees; with some Remarks on Languedoc, Provence, and the Cornice, by the Author of "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine," and the "Gossip's Week," 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Lives of Eminent British Statesmen, Vol. III., by John Forster, Esq., forming Vol. XC. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, fcap. 8vo. 6s.—The Curate of Steinholt, a Tale of Iceland, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.—Ryland on Diseases of Larynx and Trachea, 8vo. 18s.—Geraldine, a Tale of Conscience, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—The City of the Sultan, by Miss Parodo, 3 vols. 8vo. 17. 12s.—Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, "Summer," by H. Duncan, D.D. 18mo. 6s.—History of Mahomed and his Successors, by W. Syme, 18mo. 3s.—The Wrongs of the Caffer Nation, by Justus, 12mo. 5s.—Truth without Novelty, Part II. 18mo. 2s.—Rev. Thomas Biddulph's Plain and Practical Sermons, 3d series, 12mo. 5s.—A Selection of Fables, by Theresa Tidy, 18mo. 1s.—Rev. James Slade's System of Family Prayers, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Transition, fcap. 8s.—The Peacemaker, by Bishop Hall, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Aunt Dorothy's Tale, or Geraldine Morton, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s.—Distant Glimpses, or Astronomical Sketches, by F. B. Burton, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Shaw's Specimens of Ancient Furniture, on tinted paper, 4to. 2l. 2s.—Shaw's Specimens of Plates and Furniture, from the Colleges of Oxford, 4to. 10s. 6d.; folio, 2l. 2s.—Remarks on Military Law and Flogging, by General C. J. Napier, 8vo. 7s.—Robinson's Magistrates' Pocket Books, 2d edition, by J. F. Archbold, crown 8vo. 1l.—The Poet's Daughter, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 12s.—Eureka, a Prophecy of the Future, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Wardlaw's Discourses on Socinian Philosophy, 5th edition, 8vo. 10s.—De Porquet's First Italian Reading-Book, cloth lettered, 3s. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 18	From 40 to 55	30.12 to 30.10
Friday... 19	... 32 .. 53	30.04 .. 30.01
Saturday... 20	... 28 .. 53	29.95 .. 29.86
Sunday... 21	... 30 .. 49	29.73 .. 29.70
Monday... 22	... 27 .. 53	29.70 .. 29.62
Tuesday... 23	... 30 .. 58	29.86 .. 29.80
Wednesday 24	... 23 .. 62	29.89 .. 29.86

Winds, N.W. and N.E.  
Except the 18th, and the evenings of the 19th, 21st, and 22d, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.  
Rain fallen, '1635 of an inch.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 25	From 25 to 63	29.90 to 29.78
Friday... 26	... 38 .. 66	29.80 .. 29.71
Saturday... 27	... 28 .. 69	29.88 .. 29.95
Sunday... 28	... 32 .. 61	29.98 .. 29.94
Monday... 29	... 45 .. 68	29.93 .. 29.95
Tuesday... 30	... 38 .. 65	29.96 .. 30.00
Wednesday 31	... 34 .. 67	29.99 .. 29.92

Wind, S.W.  
Generally clear. A little rain fell on the afternoon of the 28th, also on the mornings of the 30th and 31st.  
Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude.....51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our card for the Annual Meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society reached us too late: in consequence of which, we regret to say, we missed the anniversary address by the president, Lord Stanhope, and the rest of the proceedings of the day.

We cannot advise in or procure the matter mentioned in letter from Manchester Street, Brighton.

J. H. is thanked, but we cannot insert the lines.

ERRATUM.—The price of Captain Alexander's new work on the subject of Western Africa, &c. was stated at 36s. in our last No.; it is only 32s.

### ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALM MALL.**—The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters, of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, is now open, and will continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.  
Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**JUST OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton.  
Open daily, from Ten till Five.

**CHINESE and MANCHU LANGUAGES.**  
Mr. William Huttman respectfully announces that he gives Lessons in the Chinese and Manchu Languages.  
Terms may be obtained of him, at No. 31 Burton Street, Burton Crescent, and of Messrs. Allen and Co. Booksellers to the Hon. East India Company, Leadenhall Street.

**THE COMMITTEE of the BIRMINGHAM and EDGBASTON PROPRIETARY DAY-SCHOOL,** are desirous of engaging a Classical Master, to enter upon his Duties at the close of the next Christmas Vacation.  
The Salary will be 300l. per annum. Applicants must address their testimonials (free of expense) on or before the 1st of July next, to Mr. J. C. Barlow, the Honorary Secretary, Bennett Hill, Birmingham, from whom Copies of the Rules of the Institution, and any further Information, may be obtained.

**TO ARTISTS, TOURISTS, AND ADMIRERS OF THE FINE ARTS.**

**PARLOUR'S PATENT SKETCHING-CASE,** or Delineator, is confidently recommended to the notice of all persons attached to the science of drawing, as being infinitely superior to the camera-lucida, and all other instruments hitherto invented for the purpose of sketching. The sketching-case may be held in the hand, and a correct drawing made of any object or landscape; or it may be attached to a table in the same manner as the camera lucida. It is simple in its management, and does not exceed, in size, the common sketch-book.  
Manufactured for the Patentee, by Reeves and Sons, 150 Cheap-side; and may be had, also, of Smith and Warner, Marylebone Street, Piccadilly; Nutting, Optician, 294 Regent Street; Cary, Optician, Strand; Watkins and Hill, Opticians, Charing Cross; Winsor and Newtons, Rathbone Place, and at all other Opticians and Artists' Repositories.

Just published,  
**A SERIES OF TWENTY-FIVE IMAGINATIVE DESIGNS** from Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," designed and etched by David Scott, S.A. accompanied with the Poem, tastefully printed on the finest paper, the full size of the Work. Cloth, bound elegant, super-royal folio, plain, 2l. 12s. 6d.; Imperial folio, India Proofs, 4l. 4s. London: Ackermann and Co. 96 Strand; and Alexander Hill, 50 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

### THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Just published, a highly finished Portrait of Her Royal Highness. Engraved by royal command, by Mr. F. Woolnoth, Engraver to their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, from a Miniature painted expressly for Her R. H. the Duchess of Kent, by Mr. H. Collier, Miniature Painter to their Royal Highnesses.  
Prints, 5s.; Proofs, 7s. 6d.; before Letters, 10s. 6d.  
Published by Mr. Woolnoth, 3 Linden Grove, Kensington; and Ackermann and Co. 96 Strand.

**BOOKS: a BARGAIN; viz. Encyclopædia Britannica, last edition (the 6th), with Supplement, 96 vols. half-bound russia, leaves marbled, a fine copy, 25l. Ditto, the 4th edition, with the last Supplement (Napier's) the plates bound separately, in 3 vols.—in all 26 vols. half-bound russia, 15l. 12s.**

Ditto, the 3d edition, with Dr. Gleg's Supplement, bound, calf, neat, 80 vols. 7l. 10s.

The Oxford Cyclopædia, 6 vols. 4to. half-russia, 3l. 10s.

Dr. Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia, 18 vols. half-russia (new), 20l.

Edinburgh Review, complete from commencement to the present time, with Indexes, 67 vols. half-bound russia, 11l. 11s.

Quarterly Review, complete, half-bound, calf (new), 58 vols. 12l.

Chalmers's Poets, 21 vols. royal 8vo. calf, extra, gilt leaves, 8l.

Waverley Novels (the 8vo. edition, scarce), complete, 41 vols. boards, 12l. 12s.

Scott's Prose Works, the new and complete edition, 28 vols. 18mo. cloth, 4l. 14s. second-hand, fine early impressions of the plates.

Swift's Works, by Scott, last edition, 19 vols. 8vo. boards, 5l. 10s.

French and German Languages; Instructions in, or the Linguist, by Daniel Bollier, author of several ably Works on the French and German Languages, 2 vols. 8vo. boards, 14s. (regular selling price, 11. 6d.)

Apply to J. Brumby, 34 Haymarket, Corner of Pantion Street. Postage of Letters to be paid.

### BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On Monday, June 5, will be published, in post 8vo. price 10s. 6d. Vol. of

**THE DOCTOR, &c.**  
London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

Of whom may be had,

The Three previous Volumes, price 17. 11s. 6d.  
"That singular production called 'The Doctor, &c.' is rich beyond almost any other of the time, in the best knowledge, and the most beautiful literature."—Quarterly Review.

3 St. James's Square, May 30.  
THE FOLLOWING NEW WORKS ARE JUST READY.

**MURRAY'S "SUMMER in the PYRENEES."**

The 3d edition, 2 vols. 8vo. Plates.

II.

The Life and Correspondence of John Thielwall.

By his Widow. The First Volume.

III.

Schiller's "Bride of Messina." Translated by George Irvine, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo.

IV.

Brydges's "Moral Axioms." For the Use of Schools. 1 vol. small 8vo.

V.

Franklin's "Tableaux from Crichton." Twelve exquisitely engraved Plates.

VI.

Guizot's "European Civilisation." Translated by Mrs. Colonel Beckwith. 1 vol. post 8vo.

VII.

The Poet's Daughter.

A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. John Macrone, St. James's Square.

Just ready, in 2 vols. post 8vo. price 11. 1s. cloth, illustrated by a coloured map of the Seat of War,

**THE BASQUE PROVINCES; their present Political State, Scenery, and Inhabitants: with Adventures amongst the Carlists and Christians.**  
By E. BELL, ST. HELENS, Esq.  
London: Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

Shortly will be published, price 10s. 6d.

**LYRIC S.**  
By JOHN LEE STEVENS.  
Subscribers' Names received by the Publishers, A. H. Baily and Co. Cornhill; and by the Author, at the Shipping Gazette Office, No. 162 Fleet Street.

In a few days,  
**ON THE PRINCIPLES of ENGLISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.**  
By the Rev. W. WHWELL, M.A.  
Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "A History of the Inductive Sciences," &c.  
London: John W. Parker. Cambridge, J. and J. Deighton.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise; a Fragment.*  
By Charles Babbage, Esq. 8vo. pp. 240.  
London, 1837. Murray.

THE title prefixed to this book is, in our opinion, very objectionable. It is not a *Bridgewater Treatise*, nor like one, except in form and title; and we are disposed to quarrel with any author who hoists other colours than his own: nor could it be necessary in this case. No remarks coming from Mr. Babbage needed any trick of the trade to push them into popularity; his own high scientific reputation would, of itself, have attracted attention, and ensured respect, without the irregular appropriation of vicarious notoriety. However, having thus briefly and plainly noticed the transgression, we let it pass. The work contains some admirable arguments, tending to rebut the following charge, thrown out by Mr. Whewell, in his *Treatise on Astronomy and General Physics*.

"We may thus, with the greatest propriety, deny to the mechanical philosophers and mathematicians of recent times, any authority with regard to their views of the administration of the universe; we have no reason whatever to expect from their speculations any help, when we ascend to the First Cause and Supreme Ruler of the universe. But we might, perhaps, go further, and assert, that they are in some respects less likely than men employed in other pursuits, to make any clear advance towards such a subject of speculation."

Mr. Babbage steps forward as the ardent champion of the mechanical and mathematical philosophers. By several distinct illustrations, deduced from his own immediate discoveries in his calculating machine, he goes to demonstrate that the powers of mechanism, when put forth to their higher capabilities, become themselves accessories towards the interpretation of those cyclical alterations in the laws of nature, which, so long as they remain unexplained, seem to our limited vision to be violations of an ordained rule. But if we can instance in mechanism such regular changes, in obedience to some hidden law of the contriver, however distant the intervals may be at which such change takes place, assuredly the philosophy of mechanics has done much as an auxiliary towards throwing light upon, and supplying us with, practical illustrations of the more secret working of the machinery of the universe. At present, however, we must be content to leave the main argument, and offer only a few brief examples.

The following fragment on time, little as it goes to make good the title of the book to the *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, approaches the sublime:—

"Time and change are great, only with reference to the faculties of the beings which note them. The insect of an hour, which flutters, during its transient existence, in an atmosphere of perfume, would attribute unchanging duration to the beautiful flowers of the cistus, whose petals cover the dewy grass but a few hours after it has received the lifeless body of the gnat. These flowers, could they reflect, might contrast their transitory lives with the prolonged existence of their greener neighbours. The leaves themselves, counting their brief span by the lapse of a few moons, might regard as almost indefinitely extended, the duration of the

common parent of that leaf and flower. The lives of individual trees are but in the continued destruction and renovation which take place in forest masses. Forests themselves, starved by the exhaustion of the soil, or consumed by fire, succeed each other in slow gradation. A forest of oaks waves its luxuriant branches over a spot which has been fertilised by the ashes of a forest of pines. These periods again merge into other and still longer cycles, during which the latest of a thousand forests sinks beneath the waves, from the gradual subsidence of its parent earth; or in which extensive inundations, by accumulating the silt of centuries, gradually convert the living trunks into their stony resemblances. Stratum upon stratum subsides in comminuted particles, and is accumulated in the depths of the ocean, whence they again arise, consolidated by pressure or by fire, to form the continents and mountains of a new creation. Such, in endless succession, is the history of the changes of the globe we dwell upon; and human observation, aided by human reason, has, as yet, discovered few signs of a beginning—no symptom of an end. Yet, in that more extended view which recognises our planet as one amongst the attendants of a certain luminary; that sun itself, the soul, as it were, of vegetable and animal existence, but an insignificant individual among its congeners of the milky way:—when we remember that that cloud of light, gleaming with its myriad systems, is but an isolated nebula amongst a countless host of rivals, which the starry firmament, surrounding us on all sides, presents to us in every varied form: some as uncondensed masses of attenuated light; some as having, in obedience to attractive forces, assumed a spherical figure; others, as if further advanced in the history of their fate, having a denser central nucleus surrounded by a more diluted light, spreading into such vast spaces, that the whole of our own nebula would be lost in it: others there are, in which the apparently unformed and irregular mass of nebulous light is just curdling, as it were, into separate systems; whilst many present a congeries of distinct points of light, each, perhaps, the separate luminary of a creation more glorious than our own. When the birth, the progress, and the history of sidereal systems are considered, we require some other unit of time than even that comprehensive one which astronomy has unfolded to our view. Minute and almost infinitesimal as is the time which comprises the history of our race compared with that which records the history of our system, the space even of this latter period forms too limited a standard wherewith to measure the footmarks of eternity."

The following subject is also beautifully carried out by Mr. Babbage.

"The principle of the equality of action and reaction, when traced through all its consequences, opens views which will appear to many persons most unexpected. The pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to which they gave rise. Strong and audible as they may be in the immediate neighbourhood of the speaker, and at the immediate mo-

ment of utterance, their quickly attenuated force soon becomes inaudible to human ears. The motions they have impressed on the particles of one portion of our atmosphere, are communicated to constantly increasing numbers; but the quantity of motion measured in the same direction receives no addition. Each atom loses as much as it gives, and regains again from others, portions of those motions which they in turn give up. The waves of air thus raised, perambulate the earth and ocean's surface, and in less than twenty hours every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement due to that infinitesimal portion of the primitive motion which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its path throughout its future existence. But these aerial pulses, unseen by the keenest eye, unheard by the acutest ear, unperceived by human senses, are yet demonstrated to exist by human reason; and, in some few and limited instances, by calling to our aid the most refined and comprehensive instrument of human thought, their courses are traced, and their intensities are measured. If man enjoyed a larger command over mathematical analysis, his knowledge of these motions would be more extensive; but a being possessed of the unbounded knowledge of that science would trace every the minutest consequences of that primary impulse. Such a being, however far exalted above our race, would yet be immeasurably below even our conception of infinite intelligence; yet, by him, supposing the original conditions of each atom of the atmosphere, as well as all the extraneous causes acting upon it, to be given, its future and inevitable path would be clearly traced; and supposing the interference, also, of no new causes, the circumstances of the future history of the whole of the earth's atmosphere would be distinctly seen, and might be absolutely predicted for any even the remotest point of time. Let us imagine a being, invested with such knowledge, to arrive at the predicted moment. If any the slightest deviation exists, he will immediately read in its existence the action of a new cause; and, through the aid of the same analysis, tracing this discordance back to its source, he would become aware of the time of its commencement, and the point of space at which it originated. Thus considered, what a strange chaos is this wide atmosphere we breathe! Every atom, impressed with good and with ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined with it in ten thousand ways, with all that is worthless and base. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said or even whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest, as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredempted, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeable will. But if the air we breathe is the never-failing historian of the sentiments we have uttered, earth, air, and ocean, are, in like manner the eternal witnesses of the acts we have done.

The same principle of the equality of action and reaction applies to them: whatever motion is communicated to any of their particles, is transmitted to all around it, the share of each being diminished by their number, and depending jointly on the number and position of those acted upon by the original source of disturbance. The waves of air, although in many instances sensible to the organs of hearing, are only rendered visible to the eye by peculiar contrivances; whilst those of water offer to the sense of sight the most beautiful illustration of the transmission of motion. Every one who has thrown a pebble into the still waters of a sheltered pool, has seen the circles it has raised gradually expanding in size, and as uniformly diminishing in distinctness. He may have observed the reflection of those waves from the edges of the pool. He may also have noticed the perfect distinctness with which two, three, or more series of waves each pursues its own unimpeded course, when diverging from two, three, or more centres of disturbance. He may have observed, that in such cases the particles of water where the waves intersect each other, partake of the movements due to each series. No motion impressed by natural causes, or by human agency, is ever obliterated. The ripple on the ocean's surface caused by a gentle breeze, or the still water which marks the more immediate tract of a ponderous vessel gliding with scarcely expanded sails over its bosom, are equally indelible. The momentary waves raised by the passing gale, apparently born but to die on the spot which saw their birth, leave behind them an endless progeny, which, reviving with diminished energy in other seas, and visiting a thousand shores, reflected from each and, perhaps, again partially concentrated, pursue their ceaseless course till ocean be itself annihilated. The track of every canoe, of every vessel which has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains for ever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. The furrow which it left is, indeed, instantly filled up by the closing waters; but they draw after them other and larger portions of the surrounding element, and these again once moved, communicate motion to others in endless succession. The solid substance of the globe itself, whether we regard the minutest movement of the soft clay which receives its impression from the foot of animals, or the concussion produced from falling mountains rent by earthquakes, equally retains and communicates, through all its countless atoms, their apportioned shares of the motions so impressed. Whilst the atmosphere we breathe is the ever-living witness of the sentiments we have uttered, the waters, and the more solid materials of the globe, bear equally enduring testimony of the acts we have committed. If the Almighty stamped on the brow of the earliest murderer the indelible and visible mark of his guilt, he has also established laws by which every succeeding criminal is not less irrevocably chained to the testimony of his crime; for every atom of his mortal frame, through whatever changes its severed particles may migrate, will still retain, adhering to it through every combination, some movement derived from that very muscular effort, by which the crime itself was perpetrated."

In conclusion, we cordially recommend Mr. Babbage's *Fragments*, distinctly as such, to our readers. The acute remarks of an enlarged mind on important and interesting topics, cannot fail of being welcome. We take our leave

by expressing our hope, that the framers of our criminal code will weigh the subjoined aphorism, which Mr. Babbage puts forth while speaking of punishments, "Make but the offender better, and he is already severely punished." This is well worth the price of the volume.

*Nick of the Woods; a Story of Kentucky.* By the Author of "Spartacus," &c. Edited by W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

WE are under an obligation to Mr. Ainsworth for his introduction to *Nick of the Woods*; a tale from the pen of Dr. Bird, whose genius is highly appreciated in America. Some of his works have already been transplanted to this country, and have thriven under the fostering hand of Mr. A. K. Newman: but this last, and, as the editor says, "in some respects, the most striking of his efforts," was reserved for Mr. Bentley. In his Preface, Mr. Ainsworth alludes to some of the principal features of this, as follows:—

"His descriptions of the forest scenery of North America are every where marked by great power.—The gloom, the solitude, the gigantic height of the trees, the tangled intricacies of the wilderness, the forlorn log-house, the rushing torrent, the perilous ford, and the almost interminable extent of the vast and 'immemorial woods,' are delineated by Dr. Bird with a master-hand. To the reader of romance, nothing is dearer than fearful adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and profound mystery. In these qualities, Dr. Bird's work is conspicuous; and, though the scene of action is dreary and sombre, gleams are ever and anon thrown over it, by the freaks and humours of his comic characters, like bursts of sunshine on a desolate landscape."

We shall now proceed to give an extract or two, illustrative of the characters of Captain Stackpole and Nathan Slaughter, leaving the others to speak for themselves.

Roaring Ralph and Bloody Nathan are thus introduced to the hero and reader. Ralph is captain by courtesy, having only been the leader of depredatory bands of horse-stealers; he is dressed in the style of a back woodsman; his appearance rendered somewhat martial by rifle, tomahawk, and hunting-knife.

"As soon as he saw the commander of the station approaching, he cleared the throng around him by a skip and a hop, seized the colonel by the hand, and, doing the same with the soldier, before Roland could repel him, as he would have done, exclaimed, 'Glad to see you, cunnel; same to you, strangerer—What's the news from Virginnie? Strannger, my name's Ralph Stackpole, and I'm a ring-tailed squealer!' 'Then, Mr. Ralph Stackpole, the ring-tailed squealer,' said Roland, disengaging his hand, 'be so good as to pursue your business without regarding or taking any notice of me.' 'Tarnal death to me!' cried the captain of horse-thieves, indignant at the rebuff, 'I'm a gentleman, and my name's *Fight!* Foot and hand, tooth and nail, claw and mud-scraper, knife, gun, and tomahawk, or any other way you choose to take me, I'm your man! Cock-a-doodle-doo!' And with that, the gentleman jumped into the air, and flapped his wings, as much to the amusement of the provoker of his wrath as of any other person present. 'Come, Ralph,' said the commander of the station, 'whar'd you steal that brown mar' thar?'—a question whose abruptness somewhat quelled the ferment of the man's fury, while it drew a roar of laughter from the

lookers-on. 'Thar it is!' said he, striking an attitude, and clapping a hand on his breast, like a man who felt his honour unjustly assailed. 'Steal! I steal any horse but an Injun's! Whar's the man dar's insinivate that? Blood and massacre-ation! whar's the man?' 'H'yar,' said Bruce, very composedly; 'I know that old mar' belongs to Peter Harper, on the north side.' 'You're right, by Hooky!' cried Roaring Ralph; at which seeming admission of his knavery, the merriment of the spectators was greatly increased; nor was it much lessened when the fellow proceeded to aver that he had borrowed it, and that with the express stipulation that it should be left at Bruce's station, subject to the orders of its owner. 'Thar, cunnel,' said he, 'thar's the beast; take it; and just tell me whar's the one you mean to lend me,—for I must be off afore sunset.' 'And whar are you going?' demanded Bruce. 'To St. Asaph's,' which was a station some twenty or thirty miles off, replied Captain Stackpole. 'Too far for the Regulators to follow, Ralph,' said Colonel Bruce; at which the young men present laughed louder than ever, and eyed the visitor in a way that seemed both to disconcert and offend him. 'Cunnel,' said he, 'you're a man in authority, and my superior officer; wharfo' thar' can be no scalping between us. But my name's Tom Dowdle, the rag-man!' he screamed, suddenly skipping into the thickest of the throng, and, sounding a note of defiance; 'my name's Tom Dowdle, the rag-man, and I'm for any man that insults me! log-leg or leather-breeches, green-shirt or blanket-coat, land-tratter or river-roller,—I'm the man for a massacre!' Then, giving himself a twirl upon his foot that would have done credit to a dancing-master, he proceeded to other antic demonstrations of hostility, which, when performed in after years on the banks of the Lower Mississippi, by himself and his worthy imitators, were, we suspect, the cause of their receiving the name of the mighty alligator. It is said, by naturalists, of this monstrous reptile, that he delights, when the returning warmth of spring has brought his fellows from their holes, and placed them basking along the banks of a swampy lagoon, to dart into the centre of the expanse, and challenge the whole field to combat. He roars, he blows the water from his nostrils, he lashes it with his tail, he whirls round and round, churning the water into foam; until having worked himself into a proper fury, he darts back again to the shore, to seek an antagonist. Had the gallant captain of horse-thieves boasted the blood, as he afterwards did the name, of an 'alligator half-breed,' he could have scarce conducted himself in a way more worthy of his parentage. He leaped into the centre of the throng, where, having found elbow-room for his purpose, he performed the gyration mentioned before, following it up by other feats expressive of his hostile humour. He flapped his wings and crowed, until every chancieer in the settlement replied to the note of battle; he snorted and neighed like a horse; he bellowed like a bull; he barked like a dog; he yelled like an Indian; he whined like a panther; he howled like a wolf, until one would have thought he was a living menagerie, comprising within his single body the spirit of every animal noted for its love of conflict. Not content with such a display of readiness to fight the field, he darted from the centre of the area allowed him for his exercise, and invited the lookers-on individually to battle. 'Whiar's your buffalo-bull,' he cried, 'to cross horns with the roarer of Salt River? Whar's your

full-blood colt that can shake a saddle off? h'yar's an old nag can kick off the top of a buck-eye! Whar's your cat of the Knobs? your wolf of the Rolling Prairies? h'yar's the old brown b'ar can claw the bark off a gum-tree! H'yar's a man for you, Tom Bruce! Same to you, Sim Roberts! to you, Jimmy Big-nose! to you, and to you, and to you! Ar'n't I a ring-tailed squealer? Can go down Salt on my back, and swim up the Ohio! Whar's the man to fight Roaring Ralph Stackpole? Now, whether it happened that there were none present inclined to a contest with such a champion, or whether it was that the young men looked upon the exhibition as a mere bravado, meant rather to amuse them than to irritate, it so occurred that not one of them accepted the challenge; though each, when personally called on, did his best to add to the roarer's fury, if fury it really were, by letting off sundry jests in relation to borrowed horses and regulators.\* That the fellow's rage was in great part assumed, Roland, who was at first somewhat amused at his extravagance, became soon convinced; and, growing at last weary of it, he was about to signify to his host an inclination to return into the fort, when the appearance of another individual on the ground suddenly gave promise of new entertainment.

"If you're rarely ripe for a fight, Roaring Ralph," cried Tom Bruce the younger, "here comes the very man for you. Look, boys, thar comes Bloody Nathan." "Thar!" exclaimed Tom Bruce, slapping Stackpole on the shoulder, with great glee, "thar's the man that calls himself Dangler! At him, for the honour of Salt River; but take care of his fore-legs, for I tell you he's the Pennsylvany war-horse!" "And ar'n't I the ramping tiger of the Rolling Fork?" cried Captain Ralph; "and can't I eat him, hoss, dog, dirty jacket, and all? Hold me by the tail, while I devour him!" With that, he executed two or three escapades, demivoltes, curvets, and other antics of a truly equine character, and galloping up to the amazed Nathan, saluted him with a neigh so shrill and hostile, that even White Dobbin pricked up his ears, and betrayed other symptoms of alarm. "Surely, colonel," said Roland, "you will not allow that mad ruffian to assail the poor man?" "Oh," said Bruce, "Ralph won't hurt him; he's never ambitious, except among Injuns and horses. He's only for skearing the old feller." "And who?" said Forrester, "may the old fellow be? and why do you call him Bloody Nathan?" "We call him Bloody Nathan," replied the commander, "because he's the only man in all Kentucky that won't fight; and thar's the way he beats us all hollow. Lord, captain, you'd hardly believe it, but he's nothing more than a poor Pennsylvania Quaker: and what brought him out to Kentucky, whar thar's nar another creatur' of his tribe, thar's no knowing."

As Nathan approached, Ralph executed several demivoltes, and meeting Nathan—

"Bloody Nathan!" said he, as soon as he had concluded his neighing and curvetting, "if you ever said your prayers, now's the time. Down with your pack, for I can't stand deer's ha'r sticking in my swallow, no how!" "Friend," said Bloody Nathan, meekly, "I beg thee will not disturb me. I am a man of peace and quiet." And so saying, he endeavoured to pass onwards; but was prevented by Ralph, who, seizing his

heavy bundle with one hand, applied his right foot to it with a dexterity that not only removed it from the poor man's back, but sent the dried skins scattering over the road. This feat was rewarded by the spectators with loud shouts, all which, as well as the insult itself, Nathan bore with exemplary patience. "Friend," he said, "what does thee seek of me, that thee treats me thus?" "A fight!" replied Captain Stackpole, uttering a war-whoop; "a fight, stranger, for the love of heaven!" "Thee seeks it of the wrong person," said Nathan; "and I beg thee will get thee away." "What!" said Stackpole, "ar'n't thee the Pennsylvany war-horse, the screamer of the meeting-house, the bloody-mouthed b'ar of Yea-Nay-and-Verily?" "I am a man of peace," said the submissive Slaughter. "Yea, verily, verily and yea!" cried Ralph, snuffling through the nostrils, but assuming an air of extreme indignation; "Strannger, I've heerd of you! You're the man that holds it agin duty and conscience to kill Injuns, the red-skin screamers, that refuses to defend the women, the splendiferous creaturs! and the little children, the squall-a-baby d'ars! And wharfo?" Because as how you're a man of peace and no fight, you superfluous, long-legged, no-souled, crittur! But I'm the gentleman to make a man of you. So down with your gun, and 'tarnal death to me, I'll whip the cowardly devil out of you." "Friend," said Nathan, his humility yielding to a feeling of contempt, "thee is theeself a cowardly person, or thee wouldn't seek a quarrel with one thee knows can't fight thee. Thee would not be so ready with thee match." With that, he stooped to gather up his skins; a proceeding that Stackpole, against whom the laugh was turned by this sally of Nathan's, resisted by catching him by the nape of the neck, twirling him round, and making as if he really would have beaten him. Even this the peaceful Nathan bore without anger or murmuring; but his patience fled, when Stackpole, turning to the little dog, which by bristling its back and growling, expressed a half inclination to take up its master's quarrel, applied his foot to its ribs, with a violence that sent it rolling some five or six yards down the hill, where it lay for a time yelping and whinling with pain. "Friend!" said Nathan, sternly, "thee is but a dog theeself, to harm the creature! What will thee have with me?" "A fight! a fight, I tell thee!" replied Captain Ralph, "till I teach thy leatherified conscience the new doctrines of Kentucky." "Fight thee; I cannot and dare not," said Nathan; and then added, much to the surprise of Forrester, who, sharing his indignation at the brutality of his tormentor, had approached to drive the fellow off. "But if thee must have thee deserts, thee shall have them. Thee prides theeself upon thee courage and strength,—will thee adventure with me a friendly fall?" "Hurrah for Bloody Nathan!" cried the young men, vastly delighted at his unwonted spirit, while Captain Ralph himself expressed his pleasure, by leaping into the air, crowing, and dashing off his hat, which he kicked down the hill with as much good will as he had previously bestowed upon the little dog. "Off with your leather night-cap, and down with your rifle," he cried, giving his own weapon into the hands of a looker-on, "and scrape some of the grease off your jacket; for 'tarnal death to me, I shall give you the Virginny lock, fling you head-fo'most, and you'll find yourself, in a twinkling, sticking fast right in the centre of the 'arth!" "Thee may find theeself mistaken," said Nathan, giving up his gun to one of the young men; but instead of rejecting his hat, pulling it down tight over his brows. "There

is locks taught among the mountains of Bedford, that may be as good as them learned on the hills of Virginia. I am ready for thee." "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried Ralph Stackpole, springing towards his man, and clapping his hands, one on Nathan's left shoulder, the other on his right hip: "Are you ready?" "I am," replied Nathan. "Down then you go, war you a buffalo!" And with that the captain of horse-thieves put forth his strength, which was very great, in an effort that appeared to Roland quite irresistible; though, as it happened, it scarce moved Nathan from his position. "Thee is mistaken, friend!" he cried, exerting his strength in return, and with an effect that no one had anticipated. By magic, as it seemed, the heels of the captain of horse-thieves were suddenly seen flying in the air, his head aiming at the earth, upon which it as suddenly descended, with the violence of a bomb-shell; and there it would doubtless have burrowed, like the aforesaid implement of destruction, had the soil been soft enough for the purpose, or exploded into a thousand fragments, had not the shell been double the thickness of an ordinary skull. "Huzza! Bloody Nathan for ever!" shouted the delighted villagers. "He has killed the man," said Forrester; "but bear witness, all, the fellow provoked his fate." "Thanks to you, strannger! but not so dead as you reckon," said Ralph, rising to his feet, and scratching his poll, with a stare of comical confusion. "I say, strannger, here's my shoulders, but whar's my head? Do you reckon I had the worst of it?" "Huzza for Bloody Nathan Slaughter! He has whipped the ramping tiger of Salt River," cried the young men of the station. "Well, I reckon he has," said the magnanimous Captain Ralph, picking up his hat: then walking up to Nathan, who had taken his dog into his arms, to examine into the little animal's hurts, he cried, with much good-humoured energy, "Thar's my fo'-paw, in token I've had enough of you, and want no mo'. But I say, Nathan Slaughter," he added, as he grasped the victor's hand, "it's no thing you can boast of, to be the strongest man in Kentucky, and the most sevaragous at a tussel,—y'har among murdering Injuns and scalping runnegades, and keep your fists off their top-knots. Thar's my idear: for I go for the doctrine, that every able-bodied man should serve his country and his neighbours, and fight their foes; and them that does is men and gentlemen: and them that don't is cowards and rascals, that's my idear. And so, fawwell." Then, executing another demivolte or two, but with much less spirit than he had previously displayed, he returned to Colonel Bruce, saying, "Whar's that horse you promised me, cunnel? I'm a lick'd man, and I can't stay here no longer, no way, no how. Lend me a hoss, cunnel, and trust to my honour." "You shall have a beast," said Bruce, coolly; "but as to trusting your honour, I shall do no such thing, having something much better to rely on. Tom will show you a horse; and remember you are to leave him at Logan's. If you carry him a step further, captain, you'll never carry another. Judge Lynch is looking at you; and so bewar!"

Many of the other characters are finely drawn, especially Telie Doe; and the interest, though wild, and perhaps somewhat exaggerated, is nevertheless often of intense power, and generally well sustained through the three volumes. We shall therefore conclude with sincerely recommending *Nick of the Woods* to our readers.

\* "It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that by this term must be understood those public-spirited citizens, amateur Jack Ketches, who administer Lynch-law, in the United States, in districts where regular law is but inefficiently, or not at all, established."



*Flora's Gems; or, the Treasures of the Parterre.* Twelve Bouquets, drawn and coloured from nature, by James Andrews. With Poetical Illustrations, by Louisa Anne Twamley, author of "The Romance of Nature," &c. Folio. London, 1837. Tilt.

"Oh, the daisy it is sweet!" sang old Chancer, nearly five hundred years ago; and flowers were the only "things that pretty bin," which could allure the old bard from his books, and draw him into the fields, where "he did shape him for to lie" on his elbow and side, watching Flora's fair children, as they opened their perfumed eye-lids before the "golden eye of day." Poetry, poor poetry! is but little cared for now; but her attendants, the flowers, are as much beloved as they were in the olden time, when Innocence offered up her garland to the Gode, and the path which the sandalled feet of the blushing bride trod, was strewn with "rain-bowed odours." Where are the quaint gardens of the olden time? the days when they grew only hollyhocks and sunflowers, that threw their lofty heads towards heaven; for what mail-clad old Norman cut-throat could stoop in his cumbrous hauberk to look at the beauty of a violet, or inhale the perfume of a pink? But the bearded barons had lovely daughters; beings with sublime eyes, that bent down (with their white tunics floating around them like water-lilies), as they tended their oddly shaped flower-beds; and a few choice plants might bloom in their turret-windows; and a white hand now and then be seen between the massy iron bars, holding a curious long-necked jug, not unlike the head and body of a crane, and watering the drooping flower-bells. And flowers grew in Eden! Roses and woodbines, and many a trellised stem, never seen again after the Deluge, may have drooped over the head of Eve, as she sat in the calm of evening, and mingled among her long ringlets, until her azure locks seemed like portions of the starry jessamine; and Adam mistook them for flowers. But these are odd conceits, day dreams that gather around us in our dotage, when we shut our eyes, and are away "charioted by Bacchus and his pards." But our ancestors had not such delightful "deceits" as these to look upon in the dreariness and desolation of winter; such sweet pictures, that want but fragrance, and a breath of the gentle wind, to give them motion; and then we might live all our lives among flowers. Could not the same hand that has here challenged Nature, with her palette, to the contest of colours, hit upon some sweet device wherewith to perfume these likenesses of living beauty, and thereby cheat Nature of her odours as well as her hues? Marry, we have had many a *billet-doux* that would have made

"The light wings of Zephyr, sick with perfume,  
As they waved o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom;"

and deem it not impossible that such things may yet be done: then, as old Pepys says, "it would please us mightily." We know not which we love best among these groups of loveliness; we halt amid heath, hyacinth, hollyhock, and heliotrope, and look at the gentle camellia and the lovely convolvulus, and columbine, and cyclamen, and know not which to choose: even Iris cannot wholly captivate our eyes; for, in the next page, we are flirting with a China-aster, sighing out our soul before sweet-peas, or languishing before a white geranium. We stand still before a stock, feel larkish with a larkspur, or find an appetite while gazing upon Narcissus, which makes us prefer sheep to shadows, instead of pining away.

They are, indeed, beautiful; there is a *naturalness* about them such as we have rarely seen excelled; we could almost fancy that the hand of Nature had fashioned them, or that the Spirit of the Flowers had stolen forth in the still twilight, and thrown around them her magical tints.

"Oh! they are beautiful to see,  
Like ladies from a far country."

The poetry is occasionally very pleasing; and there are several happy and original thoughts which only a love of the flowers could have produced. We are sorry to put any qualification in our praise on a lady of so much promise as the author; but it is our opinion, that the plan, plot, incident, or what not, on which some of these poems are written, is not in the best harmony with the spirit of the work. For instance, we have poems written to follow groups of flowers, in which no allusion is made to the illustrations. "The naming of the Iris" is a happy exception; and it is on that and similar models that the poetry should have been written. We speak this kindly; and it is what we would have whispered to the lady's own ear, had we had the pleasure of her acquaintance. It is easy to bespatter a work with fulsome praise; but not so to point out a fault, and shew a method of remedying it. "The Hollyhocks in the old Garden" are well managed: the associations of the scene—the change—childhood—and all those interwoven recollections springing from what has been, and what is, are wrought out in a true poetical spirit. The following description of the hollyhocks is new and beautiful:—

"They seemed a fairy city of tall spires,  
Wreathed, as for some high festival, with flowers,  
Rose-like, but far more changeful in their garb,  
And interwoven with peeping points of green,  
Restraining each wild in her proper bounds  
Of full-blown splendour. Looming to the top  
The yet unopened buds, enfolded close  
Within their paly calyxes, all seemed  
Like veiled nuns beside the gorgeous show  
Of their gay rainbow relatives."

#### The Lilac Tree.

"The buds, like childhood, blooming bright  
With deep and ruddy glow;  
The blossoms, like a maiden's cheek  
More pale—yet lovelier so."

#### Power of Poetry.

"These poet's dreams  
Shed o'er the fable-haunted flowers a glow  
Of sweet imaginings, that touch the heart  
And please the fancy; while the blossom's self,  
In all its wealth of colour, fragrance, form,  
Appeals but to our senses."

#### The Columbine: "Folly's Flower."

"Then gather roses for the bride;  
Twine them in her bright hair;  
But, ere the wreath be done, oh! let  
The Columbine be there:  
For rest ye sure that follies dwell  
In many a heart that loveth well."

#### Beauty in Death.

"Thy Lily, like full many another flower,  
Fair as herself, has known that 'tis to die.  
She ne'er will hear thee at that fatal hour,  
Beneath her lattice, tell her of the lark,  
Nor greet thy summons with as sweet a voice  
E'en as the warbler's own! Her gentle eyes,  
Those soft dove's eyes, which thine did ever meet  
So lovingly, are closed on earthly things;  
They ne'er will see again yon mountain's crest,  
Nor watch with thine the fleeting vapours curl  
Around its hoary front. Their light is quenched,  
Their beaming language dim and wordless now;  
Though wont to speak such kindness and love,  
That all her looks were clear as uttered words,  
Heralding ever what her lips pronounced.  
And they made melody all air they breathed!  
For Lillian's self was music, and her soul  
Of harmony shed over all around  
Its blessing influence."

After such specimens as these, our readers will perceive that, if we approve not of the plan, we cannot deny but that the work contains many passages of beautiful and sterling poetry.

*Eureka: a Prophecy of the Future.* By the Author of "Mephistophiles in England." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THE author has endeavoured to furnish an original view of what he supposes the world and its inhabitants will be some centuries hence, when Columbia is an over-populated empire, and Australia, &c. sending forth colonies, while the greater portion of modern Europe is desolate, and London like Palmyra or Baalbec. In this attempt, we regret to say, we recognise none of the talent of "Mephistophiles." His characters, roaming the seas in a ship, might as well date 1837 as 2837; and neither the bloody piratical contests, nor the comic relief, nor the general, nor the particular descriptions, seem to us to be deserving of praise. The work purports to be that of a German student, and opens thus:—

"Guten morgen, Wilhelm!" said I, as I entered the chamber of my fellow-student. "How are you this morning? You look better—your eyes are brighter, and your cheek possesses more colour than usual." "I am better, mein freund," observed the youth, raising himself up from the bed till his back rested upon the pillows. "But what have you there?" "A fresh supply of flowers for you, Wilhelm," I replied; "and I bought them of the prettiest mädchen I ever saw in the market-place." "Ich danke ihnen für das Geschenk," murmured the grateful student. "You know I love flowers better than any thing upon earth."

Now, we should like to know why a German student, if he could say "How are you this morning," or, "you know I love flowers," should not also be able to say, good morning, or, I thank you, instead of *guten morgen*, or, *Ich danke ihnen!* Such hotch-potch writing is quite ridiculous.

We will not go into the story, which has so utterly disappointed us, but select a bit of the humorous, to shew that our censure is only too justly incurred. The honest men are retaking their vessel from the pirates, and Roly Poly is a black cook:—

"At this instant, when Oriel and his party were unavailingly attempting to make good a footing upon the deck, assistance came from a quarter from whence any thing so welcome had never been anticipated. Roly Poly was pursuing his avocations in the cook-house when he heard the affray, and, looking out, observed exactly the state of the opposing parties. By him the pirates had never been regarded with any thing like affection. They had treated him with great disrespect. They esteemed not his art, and spoke contemptuously of his skill. His resolve was soon made, and as quickly executed. Dipping a mop in a copper of boiling water in which his cookery was going on, he hurried, as fast as his fat limbs could carry him, upon deck. 'See how Roly Poly come to 'ast him friends,' cried he, exultingly, as he began to use his strange weapon among the pirates, with a dexterity that scattered them right and left. 'Ha! you call my boofiful puddin' 'choke dog'—take dat, you libellous vagabone,' and with a forcible sweep the scalding mop descended upon his face, sending him howling off his heels. 'Ha! you say my lumptious soup wishy-washy—take dat, you ignrant jackmorass!' and a resistless blow upon the ear levelled him with his companion, yelling with pain; and thus he proceeded till he had cleared a way for Oriel Porphyry and his coadjutors, who quickly silenced all opposition. 'I hab you now, you fellar!' shouted Roly

Poly, striding in triumph over one of his victims, and seemingly intent upon ramming the scalding mop down the man's throat. 'Like your imprence, I tink, you fellar! to go for to say I boil sich nice puddin I make in nassy dishcloth!' 'Hubble, bubble, hubble, bloo!' said the choking wretch. 'Now I gib you puddin debblis nice, you fellar!' cried the fat cook, ramming away with all his might. 'Hobble, a bobble, a gobble, a gloo!' were the only sounds that were heard in reply. 'Dis nebber boil in nassy dishcloth, you fellar!' 'Grow, a row, a row, ow, oo, oo, oo!' 'Like your 'bominable imprence, you fellar!' 'Rug, a rug, a glug.' 'Take debblis good care you nebber say no more sich diclus impossibilities. Ha! him dead as herrin' now,' observed the unrelenting negro; and then adding, 'but serb him berry right—berry right, indeed—a fellar!' he shouldered his mop, and turned on his heel. 'Up with the anchor, and get out to sea as fast as you can,' exclaimed Oriel Porphyry."

This Oriel, after sailing about a long, long while, returns to Columbus, and is made Emperor of Columbia. We conclude with one of his intermediate adventures, an Irish one, in the English Channel.

"What are these vessels approaching us in this threatening manner," inquired Oriel Porphyry, as he noticed several old crazy-looking boats, filled with men who were coming towards them, with their crews howling, screeching, and yelling, with all the strength of their lungs. 'I do not think they mean us any good,' replied the captain: then, turning to some of the sailors standing scrutinising the appearance of a strange fleet, evidently bearing down upon them, he exclaimed, 'Get the long gun ready, and give these fools a taste of grape if they attempt to attack us.' 'Ay, ay, sir!' replied one of the men; and every disposition was made to repel any assault that might be attempted. As they approached nearer, it was observed that these vessels were a vast number of large open boats, some with sails, but most without; and they were so crammed with men, that many of them were in danger of sinking every minute. Their crews were clothed in ragged vestments of every colour and description; and they were armed with old swords, pistols, guns, pitchforks, and bludgeons; and these they displayed as they advanced, shouting all the time in wild savage tones perfectly deafening. A larger boat was in advance of the others; and in a conspicuous situation in this vessel stood up a tall fierce-looking man, with his head bound round with a hay-band, and a tattered blanket dropping from his shoulders. He brandished a rusty sword as he approached, and gave orders to those who followed, which appeared to meet with implicit obedience. When he came within gun-shot of the Albatoross, he turned round to his followers and addressed them. 'Boys,' said he, pointing to the ship, 'yonder's the furrenners. It's meself as 'ill take their big baste iv a ship if ye 'll be all to the fore. Divle a care ye may take ov their darty guns that their pointing at yese—their made ov wood they are, and sorrow a harm they can do, bad luck to 'em. Keep your powther dry, boys, and look to your flints, and iv we don't kill, and murther, and throttle every mother's son ov 'em, I'm not King Teddy O'Riley.' 'Sheer off there, you ragamuffins,' shouted the captain through a speaking-trumpet. 'Sheer off, or I'll sink ev'ry soul of ye within gun-range.' 'Down wid the darty furrenners!' screamed King Teddy O'Riley. A shower of balls whistled past the captain, and

on came the over-loaded boats, with their crews yelling in the most frantic manner. There appeared to be at least five or six hundred of them; and it was judged expedient to put an immediate stop to their progress. The long gun was discharged, which sunk the foremost boat, and killed the greater portion of its crew. The rest hesitated when they beheld their monarch swept into the sea; and a well-directed fire of musketry made them glad enough to commence a retreat as fast as they could, screaming, in hideous chorus, as long as they could be heard. 'Take a boat and see if you can save any of those rascals sprawling in the water,' exclaimed the captain to the midshipman Loop. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply; and the boat having been lowered, a party proceeded to pick up the wounded and drowning. They succeeded in saving several, among whom was their illustrious leader, King Teddy O'Riley, who was brought upon deck, looking very much deprived of his dignity, his coronet of hay-bands wet and dirty, and his blanket of state shrunk out of all shape. He created considerable surprise among his captors, and not without sufficient cause, for nothing could exceed the eccentricity of his appearance. His hair was thick and long, and of a dark red colour. Large bushy whiskers of the same tint surrounded his cheeks. His nose was remarkably red, and his face seamed with the marks of the small-pox. Below his cloak was a long coat, which did not appear the more royal for being out at the elbows, and for having lost half its skirt. His lower garments hung upon him like a bag, and they had the legs rolled back up to the knees. A pair of old boots, exceedingly down at heel, out of which the toes of his majesty were seen to peep, in spite of the straw with which they were lined, completed his costume. 'And who the deuce are you?' demanded the captain, after he had sufficiently scrutinised the appearance of his prisoner. 'Faix and isn't it King Teddy O'Riley I am?' replied the man. 'And what part o' the world are you king of, I should like to know?' asked Hearty, in considerable surprise. 'Faix and ain't I king ov Blatherumskite?' said the other. 'And where, in the name o' all that's wonderful, is Blatherumskite?' inquired the captain. 'And is it yourself that does n't know where Blatherumskite is?' exclaimed his majesty, in seeming wonder. 'Well, the ignorance o' some people is amazin! Not know Blatherumskite! Be the holy jaspers, that bates Bannagher, and Bannagher bate the divle. And Blatherumskite, sich a jewel ov a place! Why Blatherumskite's the finest kingdom, and has the finest pape under the sun. Its full ov commodities ov all sorts. It dales in turpentine, brickdust, soft soap, and other swatemates; tracle and train oil, pepper and salt, and other hardware; pigs, buttermilk, paraties, and other kumbustibles. Not know Blatherumskite, indade! Be this and be that, you're as ignorant as a born brute.' 'And what induced you to fire at me, Mr. King Teddy O'Riley?' demanded the captain. 'Faix and wasn't it only just to kill ye we fired at ye?' replied the king, with the utmost simplicity. 'It was, was it?' exclaimed Hearty; 'and for what reason did you attack the ship?' 'Wid no other rason in life than to take it,' responded his majesty. 'I was jist a lading the boys to make a decint on England, wid the hope ov being able to pick up a few thrifles, when we seed your ship. The top ov the morning to ye,' says I, 'and if I don't be afther ransacking ye intirely, small blame to me there 'll be.' And then we pulled away at the divle's own rate, and a mighty dale ov divarsion the boys had

about what they'd do wid the big ship when they'd got her, when, widout wid your lave or by your lave, I was regularly kilt, smashed, and smothered into the wather. And here I am.' 'Well, King Teddy O'Riley, we must be under the necessity of hanging you,' observed the captain. 'Hang me!' shouted the man, in perfect amazement. 'Hang a king!—hang King Teddy O'Riley? Hang the King ov Blatherumskite? Why its rank trason! Ye'll not be afther thinkin ov doin sich a rebellious action. I shall feel obliged to ye if ye wont mintion it.' 'And what would you have done with us if you had succeeded in your ridiculous idea of taking the ship?' inquired Hearty. 'Faix and wouldn't we have kilt every sowl of yese, and taken the rest prisoners?' replied his majesty. 'Then we cannot do better than follow your example,' observed the captain; then, turning to some of his men, who appeared to enjoy the scene with particular satisfaction, he exclaimed, 'Get a rope ready at the fore-yard arm, that we may hang this fellow!' The sailors, with great alacrity, made the necessary preparations. 'Be all the holy saints bewtix this and nowhere, ye'll not be afther taking away the life ov a poor king!' exclaimed his majesty of Blatherumskite, with the greatest earnestness and alarm. 'What'll I do now? Sure and I'm in a bad way! Sure and I'll be done for intirely! And is it to be hanged I am?' continued he, looking wofully at the rope that was dangling ready for immediate use. 'Is King Teddy O'Riley to be kilt afther sich a villanous fashion? Oh, what a disgrace for Blatherumskite! What a dishonour to a king! Oh! what 'ill I do—what 'ill I do?' 'Is the rope ready?' inquired Hearty. 'All right, sir,' said the boatswain. 'Then hoist him up,' replied the captain. The men proceeded to fulfil the command of their officer. 'Oh, it's in a pretty way I am!' exclaimed the unfortunate monarch, with tears in his eyes. 'Be the holy jaspers, wouldn't I change places wid any body as would like to be hanged in my place. It's yourself, Murphy O'Blarney, that's the good subject,' said the king, addressing one of his companions, with particular and impressive emphasis. 'Sure, and ye've got more patriotism than to let the King ov Blatherumskite be hanged, when it's your own loyal neck as would fit the rope so azy.' Murphy O'Blarney did not seem to hear. 'Bad luck to the likes ov yese for a traitor,' murmured his majesty. Then, turning to another of his subjects, he said, 'Larry Brogues, it's great confidence I place in ye—ye're a jewel ov a man intirely; and if ye 'ill jist be afther doing me the thrifling favour ov being hanged in my place, the best pig I have shall be yours.' Larry appeared as if he had lost all relish for pork. 'I always said ye were a base ribbel!' muttered the angry monarch, turning from him to address a third. 'Mick Killarney, a sinsible boy you've shewed yerself afore to-day, and little's the praise I take to meself for not having rewarded ye according to your desarts; but if ye'll shew your superior desarmment, by letting the little bit ov a rope be placed round your neck instead ov mine, it's meself that 'ill make a man ov ye when I get back to Blatherumskite.' Mick Killarney turned the only eye he had in his head to another part of the ship. 'There's more brains in the tail ov a dead pig, than 'ill ever come out ov yer thick skull, ye villain!' exclaimed King Teddy O'Riley, in a thundering rage: then he looked very pathetic, wiped his eyes with a corner of his blanket, and began to chant, in the most miserable tones, the following words:—

'Who'll bile the paratics, and pale 'em and ate 'em?  
Who'll drink all the buttermilk I used to swallow?  
Who'll hand round the whisky, and take his own share  
too,

Wid mighty convanience?

Oh! Teddy O'Riley, your reign's put a stop to,  
Small blame to your sowl, you're a king now no longer!  
You're smashed all to smothers, and dished up and done  
for,

In a way most amazin.

Not brave Alexander, or Nebuchadnezzar,  
Who went out to grass wid the rest of the cattle;  
Not Moses, or Boney, nor yet Cleopatra,  
Were treated so vilely.

Its meself that is up to me eyes in awament,  
To see you desaved and surrounded by villains,  
Who are wantin to place your poor neck in a halter—  
Bad luck to their mothers!

Is it rope you're desirin? the divle a ha'porth.  
Is it hanged that you would be? not me, then, by japers.  
Oh! there's sinse and there's rason in your own way ov  
thinkin,

You're cliver intirely.

But sorrow a hope have ye got to indulge in,  
For there hangs the rope like a murthin biaguard,  
Wid a knot at one end, and a noose at the other.  
Oh! what 'il I do now?"

We trust our readers, by this time, will  
know where Blatherumskite is to be found.  
"Eüenza!"

### Standish's Shores of the Mediterranean.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

WE have no further observations to offer on a  
work which so intelligibly speaks for and re-  
commends itself. Speaking of the cathedral of  
Palermo, the author says:—

"The ancient cathedral of Palermo served,  
at the epoch of their occupation, as a mosque  
for the religious rites of the Saracens, who  
have left in it some almost unintelligible in-  
scriptions in Arabic, valuable only to the curious  
in that language. Professor Morso occupied  
himself in translating them from the Cufic to  
the modern Arabic tongue. After the expul-  
sion of the Mahomedans, the Normans used  
the building for a church, and it rose to the  
dignity of a Christian place of worship, and  
was endowed and enriched with many gifts by  
the Bishop Gualterio Offamilio, a relative of  
Ruggieri, in the interval from 1160 to 1194,  
during which period he governed this church.  
He destroyed, however, in his religious zeal,  
much of the ancient architecture, but left one  
compartment or chapel, if it may be so termed,  
entire. Almost as much damage has been  
done to monuments of ancient art by Christian  
as by barbarian enthusiasm; and in the present  
instance, many other adjoining churches and  
buildings were sacrificed, in order to gain  
ground for the completion of this cathedral.  
In its nave are sepulchres consecrated to the  
remains of Anfunus and Henricus, sons of  
Ruggieri, together with those of the two wives  
of the latter prince; and the founder, Gualterio,  
is interred also in the same neighbourhood.  
Thus perish and pass away all mortal things,  
and all worldly splendours; the cold stone  
survives to mark the last abode of him who  
drew it from the quarry."

This is finely expressed, and worthy of  
poetry—but we continue our notes.

"There is one monument which rises from  
the pavement of this church, entitled the  
'Eternal Respect,' from the great name which  
adorns its tablets; under it repose the mortal  
remains of Frederic the Second of Sicily, at  
whose court literature was cultivated, learned  
men patronised, and the arts encouraged, during  
a period when the whole of the rest of Europe  
was immersed in ignorance and barbarism.  
The Italian of Dante was the language of the  
island at that period, and it has changed little  
even at the present time from its original frame:  
it may be said that the language of that great

poet, as well as of Petrarch, was and is the  
dialect of the present day.

"To those who have seen the various horti-  
cultural establishments in England, France,  
Germany, and Holland, the botanical garden  
of this capital presents nothing new; save that,  
whereas in the north artificial means are used  
for producing vegetation and bringing plants  
to maturity, in Sicily nature does every thing,  
and the climate supplies of itself what with us  
is gained from fire. There are, however, for-  
cing-houses here also; and one that was made in  
England, being destined for Vienna, was pre-  
sented to the institution which it now adorns,  
in 1799, by Maria Carolina of Austria. The  
collection of plants is very valuable. I saw two  
specimens of the *Cycas revoluta* from India,  
which cost 500*l.* sterling; and I am told that,  
in the grounds, there are eighteen thousand  
varieties of vegetable nature. The palms which  
I observed bear fruit, though it never attains  
its full perfection, nor is it at all equal to what is  
brought from the African coast; it is, how-  
ever, eatable, and the servants of the garden  
consume it. At no great distance, to the south  
of the botanic garden, is the site of some an-  
cient Arab remains, called 'Mar Dolce;' and  
it is here that antiquaries suppose the famous  
lake of 'Albehira' to have existed, which was  
a piece of water for recreation, filled with fish,  
and serving for the diversion of the Mahom-  
medan chiefs of the city. Professor Morso,  
who writes on the subject, endeavours to fix  
the account of this lake; but the only author-  
ity we have concerning it is the description  
given by a Jew, called Benjamin, of Tudela,  
in Navarre, who travelled in various parts of  
the world, more, it seems, for observing the  
synagogues of his countrymen, than from any  
love of general knowledge: and it has been  
suspected that he has given accounts of many  
places he never saw, and, amongst them, of  
this. He affirms that, in his time, there were  
splendid pleasure vessels on this piece of water,  
used by the grandees of the country for sailing.  
All, however, is now dry, and even the site of  
the water uncertain. Near to this spot is an-  
other very memorable one in the annals of  
Sicilian history: I mean the tragic theatre of  
the Sicilian Vespers.

"Santa Rosalia was a native of Sicily, and  
related to the ancient Norman kings of the  
isle; her birth-place was Palermo. She flour-  
ished in the time of the second King William,  
and was a friend of Queen Margaret, who,  
during the minority of her son William,  
reigned in his stead. It seems, however, that  
her holiness preferred the retirement of a her-  
mitage to the splendour of a court; and, in-  
deed, it often happens that those familiar with  
the latter, descend to a choice of the former  
without regret. All is not gold to the mind  
that glitters to the eye; the sword of Damoc-  
les is suspended over our splendid banquets,  
and retirement from the world with but little  
is preferable to the embarrassment of great  
riches and power:—

'Puræ rivus aque, sylvaque Jugerum  
Paucorum, et segietis certa fides moræ,  
Fulgens imperio fertilis Africa  
Fallit sorte beator.'

To be master of time, to read, to walk, to muse  
at will, to repose at an early hour, and watch  
the breaking of the rosy morn through the  
shades of night; to be unembarrassed by cares  
for others, and unsolicitous for each passing  
event; to enjoy tranquil slumbers, and taste  
with pleasure the unsophisticated viands pro-  
vided by nature; to glide through life without  
counting days, marking them only by kind

acts; and to welcome the seasons in some rural  
pursuit, as they revolve;—this is to live happy,  
this is to exist in good earnest: and when the  
hour-glass of time has run through the allotted  
space of existence, the virtuous and tranquil  
spirit will receive the release of nature without  
repining, and exist again, and play round the  
spots it once loved, in the approving voice of  
those who are left behind. Perhaps, in suc-  
ceeding ages, that pure fame will descend to  
posterity; and when time has stamped long  
past events with the marvellous, a beneficent  
genius will rise from the memory of the past,  
and be hailed by the unsuspecting vulgar at  
every village-feast with devotions and rejoic-  
ing. Santa Rosalia lived in a happy seclusion,  
unknown to and unnoticed by the great; her  
death caused no sensation; and it was only in  
the commencement of the seventeenth century,  
that a supernatural and simultaneous impulse  
in a body of the clergy guided them to explore  
her long deserted and almost unknown grave.  
The remains of her mortal being were dis-  
covered, and conducted through the plague-  
infected town, upon which the malady ceased.  
No supernatural cause elicited the disease,  
though a supernatural agency is said to have  
extinguished it. The vehement haste of the  
Spanish viceroy, Philiberto of Savoy, to possess  
a Turkey carpet, proceeding from the infected  
East, without proper fumigation, spread the  
pestilence through Palermo."

From Sicily Mr. Standish went to Naples;  
and his description of the Museum is beautifully  
written, though we can only detach an anti-  
quarian fragment:—

"I obtained," he says, "two favourable  
specimens of the Greek urns of Agrigentum,  
from Signor Politi, during my stay at Gir-  
genti, and he reckoned them amongst the best  
that had fallen under his notice; they are  
diminutive in size and composition to what are  
seen here, but not inferior in quality; they  
have also the merit of never having been  
broken; whereas, half of the ancient urns in  
this Museum have been repaired; they are, in  
the first instance, dug out in pieces, and then  
put into the hands of a workman, who joins  
them together, and afterwards glazes them so  
well as to defy the most minute scrutiny. The  
only test is nitric or muriatic acid, which will  
eat away the superficies, and so shew the cre-  
vices. Restorers are equally skillful, and charge  
as high for repairing these urns, as their bre-  
thren of the profession do for pictures. It may  
be noted, that the Sicilian Greek vases have  
generally a red ground, with black figures;  
whereas, those of Nola have invariably a black  
ground, with red figures. The price of all these  
articles, however, has fallen considerably of  
late, and more especially since the excavations  
made by Prince Borghese, at his villa, near  
Rome, the *subterranea* of which abound with  
objects of the same class, not yielding in excel-  
lence of workmanship, or beauty of form, to  
any others, either from Sicily or Nola. The  
armour, the household appendages, and the  
surgical instruments, found both at Pompeii  
and Herculaneum, are very interesting, and  
differ little from those used in the present day;  
I particularly observed this in the instruments  
serving for the obstetric profession. We are  
dragged into the world now as we formerly  
were; time has not changed our natures nor  
our necessities, and the part we have played,  
and play, is, to issue into life painfully, to live  
with anxiety, and to depart with fear. I saw  
no Roman bed capable of holding two persons;  
they are very narrow and solid; what I saw  
were made of bronze. There is some Grecian

armour from Paestum, which, though worn by time, is still intelligible in form. The appearance of the modern imitations is so near that of the original, that any theatre, or any armourer in Europe, could supply a complete suit for Achilles, were he to return again to-day; perhaps not quite so perfectly as the god Vulcan, but quite sufficiently so to equip the hero for battle, and enable him to brave Hector and the Trojans. The articles of glass found in the two ancient cities present novel forms, and are of various colours, green, white, and a very beautiful blue; but I saw none of purple: the fact, also, which Pliny asserts, and which has been doubted, is determined in his favour; namely, that the Romans used glass to their windows, of which several panes are to be seen in this Museum; thicker, indeed, than in that of modern use, but in quality and size the same. The ancients had a fanciful and elegant taste for their vessels; all we have might have been borrowed from them; many of their glass cups might be imagined to have been fused in the present day. Their gold ornaments appear mostly to have been laboured with the hammer. The spiral form of the serpent, for armlets and bracelets, was popular with them; but they employed little chiselled work. They used pendants for the ears, rings of gold and silver, and bracelets, with collars of all metals. The collection of papyri is more worth seeing, from the process of detaching the folds, than from the materials themselves, which resemble dry hard rolls of tobacco. The different layers are unfolded by applying gum and gold-beater's skin to the cinders, which communicate with a wheel. The width of each line of manuscript is not more than two or three inches, and five persons superintend the operation. The lines are printed on paper as they occur in the original; and what has perished in the process of opening, is supplied by the divination of some Greek professor, and distinguished by red letters. Some of the cinders are wholly unmanageable, and what has, as yet, come to light, are not the works of any very eminent man."

The fine arts are always touched with a master hand and feeling: we quote the following as curious:—

"The church of the princes of San Severo contains three monuments, for which the government is said to have offered thirty thousand dollars, which were not considered an adequate price by the family to whom they belong: and they are really curious from the extraordinary effect produced by their drapery and accessories. The first represents the mother of Don Raimondo, one of the princes, under the shape of a female figure of Modesty, covered with a veil of marble, so managed as to shew all the muscles of the body underneath. The second is that of the father of the same prince, under the allegory of a man delivering himself from the snares of vice by aid of a good genius. The snares of vice are represented by cords, which encompass the body, all formed from the same piece of marble, but touching the figure in very few places. The third is a dead Christ, covered with drapery, supposed to be damp with the dew of death: and, perhaps, no illusion can be more forcibly expressed than what is seen in this figure. The tranquillity of eternal repose, the relaxation of inanition, and almost the incipient dissolution of decay, are presented to the eye; indeed, the contemplation of it, in the solemn abode of death, gives a sickening sensation to the frame, and I was glad to escape into the open air and the sunshine, to avoid the effect of the painful representation. Corradini was the inventor of

this style amongst the moderns, and wrought here, as also did Queirolo: the former was a Venetian. The Greeks did not often labour to give the effect of muscular action through garments; but it is exhibited in the Esculapius of Syracuse; and Canova, amongst the moderns, was generally successful when he attempted it."

The following will interest our musical readers:—

"As the Neapolitan school of music is famous in Europe, I will note that which is in the monastery of San Pietro di Majella, in the quarter of the town called San Giuseppe. The number of scholars of both sexes, educated free of expense, is one hundred. Somelli and Paisiello left their manuscripts and posthumous works to this establishment, and the lessees of the different theatres are obliged to deposit here the partitions of music which are presented on the different stages. There are two directors, one of whom is the famous Cherubini, for the vocal, and there is another for the instrumental department. The musical library is fine and well-chosen. Besides masters for music, the pupils have the advantage of professors, who instruct them in various other branches of knowledge, necessary for the education of youth. This establishment is, however, exceeded in consequence by that of Vienna, which contains five times the number of scholars, has an archive of seven thousand works in ancient and modern music, with a gallery containing the portraits of almost all the early and contemporary luminaries and distinguished cultivators of the tuneful art."

And now we must conclude with a lecture to our travelling countrymen, which comes with peculiar force from the pen of Mr. Standish:—

"Let me address a few words to my countrymen travellers. You come abroad to save money, to mix with foreigners, and to improve your manners, as well as, in some instances, to avoid your debtors; attend:—money may be saved more agreeably in England than on the Continent, if people are not ashamed of economy; and those who are subject to such false shame do not deserve to be rich. When England is abandoned for France, you should call to mind what Casimir Delavigne, the best modern French poet, says concerning the English nation, and he echoes only the voice and spirit of all his fellow Frenchmen:—

'La France dans son sein ne les peut endurer,  
Et ne les recevroit que pour les devorer.'

And, again (on occasion of the death of Jeanne d'Arc, and the invasion of the British):—

'La France jamais ne perit toute entière  
Que son dernier vengeur fut il dans la poussière;  
Les femmes, au besoin, pourrout les en chasser.'

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, go and spend your money, and enrich a nation which hates and despises you; you will find, moreover, almost all agreeable places of the Continent as dear as your native land, and you will want many comforts, even if you live expensively there, which you might have at will in your own country. As for society, you are ridiculed in it: I have not yet visited a nation which does not amuse itself with the formal manners of the British. As for improving your manners, that may be done if you come early, are extremely prudent, and get rid of your English prejudices; but many a family has to lament the exposure to temptations, which have perverted the minds, and ruined the prospects of its members, who might have lived respectably from youth to age in their own country, by

their not knowing how to choose between the levities of foreigners and their really estimable qualities. When you can eschew the bad, and seize the good,—for no human natures are perfect,—you will certainly improve; but if, to the heaviness of an English disposition, you add the frivolity of the foreign one, you become 'leaden zephyrs,' and little else than heterogeneous, inconsistent creatures, with heads of bulls, and tails of serpents. The experiment is perilous. As for the bands of ruined gamblers, of desperate adventurers, who pollute by their contact the very steamers in which they cross the Channel, live they in Paris, in Naples, or in Vienna, they will soon be known, speedily scouted, and invariably exposed; let them herd together, and let the nation be purified by their departure, which has had the misery to give them birth. As for you, gentlemen, who travel for fashion, as long as you have guineas to spend in Europe, you will receive lip honour; when you are no longer serviceable to the people you visit, you will be thrown upon the dunghill. I am sorry to say that we are not popular abroad; the wars we entered into with France have caused the destruction of all the south of Europe; Germany is demoralised, Russia is jealous and angry, Italy discontented, Sicily and Spain ruined, Holland indifferent, and France friendly only from interest: how, then, can we islanders be well viewed by these nations, when, in addition to political discontent, we so frequently attract private animosities by our prejudices, our difference of habits to those we live amongst, and our general exclusiveness in sympathies, and predilection for whatsoever is English? In making these strong charges and remarks, I am, however, free to admit that there are exceptions, and that a travelled, well-educated, and well-disposed Englishman, is an ornament and a benefit to the circle, wherever it be, in which he moves: of these I know, I am happy to say, many, and value and respect their acquaintance; but, 'odi profanum vulgus.'"

To all which we say, Amen!

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Temples, Ancient and Modern; or, Notes on Church Architecture.* By W. Bardwell, Architect. Large 8vo. pp. 234. London, 1837. Fraser & Williams.

A BEAUTIFUL and valuable work, got up with much taste, and full of information. It is dedicated to his majesty, and merits the royal honour. The illustrations are very numerous and interesting, and the notes, well digested, give an insight into the history of almost every remarkable temple erected to Jehovah from the earliest periods. The accounts of those of the middle ages are peculiarly acceptable; but the whole, in spirit, in detail, in execution, and in instruction for the future architect, deserves the highest approbation and public patronage.

*The Penny Cyclopædia, Vol. VIII.* London, 1837. Knight.

THE first article in this volume is enough to recommend it: it is on Copyright, and, therefore, at this moment, particularly worthy of attention. The last word is Dionysius.

*An Epitome of Niebuhr's History of Rome; with Chronological Tables, and an Appendix.* By Travers Twiss, B.C.L. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 269. Oxford, 1837. Talboys.

A VERY valuable addition to classic learning, which clearly and ably embodies all the latest efforts of the laborious Niebuhr. The chronological tables are excellent; and, indeed, the

whole is a work most fitting for the library of every intelligent reader.

*The Waldenses, or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny.* By William Beattie, M.D. Illustrated in a series of Views, taken on the spot by Messrs. Bartlett and Brockendon. First Quarterly Part. Virtue.

"Of all nations or provinces," observes the writer of the Introduction to this interesting volume, "where the noblest virtues have been called into action, and where love of country, and zeal for religion, have alternately endured the most grievous calamities, or led to the most glorious results, these Valleys of Piedmont—a spot scarcely noticed in the maps of Europe—stand forth in brilliant distinction. From the magnanimous traits, heroic sacrifices, and startling incidents, which their history presents, it has all the character of an ancient epic; all the materials and variety of a tragic drama, but of a drama stamped with the seal of truth."

The views in this part of the work are nineteen in number, and are full of romantic beauty. The peculiar and picturesque costume of the figures contributes much to their effect: and, in some of them, military demonstrations and movements add great animation to the scene.

*The Poet's Daughter.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Macrone.

THERE is too much, and too little, in these volumes. Too much love, murder, and sudden death; too much fine writing, and too little originality and truth. The young writer, and the *Poet's Daughter* is obviously the production of youth, does not want talent; there is a perception of both feeling and nature, but there is no dramatic power. The story lies over too great a space, is broken with an infinitude of episodes, and is improbable, "exceedingly." Its author has published too soon.

*Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. XV. Part I.* Edited by Prof. Napier. Edinburgh, 1837. A. and C. Black; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

THIS work continues to advance briskly. It seems to have climbed the alphabetic hill, and to find the last half of the road easier and easier. This Part proceeds from *May* to *Mon*—the last word being that magical one, *Money*; which, and *Mollusca*, *Mining*, *Mines*, *Minerology*, and the *Microscope*, are its leading articles.

*The Tour of the Don.* 2 vols. 12mo. (London, Groombridge; Sheffield, G. Ridge).—We took up these volumes under the mistaken notion that they related to the Don of Russia, but found them to contain a series of pleasant sketches, made during a pedestrian tour in Yorkshire. They originally appeared in the *Sheffield Mercury*, and possess more than mere local interest to recommend them to publication in this collected form.

*The Antiquities of Athens, and other Monuments of Greece, &c.* Pp. 103. (London, Tilt; Leicester, B. Coombs and Co.).—A small and very neat quarto, in which the finest monuments of Grecian art, as measured and delineated by Stuart and Revett, are brought under the notice, and before the eye of the reader. It is a pretty manual, and though the explanations are concise, they are satisfactory. No fewer than seventy clever plates illustrate the volume.

*White's Natural History of Selborne.* Pp. 411. (London, Orr and Smith).—"Ever charming, ever new," this fresh and popular volume is most welcome in a new edition, enriched by notes from the pen of Mr. Edward Blyth. The quantity and value of the additional matter render the work infinitely more acceptable, and throw much light on every branch of the natural history of England.

*Sonnets*, by Edward Moxon. 8vo. pp. 75.—A second edition of Mr. Moxon's very sweet compositions, and got up in a style worthy of the matter.

*The Politics of another World*, by Mordecai. 8vo. pp. 374. (London, E. Wilson, jun.).—We don't like the politics of this world, and could, therefore, hardly be seduced into an admiration of those of another. This is, however, a strange rhapsodical book—letters from red dragons, beasts with seven heads, angels in myrtle trees, unclean spirits, leviathans, &c. &c.—and if I am to have, it is aimed at the Church of England and episcopacy.

*Sketch of Western Virginia.* Pp. 117. (London, E. Bull.).—A little volume to promote the sale of certain estates in

Western Virginia, and instruct British settlers in the best measure for establishing themselves in that province. There is a good map, and the accounts and descriptions are plain and intelligible.

*De Porquet's First Italian Reading Book.* Pp. 251. (London, De Porquet and Cooper).—A nice collection of Italian stories, &c. and well calculated to lead the student into the agreeable paths of Italian literature.

*Select Lyrical Poems of the Germans, with a Translation of all Unusual Words and Difficult Passages, and Explanatory Notes*, by W. Klauer-Klittowski. Pp. 456. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Rolandi; Dublin, Milliken; Paris, Barrois).—A very excellent selection of German lyrics, and accompanied by such able critical remarks and explanations as must greatly enhance the value to the German student.

*Scelta di Prose Italiane tratte da Celebri Scrittori, Antichi e Moderni.* Pp. 280. (London, East).—Another good selection, and well calculated to promote a pleasant acquaintance with the language of Italy.

*Amram, a Tale of Bagdad.* Pp. 312. (London, J. Richardson).—An Eastern story, in which the capture of Bagdad by the Tartars, and the death of the last caliph of the Abbasian line, are the principal features. The other incidents are various, but not much out of the usual order.

*Adventures in Search of a Horse*, by Cavett Emptor, Gent. Pp. 392. (London, Saunders and Otley).—A third edition of a volume at once very useful and entertaining, in which the mysteries of horsemanship are famously exhibited.

*Picturesque and Historical Recollections during a Tour through Belgium, Germany, France, and Switzerland*, by M. O'Connor, Esq. Pp. 960. (London, Orr and Co.).—A pleasant little volume in many instances; but few, we believe, will agree with the writer, that the Duke of Wellington was, throughout the war, a shocking bad general, and only saved by the peace from being obliged to surrender to Soult at Toulouse!

*The Pocket Lacon*, selected by J. Taylor. Pp. 463. (London, J. T. Cox).—A selection of a thousand passages from a multitude of writers, and done with judgment and discretion.

*The Philosophy of Human Nature, in its Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Relations*, by H. M'Cormac, M.D. 8vo. pp. 564. (London, Longman and Co.).—A comfortable treatise, in which the author contends for our perfectibility to a large degree here, and to a glorious extent hereafter. It is written with much warmth and feeling.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE Liverpool meeting of the British Association is fixed for Monday, the 11th of September next. We learn, with pleasure, that the places for holding the various sections are exceedingly convenient; and that, notwithstanding the mercantile pressure of the times, there is likely to be a very gratifying assemblage of the Association, to illuminate, for a while, the gloom, the partial gloom, we hope, that has fallen on the princely commerce of the merchantants of Liverpool.

### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER, V.P. in the chair.—Read, an account of several new species of *Orchideæ*, natives of British Guiana, by Mr. Schomburgk. The descriptions were illustrated by drawings. Several of these species were remarkable for the beauty of their flowers. The next paper was a description of a tree, a native of the same place, called the snake-nut-tree, which appears to constitute a new genus of the natural family *Terebinthaceæ*. The seed is coiled up, snakelike, within the nut; hence, no doubt, have originated a belief in its supposed virtues as an antidote to the bite of serpents. It forms a large tree, of the aspect of the walnut (*Juglans regia*), and was found by the author on the banks of the Essequibo. A plant of the *Linaria arenaria*, in flower, from the collection of Mr. Jansson, was exhibited. At the anniversary, Robert Brown, V.P. in the chair, the Duke of Somerset was re-elected president; the other officers stand as heretofore.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, 3d May (continued). Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A paper was read On some recent elevations of the coast of Banffshire, by Mr. Joseph Prestwick, jun. F.G.S. That an uplifting of the shores of

the Moray Firth has taken place subsequent to its having assumed its present outline, is proved by the existence, in several places, of a raised beach. In Banffshire, its height above the present high-water level varies from six to twelve feet. It occasionally abounds with shells now inhabiting the adjacent seas, such as *Patella vulgata*, *P. lavis*, *Trochus sinisterrimus*, *Littorina littorea*, and *Turbo retusus*. To this upheaving of the land the author attributes the draining of the former lowlands, as he conceives is indicated by the remains of drained peat-mosses. A section of one of these presented a total thickness of about five feet, including two irregular layers of gravel and quartz grit, with fresh-water and land shells. In a paper On the *Gamrie Ichthyofauna*, read before the Society in April 1835, Mr. Prestwick stated that, having been informed of the occurrence of lias in the dark clay and sands, which in many parts of Banffshire cap the old red sandstone and schistose rocks, he had inferred that these beds might be outliers of lias. Having, however, subsequently visited that country, and examined that deposit at Blackpots and Gamrie, he found the lias fossils in separate masses, and associated with rolled fragments of the older rocks. He also met with, at Gamrie, in a bed of light-coloured sand, alternating with dark clay and beds of gravel, the following recent shells:—*Astarte Scoicia*, *Tellina tenuis*, *Buccinum unda*, *Natica glauca*, *Fusus turricola*, *Dentalium dentalis*. They were extremely friable, but perfectly uninjured. This deposit or drift attains in places a thickness of 250 feet, and rises to a height of 350 feet. In conclusion, the author attributes the origin of this drift to a denudation of the lias and older formations; and he infers, from the perfect preservation of the fossils, and the superposition of the beds, that its accumulation was gradual.

17th May.—Extracts were read from two letters from Sir John Herschel, from the Cape of Good Hope—the first to Charles Lyell, Esq. dated 20th February, 1836; and the second, in explanation of this, to R. J. Murchison, Esq. of the date of 15th November, 1836. In these, the author, taking for granted a high degree of central temperature in the earth, which many geologists admit, and with which all are familiar, proceeds to explain his views respecting the necessary consequences of the transfer of pressure from one part to another of the earth's surface, by the degradation of existing, and the formation of new, continents; by pursuing into its consequences, according to admitted laws of this hypothesis, of a high central temperature: his object being to get a geological *primum mobile*, in the nature of a *vera causa*, and to trace its working in a distinct and intelligible manner. Thus, assuming an equilibrium of temperature and pressure within the globe, the isothermal strata, or curves of equal temperature, will be spherical; but when they approach the surface, will, by degress, conform themselves to the bottom of the sea, and the surface of continents. If, therefore, we suppose these isothermal strata under the bottom of any great ocean to be parallel to its concavity, when this comes to be filled up, the bottom may become horizontal, or even bulge out into a convexity, and the equilibrium of temperature will be immediately disturbed, because the form of a stratum of temperature depends essentially on the bounding surface of the solid above it. The temperature, therefore, will immediately begin to migrate from below upwards, and the isothermal strata will gradually change their form from the con-



cave to the horizontal, or convex form. The former bottom of the ocean will then acquire a temperature corresponding to its then actual depth, while a point as much below it as itself is below the surface, will acquire a greatly higher temperature, and may become even melted. Hence, therefore, instead of saying, as heretofore, "Let heat from below invade (for which no reason can be assigned) newly deposited strata, then they will expand, melt," &c., we may commence a step higher, and say, "Let strata be deposited, then, according to known, regular, and calculable laws, heat will gradually invade them from below, and will expand or melt them, as the case may be. But if, from the inequality of pressure, some support give way, a crack may take place, extending upwards, and a piece of the solid crust break down and be plunged into the liquid below, this will, from the simple hydrostatic pressure, rise into the crack above; but, as it gains height, it is less pressed: and if it attain such a height that the ignited water can become steam, the joint specific gravity of the column is suddenly diminished, and a jet of mixed steam and lava will be forced up, giving rise to all the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes. But if all goes on in quiet, the only consequences will be the obliteration of organic remains, and lines of stratification, &c., and the formation of new combinations of a chemical nature, &c.—in a word, the production of metamorphic, or stratified primary rocks.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, June 2. Mr. Brockedon on medal and cameo engraving. Into this subject we have already fully entered, in No. 1047 of the *Literary Gazette*, for Feb. 11th, of this year. The subject is one to which the art, in itself beautiful, and the late discussions about it, have given considerable interest, especially the important improvements invented and patented by Mr. Bate. We cannot better describe what Mr. Brockedon exhibited and explained than we have already done in the Number alluded to, where we reprinted the whole of the evidence given by that gentleman upon the subject before the House of Commons. At the Royal Institution he exhibited what had been done; and, by means of a large wooden model of the machine, made rough traces in chalk from a cone. The subject of the lecture, however, was not, we think, a favourable one for an audience, and less capable of being clearly explained to them than to a committee of inquiry, like that of the House of Commons. Those, however, who found it difficult to understand the principles, were interested in the facts and processes exhibited, particularly a paper model, which exhibited the difference between distortion and foreshortening, and a diagram which shewed the courses of the lines by the old and the new machines over a cone. A sheet of prints, from rare medals, beautifully ruled by the machine, was liberally distributed among the audience; but the scuffle to obtain them, in spite of the declaration that there was enough for all, must have led to the destruction of many, in the not very decorous scramble to obtain them.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Council have resolved to offer annual medals, or an equivalent sum in money, by way of premiums, for subjects connected with Zoology, and the premiums for the year 1837 are as follows:—

1. For importing either a pair of Musk Oxen: or a specimen of the Hippopotamus, male or female; or a pair

of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*; 2. To the breeder of the greatest number of Curassows in the year 1837; 3. To the importer of a male and female Indian Pheasant, of a species not already alive in this country; 4. To the breeder of the best specimens of Indian Fowls in the year 1837; 5. To the breeder of the most rare or most interesting foreign quadruped in the year 1837; 6. For the best Essay on the Care and Treatment of the species of the genus *Felis* in confinement.

The conditions will, we presume, be promulgated, or may be learnt at the Society's offices.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.  
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 1. — The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—H. Hall, Student of Christ Church; Rev. G. E. Peake, Magdalen Hall; E. P. Shirley, Magdalen College; Rev. C. P. Peters, Queen's College; Rev. F. Jones, R. Ward, Oriel College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—T. W. Whiphram, Balliol College; J. S. Phillips, Exeter College; J. Hatsell, Oriel College; F. Menzies, Scholar, C. T. Nesbitt, Brasenose College; H. J. Gore, Postmaster of Merton College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 31. — The following degrees were conferred:—

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. F. Maynard, Caius College.  
*Bachelors in Civil Law*.—Rev. C. Chichester, Downing College; W. M. R. Haggard, Trinity Hall.  
*Bachelor in Physic*.—W. A. Guy, Pembroke College.  
*Bachelor of Arts*.—F. W. Rawes, Caius College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LAWRENCE in the chair.—Part of a paper by Mr. Farr, one of the lecturers of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was read. This communication treats of that interesting portion of the animal kingdom, the class *Polypi*. The author, in connexion with his subject, incidentally notices the zoophytes, and wonders not that, in the first instance, they were considered by some naturalists as belonging to the mineral kingdom; and by others, as Tournefort and Ray, to the vegetable; the great improvements in the microscope, however, opened a new field for observation. In 1828, a communication was made to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris, announcing the discovery of an anal and oral opening in polypi, which was also, about the same time, ascertained by Ehrenberg, who made this important distinction the basis of his classification. Mr. Farr, it appears, directed his attention to these researches, chiefly during visits to the Isle of Sheppey—rich in such subjects—during 1835: and in that portion of the paper which was read, he details the results of various experiments conducted by him with the camera lucida. In making these, he guards against the introduction of artificial light, which is altogether inadequate for pursuing, with satisfaction, such delicate inquiries. He then describes the complicated machinery, by which is carried on protrusion and retraction. Several gentlemen were elected into the Society, and others were introduced, and took their seats for the first time as fellows.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair.—Sir Henry Ellis exhibited a facsimile copy of a plan of the town of Terronon, France, and the siege of it, temp. Henry VIII. It is the more valuable, as the place was entirely destroyed after its capture; the original is in the Cottonian collection. The reading was concluded of the Earl of Northumberland's "Instructions touching the management of his affairs," addressed to his son during his imprisonment in the Tower, for being connected with the Gunpowder Plot. It bore the style of a man of cultivated talent and education; but the subject was a general captious tirade against the female sex, in all their situations in life.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 p.m.; British Architects, 8 p.m.; Marylebone, 8½ p.m. (Mr. Delille on French Literature).

Tuesday.—Zoological, 8½ p.m.; Society of Arts, 8 p.m. (Mr. H. Wilkinson on the Manufacture of Sword-blades; Architectural (Essay by G. Alexander)).

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ p.m.; Geological, 8½ p.m.; Graphic, 8 p.m.; Medico-Botanical, 8 p.m.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.

Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 p.m.

## FINE ARTS.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Seventh and concluding notice.]

OF the Architectural Drawings in the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy it has never been our hint to speak, except in cases in which they possessed qualities generally attractive; such as may be seen in the present instance, in 1029, *The Mournful Obsequies of the valiant Raymond Bevinger*, G. P. Jenner; 1042, *Design for a Triumphal Bridge*, W. Barnes; 1084, *Baths erecting at Bournemouth, near Christchurch*, B. Ferrey; 1091, *The Ruins of Castle Acre Abbey, Norfolk*, J. Baynes; 1102, *View of Grey Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, B. Green; 1128, *Design for the Interior of a Synagogue*, D. Mocatta. The last-mentioned is a splendid example of its kind, rivalling Asiatic or Moorish magnificence.—Some table or mantel models in the Architectural Room are well deserving of notice; as 1151, *Status of the Lady Adelaide Lennox*, R. C. Lucas; 1152, *Monument to Earl Grey*, J. and B. Green; 1153, *Status of the Marquess of Douglas*, R. C. Lucas; 1154, *Bust of the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, Lord Bishop of Calcutta*, C. A. Rivers; and 1157, *A Group of Orphans*, in marble, T. Sharp.

Of the construction of the room devoted to Sculpture, we have already said we do not think so highly as of that of the rooms appropriated to Painting. A single and steady light is advantageous to a picture: to a statue it is indispensable; as, with cross lights, forms become undistinguishable. We understand that, in the first instance, when a stick was placed perpendicularly on the middle of the floor of the Sculpture Room, it cast three shadows!!! After profound deliberation, one of the windows was shut up, so that the stick now casts only two shadows!! It is with great diffidence we advise the closing of another window: the stick will then, perhaps, cast but one shadow!

Shapes of grace, and lines of beauty, are among the first qualities of sculpture. In the development of these qualities, taste, judgment, and sentiment, are essential ingredients. As illustrations of this fact, we may point out 1178, *A group in marble, representing Hylas surprised by the Naiades*, J. Gibson; 1179, *Group in marble, Maternal Affection*, E. H. Bailey, R.A.; 1180, *Marble statue, Nymph at the Bath*, R. J. Wyatt; 1177, *Girl and Lizard*, H. Cardwell; 1169, *A statue in marble, representing Love disguised as a Shepherd*, J. Gibson, R.A.; 1160, *Euphrosyne, a statue in marble*, R. Westmacott, R.A.; 1168, *Status in marble, Female Suppliant*, S. Macdonald.—Of commemorative statues, the dignified, the commanding, and the venerable, are the leading characteristics. The following are fine exemplifications of them. 1161, *Marble statue of Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B. for Westminster Abbey*, Sir F. Chantrey, R.A.; 1162, *Marble statue of John Dalton, D.C.L. Manchester*, Sir F. Chantrey, R.A.; 1165, *Statue of the late Dr. Babington, to be placed in the Cathedral of St. Paul*, W. Behnes; 1167, *Monumental Figure of Viscount Brome*, E. H. Bailey, R.A.; 1183, *Mural Monument to the Memory of Mrs. Cole*, R. W. Sievier;

1164, *A Monumental Statue*, J. Gibson, R.A. —The marble busts are numerous, well-arranged, and of a very high order of art. Among the most striking are 1206, *Mrs. Thomas Jarvis*, T. Butler; 1207, *The late Rev. John Wilcox, M.A.*, E.W. Wyon; 1208, *The Baron de Lagos*, J. Gallagher; 1248, *Andrew Amos*, Esq. E. Ryley; 1210, *The late John Abernethy*, Esq. W. Groves; 1217, *Samuel Cartwright*, Esq. S. Joseph; 1218, *Sir John Bayley*, R. J. Wyatt; 1219, *The late Sir William Franklin, K.C.H.*, S. Joseph; 1224, *Chevalier Buckhausen, Consul-General of Russia*, P. Turnerelli; 1226, *The late Percival Pott*, P. Hollins; 1227, *Sir John Beckett*, Bart. M.P., W. Behnes; 1230, *The Rev. Dr. Penfold*, W. Behnes; 1235, *Mrs. Charles Tennant*, J. Fillans; 1231, *The late Sir Thomas Munro*, R. W. Slevier; 1241, *Daniel O'Connell*, Esq. M.P., C. Moore; 1255, *Allan Cunningham*, Esq. J. Fillans; 1271, *Dr. Robert Southey*, Sir F. Chantrey, R.A.; 1273, *Earl Grey*, E. H. Bailey, R.A.; 1281, *The late Admiral Sir Michael Seymour*, Bart. E. H. Bailey, R.A.; &c. —These are diversified by 1284, *Cabinet Statue of Lord Viscount Melville*, and 1283, *Cabinet Statue of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex*, J. Francis; as well as by a variety of fine alto and basso-relievos, classic and historical: viz. 1192, *Wicliffe preaching to the People*, R. Westmacott, jun.; 1202, *Part of a Monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey, to the Memory of Dr. Bell*, W. Behnes; 1190, *Mercury presenting Pandora to Prometheus*, R. Westmacott, jun.; 1196, *Dante and Beatrice*, M. L. Watson; 1193, *Psyche*, W. C. Marshall; 1185, *Model of the Shield of Achilles*, J. Henning, jun.; &c. &c.

In taking leave, for the present season, of the Royal Academy, we beg to repeat our best wishes for their prosperity under their new roof; and, as one of the elements of that prosperity, we strongly recommend to them a more careful sifting of the works offered for exhibition. They would also consult their dignity by declining to insert any unmeaning and ridiculous quotations in their catalogue.

**Lottery of Pictures.** — Our readers, both those who love the fine arts, and those who feel what that love ought to generate towards the artists whose talents have delighted them and adorned their country, will, we are convinced, read the following brief statement with sympathy and interest. By the death of the late R. Jackson, R.A., his widow and family were left in straitened circumstances, which put it out of the power of the mother to rear and educate her children in the manner that would become them and her, and afford them a fair chance of making their way with credit in the world. In some measure to remedy this, a few friends, including patrons of the art in the highest ranks of life, have proposed a lottery of seventeen pictures, the property of the late distinguished painter, most of them his original productions, but including his noble copies of the Three Marys, of Annibal Caracci, and the Christ in the Garden, of Coreggio. These two will be the principal prizes; and are, indeed, worthy of being so. We believe the tickets are ten guineas each, and that the whole number to be issued is only sixty; so that there will be nearly one prize in every three. But, were there only one in thirty, the object deserves the consideration of the liberal and the good.

THE OTTLEY COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS. It is very gratifying to us to be able to notice, that, in the present depressed state of mer-

cantile affairs, the sale of this well-known collection has not in any way been affected; on the contrary, the ardour for collecting the fine works of the early engravers is evidently on the increase, as many of the more rare and important prints have here produced greater prices than obtained for them at the sale of the celebrated collection of Sir Mark Sykes, some ten or twelve years since, when they were considered to have arrived at their maximum. Our readers will recollect that, on the death of Mr. W. Young Ottley, we gave a brief memoir of his life, with a notice of his several distinguished works on the history of early engraving and painting. Mr. Ottley's whole life and fortune were devoted to the advancement of the fine arts; and, at his death, the arrangement and sales of his valuable collections were placed in the hands of Mr. Sotheby. The sale (occupying fourteen days), which has just been concluded by him, formed the principal portion of Mr. Ottley's collection of prints, and has produced three thousand pounds. The collection was particularly rich in the works of the early German and Italian masters; and the annexed brief selection of a few of the rarest, with the prices at which they sold, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Rembrandt—Dutch School.		£.	s.	d.
St. Francis at the Entrance of a Wood, from the	Barnard collection	7	2	6
Old Haring, from the same collection		22	0	0
Beggars at the Door of a House		4	12	0

German School.		£.	s.	d.
Belshazzar's Feast, by Muller		4	4	0
St. Hubert before a Stag, by Albert Durer		5	0	0
Adam and Eve, by the same		36	0	0
The Crucifixion, an Outline only, supposed by	Mr. Ottley to be by Albert Durer	10	15	0
The Dance of Death, by Hans Holbein		37	10	0
The Deluge, by Van Starren		4	18	0
The Madonna, by "Le Maître à l'Ecrivain"		6	12	6
The taking of Christ, by the same		6	0	0
A Woman with a Milk-pail, by Lucas Van Leyden		4	10	0
A Female and Infant in a Landscape, by Lucas	Cranch	5	10	0
The Marriage of the Virgin, by Israel van Mecken		6	8	6
The Passion of Christ, by the same		8	15	0
Christ on the Cross, between Two Thieves, by	"Le Maître à la Navette"	8	5	0
St. Helen, by Franz von Bocholt		4	8	0
The Baptism of Christ, by the Master of 1460		7	5	0
The Madonna, by the same		7	2	6
Saint Barbara, by the same		20	0	0
The Virgin of Einsiedeln, by the same		13	15	0

Italian School.		£.	s.	d.
Adam and Eve in Paradise, by Marc Antonio		5	5	0
Christ taken down from the Cross, by the same,	from the collection of Sir P. Lely	20	15	0
St. Cecilia, after Raffaele, by the same, from the	Mariotto collection	24	10	0
The Judgment of Paris, by the same		16	0	0
Apollo Belvedere, by the same		7	0	0
The Galates, by the same		7	2	6
The Pest, after Raffaele, by the same		5	0	0
St. John the Baptist, by Campagnola		7	5	0
A Set of Ornaments, by J. Andrea		8	12	0
La Puissance d'Amour		25	10	0
The Four Dancing Nymphs, by And. Mantegna		11	0	0
The Baptism of Christ, by Gir. Mocetto		25	0	0
The Madonna, by the same		10	10	0
The Assumption of the Virgin, by Botticelli		22	0	0

The impressions from the works of Niello, and the large woodcuts, concluded the sale. The Niello were principally purchased by Mr. Ottley, at the sale of Sir Mark Sykes's collection; and they have, in several instances, produced greater prices, though upon an average much about the same. We are glad to find many of the rarest, and the finest, were purchased for the British Museum; as also several of the more curious and unique prints throughout the collection.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*An Essay on the Education of the Eye with Reference to Painting. Illustrated by Copperplates and Woodcuts.* By John Burnet, F.R.S. 4to. pp. 73. London. Carpenter. THERE are few artists in the present day who

have shewn more varied talent — there are few writers in the present day to whom art is more indebted — than Mr. Burnet. His valuable "Practical Hints on Painting," were noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, as the three parts, of which the work is composed, made their successive appearance. We have now to introduce to our readers a further production, containing many suggestions calculated to be highly useful; especially at a period when the public attention has been so recently called to the subject by the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons.

"In a country so largely connected with manufactures as this is (says Mr. Burnet), we cannot but wonder why the education of the eye has not been more generally cultivated; observing, as is also the case with the ear, that its education in after life rarely gives the possessor those advantages which result from a proper direction having been given in youth: nor do I see why drawing should not accompany the elements of reading and writing, the complicated forms of the letters in many languages presenting a more serious obstacle than what is required in the rudiments of drawing; and I have no doubt but that a very short time would be sufficient to enable a scholar to draw objects with tolerable correctness. Without this education, not only are the most valuable advantages often lost, but the mind is deprived of one of its chief sources of correct information and the hand remains in a manner paralysed and unable to record what the eye takes cognisance of; whereas, when they advance in mutual contact through a course of early instruction, this difficulty is overcome."

"The power of seeing objects correctly (he afterwards remarks), is gained by a careful examination of their general appearance, and of the component parts which produce such general appearance; it is necessary, therefore, before proceeding to delineate any object, to observe it attentively in the first instance, to examine it as a whole, so as to be convinced of its great leading features, the various shapes the principal lights take, also the forms of the darks, what occasions them, and why they are darker at one place than at another; the size and shape of the smaller component parts, where they are congregated most, and where the greatest vacuum is situated, where portions are seen entire, and where they are intercepted. Without the eye taking cognisance of all these before proceeding, it will be impossible to give a just representation, either in the detail or in the general effect; it will, moreover, have a prejudicial influence, inasmuch as it will lead to a style of drawing without feeling, character, or decision. One reason why the drawings of eminent artists are superior to all others, is the great intelligence every line indicates, the smallest touch being expressive of the character; another advantage this previous contemplation of the subject has, is the storing of the mind with materials for future occasions, when it is necessary to have recourse to the memory. Knowledge in drawing, as well as in other sciences, is having ready a mass of materials, which we can apply to the subject in hand. Drawing much improves us as little as reading much, unless we contemplate and understand as we proceed; those who have acquired a readiness of hand without correctness and study, have but the shadow instead of the substance; and though to the unlearned their works have the appearance of excellence, yet to educated eyes they seem in the light of forgeries, or like the language of him who talks speciously of a subject he does not understand. After the

hand has once acquired this delusive dexterity, the student becomes contented, and unable to execute any thing correctly in future. \* \* \*

"Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, careful drawing and minute finishing are to be regulated in a great measure by the nature of the work in hand, otherwise these qualities, excellent in themselves, are liable to be caught at, as an excuse for doing something which requires the least exertion of the mind. Though it is absolutely necessary to be able to draw correctly whatever may be placed before you, yet it does not follow that the same labour is to be carried into the subordinate parts, otherwise a long portion of life might be spent in delineating the intricate ramifications of trees and plants, or in mapping out with painful fidelity the hedges and ditches of a whole country. The correctness of which it is necessary to be possessed is to be employed in rendering with accuracy the vital portions of all works, frequently leaving the minor passages to be filled up from our general knowledge and practice. How vexatious is it to see young men attending academies and museums, month after month, drawing from antique statues, in place of bestowing their whole care in giving the outline and form correctly, waste their youth in industrious idleness, in representing the flaws and excoriations of the mutilated marble, or in smoothly stippling in a surrounding mass of background!"

How true is the following observation:—

"The real trouble in life, in all professions, is the trouble of thinking; to escape which, the most laborious trifling is caught at, but, if fairly grappled with in the outset, every thing becomes clear, and, in after life, that which is a continual annoyance to many becomes one of the greatest gratifications. Why is it, that to the eye of an artist the drawing of a complicated plan is rendered clear at a glance, while to others it requires a multitude of figures of reference and a long explanation? It is, that his mind has been educated in continual intercourse with the eye; and the constant habit of reflecting on cause and effect has rendered a numerous assemblage of lines intelligible to him, which, to others uneducated, appear like a species of hieroglyphic."

Form, perspective, chiaro oscuro, invention, composition, arrangement, harmony, and other qualities of art, are separately treated by Mr. Burnet, with great knowledge and ability, and their principles are illustrated by some exceedingly clever etchings and woodcuts, after Raffæle, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Cnyp, &c. As we cannot transfer any of these illustrations to our pages, we must refer our readers to the volume itself; with some of the concluding passages of which we shall close our notice.

"Objects drawn from nature possess a very characteristic difference from those drawn from the combinations of fancy, or from those images presented to the imagination. We find in sketches from nature many minute circumstances, a truth and precision, a variety and beauty, that objects drawn from memory, or those images under the guidance of the mind only, have no pretension to; the latter possess the general appearance merely like the confused character of nature presented to indistinct vision; or, if made out with detail, the minutiae contain a select set of touches or forms, become agreeable from habit, which constitutes mannerism; such imperfections can be avoided only by having accustomed the eye, in the first instance, to a scrupulous exactness in delineating objects from nature, as one or two parts left out may destroy the richness and variety of lines, and

an unequal proportion of the forms may deprive the copy of the truth and beauty of the original. These peculiarities are also to be examined and contemplated upon, that this character may be engrafted upon works of imagination."

But it is not nature alone that must be studied. A reference should be constantly made to the master-pieces of art.

"Raffæle, by taking advantage of the works of those who had preceded him, carried the art to a state of perfection, which the study of nature, notwithstanding his constant application to her, never could have enabled him to achieve; the contemplation of the fine works of antiquity created elevated visions of ideal composition, while his constant application to nature for the details enabled him to give a reality and identity to the creations of his imagination. Without the eye being made acquainted with the beauties of those who have advanced the art to its present state, either progressively, by studying the best works, or by commencing a course of drawing from antique sculpture, it will be impossible to select what is beautiful in nature, or be able to choose one point of view more interesting than another."

"The art of studying from nature may be therefore considered as implying that which we perceive through the medium of our own eyes, and those things made apparent through the spectacles of other men; for seeing nature does not merely mean seeing the exact length and breadth of any object, but means the power of discerning her beauties and defects, those portions which are to be preserved, and the mode of heightening their effect upon the eye of the spectator, and the several parts which operate detrimentally to the general arrangement of the whole, which are to be intercepted by other objects, or left out entirely. For, as the accidental combinations of nature are thrown together uncontrolled by the likings or dislikings of any one, the greatest study is necessary, so as to form a complete work which shall possess all the appearance of chance combined with the most skillful adjustment: for example, what a variety of appearances do not the effects of light and shade produce upon the same scene, viewed at various times of the day, or seen under the advantages or disadvantages of accidental arrangements of objects; this power of discernment is therefore to be acquired by the study of the works of those who have excelled in the different departments of the art, and afterwards perfected in searching out and contemplating the beautiful combinations which lie scattered in the endless varieties of nature: this mode of study alone can enable one artist to surpass another in the power of selection; and the same scene, bald and ineffective in the hands of one, may be rendered full and of rich effect by another who has watched a more favourable arrangement, and who has followed up and completed the various hints derived from accidental combinations. Thus, the study of nature is conducive to perfect the education of the eye, by careful investigation of her works ourselves, and by being able to comprehend and appreciate the works of those who have most successfully studied her; and this not in a lukewarm or superficial manner, but with that noble enthusiasm which stimulated the genius of Michael Angelo through a long life, and even, when deprived of the power of vision from old age, made him order his attendants to convey him to the gardens of the Medici, that he might feel and pass over with his hands the glorious remains of Grecian art, on whose statues he had founded his own education."

*Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.*  
Engraved by T. Woolnoth, from a Miniature by H. Colten. Ackermann and Co.  
A GRACEFUL and pleasing portrait; but we will borrow L. E. L.'s charming lines to describe it.

"Fair art thou, princess, in thy youthful beauty;  
Thoughtful and pure, the spirit claims its part;  
Gazing on thy young face, a nation's duty  
Bursts forth into the homage of the heart.  
O'er thy high forehead is the soft hair braided,—  
Be never darker shadow on that brow!  
Not yet one tint of youth's sweet hues is faded;  
The loveliness of promise lights thee now."

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

CUPID DISARMED.

By Henry Brandreth,

(In illustration of a Landscape so called, by Arnald.)

NYMPH of the woods, with darkly-flowing  
tresses,

And robe of grace, that flutters in the breeze!  
Seekest thou Love, to court his soft caresses,  
Where, by calm waters, wave green myrtle-trees?

Or would'st thou rob young Cupid of his quiver,  
Bow, arrows—all that makes the bosom thrill?  
Armed or unarmed, by mountain, grove, or river,  
Spite of thy guile, Love will be victor still.

Sleep where he may, he's still of beauty dreaming;  
Whether tall cedars frown on Cashmere's rose,  
Or mirth and music, and gay banners streaming,  
Hail him as monarch, mid eternal snows:  
And wherefore, wood-nymph, steal away his quiver,

Bow, arrows—all that makes the bosom thrill?  
Armed or unarmed, by Ganga's sacred river,  
Or the dark Danube, Love will conquer still.

'Neath the cold moonlight, India's graceful  
daughters

Round starry Cama lead the lotus dance:  
Now the frail lamps of fate illumine the waters;  
Now, like twin fire-flies, beams affection's  
glance.

And would'st thou rob young Cupid of his quiver,  
Bow, arrows—all that makes the bosom thrill?  
Armed or unarmed, by mountain, grove, or river,  
Spite of thy guile, Love will be victor still.

E'en break the shafts and snap the bow asunder;  
Reigns there no Venus in the realms above?  
From pole to pole rolls on the awful thunder;  
Vulcan has forged immortal shafts for Love!  
Then wherefore, wood-nymph, steal away his quiver,

Bow, arrows—all that makes the bosom thrill?  
Armed or unarmed, by Ganga's sacred river,  
Or the dark Danube, Love will conquer still.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE ASTROLABE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,  
At Greenwich Hospital.

"She sent for him, and he came;  
With him, his astrolabe he name:  
With points and circles marvellous,  
Which was of fine gold precious."

Gower's Conf. Aman. B. 3.

IT is a curious fact, deserving of general notice, that amongst the many interesting relics preserved at Greenwich Hospital, in commemoration of the distinguished achievements of our great naval commanders, the Astrolabe of the famous Sir Francis Drake now forms a conspicuous and very important object of attention. It is deposited within a glass case upon a sort of tabular pedestal, which was erected for its reception, in the centre of the platform of the Painted Hall, in August 1831, on its presentation by his present majesty, who has, on many previous occasions, testified a particular pleasure in contributing to the memorials of British valour and enterprise collected at Greenwich Hospital. A suitable inscription round

the slab bears record of this very appropriate gift of a naval monarch to the maritime museum of the nation. The upper part of the pedestal is constructed in the form of a capstan (an engine used in raising the anchor at sea), and most appositely consists of "heart of oak;" the base is of imitation-granite; and the astrolabe rests upon a short rod placed in the centre of the slab, where, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, it is sustained in an open position of its various parts, which would otherwise collapse, and thus present a *congeries* somewhat resembling the figure and arrangement of a watch, when closed; requiring to be separately opened, at each division, for inspection of the contents. This unique and truly interesting apparatus comprises the mariner's compass, sun-dial, ring-dial, quadrant, table of latitudes and longitudes, planetary sphere, lunar almanac, and other tables and instruments, forming the constant astronomical guide of the immortal Drake throughout his various expeditions, and which, being habitually suspended by a chain round the neck of the wearer, as a becoming addition to the dress of that period, was of easy reference in his observations a-shore as well as at sea. The different portions of its intricate interior, together with the case which incloses it, are constructed of the deeply alloyed gold employed in articles of jewellery during the early part of Elizabeth's reign; and on the dial appears the following inscription:—"Humfray Colle made this diall, anno 1589." It will be seen, on reference to the list of engravers annexed to Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting in England," that the above artist was an eminent goldsmith and engraver, and held a situation in her majesty's mint. The device, on either lid of the case, implies a very suitable allusion to Sir Francis's projected enterprise of circumnavigating the globe; though, probably, meant only as a general illustration of the success usually attendant on indefatigable perseverance in any of the pursuits of life. It represents a lofty tree, at the foot of which a pair of idle squirrels are engaged in mutual frolic, satisfied with the vain enjoyment of the present hour, and unwilling to encounter the fatigue of scaling the heights above them; whilst, on the summit of the highest bough, are exhibited, by way of antithesis, a couple of laborious snails, who, by dint of long-continued and unwearied exertion, have at length surmounted all the dangers and difficulties of the ascent, and are apparently exchanging their congratulations on the accomplishment of their task; thus typifying, in a plain and characteristic manner, the important truth, so forcibly exemplified by the witty *Æsop*, under his well-known fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise:"—"that great natural abilities, without due application, will ensure no ultimate advantage to the possessor; while a constant and untiring devotion to the objects of our calling, however for a season retarded through an inferiority of genius, will eventually gain for us the elevation we seek, notwithstanding the seeming distance, circuitry, and numerous obstacles of the approach. There are many other emblematical figures engraved on the case; but whether they present any analogous reference to the above, it would be difficult to determine, as they are partially erased through the friction of the metal by long-continued wear; and the only further embellishment which attracts our observation is a cable, aptly introduced as coiling round the edge of the case, which is circular and richly chased. The following memorandum is engrossed on two cards of considerable size, suspended on opposite sides of the slab, and

refers to the manner of its preservation in later times:—

"This Astrolabe, constructed for Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Francis) Drake, prior to his first expedition to the West Indies, in 1570, and subsequently preserved in a cabinet of antiques belonging to the Stanhope family, was presented, in the year 1783, by the Right Hon. Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, K.G. on his quitting England as ambassador to the court of Spain, to the Rev. Thomas Bigsby, A.M. of Stanton Manor, Derbyshire, who had, in the preceding year, married the Hon. Frances Stanhope, widow, his lordship's step-mother. In 1812, that gentleman having ruptured a considerable blood-vessel, in anticipation of approaching death, gave it as a token of affection to his youngest brother, Robert Bigsby, Esq. of Lion-hill House, Nottinghamshire, the father of him who has the distinguished honour of presenting it to his majesty."

Of all the illustrious names which throw such splendour on the reign of Elizabeth, that of Sir Francis Drake stands pre-eminent. Whether we regard his undaunted courage and great nautical skill as the first English circumnavigator,—his fortitude and persevering industry, whereby he performed such brilliant naval achievements, acquired immense wealth, and ennobled his country,—or the vast extension of commerce produced by the important discoveries made during his indefatigable career of glory,—his character, for all that can exalt the hero and intrepid commander, is so firmly fixed in the hearts of his countrymen, that time can never tarnish his justly acquired laurels. It must be an object of national interest to preserve even the most inconsiderable relic, as a memorial of one who, by divine favour, was enabled to confer such permanent advantages on the state (for it must be remembered that he was the author of our commerce in the East as well as the West), and a very high degree of estimation must be therefore due to those distinctive records of his exalted skill and enterprise, which are presented in his various astronomical tables and instruments. Such apparatus, besides being peculiarly characteristic of the genius and pursuits of the renowned individual to whom they formerly belonged, are valuable, also, as affording interesting *data* of a bygone state of science: and a prouder evidence of their importance, as objects of national esteem, cannot be adduced, than is derivable from the honourable station assigned to them by his majesty in Greenwich Hospital, where they will be transmitted to posterity as an everlasting monument of the fame of Sir Francis Drake, rendered yet more interesting and valuable to the public, as the gracious and appropriate gift of King William the Fourth.

#### THE DESCRIPTIVE !

How luckless is the descriptive writer whose pages fall into the hands of the unimaginative! The happy phrase, "picture to your imagination," may in vain appeal to those who literally expect that they shall be made to understand without mental exertion. A scene is in my recollection, which the hope of enlisting that sympathetic vision, enabling the reader to become the companion of the traveller, induces me to describe; merely premising that, should I prove perfectly unintelligible, a result not at all improbable, I trust those who peruse this sketch will be kind enough to believe, that the fault rests with themselves—not with the narrator. We are in the little island of Ascension—Fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea;

and deeply set in a mountain range, the extreme height of which rises to nearly twice this elevation, is a vast circular hollow, doubtless the now barren womb of an ancient crater. So much being evident to the most superficial observer, we may easily guess the appellation that has been assigned to it. Never was there such a formation on island or continent, inland or coastward, but it was entitled and called, "The Devil's Punch-bowl." Now, just fancy this thirsty gentleman's punch *brulée* boiling over, and flowing down the side of the aforesaid bowl even unto the sea; thus wasting no small drop of the crater. Again, paint to your imagination—in water-colours, of course—a huge water-spout, one of Nature's journeymen, wandering about out of employ, ready for a job, no matter what. Well, over the sea it comes like a Corinthian column, with an over-proportioned capital, or a Broddignag cauliflower with an elongated stalk. "Hey day," said the genius of the water-spout: "what! another of the devil's punch-bowls? Here goes, to water his grog for his misdeeds." And with this pertinent, or rather impertinent remark, down came the flood like a thundering avalanche—splash, dash, hiss, and bubble, generating more steam than would supply all the locomotive engines of all the railroads in the world for twenty years. In a second, the lava-bed was fairly blown up, and rocks and cinder-hills scattered in every direction. Yes! here was "the devil to pay," and no wonder, for the loss of his tippie. However, as the water-spout, not finding more mischief to do, went off in the vapours, and the Old Gentleman was speedily burnt out in that quarter, it is supposed they never came to a proper settlement. This I take to be about the occasion of the vast ravine I shall attempt to describe; though, to be sure, the career of a few tropical torrents, since this primary cause, may have some slight sprinkling to do with the appearance presented, seeing that sailors declare of such showers, three drops go to a bucket-full. But it is now time to examine the effect produced by all this convulsion. If you please, then, we will descend by the irregular superficies of an almost perpendicular wall, composed of scoria, which, commencing some hundred feet from the edge of the Punch-bowl, introduces us to the higher extreme of an inclined plane, running nearly a mile in a direct course to the sea. I have taken the liberty of calling this formation an inclined plane, as thus it might have been when the surface of the devil's superfluous punch had just cooled, and before the water-spout paid its unceremonious visit: but now, never was inclined plane so little inclined to plain; for the whole course is strewn with immense blocks of lava, many tons in weight, among which we must wind our way carefully, lest the smaller portions of obsidian wound our feet, the path we tread being, apparently, composed of broken wine-bottles. Where the detached masses, sometimes towering above our heads, allow us to gaze on either side of the gorge we are descending, on one hand, we behold black continuous heights of unvarying hue; while, on the other, the lava crags, assuming divers tints of red or gray, mingled with more murky shades, are rent unto fantastic forms, giving to view smaller and more precipitous gullies: these bear on their cindery beds mighty rocks, which appear so loosely poised, that they remind us of ships ready to launch from their slips; and we almost momentarily expect them to thunder down, and join their monster brethren in the larger ravine. Rather unpleasant to be in the anticipation of such an event; so, if you please, we will get out of this

scene, together with its description, as soon as possible.

R. J.

### VARIETIES.

**Weather-Wisdom.**—Our prophet was not sterling for the last week. The 4th had no thunder-showers; the 6th was not changeable; and the 8th, instead of being warm and pleasant, was most unseasonably cold. Lieut. Morrison, however, says (and it will be amusing, at least, to compare him with the annexed from Mr. Murphy), "10th, warm, high wind, or rain and general thunder storms. 11th brings sudden showers: these will be frequent towards the middle. A change on the 15th. Cool rains, very gloomy—long low clouds about."

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

"London, 6th June, 1837.

"Sir,—Availing myself of the suggestion you were so good to throw out in acknowledging the receipt of my note of the 1st instant, in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, viz. that if any more of my calculations, as connected with approaching changes of the weather, were sent to you, they would be attended to, I take the liberty to enclose herewith a *Weather Table* for the present month. It is, as the former, founded on calculations connected with the assumed influence on the weather, exercised by the meteoric action of the moon; and will give you an opportunity of judging as to the degree of credit to which these principles of calculation are entitled: the indications of the weather marked in this table being only intended in the light of approximations, or mean results. And, as I am not acquainted with the indications of the weather put forward by M. Arago, or Lieut. Morrison, so frequently noticed in the columns of your journal; and that I am totally ignorant of the principles of calculation resorted to by them, I shall not, I trust, be accused of plagiarism by either of those gentlemen, in the event of any conformity—a circumstance I much doubt of—appearing between their predictions and mine.—I have the honour to be, &c. P. MURPHY."

[We have only copied from the present date, as, though written before, the preceding nine days would now be *posthumous*.—Ed.]

*Weather Table for June 1837, by P. M.*

Days.	Weather.	Days.	Weather.
10.	Fair.	21.	Rain.
11.	Rain.	22.	Fair.
12.	Changeable.	23.	Changeable.
13.	Rain.	24.	Fair.
14.	Rain, and probably a gale, or thunder.	25.	Rain.
15.	Fair.	26.	Rain.
16.	Rain.	27.	Rain, and probably thunder.
17.	Changeable.	28.	Rain.
18.	Rain.	29.	Changeable.
19.	Changeable.	30.	Rain.
20.	Rain.		

**Historical Engravings.**—Many of our readers are aware that a very extraordinary collection of engravings were in the possession of Mrs. Sutherland, of Merrow, Surrey, which we now learn from the *Oxford Herald*, has been presented to the Bodleian Library of Oxford. We read that, "In the convocation holden on Thursday last, the University seal was affixed to a letter of thanks to Mrs. Sutherland, for her munificent donation of 18,700 prints and drawings, being an illustration of Clarendon's and Burnet's Histories, in 61 volumes, to be placed in the Bodleian Library."

**The Stadium.**—On Thursday, there was a day fête given by Baron Berenger, at Cremorne House, being the first of the season since the improvements of the garden. The beautiful site of these grounds, on the banks of the Thames, and the admirable manner in which they are laid out, render them very popular and attractive: on this occasion they were well filled. One performer, who was to walk through fire, made a complete Moloch of the business, and gave the visitors a hearty laugh. In all else the entertainment went off capitally.

**The Hippodrome.**—The sports of the Hippodrome, on Saturday last, went off with great éclat. The day was very auspicious, and the spacious grounds, animated with company, and commanding fine views all around, presented

a gladdening scene. The races and steeple-chases were well contested; and the latter, in particular, seemed, from their novelty to most of the spectators, to create a great deal of interest. To the honour of Mr. Whyte, the proprietor, be it stated, that neither gambling-booth or sale of spirits were permitted, though he was tempted by large offers to allow both trades to be exercised; meaning the place for manly sport and healthful recreations to all classes of our crowded metropolis, he could not adopt a principle which would entitle him to higher patronage and encouragement.

The *Ascot Cup* of this year deserves notice in our columns, among the most elegant productions of art, perhaps, ever designed for a similar purpose, and one which we owe to the fine taste of Count D'Orsay, who made the original drawing for it. It consists of two centaurs, side by side, but turned in opposite directions, admirably sculptured, and supporting a beautifully shaped shallow vase, to hold flowers or fruits, for the centre of a table. Even Lord Westminster, with all his wealth, must be esteemed fortunate in winning such a prize—certainly the most appropriate and classical that has rewarded the victor in any English race.

**Sir Graves Houghton.**—It is always with pleasure we notice literary or scientific honours bestowed by foreign nations upon our distinguished countrymen; and, therefore, the election of Sir Graves Houghton to be a corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, finds a welcome record in the *Literary Gazette*.

**The Printers' Pension Society.**—The last report of this Society, we are glad to say, marks its progressive improvement in means, and consequent extension of ways, in which to make its benevolence valuable to the deserving objects whose sufferings it was formed to alleviate. The committee have sent us notice of their aquatic excursion, for the benefit of the funds, on Monday, when we trust that fine weather, and crowds of friends, will attend their charitable effort.

**Ashmolean Society, May 22.**—At this meeting the secretary read a paper, written by the late Mr. Titby, which gave an account of an Arabic translation of the conics of Apollonius, prefaced by two treatises; one on methods of drawing the conic sections, translated from Clavius; the other, on a property of triangles, by Binos Mousa. The diagrams of the MSS. were frequently wanting, or incorrect. The terms for the different lines are literally translated from the Greek, with the single exception of focus, with the important properties of which Apollonius was very imperfectly acquainted. The paper concluded with recommending the publication of scientific works in Arabic, as a means of increasing the knowledge of the people of India. Dr. Daubeny then gave an account of, and exhibited, an instrument which he has invented, for the purpose of bringing up water from great depths.—*Oxford Herald*.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

On the reception given to his name, by the House of Commons, on a recent occasion.

Patriarch of England's health-inspiring song!  
Pour'd in these latter days along the waste  
Of mind, with many a noxious growth defaced,  
That genius hath uprear'd with magic strong,  
'Tho' baleful!—whether, couch'd amid the throng  
Of wrecks that Tiber laves, thy harp be traced  
To strains of might, whereof renown shall haste  
To claim the burden; or more wrung among  
The desolate cities disenthro'd thout roam:  
Where'er thy haunt, may rumour reach thee now,  
Charged with no vague or dissonant acclaim  
Of thy land's sons in song, while thy name  
Passed from the eloquent lip, a shout from home,  
Hailing the deathless wreath late lifted to thy brow.

Song.  
Oh! who can Fortune's motions tell?  
Who her varying ways relate?  
Who can her many changes count?  
Or who foretell his morrow's fate?  
Thus, while stern sorrows o'er us frown,  
And dire misfortunes bid us mourn,—  
While armies of contending foes,  
Combined, expose to scoffs and scorn:  
As fickle Fortune ofttimes shews,  
Joys turn to sorrows, friends to foes.  
Those sorrows following joys dispel;  
Misfortune but precedes success:  
Foes, scoffs, and scorn, are only given,  
To pave the path for happiness.  
Then those who labour most 'neath pains,—  
Misfortunes baffling all they sought,—  
Should not despair: there still remains,  
When all else fails, this cheering thought,—  
Uncertain Fortune ofttimes bends  
Scorn into love, foes into friends.

Yorkshire.

E. S.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

With an Atlas of Maps, and other Illustrations, The History of the Ottoman Empire, translated from Von Hammer.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Doctor, &c. Vol. IV. royal 12mo. 10s. 6d.—The Life of Pogg. Bracciolini, and the Rev. William Shepherd, L.L.D. 8vo. Thoughts on Religious Subjects. 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Twin Foundlings, a Poem, by W. R. Usher, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Rudiments of Physiology, by Dr. Fletcher, Part III., 8vo. sewed.—Snowball's Introduction to Plane Trigonometry, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Eureka: a Prophecy of the Future, by the Author of "Mephistophilis in England," 3 vols. crown 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Wardlaw's Discourses on Socinian Philosophy, 5th edit. 8vo. 15s.—Scenes of Death, by T. Thwaites, M.D. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—An Epitome of Niebuhr's History of Rome, by T. Twiss, Part 2, 8vo. 9s.—Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy, 6th edit. fcap. 6s.—Observations on the Topography, Climate, &c. of Jersey, by G. S. Hooper, M.D. 8vo. 6s.—Barlow on the Strength of Timber, &c. 16s.—Views in Calcutta, by Capt. R. Jump, 4to. 10s. 6d.—German Poetical Anthology, Vol. II. by Klauer Klattowski, 18mo. 8s.—Treatise on Diet, by J. A. Paris, M.D. 5th edit. 8vo. 12s.—The Count and his Contemporaries, Part I. Cantos 1 to 4, post 8vo. 8s.—Dr. Osborne on Dropsies, 2d edit. post 8vo. 7s.—Dr. J. H. Sealy's Medical Essays, No. II.: the Imagination, 12mo. 3s.—The Antiquities of Athens and other Monuments of Greece, 70 Plates, royal 18mo. 10s. 6d.—Hamilton's Letters on Education, 3 vols. (Tilt's Miniature Edition), 4s.—Uncle Philip's Conversations on the Inferior Animals, square, 3d edition, 4s. 6d.; Ditto about the Whale, square, 4s. 6d.—Temples, Ancient and Modern; or, Notes on Church Architecture, by W. Bardwell, royal 8vo. 11. 1s.—Mortality, and other Poems, by J. C. Jones, post 8vo. 7s.—Castle's Translation of the Pharmacopoeia Londinensis, royal 32mo. 5s.—Hansard's Debates, 3d Series, Vol. XXXVI. (6th of the Session of 1836), 11. 10s.—Jeanette Isabelle, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Dorseton; or, the Man of Many Impulses, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Stillington's Doctrine of the Church of Rome, new edition, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Interrogator; or, Ancient History, in Question and Answer, 12mo. 6s.—The Outcast, a Poem, by J. L. Simcox, 12mo. 6s.—Verschoyle, a Roman Catholic Tale, 12mo. 6s.—The Principles and Practice of Surgery, Vol. II. by Sir A. Cooper, edited by Dr. A. Lee, 8vo. 10s.; ditto, coloured, 11. 1s.—R. Haldane's Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, Vol. II. fcap. 7s. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

	June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ..	1	From 42 to 63	29.85 to 29.89
Friday ..	2	... 38 .. 60	29.91 .. 29.93
Saturday ..	3	... 38 .. 63	29.90 stationary
Sunday ..	4	... 29 .. 66	30.01 stationary
Monday ..	5	... 39 .. 63	30.07 .. 30.14
Tuesday ..	6	... 41 .. 69	30.02 .. 30.07
Wednesday ..	7	... 30 .. 61	30.10 .. 30.07

Prevailing wind, N.W.

Except the mornings of the 1st and 3d, and the evenings of the 5th, when rain fell, generally clear; lightning and distant thunder in the East and South on the evening of the 5th.

Rain fallen .525 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent informs us that our quotation respecting early rising, from an American Journal (see last *Lit. Gaz.*), is only altered a little from a passage which originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

ERRATA.—In our last No. page 355, col. 1, line 60, for "ghost's" read "ghosts."—Same page and column, line 67, for "head," read "hand."

• Written by a lad of sixteen, and in a five-act play. We insert it, agreeably to request, as an encouragement to early talent.—Ed. L. G.



## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE MALL.**—The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, is now open, and will continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.  
Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**JUST OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Houston.  
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**NEWLY DISCOVERED COREGGIO MAGDALEN.**—This divine Work of Art, perhaps the chief-d'œuvre of Coreggio, remains on view at No. 49 Pall Mall, and will continue only a short time longer.  
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Open from 10 to 5 o'clock.  
Every known Artist will be admitted on presenting his own card.

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The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Twenty-second Anniversary Festival, celebrated in Freemason's Hall, on Saturday, June 17th. The Right Hon. Lord Francis Egerton, M.P. in the Chair.

Stewards.

John Armstrong, Esq.  
Charles Barry, Esq.  
James Elgar, Esq.  
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F. R. Hall, Esq.  
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Dinner on Table at Half-past Six precisely. Tickets, 12s. 1s. each. May be had of the Stewards; of Charles Fowler, Esq. Hon. Secretary, 1 Gordon Square; and of the Assistant-Secretary, 47 London Street, Finsbury Square.  
WILLIAM JOHN ROPER, Assistant-Secretary.

**THE COMMITTEE of the BIRMINGHAM and EDGBASTON PROPRIETARY DAY-SCHOOL,** are desirous of engaging a Classical Master to enter upon his Duties at the close of the next Christmas Vacation.  
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In a few days will appear, Vols. III. and IV. of  
**REMAINS of the LATE ALEXANDER KNOX, Esq.** containing Essays, chiefly Explanatory of Christian Doctrine, and confidential Letters, with Private Papers, Illustrative of the Writer's Character, Sentiments, and Life. The Preface, by the Editor, will contain an Answer to the Rev. T. Kelly's Letter in the Christian Observer for August last.  
James Duncan, 37 Paternoster Row.

Early in July will be published, in a handsome 8vo. volume, with a Portrait, price 2s.  
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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

#### EDUCATION.

1. *Practical Remarks on Infant Education, for the use of Schools and Private Families.* By the Rev. Dr. Mayo and Miss Mayo. Pp. 106. London, 1837. Seeley and Co.
2. *Instructions for the Formation and Management of Infant Schools in the Bahamas.* Pp. 16. Nassau, 1835.
3. *Self-Formation; or, the History of an Individual Mind: intended as a Guide for the Intellect through difficulties to success.* By a Fellow of a College. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Knight and Co.
4. *Des Instituts Agricoles et Scientifiques D'Hofwyl, Fondés et Dirigés par M. Emmanuel de Fellenberg. Rapport fait à l'Académie de l'Industrie Agricole, Manufacturière et Commerciale.* Par M. Raymond de Véricour. 1837. Paris; chez l'Auteur, 55 Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin.

THE principle for disseminating education among all classes of the community has been considered for some time as carried against the prejudices of the illiberal, and the motley opposition of the fearful and the interested. To the humane, the appeal of the untaught comes as the command of a duty: it is but to do for others what we wish should be done for ourselves. The connexion which is inseparable between the claim to education on the part of the people, and the right of inflicting punishment on the part of the government, speaks plainly to the legislature. Little moral authority can exist for exacting the severe penalties of the criminal code, unless it is based upon a sound system of general education. The teaching to do right should precede, if it cannot prevent, the punishments for doing wrong. The knowledge which the parent often purchases for his children at the price of so much self-sacrifice, and which he leaves them as their prized and protecting legacy, tells the state the value at which every head of a family holds this boon. It would be well to confer it upon the children of all. The discussions on education are now for the most part transferred from the principle to its details. With these we now have to do. We commence by offering a few preliminary observations respecting infant schools. We fear that the essential character of these Lilliputian barracks is very much misunderstood. The danger of serious injury to the cause of infant instruction is to be apprehended from the over-anxiety of its friends to teach too much, and to convince the public too hastily of how great avail is their system. The infant mind cannot endure forced marches. It may be a very delightful exhibition to witness infant discipline; but we earnestly deprecate hearing so often the word "attention," and so seldom the command to "stand at ease." For our own parts, we prefer contemplating these institutions, less as schools than as infant asylums, where the cleanliness, the amusement, and the health of the little inmates, are not the subsidiary, but the primary objects of attention. In a word, while through these means the mother is freed from the care of nursing, and is thus enabled to go out to work, the child is rescued from the risks of neglect,—from either

falling into the fire or out of the window, or being run over by the wheels of omnibuses. Maturity seldom rewards the efforts made to display precocity of mind. It is by the gentle indulgence of early childhood's weakness, by letting it grow as nature directs, that it has any chance of becoming strong in after-life. The disposition of the person to whose care the infants are intrusted is very important. His knowledge is something; his manner much; his temper is every thing. Dr. Mayo well observes, "He must feel, as he enters his school-room, that he has to do, not with men, not with children, but with INFANTS." And again, "The age of infancy should be an age of cheerfulness, and the infants' school a happy place." We rejoice to find that under the fostering auspices of Colonel Colebrooke, the same instructions obtain in the Bahamas.

"Amusement is here mentioned separately, because some parts of the school-time must be spent in play. It should, however, be remembered, that amusement is to be blended with the whole course of instruction. There is something wrong in an infant school where every countenance is not cheerful. That amusement may be promoted, there must be attached to the school-room a play-ground, which should be from fifty to a hundred feet square. The front door of the school-room should open into it. It should be fenced round, and have a large open shed in the middle; and if the soil will allow it, tamarind, almond, and other fruit-trees—but not cocoa-nut trees—should be planted round the sides."

The falling cocoa-nut would, indeed, be a very rough play-fellow. We like the fresh air and fragrance of such a scene; it breathes of health and happiness. We regret that we cannot coincide generally with the practical remarks of Miss Mayo, which accompany the lectures of her father. The desire of too much being taught prevails throughout. There is much useful information to be gathered from the pages, and much praiseworthy zeal to be acknowledged; but we are compelled to say, that Miss Mayo is zealous overmuch. The tone and manner of teaching which is inculcated, is certainly unsuitable to the powers of the infant mind.

"In religious instruction, there should be a continual appeal to the children's own experience, as well as a personal application of scripture; they must be taught to see how its precepts and demands bear upon their daily conduct and dispositions, in order that conscience may be trained to do its appointed work. Without much attention to this point, you will find that, though quick-sighted enough in discovering the faults of others, and forward to condemn, as *most shocking*, the sins detailed in the Bible, they will not perceive how they themselves are guilty of the same faults. Even David, when the prophet set before him his sin in a parable, saw all its heinousness, but saw not himself the sinner, till the bold reprover declared, 'Thou art the man.' Education must work against this natural deceitfulness of the heart; and, under God's blessing, there is no more effectual way of counteracting it, than by endeavouring to convict children of sin

in their daily conduct, by reference to the word of God. There should also be a constant desire to awaken religious feelings and sentiments. Children are so easily impressible through sympathy, that much may be effected by manner; indeed, a teacher may in a great measure set the tone of feeling in his school."

Alas, poor little convicts! we would fain see you free from all such useless spiritual despotism. The sounder judgment of Miss Edgeworth is far more to our taste; and we refer our readers, with much satisfaction, to this lady's popular tales, where kindly feeling, and judicious observation, go hand-in-hand on this interesting subject. They will there find neither the negligence of doing too little, nor the ridiculous pretence of doing too much. We pass to *Self-Formation*. This book is written by a very ill-tempered man. The model which he holds up for the formation of character is one which we request our readers on no account to imitate. The spirit of sullen discontent manifests itself throughout these volumes. The modern literary world, the law, the gentry, the church, are each in their turn semi-libelled and lashed. The author has been more fortunate in his father than in his knowledge of literary men.

"My father, though by vocation a professional man, was really, by taste and habit, neither more or less than a devoted man of letters; not one of your literary men of the present day, made up of pliancy, versatility, and general but superficial cleverness; adventurers ready for any thing but fit for nothing; men who think it the very perfection of authorship to be *au courant du jour* in all its frivolities and fashions; who compose, not from the fullness of their minds, but from that of their flippancy and self-conceit; writing, because they have not the patience to read, and making it the point of their ambition to be esteemed fine gentlemen rather than fine thinkers; who give themselves as many airs as though they expected their books to be handled only in perfumed gloves; and, from their silly affectation of becoming all things to all men, have done as much as in them lies to degrade the man of letters into the mere ape of fashion,—in short, literary Greeks; the representatives of the old class of adventurers so spiritedly portrayed by Juvenal. My father, truly, was another manner of man than these,—a being of a far higher and nobler order. He belonged rather to a class, now almost extinct, whose world was in their library; a race 'unteachable in worldly skill,' mere children in the art of pushing their fortunes; and yet, as guardians of public morality and trainers of the public mind, at least as trustworthy as their successors, with whom 'motley's the only wear.' Such an one was my father."

The extract which we subjoin leads us to think that this writer has suffered something very severe from the law.

"His nature was too noble for his circumstances; he could not exist in such elements as make up the moral atmosphere of our law-courts. Simulation and dissimulation, trickery and intrigue, with all the other habitual and indispensable arts of the advocate, were a very



stench in his nostrils. He was not of those lawyers prefigured by the he-goat in the Bible, 'who cast down the truth to the ground, and practised, and prospered.' During his engagements in the low and noisome, but rich fields of legal practice, he was continually panting for the higher and purer regions of literature."

The habits of the gentry are handled with still greater roughness in every chapter. The clergy fare the same.

"If the cries of the monks and friars had carried it, we should have known nothing of the Reformation. Nor shall we know any thing of Christianity, if we suffer its voice to be overpowered by the bellowing of these fat bulls of Bashan [the parsons], these furnaces of the flame of priestcraft."

This "fallow of a college" (which, by the way, he tells us he has renounced) seems not to know that the Reformation originated, and was mainly carried out, by individuals who arose as the champions of civil and religious liberty, from among those very orders of men whom it is one obvious purpose of this book to malign. We are happy, however, to add, that there is nothing of useful information to be gathered, nor any traces of talent to repay the reader for his labour, or to counterpoise much that is tedious and offensive.

The regulations of the system of the agricultural and scientific institution at D'Hofwyl, still flourishing under the direction of its founder, M. Emmanuel de Fellenberg, contain much gratifying intelligence. There is a very handsome acknowledgment made to Mr. E. L. Bulwer, for his assiduous advocacy of popular education; and his "England and the English," is quoted, as supplying some of the strongest and best put arguments for carrying this principle into universal operation.

*Snarleyyow; or, the Dog Fiend.* By the Author of "Peter Simple," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

THIS is a work in a completely new style; a naval historical novel, laid in the time of William III.; and full of character and spirit it is. There is a real earnestness about all Captain Marryat writes, which is its great charm. The adventures may be improbable, but they do not appear so at the time; the characters may be such as were never yet seen in this world before, but they are our familiar friends at once. There is also a kind feeling and a heartiness about the book; it always enlists our sympathies on the right side. Capt. Marryat's comic powers are also great; they are founded on nice touches of human nature, not the less human nature because in what is called low life. There is a capital hit in one of his books, where the hero discovers that "the gal" prefers him to a rival, "because she'd always drink out of my pewter pot and wouldn't out of his'n." The unconscious betrayal of attachment was never more delicately hinted before. The conduct of the story before is excellent, whether the dog or the boy shall turn out to be the devil—we beg Sir Andrew Agnew's pardon, but Captain Marryat is the one to blame—and is well kept up to the last. The time is laid during the Jacobite conspiracies, and we can imagine a scene like the following occurring during that period of wild and picturesque adventure.

"At the gray of the morning, after the attempt to seize the smugglers had been defeated by the instrumentality of Snarleyyow, upon the top of the immense fragment of the rock which we have described as lying upon the sea-edge of the platform, was perched a fair,

slight-made little girl, of about twelve years of age. She was simply clad in a short worsted petticoat, and bodice of a dark colour; her head was bare, and her hair fluttered with the breeze; her small feet, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were also naked; and her short petticoat discovered her legs half-way up to the knee. She stood there, within a few inches of the precipice below, carelessly surveying the waves as they dashed over the rocks, for she was waiting until the light would enable her to see further on the horizon. By those who might have leaned over the ridge above, as well as by those who sailed below, she might have been taken, had she been seen to move, for some sea-bird reposing after a flight, so small was her frame in juxtaposition with the wildness and majesty of nature which surrounded her on every side. Accustomed from infancy to her mode of life, and this unusual domicile, her eye quailed not, nor did her heart beat quicker, as she looked down into the abyss below, or turned her eyes up to the beetling mass of rock which appeared, each moment, ready to fall down and overwhelm her. She passed her hand across her temples, to throw back the hair which the wind had blown over her eyes, and again scanned the distance as the sun's light increased, and the fog gradually cleared away. 'A sharp look out, Lilly, dear; you've the best eyes among us, and we must have a clue from whence last night's surprise proceeded.' 'I can see nothing yet, mother; but the fog is driving back fast.' 'It's but a cheerless night your poor father had, to pull twice across the channel, and find himself just where he was. God speed them, and may they be safe in port again by this time!' 'I say so too, mother, and amen.' 'D'ye see nothing, child?' 'Nothing, dear mother; but it clears up fast to the eastward, and the sun is bursting out of the bank, and I think I see something under the sun.' 'Watch well, Lilly,' replied the woman, who was throwing more wood on the fire. 'I see a vessel, mother: it is a sloop beating to the eastward.' 'A coaster, child?' 'No, mother, I think not. No, it is no coaster—it is that king's vessel, I think: but the glare of the sun is too great; when he rises higher I shall make it out better.' 'Which do you mean, the king's cutter on the station—the Yungfrau?' 'Yes, mother,' replied Lilly, 'it is. I'm sure it is the Yungfrau.' 'Then it is from her that the boats came last night. She must have received some information. There must be treachery somewhere: but we'll soon find that out.' It may appear singular that Lilly could speak so positively as to a vessel at a great distance; but it must be remembered that she had been brought up to it nearly all her life. It was her profession, and she had lived wholly with seamen and seamen's wives, which will account for her technical language being so correct. What Lilly said was true; it was the Yungfrau, which was beating up to regain her port, and, having to stem a strong ebb-tide during the night, had not made very great progress. 'There are three other vessels in the offing,' said Lilly, looking round; 'a ship and two brigs, both going down channel: and as she said this, the little thing dropped lightly from rock to rock till she stood by her mother, and commenced rubbing her hands before the now blazing fire.'

We must add the harangue of Smallbones, touching his enemy, the dog.

"Let's hear Smallbones,—let's hear Smallbones!" exclaimed some of the men. Whereupon they all collected round the lad, who ad-

ressed the crew as follows. His audience, at first, crowded up close to him, but Smallbones, who could not talk without his arms, which were about as long and thin as a Pongo's are in proportion to his body, flapped and flapped as he discoursed, until he had cleared a little ring, and when in the height of his energy he threw them about like the arms of a windmill, every one kept at a respectable distance. 'Well, now, I considers this, if so be as how the dog be a devil, and not a dog, I sees no reason for to come for to go for to be afraid; for ar'n't we all true Christians, and don't we all fear God and honour the king? I sartainly myself does consider that that ere dog could not a have curamed into this here vessel by any manner of means natural not by no means, 'cause it's very clear, that a dog, if he be as he be a dog, can't do no more than other dogs can; and if he can do more than neither dog or man can, than he must be the devil, and not a dog—and so he is—that's sartin. But if so be as he is the devil, I say again, I don't care, 'cause I sees exactly how it is,—he be a devil, but he be only a sea-devil and not a shore-devil, and I'll tell you for why. Didn't he come on board some how no how in a gale of wind when he was called for? Didn't I see him up in a bread-bag, and didn't he come back just as nothing had happened; and didn't the corporal launch him into a surge over the taffrail, and he comes back just as if nothing had happened? Well, then, one thing is clear; that his power be on the water, and no water will drown that ere imp, so it's no use trying no more in that way, for he be a sea-devil. But I thinks this: he goes on shore and he comes back with one of his impish eyes knocked out clean by somebody or another some how or another, and, therefore, I argues that he have no power on shore not by no means; for if you can knock his eye out, you can knock his soul out of his body, by only knocking a little more to the purpose. Who ever heard of any one knocking out the devil's eye, or injuring him in any way? No; because he have power by sea and by land: but this here be only a water-devil, and he may be killed on dry land. Now, that's just my opinion, and as soon as I get's him on shore, I means to try what I can do. I don't fear him, nor his master, nor any thing else, 'cause I'm a Christian, and was baptized Peter.'

A most efficient reason wherewith to conclude. We have only to congratulate Captain Marryat on his going back a little in the world; but the dash of historic character gives great effect to his wild and animated narrative.

*The Cabinet Cyclopædia: Eminent British Statesmen, Vol. III.* By John Forster, Esq. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; and Taylor.

LIKE all other countries, England has had certain periods in her history—the political landmarks of all time—the stately arches that carry on the bridge of human improvement over the dark and tumultuous waters of ignorance. From the first lauding of the Roman eagles, a strong spirit of resistance has been cultivated on our soil. For years it only spoke with the sword; and our early annals tell of little more than perpetual struggle. The Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman conquered, and mingled with those they conquered, till the island gained strength for defiance to all future and foreign invaders. The martial habits long remained among us; and the wars with France, followed by those of the Roses, long kept England like a vast camp. We may



ascribe to our military education that stern endurance, and that steadfast purpose, which has since been turned to much higher purpose. The character had been strengthened; and the strength was soon turned to nobler endeavour than that of destruction.

Of all the epochs that mark the development of the English mind, the one of which these lives treat is the most important. Civil and religious liberty then made their first stand in the name and on the strength of certain fixed principles—principles to which every year has added force—principles to which every year shews the necessity of adherence. They were founded on the truth, mighty, immutable, and enduring; and are at this hour at once our stimulus and our rule of action. It is a period, moreover, which can only be traced by biographies; for never had individual character more influence; and few periods have been so fertile in remarkable men. Yet scarcely any time so much needs investigation; it has been equally misrepresented and misunderstood. The royal cause was the picturesque side of the question; and its very misfortunes gave it the interest that is sorrow's touching privilege. Our chief historians have taken the cavalier side. Clarendon, with his singular felicity in portrait painting, with a stateliness of diction, which gives a solemnness something like truth; Hume, the most dramatic of novel writers, with a style as lucid as it was epigrammatic; and D'Israeli, who turns every thing that he touches into amusement and interest, and whose ingenuity can only be equalled by his industry. These influences have been strong against the opposite party. The patriarchs of English liberty, however, no matter what their faults or errors, made the first stand against the feudal power merging in the royal. They demanded liberty of conscience unlimited, and liberty of action only limited by the law. What they prevented, by saying to the fast encroaching tide of power, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," may be shewn by a brief parallel of the consequences of resistance and nonresistance in France, and in England. In France the royal authority was allowed to become unlimited, and all history—not even the worst portion of the Roman empire—can present annals more cruel, frivolous, and disgusting, than those which preceded the French Revolution. The reign of Charles I. more nearly approximates to that of Louis XIII. than any other historical resemblance between the countries. There was the weak and bigoted monarch; the same gradual encroachments of authority shewn in taxation and severity of punishment; and Strafford, with his decision and his talents, so superior to his master, filled the same place as Richelieu. What prevented the results being similar, but the courageous efforts of a few men, who embodied in themselves the energy and the sincerity of the English character? One great and encouraging lesson may, above all else, be drawn from thus going back upon their labours: it is the certainty of working out its ultimate fulfilment that belongs to high and judicious endeavour. The seed of a tree or of a great principle is never sown in vain; sooner or later it is sure to come to fruit. The man who enters political life as a discoverer and a regenerator, must be prepared for delay and for disappointment; his must be "a further looking hope;" but it is also one "that sees, as from a tower, the end of all." Could Eliot, Pym, and Hampden, have arisen from their graves during the reign of Charles II., how bitter would have been the disappointment, and

how hopeless would have seemed the cause for which they laboured! but let them have risen again, and they would have seen another revolution, bloodless and triumphant, the true principles of which are all that we require even in the present day.

As it is impossible for our limits to trace the chain of reasoning which connects the beginning with the end of each career, we shall only give those slight extracts which will indicate what they cannot fully shew, and which will, at least, serve to stimulate curiosity to what so well merits deep attention. It was scarcely in the speech of a Puritan that we expected to find one of the most exquisite and noble definitions of love.

"I know love to be the root and spring of all other passions and affections. A man therefore hates, because he sees somewhat, in that which he hates, contrary to that which he loves; a man therefore is angry, because he sees somewhat in that wherewith he is angry, that gives impediment and interruption to the accomplishment of that which he loves."

*Monopolies.*—"The first notice of coal as an article of export is made thus:—'My lords of Dorset and Holland have obtained a beneficial suit of the king, worth better than 1000*l.* a-year apiece to them, for sea-coal exported.' Then we are startled by the following:—'We have very plausible things done of late. The book called the declaration of the king's for rectifying of taverns, ordinaries, bakers, ostleries, is newly come forth. I'll say no more of it; your agent here will send it to your lordship. All back-doors to taverns on the Thames are commanded to be shut up; only the Bear, at the bridge-foot, is exempted, by reason of the passage to Greenwich. To encourage gentlemen to live more willingly in the country, all game fowl, as pheasants, partridges, ducks, as also hares, are by proclamation forbidden to be dressed or eaten in any inns, and butchers are forbidden to be graziers.'"

*First introduction of Hackney-coaches.*—"The first introduction of hackney-coaches is next commemorated by Mr. Garrard:—'Here is one Captain Bailey; he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day long they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate: so that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, so that they and others are to be had anywhere.'—But now, within two short months of this date, during which time the plan, serving as a comfort and luxury to the great mass of the people, had succeeded to an extra-

ordinary extent, we find Garrard mentioning 'a proclamation coming forth about the reformation of hackney-coaches, and ordering of other coaches about London; nineteen hundred was the number of hackney-coaches of London, base, lean jades, unworthy to be seen in so brave a city, or to stand about a king's court.'"

*Absurd Specimen of Speech-making.*—"The lord keeper's speech was in the absurd strain of high prerogative. He observed; that 'his majesty's kingly resolutions were seated in the ark of his sacred breast, and it were a presumption of too high a nature for any Uzzah uncalled to touch it; yet,' he continued, 'the king is now pleased to lay by the shining beams of majesty; as Phœbus did to Phœton, that the distance between sovereignty and subjection should not bar you from that filial freedom of access to his person and council; only let us beware how, like the son of Clymene, we aim not at the guiding of the chariot.'"

*Noble Image of Pym's.*—"Activitie, life, and vigour, are conveyed into the sublimity creatures by the influence of heaven; but the malignitie and distemper, the cause of so many epidemical diseases, doe proceed from the noysome vapours of the earth, or some ill affected qualities of the aire, without any infection or alteration of those pure celestiall and incorruptible bodies."

*Liberty of Conscience.*—"No impositions are so grievous as those that are laid upon the soule."

*Fine Passage in one of Pym's Speeches.*—"This (hee said) we might undertake with comforte and hope of successe: for though there be a darknesse upon the land, a thick and palpable darkness, like that of Egypt; yet, as in that the sunne had not lost his light, nor the Egyptians their sight (the interruption was only in the medium), so with us there is still (God be thanked) light in the sun—wisdom and justice in his majestie—to dispell this darknesse; and in us there remains a visual faculty, whereby we are enabled to apprehend, and moved to desire, light. And when we shall be blessed in the enjoying of it, we shall thereby be incited to return his majestie such thanks as may make it shine more cleerely in the world, to his owne glory, and in the hearts of his people, to their joy and contentment."

*The Law.*—"The law is that which puts a difference betwixt good and evil, betwixt just and unjust. If you take away the law, all things will fall into a confusion. Every man will become a law to himself, which in the depraved condition of human nature, must needs produce many great enormities. Lust will become a law, and envy will become a law, covetousness and ambition will become laws; and what dictates, what decisions such laws will produce, may easily be discerned in the late government of Ireland!"

*Noble Image.*—"Shall it be treason to embrace the king's coin, though but a piece of twelve-pence or sixpence? and must it not needs be the effect of a greater treason to embrace the spirit of his subjects, and to set up a stamp and character of servitude upon them, whereby they shall be disabled to do anything for the service of the king and commonwealth?"

We spoke very highly of the predecessor to this volume: we have now only to echo that opinion. Mr. Forster has shewn as much industry in collecting material, as judgment in arranging it, and we heartily congratulate him on the present publication.

\* Mr. Browning has worked upon the same noble thought in his poem:—

"All love renders wise  
In its degree; from love which blends with love—  
Heart answering heart—to that which spends itself  
In silent mad idolatry of some  
Pre-eminent mortal—some great soul of souls—  
Which ne'er will know how well it is adored!  
Love is never blind, but rather  
Alive to every the minutest spot  
That mars its object, and which hate (supposed  
So vigilant and searching) dreams not of.  
Trust me,  
If there be friends who seek to work our hurt,  
To ruin and drag down earth's mightiest spirits,  
Even at God's foot, 'twill be from such as love—  
Their zeal will gather most to serve their cause,  
—And least from those who hate."

*Paradise Lost, part 3.*

*A Short Visit to the Ionian Islands, Athens, and the Morea.* By Edward Giffard, Esq. 8vo. pp. 400. London, 1837. Murray.

"THE more haste the worse speed," says the adage; not so with our young and intelligent travellers. They had, indeed, short time, but they employed it well; and this volume is an honourable testimony to the talent and enterprise of its author, and his companion, Mr. Newton, and an interesting proof how much may be seen and done within three little months. Between the 3d of January and the 24th of March, our voyagers steamed from and returned to Falmouth, visiting, in the meanwhile, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Isles, Corfu, the Morea, Corinth, Athens, Napoli, Tirgns, Argos, Tripolitza, Vourlia, Messene, and many adjacent and intermediate places; of which they have given a very unassuming and clever account. The style is easy enough; and, without venturing into the deep researches of a Stuart, a Clarke, or a Leake, we were really surprised to find so much of novelty gathered from so rapid a glance as our countrymen must have had of the memorable objects through which they passed. The mind of Mr. Giffard seems to have been as active and potential as the steam to which he owed so much of his facilities; and the pencil of Mr. Newton has adorned the volume with several very charming illustrations.

We shall not follow their flight, but simply detach a fragment or two by the way, to shew how well the task is executed. At Delphi we are told—

"The Castalian Spring itself appears in the unpoetical shape of a parallelogram, which has been obviously formed for the purpose of a bath (a very shallow one), in which, as we read, the Pythia performed her ablutions before she ascended the sacred tripod. We, according to custom, drank of the Castalian stream, but we understand that the benefit of its inspiration depends on the posture in which the specific is taken: if the votary stoop his lips to the fountain, the effect is one thing; if he scoop up the sacred water in his hand, it is quite another. I do not recollect which mode is supposed to confer the inspiration, but, as I stooped to drink, I fear my readers will have discovered that this was not the favourable attitude. I think one of the tragedians, though I have not been able to discover the passage, mentions that Œdipus, when he came to consult the oracle, sat by the fountain, under the shade of a plane-tree; and if my recollection of this incident be correct, it is singular that there is, close to the fountain, the stump of a plane-tree, now in the very last stage of decay, and, no doubt, of great antiquity; not, of course, that which the poets described, but a tree may have been propagated here successively on the spot, and cherished for the sake of old traditions."

At Corinth a different tale is told.

"Climbing over masses of masonry and by ruined walls, we at length arrived in the main streets of Corinth: here there was some little appearance of life and trade, of which the suburbs gave no promise; houses were building, and shops were opened, in some of which we recognised the handiworks of Birmingham. We asked for the khan (for that Turkish appellation prevails in Greece), and, on entering it, our host informed us that he had porter, —ay, genuine London porter!—this was a luxury we dreamed not of, and which our walk made doubly agreeable. Mr. Burgess, a former traveller (whose Itinerary I much regret not having known before we began ours), describes this man as a 'villanous Cephaloniot.' He

does not state why he bestows this epithet upon him; but the following melancholy and mysterious occurrence is not calculated to improve the reputation of his hotel. The purser of his majesty's ship Portland, while the ship was at anchor at Calamachi, started with some brother officers for a walk to Corinth over the isthmus, in the month of August last, 1836. When ascending the Acro-Corinthus, he left his own party, joining another to get on faster. In about an hour he descended, passing his former party, to whom he said, 'he had seen enough,' and returned to the town, where a Greek gentleman, of whom he inquired for the hotel, conducted him to within fifty yards of it, and there left him. This occurred at nine o'clock in the morning, and since that time nothing has been discovered which can give a clue to the fate of this unfortunate gentleman, though every exertion has been made, both by his brother officers, and the authorities, and inhabitants of the town."

A sketch of the Peiræus is very lively.

"At daybreak we were up, and ready to land, long before the permission to do so was granted us. In the Peiræus, the descendants of the victors of Salamis could now boast but of two small Athenian vessels of war, while the flag of England, a country whose very existence was unknown to Themistocles, floated on two splendid specimens of her navy, the Portland and Medea, one in attendance on each of the Gothic kings who are now the rulers of the destinies of Greece, the King of Bavaria, and his son, Otho, whose name, as King of Greece, sounds in our ears somewhat unclassical—a kind of political false quantity. Russia also and France were represented by ships of war; and of merchant vessels of various nations there was a fair sprinkling."

We shall conclude with an interesting notice of recently discovered Athenian antiquities; and more is expected when the workmen employed in excavating reach the original levels. At present Mr. G. says,

"These excavations may, it is to be hoped, lay bare the foundations or bases of some of those numerous temples and monuments, and perhaps discover even some of the innumerable statues, which we are told existed in former times on a spot—peopled, if I may use the expression, with the gods and heroes of Athenian mythology and history. We read, that after an extensive spoliation by Nero, three thousand statues still remained in the Acropolis. Perhaps the most valuable of all, that of Pericles himself, which we know stood here, may have escaped Nero, and be even yet recovered; or what, if the Graces, by the hand of Socrates himself (who was in early life a sculptor), which stood in the Acropolis, should be found? This is not much more improbable than some corroborations of ancient narratives and traditions which have already been discovered. For instance, Alexander the Great was said to have erected in the Propylæa a statue to Aristotle. This, considering Aristotle's unpopularity at Athens, seemed not probable; but Mr. Pittakys (p. 247) has found in the rubbish of the Propylæa a marble fragment of a pedestal, with this inscription:

..... ΣΟΦΙΗΣ ΗΓΗΤΗΡΑ ..... ΚΑΕΟΣ.....  
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΑΗ ..... ΡΟΣ.....  
That is

..... OF WISDOM LEADER ..... GLORY...  
TO ARISTOTLE .....

The three last letters of the original inscription,—ΡΟΣ, are probably the termination of the name of Alexander. At all events, mutilated as the inscription is, it affords incontro-

vertible evidence of the accuracy of Pausanias. Another similar discovery, not quite so interesting, but important as corroborative of Pausanias, is this: he states (Att. xxii. 8) that 'at the entrance of the Acropolis is a statue of Mercury, which they call ΕΡΜΗΣ ΠΡΟΠΥΛΑΙΟΣ—*Hermes Propylæus*, or Mercury before the gate.' Mr. Pittakys (p. 258) found on the very spot designated by Pausanias a fragment inscribed

ΕΡΜΗΠΡΟΠΥΛΑΙΩΝΗΠΟΛΙΣ;

clearly denoting, that it was a dedication by

THE CITY, TO HERMES PROPYLÆUS.

Another is still more interesting. Pausanias says, that near the Temple of Diana in the Acropolis, was a statue of Enobius, who had moved the decree recalling from exile the historian Thucydides, the son of Olorus. The text of Pausanias is here very obscure; Mr. Pittakys (272) collects from it, that there was also a statue of Thucydides himself near that of his friend. I see no warrant for this interpretation; but the main fact is clear, that here stood a statue in some way commemorative of the decree for the recall of Thucydides. Now, on this same spot has been lately found the fragment of a pedestal inscribed

ΘΟΥΚΥΔΙΔΗΣ ΟΛΟΡΟΥ

THUCYDIDES, THE SON OF OLORUS.

This was probably a fragment of the inscription of the statue either of Enobius, who obtained the recall of Thucydides, or of the historian himself. These instances, which I hope my readers will agree with me in thinking equally interesting and surprising, must create a very keen anxiety for the continuance of the researches of the Greek government. Nothing before discovered can equal these specimens as to individual identity."

Need we repeat the well-earned compliment to a young author on his first attempt; after we have adduced such examples as these of his taste and ability?

*Hours at Naples: and other Poems.* By the Lady Emmeline S. Wortley. 8vo. pp. 224. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

THERE is a charming German allegory, which represents the angel of the flowers as sleeping one summer noon in the "sweet shadow of the rose." On awakening from his fragrant slumber, he says,—

"For the soft shelter yielded me,  
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."

The rose's entreaty was for another grace; and

"O'er the rose  
A veil of moss the angel throws."

Even so does the spirit of poetry rest beneath the shadow of life's loveliest things; and even so does it only awaken to add beauty to the beautiful. A woman's higher nature is full of poetry, generous, affectionate, and spiritual; it is this nature which gives its charm to the writings of Lady Emmeline Wortley. The mechanism of the verse is sometimes careless; and more art would often heighten the effect; but there is the true feeling,—enthusiastic; elevated, yet touching. How true, and how sweet, are the following lines to her child, when "wandering in a foreign land!"

"My child! my child!—I am not near thee now,

To part the hair that clusters o'er thy brow,

And plant ten thousand kisses there—to view

Thy fairy joys, and, ah! to share them too:

To watch thy golden slumbers when thou'rt laid

In innocence's vesture pure arrayed—

Like a tired bird within its warm sweet nest—

And all thy raptures are composed to rest!

And, oh! to soothe thy little sorrows still,

For infancy is not exempt from ill!

Though soon effaced from its transparent thought

The shadows there, by some slight grievance brought,

While its expanding and upspringing mind  
Still forward flies, and leaves all pain behind.  
My child! the music of thy laughter now  
I dream of—not a heart thy brow  
Wander ten thousand meanings new and sweet.  
I may not see them—may not guide thy feet  
To spots of pleasantness, now that the Spring,  
That calls to life each bright and blooming thing,  
Is bursting over England's golden fields,  
Till every bank a wealth of blossoms yields  
For childhood's dimpled hands! 'Tis glorious here  
In this warm sunlit Italy—most clear,  
Most exquisite the pure and perfumed air,  
The sky unshadowed, and the sunshine fair;  
And fair the almond-blossoms clustered close  
Upon the loaded bough—while many a rose  
Trails its resplendent wonder, richly bowed  
Beneath its beauty as beneath a cloud,  
Along the trellised walk or fountain side,  
A dazling trophy—Nature's loveliest pride.  
But, oh! my child, my child! I fain would be  
Now wandering 'midst our English haunts with thee,  
Amongst those cowslip-scattered fields so bright,  
They flash one glistening lake of living light."

Again, how the heart gushes forth in the  
address to her "own fair home in England!"

"How well I know, distinctly to recall  
Thy various scenes—thy different features all!  
No little knoll is there—no tiny nook,  
On which even now I cannot clearly look!  
And nothing that belongs to thee but brings  
To me a joy that round my heart's core clings.  
And, oh! no trivial circumstance and slight,  
But yields me some warm transport of delight:  
How well I know each dim and dewy bed  
Where the rather snowdrop hangs its fragile head;  
Or where the frail anemone's meek flower  
Looks meet to grace a fairy's favourite bower;  
Or where the primrose constellations shine,  
On the mossed bank, or by the path's mazed line,  
In paly brilliancy soft, calm, serene,  
And throw a new enchantment o'er the scene;  
Or where the daffodils, in proud array,  
Blaze back the sunshine and bespangle the day;  
And where the rarer lily of the vale,  
Transparently, ethereally pale,  
Clad—a sweet Amazon in silvery mail—  
And armed with shield of emeralds dark and deep,  
Doth all the air in softest fragrance steep;  
Or, dearer, yet, than these—than all beside,  
Where the surpassing violet doth abide!  
As the branched veins of Cytherea, blue,  
And with her musk'd sighs, pure perfume too.  
Even precious to the ambrosial-streaming hair,  
Whose cloud of beauty veiled her shoulders fair.  
The violet! why the very name exhales  
An odour, and breathes forth delicious tales:  
The violet! why the very thought appears  
To sun away the shadows of dark years,  
To give me back a world of love and hope."

We conclude with some charming stanzas—

"I listen for thy steps alone,  
I listen for thee, dearest one!  
With throbbing heart and straining ear,  
Lo! I await that step so dear.  
I listen for thee tremblingly,  
I start, I shrink, I shrink and sigh;  
Yet hope lives fluttering in my heart,  
Through every pulse, through every part.  
Yes, hope's delicious, rapturous thrill,  
Wakes in mine anxious bosom still!  
But when that step indeed draws near,  
My hope is changed into a fear!  
Even so it is with fervent love,  
Such strife the impassioned heart must prove;  
It longs, it hopes, it doubts, it dreads,  
And fast each fresh emotion spreads.  
Each fresh emotion in the heart,  
Through every pulse, through every part,  
Full quickly wins its certain way,  
And makes that trembling heart its prey.  
Those we most love, we most must dread—  
Those o'er whom each fond thought is shed—  
For well their fearful power we know,  
To steep our souls in joy or woe.  
I weep, I watch—I start, and shrink,  
And soon my throbbing pulses sink;  
To meet thee, love, I may not dare,  
Yet how thine absence can I bear?  
It is a wild and wayward war:  
I pine for thee still when afar—  
And yet, when thou indeed art near,  
My hope is changed into a fear!"

The feminine intellect now takes a high position in the literature of our country—it never takes a more fitting or more graceful one than when accompanied, as it is in Lady Emmeline, by a nobility of sentiment, and a truth and purity which give their own grace, and their own dignity.

*Sketches in the Pyrenees; with some Remarks on Languedoc, Provence, and Corsica.* By the Author of "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine," and "The Gossip's Week." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

WE have so lately scaled the Pyrenees in the interesting company of Mr. Murray (and have, indeed, the concluding portion of our review of his work still standing in type, waiting for room), that we need not go into the present production at such length as we might otherwise have done.

Like the preceding volumes from the same pen, these pages are such as reflect honour on the feelings, taste, and intelligence of an accomplished lady. What she sees with an eye open to the natural, picturesque, or beautiful, she describes in a very agreeable style, and the narrative is well checkered with lively anecdotes, legends, remarks, and reminiscences. To this brief preface we shall simply add a few brief selections, and leave the work to that share of public favour to which its variety, playfulness, good sense, and pleasant information, so justly entitle it.

"Nothing," observes our friend, "so comfortable as a belief in compensations. I have just now been talking to a woman, who told me wonders of Toulouse, where she had lived formerly; Caunteretz was, of course, a dull spot compared with it, but then you were not tempted to put into the lottery: this was the equivalent. The compensation sometimes lies, like truth, at the bottom of the well, and it is not every one who can draw it up; sometimes *cela saute aux yeux*, as the French say. I will not name names, but once upon a time there was a certain man whose father died at the age of eighty; the son, a philosopher and scholar, received with dignity the consolations of his friends, and thanking them graciously, added, 'C'est un grand malheur, une grande perte; mais, enfin, mon père était octogone.' This may be called an eight-sided compensation. The mountaineers of the Pyrenees are, like all other dwellers in remote places, addicted to superstition, and believers (they say) in all those old credences at which the more instructed laugh. Wise men, I know, consider superstition as a stupid thing, at once the root and flower of ignorance; but I, who am not wise, cannot help thinking that it is sometimes a garment to the poor, a sort of Providence, that hangs berries on the dry bushes that tangle in their path, covering their briery scantiness with a little show of colouring. Besides, it is a belief, and that is in itself addressing; those who acknowledge supernatural agency, will also acknowledge a directing power."

Another—a mountain sketch.

"Stay another week," has been more than once said to us, "and you will see the shepherds returning from the high pastures with their flocks and their dogs, sole companions of their lonely sojourn in the mountains; you will hear the music of their pipes, and witness their meetings—after five or six months of utter solitude—with their families and friends." What images of pastoral and patriarchal life did this simple picture present! what Bible recollections did it draw out from their hiding-places! we talked of nothing but the coming of the flocks, and looked out for them as children do for the Hallowe'en, or the Twelfth-night gambol. Yesterday evening, the sound of sheep-bells, approaching from a distance, came suddenly upon us. What could it be? It was yet some days to the expected one; but, looking from my window, I saw the sheep descending the hilly street, just as they do in the

journeys of the patriarchs in the old tapestries, each flock accompanied by a guard of fierce dogs, of that superb race peculiar to the Pyrenees, and every shepherd armed with a short club: good against wolves, we thought, but of course a mere club of parade on the present occasion. The sheep were fat, the tones of their bells deep and sonorous; the dogs magnificent, and the shepherds like the shepherds of Sechem. There was no pipe, it was true; no household or heartfelt greeting; no long look-out, with love and joy in it, for those who had tarried behind: but at the moment we scarcely missed these auxiliaries; the bells made their own sweet music, and there was something simple and antique in the scene which became its grave complexion. Suddenly a shepherd sprang from behind the ranks, and, brandishing his club, levelled a blow at another who was a step or two before him: it was returned with fury, and in a moment the aggressor was laid prostrate. He rose instantly, covered with blood: I closed my window, but the cries and sounds of blows came through it. At length, the *gens-d'armes* appeared, separated the combatants, and conveyed them both to prison; and thus ended part the first of the pastoral drama, and the only scene of violence which has been enacted this season in the mountains."

One example more; a sketch of the *Cagots*.

"Asté is an agreeable village in a sweet position, but with an under-population of goitrous throats and idiotic faces painfully demonstrative. There was a poor soul, a boy, with the genuine fool's coat, all of a size from top to bottom, buttoned behind, and a bit of red rag in his cap, who amused himself by dipping first one foot and then the other in a pool of dirty water. A jeering girl laughed at him, and poor Motley responded to her mirth with a galvanic grin; the jaw opening as on a hinge, and snapping back again into its position like a spring-lock. The barrenness of utter idiotism is less painful to the heart than this faint, sad show of answering intelligence; but a woman near me said he was happy—happier much than she was. This boy was not a cagot, but simply a crétin (the names are often applied indiscriminately), a being deprived of the faculty of reason, and but faintly endowed with that of instinct. The real cagot is rarely seen in the social haunts of man: the small remains of this mysterious race, unaccounted for in the history of nations or of people, though no longer exposed to the barbarous persecutions of their fellow-beings, are still strangers to their hearths, and aliens from their intimate communion. They can, it is true, enter a church at its great gate,\* and kneel down with others at the altar; if they cannot pay for shoes, they need not wear them, and are no longer obliged to bear the badge of their ignominy (the foot of a goose) upon their garments. But the cagot, like the pariah, has still his home in the desert, where he dwells with others of his long-proscribed race. No other smoke mixes with that which rises from his humble cabin; no other hand presses his in amity. Debased by persecution until the traces of his human nature have been nearly effaced from his pale and stupefied countenance, and almost, if that countenance may be allowed to testify truly, from his mind also; condemned to perpetuate hereditary taints, hereditary deformities, created by persecution and made innate by ages of misery, and by the concen-

\* "Formerly, the cagots were only allowed to enter by a small side-door, through which contaminated aperture no others ever passed; and were forbidden to go barefooted, lest the stones which they had trodden on should be infected by the contact."

tration within its own limited channel of that blood with which no other blood would mingle, it is no wonder that the cagot should have become mentally and physically degraded below the common standard of humanity. Who were the cagots originally? and what was the terrible crime—perhaps misfortune—which put them under the ban? By what right were they cut off from all communication with their species, sold, bequeathed? walled out like lepers, forbidden to pray with other men, denied the rights of Christian sepulture? and yet, as it seems—for no evidence exists to the contrary—untainted by any contagious malady; and, if ever rebels against the Christian faith, no longer so, but Catholics, like their persecutors, when in the earlier periods of the middle ages we find them noticed as a race apart, an undesignated race, existing in a state of reprobation, the cause of which was, like their origin, involved in darkness. Were they, as Ramond supposes, a remnant of the Goths, paled out from all communication with those who had been outraged by their cruelty? Were they Jews, or Arians, or Saracens fallen into the hands of their conquerors? There exists no record of their first coming; they did not appear at different, though not distant, periods, like the tribe now known all over Europe by the various names of Bohemian, Tzingani, Zingari, Zinguer, Gitano, Cygana, or Gipsy: they had not, like that mysterious race, a language, a complexion, a physiognomy, obviously and entirely foreign and peculiar to themselves; they had no traditions, no remnants of ancient customs, nor has any record come down to us of the crime, whether against God or man, for which they have been so horribly punished. According to some old writers, the cagots were a tribe of Goths banished from Spain as an infected race, in which some terrible malady had become hereditary. Bellefleur believes them to be the descendants of the Visigoths, defeated by Clovis in the terrible battle of Vouille, when Alaric was slain and his army annihilated; and those who follow this opinion derive the name of cagots from *Caas Goths*—*Chiens de Goths*. I have read, that in ancient acts they were called *Chrétiens Gezetains*, which name Marca supposes was given them from Giezza, a leper punished by the prophet Elisha for false dealing. The same learned historian considers this miserable race to be a remnant of the Saracens, who, called into Spain by Count Julien to avenge the dishonour of his daughter Florida, subdued the country, and from thence carried their victorious arms into France; but being defeated with tremendous slaughter between Tours and Poitiers by Charles Martel, fled into the mountains of the Pyrenees; where, degraded below the standard of humanity by the cruelty of their conquerors, they were suffered to exist as living expiations of an audacious act, to which ill success had given the character of an atrocious one. In support of this opinion, it is said, that the plain between Tarbes and Lourdes, called the *Lanne Maurinne*, or *Lande des Maures*, takes its name from a desperate battle fought there in the early part of the eighth century, between the fugitive remains of the Saracen army and the people of the country, who, commanded by their chief, Meselin, rose up against and destroyed them. The tradition adds, that the few who escaped, finding all the passes into Spain closed against them, adjured Mahometanism, and, giving themselves up to inevitable degradation, became (as some believe) the root of this unfortunate race. Some remains of the cagots are said still to exist in Guienne, and

also in Brittany and Navarre, as well as in the Pyrenees; but every where they have been the victims of the same frightful persecutions. When Ramond visited the mountains in 1787, something of compassion had begun to mingle with the feeling of horror which they had so long inspired; but this charitable sentiment had come too late to be of much comfort to these unhappy creatures. Goitre, and the peculiar paleness and abasement of countenance which indicates the disposition to *créténisme*, or its existence, had, as I have already observed, become hereditary among them, and served to prolong that feeling of alienation which still existed, though in a less inveterate form, towards this outcast tribe. The small door, through which alone they had been for ages permitted to enter a church, was, it is true, walled up; they might work, and buy, and be taken to their graves like other people; but no one would intermarry with them, and their dwellings were still apart from the habitations of other men. At present their existence seems altogether forgotten, indeed so entirely, that many consider the race as extinct; and all whom I have questioned on the subject, have either been of that opinion, or, at most, answered doubtfully, with a vague idea that there might be still a remnant existing in some remote valley, but without any thing like certainty. Indeed, the subject has long ceased to excite either interest or curiosity, and yet it is well calculated to awaken both,—curiosity, by the story of a people, of whose origin neither contemporary record or preserved tradition makes mention; a people publicly persecuted, as if for some unimaginable crime, yet not a notice extant—written or remembered—of its nature or commission; and interest, by the fate of this same wretched caste—a bruised and trampled-on race of fellow-creatures, in whom even the brute abjectness, the utter abasement to which injustice had reduced them, could not extinguish the sentiment of affection, or weaken the power or permanence of those tender and domestic feelings which Ramond, who visited their huts, so touchingly and beautifully describes in a passage often quoted; where, alluding to the dim retreats in which they were used to hide themselves, he says, '*J'y ai trouvé des frères qui s'aimaient avec cette tendresse, qui est un besoin plus pressant chez les hommes isolés. J'y ai vu des femmes, dont l'amour avait quelque chose de soumis et de dévoué, qu'inspirent la faiblesse et le malheur.*' Poor wretches! how touching it is to see this first, last, sweetest feeling of the heart lingering still within it, when all other human ones have been nearly trampled out of their sanctuary. And what a lesson to those who curse Providence in the impious rage of disappointed vanity, is the cagot's patient maintenance of religious faith, his pious observance of religious duties, his unshaken trust in God's promises! For him the iron chain, which he has worn on earth, becomes a golden one, as, joining itself to the links of hope, it graduates upwards until it ends in heaven!"

*The Doctor, &c. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 392. London, 1836. Longman and Co.*

We are always well pleased to see the *Doctor*, though it fortunately happens that nothing ails us. But it is his very agreeable company which we desiderate and enjoy. We like his outpourings, *ex abundantia*, of various and copious reading; his grave moral; his touches of feeling; his happy illustrations; and even his quips, cranks, and quaintnesses. Not that he is always equally

amusing; who is? nor that he does not sometimes, as it were, lug in quotations by head and shoulders; but that his general observations are, as the vein runs, those of an extremely well-informed mind and of a finely cultivated intellect, instructive or entertaining; while his humour tinges the whole with an originality which makes his lessons (we wish Doctors would make their physics so!) go down most agreeably.

Of so very excursive and very desultory a volume, it is out of our power to convey a perfect idea: all we can do is to offer a sample here and there, which will shew something of its character, and, we trust, recommend it to the favour it so richly deserves. The author mentions a *M. le Cour*, "who, having raised a double tuberose from the seed, and propagated it by the roots, till he had as many as he could find room to plant, destroyed the rest as fast as they were produced, that he might boast of being the only person in Europe who possessed it:" and then goes on to relate another floricultural anecdote.

"*M. Bachelier* (he says) kept in like manner some beautiful species of the anemone to himself, which he had procured from the East Indies, and succeeded in withholding them for ten years from all who wished to possess them likewise. A counsellor of the parliament, however, one day paid him a visit when they were in seed; and, in walking with him round the garden, contrived to let his gown fall upon them: by this means he swept off a good number of the seeds; and his servant, who was apprised of the scheme, dexterously wrapt up the gown and secured them."

Literary morsels always attract our regards, and we copy the author's two versions of a whimsical alphabet, applied to periodical and common literature.

Our Doctor [*i. e.* Dove of Doncaster] flourished in the golden age of magazines, when their pages were filled with voluntary contributions from men who never aimed at dazzling the public, but came each with his scrap of information, or his humble question, or his hard problem, or his attempt in verse. In those days, A was an antiquary, and wrote articles upon altars and abbeys and architecture. B made a blunder, which C corrected. D demonstrated that E was in error, and that F was wrong in philology, and neither philosopher nor physician, though he affected to be both. G was a genealogist: H was a herald, who helped him. I was an inquisitive inquirer, who found reason for suspecting J to be a jesuit. M was a mathematician. N noted the weather. O observed the stars. P was a poet, who piddled in pastorals, and prayed Mr. Urban to print them. Q came in the corner of the page with his query. R arrogated to himself the right of reprehending every one who differed from him. S sighed and sued in song. T told an old tale, and when he was wrong U used to set him right. V was a virtuoso. W warred against Warburton. X excelled in algebra. Y yearned for immortality in rhyme; and Z in his zeal was always in a puzzle. Those were happy times when each little star was satisfied with twinkling in his own sphere. No one thought of bouncing about like a cracker, singing and burning in the mere

\* Of this *apropos*. A lady, as the anecdote is told, lately consulting Sir C. C.—ke, after due examination, &c., said to him, as he sat down to write the prescription,—"I hope, sir, you will not be offended, nor think me silly in the request; but I have so dreadful a dislike to nauseous medicine, that it would oblige me greatly if you would make this as little disgusting as possible." "Ma'am, replied Sir Charles, you must take what is ordered for your good; my name is not Gutter." "Mine is," meekly rejoined the patient.

wantonness of mischief, and then going out with a noise and a sink. But now,

—'when all this world is woeen daily wome,'

see what a change has taken place through the whole Christcross Row! As for A, there is Alaric Watts with his 'Souvenir,' and Acker-man with his 'Forget-Me-Not,' and all the rest of the Annual Albumen. B is a blackguard, and blusters in a popular magazine. C is a coxcomb, who concocts fashionable novels for Colburn; and D is a dunce who admires him. E being empty and envious, thinks himself eminently qualified for Editor of a *Literary Gazette*. F figures as a fop in Knight's 'Quarterly.' G is a general reformer, and dealer in Greek scrip. H is Humbug and Hume; and for my I, it may always be found with Mr. Irving and Mrs. Elizabeth Martin. J jeers at the clergy in Mr. Jeffery's journal. K kicks against the pricks with his friend L, who is Leigh Hunt, the Liberal. M manufactures mischief for the *Morning Chronicle*. N is nobody knows who, that manufactures jokes for John Bull, and fathers them upon Rogers. O is an obstreperous orator. P is Peter Pindar, and is now Paul Pry. Q is the *Quarterly Review*, and R S Robert Southey, who writes in it. T tells lies in the *Old Times*. U is a Unitarian, who hopes to be Professor of Theology at the London University. V is 'Vivian Grey.' W is Sir Walter Scott. X the Ex-Sheriff Parkins. Y was the Young Roscius: and Z,—Zounds, who can Z be, but Zachery Maccauley?"

The following, relating to the fair sex, is a pleasant bit of miscellany.

"The reader will please to observe, that though all worthless books are bad, all bad books are not necessarily worthless. A work, however bad, if written as the 'Carcel de Amor' was, early in the sixteenth century, and translated into Italian, French, and English, must be worth reading to any person who thinks the history of literature (and what that history includes) a worthy object of pursuit. If I had not been one of those who, like Ludovicus Bosch (my friend in the caxon), are never weary of hunting in those woods, I could not, gentle reader, have set before you, as I shall incontinently proceed to do, the fifteen above-mentioned, and here following reasons, why you will commit a sin if you ever speak in disparagement of womankind. First, then, Leriano, the unhappy hero of Diego de San Pedro's tragic story, says, that all things which God has made are necessarily good; women, therefore, being his creatures, to calumniate them is to blaspheme one of his works. Secondly, there is no sin more hateful than ingratitude: and it is being ungrateful to the Virgin Mary, if we do not honour all women for her sake. Thirdly, it is an act of cowardice for man who is strong, to offend woman who is weak. Fourthly, the man who speaks ill of woman brings dishonour upon himself, inasmuch as every man is of woman born. Fifthly, such evil speaking is, for the last-mentioned reason, a breach of the fifth commandment. Sixthly, it is an obligation upon every noble man to employ himself virtuously both in word and deed; and he who speaks evil incurs the danger of infamy. Seventhly, because all knights are bound by their order to shew respect and honour to all womankind. Eighthly, such manner of speech brings the honour of others in question. Ninthly, and principally, it endangers the soul of the evil speaker. Tenthly, it occasions enmities and the fatal consequences resulting therefrom. Eleventhly, husbands, by such

speeches, may be led to suspect their wives, to use them ill, to desert them, and, peradventure, to make away with them. Twelfthly, a man thereby obtains the character of being a slanderer. Thirteenthly, he brings himself in jeopardy with those who may think themselves bound to vindicate a lady's reputation, or revenge the wrong which has been done to it. Fourteenthly, to speak ill of women is a sin, because of the beauty which distinguishes their sex, which beauty is so admirable, that there is more to praise in one woman than there can be to condemn in all. Fifteenthly, it is a sin because all the benefactors of mankind have been born of women, and, therefore, we are obliged to women for all the good that has ever been done in the world. Such are the fifteen reasons which Diego de San Pedro excogitated to shew that it is wrong for men to speak ill of women; and the twenty reasons which he has superinduced to prove that they are bound to speak well of them, are equally cogent and not less curious."

An interesting, though jocular disquisition touching Job's wife succeeds; but we have only room to advise its perusal as a piece of curious learning and drollery. The religious tenets of medical men is also a topic which the author treats in his own original manner; and his moralisation on the vanity of fame is of a similar value.

"Is there (he asks) one of my readers in a thousand who knows that Philistea was a Greco-Phœnician, or Phœnico-Grecian Queen of Malta and Gozo, before the Carthaginians obtained the dominion of those islands, in which their language continues living, though corrupted, to this day? Are there ten men in Cornwall who know that Medacritus was the name of the first man who carried tin from that part of the world? What, but his name, is now known of Romanianus, who, in St. Augustin's opinion, was the greatest genius that ever lived? and how little is his very name known now? What is now remembered 'of the men of renown before the Flood?'

"Who now can explain the difference between the Agerorian, the Eratocean, the Epi-gonian, and the Damonian sects of musicians, or knows any thing more than the names of their respective founders, except that one of them was Socrates's music-master? What Roman, of the age of Horace, would have believed that a contemporaneous consul's name should only live to posterity, as a record of the date of some one of the poet's odes? Who now remembers that memorable Mr. Chinch, "whose single voice, as he had learned to manage it, could admirably represent a number of persons at sport, and in hunting, and the very dogs, and other animals,"—himself a whole pack and a whole field in full cry: 'but none better than a quire of choristers chanting an anthem'—himself a whole quire."

"Who was that famous singer, nick-named Bonny Boots, who, because of his excellent voice, or, as Sir John Hawkins says, 'for some other reason, had permission to call Queen Elizabeth his lady:' and of whom it is said in the canonet,

'Our Bonny Boots could toot it,  
Yea and foot it,  
Say lusty lads, who now shall Bonny-Boot it?'

Sir John thinks it might 'possibly be one Mr. Hale.' But what is fame, when it ends in a poor possibility that Bonny Boots, who called the queen his lady, and that queen, not Bergami's popular queen, but Queen Elizabeth, the nation's glorious Queen Elizabeth, the people's good Queen Beas—what, I repeat, is

fame, when it ends in a mere conjecture, that the Bonny Boots, who was permitted to call such a queen his lady, might be 'one Hale, or Hales, in whose voice she took some pleasure.' Well might Southey say,

'Fame's loudest blast upon the ear of time  
Leaves but a dying echo!'

But, alas, even the fame our critique is likely to confer on the author, must be curtailed. We can give only one quotation more; and we select a portion of that amusing essay in which he describes Daniel Dove's theory of progressive existence.

"It will not (he states) surprise the judicious reader to be told that the doctor was a professed physiognomist, though Lavater had not, in those days, made it fashionable to talk of physiognomy as a science. Baptista Porta led him to consider the subject; and the coarse wood-cuts of a bungling Italian, elucidated the system as effectually as has since been done by Mr. Holloway's graver. But Dr. Dove carried it further than the Swiss enthusiast after, or the Neapolitan physician before him. Conceiving in a deeper sense than Le-brun, *que chacun avait sa bête dans la figure*, he insisted that the strong animal likenesses which are often so distinctly to be traced in men, and the correspondent propensities where-with they are frequently accompanied, are evidence of our having pre-existed in an inferior state of being. And he deduced from it a theory, or notion as he modestly called it, which he would have firmly believed to be a part of the patriarchal faith, if he had known how much it resembled the doctrine of the Druids. His notion was that the archæus, or living principle, acquires that perfect wisdom with which it acts, by passing through a long progression in the lower world, before it becomes capable of being united to a rational and immortal soul in the human body. He even persuaded himself that he could discover, in particular individuals, indications of the line by which their archæus had travelled through the vegetable and animal kingdoms. There was a little pragmatical exciseman, with a hungry face, sharp nose, red eyes, and thin, coarse, straggling hair of a yellow cast (what was formerly called Judas-colour), whom he pronounced to have been a ferret in his last stage. 'Depend upon it,' he said, 'no rat will come under the roof where he resides?' And he was particularly careful when they met in the open air always to take the wind of him. One lawyer, a man of ability and fair character, but ready to avail himself of every advantage which his profession afforded, he traced from a bramble into a wasp, thence into a butcher-bird, and lastly into a fox, the vulpine character being manifestly retained in his countenance. There was another who, from sweeping his master's office and blacking his shoes, had risen to be the most noted pettifogger in those parts. This fellow was his peculiar abhorrence; his living principle, he affirmed, could never have existed in any other form than that of a nuisance and accordingly he made out his genealogy thus: a stinker (which is the trivial name of the *phallus impudicus*), a London bug, an earwig, a pole-cat, and, still worsening as he went on, a knavish attorney. He convicted an old major in the West York militia, of having been a turkey-cock; and all who knew the major were satisfied of the likeness, whatever they might be of the theory. One of the neighbouring justices was a large, square-built, heavy person, with a huge head, a wide mouth, little eyes, and a slender proportion of intellect. Him he set down for a



hippopotamus. A brother magistrate of the major's had been a goose, beyond all dispute. There was even proof of the fact; for it was perfectly well remembered that he had been born web-fingered. All those persons who habitually sit up till night is far spent, and as regularly pass the best hours of the morning in bed, he supposed to have been bats, night-birds, night-prowling beasts, and insects whose portion of active life has been assigned to them during the hours of darkness. One indication of this was, that candle-light could not have such attractions for them unless they had been moths. The dog was frequently detected in all its varieties, from the lap-dog, who had passed into the whipper-snapper *petit-maitre*, and the turnspit, who was now the bandy-legged baker's boy,—to the squire's eldest son, who had been a lurcher,—the butcher, who had been a bull-dog, and so continued still in the same line of life;—Lord A.—'s domestic chaplain, harmless, good-natured, sleek, obsequious, and as fond of ease, indulgence, and the fire-side, as when he had been a parlour spaniel; Sir William B.—'s huntsman, who exercised now the whip which he had felt when last upon four legs, and who was still an ugly hound, though staunch; and the doctor's own man, Barnaby, whom, for steadiness, fidelity, and courage, he pronounced to have been a true old English mastiff, and one of the best of his kind. Chloris had been a lily. You saw it in the sickly delicacy of her complexion. Moreover, she toiled not, neither did she spin. A young lady, in whose family he was perfectly familiar, had the singular habit of sitting always upon one or other foot, which, as she sat down, she conveyed so dexterously into the seat of her chair, that no one who was not previously acquainted with her ways, could possibly perceive the movement. Upon her mother's observing one day, that this was a most unaccountable peculiarity, the doctor replied, 'No, madam! I can account for it to my own entire satisfaction. Your daughter was a bird of some gentle and beautiful species, in her last stage of existence; in that state she used always to draw up one leg when at rest. The habits that we acquire in our pre-existent state continue with us through many stages of our progress; your daughter will be an angel in her next promotion, and then, if angels close their eyes in slumber, she will sleep with her head under her wing.' The landlady of the White Lion had been a cabbage, a blue-bottle fly, a tame duck, and a bacon pig. Who could doubt that Vauban had been an earthworm, a mole, and a rabbit? that Euclid acquired the practical knowledge of geometry when he was a spider; and that the first builder of a pyramid imitated unconsciously the proportionately far greater edifices which he had been employed in raising when he was one of a nation of white ants? Mrs. Dove had been a cowslip, a humble-bee, and, lastly, a cushat. He himself had been a dove and a serpent—for 'Dan was a serpent by the way;' and moreover, he flattered himself that he had the wisdom of the one, and the simplicity of the other. Of his other stages he was not so certain,—except that he had probably once been an inhabitant of the waters, in the shape of some queer fish."

All the rest of this is delightful fooling, and relates many remarkable circumstances in the strange annals of human phenomena; but our task is ended, and we have only to repeat, that, though the Doctor proceeds in crablike-wise, as far as his story goes, he is quite as pleasant as ever; and, in truth, we don't care how long he

spins his yarn, seeing that the web is of so many curious and lively patterns.

*The Widow's Offering; a Selection of Tales and Essays.* By the late William Pitt Scargill. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Smith and Elder.

WE would call public attention particularly to these volumes; they are published for the benefit of the widow and the orphans of one who long contributed to the general amusement and information. Mr. Scargill's is a history only too common; he struggled through life with many difficulties, and he died in the struggle. His wife and children are left to begin a new struggle, embittered by the remembrance of the husband and the father, who went down to the grave sorrowful, and anxious for their sakes. It would be a curious but painful investigation, to inquire into the circumstances under which some of the most entertaining articles in our periodicals are written. They would almost always be found to be the result of want, of feverish hope, and of labour far beyond what would seem to suffice for any individual existence; and yet thousands find in them daily and weekly recreation. Mrs. Scargill has collected together these scattered remains; and how much thought, how much ingenuity and how much information, is contained in these pages! Possessing a singularly clear and pointed style, with great happiness of epithet, Mr. Scargill is a first-rate writer of short papers. We cordially recommend these volumes,—first, for their intrinsic merit,—and, secondly, as bringing forward one of those appeals to general sympathy so rarely made to an English public in vain.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Curate of Steinholt.* (London, Longman and Co.)—This work has much the appearance of a translation, though it is not stated to be such. If an original, it is curious, and may be an accurate picture of Icelandic manners; but it has little literary or original interest.

*The Wrongs of the Caffre Nation; a Narrative,* by Justus. 12mo. pp. 333. (London, Duncan.)—A zealous vindication of the Caffre nation; and a strong charge against the colonists for systematic encroachment and oppression. The author has drawn his information from many official documents, and other sources, and certainly makes out a striking *prima facie* case.

*A Historical Enquiry into the unchangeable Character of a War in Spain.* 8vo. pp. 76. (London, Murray.)—A very interesting work, and particularly applicable to existing circumstances. The writer contends strenuously against the policy of, and the pamphlet ascribed to, Lord Palmerston. "Spaniards seem to be wise, but are not," (*los Espanoles parecen sabios, y no lo son*), said the Emperor Charles V. who knew them well; and assuredly, their present civil war, with all its miseries and horrors, affords a sad proof that they have not grown wiser since. We cannot help lamenting that England has any thing to do with it.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

ON Monday, the annual distribution of the rewards given by this Society took place at the Hanover Square Rooms. His Grace the Duke of Sutherland presided, and if, owing to the bad weather, the attendance of ladies was not so numerous as on some former occasions, still, the rooms were crowded. Eighty-five rewards were distributed: of these, twenty-two were in the class Mechanics, and other practical arts; eight in the Fine Arts—amateurs' copies; ten for originals; a like number for artists' copies; and thirty-five for originals. Fifteen of the successful competitors were young ladies. The following is the list in mechanics; and we may here remark, that those distinguished by asterisks are considered the most important.

\* To Mr. James Ryan, 69 Hare Street, Bethnal Green, for his instrument for drying silk in the loom, the silver Isis medal and five pounds.  
\* To Mr. William Webb, 26 Wood Street, Spitalfields, and

to Mr. George East, 5 Turner's Square, Hoxton New Town, for their improved Jacquard machine for weaving figured velvet, two silver Isis medals.

To Mr. Henry Chapman, of the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, for his improved cross-tree for ships of war, the silver medal.

\* To Mr. J. Bowen, Corkbeg-Cloyne, for his dredging machine, five pounds.

\* To Mr. James Marsh, of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, for his percussion tubes for ships' cannon, the silver medal.

To Mr. J. Kingston, of the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, for his blow-off pipe for marine steam-engines, the silver medal.

To Mr. Isaac Dodds, Mashbro', near Rotherham, for his safe-plug for a steam-boiler, the silver medal.

To the same, for his cast-iron wheel for locomotive carriages, the silver medal.

To Mr. G. A. Patterson, 21 Coppice Row, Clerkenwell, for his repeating motion for a quarter clock, the silver medal and ten pounds.

To the same, for his vertical escapement for pocket watches, five pounds.

To Mr. H. Mapple, 69 Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, for his escapement for timepieces, five pounds.

To Mr. T. Cole, 23 Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, for his clock escapement and self-adjusting pendulum, the silver medal.

To Messrs. C. and J. Mac Dowall, 21 Church Street, Kensington, for their centripetal dial-plate for clocks, the silver Isis medal.

To W. Talbot Agar, Esq., Elm Lodge, Camden Town, for his instrument for turning over the leaves of a music-book, the silver Isis medal.

To Edward Mammatt, Esq., Ashby-de-la-Zouch, for his writing apparatus for the use of the blind, the silver medal.

To Mr. W. Juggins, 22 James Street, Covent Garden, for his scale-weights of porcelain, the silver Isis medal.

To Mr. James Sperring, Duke Street, Bloomsbury, for his method of locking sliding-doors, the silver Isis medal.

To Mr. Charles Arundel, 8 Great Mitchell Street, St. Luke's, for his improved router, the silver Isis medal.

\* To Mr. Andrew Ross, 15 St. John's Square, for his adjusting object-glass for a compound achromatic microscope, the gold Isis medal.

\* To Mr. T. Slacks, Langholm, for his method of building an obelisk without scaffolding, the gold Isis medal.

\* To Mr. Richard Jones, 75 Leman Street, for his improvement in the apparatus for raising and lowering the diving-bell, the silver medal.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION: Last Evening.

YESTERDAY week we had the pleasure to hear Mr. Faraday on the early arts. This was the first of a series (if successful, of which there could not be a doubt, though so modestly supposed by this most able and popular lecturer), to be continued next season, upon the early arts, and their principles. Contemplating the deposits of the Red Indians, in Newfoundland, in what a strange condition man was placed, comparatively, with the state to which we have risen. Mr. F. stated, that he was not about to relate the history of the advancement, but to go back to those times when man had made no progress, and consider the mind of man then, and its mode in application. It was a common and constant remark, in what a wonderful way were the different races of creatures protected and preserved. In animals, this knowledge was called instinct; in man, reason. Animals do not possess the faculty to profit by experience: some cases may be found, with reference to a horse and his stable, a bird and its nest; but nothing like to man teaching one another, profiting by the experience of those who had preceded him. Every thing around us is artificial, and we are utterly unconscious what we should be, restored to former ages. Animals were perfect at once: quoting cases to refute which, was a proof that there was no analogy, instances were so rare as to be marked as curiosities. But he would not enter upon moral philosophy; each should make their own application; and he would proceed to inquire how men, in early ages, applied their knowledge, evincing wisdom, contrivance, and ingenuity. The first knowledge devised the means of obtaining food, providing clothing and houses to protect man from the weather. A bird or beast tore its food to pieces and swallowed it—not so man; and the means of dividing his food was the first case of early art.

Mr. Faraday exhibited a splinter of a stone and a cabbage-stalk, which served the Red Indians for a spear, a hatchet, an adze, or a knife. The inhabitants of New South Wales, as well as all nations a little advanced, used stones for cutlery, tools, and weapons; and when first visited, the natives collected the pieces of broken glass bottles, and substituted them for stone, fastening them to wood with hard gum. When men were driven to such expedients as these, a remarkable result presents itself with regard to the choice of the stones. Silica-flints, agate, obsidian, &c. break with a conchoidal fracture. Chalk may be separated in any direction; some stones, with certain facets or divisions; all crystallised matter, rock crystal, volcanic glass, &c. depend upon their lines of cleavage; and the acquaintance with these facts constituted the arts as they existed in early times. Common flint presented a very interesting surface; when struck, it assumed a shape something like a cone. The blow having a tendency to run under the flint, instead of breaking it short off, produces a more or less perfect conchoidal fracture, upon which a sharp cutting edge depends. Complete conical surfaces are developed by blows on rock crystal, agate, &c. A piece of the latter was shewn, which had been delicately struck by Sir F. Chantrey; it presented no break of surface, but the conical fracture might easily be traced internally by a series of air-bubbles, whilst the exterior was apparently solid. These results were the philosophy of stone; and these effects, though, perhaps, not as philosophical results, were known in early times. Glass broke similarly. Mr. Faraday had observed the conchoidal fracture produced on the edges of two plates of glass overlapping each other, by the mere jarring of an omnibus. Cases of the earliest application of this knowledge were, perhaps, to be met with in Mexico. Poor Davidson had given, at the Royal Institution, a few short notices of Mexican pyramids. Humboldt, also, speaks of the ruins of two, upon the steps of which were found pieces of obsidian, supposed to have been used by the priests in sacrificing. Obsidian had been an object of mining operations of early ages; but the specimens of the arts of those times from Mexico, which were on the table, were all spear-heads. Chip after chip had been broken off, by delicate blows, in the shape of a cone, long, thin, and sharp, in consequence of its structure. This was not mere assertion; as proof and illustration, he would describe analogous operations now existing in Brandon, in Suffolk. He alluded to the beautiful manufacture of gun-flints. The workman having discovered a flint that suits him, black and homogeneous, breaks it into flakes, shivered by successive blows, almost undercut—so definite and determinate are they in the hands of a practised man; yet none of the flint is wasted. The thin flakes or plates of silica, replaced, would reproduce the previous form, so that the lines of fracture could scarcely be traced upon the surface. But modern art was neither so fine nor so beautiful as the like of the Mexicans in the early ages. Next to the Mexicans in the application, were the natives of the Eastern Islands; they went further than the mere flakes, and, by the prolongation of the fractures, obtained a handle. The Terra del Fuegians shaped their arrow-heads by strong pressure with a piece of wood, at a small angle with the plane of the flake; they were then stuck into wood, and bound with sinew, and used as an arrow or a knife; they moreover had a skin with the hair on for a quiver. The arrow-

heads or blades were very thin, and beautiful in symmetry of form—sometimes convex, sometimes concave—enlarged at stalk or base, jagged, the edge acting as a saw: in short, of various shapes. The wooden shaft was also beautifully formed, and with the proper smoothness, thick in the middle, reduced from the rough wood with a pitch-stone knife, and a sandstone had been used as a smoothing tool; then feathered, to give it rotation and direction. Without the knowledge of the principles, only aware of the effects produced, flints similarly worked had been found in Ireland, and in the caves at Dalkeith. Agate formed the spear-heads of South America. Mr. Faraday held forth a spear-head which had actually been made from rock crystal; but to take off a fracture to produce sharpness, he stated was beyond his knowledge. The arrows of California exhibited a variety of shape, and further advancement; the heads projected, and became barbed; the shaft, a reed pointed with wood to make it heavier—feathering dispensed with. How singularly men obtained what they wanted, finding their value. The North American tribes had access to iron, with which they charged their arrows; the iron, placed in a slit in the shaft, was left in the animal struck. The people on the river Amazon barbed their palm-wood arrows with bamboo or fish bones. All plants of the grass tribe, to which the bamboo belong, are externally hardened with silica, and the barbs were so cut as to consist of the hardest parts: thus they took every means their wits could devise to accomplish their ends. When a jagged surface was produced in palm-wood with the pectoral fins of the cat-fish, seeds, or something very similar, were placed upon the points to preserve them. One other class of arrows, the innocent looking skewers on the table, and the instrument of their projection, were described. They were from Rio Grande their points were burnt to harden them, and dipped in poison to become destructive. Some poisons kill, taken into the blood, which are harmless in the stomach; therefore, the flesh of the animals may be eaten with safety. The poisonous skewers at one end are bound round with wild cotton, in the form of a double cone, fitting the bore of the projecting tube in which they are placed, and through which they are propelled by the breath with great force and precision. Mr. Faraday, recollecting, as he stated, his pea-shooting days, frequently struck a hand box, placed on the opposite side of the theatre. The tube was 8 feet long, and 1½ inch in diameter. The double cone allowed the air easily to glide off as the arrow passed through it. The island of Borneo produced no wild cotton: the natives used pith for the same purpose. How singularly is the mind of man led by circumstances!—but, as Mr. Faraday stated, the conjunction of arts and philosophy was reserved for next season.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 12. Sir John Barrow, Bart. vice-president, in the chair.—Read, the official report of Major Mitchell's recent expedition into the interior of Australia, from the colony of New South Wales.

“Sir,—Having proceeded into the interior for the purpose of exploring the further course of the River Darling to its supposed junction with the River Murray, and the course of the Murray upwards, according to the instructions received in March last, I have now the honour to report the result of the expedition, for the information of His Excellency the Governor, having this day reached the river

with a portion of my party, after a successful and highly interesting tour. When I arrived at Burree (the point whence the last expedition also left the settled districts), the channels of streams in which we had then found water, in a season of unusual drought, were quite dry; and I was informed that below a certain point there were no ponds, even in the bed of the River Lachlan. My intended route was the same as that which I wished to have followed last year, namely, to pursue the river as far as Mount Granard, and then travel westward, as the nature of the country permitted, towards the River Darling. When I reached Mount Granard, I found less of a mountain range extending westward than I had expected, and, although we procured abundance of water on its summit (where I passed a night), and that numerous hills, as promising as it was in this respect, appeared to the westward, the season was so extremely dry, that I considered it safer, with such a party in charge, to rely on the ponds in the Lachlan, at least some way further; especially as I had observed from the hills a branch of that river, as it seemed, leading in a very favourable direction over the lower country. After we had descended along the bank of the Lachlan about sixty miles further, water became very scarce; the natives having a name for each hole or quarry. I was then induced to quit its banks, on the assurance of an old native that he could find me water in the direction in which I wished to proceed to the Darling. At the end of the first day's journey, on quitting the Lachlan, we reached the Northern Channel, but found it dry; and, although the old man procured a few quarts some miles beyond, we passed the night without finding any for the cattle; and next morning, the chiefs of a tribe then among the hills beyond, came forward to assure me that all there was dried up. My guide, however, persisted, and was desirous we should go on; but, although I was satisfied that in common seasons I might have found water there, I thought it might be in too parched a state then, after two seasons of drought. In so precarious an enterprise as our further progress thus appeared to be, merely on account of water, I adopted what I considered the alternative, by which the course of the Lachlan to the Murrumbidgee, and that of this river to the Murray, and thence to survey the Darling upwards with a light party. I must here mention, that before I determined on this plan, I had ascertained the identity of the river explored last year, with that which joins the Murray from the northward. I was consequently desirous to get through the survey of that barren and unpromising country as soon as possible, in hopes that in proceeding up the Murray we might make discoveries more equal to the expectations raised by such an expedition. On descending the Lachlan, we frequently travelled along its banks all day without seeing any water in its bed, passing the night without any, and near the place where Mr. Oxley buried a bottle. I travelled three days and passed two nights without finding any, during a ride of one hundred and twenty miles, with a party on horseback. There the Lachlan spreads into several branches, but these unite a short way below, where we found the channel as deep and well defined as it was above; and, near the junction of this river with the Murrumbidgee, the ponds in its bed were deep and numerous. Relying on Arrowmith's map (to which I am referred by the instructions), I passed the junction of the Murrumbidgee with the Murray, without being aware of it. But

a branch of the former river presented so favourable a position for a dépôt camp, in which I wished to leave Mr. Stapylton with the heavy part of our equipment, that I immediately took it up, leaving there the *dasy* boats, and most of the cattle and provisions in that officer's charge, with eight men, while I proceeded forward with a lighter party, in order to complete the survey of the Darling. By this arrangement, my party was in better trim to deal with the savage natives whom we were likely to meet; while the cattle left at the dépôt, and which were already exhausted by a long journey, were refreshed for continuing it into the southern country on my return from the Darling. During my first day's journey from the dépôt, I made the banks of the Murray below the junction of the branch of the Murrumbidgee, and we subsequently encamped where the breadth of this river was one hundred and sixty-five yards. On the following day we were compelled to make a detour by another branch of this river, and thus came upon a fine full lake, sixteen miles in circumference. I found the River Darling of considerable width, at and for above six miles above its junction with the Murray, from which the backwater extended fifteen miles up. But, above that point, the channel seemed scarcely so wide as it was where I had explored it above. It contained so little water, that at my last camp I stepped across its bed dry shod; a little water only dropping over the smooth bottom, seemed the effect of the rain fallen just before. This river exactly resembled the Lachlan in its woods, course, and in the character of its banks—the latter being peculiar to those two rivers only. The sole difference is, that the Darling is on a rather larger scale. The country on both banks was of the same barren description as that I had seen above, or, if possible, worse; for the arid sands and thick scrubs approached the banks of the river, leaving little room for grass. As soon, therefore, as I recognised the points of a range previously intersected, and thus ascertained the identity of the upper and lower Darling, I hastened to rejoin Mr. Stapylton at the dépôt. From the natives we learned that other lakes, similar to Lake Benanee, existed in the country northward from the Murray, especially a large one named Coniowra; and that the Darling tribe came across the country from that river to the Benanee Lake, without passing along the bank of the Darling. As I make the junction of the rivers Darling and Murray, in longitude  $142^{\circ} 3' 26''$  E., or upwards of a degree more to the eastward, than it appears to be in Arrowsmith's map, published in 1832; my movement from the dépôt point will appear less of a detour on my map, than by that map might be supposed. And the longitude of the junction of the Murrumbidgee near my dépôt being also more to the eastward than it is in that map (being  $143^{\circ} 20' 36''$  E.), I had less reason to regret the season of drought which had compelled me to pursue a route which a previous knowledge of the localities was alone wanting, to have proved the most eligible for the accomplishment of both objects of the expedition. I found that Mr. Stapylton and party had remained during the whole period of my absence unmolested. The waters of the Murrumbidgee had risen, and the branch on which I had fixed the dépôt was full and flowing—so that it was necessary, in order to rejoin that party, to swim our horses across."

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 31. Mr. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A paper was first read, on certain areas of elevation and of subsidence in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, as deduced from the study of coral formations, by C. Darwin, Esq. The author first notices the most remarkable points in the structure of lagoon islands, and shews that the lamelliform corals do not grow at any great depths; indeed, beyond ten fathoms, the bottom generally consisting of calcareous sand, or of masses of dead coral rock. He then noticed the "encircling reefs," which form a ring round mountainous islands, at the distance of two or three miles; and which also encircle the submarine prolongation of islands, as the double line of reef extending 140 miles beyond the island of Caledonia. Again, the barrier reef—as that parallel to the north-east coast of Australia—forms a third class of coral formations. These three classes of reefs, encircling, barrier, and lagoon, are very similar in formation. A distinct class of reefs was also pointed out by the author, called by him "fringing reefs," which extend only so far from the shore, that there is no difficulty in understanding their growth. The theory which Mr. Darwin then offered, so as to include every kind of structure, is simply, that as the land, with the attached reefs, subsides very gradually, from the action of subterranean causes, the coral-building polypi soon again raise their solid masses to the level of the water. But not so with the land; each inch lost is irreclaimably gone: as the whole gradually sinks, the water gains foot by foot on the shore, till the last and highest peak is finally submerged. The author then proceeded to offer some considerations on the probability of general subsidences in the Pacific, where many causes tend to its production; and the difficulty of explaining the existence of a vast number of reefs on one level, unless we suppose that one mountain top after another becomes submerged, the zoophytes always bringing up their stony masses to the surface of the water. Subsidence being granted, it was shewn that a fringing reef would be converted by the upward growth of the coral into one of the encircling order; and this, by the disappearance of the central land, into a lagoon island. After adducing some proofs of subsidences in Keeling and Vanikoro islands, and of elevation in Sumatra, the author proceeds to shew, that as continental elevations act over wide areas, so might we suppose continental subsidences would do; and in conformity to these views, that the Pacific and Indian seas could be divided into symmetrical areas of the two kinds: the one sinking, as deduced from the presence of encircling and barrier reefs and lagoon islands; and the other rising, as known from uplifted shells, and corals, and skirting reefs. The absence of lagoon islands in certain tracts, such as in both the West and East Indies, Red Sea, &c., was thus easily explained, for proofs of recent elevation are there described. Mr. Darwin then pointed out the above areas in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and deduced, as important consequences: 1. That linear spaces of great extent are undergoing movements of an astonishing uniformity, and that the lands of elevation and subsidence alternate. 2. That the points of volcanic eruption all fall on the areas of elevation. 3. That the geographical distribution of plants is elucidated by the discovery of former centres, whence the germs could be disseminated. 4. That some degree of light might thus be thrown on the question, whether certain groups of living

beings, peculiar to small spots, are the remnants of a former large population, or a new one springing into existence? And, lastly, when beholding more than an hemisphere divided into symmetrical areas, which within a limited period of time have undergone certain known movements, we obtain some insight into the system by which the crust of the globe is modified during the endless cycle of changes.

#### METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY. Dr. Birkbeck, president, in the chair.—This being the last meeting of the present session, it was highly gratifying to find that the Society was in an exceedingly prosperous state, having added upwards of thirty new members, and read nearly fifty original papers on meteorology, since its revival in November last. At the present meeting, Sir Robert William Horton, Professor Cerquero, astronomer-royal, Cadix, and Lieutenants Grey and Lushington, who are just gone out in the expedition to explore the north-west parts of New Holland, were admitted associates. The meetings of the Society were adjourned till November, and the following subjects for investigation were submitted to the meeting, to be carried into effect by observers, whether members of the Society or otherwise, viz:

1. To determine the mean temperature of the several seasons of the year, and also of the whole year, at various stations on the surface of the globe.
2. To mark the daily progression of temperature, and ascertain the form of the daily thermometric curves (also at various stations), and from them determine the two periods in each day at which the mean temperature occurs at each station.
3. To determine the mean barometric pressure for any given period, as a month, year.
4. To mark the various atmospheric phenomena, and the weather immediately preceding and succeeding each occurrence.
5. To register the direction and strength of the wind at numerous stations, and to ascertain the forms of the anomalous curves peculiar to certain latitudes, seasons, &c.
6. To ascertain the nature of the connexion that exists between the anomalous, barometric, thermometric, and hygrometric curves.
7. To register the quantities of rain in various stations, and ascertain the distribution of vapour at various heights.
8. To determine the moon's influence on atmospheric phenomena.
9. To investigate the laws of rain, fog, dew, the crystallisation of snow, &c.
10. To investigate the phenomena of storms, hurricanes, whirlwinds, &c., and trace them to their originating causes.
11. To determine how far atmospheric phenomena are influenced by volcanic action.
12. To form local histories of climate; to state the prevalent diseases at each station for every month; and to determine how far they are influenced by atmospheric action.

#### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 5th. The Rev. W. Kirby in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Numerous donations of entomological works were announced from the Royal Society of Lille, the Entomological Society of France, &c. The Earl of Malmesbury, and C. D. O. Jephson, Esq., were elected members of the society, and certificates in favour of several other candidates were read. The memoirs read were as follow:—1. Notice of a case in which the larvæ of a dipterous insect, supposed to be the *Anthomyia canicularis* of Meigen, were expelled in large quantities from the human intestines, accompanied by a description of the same, by the Rev. L. Jenyns, M.A. F.L.S. &c. 2. Descriptions of several new species of exotic coleopterous insects, including a new species of pausaus, from the collections of Sir Patrick Walker, and Messrs. Norris and Hooker, by J. O. Westwood. 3. Observations on the natural history of two lepidopterous insects of Van Diemen's Land, in a letter addressed to the secretary, by Thos. J. Ewing, of Hobart Town. 4. Some account of the injury sustained by the orchards in Kent, from the attacks of the caterpillars of one of the slender-bodied moths, *Geometridæ*, in a letter addressed to the treasurer, W. Yarrell, Esq., by Dr. John Richardson.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

A NEW SOCIETY (says the *Morning Post*) has been formed, under the above title, for the purpose of the experimental investigation of electrical science in all its various branches, in order not only to advance that important science, by entering upon, and pursuing, original paths of investigation, but also by testing the experiments of other inquirers. Its first business meeting was held on Saturday, when a paper on the principle of matter, the same cause under different circumstances producing the various phenomena of the different sciences, by Mr. Pollock, was read by the secretary. The author, after describing the "principle," a fluid pervading all space, pursued his investigation under two great heads: the first comprising inquiries intimately connected with all the separate sciences,—vibration of matter, sound, &c., currents of the principle, light, heat, forces, attractive and repulsive. The second containing electricity, magnetism, and equilibrium. By his theory, Mr. Pollock accounts for lightning, the aurora borealis, comet's tail, magnetic variation, diurnal variation. He also explains the phenomena dependent upon the motion of matter or its parts, gravitation, precession of the equinoxes, daily variation in the height of the barometer, density of the plants inversely as their distance from the sun, and the difference of the arc of the meridian in the two hemispheres. In short, the "principle" is an universal cause. A paper was also read by Mr. Sturgeon on primary and subsidiary, or secondary currents of electricity, illustrated by diagrams, and with a horseshoe magnet, curiously constructed by Dr. Callan, of Maynooth collection, small in size, but immense in power. After which the meeting adjourned.

## SOIRÉE: KENSINGTON PALACE.

THE last *soirée*, on Saturday, given by H. R. H. the President of the Royal Society, was quite as brilliant and distinguished as that which preceded. Among the visitors were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, and Sir Robert Peel; and it was a source of delight to every well-poised mind to observe that, wherever literature and science prevail, there the vexations of politics and party cease to exist. Interesting as this meeting was, perhaps its greatest charm consisted in the gratifying feeling of this truth, which it so finely illustrated. H. R. H. was looking well, seeing well, and in excellent spirits.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 8th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. P. Maurice, Chaplain of New and All Souls' Colleges.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. W. Holden, Rev. T. N. Stephenson, Rev. C. Wetherill, Worcester College; S. C. Walker, Rev. S. Pope, Queen's College; Rev. T. E. Abraham, Balliol College; H. J. Buller, Trinity College; H. H. Vaughan, Fellow of Oriel College; T. Floud, Rev. P. C. Marshall, Wadham College; Rev. G. Marland, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Birch, Pembroke College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—Rev. G. N. Wood, Wadham College; J. D. Piggott, Merton College.

*Commemoration of Founders, &c.*—There were two honorary degrees conferred, that of Doctor in Civil Law on the Earl of Devon, and that of Master of Arts on A. Brown, Esq. Gentleman Commoner of Brasenose College.

The following subjects are proposed for the chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year, viz:—

For Latin verse—"Hannibal, patriæ defensionem susceperunt, ab Italia acceitit."

For an English Essay—"The tests of national prosperity considered."

For a Latin Essay—"An recte dicatur caruisse veteres ea forma concili publici qua selecti quidam pro universis statuuntur."

*Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize*.—For the best composition in English Verse, not limited to fifty lines—"The Exile of St. Helena."

*Theological Prize*.—"On the Conduct and Character of St. Peter."—The subject above stated, as appointed by the judges, for an English Essay.

*Mrs. Denyer's Theological Prizes*.—The subjects for the year 1838 are:—"On the Divinity of the Holy Ghost."—"On the Influence of Practical Piety in promoting the Temporal and Eternal Happiness of Mankind."

CAMBRIDGE.—*Porson Prize*.—On Wednesday last the Porson prize (for the best translation of a passage from Shakespeare into Greek verse) was adjudged to C. J. Vaughan, of Trinity College.

Subject—*King Lear*, Act iii. scene 2.—The speech of King Lear, omitting the intervening passages, by which its continuity is broken, beginning—

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!" and ending—

"More sinned against than sinning."

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—The sequel of Mr. Farr's paper On the minute structure of some of the higher forms of polypi, noticed in the last *Literary Gazette*, was read. In prosecuting his researches, the author observes that he discovered no trace of nerves or ganglia, although the attributes of the nervous system were perfectly obvious. He then notices reproduction, and some other types, towards a new subdivision of the three classes; the last of which is the *Entozoa* of Ehrenberg, whose classification Mr. Farr does not disturb. A paper on an improved mode of constructing magnets was likewise read. The author of this paper, finding a larger quantity of carbon in cast iron than in the usual materials of which magnets are constructed, applied himself to the production of magnets from the above metal, and found that it surpassed, in magnetic influence, all others. The great advantages of the discovery are cheapness, ease, and speed, in production. This being the last night of the session, the titles of the unread papers in the possession of the council were mentioned; from which, if we may judge, as well as from the names of their distinguished authors, they must be considered of great value.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair.—Sir John Trevelyan exhibited a small ancient vessel of bronze, which had formerly been handsomely enamelled, found at Harwood, in Yorkshire; and, also, what appeared to have been a bracelet of bronze or bell-metal, found, with some others, in Sussex. Mr. Cole presented a set of drawings, by his son, of the interior and ornaments of the Star Chamber at Westminster, now removed. Mr. Planché communicated a description of a portrait, painted in oil and on wood, in the possession of the Duchess Countess of Sutherland, and which had been supposed to be that of Charles the Bold; but Mr. P. has discovered, from a badge and "word" (or motto) painted on the back of the picture, that it was the portrait of Anthony, bastard of Burgundy, of whom he gave several curious historical notices. With this the session of the Society closed, and the meetings were adjourned to November next.

## ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, 10th. Sir Alex. Johnston, vice-president, in the chair.—Several valuable presents to the library and museum were laid before the meeting. The secretary read a letter from Major-General Sir Henry Worsley, Hon. East India Company's service, dated the 25th ultimo, in which the general expressed his conviction that he could not more suitably appropriate some of the bounty which he had derived from the best and most interesting military service in the world, than by contributing a portion of it to promote the utility and stability of the Royal Asiatic Society; and there-

fore, with this view, he had the honour to place at the disposal of the council, the sum of one thousand pounds, to be applied, at the discretion of the council, in furthering the objects of the Society. The special thanks of the Society were voted to Sir Henry for his munificent donation; and it was unanimously resolved, that the members should mark their sense of his liberality by entering upon a subscription for a bust of the donor, to be placed in the general meeting-room of the Society, each subscription to be limited to a guinea. An interesting journal of a passage from Calcutta to Alexandria, made in the years 1835-36, by Capt. James Mackenzie, of the E. I. C. service, was read by that gentleman to the meeting. In the course of his journal, Capt. Mackenzie noticed an occurrence illustrative of the lawless habits of the Bedouins. A ship, with 350 Persian pilgrims on board, on their way to the shrine of Mecca, was wrecked one night on the peninsula of Aden, on the Arabian coast. At the dawn of day, the unfortunate pilgrims saw the neighbouring shore covered with Bedouins, ready to seize and strip them of every thing as they landed. There was no remedy: the long-boat was put in requisition; and each successive party, as it reached the beach, was stripped naked, and cast adrift. A vain appeal was made to the sheikh, who sanctioned the robbery, and participated in its plunder. The unfortunate men, however, contrived to send a letter to one of their countrymen, residing at Mocha, by whom a vessel was despatched to Aden, which brought them all off. Captain Mackenzie contemplates the cessation of similar outrages, from the expected extension of the power of the Pasha of Egypt in that quarter. The appearance of the shores of both continents, on approaching the celebrated Straits of Babelmandel, were passed in review. The lofty, sterile, and rugged mountains about Ras Bir, on the African side; and the more dismal shores of Arabia on the other; the bold, bluff rocks of the "High Brothers;" the Peak of Babelmandel; and the low, flat island of Perim, which divides the straits at their entrance, were successively and graphically described. At length, on the 28th of January, the vessel passed the strait, and sailed securely on the beautiful light-green waves, which, in this sea, so strongly contrast with the funereal blackness of its shores. At this period the reading of the paper was discontinued; the remainder being reserved for another meeting.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS

## FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Marylebone Literary, 8½ P.M. (Dr. Lardner on Astronomy, also on the 26th, and July 3.)

Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Saturday.—Electrical Society, 7 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

ON Monday, P. Robinson, Esq. V.P. in the chair, several gentlemen were admitted fellows; and the secretary read a long list of donations, comprising Bardwell's work on "Temples;" Barlow "On the Strength of Materials;" several pamphlets by M. Hittorff (who has recently been in London); a "Statistical Account of all the Works recently erected in Paris," from the *préfet* of that city; No. VI. of "The London Churches," &c. &c. Mr. Fowler, the junior honorary secretary, read a paper On the construction of the roof of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, drawn up from the observations and sketches of Mr. C. Mylne,

fellow. The style of architecture called Gothic, it is generally supposed, originated abroad, and was there earlier carried to perfection than it was in England: the Gothic of this country, however, displays certain features, differing in every respect from those we find on the Continent; and of these there is none more beautiful than the fan-like groining, which is employed with such pre-eminent success in this chapel. The construction of the masonry to resist the thrust of the roof displays, likewise, considerable skill.—Mr. T. L. Donaldson then read some remarks by Mr. Lee, On the form and decoration of the two brazen pillars, described in the Holy Scriptures as standing before the "house of the forest of Lebanon," and called Jachin and Boaz. Mr. Lee, in his paper, stated that these columns were insulated, similar to others which have been found in Persia; but a reference to the description in the original text seems to shew clearly that this was not the case, but that they formed part of the porch. At the close of this paper, Mr. Godwin, jun. put before the meeting a theory in regard to the subject published by Mr. Morier in "Abel Allnut." Mr. Morier there supposes that the Great Hall of Columns, at Persepolis, furnishes examples of the architecture and general character of Solomon's Temple; and Mr. Godwin, by the aid of a diagram for Sir Robert Kerr Porter's work, supported the view.—Mr. Britton, honorary member, afterwards read an Essay on the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the chancel of which lies the body of the immortal Shakespeare. It has been recently restored under able direction, and now presents one of the most interesting specimens of the architecture of the period in which it was built that we can boast of. The poet's anathema, "Cursed be he who moves my bones," is not yet likely to apply.—Thanks were voted to the several gentlemen mentioned, and the meeting was then adjourned.

#### SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

At length, we have the pleasure to announce the formation of a National School of Design, and confided to the able direction of Mr. J. B. Papworth, whose labours of many years in the cause have alike made him competent to the superintendence, and entitled him to the distinction.

"It having been considered important that instruction should be afforded to those engaged in the preparation of designs for the various branches of the manufactures of this country, (says the circular before us) a grant was made during the last session of parliament for the furtherance of this object; and, under the sanction of the president of the board of trade, the School of Design has been established in the rooms at Somerset House, lately occupied by the Royal Academy, for the purpose of teaching design, including light and shade, colour, modelling, perspective. A provisional council has been named, and masters, under the general superintendence of Mr. Papworth, are to be employed to afford instruction in the various branches above enumerated; lectures will also occasionally be given on the principal subjects connected with the ornamental art; and a large collection of drawings and casts for the use of the school has been provided."

Other regulations are promulgated at the Academy, and we have only to add our hearty wishes for the success of an establishment so long and so much wanted, in a manufacturing and commercial country.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Wellington at Waterloo.* Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; engraved by F. Bromley. Hodgson and Graves.

THE decisive charge of the Life Guards is the point of time chosen by Mr. Cooper—and it has afforded him a fine opportunity of shewing his skill in the treatment of that noble animal the

horse. The whole composition is a spirited one: but the character and action of "The Duke," are peculiarly commanding and animated.

*Tableaux from Crichton.* Designed and etched by John Franklin, Esq. Macrone.

MR. FRANKLIN has availed himself of the numerous graphic passages in Mr. Ainsworth's interesting and popular romance, to produce a dozen compositions in outline, the energy, grace, and taste of which, do him the highest credit. "The Oratory," "The Column," "Hic Bibitur" (the anacreontic ballad to which is so admirable, that we grieve we cannot quote it); "The Pavilion," and "The Betrothment," are our chief favourites. Mr. Franklin has made a great stride since the appearance of his "Illustrations of Chevy Chase."

#### 'Roberts' Spain.

WHEN this magnificent publication originally appeared, it was noticed in the *Literary Gazette* with the admiration which its beauty must elicit from every one who has seen it. We have lying before us specimens of some of the plates, mounted, and coloured to imitate drawings; and certainly, any thing more exquisite we never beheld.

#### MUSIC.

##### ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE eighth and last concert, on Wednesday, 31st ult., under the direction of his Grace the Archbishop of York, would have been excellent had it been curtailed by the omission of a few compositions, now worn completely threadbare to this audience. This remark applies not to any of the choruses, as all the stock pieces in that department are made of stuff that will never wear out. The "Cum sancto spiritu" of Mozart's twelfth mass, went with the precision of clock-work; and the "Kyrie" of Haydn, No. 1., deserves nearly equal praise. Why cannot it be sung to the original words? This chorus was much too good to be placed at the fagend of a very long concert, when about half the company had departed. The same thing may be observed of the song which preceded it, Calcott's "Angel of Life," which was revived on this evening after a slumber of many years, and was sung by Mr. Phillips with such perfect taste and delightful expression, as must ensure it a permanent place on the list. Madame Pasta's performance of "Ombra adorato" was fully worthy of her fame; and, on being encoired, she sang it still more finely. In a long duet between her and Braham, from one of Cimarosa's operas, our countryman proved himself equal to the best of the Italian singers in dramatic energy and feeling. How gloriously, too, does he always declaim that bit of recitative from *Israel in Egypt*! In the concluding sentence, especially, "But the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea," the torrent of his enthusiasm carries away every thing before it. Mr. Stretton, a student of the Royal Academy, under all the disadvantage of nervous apprehension at facing this audience for the first time, sang Pergolesi's "O, Lord, have mercy upon me!" in a good style, and with considerable feeling. Messames Shaw and Bishop, and Messrs. Hawkins and Parry, jun. were severally very successful in the songs assigned them. Messrs. Pyne and Lloyd assisted in the concerted music. Q.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

THE annual performance of the *Messiah*, for the benefit of the funds of this Society, took

place last week; the rehearsal, as it is inappropriately designated, being on Monday morning, and the evening performance on Wednesday. The choruses, at first, went rather languidly, but they increased in spirit as the oratorio proceeded. Handel's own favourite one, "He trusted in God," was sung in remarkable perfection; but in some of the others, though performed with the usual accuracy, we felt the want of more light and shade, and we have also a quarrel against the band for playing too loud, nearly throughout. The solo singers were Messames Caradori, Knvyett, Shaw, Clara Novello, and Birch; and Messrs. Braham, Bennett, Phillips, Stretton, and Machin; all of whom acquitted themselves admirably. We exhort Mr. Stretton to be of good cheer, for his voice and talent are of more than ordinary promise. The room was quite full on both occasions.

*Concerts.*—Of Concerts we have to notice, with approval, one for that ingenious artist, M. Minasi, on the 9th; another for Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft, on the 13th; and a third, yesterday, for Miss Dickens and Miss Foster, both pupils of the Royal Academy. At the latter, a good deal of very sweet vocal and some well-chosen instrumental music was most creditably executed. We would not wish to pass a more pleasant evening. The performers were almost all young, and most of them pupils of the Academy. Miss Dickens and Mr. Burnett sang a duet, "Esultate per la Babara," most sweetly. Miss Rainforth, also, was in delightful voice: but, where all were so good, it is scarcely fair in us to select. We cordially wish these young ladies the success to which they are so well entitled.

The last *Societa Armonica* concert took place yesterday evening week. It was the best of the season, both for selection of compositions and artists. Rubini, Grisi, Albertazzi, and Ivanhoff, were the principal vocalists; and in the instrumental department were Mori, Chatterton, and Forbes. Grisi and Albertazzi were encoired in "Ebben a te ferisce," which was very finely given; and in an English song by Albertazzi, from Balfe's new opera of *Catherine Grey*, our fair countrywoman was equally admired. The spirited exertions of the directors on this occasion were rewarded by an extremely well-filled room.

#### DRAMA.

*King's Theatre.*—Since our last notice of this house, Rossini's *Semiramide* has been added to the list of performances. With the exception of *Malek Adel*, it has been the least successful opera of the season; not because it deserves to be so—for it abounds in delightful music—but because every one remembers Pasta, who made the part of the queen her own; and whom we may scarcely expect to see equalled—certainly never surpassed. There can be no doubt Grisi has a superior voice, both in tone and compass; but her conception of the character is different, and her acting, consequently, falls very short of her predecessor. The whole weight of the opera rests upon *Arsaces*; the whole interest is in his fate. It was a character which was sure either to raise Madame Albertazzi to first-rate, or to leave her in her present position—of second rate. It has, we think, done the latter. She sings the part all through faultlessly, as far as the execution of the music goes; but it is like a beautiful lesson,—soul is wanting; energy, fire, feeling—all are absent. We hope to see Madame Albertazzi acquire these requisites, which, with her truly magni-



ficent voice, would place her in a far higher position than she now occupies. The celebrated duet "Ebene a te ferisci," sung by this lady and Madame Griis, is one of the most exquisite pieces of music we have ever heard.

*Drury Lane.*—On Thursday, Mr. Wilson took his benefit, and gave a lot of the sweetest Scots music ever heard on the stage. The house was full, and of so many northern natives, that their delightful plaudits were the more acceptable.

The *Haymarket Theatre* opened on Monday; and if spirited enterprise will, as it ought, and we believe it will, command success, Mr. Webster has begun in a style which must ensure a prosperous season. *Hamlet* was the play—Shakespeare—and Macready the *Hamlet*. That character he has played at the larger houses; and there has been much criticism, as there always will be, upon *Hamlet* (hardly, if yet, understood by any commentator); but the general voice according to it was an admirable performance, with exactly such deductions as every writer, with talent to form his own estimate of the part, would make from every performer of it. At the smaller theatre, we think that a higher meed will be adjudged to Macready. His conception, his fine study of the *Prince of Denmark* is, at any rate, fully developed to the spectator. Is he too sad? This is the only question we could ask of ourselves. But the beauty, the force, the pathos overpowering philosophy, the exquisitely minute traits—how glorious they were. If not the *Hamlet* of our imagination, it was (is it heresy or impudence to say so?) a *Hamlet* worthy of Shakespeare. The rest of the cast was fair. Miss Huddart, an excellent *Queen*; and Miss Vincent, with minor and minor theatre faults, an *Ophelia* as good as the usual run. We cannot speak by the card or bill; and have, therefore, only to add generally, that the whole went off well.

The *Strand* has a new piece, the *Winterbottoms*,—very funny, and very well acted.

#### VARIETIES.

Mr. T. Dibdin, besides resuming his labours in dramatic instruction, &c. has advertised to furnish songs and addresses on any given subjects, for public occasions and convivial parties, at 24 hours' notice!!!

The *Artists' General Benevolent Institution* holds its anniversary to-day, under the favourable auspices of Lord Francis Egerton; a chairman, whose deserved popularity as a friend of literature and the arts, not to mention his high talents, is enough to ensure a numerous and gratifying meeting.

*Murillo, &c.*—Some of the newspapers have announced the purchase of the Murillo and the Rembrandt, of Mr. Yates (see a recent No. of *Lit. Gaz.*), for the National Gallery, for 7000*l.*; but this is a mistake: it is not a Rembrandt that is included in the purchase, but Rubens' fine picture of the "Elevation of the Brazen Serpent;" and we rejoice in both being secured for the country.

*Map of London* (Porteus's).—The smallest map ever seen of the largest city in the world. A slight fold, of two inches, gives a very clear guide to the vast thoroughfares of this human ant's nest, with all its public buildings, resorts, &c. &c. It is, indeed, justly called a "gem."

*Weather-Wisdom.*—Our readers, interested in the meteorological matters, which we like to observe acquiring more and more public attention, can compare the past week with the predictions in our last No. Lieutenant Morrison has been specially wrong, Mr. Murphy not very right. We annex, nevertheless, their

future views, &c. &c.\* "The weather will change on the afternoon of the 21st. There will be a prevalence of rain, with thunder, on the 22d and 23d; though the sun be in aspect to Jupiter, other aspects still denote rainy weather."

*Surrey Zoological Gardens.*—The proprietors of this establishment have added to its many beauties, a striking view of Mount Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples; which, standing on the very edge of the lake, and throwing all the shadows by mountain, fortress, tower, and steep, into the water, has a beautiful and novel effect. As the scenery is also fixed, the distances are strongly thrown back by means of the machinery underneath, which gives to the ledges and shaggy points of the precipices a truly savage appearance. When the water is calm, and the sun shining, the whole scene has a very beautiful and magnificent effect; while one or two

\* Remarks connected with a Weather Table, for June, 1837, by P. Murphy (and a copy of which appeared in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, on the 10th inst.), presented by him, and read at the last meeting of the Meteorological Society, on the evening of the 13th.—In reference to the ordinary changes of the weather, as calculations connected with them, or with the periods of their occurrence, are less to be relied on at this time of the year than earlier in the season, and that it is sufficiently remarkable and interesting to induce an inquiry as to its cause, the following appear to be the circumstances to which it is to be ascribed, viz.: As with the advance of the season to the period of the solstice the meteor in which rain has its source becomes more concentric in the atmosphere, and circumscribed in its range, a consequence of this is, that it becomes relatively more local than before, which causes that a greater length of time usually elapses between the period of its setting in in any part of the same, or of proximate regions of the atmosphere, and that of its termination in an opposite, as we approach the solstice, than what is the case when, as earlier, and that the action of the sun as connected with the sun is less powerful, it embraces in its range a more enlarged extension. In addition to this, it is to be observed, that, as with the advance of the season the solar action becomes more powerful, it usually has the effect of deranging, more or less, considerably, the influence of the moon on the weather; and thence of, at one time, accelerating the development of its effects, and, at another, of retarding it. From this it follows, as calculations, similar to those connected with the present, equally as with the tables for April and May, founded on the lunar action, cannot be expected to do more than point to the mean results on the weather which are to be expected from its assumed meteoric influence; and that, for the reasons stated, this is more liable to be deranged or interrupted about the period of the solstice than earlier in the season: that, as being a consequence, in proportion as we approach the solstice, and for a considerable time after it, a corresponding increase of time should be allowed for the occurrence of the expected effects of the lunar action on the weather, on either side the period or day specified in the table, than previously, i.e., that such period should be understood to include the day which immediately precedes, and that which follows after, the day marked in the table, as that of their occurrence. As by this means the exceptions, as at an earlier period of the season, will not only be found to dwindle into insignificance, but, together with presenting a more correct view of the subject, more justice will necessarily be done to the principles of calculation resorted to. As refers to the violent phenomena of the atmosphere, such as thunder, or other storms, &c., as they have their source in a more powerful and concentric action than that which induces the ordinary changes of the weather; thence it is that, in general, the periods of their occurrence—even during the summer and winter months—can be counted on with much greater certainty than those of the latter class; and, consequently, the preceding observations are not intended so much to apply to them.

London, June 13, 1837.

P. MURPHY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Cheltenham, June 13, 1837.

Sir,—I hope you will excuse my calling your attention to the fact, that, though there may have been "no thunder showers" on the 4th inst., as predicted by me, they were very general on the next day. On the 5th, there was thunder and rain at Gloucester and Cheltenham; rain at Edmonion (see *Literary Gazette*), and "lightning and distant thunder;" and a violent storm of thunder and lightning at Rochester; also, that Hoo Church was struck, and the steeple thrown down. I have no doubt it will be found that "thunder showers" were frequent in other parts, as the sun was in *scutella* aspect to Jupiter on the 4th, which never passes in the summer without thunder. I confess I was wrong as to "warm weather" on the 3th, for it did not occur till the 9th, which was the hottest day this year, the thermometer at Edmonion having reached 73 degrees. On the 10th and 11th we have (as predicted) had very high winds, and, near this part, much thunder.—I remain, &c.

R. J. MORRISON.

small vessels anchored in the lake, add greatly to the maritime delusion. It is really a splendid accession to the place: whoever the artist may be, he has brought a masterly mind to the task, and executed it in a manner very superior to similar scenes which we have witnessed.

E—resolves on returning from Spain, it is said: He'll not come in a transport, I'll wager my head. H.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. B. E. Pote announces immediately, a translation of Three Persepolitan Cuneiform Inscriptions in the British Museum, with Remarks.

In the Press.

The Seven Ages of Shakespeare, illustrated by Original Designs, drawn on Wood, by distinguished Artists.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Shrewsbury School List and Prize Exercises, June 13, 1837, 8vo. sewed, 2s.—First Grammar of the Latin Language, by the Rev. W. Butler, M.A. 12mo. 2s.—The Bard, by Gray, with Illustrations, from Drawings by the Hon. Mrs. John Talbot, crown 8vo. 7s.—Devotional Poetry, with Music, 2 vols. royal 32mo. 6s.—Sparleyow; or, the Dog Flend, by the Author of "Peter Simple," 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Ingram's Memorials of Oxford, 3 vols. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 18s.—H. M. Ship, Inconstant, 4s.—Impressions at Home and Abroad, by J. R. O'Flanagan, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 1s.—The Widow's Offering, by the late W. Pitt Scargill, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 1s.—Sabbatical Verses, by J. T. Gurney, 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Practical Remarks on Infant Education, by Dr. Mayo, fcap. 2s. 6d.—Wellesley's Despatches, Vol. IV. 8vo. 11s. 5s.—Travels in Palestine and Syria, by G. Robinson, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 1s.—Picturesque and Historical Recollections of Switzerland, by M. O'Connor, Esq. fcap. 7s. 6d.—Angling Reminiscences, by T. D. Stoddart, Esq. fcap. 5s. 6d.—Progress of Creation considered, by Mary Roberts, fcap. 7s.—Narrative of Captain J. Fawcett's Travels in West Africa, 12mo. 4s.—The Bride of Messina, a Tragedy, from Schiller, by G. Irvine, 8vo. 6s.—The Life of John Thelwall, by his Widow, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.—The Naturalist's Library, Vol. XVIII.: Foreign Butterflies, 6s.—Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life, by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 1s.—S. E. Pierce's Forms of Prayer, 12mo. 6s.—Politics of another World, by Mordecai, 8vo. 12s.—Whewell on University Education, post 8vo. 5s.—Mrs. Trench on Education, post 8vo. 15s.—The Deaf and Dumb Boy, a Tale, by the Reverend W. Fletcher, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Rennie's New Supplement to the Pharmacopoeia, 4th edit. 8vo. 12s.—The Christian Church distinguished from Popery, &c., by the Reverend T. Griffiths, A.M. Part I. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Introduction to Medical Botany, 3d edit. by Dr. Castle, 8s. 6d.—Translation of the Pharmacopoeia Londinensis, with Notes, by Dr. Castle, 5s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 8	From 30 to 50	29.89 to 29.83
Friday... 9	... 38 ... 68	29.75 .. 29.55
Saturday... 10	... 46 .. 67	29.57 .. 29.61
Sunday... 11	... 46 .. 68	29.68 .. 29.77
Monday... 12	... 41 .. 63	29.63 .. 29.31
Tuesday... 13	... 50 .. 74	29.77 .. Stat.
Wednesday 14	... 51 .. 73	29.72 .. 29.80

Wind, S. W.

Except the 9th and 14th, generally clear. A heavy fall of rain on the morning of the 14th.

Rain fallen, 6.25 of an inch.

Latitude.....51° 37' 33" N.

Longitude..... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Edmonion.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There were some slight inaccuracies in our notice last week of the late Mr. Otley's collection of engravings. Mr. Sotheby did not undertake the superintendence of the disposal of Mr. Otley's various collections of matters of art; though he was employed to sell the engravings, the first portion of which has just been disposed of. Messrs. Christie and Manson sold the small but choice collection of modern Italian pictures, and many of the most interesting and valuable features of this distinguished amateur's gallery yet remain to be brought before the public, including the whole of the very brilliant and unique collection of paintings (from the walls of churches, &c. in Italy) by ancient Italian masters. With regard to the prices which the prints brought, though certainly liberal for the times, we apprehend that, on the whole, they present a considerable depreciation below the actual cost at the period they were purchased. The British Museum, we are sorry to say, bought very sparingly, being pitted, with a very inadequate sum of money at its command, against the caterers from foreign institutions, with unlimited means at their disposal, and instructions to purchase at any prices. Gems have thus been suffered to find their way out of the country, which, we apprehend, will never be brought together again to give us a chance of obtaining them.

F. B. B., we believe, might receive the information he seeks from J. Britton, Esq.

We fear that matters are too serious for R's lines at this moment.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE MALL.**—The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters, of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, is now open, and will continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.  
Admission 1s. Catalogue 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**JUST OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by J. E. Chevalier Rouston.

Open daily, from Ten till Five.

**NEWLY DISCOVERED COREGGIO MAUDALEN.**—This divine Work of Art, perhaps the *chef-d'œuvre* of Coreggio, remains as it was at No. 40 Pall Mall, and will continue only a short time longer.  
Admission, One Shilling.  
N.B. A few doors from the British Institution.  
Open from 10 to 5 o'clock.  
Every known Artist will be admitted on presenting his own card.

**LESSONS IN OIL AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTING, LITHOGRAPHIC DRAWING, ETC.**—Given by an Artist of Established Reputation.  
Terms, One Guinea per Lesson.  
Elementary Lessons given by the Advertiser's Daughter, at Three Lessons for One Guinea.  
The Advertiser, either alone, or accompanied by his Daughter, would be happy to join a Travelling Party for Sketching for the Autumn.  
For Cards of Address, apply at Same's Royal Library, St. James's Street, or to Rowney and Co. 51 Rathbone Place; if by letter, to E. K., as above, post-paid.

**A LADY, who is going to Italy by way of Switzerland, to finish the Education of her Daughter, would be happy to take a Young Lady with her for the same purpose, or to introduce her into Society. As it is in the advertiser's power to afford peculiar advantages with respect to mental cultivation and social comfort, liberal terms will be expected. An invalid Lady, requiring change of climate, might rely upon the kindest attention, the husband of the lady advertising having been in the medical profession.  
The most satisfactory references will be given. Address, post-paid, to A. C. D. care of Mr. R. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.**

**BOTANY.**—A Gentleman who has gained some of the highest botanical honours open to public competition, having spare time at his disposal, is willing to give private instruction in Botany to ladies or gentlemen.  
Direct, O. T. University College, Gower Street.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**—The last Day for the insertion of Advertisements in the next Number of the LONDON and WESTMINSTER REVIEW, will be Monday, the 19th of June.  
Published by Henry Hooper, 18 Pall Mall East; to whom all Advertisements and Communications are to be sent in future.

Price 2s.  
**A CATALOGUE of SECOND-HAND BOOKS for 1827; containing Lists in all classes of Literature, in various Languages, &c. &c. &c.**  
Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. 25 Paternoster Row.  
\*% Libraries purchased.

**FAMILY ENDOWMENT SOCIETY.**  
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Thomas Willis Muskett, Esq.  
Major George Wilcock.

**Bankers.**—Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths.  
Public attention is called to the important fact that a premium of from seven to nine guineas (varying with the age of the lady) paid annually to the Society for a term of twenty-two years, will entitle each one of the future children of a marriage, on attaining the age of twenty-one, to 1000. In like manner, a premium of

14 to 18 Guineas will entitle each to £200  
21 to 27 Do. . . . . 300  
28 to 35 Do. . . . . 500  
36 to 45 Do. . . . . 500  
46 to 50 Do. . . . . 1000  
and to any intermediate or larger amount in the same proportion. The premium may likewise be made to cease with the death of either parent, instead of being for a term of years certain.  
Similar endowments are granted, payable at any other age or ages, and also to existing children. Annuities are likewise granted to wives, payable after the decease of their husbands, as well as all other descriptions of annuities, immediate and future.  
JOHN CAZENOVE, Secretary.

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SOUTHGATES' ROOMS.

**Collection of Engravings, Paintings, &c.**  
By MESSRS. SOUTHGATE and SON,  
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ON TUESDAY, JUNE 20,

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May be viewed, and Catalogue had, at the Rooms.

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Consisting of the Works of the most Popular Writers of Romance, and Books of Voyages, Travels, Biography, &c.  
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**Miscellaneous Collection of Books;**  
Including Morant's Essex, 2 vols.; Bortase's Cornwall; The Italian School of Design, 3 vols.; Le Roi Ruines de la Grèce; Œuvres de Voltaire, 60 vols.; Œuvres de Rousseau, 20 vols.; Meubien, 6 vols.; Bacon's Abridgement, 8 vols.; Modern Drama, 5 vols.; Betham's Baronetage, 5 vols., &c.

**Mathematical, Astronomical, and Philosophical Works**

Of Mr. JOHN WEALE, of High Holborn, who is declining that part of the business, and is disposing of his extensive Collection of Books connected with those branches of literature.

**Books in Quires, the Plates and Reminders of Modern and Popular Music, &c.**

Money Advanced upon Duplicate Portions of Booksellers' Stock, upon Libraries, and Literary Property in General.  
23 Fleet Street.

St. James's Street.—Original Models, by Michael Angelo, Bellini, John of Bologna, &c.; Rare Old Silver, Dresden, Cracolin, and other China; Enamel, by H. Bone; Choice Paintings; Sideboard of Plate; Select Library of Books; Cellar of very Old Wines; Piccola Piano, by Wozzani.

**DEBENHAM and STORR (late Machin, Debenham, and Storr), respectfully announce that they are instructed by the Assignees of Mr. A. H. Day, a Bankrupt, to SELL, at the Gallery, No. 25 St. James's Street, on Wednesday, June 20, and following Day, at One, an unique COLLECTION of ORIGINAL DUBLIN, by Michael Angelo, purchased in Florence, and brought to this country by the late antiquarian, the late Mr. Locke, of Norbury Park. These Models form some of Michael Angelo's noblest productions, executed by his own hand, and originally decorated the Decal Palace in Florence. The chief subjects are the model of his celebrated Moses; it is perfect, and every one who has seen more a copy or an engraving from that great work, can form an adequate notion of the grandeur and sublimity of the design; the Monument of Ferdinand de Medici, with figures of slaves at each corner, breaking their bonds—the attitude of the warrior is most exquisitely graceful. It is well known that Sir Thomas Lawrence highly estimated these two models, and considered them of infinite value; and it is hoped that, ere long, they will find a place in the British Museum; a magnificent Figure, from the same hand, executed for the tomb of Julius de Medici; four River Gods, by John of Bologna; a charming Triton, by Bellini, and other fine specimens; a few fine old Bronzes and Marble Sculptures, including a Bust of Napoleon, by Trismozzi; Two Verde Antique Vases, Warwick Vase, &c.; a fine Collection of Antique Rings, Sèvres, Dresden, and Cracolin China, amongst which will be found a Pair of noble Vases, mounted in gilt ormolu; eight beautifully executed Enamels, by H. Bone, and other valuable Paintings, including a fine Landscape, DeFries; the Cobbler, Terberg; the original Johnny Gilpin, Stothard, &c.; a well-selected Library of Books, containing 400 Volumes; the Cellar of choice old Wine, in crushed Port, very long in bottle, Sherry, Madeira, Champagne, &c. Toka, &c.; a Sideboard of modern Plate, and other valuable items.  
May be viewed, two days prior to the Sale; Catalogues (price 6d.) may be obtained, seven days prior, of Mr. Clark, the Official Assignee, 25 St. James's Lane; Messrs. Collier, Marchant, and Co. Solicitors, Carey Street; of the Auctioneers, King Street, Covent Garden, and at the Place of Sale.**

## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Just ready, in 4to. colombier, beautifully bound and embossed, **TABLEAUX** from "CRICHTON" In a Series of Twelve highly finished Engravings in Outline, from this celebrated Romance.  
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Early orders are respectfully advised, that First Impressions of the Plates may be secured.

THOMAS PRINGLE, LATE SECRETARY TO THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.  
Preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 21s. to be published by Subscription, for the Benefit of his Widow.  
**THE POETICAL WORKS** (now first collected) of the late Thomas Pringle. To which will be prefixed, an Enlarged Memoir, and a Portrait of the Author.  
Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Mozon, Dover Street; Messrs. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

Just ready, in demy 8vo. with Portrait, Vol. I. (to be completed in 2 vols.) of  
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By E. BELL STEPHENS, Esq.  
London: Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.  
NEW WORKS.

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**The Curate of Steinholt;**  
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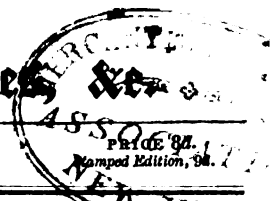
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No. 1066.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1837.



### DEATH OF THE KING.

THE death of our estimable King, on the morning of Tuesday last, has thrown a gloom over the current literature of the country, as it has done over every class, interest, and public pursuit. Our journal of the week must partake of the general sympathy, the stagnation of business, and the universal sorrow of the land.

With regard to the new reign, as connected with its political projects, speculations, and hopes, we leave it to those other sources of intelligence to whose more peculiar province it belongs. For us it is only to observe, that King William IV. among his many other admirable royal qualities, was ever eminently accessible to applications of a literary character; and that, while his countenance was frankly and freely given to all becoming suits for the patronage of the throne, he was also distinguished by the favours and rewards he bestowed upon authors recommended to his notice by the advisers of the Crown. We trust that our youthful Queen, in the midst of all the party questions and contests in which her early years must be involved, will feel and remember that, important as national politics are, it is hardly less important to the happiness of a nation and the permanent glory of a sovereign, to cherish the literature and genius of the age. When most matters of other kinds, which agitate the passing hour with strong and deep impressions (strong and deep, only because they belong to that hour), have shrunk into their real insignificance, or sunk into their innate oblivion; still will the beneficent effects of what the press can instil, bless a kingdom and shed a lustre, beyond all other lustres, on its government. It is, therefore, the paramount public duty, as well as the paramount self-concernment of rulers, wisely and generously to encourage the useful, the instructive, the refining, and the ennobling efforts of contemporary talent and learning. These, royally fostered, the frivolous, the perverting, and the dangerous, will cease to trouble present tranquillity; and the future will reflect a splendour on the monarch to whom the mighty boon was owed, far more brilliant and lasting than the fame of victories, or the triumphs of policy. It is our fervent prayer, that the Queen may be distinguished above all others, even of her illustrious race, for her love of letters, and her high consideration for the good and gifted of those who adorn them. Thus, indeed, will her people have cause to love her, and posterity to remember her name with gratitude and admiration.

We have a pleasure in closing this brief tribute with a lyric from the pen of our justly popular friend, Mr. LOVER. It is the first we have seen to hail the opening of the virgin reign: may it be prophetic as it is poetical, and auspicious as it is heartfelt.

All hail to thee! queen of the fair and the brave!  
Let the bold song of joy reach the skies;  
Bright, bright o'er the foam of her own subject wave  
See the star of Victoria arise!  
Young queen of the ocean, prophetic our fire  
To hail thee the greatest we've seen;  
Hark! the thundering strain of the old sea-god's quire,  
To welcome Victoria the queen!

May years full of glory and loyalty's love,  
Be thine in thy place of renown;  
To say that we honour thee, means not enough,—  
For Britons all honour the crown.  
But the crown that encircles young beauty's fair brow,  
With fonder devotion is seen;  
And chivalry sheds its romance o'er the vow  
We pledge to Victoria the queen.

Long, long, royal maid, may the olive entwine  
With the laurels that circle thy crown;  
But if war should arouse the old lion again,  
'Twill be to increase thy renown.  
To battle, while rushing, each heart would beat high  
To triumph, as wont we have been;  
Propitious to conquest, our bold battle-cry,  
"Victoria! for England's fair queen!"

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Turkey, Greece, and Malta.* By Adolphus Slade, Esq. R.N. F.R.A.S., author of "Records of Travels in the East." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

A VERY cursory glance at above a thousand pages of a work like this, received too late for a careful analysis, allows us little opportunity for doing justice to the author, or expressing any critical opinion. For the present we must be content with a run over his course, and a few brief stoppages where he has struck out aught of more than common interest or novelty. In his Preface he describes the nature of his task thus:—

"The following pages are the result of observations made by the author in the years 1834–35–36, while attached to the squadron under the command of Sir Josias Rowley, and chiefly relate to the actual state and prospects of Greece and Turkey, considered separately, and in their connexion with the policy of England and of Russia. . . . He may also be allowed to observe, that the Mediterranean has been familiar to him from an early age, in consequence of having served nearly all his time on that station; and although a youth may be said to remark little or nothing, still he imbibes impressions, which serve to aid his judgment in after years. The policy, the condition, and the prospects of Greece and Turkey, are dwelt on at length; first, as exciting an immediate and general attention; and secondly, because the author, having already written about those countries, felt more interested in them than he otherwise might have been. He was naturally anxious to ascertain how far his previous remarks would stand the ordeal of further experience; how far the impressions of his first residence in the East would be confirmed by a second visit to it; how far he should be obliged to avow with La Rochefoucault, 'J'aime mieux être un homme à paradoxes qu'un homme à préjugés.' His attention having been once drawn to the state of Greece and Turkey, it was comparatively easy to him to fix it again on those countries. The services in which he was usually employed, added to the advantage of enjoying an extensive acquaintance among the varied society of the chief places in the Levant, gave him adequate and satisfactory opportunities of observation and inquiry. If he has failed to elucidate his subject, it has not been from a want of materials. Seeming contradictions may, perhaps, be noticed in the course of the work; but, if so, he begs leave to observe that, in treating questions so involved as the relative position of Greek and Turk, or oriental despotism and Mussulman freedom—each a perfect anomaly—it is difficult to avoid the appearance of inconsistency."

The author thinks that Turkey is rapidly sinking in the scale of nations; and, considering Turkey as the future battle-field between that power and England, advises a timely check on the increasing aggressive force of Russia. With these great questions, however, the *Literary Gazette* has little or nothing to do; and so we shall turn to such points as better suit the character of our pages. Re-

specting Malta, we select the following sketch:

"And the island will increase in prosperity. Malta is becoming the centre of the steam-navigation, which promises, in a few years, to intersect the Mediterranean in all directions, connecting France and Italy with the coasts of Egypt, Turkey, and Greece, and extending its ramifications to the Danube and to Trebizonde. Already the increased travelling gives ample occupation to half-a-dozen good hotels. Intent on a tour in the east, a man should decidedly begin at Malta. On the verge of Christendom, he will have a glimpse of oriental usages. The Arabic language will not sound uncouth after the Maltese dialect; the yamash of the Turkish lady will not appear exaggerated after the Maltese faldette; the resigned dependence on Divine Providence will prepare him for the startling doctrine of fate. It is a good starting-post. You find conveyance by packets or merchantmen in all directions, at all prices; gratis, by a king's ship or a yacht, if you chance to have a friend, or possess modest assurance. Any thing forgotten, you can provide yourself with at Valetta: a note-book for the benefit of your friends—a sketch-book for your own admiration. You may replenish your sauce-bottle, and fill up your powder-flask; you may obtain an active servant, and pick up hints for future guidance, the last being often, as I have found to my cost, the article a young traveller thinks least of, and wants most. Bound eastward, you may not value the island according to its merits; but returning, the transition is joyous; from a course of hardship to all delights of civilisation—the comforts of England and the refinements of France—your own language and the sweet Italian tongue to greet your ears."

"Little intercourse exists between English and Maltese families, the one or two exceptions proving the rule. Lord Hastings endeavoured to promote union by having all parties frequently and informally at the palace, thus raising the natives in their own estimation; but since his lordship's death, separation again widened. In part, I should say, we are to blame. As superiors, it is our duty to make first advances; as superiors, we should drop the national feeling, exclusiveness, which broke up more than one public amusement where the English and natives might mingle without etiquette, without feelings of condescension on one side or the other. Our customs, diametrically opposed, offer, it must be confessed, a bar to sociality. We dine at six; they dine at two. We associate through the instrumentality of cookery and wine; they are satisfied with simple conversazioni. The Maltese, also, are greatly to blame in refusing to learn English, for English people seldom speak other languages with pleasure; for, to the *employés*, the Italian language is merely a temporary convenience,—is not, as English to a native, of lasting utility. They should have perceived this. Nor have they an excuse. Thirty-six years under our rule, twenty-one years annexed to our empire, yet not more than twenty of the natives speak English perfectly. We may express our regret at the acquisition of English not having always been a *sine qua non*



of public employ; at English not being the authoritative text of the law. Sir John Stoddart (chief justice) argued in favour of the latter; but his opinion was, I think ill-advisedly, overruled, and in 1836 the king's government declared Italian the authoritative text."

A notice of the famous Prince Pückler Muskau is not amiss:—

"Here," says the author, "we had Prince Pückler Muskau among us: after a tour through the regencies of Tunis and Algiers, in which he crossed mountains the French stopped at, discovered ruins superior to the Athenian remains, and experienced a reception from every hey never before granted to a Christian—all by his own account. Ayme! Though he was known, though he was inspected in quarantine, though his merits were discussed, though his books were in the library, the prince prevailed over the *Pückler Muskau*. This travelling prince; who writes mawkish sentiment to Julie, a lady of a more discreet age, they say, than his own; who blames the cruel winds (he did so at Malta) for not impelling faster the vessel freighted with the precious burden of her epistles, was let loose on the little English set at Malta. Save in two or three instances, it was 'open sesame' wherever he turned. Nearly every one seemed anxious to be considered a fit gathering for the next basket of '*tutti frutti*.' Dressed in a garb of notoriety, a red skull-cap, large eastern trousers, and mottled boots, not even condescending to put on a Christian garb to inspect the garrison turned out for his amusement, he went the length of his tether, even that of a prince. He made his own works in the public library a curiosity by marginal-noting them from end to end, in elucidation of many parts relating to England, which he averred, by way of excusing himself, were badly translated. Not content with his own acquisitions, he had a secretary who might be said to act as a jackal; entering every box at the opera, known or unknown, to learn the flirtation of the day; to elicit ages; in short, to pick up *petits scandales* '*pour le prince*,' who retired from society to his desk; and 'for the prince,' he was tolerated. Also filling the office of trumpeter, he would say Sir Grenville Temple's descriptions (of Barbary) 'are most accurate and true; but they are dry. Now the prince will take up the same subject; he will give them a form—a colouring, and invest them with a charm that will compel every body to read.' Bravo, M. le Secrétaire! What is your pay? My dear friends! if he shew you all up, give a colouring to your dinners, where the enraptured hosts 'royal highnessed,' and 'spened' him up and down stairs; give a form to your colonial disputes, rife in his day, who will you have to blame? He silences his scruples by saying he writes for Germans: not his fault if Sarah Austin chooses to translate his book so beautifully, and, he might add, so partially, for the translation conveys a feeble idea of the liberties he took in German with his English friends. What German knows or cares anything about the English in a colony, unless as national traits? What harm in depicting them any more than the Bey of Constantine, or the Pasha of Tripoli? So he may argue."

From Malta we fly to Constantinople, and some anecdotes of Turkish ministers. Speaking of Tahir Pasha, we are told:

"One day, during the summer of 1835, his abuse of power being the general theme—for he had just bastinadoed a man on the belly till he died—he received a summons to attend the sultan at the palace of Beglar-Bey. Mahmoud

received him good-humouredly; and after awhile invited him to eat some sweet cakes which were brought in by a page. Tahir inclined himself to the honour, in doubt, however, whether his sublimity were complimenting him or joking. 'Eat, eat,' said his royal host, on seeing him suspend his attack on the fly-envied pile; 'eat, they will do you good.' Tahir bowed his head anew, and continued the luscious task. 'Go on,' repeated the sultan, 'I insist on your eating every one.' Tahir now paled; he fancied he saw in the proceeding something beyond a frolic, and he knew the oriental use of the metaphor. He continued, however, the irksome process; at length ceased, well nigh choked. 'The prophet's vicegerent, Allah smile on him, might do what he pleased to his slave, but he could not eat more; he might take his head away, but his throat would not swallow.' Now for the moral. 'How do you then think,' said the sultan, 'people can eat' five hundred strokes of the bastinado, when you are unable to eat fifty cakes?' My reader may fancy that Tahir never ate sweet cakes again of his own accord; but they may be assured, that the royal wit did not prevent his making others 'eat the bastinado' whenever his mustaches chose to curl. \* \* \*

"Khoesrow Pasha may be termed the Talleyrand of Turkey. He has veered with every wind; he has massacred Christians; he has exterminated Mussulmans; he superintended the slaughter of Ipsara; he cast the parts for the tragedy of the *Emeidas*; he was a staunch janissary, he is now a reformer; he vowed hatred to Russia, he is now her friend. As circumstances may cause a man to be cruel and sanguinary, so we should be cautious how we judge of individual character by the acts of a public life; and in this view, Khoesrow Pasha appears better than one might be inclined to expect. It happened that a certain *ridjal* (gentleman) among the janissaries contrived to escape the destruction of the corps in 1826. As he was of consideration, strict search was made for him, but in vain; he was, therefore, supposed to have been reduced to a cinder in the conflagration of the quarters, or to have fled. Neither one nor the other was the case. He remained in the capital, shut up with his wife and two faithful domestics in a retired house, living on the produce of her jewels, which she was enabled to dispose of without fear of discovery, as the out-door garb of a Mussulman woman is a complete disguise. The absence of domestic espionage in Turkey renders concealment in a house easy. After nine years, however, their money failed; but Süleyman had a note of hand for twenty thousand piastres. He gave it to the partner of his seclusion, with directions to seek out the banker, declare herself, and obtain any part of the sum. She accordingly went to the *khan*, where banking affairs are generally transacted, and, having found out the individual in question, she said to him, 'I am the wife of Süleyman Aga (of such an *orta* of Janissaries); we have hitherto lived concealed from every body, but that is no longer possible; we are in want of means to purchase bread. Here is your bill; take it; give me ten thousand piastres for it—give me five thousand piastres—as you will.' The banker was a villain. 'Süleyman,' he observed, 'in virtue of his janissary reproach, was dead in law; therefore he could claim nothing; nevertheless, let the lady leave their address, he would see what could be done for the sake of friendship. Having thus dismissed the fair suppliant, he repaired to the *eski saray*, and denounced her husband to the seraskier;

thinking to do the great man a singular favour, as well as to rid himself for ever thereby of a creditor. Khoesrow was astonished: he commended the banker's zeal, who retired exulting in his treachery, and sent *chavasses* immediately to the proscribed man's abode. Süleyman, who from the moment of his wife's return might have looked on the stork before his windows as the bird of fate, now deemed his final hour arrived; for what could the dreaded seraskier want but blood? He embraced his wife as though for the last time, and accompanied the messengers to the *eski saray*. Unexpected result! On seeing him enter, on seeing the beard descending to his girdle—sure passport to a Turk's favour—Khoesrow's feelings flowed back to their early fountains. He rose up—he advanced to meet him—he took his hands—he led him to the sofa. Bewildered at this conduct, Süleyman would have declined the proffered honour; 'The slave is not worthy to kiss the hem of his master's robe.' '*Otaur, otaur*,' (sit down, sit down,) said the seraskier, '*korkma* (fear not), the evil time is gone by; you are no longer a bad man; you are a good man. We do not shed blood for the sake of blood.' He made him recount the mode of his escape and his sufferings, in which he took a warm interest, for they had known each other in the 'olden time.' In the meanwhile he sent for the false banker, who started, and the pallor of death overspread his countenance when he saw his intended victim sitting in the place of honour. '*Aman* (marcy), he cried, 'what shall I do? I will do any thing to turn aside this evil which has fallen on my head.' 'Go home, wretch,' replied the seraskier, 'and return instantly with the twenty thousand piastres you owe this age, with the interest thereon—not an asper less.' He gave the money to the astonished Süleyman, then desired him to have no apprehension, but to go about, as he was used to do formerly, and see his friends; and, above all, to visit him again soon. How well Khoesrow must have slept that night! I was then at Constantinople, and witnessed the glad effect it produced on the inhabitants, with whom Khoesrow's ready wit and humour made him half a favourite, in spite of his notoriety. 'They need to complain of my doing nothing with the fleet,' said Khoesrow, 'but I always brought it back again.' A sly hit at Tahir Pasha. As he was riding one day into Pera, some Turkish women mobbed him on account of the scanty supply at the fountains: 'We have no water to wash our dead with,' they cried out. 'So as their souls be clean, my darlings, you need not care about their bodies,' replied the seraskier. 'Ah! the *ghiaour*!' shouted the nymphs, between anger and laughter."

The appearance of the Bosphorus on a *fête*, such at the marriage of the sultan's daughter, must resemble fairy tale.

"Each night, at such times, the Bosphorus may realise one's imaginings of Bagdad under Haroun al Raschid and Zubeide. The noble stream flows along for ten miles between palaces of fire. Every house on either bank is illuminated fancifully. There are Gothic temples, and Grecian colonnades with scrolled frontispieces, and gardens—but all of living flame. The Scuttlie Point, one of Europe's extremities, is a blaze of light, and reflects itself on Asia's cliffs. Nothing of the sort in Christendom can give the slightest idea of Constantinople and the Bosphorus when thus lighted up. The effect is most striking on the water. As no object is visible except the creations of fire,

the ships, which are traced out by lamps, appear to float in mid-air at indefinite distances, while the resplendent kiosks on the hill-tops of either continent may give the idea of magicians' abodes, for they also seem unconnected with earth or water. One may readily fancy oneself alone in a dark lake on the Elysian fields, surrounded by mansions of the blest. From time to time, however, fireworks disclose the scene in detail. Huge wooden whales are moored for that purpose, and from their mouths thousands of rockets fly up over the gilded stream, to mingle first their evanescent brightness with the stars, then fall again in Danaos' showers on its bosom. Numerous caïques them, previously hidden by the glare, emerge into form, and where you fancied yourself to be solitary, your rowers have scarcely room to move. You also see large fish, with shining tails and flaming eyes, paddled about by invisible hands; and carriages and horses, ingeniously built on boats, seem to be driving over the water as securely as on dry land. All is liquid radiance for a few minutes, save where a cypress-grove on either bank throws its shadow forth, as if, like the masked skeleton at an ancient Egyptian feast, to be a silent monitor. As the temporary brightness dies away, Husion obtains complete mastery of the coast: you see a splash, and you look for a sea-god to rise; you hear a voice, and you listen for a Nereid's song. In the joy of his heart, Sultan Mahmud declared that the offspring of the union which called forth such festivity and splendour in the summer of 1834, should be permitted to live. A boy gladdened the young mother's heart for a few months, then died. Sultana Salihah was seventeen or eighteen years old; not pretty, but ladylike, according to the reports of some Frank ladies. She was reported to be haughty and passionate. She affronted the lady pashas, it was said, when they paid their duties to her after the marriage: her foot they were bound to kiss; but instead of smiling on her worshippers, she turned away her head. More secluded than Mussulman women in general, no man (except the doctor) ever setting eyes even on her person, a princess of the house of Othman hark her marriage-day as the day of escape from bondage. She is at once free, excepting in the usual checks of Mohammedanism. Her husband is slave by law and custom. Chosen by the sultan, he must obey; discard his wife if he have one; break off old connexions; then, perhaps, surrounded by his royal mistress's spies, live tormented by the fiend jealousy. The present sultan's sister (a widow) used to watch her husband so narrowly, that, on visiting the isles of the Archipelago, as captain pasha, he deemed it prudent not to land without sending previously to make the Greeks veil. The fair ones of Scio, who prided themselves on their superior attractions, were exceedingly offended at Kutchuk Musseyin's apparent want of gallantry. They might rather have been flattered at his apprehension of their charms. Halil was not so hardly used: he fretted after his former loves, and the sultan at length gave him leave to visit them in secret."

Our author's wanderings in Greece, and among the isles of the Archipelago, occupy nearly a moiety of the work; but the whole is so mixed up with political speculations, that we feel we have reached the end of our task, and cannot, without entering on a field from which we desire to abstain, do or say more for this publication.

*Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent.* 2 vols. 12mo. Dublin, 1837. Curry, Jun. and Co.; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.

THREE weeks of miserable weather induced the *ci-devant* "Edward Lascelles" to sketch some of the prominent scenes of his early life, in order to pass the time which, as he was debarred from out-of-door recreation, hung tediously on hand. These two volumes are the result of those weeks of bad weather, which we sincerely wish had lasted some time longer; for there is a pleasant freshness in the scenes before us, which reminds us of Captain Mervat or Captain Chamier, in whose steps our author follows closely, most of his adventures being passed on board a man-of-war, or at the ports where she touched. There are a number of characters and incidents introduced, which form a pleasant variety to the amusing adventures of *Edward Lascelles*, whose life we shall strive to illustrate from his own pages.

After landing in most of the usual school-pranks of boys, he is appointed to H.M.S. *Hesperus*, which he duly joins, and the time passes pleasantly till his arrival at St. Helena, where he falls desperately in love, and, like all love-sick midshipmen, enters his leucubrations in his private note-book. These we shall extract, as an amusing example of the state of a midshipman's mind when he is, to use a sea phrase, "sponsey."

"On board H.M.S. *Hesperus*,  
"St. Helena.

"Once more tossed about upon the heaving billows of the boundless ocean! [the sea was, all the time, as smooth as a mirror] seeking for fame and fortune [God knows, there was little prospect of either in these 'piping times of peace'] amid the rude struggle of tempestuous elements! Bubbles! more empty and evanescent than the white sea-foam, that is annihilated the moment of its formation! Fame! what is it, after all, but to have one's name interchanged, for a few centuries after death, with the names of Drake and Nelson [alas! alas!]; and a thousand more of the other pretty names of Europe; and then—why then to have it consigned, like the names of common men, to utter oblivion? Yes! let Vanity and Ambition flatter themselves as they will—Oblivion, with her hollow, sightless eyes, will come at last. At the touch of her destroying hand, the monuments of the great will crumble away; their false inscriptions will be obliterated for ever. The presumptuous piles of Westminster and St. Paul's will be trodden to dust beneath her feet; she will ride the gardens, and ruin the towers, of even the most enduring of Fame's gaudy temples! What, then, does it matter, whether we are forgotten the moment we die, or live on for a few hundred years [!]; after the grave has closed on our remains; in the remembrance of a posterity for whom we care not; of whose very existence we are, in some measure, uncertain? And fortune! O Sophia! indigence and solitude with thee, were worth a thousand times all the luxuries wealth can purchase; all the pleasures society can afford! But I hear the shrill note of that accursed Parsons, piping up the starboard watch.

"Midnight.

"At this solemn hour of silence and solitude, while others are dreaming away in their sluggard beds the little span of life allotted them here below [below in reality], let me revel in luxurious reminiscences of Sophia! O thou angel! brighter than the brightest seraph that ever glided through the regions of

the sky; how unworthy am I of a love so pure as thine! But I shall strive to merit it; and the remembrance of those sighs, those tears of thine, will ever awaken in my bosom a desire for the glorious and the good!

"Shed but one tear ere I depart,

A drop to soothe my bosom's pain;  
I'll shrine the treasure in my heart,

And it shall wake my senses again.

Breathe but one sigh of fond regret,

While sorrow's tear shall mutely fall:

Enough! I see those eyes are wet (!)

Those precious drops pay me for all!

The encircling arms which late entwined,

In joy, thy sylph-like beauties form;

Must now engage the furious wind,

And brave the buffets of the storm.

Again! again! that last adieu;

Repeat once more that kind adieu!

When care and dangers round me press,

Fond memory still shall turn to you!"

This love he quickly gets over, and larks as only mids do lark, till he falls in love again and again; active life soon curing him of these follies. Mr. Lascelles' adventures are pleasantly mingled with descriptions of his shipmates and others, in the *Hesperus*. The purser is well described.

"In the person of the jolly little Mr. Sands we possessed the very prince of pursers. He was a short man, of an extremely stout, square make, with a bald, shining head, large black whiskers, round pleasant countenance, and merry, sparkling black eyes. Unlike the generality of men in his station, he was extremely well-bred and gentlemanly in his demeanour; liberal in his sentiments, and refined in his tastes; and, as a consequence of all these good qualities, a particular favourite of every one on board, and a great intimate of the captain. On his face there was, invariably, a pleased, good-humoured smile; and you might hear him, in all weathers, trollying forth some favourite song, as he sat in the cabin making up his books. The fiercer the blast blew, the louder rose the mellow pipe of the jolly Sands."

At the Cape they took in a new seaman, quite a character in his way, violently addicted to drinking; but a man on whose ward perfect reliance could be placed. *Ex. gr.*

"One morning he came to Strangways, who happened to be in command during the absence of the first-lieutenant, and asked for leave to go on shore. 'No, Wolfe,' said Strangways; 'I cannot allow you to go on shore. You know the last time you got leave, you came on board drunk; and such conduct cannot be permitted.' 'I promise you, sir,' said Wolfe, 'I won't get drunk.' 'What do you want to do ashore?' inquired Strangways. 'I want to fight, sir!' 'To fight!' repeated Strangways; 'a pretty errand, truly! And with whom, pray, do you mean to fight?' 'With black Sambo, the prize-fighter, sir. He challenged me to a match before I joined the ship; and he has been taunting me ever since, insinuating that I am afraid to stand to my bargain. This is the morning on which we were to meet, sir; and, if I do not attend, they will call me coward.' 'It was extremely foolish in you to enter into any such engagement, sir,' replied Strangways; 'but what you say is true: if you do not attend, those Cape Town bullies may impute it to cowardice. You promise me you won't get drunk?' 'I promise, sir!' 'Then you may go,' Wolfe, accordingly, went on shore; and, after an absence of about an hour and a half, he returned without having tasted a drop of liquor. As soon as he got on deck, he went to Strangways, and reported himself. 'I am come on board, sir, sober!' 'Well,' replied Strangways, 'I am glad you have kept your word,

Did you fight the match?" "I did, sir." "Was it a long one?" "Fifty minutes, sir, by the watch." "Who conquered?" "I did, sir." "Did you punish your opponent severely?" "Why, sir, I beat him, and that's just saying enough." "Right! You may retire, sir." "I hope, sir, you will have no objections to let me go ashore again," said Wolfe, still lingering in the neighbourhood of the lieutenant. "What! at present?" "Yes, sir." "Why, what do you want to do ashore now?" "Get drunk, sir!" replied Wolfe, with the gravest possible expression of countenance; while Strangways burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. "May I go, sir?" continued Wolfe; when he thought the lieutenant had had sufficient time to indulge his merriment. "It is contrary to all rule, sir," said Strangways, scarcely able to articulate for laughter; "but, since you have kept your promise so faithfully, I will permit you for this once to go." "Thank you, sir," said Wolfe, with the same immovable gravity of countenance; and, in a few minutes, he was seen pulling off in one of the Malay boats that attended the ship with fruit. He kept his word as faithfully on this as on the former occasion; and, towards evening, he was carried on board in a state of the "most blissful oblivion."

Of the shore characters we shall say nothing, letting a good-hearted country squire speak for himself, in a letter to his sister.

"Sharman-Hall, Sunday.

"Dear Sister,—I got your letter last Friday, when I came in from the hunt, and would have answered it sooner, only I had Squire Stiles and some of the neighbours to dine with me, and they well-nigh drank me blind. The squire's a mighty deal worse now when you was here, and never stops under four bottles. Then, on Saturday, I had to be assir betimes, for the bounds were to meet at Horsley: we broke cover in the thick furze at Underlyn, and had a glorious run all the way across the common to Hordean, and there the fox earthed, so we lost him. Then, at night, I had to dine with Squire Stiles, and had the coach up to fetch me home, for the squire's dinners are always somewhat wet. So I could not write you that night, being very tired; but, this being Sunday, I have more leisure on hand, and am sorry to hear of the captain's being killed. You know I always liked Harry, and thought father rather over hard on him; but you know I always gave the good gentleman his own way, and never contradicted him—as, indeed, where was the use, seeing he never minded a word I said an old whip-cord? But that's just the worst of being a soldier; for then, as the vicar says, there's no respect of persons. However, it can't be helped now, only I'm sorry for it, poor fellow. Bless your silly heart, Emma! what is it you speak about coldness? you know, girl, I always loved you, although father set me up a little both against you and the captain. But there's no use talking. I've given orders to have your rooms all made ready as before, and the sooner you come to the Hall, the better I'll like it. Now I think on't, I'll send up Dick, with the coach, to fetch you down. I can easily spare it, as I never get into it, only when I'm dining with Squire Stiles, or the like; and it will be more convenient for you and the little ones. I would have come up for you myself, only the bounds are to be out every day this week, and we expect some spanking runs; so you see I've a great deal of business on hand. Old Joe, the huntsman, is always asking about you; and when I told him, yesterday, you were coming home, the old chap began to blubber like a

child. Father let your flower-garden run all up with weeds; and as to the bower, there was no poking your nose into it for the creepers; but I've ordered Sims to have it all cleaned, and the woodbine cut, and he's to have some prime new-fashioned flowers in it before you come home. So keep up your heart, my little Emma, and come as soon as you can. I'll send off Dick to-morrow morning; you never saw such a prime team of bays as I've got for the old machine—only don't put yourself in a quandary, or hurry yourself—only I'm longing to see you. Is Rowley any thing like father? he was a main good man, father, though he had his own ways, and was always over hard in your affair. But there's no use talking. If you could come on Thursday, I shall have no one here, and we can chat together about old things; only don't hurry yourself, but keep Dick as long as you like. I was bargaining yesterday about a bay filly for you; I'm sure she's a good one, for she's out of father's old mare that he used to ride when you were here. You recollect old Die—a prime one in the field, wasn't she? I'll send up a handful of notes with Dick, in case be you have any scores to settle where you are; but I must now stop, as we have a prime haunch this afternoon, and I have some of the neighbours to dine with me.

"Your affectionate brother,

HUGH SHARMAN."

With this we shall conclude; cordially recommending these very entertaining volumes to our readers.

*A Visit to the Great Oasis of the Libyan Desert; with an Account, Ancient and Modern, of the Oasis of Amun, and the other Oases now under the Dominion of the Pasha of Egypt.* By G. A. Hoskins, Esq. Author of "Travels in Ethiopia." 8vo. pp. 388. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

WE are rather sorry to see Mr. Hoskins' name to this volume; for, though every thing new relating to Egypt is possessed of great interest, we do not like to have our time occupied with a solid octavo, screwed, as it were, out of a former publication, presuming upon the name of the subject, and yet containing a very small modicum of originality or information. Twenty lithographic plates of ruins and scenery are the best portion of the work; for the letter-press is really spun out in the most disapproved style of bookmaking.

We have first a sketch of the author's residence at Thebes, and last, occupying nearly half the volume, a sort of *précis* of the travels in these parts of Browne, Caillaud, Belzoni, Drovetti, Edmonstone, Wilkinson, &c. &c. and a *résumé* of ancient notices from Herodotus, Diodorus, Quintus Curtius, Arrian, Josephus, Ptolemy, Edrisi, Abulfeda, Leo Africanus, &c. &c. The latter might be a very useful article in a review or magazine; but, in its present position, must come under the observation we are compelled to make upon all such make-weights.

Mr. Hoskins' travelling companions were, Mr. Hay (whose collected treasures are, we believe, of the highest order) and Mr. Catherwood. They crossed the Desert from Thebes to El Khargeh; and on their way the following particulars are stated:—

"We saw to-day a small white bird with black tail-feathers. Last night our men caught a light fawn-coloured rat; I also found a fawn-coloured lizard; and a second, similar to it, but with pink spots. This light fawn-colour is generally that of the animals and insects in the desert: the lion, gazelle, antelope, giraffe, and

many other tenants of the wilderness, have their coats of the same tint as the sand."

About 125 miles from the Nile they reached the Oasis Magna; of which we are told—

"The inhabitants of this town, and, indeed, of all the Oasis, have (with some exceptions) not such strongly marked features as the Arab of the Nile, and their complexion is lighter than that of the peasants of Egypt in the same latitude. But they are chiefly remarkable for the pallid and unhealthy hue of their countenances, just such a tint, or rather expression, allowing for the difference of colour, as distinguishes the inhabitants of the Pontine Marshes; a languid and sickly appearance; a listlessness in their manner; a sluggishness in their movements; a total want of energy and vivacity—all proofs of the insalubrity of the climate, and the wretched effects of a baneful malaria. This pallid hue is most remarkable in their children and women; the men, exposed to the influence of a tropical sun, have an appearance somewhat less unhealthy. The disorder, which spreads such ravages, and which seems to diminish their population as insensibly, but as certainly, as the desert yearly encroaches on the cultivated land, is a remittent fever, with which they are visited at every return of the summer or autumn. This evidently does not arise entirely from the exhalations of the rice-fields, for the parts of the Oasis where they grow no rice are equally infected; nor from their eating so many dates, as some travellers have supposed. I conceive it arises, in a great measure, from the bad quality of the water, of which, during the hot weather of the summer and autumn, they are tempted to drink immoderately, and which accounts for their suffering only at those particular periods. Ophthalmia also seems a very general complaint. We met with numerous instances of it during our journey."

Of a specific for this disorder Mr. H. gives an account, the secret of which would make the fortune of any quack in England.

"The purser of the French frigate, the *Luxor*, which was built for the purpose of removing one of the obelisks from Thebes, was the fabricator of this extraordinary water. He informed me, when in Egypt, that his father had been attached to Napoleon's expedition to that country, and had then discovered this miraculous cure. From fear of its being analysed, he had never allowed any person to possess more than a very small quantity; but he cured, without fee, all who came to him: Christian and Mussulman, French and English, Turk and Arab. When this liquor was applied in time, it was found always to stop the most virulent attacks of the disease, and generally relieved, in a very few days, even those who had been for several months martyrs to the complaint. A Turk, who had suffered for years, was completely cured in a fortnight; and, in gratitude to his benefactor, gave him a horse richly caparisoned. The Frenchman's fame was spread throughout the country, and many came to him as far as from Keneh and Esneh. Even the surgeon of the *Luxor* was so sensible of the value of the remedy, and of its producing no subsequent bad effects, that he sent all the officers and men of the vessel suffering from that complaint, to the purser, or to the hakim (doctor), as the natives called him. The application was easy to the hakim, but most painful to the patient. He let fall a single drop of the water on the ball of each eye, which immediately spread, and from its pungent nature caused, if much irritation existed, the most inexpressible torture. In twenty minutes, or half an hour, this pain subsided,

and a little clammy matter was seen to ooze from the eye. The remedy, although violent, did not weaken the eye in the slightest degree, nor in any manner injure the sight. Knowing that I purposed going into Ethiopia, the hakim had the kindness to sell me, for about its weight in gold, a small bottle of this water; but under the express condition that I would neither directly nor indirectly allow it to be analysed. He said that it was his intention to return again to Egypt, and that he expected to be able to make his fortune; but whether he does or not, I feel most grateful to him for having saved me from much torture, as I have often been obliged to have recourse to the water, and have kept my promise in not allowing it to be analysed. As this person has now left the country, and no further supply is to be obtained, I prize the water most highly, and cannot afford to use it for the relief of mere strangers. The remedy which I generally find to succeed with the natives, when applied to by them, is sulphate of zinc in strong doses, ten grains being dissolved in an ounce of water, and a drop of this being put in each eye two or three times a day. This is by no means so certain a remedy as the hakim's water, but in nine cases out of ten I have found it to succeed."

But to return to the Oasis; the following is the return of its population:—

	Men.	Population.
The metropolis el Khargeh, the most northern town of the Oasis	600	3000
Genah, south of and separated from el Khargeh by a desert 7 miles in extent	50	250
Boulak, south by east of Genah, across a desert of 14 miles in extent	50	250
Byrese, south by east of Boulak, across a desert 33 miles in extent	120	600
Doosh, south by east of Boulak, across a desert of 7 miles in extent	20	100
Maks, south west of Doosh, across a desert 4 miles in extent	20	100
	860	4300

The total population, therefore, of the Oasis, is about 4300; five to each family may seem a low valuation, but it must be considered that in the number of men there are many old persons, whose sons are grown up and reckoned among the number."

The temple is in ruins, but hieroglyphic and Greek inscriptions shew it to be of the time of Darius Nothus, the successor of Cambyzes, with additions by King Amyrtaeus.\* On this and other temples, the names of the Roman Emperors, Galba, Antoninus, Trajan, Domitian, Adrian, Nero, Titus, Tiberius, and, perhaps, one or two others. In the Santuarii of the temple at El Khargeh, Mr. Hoskins copied some curious inscriptions, of which he has favoured us with accurate copies. His method appears to be excellent.—

"My servants (he says) made me casts in paper of the sculpture on the walls of these two rooms, that is, of all the sculpture in the three large plates which I now publish. This method of obtaining facsimiles of sculpture in basso-relievo, is very successful, and so easy, that I had no difficulty in teaching it to my Arabs. I found stiff, unsized, common white paper, to be best adapted for the purpose. It should be well damped; and, when applied to sculpture still retaining its colour, not to injure the latter, care should be taken that the side of the paper placed on the figures be dry—that it be not the side which has been sponged. The paper, when applied to the sculpture,

should be evenly patted with a napkin folded rather stiffly; and, if any part of the figures or hieroglyphics be in intaglio or elaborately worked, it is better to press the paper over that part with the fingers. Five minutes is quite sufficient time to make a cast of this description; when taken off the wall, it should be laid on the ground or sand to dry. I possess many hundred casts, which my Arabs made for me at Thebes and in the Oasis. Indeed, I very rarely made any drawings of sculpture without having a cast of the same; and as the latter are now quite as fresh as on the day they were taken, the engraver having not only my drawing, but also these indubitable facsimiles, is enabled to make my plates exactly like, and quite equal to, the original."

Of the sculptures themselves he says:—

"I do not conceive that even the most learned in reading of hieroglyphics will hesitate to confess, that the mythological mysteries there depicted are beyond their comprehension. This extraordinary assemblage of divinities in the most grotesque attitudes of animals, beasts, and birds, is not, I am persuaded, a fanciful composition of an eccentric artist. We may be certain that there is a meaning in all these representations and figures; and as they could have had no beneficial moral influence on the minds of the multitude, some metaphysical mystery is evidently represented. \* \* \*

"As I have before observed, the columns are almost all unfinished, and the sculpture is not good; but when we consider the epoch when this edifice was constructed, the imperfection of the style is not surprising. Darius, chiefly on account of his respect for the popular superstitions, his piety, and his encouragement of the arts, was beloved by the people, and was the only one of the Persian dynasty whose name was allowed to remain on their edifices. But we may reasonably conceive that, during the previous violent reign of Cambyzes, the arts, long before on the decline, must have received so deep a wound, that centuries of fostering care and protection would be necessary before it could in any degree be healed. It is, therefore, not surprising to find architecture and sculpture, of so early a date as the reign of Darius, and particularly in such a situation as the Oasis, less beautiful than that of some of the Ptolemaic temples; and especially as the latter were constructed at a period justly termed the second era of the arts in Egypt."

An adjoining necropolis is also an interesting object.

"We perceived on a hill, a mile and a quarter due north from the temple, what appeared to us, at a distance, to be a dwelling-place of the living; but recollecting the descriptions of the travellers who visited this region before us, we were aware that it must be the necropolis mentioned in their works. The distant view of this city of the dead is very striking. The tombs, being built on the brow and summit of a hill, and rising gradually one above another, are almost all distinctly seen from every part of the plain; and, as some of them form streets, the place has quite the appearance of a well-built village. Notwithstanding the descriptions which have been given, the stranger cannot visit the place without astonishment. We have at Pompeii a street of tombs, and at Rome we see the columbarj; and these buildings of the Oasis are certainly not to be compared to the splendid monuments of Adrian, Augustus, Caius Cestius, and Cecilia Metella, &c. But we have here what is still more extraordinary, though less beautiful as works of art:—150 sepulchres, forming streets and squares, and

well deserving the title of a necropolis. The hill on which they are situated has rather a volcanic appearance. The sand has drifted into the streets, but the height of the hill prevents the edifices being overwhelmed by the desert. The good state of preservation of them is another proof of the dryness of the climate. If the Oasis was visited with a few such winters as we have in England, the majority of them would soon be washed away."

We will not accompany our author to the temple of Doosh, or go through his reminiscences of preceding writers; suffice it to conclude with noticing the appendix of Greek Inscriptions, as welcome additions to our collection of data for research into the antiquities of Egypt.

*A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with Remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and Usages of the Inhabitants.* By John Williams, of the London Missionary Society. 8vo. pp. 589. London, 1837. Snow and Leitchchild.

DURING a travel of above a hundred thousand miles, and extended over eighteen years, our zealous Missionary traversed the South Seas in every direction, and visited not only islands already known to us, but others, previously untrodden by the foot of European. With all the peculiarities inseparable from works of this kind, the accounts of special providences, &c. &c. there is a great deal of interesting matter in Mr. Williams's narrative, of which an example or two may serve to satisfy our readers. Our first extract may shew, that the story of Whittington and his Cat need not be considered fabulous.

"After remaining eight or ten days, with much interest to ourselves, and, we hope, advantage to the people, we returned to Rarotonga with a most singular cargo, principally consisting of pigs, cocoa-nuts, and cats; the king having obtained about seventy of the first, and a number of the last. Notwithstanding the singularity of our importation, it was peculiarly valuable to the inhabitants of Rarotonga; for, prior to this, they had no other than a breed of small native pigs, of which there were but few, as they were particularly tender, and difficult to rear; and the cats were so valuable that one was quite a treasure, as the rats were astonishingly numerous; so much so, indeed, that we never sat down to a meal without two or more persons to keep them off the table. When kneeling down at family prayer they would run over us in all directions; and we found much difficulty in keeping them out of our beds. One morning, on hearing the servant scream, while making the bed, we ran into the room, and found that four of these intruders, in search of a snug place, had crept under my pillow; they paid, however, for their temerity with their lives. Our friends Mr. and Mrs. Pitman experienced equal inconvenience from these troublesome and disgusting little animals. Some of the trunks were covered with skin, on which the rats commenced very effectual operations, as they had done before upon my unfortunate bellows; and Mrs. Pitman having one night neglected to put her shoes in a place of safety, sought for them the following morning in vain; for these nocturnal-ranblers, being in search of a supper, had devoured them; and a pair of shoes in the South Seas is no contemptible loss. This, however, was a serious affair for their fraternity; for our friends complained to the authorities of the station, and a decree of extermination was

\* Amyrtaeus, according to Manetho, was the only king of the 28th dynasty which succeeded the Persians. He is supposed to be the Inaro of Diodorus and Thucydides, Rosellini's Amihort at Karnak, and Mr. Wilkinson's Aomabate; which latter is probably the most correct.

issued against the whole race of rats; and after school, man, women, and child, armed themselves with a suitable weapon, and commenced their direful operations. Baskets were made of the cocoa-nut leaves, about five or six feet in length, in which to deposit the bodies of the slain, and in about an hour no less than thirty of these were filled. Notwithstanding this destruction there did not appear the slightest diminution. From this it will be perceived, that rats were not the least valuable animal that could be taken to the island. They, however, did not destroy so many rats as the pigs, which were exceedingly voracious, and did much towards ridding the island of the intolerable nuisance. Besides hogs and cats, Makea, and those who accompanied him, obtained a considerable quantity of native cloth and mats, which are highly esteemed, and of considerable value at Rarotonga. A large supply of cocoa-nuts was also conveyed from Aitutaki, and this was a valuable portion of our cargo; for a short time before our first visit, a very disastrous war had taken place, in which the king and his party were beaten, and driven for a time to take refuge in a natural fortress in the mountains. The victors cut down and destroyed all the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, so that, on the north, west, and south sides of the island, which were conquered by the inhabitants of the east, not a cocoa-nut tree was to be seen. This supply, under these circumstances, was consequently of great value for seed. The king made a distribution of his spoils among his chiefs and friends: all were, therefore, delighted with the voyage."

At the island of Manoa we have a curious sketch:—

"In the afternoon, I was honoured with the company of his majesty's five wives. Three of these were about forty-five years of age; the others were much younger. By my invitation they seated themselves upon the ground, and, after asking a blessing, they ate heartily and cheerfully what was placed before them. In the course of conversation, I found that a species of serpent abounded in the Samoa Islands; and having expressed a wish to take a specimen with me to the Society Islanders, who had never seen one, the ladies immediately ran out of the house, and returned about half an hour afterwards, each having a live snake twined about her neck. The manners of these females were pleasing: and, while I gazed upon their good-natured countenances, and listened to their cheerful conversation, I could not but rejoice in the hope, that the period had arrived when they would be raised from the state of barbarous vassalage into which sin and superstition had sunk them. During the evening, while conversing with the king, and other persons of distinction, I made some allusion to the dreadful hurricane at Rarotonga, and found that, at the Samoa Islands, it had raged with great fury, accompanied by a violent shock of an earthquake; four of which, the teachers informed me, had been experienced within the seventeen months they had resided there. They also told me, that, during these shocks, the natives rushed from their houses, threw themselves upon the ground, gnawed the grass, tore up the earth, and vociferated, in the most frantic manner, to Mafuie to desist, lest he should shake the earth to pieces. Some said that the *devo* was angry with them for allowing the *lotu* to be received at their islands, and begged the teachers to hide their Bibles until his rage had ceased. On asking their opinion of this phenomenon, they informed me, that *Tiiti ataranga* supported the island of Savaii with his left hand,

and that, had it been his right, long ago he would have shaken it to pieces; but that, in a quarrel with Mafuie, the latter broke his left arm, which rendered it feeble, and which accounts for the universal weakness of that arm in men. Thus ignorant are the heathen of the works as well as the word of God."

Alas! how little more do we know!

We have recently observed, with sorrow, that some cruel massacres have taken place in these islands. The struggle between the ancient idolatries and the missionary faith has not been carried on without blood and havoc.

*Records of Ancient Science exemplified and illustrated in the Primitive Universal Standard of Weights and Measures.* By Captain T. B. Jervis. Pp. 97. Calcutta, 1835.

An article in the *Westminster Review* has fortunately called forth this extremely able, scientific, and philosophical essay. The straightforward mode of stating facts, and of deducing consequences, adopted by the author, is a lesson to theorists who,

"As following commentators' view  
In Homer more than Homer knew."

have strained from the Bible the most extravagant deductions to support their own wild fancies. Arthur Lumley Davids, in a short lecture of considerable ability, some few years since, summed up the real attainments of the Hebrews in science and philosophy; but, young as he was, he did not pretend to establish, for the Jewish nation, the extravagant pretensions of some late writers. On this head Captain Jervis well observes,—"If knowledge came originally by inspiration, the chosen race contrived to carry away very little of the benefit. The inhabitants of Egypt had far outstripped them when their patriarch entered that house of bondage; or Moses would never have been celebrated as learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Many ages afterwards, Solomon, or his historians, knew no nearer proportion of the circumference of a circle to the diameter than that of 3 to 1. Whatever Solomon might have done for botany or zoology, it is clear he had not done much for the geometry of his subjects.

Captain Jervis was first struck with the simplicity and skill of the meteorological system of Western India; and, finding that the natives could give no satisfactory account of their own knowledge, not even the most learned Brahmins (they were as ignorant of this as of every other point of their pretended antiquity), he extended his researches after the similar systems of other parts of the world. The results he here presents to us, in this concise but elaborate and valuable treatise, with a variety of incidental and useful information, which combines to throw the light of science on his inquiry. The pendulum sought, Captain Jervis conceives to be discoverable as one of two distinct linear measures in the buildings of Solomon's Temple; and he shews, also, that "the molten sea," so ridiculed by sceptics as erroneous in its measurements, must, from the two passages often quoted as contradictory, and which he thus reconciles, have been an oblate spheroid; and that, therefore, the Hebrew text has not undergone any material alterations, but, on the plainest rules of argumentative analysis and sound reasoning, that the internal evidences of its accuracy are irresistibly conclusive. We have only to regret, that he who writes so well writes so little.

*Jeannette Isabelle: a Novel.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Richardson.

HALF English and half French, this work is

no bad representative of the worst class of our absentees. They mix the two languages together, till, whether there be any meaning or not, admits of a question. They engraft habits the most dissimilar on their own, till a whole is formed, half unnatural, half ludicrous. Our author does not want a certain cleverness, but his taste has been formed in the worst possible school—that of the modern Parisian novel. The familiar and the horrible are alike exaggerated. The characters are too much like caricatures, and deeds and deaths are scattered in merciless prodigality. It has, however, one merit; it is laid in a new scene, and that sketched with much liveliness. Let our author avoid Gallicism in his style, subdue his horrors, and he has, we think, the capabilities of giving an animated and true picture of the English of to-day in Paris.

*Lives of Celebrated Women.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

WE do not think this work at all equal to Mr. James's reputation. It is composed in a style of most unmitigated panegyric—just like the eulogiums the new member of the French academy is bound to pronounce on his predecessor. Neither is the selection good. True, that Elizabeth was one of our most celebrated women; but her chronicles are so connected with those of her country, that the brief sketch here given does no more than repeat the routine of facts and dates known to every school-room. Again, the panegyric, we can scarcely call it biography, of Madame de Maintenon, gives no real idea of what France was in her time. But minute criticism is not called for on pages which are an exaggerated and flattering, yet meagre compilation of material already well-known to the most careless readers.

*Letters from the South.* By Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of "The Pleasures of Hope." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

THE popularity of these Letters, in the widely spread pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*, has made them so generally known to the literary world that we will not venture on any extracts. Their pleasant style rendered them peculiarly fit for periodical publication; and yet their matter of permanent value amply recommended them to the more lasting form into which they are now collected. These volumes, embellished with appropriate engravings, possess altogether a character at once agreeable and instructive: we seem to read merely for amusement, and yet find, in the end, that we have thus easily been led along to acquire much useful information. In the Preface, Mr. Campbell briefly discusses the question of the French occupancy of Algiers, and says that, were they to abandon the country, the grand question to decide would be, to whom could they restore it? This may be the question now; but nothing can alter the original want of faith with which they seized it in the teeth of their own solemn declarations; and it is only worthy of remark, that, if ever war should unfortunately arise between France and England, the African possessions of the former would be in a bad plight.

*The Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence of the Marquess Wellesley, K.G., during his Administration in India.* Edited by Montgomery Martin. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 632. London, 1837. Allen and Co.

POSSESSING all the high characteristics we have noticed as belonging to the preceding volumes, the present volume embraces the important epoch of 1804–5, when our contests with Scindia, the Rajah of Berar, Holkar, and



the Rajah of Bhurtpore—all memorable in Indian history—and their results, are fully and clearly expounded. With this interesting publication the work is completed; but we are promised a supplement, containing documents which bear on all the events narrated in the four volumes: when added, we shall only have to add, that the whole will be a valuable, sterling, and lasting contribution to the history of England, and especially as connected with one of the most extraordinary colonies which the world ever saw.

*Spain, and the Seat of War in Spain.* By H. Byng Hall, Esq. Pp. 328. London, 1837. H. Colburn.

CAPT. HALL, late of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, having served for some time in Spain, and made notes, at the moment, on the events in which he shared, contributed a series of very popular papers to the "United Service Journal." These he has now collected together, and formed a volume, which will be read with much interest by all who are unacquainted with the original publication. The anecdotes, notices of frightful war, and sketches of the country, distracted as it is, form a whole which cannot be perused without exciting feelings of strong emotion.

*Doveton; or, the Man of Many Impulses.* By the Author of "Jerningham." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Smith and Elder.

WE have laid it down as a rule in criticism, always to lean to the sunny side of an opinion when pronounced on a first production. We believe that indulgence tends more to good than severity, for a young writer is soon discouraged; but a second work has no plea to urge in mitigation of the sentence: it shows that the author has confidence in his own powers; and by those powers he must stand or fall. "Jerningham," the first work of the author, indicates habits of study and fine taste, which might have led to better results than the miserable failure now before us. *Doveton* shows the poverty of an uncreative mind, which exhausts its resources in a first attempt. It exhausts them because they were not productive, but acquired. As a story, *Doveton* is impalpable and dull; as an analysis of character, exaggerated, yet feeble; while the whole perpetually betrays the different quarries whence the material is borrowed. The little dancing-girl, *Paan-pied*, is a thousand and oneth copy of Goethe's "Mignon;" while the compound, called the hero, puts us in mind of the friend, who, while listening to the tragedy the author was reading, kept continually taking off his hat at particular passages. "It is but polite," said he, "to recognise old acquaintances." On this principle the readers of *Doveton* would have little to do but how, though, it must be confessed, "the old familiar faces" are not improved in the transmission.

*Trovels in Palestine and Syria.* By George Robinson, Esq. Illustrated with Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

MR. ROBINSON has traversed the whole of Syria and Palestine, including the countries lying east of the Jordan and the Anti-Libanus, and also many interesting portions of Asia Minor; and of his travels he has given us here a succinct, plain, and unornamented account. His journal is not only the best, but, perhaps, the only guide through these remote regions; and, without the feeling and talent of John Carne, and other distinguished travellers who have preceded him, in every part he has visited, we look upon his work to be one of much sim-

licity and interest. Having stated its useful character, we will not trouble our readers with any extracts, but refer them for further information to Mr. Robinson's pages.

*Preface to the Second Edition, and Reply to the Pamphlet entitled "Policy of England towards Spain."* Pp. 110. London, 1837. Murray.

LORD CARNARVON's work on Spain displayed so complete a knowledge of the subject, and his reflections upon every part of the case were so clear and conclusive, that we have never since reading been able to hold any opinions but those which he inculcated. The present publication strengthens his reasoning; and at its close we are compelled yet more fervently to breathe the prayer, that England had nothing to do with the monstrous and horrible civil war which ravages Spain, and disgraces humanity.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Transition.* (London, Churton, for the author.)—A very well-meaning little book; but one in which good intentions take, as they often do, the place of all other merits.

*The Philosophy of Instinct and Reason,* by J. Stevenson Bushman. Pp. 316. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.)—Dr. Bushman, in this treatise, endeavours to demonstrate what that partition is which divides instinct from reason. He investigates the functions of organised bodies, and the nervous systems of men and animals, and of irritability in plants, &c. &c. His conclusions are, that the sources of the organic motion is irritability; of instinct, in sensibility; and of reason in the faculty of thinking; and that all three are perfectly distinct.

*What Asylums were, are, and ought to be,* by W. A. F. Browne, Surgeon. Pp. 240. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.)—The substance of five lectures delivered before the managers of the Monrozie Lunatic Asylum, by the medical superintendent of that establishment, and attaching much value to phrenology in regard to this melancholy condition.

*Observations on the Topography, Climate, and prevailing Diseases of the Island of Jersey,* by G. S. Hooper, M.D. 8vo. pp. 190. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—We are not aware of any preceding treatise on this subject, and must, therefore, look upon the labours of Dr. Hooper, after an experience of thirteen years, to be of the greater value to the invalid who may desire to seek health in change of climate. To such, as well as to the general medical practitioner, we cordially recommend this volume; which may guide the consumptive, or others afflicted by various maladies, to seek relief in a place not far distant from our own shores, of easy access, and, according to the author, admirably adapted to alleviate disease and suffering.

*Dr. Tliak's Introductory Grammar of the German Language, with Exercises for writing German,* &c. Pp. circ. 130. (London, Souter.)—The system of tuition at Campbell School, and, apparently, a very simple and efficient one. The second edition of *Exercises for writing German* (pp. 106. London, Wacey), deserves like praise.

*Exposure of the Un-Christian and Unphilosophical Principles set forth in Combe's "Constitution of Man."* 8vo. Pp. 132. (Edinburgh, T. Clarke.)—A third edition of Mr. Gillespie's work is the best proof that need be given of its ability. But Phrenology needs no mortal murders on its crown: it is as lively every time it is killed as if nothing had happened. *The Reasonableness of Phrenology,* by J. T. Smith (8vo. pp. 38. London, Wilson), is a sample of this.

*Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Germany, Belgium, and Part of France, by J. Forbes.* 8vo. Pp. 164. (London, Ridgway.)—Full of useful practical observation, and well worthy the attention, not only of professed or amateur horticulturists, but of the general reader. A catalogue of *Cactae* at Woburn Abbey is curiously copious.

*Practical Instructions on the Teeth,* by H. Browne. Pp. 43. (London, Churchill.)—Mr. Browne has condensed much useful information within a very small compass; and, as a cheap piece of advice, his little book deserves well of the public.

*Verschoepje; a Roman Catholic Tale of the 18th Century.* Pp. 412. (London, Hatchard.)—A religious tale, in which the errors of the Roman Catholic religion are strenuously set forth, from the experience of the writer, during a long residence in countries where that religion prevailed.

*Southey's Cæsar.* Vol. XIII. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—Embellished beautifully: this volume has the *Odyssey*: there are very few notes.

*The British Colonial Library,* by R. M. Martin. Vol. VII. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Isles, are the subjects of this useful volume; and, with neat little maps, render it a complete compendium of information on these valuable possessions.

*A Popular Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear,* &c. by W. Thornton, M.R.C.S.L. 8vo. pp. 176. (London, J. Churchill; Exeter, Roberts.)—Together with an able treatise on the ear and its maladies, the au-

thor claims a superior mode of treatment of the deaf and dumb. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? not we! We shall, therefore, only say, that Mr. Thornton appears to be a person of much talent and experience.

*The Miracles of the Lord Jesus Christ.* First Series, pp. 148; Second Series, pp. 150, by the Rev. B. H. Draper. (London, Darton.)—Succinct and familiar accounts of the miracles recorded in the New Testament, with woodcuts. The editor's connexion and remarks are written in a pious spirit.

*Maternal Instructions on the Rite of Confirmation.* Pp. 292. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A well-meant and simple compilation, particularly adapted to the capacity of young females.

*Religion without Gloom.* Pp. 220. (London, J. Eames; Simpkin and Marshall; Ilminster, J. Moore.)—Religion without gloom is what all religion ought to be. This truth is variously enforced in these lessons, hymns, prayers, &c. from distinguished writers.

*The Dover Road Sketch-Book.* Pp. 154. By J. Brady.—For the traveller between London and Dover, a complete and useful description of both sides of the road.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

[Major Mitchell's Report continued.]

"FROM the dépôt camp to the junction of the Murrumbidgee and Murray, the distance was eight miles over firm ground; and for two miles below the junction (by the river), I moved the whole party across the Murray, with a view to proceed up that river, according to the second part of my instructions. We had proceeded far up this river before the country, on its banks, appeared much better than any we had seen lower down. Grassy plains extended some way from the river, but were limited by sand-hills covered with cypress trees and scrubs. We crossed various broad lagoons, apparently the beds of ana-branches of the river in seasons of high flood. After several days travelling (nearly southward), reeds appeared in extensive flats along the river; and in longitude 143° 40' E. the course of the river being from the S.E. the reeds extended eastward to the horizon. The mean distance of the bergs of sand-hills covered with pine, which limited the reedy flat, was there about eight miles across. We soon passed the region of weeds, which, gradually disappearing as we advanced, were replaced by grassy plains. We reached the junction of a river, which I took to be that of the Twiden (or Goulburn) of Mr. Hume, in latitude, 35° 19' 43" south, longitude, 143° 41' 15" east. A clear grassy hill, which I named Swan Hill, marks this junction, which takes place close under it. The banks of this river were so soft and steep, and wood was so scarce there, that the cattle could not be watered without danger, nor could fire-wood be procured, on one frosty night in particular, when this river unexpectedly brought us to a stop, and we had nearly reached the larger one beyond, whose whole course was distinguished by lines of lofty trees, as on most other rivers. These, so distinctly different, flowed for many miles very near each other, each river preserving the same character throughout. In this vicinity we came upon a very singular formation, consisting of numerous lakes of salt or brackish water, and which were enclosed by semi-circular ridges on their eastern shores. The largest of these lakes was named Boga, and was six miles in circumference. The river floods having reached this by a small channel, the water in it was sweet, and it was peopled by a very savage tribe, who refused to give us any information, throwing their spears at Piper, who shot one of them. Beyond Boga Lake we crossed some very fine plains; but the main channel of the river we were endeavouring to explore was no longer accessible, nor even visible, from the numerous branches, and still reaches, which intersected the alluvial margin, which appeared to be very broad. Following the general course of the

river, we next entered on a tract remarkable for extensive forests of box, with occasional intervals of open grassy plains. It was watered by chains of ponds in deep channels, whose meandering course, through a perfectly level country, seemed to pursue no particular direction. From what I afterwards observed on higher plains, I conclude that these waters are derived from the floods of the river, and that these, spreading into branches of minor depth, thus water the level country. Turning more towards the river, we passed alternately over grassy plains, and through belts of lofty gum-trees—the beds of broad lagoons. Near the river, deep reaches of still water cut off all access to it, so that we could only trace its general course; the highest point at which we found it accessible before turning south, being in latitude,  $35^{\circ} 55' 35''$  south, longitude,  $144^{\circ} 35' 38''$  east. The extreme western point of a range then appearing in the southern horizon, I proceeded towards it, anxious to know more of the country back from the river. The view I obtained from that summit induced me to direct our course southward, with the intention of returning across the heads of the Murray further to the eastward, where I hoped the hills might afford me the means of extending the survey across the adjacent country. I perceived, from the height, a distant line of lofty trees, which seemed to mark the course of another river; beyond, were the summits of very distant hills, verdant plains variegated with clumps, and lines of trees extending westward to the horizon—the whole seeming good pasture land. At about thirty miles from the hill, and on the  $144^{\text{th}}$  degree of longitude, we reached a deep but narrow stream, flowing between high and grassy banks to the westward, at the rate of one mile and a half per hour. Its mean depth was nine feet; in one night, however, it suddenly rose fourteen feet higher, carrying away a rough bridge we had just completed. The aboriginal name of this river is the 'Yarrayne'; the plains beyond it were five miles in breadth, and of the best description. Forests of black-butt gum, and casuarinas, then extended back to the mountains and forest hills. In these forests, instead of novelty, we found the Blue Mountain parrot, and other birds common near Sydney; many of the plants, also, which grow in Cumberland. 'Barrabungale,' a lofty mountain of granite, was the chief point of that range; but, on ascending it, the weather was unfavourable for my observations: a group of open forest hills were connected with Barrabungale; they enclosed valleys richly covered with grass, and all well watered. We passed over many fine tracts, sheltered by open forest hills, and crossed various fine streams, all flowing westward. At length, on the 11th July, I discovered the summits of a noble mountain range of broken and picturesque outline; and, by subsequent survey, I found that this was the predominant feature of that vast territory lying between the river Murray and the southern coast, giving birth to numerous streams of convenient width and constant current, by which the surrounding country is watered abundantly. These Gramians of the south are situated between  $35^{\circ} 52'$  and  $37^{\circ} 38'$  of south latitude, and between  $141^{\circ} 55'$  and  $142^{\circ} 47'$  of east longitude; the latter being the longitude of Mount William, the highest and most eastern summit, and on which I passed a night, vainly hoping that the clouds would rise above it. Situated thus centrally, this lofty mass, so essential to water the lower country, presents no impediment like the coast ranges of the settled district to the

formation of roads, and the progress of colonisation. The principal river flowing under the north side of these mountains is the 'Wimmera,' which has no steep banks, and appears to be a very constant stream. I explored its course to the  $142^{\circ}$  of longitude, when it turned to the north-west, leaving me in a country covered with circular lakes, in all of which the water was salt or brackish. These had semi-circular ridges on the eastern side, as in those of Boga, on the Murray, and the land about them was in general very good and grassy; its mean elevation above the sea being about 580 feet. From the continued rainy weather the earth was in a very soft state; and this, at length, became a most serious impediment to the progress of the expedition, the party being unable, even with the greatest exertion, to proceed through the mud, above three miles a-day. But for this I might have returned at least two months ago."

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 31. Mr. Whewell, president, in the chair. — A letter was read from Dr. Forchhammer of Copenhagen, foreign member of the Society, addressed to C. Lyell, Esq., on some changes of level which have taken place during the historical period in Denmark, shewing, that not only does elevation go on at a different rate, but that motion takes place in opposite directions. Thus the Island of Saltholm, mentioned as a source of income from the 13th century, and being hardly 5 feet above the level of the sound, must have been elevated at a slower rate than Bornholm, which rises one foot in a century. On the Danish coast, 6 miles to the north of Copenhagen, there is a well defined beach, 6 feet above sea level. The Danish Island of Bornholm has its eastern shore composed of a granitic rock, covered to the height of 250 feet by a stiff loamy soil, containing numerous fragments of the slates of limestones of the transition formation: the specimens of the latter rock may be traced to the island of Gothland. From this and other facts, the author conceives that this clayey loam is due to a violent inundation from the N. E. of the Baltic. The first beach formed on Bornholm is seen at a height of about 40 feet. The small bays formed on the coast having been choked up towards the sea, formed ponds, which by degrees became filled up with peat. This peat-moss is separated from the sea by a narrow beach, 10 feet high, sloping at an angle of  $15^{\circ}$ , and abutting on an horizontal plain, 160 feet in breadth, which is succeeded by a sloping beach 102 feet in breadth, and this, by the present beach. The formation of these beaches must have continued through great numbers of years; and their elevation has been very gradual, except the abrupt elevation of 10 feet, which the author thinks may have been owing to a great earthquake 4000 years ago. The author also mentions, that over all Denmark, Sleswig, and Holstein, shells of the German Ocean of the present day may be found at considerable elevations; and also, that a submarine forest, (said to be of fir), is found 9 feet below high-water mark, between the Island of Römö and the shores of the kingdom of Sleswig.

#### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

SIR C. LEMON in the chair. — Eight gentlemen were balloted for, and elected foreign honorary members. A paper on the longevity of miners in Cornwall, furnished by Col. Sykes; and a communication on the prisons of Scotland, by Frederick Hill, esq. were read. From

a paper On the statistics of prostitution in the parish of Lambeth, collected and arranged by Professor Dewhurst, under the auspices of Sir Arthur De Capell Broke, likewise read, we can hardly venture to give any notes; as, though the inquiry may have statistical utility, it is of a very dubious nature, and its facts quite unfit for publicity. The children of prostitutes are but few; for, in consequence of the intemperate lives they lead, the infants seldom experience the comforts of a mother's care; and the ardent spirits they themselves partake of are very often given to the children; and infants under the ages of two and three years are often in a state of intoxication. It could not be learned that any attend to the common duties of religion: some of the most serious in form occasionally read the Bible; but they are ridiculed by their sisters in misfortune, consequently they read it but seldom.

#### ROYAL MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 13. The president in the chair.—Dr. Kingston made a few observations on pulmonary excavations, referring to his former paper. He shewed that five of his cases had been noted by Dr. Wilson, Dr. Aldis, and Mr. Malton. Dr. Moore read a report of a case of secondary measles. Mr. Estlin also related a case of abdominal tumor, from a sacculated enlargement of the bladder.

#### AFRICAN NATURAL HISTORY.

OUR readers are aware, from our report of the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, of the successful expedition of Dr. Andrew Smith into Central Africa, and of the splendid collection of objects of natural history which was the result of his zealous labours and intelligence. That collection we rejoice to say is now in London, and we have had the pleasure of seeing it preparing for public inspection in the rooms in Piccadilly, formerly filled with Mr. Bullock's interesting exhibitions. One more interesting than this, or of greater interest to science, was never opened; and we trust we may therefore be excused if we advert a little to its history.

Upon some notices touching the state of the interior of Southern Africa having been submitted to the Cape Literary and Scientific Institution, at an ordinary meeting, on the 5th June, 1833, it was proposed by the members there present, that an endeavour should be made to send a party to examine the country referred to in the said notices; it appearing to be pregnant with points of special interest. The Institution not being able to furnish the means necessary to meet the expenses, it was suggested that a sum adequate for the purpose might be secured by subscription; and, as a mark of the interest excited by the proposal, 189*l.* were contributed in the room, and a provisional committee appointed to ascertain the probability of carrying the plan into effect. The provisional committee, upon finding the public much inclined to support the proposal, called a public meeting for the 24th of June, and, at this meeting, it was resolved, that such persons as were interested in the measure proposed, should form themselves into an association, to be called "The Cape of Good Hope Association, for exploring Central Africa," the object of which should be the acquisition of knowledge upon the geography, natural history, and internal resources of South Africa. Soon after that proceeding was made known, the committee were enabled to report 900*l.* as having been sub-

scribed, and, moreover, a noble donation of 300*l.* from Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Queen of Glasgow, a gentleman well known by his writings in relation to Africa. These two amounts were found quite adequate to meet the expenses. The party left Graaf Reinet, one of the most northerly villages in the colony, on the 12th August, 1834, and returned to it early in January, 1836, with the collection as detailed below. The association, on the 19th March, assumed a new character; previous to that, it had been looked upon as an institution of a temporary description,—then it became, by unanimous consent of the members, a permanent establishment. How it was to raise funds, to meet future expenses, then occupied its attention; and its anxiety to obtain a sufficient amount for a purely public object is highly creditable to the limited society of the colony. Such a spirit ought to be encouraged by the British government. The collection has been sent home by order of the society, with instructions how it is to be exhibited and sold; and, until some considerable returns are made, a second expedition cannot start from Cape Town.

List of articles delivered over to the Association on the return of the expedition party.

- 180 Skins of new or rare quadrupeds.
- 379 Skins of new or rare birds.
- 3 Barrels, containing snakes, lizards, &c.
- 1 Box containing insects.
- 1 Box containing skeletons, &c.
- 3 Crocodiles.
- 2 Skeletons of crocodiles.
- 23 Tortoises, new or rare.
- 799 Geological specimens.
- 1 Package of dried plants.
- 457 Drawings, and
- The Diaries of Mr. Burrow and Dr. Smith.\*

The species of quadrupeds and birds brought home by Dr. Smith are but few of them contained in the collections of the Zoological Society and British Museum. Among the quadrupeds, the most important discoveries consist in a new species of rhinoceros, named by Dr. Smith, *rhinoceros kribbia*; a new species of *galago*; two new species of *ichneumon*; two new species of *macroscelides*, a genus of which Dr. Smith was the first discoverer. Among the birds and reptiles very many new species have been obtained in this expedition.

Having only had a hurried glance at a late hour, we must be content with this imperfect notice till another opportunity.

#### INFIRMARY, &c.

WE notice with much gratification the progressive improvement, in funds and extended usefulness, of that excellent charity, the Infirmary for fistular and other similar diseases. At the anniversary on Wednesday, a numerous and most respectable meeting paid the tribute justly due to its zealous and indefatigable founder, Mr. Frederick Salmon; who, in return, expressed his exultation at the realisation of all the hopes he had entertained of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and mitigating the sufferings of the poor, by obtaining the aid of the benevolent for this institution. The report of the committee was most favourable: it states, that upwards of 1000*l.* have been given and subscribed to the end of last year, and

"That, during the period of only fifteen months, no fewer than 167 patients have received the professional assistance, which it is the design of this charity to afford. A large proportion of these have been entirely relieved, others effectually benefited, and nearly all raised from a state of disease and disability to comparative enjoyment of that first of earthly blessings, bodily health; and thus rendered capable of pursuing their several avocations, instead of being a burden to themselves and to society. To the present period, only four fatal cases have occurred: three of the subjects of these had not the advan-

tage of proper advice, until the constitution was impaired beyond hope or recovery, and they may be thus considered as having fallen a sacrifice to the want of timely or efficient aid; while the fourth affords an appalling example, in confirmation of what has been urged in a former address, namely, of the absolute need of an institution like this, were it but for the single purpose of protecting the afflicted poor from selfish and fatal empiricism."

Nothing of the kind could go off better than this truly beneficent and social re-union.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, June 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. J. Weller, Senior Fellow, Emmanuel College.

*Bachelors in Divinity*.—Rev. C. Yate, Rev. H. Thompson, Fellows, St. John's College; Rev. J. Tinkler, Fellow, Corpus Christi College; Rev. R. J. Bunch, Rev. W. R. Colbeck, Fellows, Emmanuel College.

*Doctor in Physic*.—G. Pardoe, Caius College.

*Masters of Arts*.—J. S. Croser, Catharine Hall; Rev. H. P. Jones, Corpus Christi College.

*Sir William Browne's Medals*.—June 12th, these medals were adjudged as follow:—

Greek Ode.—C. J. Vaughan, Trinity College. Subject, "Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divior aque os Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem."

Latin Ode.—P. Freeman, Trinity College. Subject, "Newtonus."

Greek and Latin Epigram.—C. J. Vaughan, Trinity College. Subjects,

"Nil fuit unquam

Sic impar sibi."

"Proximus sum egomet mihi."

Chancellor's English Poem.—No prize adjudged.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 17th. Professor H. H. Wilson, the director of the Society, in the chair.—Colonel Sykes read a paper On the three-faced busts of Siva in the cave-temples of Elephanta and Ellora. He observed that the colossal bust at Elephanta had been the subject of much discussion; and that it was believed, until the year 1818, to be the only one of the kind in existence. In that year he had paid a visit to the temples at Ellora, near Dowlatabad, and had there discovered numerous busts in alto-relievo, precisely similar in all their details to that of Elephanta. Many of these were quite perfect; and there could be no doubt that the mutilated portions of the Elephanta figure might be completely restored from them. A drawing of one of the most perfect had been made on the spot, and which Col. Sykes begged to submit to the meeting. It was evidently not a representation of the Hindu triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, but was that of Siva himself, in his threefold character of Generator, Preserver, and Destroyer. Colonel Sykes here gave a slight description of the figure, and referred to the "Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay," Vol. III. for a further detail. He said that it might seem extraordinary that these figures should so long have remained unknown to Europeans; but observed, that this might be easily explained by the insecurity of the place, the fatigue of examining such a multiplicity of objects, on the side of a hill, under a burning sun; and, by the usual reply made by the *cicerone* to the question, if all had been seen, that every thing had been seen that was worth visiting. Col. Sykes had enjoyed advantages on his visit there which would account for his success: his stay was not limited to a day or two; and he was accompanied by a guard, which enabled him to prosecute his researches without uneasiness. He referred to his opinions, before published, respecting the superior antiquity of the Buddhist worship; and stated that now, after a lapse of eighteen years, he saw no reason to alter his judgment upon this point. He was the more inclined to this from noticing that the inscriptions in all the decidedly Buddh

caves were in an ancient and unknown character; and that, as they approached to more modern times, the unknown letters, similar to those of the cave inscriptions, gradually diminished, and finally disappeared altogether.—At the conclusion of the paper, a few observations were made by the learned chairman on the opinions expressed by Colonel Sykes respecting the priority of Buddhism over Brahmanism in India. He observed that the arguments in favour of the former mode of worship were drawn from coins and inscriptions; now these coins and inscriptions proved nothing that had ever been disputed. It was not doubted that Buddhism had flourished at a very early period,—as early, at the lowest estimate, as the dates of any of the coins or inscriptions that had been found. Their existence at an early period was also ascertained from the Chinese annals, and from the testimony of the most ancient Christian fathers. But the question was not whether Buddhism existed in India at a remote period, but whether it existed and flourished previously to Brahmanism. Now, the Buddhists themselves did not pretend to a greater antiquity than the Brahmins: they carried their origin to Gautama only; while the Brahminical traditions were made to extend to a much greater antiquity.—A discussion ensued upon these points, which was carried on by several members; but the acknowledged obscurity of the subject, and the want of really authentic information to which reference might be made, rendered it impossible to come to a definite conclusion.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M. (a Conversation).

Wednesday.—Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

AT a recent meeting of the Institute of British Architects, the beautiful drawings by Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, which we mentioned in our report of the last *conversations* of the Graphic Society, were again shewn; and Mr. Cumming Bruce read a short Memoir, which has since been privately circulated. So important, however, is this Memoir to a just appreciation of the energies and devotion to his pursuits of that extraordinary man, that we here reprint, and make it more extensively known. "Having understood from Mr. Papworth and Mr. Donaldson, that several members of the Society had expressed a desire to see the drawings made by Bruce in Northern Africa, still in my possession, and having been honoured with an invitation to attend this meeting, it occurred to me, that it might be agreeable to the Society if I shortly endeavoured to recall to them the circumstances under which his visit to Northern Africa originated—circumstances which gave him peculiar facilities for accurately exploring a country of very difficult access; the qualifications which he possessed for the execution of the task he had undertaken; the amount of assistance which, as far as I have been able to ascertain it, he received in the execution of his labours; and the position, nature, and extent of the ruins which he discovered and delineated. Wishing to save the valuable time of the Society, on which, had I trusted to memory alone, I might have trespassed by unnecessary repetition, I have thought that I should best comply with

\* Besides a vast multitude of native costumes, utensils, instruments of chase and war, ornaments, manufactures, &c. &c.

this supposed desire, by committing the following notes to writing; and, if agreeable to the Society, I shall proceed to read them. About the year 1762, having been appointed to the Consulate at Algiers, Bruce left England for that country. He had been induced to accept this appointment by the representations of Lord Halifax, who stated to him that Shaw, a writer of undoubted credit, had spoken of magnificent remains of architecture existing in the territories of Algiers and Tunis, in which great part of the ancient Roman province of Mauritania, and Numidia, were now included; and that, as that traveller had given no drawings by which their extent or character could be estimated, or the memory of their existence preserved, it was much to be desired that they should now be accurately delineated. Promises of royal favour and ample reward were held out in case the desire thus indicated were ably and successfully complied with—promises which, in the result, were, if not altogether neglected, yet very inadequately fulfilled. In his way to Algiers, Bruce passed through Italy, where he remained the greater part of a year. During that period he improved himself carefully in drawing, and, as is remarked by his biographer, Murray, 'the taste and skill which he acquired in that art in Italy, produced the excellent style and manner in which his drawings are allowed to be executed.' While waiting at Naples for instructions to proceed to his post, he visited Paestum, the ruins of which were then but little known; and, at the suggestion of Sir James Gray, the British ambassador, made accurate drawings of those ruins, and conceived the idea of illustrating the history of that city,—the city of the mystic and the rose,—from its various coins of different periods. This idea, which he was the first to originate, he executed with much learning and ingenuity. On proceeding to Africa, he entrusted these drawings to his friend, Sir Robert Strange, for the purpose of having them engraved; but, from circumstances which have never been explained, copies of them were surreptitiously obtained, and, on his return from Abyssinia, he found that his work had been pirated and published under another and a feigned name. In an autograph memoir of his life, in my possession, never published, he expresses strongly the feelings which this circumstance was calculated to excite; but his chief complaint is, 'that the bunglers had not known how to avail themselves of the materials for the history of Paestum, which, by whatever means, had fallen into their possession.' These drawings of Paestum, and the MS. written in his own hand, to which I have referred, I have been induced to offer to the inspection of the Society, in consequence of a remark made on them the other day by Mr. Brockedon, to whose courtesy I am happy in having this opportunity of expressing my sense of obligation. When the Barbary drawings were exhibited to that gentleman and others, who did me the favour of calling on me to see them, doubts were expressed as to their having been in any considerable degree executed by Bruce himself. I could only reply, that he had repeatedly, as well in his published allusions to them, as in letters to private friends, so spoken of them; that it was a fact notorious, that he never had any assistant except an Italian, Luigi Balugani, sent to join him at Algiers, in 1765 or 6, by Mr. Lumisden, author of the 'Roman Antiquities'; that Mr. Lumisden, speaking of this person, says, that though the best qualified artist he could find willing to undertake the journey, yet he was deficient in the drawing of figures and ornaments, 'in which,' he adds, 'you must assist him yourself';

and while he describes him as possessing excellent talents, he says further, that 'his experience was limited, and his knowledge imperfect; that, as far as regarded the degree of credit to which Bruce's assertions generally were entitled, it had recently received a very strong and satisfactory corroboration, for that Lieut. Wellsted, who had lately returned from a complete and laborious survey of the Red Sea, had expressed to me in the strongest terms his admiration of the astonishing accuracy of Bruce's observations and descriptions; that that accuracy had, indeed, been questioned by Lord Valentia and Salt, subsequent travellers; but that Mr. Wellsted had found that, in every instance, Bruce's account was correct—theirs, where they called his accuracy in question, erroneous; and that he had described that accuracy as extending not only to the description of general features, and the observations of the longitude and latitude of the ports described, but to the depth of water in the harbours, and in a very minute degree to the correctness of drawings of natural history and botany; and that, therefore, I could see no fair reason to doubt the truth of his assertion, that these drawings, in their essential parts, were really, in the far greater part, executed by himself. Now, on seeing the drawings of Paestum, made long before his connexion with Balugani commenced, Mr. Brockedon remarked that they were evidently by the same hand as the African drawings, but executed before that hand had been perfected by subsequent practice. The question, to me at least, is an interesting one; and I trust the Society will not think that I trespass on them unnecessarily with this detail. I pretend not to have shewn cause why all doubts on the point referred to should cease, for those doubts, expressed very freely when Bruce presented a selection of these drawings to the king, George III., have now acquired, from the lapse of time, a sort of inveterate sanction. But I may be permitted to add, that a similar incredulity was allowed to extend itself to many other statements of this distinguished man, all which statements, by further subsequent inquiry, have been confirmed as strictly consistent with truth. Having brought the public business of his consulate to a termination, during which period he acquired a perfect knowledge of the language and manners of the Moors; and having obtained the necessary protection from the Beys of Algiers, Tunis, Constantina, and, subsequently, of Tripoli, whose friendship he had been fortunate in conciliating, Bruce commenced, in September 1768, his journey into the interior, along the River Majerda, famous as the stream on the banks of which a serpent of enormous size had arrested for a time the march of the army of Regulus. He proceeded by Tucca, Keff (the ancient Sica Venera), Hydra, and Tipasa, to Constantina, the ancient Cirta, capital of Syphax and the Numidian kings. He had previously visited Shersell, the ancient Julia Cesarea, the capital of the territories bestowed by Augustus on the younger Juba, and the sepulchre, not far distant, of that prince and his queen, Cleopatra, the daughter of Antony and the Egyptian queen, where he mentions him having first used his camera obscura—an instrument which he found of the utmost service, when practice had given him a facility in using it, and of correcting its errors. This sepulchre is now called the Kubber Romeah, or Sepulchre of the Christian Woman; and tradition assigns it as the spot where are interred the remains of the beautiful and unfortunate Florinda, to whose romantic story the muse of Southey has lent the charm of a most affecting interest.

From Constantina, with an escort of soldiers furnished him by the bey, he visited Madrasem, the tomb of Syphax and the Numidian kings, a monument similar to the Kubber Romeah, and which, like that, would, from its mass and form, indicate an Egyptian origin. Thence, among the wild and romantic valleys of the Anasius Mons, a branch of the great chain of the Atlas, he explored the ruins of Lambesa, Thamugadi, and Thignica, and of the district celebrated as the scene of the triumphs of Belisarius and Solomon; who there realised the predictions of the female prophets of the Moors, that they would be conquered by a heartless antagonist. Thence he returned by Tezzonte, Spaita (the ancient Suffetula), Muchtar, and Thugga, to Tunis. In most of these places he found extensive ruins of temples, theatres, triumphal arches, and aqueducts, some of which were erected by the Romans during the best ages of the empire. His next journey from Tunis was by Zowan to Ferriana or Thala, where were the aqueducts which supplied Carthage, and thence by Caisa, Tozer, Gabo, to El Gemme, where he found an amphitheatre in good preservation, little inferior in size to that of Rome. El Gemme is the ancient Tiedrus: from it he returned by the coast to Tunis. These journeys were made between September 1765 and February 1766. He next proceeded by Gerba, the Menix Islands of the ancients, and across the desert, at great personal risk, to Tripoli; but finding that the state of our relations with that government were not favourable towards his obtaining the protection necessary for exploring its territories, he returned by the shores of the Lesser Syria to Tunis, where he remained till August 1766. He was not, however, of a character to be diverted by temporary obstacles from the execution of the purpose he had formed, of exploring the ruins of the Greek cities of the Pentapolis and Cyrenaicum; and having, at length, obtained from the Pasha of Tripoli assurances of favour and protection, which were very imperfectly fulfilled, he again returned by Sfax and Gerba, to Tripoli. He then crossed the Gulf of Sidra, or the greater Syrtis, and landed at Bengazi, from which place he visited Leptis Magna, Arsinoe, and Ptolometa. At Ptolometa alone he found ruins deserving of much attention,—and here his travels, as connected with the drawings on the table, terminated. Ptolometa afforded him another opportunity of witnessing the utter disregard of the native Arabs for such monuments of antiquity as yet exist. While he was employed in drawing and measuring the ruins of an Ionic temple there, they wantonly threw down the only part of the architrave which remained standing, and this, apparently, for the mere pleasure of mortifying the stranger Christian, who appeared to attach a value to its preservation. Indeed, he had repeatedly found that the passion, transmitted to them from the Vandalic and Mahometan conquerors of Africa, for the destruction of all monuments of the past, was in full force, and that the desire of obtaining the lead used in the construction of the buildings, was of itself sufficient to induce them to mutilate and destroy those ruins which had resisted the lapse of centuries. This circumstance, while it stimulated his anxiety to preserve, by accurate drawing, every thing which still existed worthy of preservation, has doubtless added an unhappy value to his labours, since it is probable, that many of the ruins which he found more or less entire, have since been, if not altogether destroyed, at least very materially injured. In a letter, of date

the 2d of April, 1766, to his friend Mr. Wood, author of the work on "Balbec and Palmyra," (the ruins of which Bruce also visited and delineated), he thus sums up the result of his labours, previous to his visit to the Cyrenaicum. 'It is now time to mention how that space has been employed, and whether my expectations have been answered by the antiquities I have found in my journey. The principal are these: eight triumphal arches of the Corinthian order, mostly of different plans and designs, and little ruined; seven Corinthian temples in great preservation, all highly ornamented, and of the very best ages, whose plans, parts, and decorations I have, by very laborious searches and excavations, made myself entirely master of; add to these one large temple of the Composite order in its best age, one part of which is so perfectly preserved, that it must be looked upon as an unexceptionable example of the manner in which the ancients disposed and proportioned the constituent parts of that order. Two large aqueducts, the smallest of which exceeds, by 42 ft. in perpendicular height, the remains of the highest aqueduct in Rome. In my designs are also included the ruins of the three principal cities of Africa—Iol, or Julia Cesarea, the capital of Juha, Cirta, and Carthage,—the last of which I hope will be found to make a better figure than it does in the accounts of some travellers who would persuade us there are no traces of that city remaining; the drawings are 16 inches by 12, which, taking the length and the breadth, are the largest ever published, and will make three volumes about the size of Mr. Le Roy's 'Antiquities of Greece,' or something larger. I bestowed my utmost care and attention on them, and may safely say, I have not left, in the parts I have visited, one stone undesigned, whence any benefit could result to the arts.' After noticing his corrections of previous geographical observations, he adds:—'I have collected about 300 medals of all kinds, many of which are curious, though I have not had time to consider them; some large medallion vases and statues of bronze, all in good taste; and have copied about 1000 inscriptions; and, lastly, I have not entirely neglected, but have made about 30 drawings of the rarest animals, insects, birds, and plants of this country, particularly of the interior and remote parts of it, all in their natural colours. As soon as Mr. Harrison has obtained leave for me, I return to Tripoli, and thence I intend to visit the ruins of Leptis Magna, go round the Gulf of Sidra or Syrtis Major, to Berenice, Arsinoe, Cyrene, Ptolemais, Barca Apollonia, down to Darné. There I shall finish; for, however my desire might be to continue my researches till I saw the end of Africa at the pyramids, as this is part of Mr. Montague's design, I would not, in any manner, seem to interfere with it, as I willingly confess he is in every respect my superior, both in capacity and preparation. I hope you will do me the justice to believe, from what I have mentioned, that nothing in my power has been omitted to comply with what you recommended to me on leaving England—viz. that I should endeavour to make large excursions into this country. These, though terminated to my satisfaction, have been so continually attended with every kind of danger, hardship, and difficulty, that no consideration possible would make me again repeat the journey I have now finished. Often beset with, and constantly in fear of, the wandering Arabs—the most brutal set of barbarous wretches ever, I believe, existed;—constantly parched with heat, or suffering from extreme

cold; exposed many times to the risk of dying with thirst, though perpetually in view of large quantities of water equal in saltness to the sea; in the northern parts in constant danger from tigers, lions, and panthers—in the south, afraid of every creature, where the smallest insect is endowed with some noxious quality,—scorpions and horned vipers are in such abundance, that of the former 35 were killed in and about my tent as near as it was pitched; and when, in the evening of a sultry day, we had the comfort of a fresh breeze, we were hindered from enjoying it by reflecting that, if it increased, we might, while asleep, be buried in the showers of sand it carries along with it. But the greatest discouragement of all is the little countenance given by government to such undertakings. Asia has been, and I hope will still further be, by your endeavours, freed from that obscurity under which her antiquities were buried. Greece has been worth thread-bare by late publications. Rome is, and will be still farther, in the same situation; while Africa, at our very door, but two short days' journey from France and Italy, has been, till now, looked on as a place into which it was rashness to penetrate." Here Mr. Onslow Bruce read the letter which we were allowed to insert in our report of the last Graphic meeting, and concluded with—"It remains for me only now to thank the Society for the indulgent attention with which they have been pleased to favour me. I have endeavoured, very imperfectly, to put them in possession of circumstances which appear to me not without interest, as connected with the drawings before them; and in conclusion, I may observe, that as no one, previous to Bruce, was able successfully to explore, to the same extent, that interesting portion of the ancient Roman Empire, so it would appear, as far as my information goes, that no subsequent traveller has succeeded in penetrating into some, at least, of the remote and inaccessible regions which it was then his good fortune to visit."

## GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE last of these agreeable conversations took place on Wednesday, the 14th, and, in spite of the warm weather, was well attended. Numerous drawings and prints were placed on the tables. To the former, one of the richest contributors was Mr. Uwins, R.A., whose books of sketches in Italy, and some exquisitely finished drawings, were objects of great attraction. Sir Jeffrey Wyattville sent a folio of drawings of the Royal Presence Chamber, at Windsor, and an original design of Sir James Thornhill's for Greenwich Hospital. Etchings and proof impressions of unpublished works were numerous: one of the attractions of these meetings is the first appearance of important and beautiful works of this class. This society has now closed its fifth session. From its commencement it has increased in interest and attraction; and it would be difficult to name a society where zeal for its success is more strongly felt by its members, or where they derive more pleasure from contributing to the gratification of the friends of art.

## ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

LORD F. EGERTON, in the chair.—The anniversary, on Saturday, went off, as we anticipated, with much spirit. About a hundred guests partook of the dinner, and a liberal subscription was made. Lord F. Egerton, in proposing the prosperity of the Fund, eloquently enforced the cause of the Fine Arts, and the

consideration due to their professors. He spoke of his own love for them, and said that since he had a shilling he could call his own, it had been spent at Somerset House. Sir M. A. Shee, also, in giving the toast of the Chairman, paid a handsome compliment to his love of art, and his liberality in opening his splendid gallery for the study of artists. The health was drank with enthusiastic applause. Mr. Lover returned thanks for the Royal Irish Academy in a short and pointed address, and, being invited by the chairman and company, sang, at the piano, one of his own charming lyrics—"The four-leaved Shamrock." After this, his name was coupled with the stewards, by the president, who complimented him on his universal genius, in prose composition, in music, in poetry, and in painting. Mr. Holland returned the acknowledgment of the stewards; and Mr. Broadhurst sang sweetly the following appropriate verses, to the tune of "Poor Jack," written for the occasion by the now veteran Tom Dibdin:—

We all know that Fortune's perspective deceives,  
While her foregrounds are brilliant and gay;  
The distance hides error which no eye perceives,  
Till her false thus have faded away.

In the varnish she uses too oft we detect  
A mere cover life's cares to conceal;  
But Poverty's train of want, scorn, and neglect,  
Her sad disproportions reveal.

Then, if to avert such effects you intend,  
Brother artists, let feeling persuade  
Your hearts to throw Charity's light on a friend,  
And to rescue desert from the shade."

## MR. LUNY'S PICTURES.

AN exhibition of a very pleasing collection of 130 pictures, painted by Mr. Luny of Teignmouth, was opened to the public on Monday last, in Old Bond Street. They consist of naval engagements, coast scenery, and marine views in different parts of the world. Mr. Luny is, we understand, seventy-eight years of age, and it has only been within the last two years that he has relinquished the palette. His residence at Teignmouth gave him abundant opportunities of studying the sea in all its ever-changing aspects, from the calm to the hurricane; and of those opportunities it is evident that he has made the most. His skies are also full of variety, and his shipping is nautically correct. The Naval Club ought to purchase Mr. Luny's five large representations of the great victories of the late war.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Abbotsford Family.* Painted by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.; engraved by Robert Graves, A.R.A. Hodgson and Graves.

GENRUS is never better employed than in the illustration of genius; and of Scott, for many reasons, there could not be a more fit or worthy commentator than Wilkie. Most of our readers must recollect this interesting group, when it ornamented the walls of the Great Room at Somerset House. It has been thus described by Sir Walter himself:—

"The idea which our inimitable Wilkie adopted was to represent our family group in the garb of south-country peasants, supposed to be concerting a merry-making, for which some of the preparations are seen. The place is the terrace near Kayside, commanding an extensive view towards the Eildon Hills. The sitting figure, in the dress of the miller, I believe, represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few scores of volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford. In front, and presenting, we may suppose, a country wag, somewhat addicted to poaching, stands Sir Adam Ferguson, keeper of the regalia of Scotland. In the back-ground



is a very handsome old man, upwards of eighty-four years old at the time, painted in his own character of shepherd. He also belonged to the numerous clan of Scott. Of the three female figures, the eldest is the late regretted mother of the family represented. The young persons most forward in the group, are Miss Sophia Charlotte Scott, now Mrs. Lockhart,\* and her younger sister, Miss Ann Scott. Both are represented as milkers, with their leglins, or milk-pails. On the left of the shepherd, holding a fowling-piece, is the son of Sir Walter, now Captain in the Hussars. The boy is the youngest of the family, Charles Scott. The two dogs were distinguished favourites of the family; the large one, a stag-hound of the old Highland breed, called Maida."

A more beautiful, or a more highly finished line engraving than Mr. Graves has produced from this pleasing composition, we have never seen. Adhering with perfect fidelity to the character and expression of the various individuals who are introduced, he has given to the whole a firmness and solidity, in which, if our memory serves us, the original was somewhat deficient.

*The Sale of the Pet Lamb.* Painted by W. Collins, R.A.; engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Boys.

A COMPANION to the interesting print of "Sunday," the product of the talents of the same artists, which we noticed a few days ago. No man is more happy than Mr. Collins in the representation of the feelings and affections of rural life. The little drama before us is very touching, and has lost nothing of its simplicity and tenderness in the hands of Mr. Reynolds.

*The Infant Wesley.* Painted by F. Newenham; engraved by G. T. Payne. Boys.

A FINE portrait of a fine lad. The title of "The Infant Wesley" is, we hope, attached to it simply because it represents a great-grandson of Charles Wesley. We are no great admirers of "Infant Rosciuses," or "Infant Handels;" but a young religious parrot would be offensive to feelings higher than taste.

*The Bard, by Gray;* with Illustrations from Drawings by the Honourable Mrs. John Talbot. Van Voorst.

IT is extremely pleasing to observe a lady of rank and fortune engaging in pursuits of taste and refinement, instead of yielding herself up to the frivolous occupations which too frequently disgrace fashionable life. The designs (twelve in number) which Mrs. Talbot has made for the purpose of illustrating this elegant edition of Gray's noble poem, do her great credit; and they have been admirably transferred to wood by those eminent engravers, Messrs. Branston, Cleghorn, Jackson, Smith, Thompson, and Williams.

*The History and Antiquities of the Manor House and Church at Great Chalfeld, Wiltshire: forming Part II. of "Examples of Gothic Architecture," Third Series.* By Thomas Larkins Walker. Weale.

By the antiquary this publication must be highly esteemed. Mr. Walker is of opinion, that there cannot be found a more interesting example of Domestic Gothic Architecture, than the Manor House at Great Chalfeld, the erection of which he ascribes to the latter end of the reign of Henry the Sixth. The Church bears evident signs of greater antiquity. The present possessor of the Manor House, and patron of the living, is Sir H. B. Neale, bart.

\* Now, alas! also no more.

*Bellagio, Lake of Como.—Heidelberg.* Drawn from Nature, and on stone, by George Barnard. Ackermann and Co.

A TASTEFULLY executed pair of picturesque prints. The distance in the view of Heidelberg is singularly beautiful.

#### DRAMA.

*King's Theatre.*—On Thursday, the glorious Pasta appeared as *Romeo*, in the opera of *Romeo e Giulietta*; and, if possible, surpassed herself. A more splendid piece of acting was never seen; and her thrilling *Oh Dio!* alone was worth a whole wilderness of stage effects.

*Haymarket.*—Macready's *Hamlet*, on Wednesday, again drew a bumper: proof, if proof were wanting in this hot weather, that really fine acting, however decried by speculating asses in the management of our theatres, has not yet ceased to attract the British public. On Thursday, the *Rivals* was also well cast, and filled the theatre; and the comedy of *Spring and Autumn* was rewarded throughout with the loud laughter of a summer house.

*The Strand* goes on with enterprise and success. Another sprightly novelty, a broad caricature, has just been added to its attractions.

#### VARIETIES.

*Steam Communication with India.*—The arrangement between government and the East India Company for monthly communications by steam-vessels between England and India, *via* the Red Sea, is, that government shall defray all the expense of the voyage out to Alexandria, and half the expense of the voyage from Bombay to Suez, besides half the expense of the steam-boats; receiving the postage on all letters transmitted by this medium. Mr. Waghorn being appointed deputy agent at Egypt, half the charge of his appointment is also to be paid by government.

*Victoria.*—The newspapers have begun to call the Queen, "Victoria the First;" surely unnecessary, as there is no second, to require the distinction.

*Elephant Shooting.*—Extract of a letter from Ceylon, dated 20th January, 1837, in the Wellesse District. "We had excellent sport, having bagged 106 elephants among four of us in three days, but I had a very narrow escape from shooting my friend G—. We had all followed three elephants into a thick bit of jungle, and came up with them at an opening of, perhaps, twenty feet square. G— and I went at the same bird, which, after taking some shots from both of us, and one or two from our companions, got into the cover, but suddenly burst out again abreast upon G—, who was close behind it, and who, being unloaded, halted back, and stumbled over the trunk of a dead elephant, sufficiently within reach of the live one. In the mean time a Cooly had put a fresh gun into my hand, and, as I fired, G—, in rising from his stumble, brought the top of his cap on the line of sight. I saw the cap jerk and open, and the elephant drop at the same instant. The cap was of wicker-work, covered with blue nankeen, and in shape a hunting-cap, fitting close to the head; the ball had opened full four inches of it: his hair was not cut, but still it was a frightfully close shave."

*A Good Breeder.*—In the churchyard adjoining to Conway Castle, N. W., is a stone, with the following remarkable inscription:—"Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hooker, of Conway, Gent., who was the one-and-fortieth child of his father, William Hooker, Esq., by Alice his wife, and the father of seven-and-

twenty children. He died the twentieth day of March, 1637."

*Female Editors.*—The *Peoria Register* and *North Western Gazetteer*, a very clever newspaper, just commenced at Peoria, in Western America, informs us, that the periodical press of the United States boasts of editresses as well as editors. The following case is extracted from that paper of April 29 last. "Mr. Barney Parsons was indicted for an assault upon the famous Mrs. Ann Royal. This lady, it seems, had been very liberal in her castigation of Mr. Barney Parsons, through the columns of the *Paul Pry*, a newspaper which is edited by the lady, and Mr. Barney Parsons was determined to be as liberal in his castigation of the fair editress; but instead of using his pen, he had recourse to the cow-hide, which he smartly applied to the shoulders of Mrs. Ann Royal, and for which he was fined five dollars."

*Recently discovered Fossil Reptile.*—Dr. Mantell has lately obtained from a quarry in Tilgate Forest, a considerable portion of the vertebral column of the *Hydrosaurus*; that extraordinary reptile which was furnished with enormous spines along the back. In this specimen there are upwards of twenty vertebrae, consisting of the lumbar and many of the caudal vertebrae, together with portions of the large spines, and many small dermal bones. The chevron bones present considerable variety in form, according to the position they hold in the series. The first caudal vertebrae have chevron bones resembling those of the crocodile; in the middle of the tail the chevrons are hatchet-shaped; and towards the extremity they become of an elongated form. The transverse processes of the lumbar and first caudal vertebrae are very long, and the spinous processes short; the tail, therefore, must have been wide transversely, and not in a vertical direction, as in the crocodile.—*From a Correspondent.*

*Submarine Forests.*—A submarine forest has lately been discovered near St. Brieune, at a time when the tide was remarkably low. This important discovery will furnish another proof, in addition to those previously existing, of the terrible cataclysms which formerly ravaged and changed the configuration of the northern coast of Brittany. The first of these events occurred in the month of November, in the year 700, after a dreadful tempest; a great part of the coasts of Armorica was swallowed up by the sea. Mount St. Michel was separated from the continent, and became an island; the bay of Cancale took the place of the ancient forest of Seissey, which was celebrated in the time of the Druids. Immense irruptions indented the coast of Brittany, and even that of Normandy. The disaster extended far beyond Morlaix, where the phenomenon of submarine forests is well known, especially since the curious researches of the Count de Fruglaye. There are still found in the road of Morlaix, at low-water, especially when the sea has been much agitated by storms, trunks of trees holding by their roots; others, even in the channel, lie heaped one upon another, more or less carbonised. M. de la Fruglaye has no doubt that this vast indenture, which is now the road, was formerly an immense forest, which some learned men believe to be that of Lexobia. M. de la Fruglaye, favoured by fortunate circumstances, had discovered precious remains of Druidical and Roman antiquities, for which he contends with the sea, though these monuments are many feet below its surface. In the month of September 1172, another terrible eruption of the sea caused further ravages, and submerged

all the eastern part of the bishopric of St. Pol de Leon, and part of that of Tréquier.

**Caverns in Belgium.**—*Liege, June 13.*—Some time ago a large cavern, full of beautiful stalactical formations and incrustations, was discovered near Tili. A second, far more splendid than the first, has just been discovered. It is a prolongation of the former, and every thing in it is grand and magnificent. The various halls, if we may so call them, resemble the naves of cathedrals. On the right and left are stalagmites, rising in stages to a great height, which look like glaciers, and extend further than the eye can reach. From the top of one of them, which is between 60 and 70 feet high, rushes a superb cascade, which falls into an alabaster basin, to which the name of Bath of the Nymphs has been given. Beyond this second grotto there is a third, which will be explored next week. The persons who have discovered these caverns have already penetrated above a league into them.

At a meeting of the Philosophical Society, a paper was read by Mr. Hopkins, the principal object of which was to investigate the motions of precession and nutation, on the hypothesis of the fluidity of the interior of the earth. He stated, that the notion of the original fluidity of the earth, as well as of the other planets, had been entertained by astronomers long before the existence of geology as a science, and depended principally on the spheroidal form common to all the planetary bodies, till it became strongly corroborated by geological phenomena. Assuming the truth of this hypothesis, and that the fluidity was due to excessive heat, he pointed out the conditions under which the solidification would commence at the surface, and those under which it would begin at the centre; and stated it to have been proved that, in either case, the actual state of the surface is perfectly consistent with the supposition of the earth being composed of a solid external shell and a fluid internal mass, with or without a central solid nucleus; the thickness of the shell being very small compared with its radius. Whether the interior of our globe be such as here described, or entirely solid, has not hitherto been proved; but Mr. Hopkins conceives that he has now been able to establish the fact of its non-fluidity, by shewing that, if it were fluid, the precession of the equinoxes, and the nutation of the pole, would necessarily be different from what they are observed to be.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

**Vienna, April 30.**—Baron von Hugel (who was lately in London, on his return from six years' travels in the Cape of Good Hope, New Holland, part of India, &c.) has announced the first part of the fruit of his labours, under the title of "Cachemere, and the Empire of the Seiks, in 1835 and 1836," 2 vols. 8vo. This, however, will be a small portion of the whole of his travels, and will contain only his researches, observations, and measurements, in the valleys and mountains of the Himalaya, which are more celebrated than known in Cachemere, and the empire of the Seiks and the Punjab. Hugel is not merely a naturalist: he treats of the political situation of the countries through which he passes, the religious and moral condition of the people, their historical importance, and the physiognomy of Nature, in all her sublimity and beauty. His immense collection of plants, seeds, animals, manuscripts, coins, &c. are not yet arranged; and he has hitherto published only one part of his botanical researches in New Holland, and about Swan River, under the title of, "Enumeratio plantarum quas in Nova Hollandia ora austro-

occidentali, ad Fluvium Cygnorum, et in Sinu Regis Georgii, collegit Carolus liber baro de Hugel." It contains, in its first part, more new plants than have been discovered and described during the last year in all the world besides, viz. more than 300 plants, of which 200 are new.

**The Idler**, a new weekly contemporary, No. I., has just been sent to us. It contains a very clever, original paper, "A Sketch of the Actor;" and appears in other respects to be a smart periodical for the chit-chat of the day.

Why is a good judge of horse-flesh not to be trusted?—Because he is *hippo-critical*.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We rejoice to see announced, in monthly volumes, the first complete edition of the Poetical Works of Southey, revised and amended, with many additional pieces never before collected, or now first published.

Blue Stocking Revels, a new Poem by Leigh Hunt, is, we observe, announced among the forthcoming monthly novelties.

*In the Press.*

Athens and Sparta; their Private Manners and Public Institutions, by J. A. St. John, author of "Egypt and Mohammed Ali."—A History of English Literature, Critical, Philosophical, and Bibliographical, by J. D'Israeli, Esq.—The Life of Edward, First Earl of Clarendon, by T. H. Lister, Esq.—Aristocracy in America, by Francis J. Grund, author of "The Americans, in their Social, Moral, and Political Relations."—Notes Abroad, and Rhapsodies at Home, by a Veteran Traveller.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 15	From 39 to 75	29.68 to 29.90
Friday... 16	... 43 .. 76	29.90 .. 29.98
Saturday... 17	... 45 .. 73	29.84 .. 29.96
Sunday... 18	... 46 .. 65	29.77 .. 29.77
Monday... 19	... 45 .. 73	29.64 .. 29.65
Tuesday... 20	... 40 .. 75	29.95 .. 29.96
Wednesday 21	... 47 .. 74	29.94 .. 30.05

Wind, S. W.  
Generally clear, except the evening of the 16th and morning of the 18th, with rain. Thunder and lightning in the afternoon of the 18th.

Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.  
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The number and various qualities of poems we have received on the death of our late and lamented King, prevent us from even making a selection.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.**—The next meeting will be held at Liverpool, during the week commencing on Monday, September 11th. The Members of the General Committee will assemble on the preceding Saturday.  
By Order of the Council,  
JAMES YATES, Secretary to the Council.  
JOHN TAYLOR, Treasurer.  
London, March 21, 1837.

**THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS**, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, will close on Saturday, July 8th. Open each Day from Nine till Dusk.  
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# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

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No. 1067.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1837.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Notes Abroad and Rhapsodies at Rome.* By a Veteran Traveller. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

NOT to disparage the rest of this work, there are an advertisement and a pro-preface, introductory to it, which claim so much of our attention, that it is probable we may have enough to say upon them in our present sheet, to preclude us from entering far into the author's general labours. In this case, his travel through Italy, Switzerland, and part of Germany, with all the notes on arts, theatres, persons, and things, must either be merely referred to, or postponed;—if referred to, with a tribute of praise to his acuteness and ability, and regret for his sharpness and personality; if postponed, perhaps never again to be overtaken in our page. But whether we go into a critical review or not, we may remark, that the writer is one of the Parthian race, who shoots his arrows in every direction, before and behind, on the right and on the left, sparing none of those against whom his resentment may have been provoked, and few of any other order, who, without any obvious cause, have attracted his shafts to be aimed in their direction. Lady Blessington, Tom Hood, John Britton, Tom Moore, Sir J. Soane, *Annals, Magazines, Reviews, &c. &c.*, all, and sundry, come in for a lick of the rough side of his tongue; and it does not seem that there are very many matters in this our round-about world to please him. That he has found no fault with us is so far fortunate, that it affords us an opportunity of expressing our thoughts without bias or prejudice.

The advertisement, to which we have alluded, is pointed, and justly satirical. "In compliance (says the author) with the very admirable practice now generally adopted, I might, by means of preparatory puff-paragraphs, have assured the public that 'people ask each other whether the book is not by far too strong in many parts, and likely to give great offence, as maliciously quizzical upon several individuals?' This, I say, I might have done, it being no more than what is done every day; and a very honest piece of humbug it is, because it is instantly perceived that people are not likely to know much of a book before it is published. In such cases, therefore, 'people' must be understood to refer to the compositors and printers' devils, who are the sole persons behind the curtain; and, as regards the present work, they have meddled with it only officially—that is, *printing-office-ally*. Should any one, after actually perusing them, be of opinion that these volumes contain aught of reprehensible import, in the various *Rhapsodies* and *Notes* with which they abound, I would recommend him to read them over again with greater attention, when he will probably arrive at a more sensible conclusion."

The absurdity of the practice here reprehended, cannot be placed in too ridiculous a light. One would imagine, that such paragraphs could have no effect; could never gull a single purchaser, and that their cost must not only be utterly thrown away, but that their quackery would be hurtful, by deterring people of sense from looking at the publications. The

clumsiness, too, with which most of them are constructed, is another offence; for it shews that their perpetrators are devoid of the judgment, even if they possessed the impartiality, to form a proper estimate. Altogether, the weakness and folly of the system must render it unproductive; and the chief source of regret in respect to it is, that by juxta-position, overshadowing, and confusing, it injures and defeats the fair claims of honest literature.

Turning to the introductory chapter I. "by way of preface," we find the author running a muck at reviews and reviewers. Among other grievances of authorship, he speaks of one by no means "the least; namely, that inflicted by manuscripts being unjustifiably detained for months, nay, years, by the editors of literary journals, who are above their business, and quite indifferent as to the vexation and pain of 'hope deferred' they so wantonly inflict. Applications may be made again and again, without the slightest effect; and a writer may frequently consider himself lucky if he succeeds in recovering his manuscript out of their clutches; for, after waiting till his patience is wholly exhausted, ten to one he is coolly informed that it is lost. 'Multiplicity of papers offered' is the shuffling excuse generally pleaded on such occasions; but were payment for the lost MS. enforced, as it ought to be, editors of periodicals would then discover, that, by adopting a methodical system, and making regular entries of every contribution, with the author's name, the date of its being received, and that of its being either sent to press or returned, no mistakes could ever occur; and they would, perhaps, save themselves a good deal of their important time, now thrown away in hunting over chaotic heaps of papers. A friend of mine once offered a long article to a certain tip-top annual, begging to have it returned as soon as perused, if not approved of. As it did not come back, he took for granted that it would be printed; but no, there he found himself disappointed. In answer to his application for it, he was told that the editor was 'very sorry,' but 'really could not find it.' To which his reply was, that then the editor really must pay for it, and then his sorrow would be all the more sincere. This had its effect; for the next day's post brought the MS. that 'really' could not be found. The article was afterwards printed in another annual, and pleased so well, that it was copied into various other publications. However, there was some excuse for the editor here alluded to, because, judging from the compositions to which he attached his own name in his annual, he was a perfect ass. Little wonder, therefore, if he shewed himself to possess neither the straightforward dealing of a man of business, nor the courtesy of a gentleman."

With some shew of truth, and a piece of tolerably good advice as to method and arrangement, there is little of justice in this statement. The editors do not invite these communications, they are voluntary offerings. Allowing, therefore, for the kindly intention of the writers, and desiring to meet it with a corresponding feeling, it is a little too much to say that the precious time of a person engaged in

the most unintermitting and endless of literary pursuits, shall be taxed at the notion of every individual who fancies himself or herself a wit, a poet, or a philosopher. We could inform the accuser, for instance, that one-third of the whole labour in editing the *Literary Gazette*, is consumed in frivolous and unnecessary correspondence, in answering questions put by strangers, in giving opinions on MSS. with which the journal has no business, and in many other ways, the result whereof never produced a single public line, or a single private advantage. Under such circumstances, is there no excuse for apparent negligences, where respect and esteem are due to able and friendly contributors? We hope there is, and that the good sense of the world will accord it.

Again:—"However, the reviews have lately been playing a tolerably amusing part,—at least amusing for the bystanders; one, withal, that must, I think, go far to open the eyes of the public, by shewing what extreme contrariety of opinions exist among these infallibles; and, as even the important We does not actually multiply a critic, or even give him, like Cerberus, a 'leash of heads,' people may, in time, come to think that a critic is not a whit more than a solitary individual, whose opinions, perhaps, are no better entitled to deference than those of any other individual. In proof of this, we have but to look at the strangely conflicting opinions that have emanated from different *We's* on the same work. After being rudely tomahawked by the 'Quarterly,' Mrs. Butler's book was bemoaned in the 'Edinburgh,' and also in 'Fraser,' the two latter journals being, oddly enough, of the same sentiments in regard to it. Mr. N. P. Willis, who is so belaboured by one of the Albemarle Street critics, is, on the contrary, boasted of by the Great Marlborough Street editor, as one among his best labourers; and Willis again retorts upon his reviewer, styling him 'a reptile of criticism,' and felicitating himself on having escaped 'the slime of his approbation.' It is strange that there should be obstinate people in the world, who refuse to submit patiently to the castigations inflicted upon them by their literary betters; yet, so it is; and the editor of 'The Georgian Era' shewed himself of the number, when, after being well scourged and quizzed by 'The Quarterly,' he took his revenge by liberally distributing a printed statement, in which he ungraciously set forth all the blunders and falsehoods perpetrated by the reviewer. A few exposures of the kind would do no harm, and might possibly teach even the magnates of criticism to be a little more cautious in passing judgment on books and their authors. *Apropos* to which, I here venture a respectably 'antique witticism.' Talking of critics the other day with a friend—'Although they are all literary J's,' said he, 'they may be divided into two pretty distinct classes, one of which consists of the judges, the other of the jack-ketches of literature.'"

Does it not occur to the author, that the degradation of our literature may not so much rest with the reviews, as with the original

Surely, this looks very like impartiality.—*Ed. L. G.*

materials on which they are employed. A fine and high class of national publication would make a fine and high class of reviewers: but what is to be done with the manufactures, the compilations, and the trash, which is our daily fare in the literary productions set before us for observation? Can we make silk purses of the sow's ears (dog's ears they never will be), or extract sweetness from what is so bitterly bad? Till a more wholesome style of publication is encouraged in England, no review, embracing its current and general literature, can be other than a mottled affair; and well it is for the readers of any periodical of the kind, if the taste or the skill, the talent or the judgment, of those who write in it, contrive to mingle amusement with instruction, drawn from such untoward materials.

If we trace effects to their causes, we will discover that the present low ebb of our national literature has no connexion with the criticisms either of judges or jack-ketches. The debasement is founded on the trading nature and character attached to every literary effort and pursuit. Hacks and drudges may starve on hack and drudge employment; and men of rank and fortune may *début* at their own proper cost. But where is unknown genius to look for encouragement? Where is lowly learning to expect protection? Nowhere! They cannot even obtain a hearing; they are, to all intents and purposes, excluded from competition. The huckster's cart-horse, the pampered palfrey, or the ass, may occupy the race-course for which they are so unfit; but the true blood, the noble hunter, and the beautiful racer, are neither admitted, nor allowed to run. Publishers, with very few exceptions, are merely tradesmen. They have a right to make the most they can of their capital; but they are not such competent judges of the article they deal in as fishmongers or butchers are of fish and flesh. The latter know what is fresh and good, what will please the palate, and nourish the frame of the consumer; they will not vend stinking brill for turbot, nor diseased meat for wholesome food. If they did, they would soon lose their customers. But see the books that are sold, and only guess at the MSS. rejected, though hawked to every dealer in London. The shops are filled with the former, the commonest ware that can be got up; while the latter, be they ever so precious, can find neither credit nor market. The merchants in paste and scissor productions have no fancy for original works of sterling value, as persons who deal in paste ornaments and imitations do not traffic in pearls and diamonds.

There is no disparagement to publishers in stating this; nor would it be necessary but for the oft-repeated saying, fathered on Dr. Johnson, that booksellers were the best patrons of authors. A grosser absurdity could not be enunciated; he might as well have said that the slaughter-house-man was the best friend of hullocks. A publisher setting up for such a character would be a madman. He does not pretend that his business is to benefit literature and authors; but to live by and upon them in the most productive and safest way he can. Suppose a publisher has a capital of 10,000*l.* to lay out, and it were possible that another Newton should apply to him to purchase and publish the "Principia," another Milton offer him "Paradise Lost," and another Shakespear beg to have printed the immortal dramas of "Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "The Midsummer's Dream!" There is not a house in London would embark five hundred pounds

in either speculation. The returns would be too uncertain—too distant; and in the meanwhile it would be easy to employ the capital in a series of monthly compilations, a few trashy novels, or a parcel of school books, the sale of which is assured beyond the chance of much loss, and with almost the certainty of being frequently turned with considerable gain. Is it wonderful, that under such circumstances, the publisher would as soon meddle with a wild elephant as with the "Principia," with a boa constrictor as with "Paradise Lost," and with a Bengal tiger as with Shakespear's plays? His business is to acquire gain—not to encourage genius; and genius can have no hope of encouragement, except inasmuch as a trader thinks he can convert it to account.\*

Dr. Johnson, too, of all men, to be quoted for such an opinion. He, the Colossus, who lived in intimacy with Goldsmith, with all his works a victim of endless distress and difficulties; and himself hardly ever lifted above poverty, the author of "Rasselas," written in a few days to pay the expense of a mother's funeral; and who, but for the Thrales, Garricks, and Reynolds, would have been very little above the condition of his more thoughtless compatriot.

The argument is precisely similar to that so long maintained in favour of slavery. Slave-owners, it was affirmed, would not ill-use their slaves, because they lived upon their produce. But, such is human nature, very many did cruelly and horribly maltreat their slaves; and thousands perished under extorted toil and the lash. And so it is in literary pursuits; and no blame to publishers and booksellers, who are no more bound to provide for those who cannot produce articles profitable to them, than they are to provide for the Spitalfield weavers, now destitute of work. It is the community, the public, the government, on whom the *onus* rests; and with all the efforts at improvements, so ripe in our days, we trust to see it faithfully discharged.

Critics and reviewers can only make the best use in their power of what issues from the press, lamenting the sad deterioration that has taken place, and, for the sake of what merit does exist, or may be generated by kindness, endeavouring to sift the grains from the chaff, and hold them forth for public approbation.

But, to return to our author; let us, for example, hear what he ironically says of Hood:—

"My acquaintance with the writings of this bright ornament of our literature, in the present 'march of intellect' century, extends no further than those choice *morceaux* which his reviews are pleased to cull out as tit-bits, and come-buy-me specimens. In one piece, which his *ex-officio* puffer declares to be 'capital,' occurs a most infamous stanza, in what purports to be a temperance society's drinking song:—

\* "In bookselling matters, an author must either be the conjuror, who commands the devil, or the witch who serves him; and few are they whose situation is sufficiently independent to enable them to assume the higher character: and this is injurious to the indigent author in every respect; for not only is he obliged to turn his pen to every various kind of composition, and so to injure himself with the public by writing hastily, and on subjects unfitted for his genius; but, moreover, those honest gentlemen, the booksellers, from a natural association, consider the books as of least value which they find they can get at least expense of copy-money, and therefore, are proportionally careless in pushing the sale of the work. Whereas, a good round sum out of their purse, like a moderate rise of rent on a farm, raises the work thus acquired in their own eyes, and serves as a spur to make them clear away every channel by which they can discharge their quires upon the public. So much for book-selling—the most ticklish, and unsafe, and hazardous of all professions, scarcely with the exception of horse-jockeyship."—*Life of Scott*, Vol. II.

'The man of the ark, who continued our species,  
He saved us by water; but, as for the wine,  
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,  
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.'

In another piece of balderdash, the whole of which is given by his puffer as deserving unqualified approbation, Hood, describing a sow, says—

'Whilst from the corner of her jaw  
A sprout of cabbage, green and raw,  
Protruded,—as the dove, so stanch  
For peace, supports an olive branch.'

If the 'march of intellect' can much longer tolerate this profaneness and indecency, it must be as mad as a March hare."

This is, surely, violent and exaggerated. Hood never meant such offence as is imputed to him; nor is he justly chargeable with being the author of, or apologist for, "horribly indecent allusions to holy writ." Hood is a peculiarity; not one among his imitators has done any thing like him. He may be called a mannerist, and his mannerism may be somewhat exhausted; but his originality, his quaint distortions, and his odd and oblique views of subjects, so different from those of the rest of the world, are highly humorous and entertaining. Then, his touches of feeling are as full of nature and simplicity, as the worst of his jokes are laboured and artificial; and for force, look at his "Eugene Aram." Taken as a whole, Hood is one of the cleverest men of his time; and we do not remember a single indecency or profanation throughout his performances in verse or in prose.

*History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.* By Lord Mahon. 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. II. London, 1837. Murray.

HISTORY is the most important branch of literature, or rather, it is the root whence all others must ascend. The poet and the philosopher alike look to it for their material; and the mind's noblest reward for its noblest efforts, that of being remembered "in its land's language," must be given by the page of history. Without such a chronicle, the present would have no monitor, the errors of the past would be no warnings to the future; and its errors are its best lessons—and yet, our great historical works are few in number, and likely to be fewer. It is scarcely possible for the author by profession, whatever be his talents or his energy, to undertake a great work requiring labour, leisure, and distant in its reward. His time is his daily bread, and that is life: hardly earned and penurious, and whose "onward looking hope" is darkly bounded by to-morrow. It is fortunate when leisure, labour, and talent are united, as in Lord Mahon's instance. The present work is a valuable and standard one: every avenue to information has been carefully searched, previous authorities have been sedulously compared, and the whole arranged with the utmost clearness and intelligence. The first great stand of political principle was made in the previous age. In the one here recorded, it was more the struggle of parties; the moral standard was infinitely lower, but the lesson given, if less elevating, is almost as useful. There never was a period shewing how much the lofty purpose, and the generous belief, are needed to make political warfare what it ought to be—carried on in the noble hope of enlightenment and universal amelioration. Lord Mahon has obviously his own bias; but it is liberal, and the result of conviction. No man can be in earnest who takes neither side. In politics as in religion, the worst possible want is that of a creed. The present pages will be

useful towards forming one, for they bring forward a vast mass of information. Lord Mahon has a lucid style, that would do honour to the days of Pope and Addison, and he is very felicitous in summing up a character. His account of Wood's patent is full of important truths; and the way in which Swift flung his rigorous bitterness into the scale, which, as he chose, predominated, is a curious instance of the retribution exacted by neglected talent. Let us hope that Swift's age, an age singularly small in its motives, gave that satire a narrower sweep than was meant for mankind. Lord Mahon's chapter on literature is so admirable, that we shall principally make our extracts from its contents; but we must first give place to a most eloquent picture of the influence of Clarendon's history on Atterbury; and another passage, still more eloquent, when speaking of prison abuses.

"We were inclined to seek some excuse for Atterbury's adherence to that cause, we might, perhaps, find it in his close study of Lord Clarendon's History, which he himself had edited, conjointly with Aldrich and Smalridge. I have always considered the publication of that noble work (it first appeared under Queen Anne) as one of the main causes of the second growth of Jacobitism. How great seems the character of the author! How worthy the principles he supports, and the actions he details! Who could read those volumes and not first be touched, and at last be won, by his unconquerable spirit of loyalty; by his firm attachment to the fallen; by his enduring and well-founded trust in God, when there seemed to be none left in man! Whose heart could fail to relent to that unhappy monarch, more sinned against than sinning; to that 'gray disrowned head,' which lay upon a pillow of thorns at Carisbrook, or rolled upon a block at Whitehall! Or whose mind would not brighten at the thought of his exiled son, in difficulty and distress, with every successive attempt disappointed, every rising hope dashed down, yet suddenly restored against all probable chances, and with one universal shout of joy! How spirit-stirring must that history have been to all, but above all to those (and there were many at that time) whose own ancestors and kinsmen are honourably commemorated in its pages—the soldiers of Rupert, or the friends of Falkland! Can we wonder, then, or severely blame, if their thoughts some times descended one step lower, and turned to the grandson—also exiled for no fault of his own, and pining in a distant land, under circumstances not far unlike to those of Charles Stuart in France!

"Such atrocities in a civilised country must fill every mind with horror; and it is still more painful to reflect, that, for very many years, perhaps, they may have prevailed without redress. Thus, for example, in the session of 1725, I find a petition from poor insolvent debtors in the gaol of Liverpool, declaring themselves 'reduced to a starving condition, having only straw and water at the courtesy of the serjeant.' How often may not the cry of such unhappy men have gone forth and remained unheeded! How still more frequently may not their sufferings have been borne in constrained or despairing silence! The benevolent exertions of Howard (whom that family, fertile though it be in honours, might be proud to claim as their kinsman), and still more the gradual diffusion of compassionate and Christian principles, have, we may hope, utterly rooted out from amongst us any such flagrant stripes at the present time. Yet, let us not

imagine that there is no longer any tyranny to punish, any thralldom to relieve. Let not the legislature be weary in well doing! Let them turn a merciful eye, not merely to the dungeon, but to the factory; not merely to the suffering, and, perhaps, guilty man, but to the helpless and certainly unoffending child! For my part, I firmly rely on the progressive march of humanity. In a barbarous age it was confined to men of our country. In a half barbarous age it was confined to men of our religion. Within our own times it extended only to men of our colour. But as time shall roll on, I am persuaded that it will not be limited, even to our kind; that we shall feel how much the brute creation also is entitled to our sympathy and kindness; and that any needless or wanton suffering, inflicted upon them, will, on every occasion, arouse, and be restrained, by the public indignation and disgust."

We proceed to his lordship's views on "The encouragement, combined with the independence of literature."

"During the reigns of William, of Anne, and of George I. till 1721, when Walpole became prime minister, the Whigs and Tories vied with each other in the encouragement of learned and literary men. Whenever a writer shewed signs of genius, either party to which his principles might incline him, was eager to hail him as a friend. The most distinguished society, and the most favourable opportunities, were thrown open to him. Places and pensions were showered down in lavish profusion; those who wished only to pursue their studies had the means afforded them for learned leisure, while more ambitious spirits were pushed forward in parliament, or in diplomacy. In short, though the sovereign was never an Augustus, almost every minister was a Mæcenas. Newton became master of the mint; Locke was a commissioner of appeals; Steele was a commissioner of stamps; Stepney, Prior, and Gay, were employed in lucrative and important embassies. It was a slight piece of humour at his onset and at his introduction—the 'City and Country Mouse'—that brought forth a mountain of honours to Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and first lord of the treasury. When Parnell first came to court, Lord Treasurer Oxford passed through the crowd of nobles, leaving them all unnoticed, to greet and welcome the poet. 'I value myself,' says Swift, 'upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry.' Swift himself became dean of St. Patrick's, and, but for the queen's dislike, would have been bishop of Hereford. Pope, as a Roman Catholic, was debarred from all places of honour or emolument; yet Secretary Craggs offered him a pension of 300*l.* a-year, not to be known by the public, and to be paid from the secret service money. In 1714, General Stanhope carried a bill, providing a most liberal reward for the discovery of the longitude. Addison became secretary of state. Tickell was secretary in Ireland. Several rich sinecures were bestowed on Congreve and Rowe, on Hughes, and Ambrose Philips. Looking to those times, and comparing them with ours, we shall find that this system of munificent patronage has never been revived. Its place has, however, in some degree, been supplied by the large increase of readers, and the higher price of books, and, consequently, the far superior value of literary labour. A popular writer may now receive a liberal income from the sale of his works; and, according to the common phrase, needs no other patron than the public. It is often boasted, that the latter state of

things far exceeds the former in independence; yet, however plausible this assertion, it is not altogether confirmed by a closer survey. I cannot find that the objects of such splendid patronage were at all humbled by receiving it, or considered themselves, in the slightest degree, as political or private bondsmen. I cannot find that Swift or Prior, for example, mixed with the great on any other footing than that of equal familiarity and friendship, or paid any submissive homage to Lord Treasurer Oxford, or Secretary St. John. In Bolingbroke's "Correspondence" we may still read the private notes of *Mat* to *Harry*, and of *Harry* to *Mat*. The old system of patronage in literature was, I conceive, like the old system of patronage in parliament. Some powerful nobleman, with large burgrave tenures in his hands, was enabled to place in the House of Commons any young man of like principles and of promising abilities. That system, whether for good or for evil, endured till the Reform Bill of 1832. But, whatever difference of opinion may exist concerning it, there is one point which will be admitted by all those who have observed its inward workings—although we often hear the contrary roared forth by those who never saw it nearer than from the strangers' gallery—that a man brought into parliament from his talents, felt no humiliating dependence on him by whose interest he was elected—no such dependence, for example, as would be imposed among gentlemen by what seems a far less favour, a gift of fifty pounds. The two parties met on equal terms of friendship. It was thought as desirable for the one, that his principles should be ably supported, as for the other, that he should sit in the House of Commons. Thus, likewise, in literary patronage, when Oxford made Swift a dean, or Bolingbroke made Prior an ambassador, it was considered no badge of dependence or painful inferiority. It was, of course, desirable for Swift to rise in the church, and for Prior to rise in the state; but it was also desirable for the administration to secure the assistance of an eloquent writer, and of a skilful diplomatist. It may, moreover, be observed, that literary profits do not in all respects supply the place of literary patronage. First, there are several studies, such as many branches of science or antiquities, which are highly deserving of encouragement, but not generally popular, and, therefore, not productive of emolument. In these cases, the liberality of the government might sometimes usefully atone for the indifference of the public. But even with the most popular authors, the necessity of looking to their literary labours for their daily bread, has not unfrequently an unfavourable effect upon the former. It may compel, or at least induce, them to over-write themselves; to pour forth hasty and immature productions; to keep, at all hazards, their names before the public. How seldom can they admit intervals of leisure, or allow their minds to lie fallow for a season, in order to bear hereafter a larger and a better harvest! In like manner, they must minister to the taste of the public, whatever that taste might be, and sometimes have to sacrifice their own ideas of beauty, and aspirations of fame. These are undoubted evils, not merely to them, but to us; and as undoubtedly are they guarded against whenever a fixed and competent provision can be granted to genius. I am, therefore, clearly of opinion, that any minister who might have the noble ambition to become the patron of literary men, would still find a large field open to his munificence; that his intercourse with them on the footing

of equal friendship, would be a deserved distinction to them, and a liberal recreation to himself; that his favours might be employed with great advantage, and received with perfect independence."

It is impossible to question the truth of the view here taken. Existing on opinion, surrounded by a thousand casualties, literature, even with the utmost exertion on the part of its followers, must be dependent; and assuredly, it were better that such dependence should be vested where there is something to be hoped of generous admiration, and warm appreciation, and not among those from whom such feelings are indeed of rare occurrence. But the hardships of a literary career are even yet but little understood. We own we consider it one, that our space admits of no further examination of the many important questions contained in the present work. We must not, however, omit to mention, with warm praise, the chapter on Methodism. Indeed, the whole volume, whether we regard the industry, the integrity, or the ability with which it is written, reflects the highest credit on Lord Mahon.

*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol. IV. 1837. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Murray; Whittaker, and Co.*

THIS volume, embracing six of the best and most prosperous years of the life of Sir Walter Scott (1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820), will probably be read generally, as it has been by us, with more agreeable sensations than any of its precursors. With the exception of several severe attacks of cramp, from which he suffered greatly, this period saw him outriding the pressure of pecuniary circumstances; repaying his obligations; gratifying, perhaps, his strongest passion, by attaching purchase after purchase to Abbotsford, building, embellishing; rising, by every successive publication, to higher eminence and more lucrative remuneration, till he finally reached the apex of his career as a novelist, with "Ivanhoe;"\* and was distinguished by his sovereign, by being created, alone, the first baronet of the new and splendid reign.† Thus was literature rewarded and honoured in his person; and never more justly honoured and rewarded. Even within these few years, the author of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," of "Marmion," and the "Lady of the Lake," had delighted the world with "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," "The Antiquary," "Tales of my Landlord," "Harold the Dauntless," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," and the "Legend of Montrose," besides the productions already mentioned, and others of lesser importance. What fund of riches for the pleasure and improvement of mankind! Well did he merit the accumulation of wealth and glory which thence attended his rapidly ascending and dazzling footsteps.

We will not waste our readers' patience by a minute examination of a production so popular as this, and so soon in every body's hands; but rather, for the sake of the foreign and distant, run cursorily through the narrative, with a few connecting and incidental remarks.

"Paul's Letters" were well received; and

\* The "Monastery" was published in 1820; but the "Monastery" was the first of the declension—the beginning of the ending.—Ed. L. G.

† Scott's baronetcy was conferred on him, not in consequence of any ministerial suggestion, but by the king personally, and of his own unsolicited motion; and when the poet kissed his hand, he said to him—"I shall always reflect with pleasure on Sir Walter Scott's having been the first creation of my reign."—[It was with this kingly grace that George IV. so royally enhanced the value of many of his acts of spontaneous munificence.—Ed. L. G.]

"The Antiquary" fully sustained the fame of "Waverley," and "Guy Mannering." It was, in the sequel, the author's own chief favourite. In 1816, "Tales of My Landlord" followed, under different publishing auspices, but with equal success; and the other works we have intimated, flowed out of the same apparently inexhaustible fountain, with the same effect upon public opinion, and of public gratification. During this period, frequent notices occur about Lord Byron, and, as these can hardly fail to be interesting, we select a couple of them, to be classed together. On his separation from his Lady, and voluntary banishment, Scott writes to Mr. Morritt:

"So Lord Byron's romance seems to be concluded for one while; and it is surely time, after he has announced, or rather they themselves have announced, half a dozen blackguard newspaper editors to have been his confidants on the occasion. Surely it is a strange thirst of public fame that seeks such a road to it. But Lord Byron, with high genius, and many points of a noble and generous feeling, has Child Harolded himself, and outlawed himself, into too great a resemblance with the pictures of his imagination. He has one excuse, however, and it is a sad one. I have been reckoned to make a good hit enough at a pirate, or an outlaw, or a smuggling bandit; but I cannot say I was ever so much enchanted with my work as to think of carrying off a drift of my neighbour's sheep, or half-a-dozen of his milk cows. Only I remember, in the rough times, having a scheme with the Duke of Buccleuch, that when the worst came to the worst, we should repair Hermitage Castle, and live, like Robin hood and his merry men, at the expense of all round us. But this presupposed a grand *bouleversement* of society. In the meanwhile, I think my noble friend is something like my old peacock, who chooses to bivouac apart from his lady, and sit below my bed-room window, to keep me awake with his screeching lamentation. Only I own he is not equal in melody to Lord Byron, for 'Fare thee well, and if for ever,' &c. is a very sweet dirge indeed. After all, *c'est genie mal logé*, and that's all that can be said about it."

Again, speaking of the "Black Dwarf," it is almost intimated to be an incarnation of his brother bard, for Mr. Lockhart says—

"The latter tale, however imperfect, and unworthy as a work of art to be placed high in the catalogue of his productions, derives a singular interest from its delineation of the dark feelings so often connected with physical deformity; feelings which appear to have diffused their shadow over the whole genius of Byron, and which, but for this single picture, we should hardly have conceived ever to have passed through Scott's happier mind. All the bitter blasphemy of spirit which, from infancy to the tomb, swelled up in Byron against the unkindness of nature, which sometimes perverted even his filial love into a sentiment of diabolical malignity; all this black and desolate train of reflections must have been encountered, and deliberately subdued, by the manly parent of the "Black Dwarf."

In this volume we find more justice done to the worthy character of James Ballantyne, though poor John, the "Rigid Funnidos" of so many jocund years, is blackened with even darker insinuations and suspicions than before. We never expected to see our merry and, if the editor pleases, thoughtless friend, painted as a deep conspirator; but so it is:—

"I am," he says, "very sorry, in a word, to confess my conviction that John Ballantyne,

however volatile and light-headed, acted at this period with cunning selfishness, both by Scott and by Constable. He well knew that it was to Constable alone that his firm had more than once owed its escape from utter ruin and dishonour; and he must also have known, that had a fair, straightforward effort been made for that purpose, after the triumphant career of the Waverley series had once commenced, nothing could have been more easy than to bring all the affairs of his 'back-stock,' &c. to a complete close, by entering into a distinct and candid treaty on that subject, in connexion with the future works of the great novelist, either with Constable, or with any other first-rate house in the trade. But John, foreseeing that, were that unhappy concern quite out of the field, he must himself subside into a mere subordinate member of his brother's printing company, seems to have parried the blow by the only arts of any consequence in which he ever was an adept. He appears to have systematically disguised from Scott the extent to which the whole Ballantyne concern had been sustained by Constable, especially during his Hebridean tour of 1814, and his Continental one of 1815, and prompted and enforced the idea of trying other booksellers from time to time, instead of adhering to Constable, merely for the selfish purposes,—first, of facilitating the immediate discount of bills; secondly, of further perplexing Scott's affairs, the entire disentanglement of which would have been, as he fancied, prejudicial to his own personal importance."

It appears to us that Mr. Lockhart could hardly be correct in this statement, without seriously implicating Sir Walter Scott, who readily adopted, and warily acted upon these suggestions. His immediate negotiations with Murray and Blackwood were the result; and these were conducted in the true spirit of trade. And they turned out well too; for not only was the present speculation very profitable, but it led to the obtaining of far more advantageous terms from Constable when he was returned to, and future works issued from his press. Indeed, this is demonstrated by Mr. L. himself; for he observes:

"How sharply the unseen parent watched this first negotiation of his 'Jedediah Cleishbotham,' will appear from one of his letters:

"To Mr. John Ballantyne, Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

"Abbotsford, April 29, 1816.

"Dear John,—James has made one or two important mistakes in the bargain with Murray and Blackwood. Briefly as follows:—1stly. Having only authority from me to promise 6000 copies, he proposes they shall have the copyright for ever. I will see their noses cheese first. 2dly. He proposes I shall have twelve months' bills—I have always got six. However, I would not stand on that. 3dly. He talks of volumes being put into the publishers' hands to consider and decide on. No such thing; a bare perusal at St. John's Street\* only. Then for omissions—It is not stipulated that we supply the paper and print of successive editions. This must be nailed, and not left to understanding; secondly, I will have London bills as well as Blackwood's. If they agree to these conditions, good and well. If they demur, Constable must be instantly tried, giving half to the Longmans, and we drawing on them for that moiety, or Constable lodging their bill in our hands. You will understand it is a four-volume touch—a work totally different in style and structure from the

\* James Ballantyne's dwelling-house was in this street, adjoining the Cannongate of Edinburgh.

others—a new cast, in short, of the net which has hitherto made miraculous draughts. I do not limit you to terms, because I think you will make them better than I can do. But he must do more than others, since he will not or cannot print with us. For every point but that, I would rather deal with Constable than any one; he has always shewn himself spirited, judicious, and liberal. Blackwood must be brought to the point instantly; and whenever he demurs, Constable must be treated with, for there is no use in suffering the thing to be blown on. At the same time, you need not conceal from him that there were some proposals elsewhere; but you may add, with truth, I would rather close with him. Yours truly,

W. S.

“P.S. I think Constable should jump at this affair, for I believe the work will be very popular.”

If John Ballantyne, therefore, acted a cunning and worldly part, what can we say of his principal and ally? At this date, a very characteristic letter appears about Blackwood, who, it seems, had offered some suggestions for altering the conclusion of the “Black Dwarf,” on which we are told:

“He did both know and appreciate Blackwood better in after times; but, in 1816, when this plain-spoken communication reached him, the name was little more than a name, and his answer to the most solemn of go-betweens was in these terms, which I sincerely wish I could tell how Signor Aldiborontiphosphornio translated into any dialect submissible to Blackwood’s apprehension.

“Dear James,—I received Blackwood’s impudent letter. G—d—his soul! Tell him and his coadjutor, that I belong to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I’ll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made.

“W. S.”

In a letter to Murray, Scott solemnly denies being the author of the Tales. On 18th Dec. 1816, he writes:—

“My dear Sir,—I give you heartily joy of the success of the Tales, although I do not claim

\* A later bookseller sketch may amuse our readers. Anno 1818, Mr. L. says of an entertainment at John Ballantyne’s: “It was at one of those Trinity dinners this summer, that I first saw Constable. Being struck with his appearance, I asked Scott who he was, and he told me, expressing some surprise that any body should have lived a winter or two in Edinburgh without knowing, by sight at least, a citizen whose name was so familiar to the world. I happened to say, that I had not been prepared to find the great bookseller a man of such gentlemanlike and even distinguished bearing. Scott smiled, and answered, ‘Ay, Constable is indeed a grand-looking child. He puts me in mind of Fielding’s apology for Lady Booby; to wit, that Joseph Andrews had an air which, to those who had not seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.’ I had not, in those days, been much initiated in the private jokes of what is called, by way of excellence, *the trade*, and was puzzled when Scott, in the course of the dinner, said to Constable, ‘Will your carish majesty do me the honour to take a glass of champagne?’ I asked the master of the feast for an explanation. ‘Oh!’ said he, ‘are you so green as not to know that Constable long since dubbed himself ‘The Earl of Muscovy,’ John Murray, ‘The Emperor of the West,’ and Longman and his string of partners, ‘The Divan.’ And what title, I asked, ‘has Mr. John Ballantyne himself found in this new almanack imperial?’ ‘Let that flee stick fast to the wa’, quoth Johnny; ‘when I set up for bookseller, the Crafty christened me ‘The Dey of Algiers;’ but he now considers me as next thing to dethroned.’ He added: ‘His majesty the autocrat is too fond of these nicknames. One day, a partner of the house of Longman was dining with him in the country, to settle an important piece of business, about which there occurred a good deal of difficulty. ‘What fine swans you have in your pond there,’ said the Londoner, by way of parenthesis. ‘Swans!’ cried Constable, ‘they are only geese, man. There are just five of them, if you please to observe; and their names are Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown.’ This skit cost the Crafty a good bargain.” [We do not think this is a true version of the story.—*Ed. L. G.*]

that paternal interest in them which my friends do me the credit to assign me. I assure you I have never read a volume of them until they were printed, and can only join with the rest of the world, in applauding the true and striking portraits which they present of old Scottish manners. I do not expect implicit reliance to be placed on my disavowal, because I know very well that he who is disposed not to own a work must necessarily deny it, and that otherwise his secret would be at the mercy of all who choose to ask the question, since silence in such a case must always pass for consent, or rather assent. But I have a mode of convincing you that I am perfectly serious in my denial—pretty similar to that by which Solomon distinguished the fictitious from the real mother—and that is, by reviewing the work, which I take to be an operation equal to that of quartering the child. But this is only on condition I can have Mr. Erskine’s assistance, who admires the work greatly more than I do, though I think the painting of the second tale both true and powerful. I knew Old Mortality very well; his name was Paterson, but few knew him otherwise than by his nickname. The first tale is not very original in its concoction, and lame and impotent in its conclusion.”

Upon which Mr. L. remarks—

“Since I have mentioned this reviewal, I may as well, to avoid recurrence to it, express here my conviction, that Erskine, not Scott, was the author of the critical estimate of the Waverley novels which it embraces—although, for the purpose of mystification, Scott had taken the trouble to transcribe the paragraphs in which that estimate is contained. At the same time I cannot but add, that had Scott really been the sole author of this reviewal, he need not have incurred the severe censure which has been applied to his supposed conduct in the matter. After all, his judgment of his own works must have been allowed to be not above, but very far under the mark; and the whole affair would, I think, have been considered, by every candid person, exactly as the letter about Solomon and the rival mothers was by Murray, Gifford, and ‘the four o’clock visitors’ of Albemarle Street, as a good joke. A better joke, certainly, than the allusion to the report of Thomas Scott being the real author of Waverley, at the close of the article, was never penned; and I think it includes a confession over which a misanthrope might have chuckled.

“We intended here to conclude this long article, when a strong report reached us of certain Transatlantic confessions, which, if genuine (though of this we know nothing), assign a different author to these volumes than the party suspected by our Scottish correspondents. Yet a critic may be excused seizing upon the nearest suspicious person, on the principle happily expressed by Claverhouse, in a letter to the Earl of Linlithgow. He had been, it seems, in search of a gifted weaver, who used to hold forth at conventicles: ‘I sent for the webster (weaver); they brought in his brother for him: though he, may be, cannot preach like his brother, I doubt not but he is as well-principled as he, wherefore I thought it would be no great fault to give him the trouble to go to jail with the rest!’”

Out of his literary career Scott, at this epoch, made an application to be created a Baron of Exchequer, but the matter fell to the ground. In the mean time the large sums he received for his novels, enabled him (as we have stated) to add eke to eke to Abbotsford; but in the autumn of 1817 he was visited by one of those severe and dangerous disorders to which he was

periodically liable. The following touches on both points.

“He was now master of all these haunts of ‘True Thomas,’ and of the whole ground of the battle of Melrose, from Skirmish-Field to Turnagain. His enjoyment of the new territories was, however, interrupted by various returns of his cramp, and the depression of spirit which always attended, in his case, the use of opium,—the only medicine that seemed to have power over the disease. It was while struggling with such languor, on one lovely evening of this autumn, that he composed the following beautiful verses. They mark the very spot of their birth—namely, the then naked height overhanging the northern side of the Cauldshields Loch, from which Melrose Abbey to the eastward, and the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow to the west, are now visible over a wide range of rich woodland,—all the work of the poet’s hand:—

‘The sun upon the Weir-daw Hill  
In Ettrick’s vale is sinking sweet;  
The westland wind is hush and still—  
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.  
Yet not the landscape to mine eye  
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;  
Though evening, with her richest dye,  
Flames o’er the hills of Ettrick’s shore.

With listless look along the plain  
I see Tweed’s silver current glide,  
And coldly mark the holy fane  
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.  
The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—  
Are they still such as once they were,  
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp’d and broken board,  
How can it bear the painter’s dye!  
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,  
How to the minstrel’s skill reply!  
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,  
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;  
And Araby’s or Eden’s bosom  
Were barren as this moorland hill.”

[Conclusion next week.]

Central Society of Education. First Publication. 12mo. pp. 414. London, 1837. Taylor and Walton.

SUPREMACY of mind, in any of our countrymen, is a common source of national boast. This is as it should be. Such pride is healthy; the object of it is lofty; and the spirit in which it is evinced, gives warrant that the appreciation of intellect is alive and stirring. It is the national homage to mind. On the other hand, to be a native of an intelligent country, is a passport to respect. The higher the standard of the national mind, the greater is the honour which is reflected on all who live under its institutions, or hold the reins of government. The monarchy of Prussia has tried the experiment of an organised system of education, and is flourishing in this its enlightened policy. Information there has bred no discontent. The happiness of the people, at least as yet, has gone hand in hand with their knowledge. Whatever protection or instruction is given to a people by its institutions, is invariably regained from increased security, and repaid by the sincerity of the people’s attachment. In ruling the ignorant, and in driving the bullock, the honour is pretty much the same. The goad is the sole executive. We should not feel greatly proud to occupy the throne of the Queen of Otaheite, or to succeed his majesty the King of the Cannibal Islands. From the intelligence of the people, the true dignity of the crown is derived. Far be from us, however, the discussion of political questions; further still, a tone of presumption. We speak only as men to whom the literature of our country is dear; whom a life of literary experience has made somewhat well acquainted



with the delights and the resources which the lettered man alone has for his refuge. Knowing, as we do, that literature can lend a balm, which, like oil on the waters, spreads over the rough harassments of life; how often it quiets the tossing to and fro of the sick-bed, combats sorrow, and animates despondency; aware, too, that literature will often turn aright the perverted, prick up the indolent, or at least keep him out of harm's way; that it tends to exalt many, and to amuse more; surely, with such impressions as these at home in our hearts, we pass not the boundaries of our own peculiar province in venturing to plead for opening these fountains of delight to all, which we ourselves know to be such genuine sources of gratification and enlightenment. We cannot refrain from repeating the expression of our earnest trust, that the present reign will become entwined with the intellectual sympathies of the country, by fostering the spirit which has been hitherto eager to instruct the people, but more directly by concentrating the present detached efforts into a regular national system. Strange, indeed, does it seem that, while there exists an anxious craving for knowledge on the part of the people, and a willingness on the part of the government, responding to this universal appetite, yet, that no public demonstration should be made for realising any thing of the kind. All agree, either by their expressed opinion, or by their silence, that it ought to be done, yet nobody does it. Lord Brougham, the early friend and sedulous advocate of popular education, has the satisfaction to know that, through his unwearied activity, the principle has been carried; but the practice is yet but partial, and still stands in need of public sanction and regular organisation. The latent, or rather the glaring cause why no national system has been adopted by public authority, is owing to the divisions which obtain among the professed friends of education. Its best interests are thus distracted, and the main object of a national system is sacrificed. Without entering into detail, we may broadly state the essential question at issue to be, whether morality is to be taught as wholly, or partially, dependent on religion? The one system is connected with the established church, the other is carried on upon wider principles, and with popular views. Education has, alas! become a party question. So long as men busy themselves in ringing the changes on Bell and Lancaster, that unity of purpose will be wanting which can alone hope to gain the entire confidence of the public mind. The choice of the nation is embarrassed between the two systems. If this contention were only a present evil, or of itself at all likely to terminate, we would be the first to say, let these partisans stimulate each other by their rival efforts; let them fight it out, and then let the country have the benefit of that system which proves itself to be the best. But something more than this is required. It is now high time to ask, to what must the progress of education, as now carried on, necessarily lead. Within the same country two principles of education are at work, in direct hostility to each other. This feeling loses none of its acrimony from the close approximation of the two systems. How far the points of difference are at all essential to general education, we do not take upon ourselves to decide; but, unquestionably, a national blessing is thus being perverted into a national curse. The heritage we are leaving is a heritage of dissension. The time for conciliation is childhood; but it appears that we prefer to arm posterity for the contest, rather than

to do away with the necessity of contending at all. Surely, this has neither the foresight of sound policy, nor the benevolence of philanthropy. The dictates of such would say, "We are brothers, we are brothers; let us not sow the seeds of internal discord from generation to generation. Let us cease to split straws; at least, let us not use them for fuel to light up the fires of perpetual contention for our children's children." Having thrown out these few general remarks, we proceed to observe upon the book before us. It is published under the auspices of the Central Society of Education, and contains much information. The reader is made acquainted with the progress and prospects of education, both in our own and in all other countries, where efforts are making for the general instruction of the human race. The working of the various systems are distinctly set forth, and their peculiar principles are discussed with great acuteness, by those who are, unquestionably, conversant with the bearings of their several subjects. There is, however, one point upon which all these writers draw together, which savours strongly of partiality and a warped judgment, if not of a lurking desire to mislead, as well as to inform. No opportunity is let slip of making a side-hit at the present systems of education at our public schools, or at Oxford, or the schools under the surveillance of the church; for instance—

"Proceeding onwards in intellectual education, it may be worthy of consideration, whether the learned languages are, at this moment, effectually attained; not whether a few persons are distinguished as scholars at the universities, but whether the mass, who are spending fourteen of the best years of their lives upon the classics, do, after that period has elapsed, obtain such a knowledge of them as to appreciate the most valuable of their contents, or even obtain the power of reading them with tolerable facility, so as to be able to take up a work and peruse it with satisfaction to themselves. Such can hardly be affirmed to be the case; and if such is not, may it not be doubted whether instruction in the Latin and Greek languages is imparted in the best manner. Greek is often (although the practice is falling gradually into disuse) learned through the medium of the Latin,—an unknown, through the medium of an imperfectly known language. Again, the authors first read are, for the most part, poets: it may be worthy of consideration whether such should be the case. A prejudice against the use of the classics in education has of late been gaining ground, proceeding, it is considered, in great measure, from the indiscriminating and exclusive devotion which has been paid to them."

Now here are three cavils in a lump. First, it is objected that, although some few turn out good Greek scholars at the universities, the mass do not. From the little we know of human nature or the human mind, we are disposed to think that the same result will follow, whether Greek is to be taught, or the art of making breeches, watches, or tea-kettles; the few will do it well, the many will not. But the fault must be shewn to lie at the school doors. It is questioned whether the authors first read ought to be poets. This is needless: the first Greek books put into the hands of the schoolboy are either the Gospels or Xenophon. Again, a prejudice against classical education is said to be gaining ground. This is incorrect: the public schools are brim full; the colleges overflow.

The prejudice against classical literature exists only in the minds of those who have felt

the want of it; or is the mere reaction of parental disappointment, from having expected more than it ever pretended to bestow. We agree with the hint of Dr. Syntax, and do not look to receive what we have no reason to ask.

"Go to Homer, if you will,  
And see if he'll discount your bill."

Probably not. But a man is a fool who goes to him, or sends his son to him, for that purpose. Classical learning may not be of direct and immediate utility; but, if it be worth while to imbue the mind with liberal and enlarged views of human nature; if the habits of thought of the most refined and tasteful people are worthy our familiarity; or if the purest models of style and diction are deserving of imitation, this outcry against Greek is indeed very silly.

The following is, also, a party statement. Such blemishes spot the book with too great frequency.

"The central school of the National School Society resembles, in the mode in which instruction is conveyed, that of the British and Foreign School Society, but the quantity of knowledge imparted is much more restricted; *the greater proportion of the time being occupied in giving instruction in the doctrines of the church of England.* The mode in which the children practise spelling is in a measure good; as they mention the letters of which a word is composed, they write them down upon their slates, and thus learn to spell in writing. The words are, however, taken singly, as they are found in most spelling-books, and not as parts of a sentence. If the children wrote passages, with the sense of which they had previously become acquainted, they would probably attach an appropriate meaning to each word, which, as unconnected sounds, it is not probable that they can do. Although the two societies differ in some respects, neither the one nor the other have contemplated carrying education beyond literary instruction. How small a branch this is of the subject, all who are at all conversant with it well know. In neither of the schools can we discover any arrangements for connecting the knowledge acquired with the probable pursuits of life; any system adopted for the formation of habits of patient industry; any instruction in a useful art, which may minister to domestic comfort, while it increases the small modicum of a labourer's means of support; or any systematic plan adopted for the formation of habits of virtue."

This is very unfairly written. The time is first said to be wasted in teaching the doctrines of the church of England; and then it is denied that any systematic plan is adopted for the formation of the habits of virtue. The fact is, that not the doctrines of the church of England, but the duties of Christianity are taught. This is sought to be slurred over by a sneer at the doctrines, and then it is followed up by the direct charge, that "no systematic plan is adopted for the formation of the habits of virtue." This is altogether unbecoming the professed liberality of the book. All that the friends of Christian instruction need to urge is, We seek to teach the habits of virtue after the best model, and on the most secure basis we have. If the Gospel can give us no hopes of success, no other foundation can.

The subjoined facts are far better worthy of notice, and much more calculated to advance the interests of the cause of national education, than any carping comments of rival systems.

"It will be highly gratifying to the advocates for efficient education, to see in how remarkable a degree the conclusions drawn



from the French returns are confirmed by the fact in our own country, where, with all its imperfections and deficiencies, we must believe that the proportionate number of well-educated persons is much greater than it is in France. We have seen that the proportion borne by the well educated to the other three classes of the accused in that country was, on the average of seven years, 227 to 9773. In Scotland, that proportion, in 1836, was 188 to 9812; while in England, the proportion was no more than 91 to 9909.

	Scotland.			England and Wales.	
	Number accused.	Centesimal proportion.		Number accused.	Centesimal proportion.
Unable to read and write—	539	18.45		7,033	33.52
Able to read and write—	1,427	46.74		10,963	52.33
Superiorly instructed not ascertained	480	14.73		2,215	10.56
	55	1.68		191	0.91
	412	14.10		562	2.63
		100		20,964	100

Of the 55 educated persons accused in Scotland, 41 were convicted, viz. 15 for common assaults, 15 for simple thefts, 2 for frauds, 3 for forgery, 1 for subornation of perjury, 2 for housebreaking, 1 for a nameless offence, 2 for other slight offences. The punishments awarded were as follows:

Fined and discharged	11
Imprisoned 1 month and under	3
above 1 and not exceeding 2 months	5
3	12
6	2
Outlawed	1
Transported for 7 years	1
14 years	1
life	2
	41

The papers on the industrial schools for the peasantry, and on the education of the senses, as exhibited in the instruction of the blind, and the deaf and dumb, are full of pleasing and practical information. We must not omit to specify, that intelligence and research characterise the observations on the treatment of juvenile offenders. The friends of education should possess the book, were it only for the statistical facts which are collected; as such evidence is the demonstration of what education is worth.

*Zinzendorf, and other Poems.* By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 2d edition. New York, 1837. Leavitt, Lord, and Co.

THE nature of this volume is essentially feminine. We use the term in its highest acceptance, and as its highest praise. Tender in its affections, enthusiastic in its religious feelings, gentle and yet elevated—such are the characteristics of the present work. Witness the following poem.

“‘Let there be Light!’—A Mission Hymn.  
Light for the dreary vales  
Of ice-bound Labrador!  
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails.  
Till the mariner wakes no more.

Lift high the lamp that never fails!  
To that dark and sterile shore.  
Light for the forest child!  
An outcast though he be  
From haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,  
And the country of the free.  
Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert-wild,  
For what home on earth has he?  
Light for the cliffs of Greece!  
Light for that trampled clime!  
Where the wrath of the Spoiler refused to cease  
Ere it wrecked the boast of time.—  
See! the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace.  
Grudge ye your boon sublime?  
Light on the Hindoo shed!  
On the maddening idol-train;  
The flame of the Suttie is dire and red,  
And the Fakir faints with pain;  
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,  
By the Ganges laved in vain.  
Light for the Persian sky!  
The Sophi's wisdom fades,  
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy  
Armour when Death invades!  
Hark! hark! to the sainted martyr's sigh  
From Ararat's mournful shades.  
Light for the Burman vales!  
For the islands of the sea!  
For the land where the slave-ship fills its sails  
With sighs of agony!  
And her kidnapped babes the mother wails,  
'Neath the lone banana-tree.  
Light for the ancient race  
Exiled from Zion's rest!  
Homeless they roam from place to place,  
Bewitched and oppressed;  
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base,—  
Guide them to Calvary's breast.  
Light for the darkened earth!  
Long midnight fleets away,  
The Gospel day-star springs to birth,  
Whose bright, prelusive ray  
Shall glow, till a glorious morning brings  
Eternity's cloudless day.”

We must say, that every volume we receive across the Atlantic, impresses us with a most favourable idea of the morals and intellect of woman in America.

*Wanderings in Greece.* By George Cochrane, Esq., Knight of the Royal Greek Military Order of the Saviour, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

WITH all the usual appurtenances of a modern book, portraits, maps, plans, and sketches on stone, these volumes hardly aim at more than amusing an idle—we might say a very idle—hour of the reader. They contain, in fact, the chit-chat of Athens, the fashionable news of its court, and notes of a few pleasant excursions into various parts—receptions, balls, sketches of individuals, &c. &c.; and the whole dashed with certain political opinions, the results of a scheme for establishing steam-navigation between England and Greece (in which Mr. Cochrane was anticipated by the French government), and another project for colonising Greece, so as, in twenty-five years, to give it a population adequate to its defence against all comers.

Such being the general features of this publication, we need not observe that it offers little for us to extract. The author, during the period of his sojourn and travels, having seen and heard more of fights than of science, more of levees than of antiquities, and more of politics than of the fine arts, has not produced much for literary lucubration. We will, however, copy out some passages, as illustrations of national manners and of his style, and leave the rest to the perusal or imagination of our readers. The following curious anecdote is told of the Greek General Karaïskaki (1826), one of the best and bravest of the leaders of the revolution, who came to visit Lord Cochrane on board his ship:—

“Among his followers was an orderly, who attended him every where, and of whom I must pause to give a brief account. This orderly was a Turkish woman, dressed partly in

man's attire, and partly in female. She had been taken prisoner by Karaïskaki at Tripolitza, when that city fell into the hands of the Turks; and Karaïskaki became attached to her, and she to him. She watched him night and day. She carried over her shoulder a light Greek musket, and in her girdle a brace of pistols and an ataghan. Her countenance was very pleasing, but possessing more of the Turkish than the Greek character. Her face was rather round than oval; she had a perfectly straight nose, dark eyes and eyebrows, and a complexion not at all dark, but of a healthy and beautiful white and red. Her hair was dark auburn, and was plaited, and part of it wound round a Greek red cap with a blue tassel. She wore white cotton trousers, with a white sheep-skin jacket, coming down to her waist only, which latter was encircled with a red leathern girdle, as I have said before, containing arms. Her manners were very mild and unobtrusive, and, when noticed by us strangers, she cast down her eyes with a very becoming and attractive modesty. The conduct of this woman offered a fine specimen of what female attachment is capable of effecting. No danger, however great, kept her from the field; and, although she did not fight, still she was regardless of her life while following her lord. At the hour of two, the general and his staff signified their wish to depart; mutual expressions of good will were accordingly interchanged. The orderly then came up to the general, received his commands with every mark of respect, and preceded him into the boat. The following day the admiral went on shore to visit General Karaïskaki, having previously sent to apprise the general of his coming. He was accompanied only by Mr. Masson and myself. Having entered the boat, the Greek youths dipped their oars, and in a few minutes we were landed on a little neck of land, running out into the sea, about a hundred yards from which was the tent of the general. Upon the admiral's arriving within twenty yards, the Greek band struck up an air, of what kind I could not make out. The band was not a very ambitious one, being composed of two drums and three fifes only. But these made up in noise for what they wanted in number. The tent was large enough to contain twenty persons, and was made of white canvass. The general came out, with several of the Capitani, who had assembled to receive Lord Cochrane, and then returned with him into the tent. Three rush chairs were placed for us, upon which we sat. The general sat upon a rug, after the Turkish style, about two yards from the admiral; to the right of the general was the orderly I have before spoken of, who was seated in the same position as the general. It appeared that, in the general's tent, she exercised that prerogative which her beauty and attachment had acquired for her; there she was evidently second in command.”

Mainote justice is singularly exhibited in the following:—

“A Mainote had just been cited before the attorney-general, for killing a man in his province. The man frankly acknowledged the affair, and said, that his reason for the act was, that the deceased had killed one of his relations; that through the death of his relative his clan had been reduced to thirty-five; and that the clan of the deceased, a rival one, was thirty-six in number; he, therefore, killed the man in question solely with the view of reducing the antagonist clan to the same number as his own! The province in which this occurred is called Maina, the most southern of the



Morea, and a country so rude and barbarous, that the Turks could never subjugate it; nor did they make many attempts to that end. At every two or three miles there are small fortifications of houses, and, like the barons of old, the inhabitants carry on a predatory warfare, when the ire of the clan is raised by any insult offered by a neighbouring one."

The sporting in Greece is *sui generis*; and leeches, it seems, are an important article in the trade of the country. Thus, our author tells us—

"There are four very good seasons of the year for shooting in Greece: in the month of April the pigeons remain about three weeks; the quails then follow, and remain a month; then, in September and October, come the partridges; and in the months of November and December, the woodcock and snipe, which arrive at that period in myriads. There are certain game laws in force, but the fees are very inexpensive. You take out a certificate for three months for a drachma and half (about one shilling); or for a year you pay three and a half drachmas (two shillings and sixpence). The *gens d'armes* are very severe if they find you shooting without a license; your gun is taken from you, and not restored till you have paid the fine, which is about 100 drachmas—nearly 4l. sterling. The cheapness of the license, one would almost think, would occasion so many sportsmen, that the game would sensibly diminish, until it almost disappeared; but such is not the case. In the interior of the country there are but few inhabitants, and the game enjoys an undisturbed repose. Partridges and hares are found all over Greece, and pheasants are found in great numbers in the neighbourhood of Missolonghi, and at Zeitouni; and in Negropont and the frontiers, the wild boar and deer are numerous. The other game mentioned is only transient, and they come in such flocks that they never appear to diminish. The inhabitants pickle the pigeons and the quails, which are eaten at breakfast. Having partaken of my excellent friend's hospitality, and the evening drawing in, I bent my steps homeward, at which I arrived at the hour of nine. I was attracted to the coffee-room by a new arrival, who was talking dreadfully loud, and speaking the patois of the South of France. I inquired of Louis, the hotel-keeper, who he was, and learned that he was a Frenchman, who had come to Athens to bid for the exclusive right of seeking leeches in the brooks of Greece, and that he had that morning made the purchase. Every body in the room were [was] in a roar of laughter at the oddity of the man, and, wishing to enjoy the fun, I entered. The moment I entered he addressed me, and immediately began telling me all his affairs: every now and then taking up his knife (for he was waiting for his supper), and throwing it down on the table again, whenever he wished to give emphasis to what he said. He informed me that he had that morning purchased the monopoly of leeches in the province of Attica, for the sum of 12,500 drachmas, and that he had it for five years, and that he expected he should make a very good thing of it. Previous to this arrangement, a great many leech merchants used to come from Marseilles. They would arrive with twenty pounds in their pocket, and in three months would, by their own labour and industry, collect a sufficient quantity to yield them a profit of 4000 francs (160l.) at Marseilles. The government, hearing of the great sums of money made by this traffic, claimed to themselves the natural advantages arising from their brooks and lakes, which

swarm with leeches; and I have no doubt that, from the ten nomarchies, the government may obtain the sum of 6000l. a year, for the first five years."

Another description, illustrative of the habits of modern Greece, is worthy of notice. Mr. C. says:—

"This evening, in pursuance of my old habit of strolling out alone into the 'highways and byways' of the city and suburbs, in search of information and adventure, I fell in with an occurrence worth relating. In passing through one of the small streets, my attention was attracted by the sound of music, and having entered a little hovel whence it issued, I saw several people, of both sexes, celebrating a marriage, in which I observed that no garland was employed. Now, the garland is always placed upon the bride's head, at a regular and orthodox wedding; I was, therefore, induced to inquire into the circumstances. They presently explained themselves, however, as follows: after I had been there a little while, without any body objecting to my presence, but the contrary, a man got up, personating the priest, and addressed the assembled party to the following effect:—'Here are two young folks who wish to be married without the garland. What is your wish and pleasure, ladies and gentlemen? Have you any objection thereto?' Nobody expressed any; the only difference of opinion being relative to the time the marriage should last! Some said that they should be married for two months, others only six weeks. Two months were at last decided upon; the rings were placed on the respective fingers of the man and woman; and they were duly pronounced man and wife for the space of two months. The music, composed of a fiddle and guitar, then struck up, and the evening passed off with mirth and jollity."

It is facetious enough to call these "left-handed marriages," being, in fact, something else—a formal dissoluteness and profligacy; and it is not very clear whether the annexed explanation limits the practice to the parties mentioned, or whether it is a ceremony common to all.

"I was mentioning this circumstance the next morning to a friend, and he informed me that some time since, a colony of three hundred men and women had arrived from Cyprus, the inhabitants of which, being tired of living under the thralldom of the Turks, had come to Athens, and had demanded permission to locate themselves in the town. The kingdom of Greece being free to all the world, the government could not refuse them admission, but on account of the moral habits of these modern Cyprians not being precisely in accordance with those of other well-conducted Greeks, the government had chosen to take them under its especial surveillance."

We conclude with a tobacco story, which the author's Greek tutor gave him as a lesson; it is new to us, and if a moral is to be drawn from it, we should say that smoking is the greatest solace to which a man can resort in the event of losing his wife. Real Virginia, Orinoko, or Havannah, it is true, can hardly be esteemed "the spiritual essence" of a buried English female; but as we grow so little tobacco in the British isles, a whiff of any of these must be received as the best succedaneum. But thus runs the tale:—

"In times of old, before man had made use of the herb tobacco, there was a Persian and his wife, who were excessively attached to one another; so much so, that when the good man went to work in the fields (for he was a

peasant), his wife always accompanied him. Through some unfortunate accident, the wife died, and the husband was inconsolable. Having buried his beloved, he erected a very handsome monument to her memory, and was wont to go every day to mourn over her tomb; for he found solace in the utterance of his grief. One day, while he was, as usual, at the tomb, he observed a plant emerging from the earth where his wife was buried. Struck by it, an idea came across his mind that this plant was sent by his departed wife, for him to cherish. He, therefore, fostered it, and it soon grew to be very large. After some time, he reported the occurrence to a dervise who resided in a neighbouring village, and asked his advice. The dervise, upon hearing it, pondered some time, and then told him to return next day. The dervise then informed him, that, having put up prayers, he had been instructed in the night, by a vision, that the said plant was sent for his use and consolation, under his affliction for the loss of his beloved wife; and that he must take the leaves and dry them, and roll them up in the shape of a hollow tube, and that, whenever grief came over him for the loss of his departed, he was to take one of these tubes, light it at one end, and place the other end in his mouth; and that he must inhale the smoke arising from the leaves, which was no other than the spiritual essence of his departed wife. The fame of this circumstance spread abroad, and numbers came round the poor man, to hear of this phenomenon. They who were placed in a similar situation, entreated the good man to give them a few leaves, and they found, or fancied, that it equally imparted a solace to their cares and difficulties. The leaves of one plant not sufficing for the increased demand, the peasant planted the seeds, and raised a large field, and many more in the process of time; and in a few years, by disposing of these balm of Gilead, he became one of the most wealthy men of Persia, and the sultan gave him a province to rule over."

He should have made him his pipe-bearer.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### *Rise and Progress of the British Power in India.*

By Peter Auber, M.R.A.S., late Secretary to the Hon. Court of Directors of the East India Company. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 699. London, 1836. Allen and Co.; Calkin and Budd.

POSSESSED of every advantage for research, and gifted with ability to make the best use of the fruits of his investigation, Mr. Auber has here given us the first portion of an excellent history of the wonderful empire of the East. It commences with a glance at the early annals of Hindostan and the native powers, notices the Portuguese settlements, and describes the origin of the British East India Company. He then carries down the account in a clear and perspicuous manner to the end of 1786; and the memorable party persecution of Warren Hastings concludes the interesting narrative.

*Scenes and Characters of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society.* By Emma Roberts. Second edition. 2 vols. London, 1837. Allen and Co.

WE rejoice to see this pleasant work receive its just reward in a second edition. No one has described Anglo-Indian manners with such tact and discrimination as Miss Roberts, and two new and additional chapters on Griffins and Indigo Planters, in the present version, are characteristic improvements in this inter-

esting branch of her subject. Altogether, with the moderate cost of the publication, we should not be surprised to see its popularity increased rather than diminished by being more widely diffused; and, consequently, that we should be called upon to notice a third edition.

*Sketches of Young Ladies; in which these interesting Members of the Animal Kingdom are classified, according to their several Instincts, Habits, and General Characteristics, by "Quix;" with Six Illustrations by "Phiz." Pp. 80. (London, Chapman and Hall).—The illustrations are humorous and entertaining, and the letter-press sketches playfully satirical and amusing. About two dozen of species are described: such as the lazy young lady, or sloth; the clever young lady, or monkey; the busy young lady, or squirrel; the interesting young lady, or lamb; the whimsical young lady, or butterfly; the mysterious young lady, or mole; and we offer our readers the petting young lady, as a fair specimen of the talent displayed in the volume.*

"Were we to define the petting young lady, we should say that she is one who loves every living thing which is small. The fact of being small is quite sufficient to guarantee her affections without any additional requisite whatever. So strong is this love of hers for smallness in any shape, that her favourite term for expressing intense admiration is the word 'little.' Thus, if she see a horse which pleases her, she instantly cries out, 'What a dear little horse!' although the horse be as big as a hay-stack; if a dog, 'What a nice little dog!' if a house, 'What a sweet little house!' Her whole language is a compound of diminutives. Instead of saying 'mouse,' she says 'mousey'; instead of 'aunt,' 'aunty'; instead of 'shoe,' 'shoeey.' The petting young lady began her small existence with loving a little doll. When she was three years old she fell in love with a little lamb, an affection which lasted till the little lamb became a large sheep, on which act of insubordination she discarded him into the hands of the butcher. Her next attachment was a little dog, till the little dog became a big dog; on which she took a little canary and a little kitten. Of late she has been petting a little pony, till it is ready to burst; and finds no delight so great as in nursing a most particularly small baby, belonging to the married housemaid, which she calls a sweet dear little thing, and half suffocates with hugging, at least a dozen times a day. If you call at the house, you will be sure to find her in tribulation about some favourite. Either her chicken has broken its leg, or her spaniel has shattered his constitution by tumbling off her lap upon the rug; or her pet pig has been slaughtered for salting; or her canary has been killed by the cat. It is quite surprising what a host of troubles she has; you would fancy her the mother of a dozen children at least. And yet, with all this excessive love for animals, a hundred to one but she is unkind towards her younger sisters, if she have any. Her selfishness knows no bounds. She is always appropriating. When you call, take care how you lead the conversation to zoology. She will be sure to coax you for a little Chinese pig, or a little Andalusian cat, or a little Mexican dog, the uglier the better. A much cheaper way of gaining her regard is to kiss severely each and all of her pets in regular rotation. This will be sure to please her, and when you go away, she may, perhaps, eulogistically say of you, 'If you are particularly lucky, 'What a nice little man!'"

*The Naturalist's Library, by Sir W. Jardine: Vol. V. of Foreign Butterflies, by James Duncan. (Edinburgh, Lisars; London, Highley; Dublin, Curry).—A beautiful volume, with a portrait and memoir of Lamarck, and an excellent introduction. To sing 'I'd be a butterfly' is the voluntary induced by looking on these accurate and exquisite plates, which so faithfully represent the brilliant hues which nature has lavished on these gay and lovely insects.*

*The Magazine of Domestic Economy, Vol. II. (London, Orr and Co.; Edinburgh, Chambers).—A useful continuation of a very various and generally useful work. Such a medley can hardly be conceived. From preparing sheep's tongues to the registration of voters; from removing corn to the dressing of meadow lands; from lip salve to American blight; from the dentition of children to the shoeing of horses; every thing is touched on; and if people are not taught how to manage a hundred daily matters in domestic economy, it is no fault of the compilers.*

*The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the present Condition of the Earth, by Mary Roberts. Pp. 285. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Miss Mary Roberts is the author of several very instructive and pleasing publications, and her merit in framing these is not diminished by the present performance. Miss R. sticks literally and religiously to the six days of creation; but in other respects her expositions are very well written, and illustrated in a manner to be at once a source of popular attraction and improvement. It is a very fit volume for youth of both sexes.*

*Byron's Miscellanies, Vol. II. (London, Murray).—With a beautiful vignette of Athens, Mr. Murray here continues his pretty miniature edition of Byron. "The Curse of Minerva," "The Walts," "Ode to Napoleon," "Hebrew Melodies," "Pulci's Morgante Maggior," "The Prophecy of Dante," "The Blues," "The Vision of Judgment," and the "Age of Bronze," are all neatly printed in its three hundred pages.*

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

[Major Mitchell's Report concluded.]

"WHEN we gained the head of a small ravine falling towards the principal river rising in the Grampians, we found firmer ground; and our progress was much better, although still occasionally impeded by the soft and boggy state of the earth. The river, which I named the 'Glenelg,' flows first westward, and then southward, entering the sea at the deepest part of the bay between Cape Northumberland and Cape Bridgewater. I explored the last fifty miles of its course in the boats, having left Mr. Stapylton with a dépôt, for I had great reason to hope that it led to some important estuary; the average width was one hundred yards, the mean depth four fathoms. In this I was, however, disappointed, for the river terminated in a shallow basin within the sand hummocks of the coast, the outlet being between two low rocky heads, but choked up with the sands of the beach. In the higher part of the Glenelg, the rock over which it flows is granite; but after it passes through a ridge of primitive sand-stone, covered with forests of iron bark (and which forms there a kind of coast range), the banks consist wholly of a secondary limestone. The soft state of the earth had rendered our progress by land almost hopeless, when I launched the boats on the Glenelg; but, on quitting that river with the party, I succeeded in re-crossing the iron-bark range with the drays, by following up a tributary flowing to the Glenelg from the eastward. The difficulty of this movement was much increased by numerous swampy creeks and swamps which we had to cross. The eastern part of that range is highest; and on the higher parts, where the basis of the soil is trap-rock, the enormous growth and thickness of the trees presented a new impediment to the progress of our drays, the fallen timber covering so much of the surface. The trees, consisting of stringy bark and blue gum, were many of them six feet, and some as much as eight feet in diameter. Beyond this range, which terminates in Cape Bridgewater, I expected to have found some considerable river entering the sea at Portland Bay; I found only, however, three small rivers, which I named the 'Turry,' the 'Fitzroy,' and the 'Shaw,' entering the bay at different points east of the anchorage. On approaching this bay, situated on what I considered an unexplored coast, the unwonted sight of houses drew my attention, and a vessel at anchor. I soon ascertained that Messrs. Henty, from Swan River, had formed a whaling and farming establishment there. These gentlemen accommodated me with a small supply of flour, although the supply for their own establishment was nearly exhausted. Portland Bay appears to be a good anchorage in all winds, save those from the S.S.E. It is much better sheltered from the prevailing winds by the lofty promontory of Capes Bridgewater and Nelson, than any part of Port Philip is (which harbour I reconnoitred from Mount Macedon on the 1st instant), and the position of two reefs seems favourable to the formation of a small harbour. I still entertained hopes of finding a good port on the coast; and should have thoroughly examined it, for an object so desirable to the valuable and extensive territory I had explored, but the almost impassable state of the ground, and our very limited stock of provisions, confined me to a direct line homewards from Portland Bay, by which I travelled completely round the Grampians, crossed all the rivers, and determined the position of the prin-

cipal heights. I wished much to have examined 'Cadong,' which, according to the natives, is a large piece of water on the coast, westward of Cape Otway. This receives, as they said, several small rivers which I saw flowing southward, over the plains from the Australian Pyrenees, a group of very fine forest hills of considerable height, eastward of the Grampians. From one of these, I observed the eastern shore of a piece of water, in the direction indicated by the natives. The country on that coast generally, is low, and almost swampy, but the soil is rich, and the climate being sufficiently moist, and water abundant, it appears better adapted for agriculture on an extensive scale, than any other part of New South Wales. The soil consists chiefly of decomposed trap or limestone,—these being the rocks immediately below it. The whole of the coast country eastward of Cape Nelson is of volcanic formation, as many interesting geological phenomena attest; amongst others, an extinct volcano (which I named 'Mount Napier') is not the least remarkable, having an open crater, and being surrounded with ashes and scorie to the distance of two miles around its base. From the fresh appearance of the lava at the summit, I thought it might have been in activity within the memory of man, but I could not find any allusion to fire in the aboriginal name (Murrowan). We encountered much soft ground near Mount Napier and by the time the party attained the southern extremity of the Grampians—most of the cattle were exhausted—one poor animal died in the shafts. Some weeks of repose were absolutely necessary, and this our stock would not admit of; on the contrary, I could only hope that they would last to the end of the journey, by allowing the men a very reduced ration. Having some spare cattle, I decided on proceeding in advance with a light party, and a month's provision, leaving the rest to refresh for two weeks, with a party under Mr. Stapylton, whom I provided with two months' provisions, that he might, at the end of two weeks, follow my track at leisure, through Australia Felix. I hoped, by proceeding faster, to survey and reconnoitre the country with more freedom, and also to reach the colony in time to send back a supply of provision to meet Mr. Stapylton on the banks of the Hume. My route homeward from the vicinity of the Australian Pyrenees, passed through a country of the most varied and fascinating description. At intervals of fifty or sixty miles, we crossed ranges of granite, through all of which I found passes for the carts across the very lowest parts, reconnoitering the ranges as far as possible, in advance. The districts between the different ranges, consisted of excellent land, thickly covered with the *Danthonia* grass, and well-watered. I hoped to have met with some advanced station before we reached the Murrumbidgee, but although we did not, we were fortunate in finding a way for the carts to this point, unobstructed by mountains or swamps. It is near the station of Mr. Thompson, a gentleman who has accommodated me with a supply of provisions, to be sent back to the other party tomorrow. We reached the station the third day after our supply had been exhausted. I have succeeded in working a continual chain of triangles along the heights between Cape Nelson and the banks of this river, thereby connecting my work on that coast with the survey of the colony. I trust that the results of this expedition will prove satisfactory to his majesty's government, considering the various difficulties surmounted, and the elements with which I have had to contend. Besides

establishing the fact of the identity of the Upper and Lower Darling, it has been in my power, under the protection of Providence, to explore the vast natural resources of a region more extensive than Great Britain, equally rich in point of soil, and which now lies ready for the plough in many parts, as if specially prepared by the Creator for the industrious hands of Englishmen. I have much pleasure in stating that I have had reason to be well satisfied with the zeal and perseverance of Mr. Stapledon on all occasions. It will be seen by this report, and more fully by my journal, how well I could rely upon both. All the men of the party have behaved well, and are returning in safety, with one exception, James Taylor, who was unfortunately drowned in endeavouring to swim a horse across a swampy river on the 18th inst. I beg leave to bring also under his excellency the governor's notice, 'Piper,' an aboriginal native of Bathurst, who has accompanied me throughout this eventful journey, and has proved a valuable auxiliary, as will appear in almost every page of my journal.—I am, &c.

"T. L. MITCHELL, Surveyor-General."

#### ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

THE following papers were read at the meeting on Saturday evening last:—On lightning conductors for ships, by Mr. Roberts. On the theory of a single and double fluid, by Mr. Gassiot. The Rev. John Shillabeer presented one of his new arrangements of voltaic battery to the society, and explained its peculiarities. Andrew Crosse, Esq. and Lieut. Morrison, R.N. were elected non-resident members.

#### BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE official circulars, appointing the meeting of the Association at Liverpool, on Monday, the 11th of September (as announced in the *Literary Gazette* a fortnight ago), have been issued; and it is stated that the Earl of Burlington, the president elect, will take the chair on that evening. The sections, however, will be formed on the preceding Saturday, at the library of the Athenæum, in Lord Street; and reports, memoirs, apparatus, models, &c. are desired to be forwarded before the end of August. As this is absolutely necessary, for the sake of convenient arrangement, we trust the notice will meet with the attention it deserves.

#### COAL FINDING.

IN a search of such great importance as the discovery of coal in any part of the country where collieries are far distant, the associates of coal, even those of most casual occurrence, are worth attending to. Salt, in various parts, is an associate of coal, although coals are not yet proved to underlie our great salt district of Cheshire. Basalt, or whinstone, though of common occurrence among the elder rocks, and known also to overlie chalk, is so commonly found in our northern parts, lying in the coal-measures, and even upon the coal, that it must be considered a not infrequent associate; and in the red rocks, either over or under the coal series, whinstone is, in Scotland, a near neighbour to the collieries; and, therefore, upon the principle of what occurs in one place may occur in another, the vicinity of whinstone rocks in certain localities may be worth searching. Places which are, also, in other respects not unfavourable, will, of course, be preferred. The vicinity of stone in Gloucestershire, and Thorverton, and Upton Pyne, in Devonshire, may be mentioned. Mountain limestone and millstone grit, the common underliers of

coal, are also within a short distance of the former place; and it appears, by Mr. De la Beche's sections of Devonshire strata, which have been exhibited at the Bristol meeting of the British Association, and elsewhere, that the granite and the coal-measures may be such near neighbours as to lie almost in contact. With such deviations from the order of superposition as opposite sides of the cross section of the Devonshire cavin in the strata, present, how can the theory of "must have been formed level on the bed of the sea, and subsequently elevated or depressed," be applied to such inexplicable phenomena as in the two sides? What, on the Dartmoor side, either by the elevation of granite, or by the sinking of the superincumbent rocks, could have caused all in the series, between granite and the coal-measures, to disappear? or, what could annihilate all those rocks which, on the opposite side, stare us in the face? But, to something more useful: by the help of this section, and the fossil vegetables served up on the table, which, at the feast of reason and common sense, would be coal-measures; and that, not merely those next the granite, but the whole of the coal-series, and the coal itself (now anthracite, or culm), may be, altogether, considered as "altered rocks;" and for the accuracy of this opinion, we have the analogy of experience on the opposite side of the Channel; of stone-coal, or culm, easterly, becoming less and less culmiferous, and, finally, good coal; and why not so between the Bristol and English Channels? Unconformity in the upper strata prevents our seeing the easterly extension of the Danmorian cavin of coal-measures, but judicious boring might prove it.

WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological 8 P.M.  
Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.  
The Conversazione of the Architectural Society postponed from the 27th ult. to Tuesday the 11th.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Remarks on Ancient and Modern Art, in a Series of Essays.* By an Amateur. 12mo. pp. 396. Edinburgh, 1837. Blackwood and Sons; London, Cadell.

ARCHITECTURE, sculpture, and painting, but especially the first two, are the subjects treated of in these Essays, with the view of diffusing a taste for the elevated branches of the Fine Arts. We have read the volume with much attention and pleasure, and cordially concur in the opinions expressed by the author in the following, which are some of its concluding passages:—"The object of elevated art is to ennoble human nature; to raise it in the scale of creation; to impart solid instruction along with the most refined pleasure; to illustrate the truths and sublime emotions of religion; to perpetuate the inspirations of patriotism, liberty, and national glory. Such was Grecian and Roman, such is Italian art. It exercises a powerful influence over the private feelings, public fortunes, and national achievements of a people. It conduces to their wealth, prosperity, and renown. Nay, after the loss of their liberties, and decline of their power, it is the means of sustaining their fortunes, and shedding a never-fading lustre over their fall. How extraordinary that a great and powerful empire like Great Britain, uniting as she does every facility and requisite for its cultivation and development, should be so insensible to its value; a country which has produced a

Bacon, a Newton, a Milton, a Shakespeare, and a Scott; a country which has excelled in every other walk of human genius and enterprise! She wants but this one jewel to complete her crown, to fill up the measure of her glory. The late Sir George Beaumont, and a few other enlightened patrons, might be named; yet they have failed in kindling one spark of enthusiasm or taste in the nation at large. There is, it is true, a certain encouragement for the subordinate branches; but representations of mere ordinary and low life, however well executed, lead more or less to debasement of taste and moral degradation. A taste for elevated art is neither innate nor intuitive—it must be acquired by study and cultivation; and, until so acquired and diffused among the community, nothing like steady or consistent encouragement can be expected. It is a great mistake to suppose that classic art can only be appreciated and enjoyed by the higher and educated classes. Ancient Greece and modern Italy prove the reverse. But where the higher orders, the wealthy, the learned, the professional, and scientific, are, as in this country, with a few exceptions, utterly ignorant of its first principles, what hope is there for its advancement? The most effectual remedy would be to establish in each of our universities a professorship of art, embracing a course of lectures on architecture, sculpture, and painting, and accompanied with a collection of casts, models, books, &c. The National Gallery is still in its infancy; but, unless a very decided change take place in its management and system of selection, there is little prospect of its ever rivaling the continental galleries, or being commensurate with the wealth and greatness of the British empire. Rich as the united kingdom is in private collections of pictures and statues, they are so dispersed over the mansions of the nobility and aristocracy throughout the country, that it is a matter of difficulty to gain access for inspection—copying being rarely or ever permitted. To think of producing elevated art exclusively by founding academies and institutions, without public encouragement and national works, were as absurd and vain as to found schools for rearing epic and tragic poets, with a determination never to read or countenance their works."

In an episodal chapter, the completion of the National Monument—the Restoration of the Parthenon—on the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, is strongly recommended.

*A Complete Scientific and Popular Treatise upon Perspective; with the Theories of Reflection and Shadow.* By a Pupil of Monsieur J. P. Thénot. London, 1837. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS unpretending, but really scientific publication, is, we understand, the production of a lady, of considerable attainments in the fine arts; and the principles that are laid down, as well as the rules founded on them, are well calculated to assist the pupil to a perfect knowledge of one of the most essential points in drawing, planning, &c. In fact, as is well observed by Mr. A. W. Hukewell, member of the Architectural Society, in London, who has written the Preface, "The influence of perspective is so universal throughout the arts which minister to intellectual enjoyment and information, that, in a civilised state, the study cannot be too generally cultivated and encouraged." Persons ignorant of perspective, are not aware how much delight they lose whilst contemplating the beauties of architectural design; even the scenic department in



a theatre is rendered infinitely more interesting to those who rightly appreciate this valuable branch of knowledge. With respect to the former, the Preface remarks, "To take an example from modern times, Greenwich Hospital may be cited as strongly exemplifying this truth. In that complicated and beautiful structure, the fascinating union of art with nature, achieved by laying open the centre to the distant view; the intelligent disposition of the plan in receding planes, with the gradual approximation of the more distant parts; the widely extended opening in front, and the subordinate character of the foremost parts of the building, which, both combined, give depth, and lead the eye imperceptibly to the contemplation of the more dignified features. All combine in producing a sublime pictorial result, only to be anticipated by a mind which, like that of Wren's, was imbued with the poetry of perspective." This is a very just tribute; yet, how few of the many thousands who visit this admirable structure—excellent both in its architecture and present uses—ever give a thought to the beauty of the building itself. The study of perspective, however, would very soon produce a better feeling; and the plain, simple, yet perfect, manner of the work before us, renders the acquisition peculiarly easy. The engravings, twenty-four in number, are very fairly executed, and so arranged, on folding sheets, as to make them easily available for reference. A clever line engraving of Greenwich Hospital forms the frontispiece, illustrating the remarks offered in the Preface.

*Zwölf Bilder zu Göthe's Faust.* Gezeichnet von Peter von Cornelius, Director der Königl. Mahler-Akademie zu München.—*Twelve Pictures to Göthe's Faust.* Drawn by Peter Cornelius, Director of the Royal Academy of Painting at Munich. London. Schloss.

*Six Designs, illustrative of the Niebelungen Nôt.* By Peter Cornelius. London. Schloss. THE works of the modern German artists are very little known in England,—much less, certainly, than they deserve. Accident, perhaps, more than any thing else, added to their comparative cheapness, has introduced amongst us the outlines of Retsch and his imitators, and they have at once gained a reputation which they decidedly merit; but few of the numerous admirers of Retsch's "Illustrations of Faust" are aware that, long before they appeared, there had been published in Germany a series of illustrations of that extraordinary drama, which are quite as worthy of our attention, and to which, if we mistake not, Retsch himself is indebted for some of his ideas. The illustrations to which we allude are by Peter Cornelius, a painter of great genius, and deservedly classed in the very first rank of the German artists of the present day. Some of them are, in our opinion, superior in composition to the analogous designs of Retsch; and we would particularly point out, for their grandeur of design, the prison scene between Faust and Margaret, and the scene of the apparition at the place of execution. Our readers may see at Schloss's (we believe the only bookseller who has them on hand), both these and Cornelius's six designs, illustrative of the old German poetical legend, the "Niebelungen Nôt, or Fate of the Niebelungs, of which latter, a very poor attempt was lately made to give some idea in the woodcuts of the *Penny Magazine*. It is quite astonishing how much the Germans are doing for their ancient poetry and legends, and with what taste and judgment they take

up the subject. It is but a few days since, among the numerous editions of the "Niebelungen Lied," we put our hand on one edited "for the use of schools," with a grammar and glossary for that purpose. Why has no one in England attempted to produce parts of Chaucer, or Piers Plowman, or some such works, in such a form and manner as to give encouragement to, and at the same time make easy, the study of them? We would ask, also, why does not some enterprising artist seek a series of subjects in Chaucer? We think it might be done with advantage.

*Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne.* Par Le Comte A. Raczynski. Vol. I. 4to. with Atlas of Plates in large folio. Paris, 1836. Renouard; London, Schloss.

WE think that this interesting and richly decorated work on the German Artists of the present age, deserves to be much better known in England. It is, in the highest sense of the word, an *original* work; even the biographical sketches with which it abounds, being drawn often from a personal acquaintance with the men to whom they relate. Besides the atlas of finely executed plates which accompanies it, almost every page is adorned with woodcuts by the best engravers of London, Paris, and Germany; and we confess that the French and German cuts shew to advantage by the side of our own. The French wood-engravers have much of the style of the age of Albert Durer, distinguished especially by boldness of outline. We notice this work at present, more particularly with the object of giving from it a sketch of Peter Cornelius, to whose illustrations of "Faust," and the "Niebelungen," we have just called the attention of our readers.

"Peter Cornelius had already (when Overbeck was forming a school at Vienna) made himself known in Germany by his compositions of 'Faust,' and had acquired the reputation of an eminent genius. From his tenderest youth, having been obliged to work for his livelihood, and being opposed, by the bent of his mind, to the academy of Dusseldorf, as Overbeck was to that of Vienna, his education of artist, under such unfavourable circumstances, was necessarily incomplete. We have the more reason to admire the power of his genius, which already, even in his designs of 'Faust,' the work of his first youth, could overcome such great obstacles, and supply the want of a guide by the force of the imagination. It was in the same manner that he drew his scenes from the 'Niebelungen,' the first works which he did at Rome. After having finished the drawings, he received the first order for a great painting. M. Bartholdi changed him with the execution, in fresco, of two scenes of the Life of Joseph, in the hall which he dedicated to the representation of the life of this patriarch. Cornelius painted the 'Interpretation of the Dreams,' and afterwards, 'Joseph recognised by his Brethren.' This last work is, undoubtedly, one of the best by this master; in no other painting has he shewn such depth of sentiment, or has he so entirely avoided mannerism,—a defect into which this great genius has frequently fallen, and which often diminishes the charm of his works; yet he preserves, even in this failing, a certain character of grandeur; in fact, we must seek the cause of his leaning to mannerism, much less in his sentiments of painter, than in the imperfect direction of his first studies. With the exception of a little painting in oil, representing a *deposition*, in the possession of Thorvaldsen,

I know no finished painting by this master. Called by the King of Bavaria, then prince royal, to paint the frescoes of the Glyptothèque at Munich, he composed, at Rome, several cartoons for the first hall. In the class of mythological design, nothing to excel them has been done in modern times; and this work was the commencement of a new epoch for the *grandiose* style of painting in Germany. This artist next composed a series of mythological paintings in the two halls of this same Glyptothèque, and he is now occupied in the composition of cartoons for the frescoes which are destined to adorn the church of St. Louis, at Munich. His genius is so universal, that it would be difficult to say what class of poetical production is the most congenial to his talent."

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The White Mouse.* Painted by R. Edmonstone; engraved by G. H. Phillips. Moon. THE picture from which Mr. Phillips has engraved this singularly beautiful print was exhibited some years ago, if we mistake not, at the Gallery of British Artists, and was, in our opinion, poor Edmonstone's *chef-d'œuvre*. Its technical execution was admirable; but it had higher claims to notice, and those claims are here finely maintained. The great charm of the composition is the simplicity and unity of the sentiment. The focus of attention is the timid little animal which gives its name to the subject. By its owner it is regarded with fondness and friendship; by the child, and his lovely female attendant, with surprise and delight. The spectator is reminded of Pratt's interesting and affecting story of the Canary-bird, and is apprehensive of a similar catastrophe.

*The Fall of Napoleon.* Painted by G. Wallis; engraved by G. Zobel. McCormick. WE confess that we do not quite understand the incident that forms the subject of this print; which is, in all respects, one of very moderate pretensions.

*Portrait of the Right Hon. Lord Bessley.* Painted by J. Rand, Esq.; engraved by C. Turner. Nisbett and Co.

A STRIKING and pleasing resemblance of this pious and respected nobleman. Mr. Rand is the American artist, a print from whose fine picture of the Rev. — Melville we noticed some time ago.

*Hints upon Colour, as affected by Light, Shade, and Reflection, and its Appearance under various states of the Atmosphere.* By W. Fletcher. Reading, Blackwell; London, Ackermann and Co.

ALTHOUGH we cannot say that there is much of novelty in this little manual, the information which it contains, and which has been derived from various sources, is arranged and presented in a pleasing, comprehensive, and instructing form.

#### MUSIC.

*Great Concert Room, King's Theatre.*—This room, we are glad to say, was well filled on Monday morning, when Madame Castilli and Signor Pionzi held their annual concert; modest and deserving servants of the public for many years, to say nothing of the great attraction held forth by their programme, the *fall* room was a tribute to which they were *fully* entitled. The concert was one amongst the many rich musical treats of the season. Pasta and Grisi, in a duet from *Andrenico*

(Mercandante), were most exquisite; they were, of course, encored. It is much to the honour of both these ladies that they contributed so liberally, as on Monday, to the benefit of their less-gifted sister *artiste*. The well-known "Cielo in quel estasi" was splendidly executed, by Grisi and Rubini. "Ah! che forse" was, also, delightfully sung by Pasta. Lablache, Tamburini, Schroeder Devrient, Albertazzi, Assandri, all lent their aid. We need scarcely say, the entertainment was a rich one. It is scarcely probable we may ever again have such a combination of genius and talent in our known world.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Beautiful are the Hues, a Song.* The Poetry by L. E. L., taken, by permission, from the "Literary Gazette;" the Music by Fanny Steers. Lonsdale.

THE first two or three bars of this air will convey a slight reminiscence of Handel's song, "How beautiful are the feet," the key, G minor, being the same, and the 6-8 time having the same effect on the ear as the 12-8 time in which Handel's song is written. The word "beautiful," too, hardly admits of any other setting than the one here adopted, so that the resemblance, if it be deemed such, was almost unavoidable. But the song assumes a distinctive character as it proceeds; and it is written in that unaffected easy style which distinguishes all Miss Steers' compositions, being equally removed from hacknied commonplace, and an ostentatious display of learning. The symphonies and accompaniment are also in excellent taste, and the song is altogether worthy the composer of the popular duet, "The last links are broken."

*My rest is gone; Margaret's Song in Faust.* The Words translated from the German of Goëthe, by J. S. Blackie, Esq.; Music by Fanny Steers. Lonsdale.

THE melody of this attractive little song is simple, yet far above the threadbare insipidity of too many modern ballads. Its only fault is its extreme brevity; a circumstance, however, that, in addition to its plaintive, unpretending beauty, must ensure a call for its repetition wherever it may be performed. A singer possessing good middle notes, and an expressive style, might procure unbounded popularity for *My rest is gone*, which is not unworthy the notice of Miss Massan, the accomplished vocalist to whom it is inscribed; or of Mrs. A. Shaw, whose beautiful voice would tell admirably with the harp accompaniment.

*New Edition of the Vocal Melodies of Scotland, united to the Songs of Burns, Ramsay, Scott, and other distinguished Poets. Arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-forte.* By Finlay Dun and John Thomson. Vol. II. Edinburgh, 1837. Paterson and Ray; London, Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

THE first volume of this delightful publication obtained our warmest praise; and the second is equally worthy of encomium. It possesses all that such a work should possess—nationality and character. The beauty of Scottish music breathes throughout the selection, and the editors have truly done their duty, by adopting the best versions of the words and the melodies, and restoring the genuine ancient forms where they had been tampered with and corrupted. The accompaniments are sweet and appropriate, and altogether the work reflects honour on the talents and taste of the editors, and is well

worthy of becoming a very popular and universal favourite. Several of the songs are said to be published for the first time; but which, are not pointed out.

## DRAMA.

*Haymarket.*—On Monday, *The Maid's Tragedy*, under the name of *The Bridal*, altered and amended from Beaumont and Fletcher by Macready, shorn of its impurities, but retaining all its numerous beauties, was produced. Powerful in language, rich in dramatic incident, and finely acted, what could it be, but eminently successful? We will give no sketch of the plot; in our minds, it takes so much from the interest an audience has in witnessing the performance, which we strongly recommend our readers to do forthwith. Enough to say, the hearer is completely carried on, and expects the dénouement with the most intense interest. Miss Huddart, as *Evadne*, played better than we have ever seen her. She possesses a fine person, and looked the character well. She has also, the great advantage of being the first actress of the part; consequently, she loses nothing by comparison. Her scene with *Melan-tius* (Macready), in which he swears her to murder the king, was splendidly acted, and left us nothing to wish. Miss Taylor, as the wronged and broken-spirited *Aspasia*, played her two or three sweet scenes with much feeling: hers is the character claiming the deepest sympathy; her dejected misery in the first scene, and her dignified rejection of the king's offers, were naturally and touchingly given. With so much of praise, we may be permitted to point out one fault. Miss Taylor does not articulate distinctly, and often drops her voice at the end of a sentence; by this some of her best points are lost to the part of the audience not close to the stage. It is decidedly not a natural defect, and can, therefore, be easily overcome. Mr. Elton is scarcely equal to the part intrusted to him; but he never tears the passion "to rags," and never offends. Macready's *Melan-tius* is a noble piece of acting; every thing he does or says is in perfect keeping; and the occasional touches of passion or sarcasm are most true to nature. Who, after seeing this tragedy, will ever forget his "Oh! then he told you." We could wish the chorus at this pleasant theatre were not allowed to sing *ad lib.* The house at first price was thinly attended; but, if there be any taste left for sterling plays, it will not be so again when this tragedy is played. Two or three farces, in which Farren plays so well, generally fill the Haymarket at half-price.

## VARIETIES.

*Steam Improvements.*—The editor of the *Hull Packet* (and deplorable has been the catastrophe to cause him to take a deep interest on the subject) speaks in terms of great approbation of an improvement in steam-vessels, illustrated by the arrival of the Sea Horse steamer, at that port. "1st, The motion (he states) is so perfectly smooth, that, unless a person on board were aware of the fact, he would scarcely believe that the engines were at work. The boilers are supplied with distilled water, which prevents the usual saline deposit and corrosion of the boilers. 2dly, As no deposit or incrustation can possibly take place, the transmission of heat to the water is more uniform, the boiler-plates are prevented from burning, and, consequently, a saving of fuel is the result. 3dly, As the steam is condensed through the medium of copper-pipes (the steam being prevented from coming in contact with

the jet of cold water, as in the common mode) the air-pump has less work to perform, and additional power is therefore gained. 4thly, Muddy salt-water is entirely shut out from the interior of the engine, and an immense saving is effected in the wear and tear of the moving parts."

*Carthage.*—Sir Grenville Temple, it is stated, is about to return to Carthage, to resume his antiquarian researches; and under very promising auspices, as the Bey of Tunis has granted him privileges, and he may employ Arabs in the work of excavation.

*Box.*—A most stupid and mischievous report has been industriously circulated, during the last fortnight, that our inimitable *Box* was very ill, there would be no more "Pickwicks," &c. &c. &c.; of which, we rejoice to notice, that the best possible refutation is in a long and excellent paper of Oliver Twist, in "Bentley's Miscellany," and, we believe, a clever No. of "Pickwick," though we have not seen it.

*Faults on both Sides.*—Why will the audience persist in making the dead hero or heroine of a tragedy come and make them a bow or courtesy; and why will actors and actresses do a thing so absurd? If they had the courage either to resist the call altogether, or to insist upon re-dressing for the new part, it would, perhaps, put a stop to the foolish fashion. Managers should, we think, in such cases, prepare a shroud, and have the actor carried on the stage, the illusion then would not, as it now invariably is, be utterly destroyed, and good taste could not be more offended.

*Streetology, No 1.* (Hodson).—A first No. of a production under the *nomen* of Jack Rag, and which proposes to give graphic descriptions of remarkable individuals of the lowest class, who pursue such callings, in the streets of London, as crossing-sweepers, beggars, board-bearers, *et hoc genus omne*. It sets out with a curious description of a conservative board of the first-mentioned class, who sit in St. Giles's, and govern the crossing department; and gives part of the biography of the black giant, whom most perambulators of the metropolis may have noticed. There have been similar works of the same kind before; and the writer seems competent to his task, such as it is.

*Weather Wisdom.*—We, last week, accidentally omitted to notice this subject. Suffice it to say, looking back to Lieut. Morrison's Almanac, that "the weather changeable about the 27th and 28th, and by no means hot. Sun aspects Herschel; cold, unseasonable weather, with many changes; windy and storms" (29th and 30th), has been unfortunate, as predicated of all the past dry, hot week. Mr. Murphy, also, has written to us to explain why his prophecies, for the same period, have been disappointed. He confesses that the drought has set in a fortnight sooner than he expected; which he attributes to the moon not exercising her usual influence on the changes of the weather, within a certain range of the solar action, at this season of the year, and, generally, to the present season being, altogether, an exception to common rules. He now thinks the drought and heat will continue to the 17th July; and Lieut. Morrison says—"Stormy, cold, and cloudy, with hail, rain, and thunder, about the first three days. This will be a very rainy season, particularly this month. Changes about the 5th and 6th—rather fairer."

*Henry Fisher, Esq.*—Connected with the literature and publishing of the country, and having given to the world not only many works of merit, but, also, a vast number of interesting

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## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALESTINE.**  
M.A.L.—The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters, of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, is now open, and will continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS**, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East.  
In consequence of Saturday, the 8th, being fixed on for the Funeral of His late Majesty, this Exhibition will be closed for the Season on Friday Evening, July 7th. Open each Day from Nine till Duck.

Admittance 1s.—Catalogue, *ad.*  
R. HILLIS, Secretary.

**JUST OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton.

Open daily, from Ten till Five.

**GLASGOW EXHIBITION.**—The Tenth Annual Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists, under the Patronage of the Glasgow Dilettanti Society, will open this season on the 14th August.  
The Works of Art, which the Directors hope to be favoured with from London, may be sent, on or before the 29th of July, to Messrs. Reynolds and Co. Dundee Wharf, Lower Hermitage, by whom they will be forwarded to Glasgow.

CHARLES HUTCHESON, Secretary.

Glasgow, 9th June, 1857.

**TO BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, and PRINTERS.**—An excellent Business, in these Professions, to be disposed of, in a good Market Town in the Northern Division of Lincolnshire, well worthy the notice of any clever industrious Young Man, with a moderate Capital.  
Letters (post-paid) to be addressed to Mr. Thomas Albin, Holbeach, Lincolnshire.

**TO ARTISTS, TOURISTS, AND ADMIRERS OF THE FINE ARTS.**

**PARLOUR PORTABLE SKETCHING-CASE, or DELINEATOR.** is confidently recommended to the notice of all persons attached to the Science of Drawing, as being infinitely superior to the Camera Lucida, and all other instruments hitherto invented, for the purpose of Sketching. The Sketching-Case may be held in the hand, and a correct Drawing made of any object or landscape; or it may be attached to a table, in the same manner as the Camera Lucida. It is simple in its management, and does not excite, in size, the common Sketching-Book. Manufactured for the Patentee, by Reeves and Sons, 130 Cheapside; may be had, also, of Smith and Warner, Marlborough Street, Piccadilly; Jones and Nott, Opticians, Charing Cross; and at all other Opticians and Artists' Repositories. Ladies and Gentlemen who have the Camera Lucida may have the Delineator added to their own stock.

**HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.**  
J. Mitchell, 33 Old Bond Street, has the honour to announce the publication of a Portrait of Her Majesty, from a Drawing recently executed by special command of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, by H. J. Lane, Esq., A.R.A., and engraved in the finest style by P. C. Lewis, Esq., Engraver to His late Majesty. Proofs, 7s. 6d.; Prints, 5s.; a few Impressions before the Writing, 10s. 6d.  
Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street.

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**A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF THE REV. DR. CHAMBERS**, from a Picture by Watson Gordon, and engraved by Leighton, London.  
Prints, 1s. 1s. Proofs, 2s. 3s. Proofs before Letters, 2s. 3s. Copies to be distributed strictly in order of subscription.  
Subscribers' Names received at the Proprietors, Messrs. Anderson, 35 North Bridge Street, Edinburgh; and Hodgson and Graves, 6 Pall Mall East, London.

**SIX VIEWS OF KIRKSTALL ABBEY**, highly executed in the imperial style of tinted lithography, from Drawings by W. Nelson. Imperial folio, price 10s.  
London: Adkins and Co., J. Cross, Leeds; W. Nelson, Fulneck.

**A PORTRAIT OF H.M.S. INCONSTANT**, lying off Plymouth Dock-yard, on Zinc, by Day and Haghe, from a Drawing by O. W. Brierly.  
Edmund Fry and Co., Edinburgh; and Edmund Fry, Junr., Plymouth.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

**VALUABLE PICTURES.**—Messrs. POSTER and SONS have the honour to announce to the Nobility and Connoisseurs, that they will sell by Auction, at the Gallery, 54 Pall Mall, on Wednesday, July 5th, and following Day, at One to Two precisely, a capital Collection of Pictures, of the Italian, Spanish, and Dutch Schools, selected during some years past, at a great expense, with a view to the formation of a Picture Gallery in the United States of America; and now to be disposed of, in consequence of the financial difficulties of that country; including a Virgin, Child, and Saint John, a *chef-d'œuvre* by Andrea del Sarto; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, by Guido, a masterly work, which is engraved; Christ Bound, by the same hand; a charming Landscape, by Claude; a grand Gallery Picture, by Rubens, an Interior (a Caroncel), by Velasquez, a choice specimen; and the Works of the following great and esteemed Masters:—  
Levini Salvator Rosa Moll Fousin  
Doménichino Salvator Rosa Moll Fousin  
C. Dolci N. Poussin Suyers Van de Velde.  
May be viewed two days prior, and Catalogue had, at Messrs. Foster's Offices, 14 Greek Street, and 54 Pall Mall.

## SOUTHERLY ROOMS.

## Law Library

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In a few days will be published, in post 8vo.  
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## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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being the First Number of the Second Volume, New Series.

- Contents.
1. The State of the Oxford University
  2. Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works
  3. Payne on Divine Sovereignty, &c.
  4. American Society (Grund and Martineau)
  5. May's Philosophy of Living
  6. Jamaica Apprenticeship—Case of James Williams
  7. Travels in the Pyrenees
  8. Church Rates, &c. &c.

The July Number, being the First of a New Volume, affords a favourable opportunity to New Subscribers and Book Societies to send their orders for the "Eclectic Review," which are received through all Booksellers.

William Ball, Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row, London.

**THE ASIATIC JOURNAL FOR JULY**, contains a very large body of Asiatic Intelligence from India, China, and Australasia—Political, Statistical, Commercial, Military, and Miscellaneous, down to the latest period. Among the original Features are the following:—A Familiar Analysis of Mansoor Pashy—Native Society in India—Kidnapping of Children—Captain Alexander's Western Africa and the Caffre War—Buddhist Chronology—On Polygamy—Glimpses of a Poet's Dream—Commerce of India and Navigation of the River Indus—Mr. Karl's "Eastern Seas"—Miscellaneous—Examination at Hallybury College, &c. &c.  
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Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the Eighth and last Volume of this work, containing a Notice of the Lives, and a Description of the Productions, of Nicholas Poussin, Claude Lorraine, and J. B. Greuze, is now ready for delivery. Price, to Subscribers, 12s. 6d. to Retailers, 15s. 6d.  
Complete Sets of the work may be had of Booksellers and Printers, and of the Publishers, J. Smith and Son, 137 New Bond Street.

## THE ANALYST, for JULY, contains

an Essay on the Rationale of Circumstantial Evidence, by William Willis, Esq.—Expression in Music—On the present State of the Opera in London—Sketches of European Ornithology; "Gouty Birds of the Desert"—Notes on the Philosophy and Observations of Whigs; VI. "Hamlet"—Analysis of Combe's "System of Phrenology"—Horace on Insanity, by D. W. Nash, Esq.—The Importance of consulting the Bias of Youth, in the Choice of a Business or Profession, exemplified in the case of Linnaeus (from a MS. Memoir). On the Connection between Phrenology and Physiology, by J. L. Levison (continued from page 271)—Correspondence—Catalogue of Rare Plants found in the Vicinity of Birmingham and Lichfield—Ornithological Society of London—Proceedings of Lichfield Societies—Critical Notices of New Publications—Fine Arts: Music—Extracts from Foreign Journals—Miscellaneous Communications—Obituary—Literary Intelligence—Meteorological Report.

No. XXI. of the Analyst will appear on the 1st of October next. The First and Second Volumes of the Analyst (with Index), in cloth boards, price 10s. each, may be had of all Booksellers.

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"hold on you to ancient Shrewsbury towns,  
And so from horse at lodging lighting down,  
I wait the streets, and mark what came to view."

Published by John Davies, Shrewsbury; and sold by Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, London; and all other Booksellers.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE**, No. CCXXI. for July.

Contents:—  
I. Sir John Sinclair—II. The Picture Gallery. (Conclusion)—III. Crystals from a Cavern—IV. The Athenian Democracy—V. The World we Live in. No. 9.—VI. The Cabinet; a Review of the Cabinet—VII. Revolt of the Tartar, or Flight of the Kalmuk Khan and his People, from the Russian Territory to the Frontiers of China—VIII. The Barber's Supper—IX. Berryer.  
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6. The Monk's Parable, by George Tree, by Mrs. C. Gore.
7. Country Lodgings, by Miss Milford
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WE are delighted with this work; and yet we do not know whether to say it is more interesting or important. Circassia has assumed a position of European importance as a test of the political or ambitious views ascribed to Russia; and the country is no less an object of interest from its original and patriarchal features, and the paucity of our information respecting it. Having received Capt. Spencer's volumes, however, at too late a period in our present, abridged, week, to do their general contents any thing like justice, and being allured by the particular portion to which we have just alluded, we trust our readers will be satisfied with the limitation of our attention to that branch of the subject; leaving for future occasion the remarks on the national relations involved in the existing condition of the Circassians, as well as the novel incidents of a pleasant voyage round the Black Sea with Count Worronzow, the chief authority in these parts.

At once, therefore, we start from Trebizond, whence our author sailed on his Circassian expedition, and approach the longed-for coast.

"On our captain hoisting a signal, well known to the Circassians, we heard several musket-shots fired in various directions through the woods, when, instantly, thousands of armed men lined the beach and sides of the mountains, appearing as if they had sprung up out of the earth; for, only a moment before, there was not a human being visible. Presently, several long boats, borne on the shoulders of the men to the beach, were launched, and we were boarded by dozens of stout fellows, singing in chorus their 'ka, ri, ra,' who commenced unloading the cargo; and, in an incredibly short time, the whole, including our vessel, was ashore: the latter, snugly concealed from view, in a small river, shaded by majestic trees. This precaution was used in consequence of the destruction of several of their little barks, some days previous, by the Russians, who paid them an unwelcome visit; but, so far as we could understand from the natives, the enemy had suffered considerably in return, which obliged them to make a precipitate retreat to their ships.

"I was now about commencing a tour under disadvantages such as I had never before experienced, having always made it a rule to acquaint myself with the history, customs, manners, and, above all, the language, of whatever country I might be about to visit: but here was a country and a people of whom the civilised world know little; and a language, according to the opinion of linguists, without the slightest affinity to any other on the face of the earth—a language, not only without literature, but any rule or compass to guide the student, rendering it nearly impossible to convey any correct idea of its sounds by Euro-

pean characters. Not, however, that this is the only difficulty, for every one of its tribes speak a different dialect of the Circassian; and, although I had made myself master of several phrases, through the assistance of my Circassian friends at Constantinople, yet I found them nearly useless, when attempting to convey my wishes and desires to the people by whom I was now surrounded. An anecdote is related of one of the Sultans of Turkey, famous for his love of letters, who sent a learned Turk to the Caucasus to learn the language of the inhabitants, and reduce it to established rules. After some time he returned to his master hopeless of success in his enterprise, carrying with him a bag of pebbles, which he shook, saying, that he could give no better imitation of the sounds of the language spoken by that people."

Having gone a little way inland, with the Captain, the writer says:—

"Numerous herds of cattle, enclosed by palisades, were seen, in one place, enjoying the richest pastures; in another, men, women, and children, were engaged in their various labours of husbandry; giving to the landscape that beautiful rural aspect so characteristic of a pastoral people; and I was not a little amused to see the men and boys, at work in the fields, on perceiving our party, desert their labours, fly to their cottages, arm themselves, and mount their horses, in order to swell our ranks."

He arrives at the residence of a person of some rank, who is from home, but the guests are hospitably received and entertained by his cousin.

"During the repast, we were waited upon, in addition to our host, by several female slaves. The drink was a species of mead, and the boza of the Tartars, made from millet, in taste not unlike small beer. The bread was a composition of wheat and maize, of excellent flavour; and, in the plaff, which was not to be despised, buck-wheat formed a very good substitute for rice. Of course, we had a pewter tray for a tablecloth, wooden bowls for glasses, poniards for carving knives, fingers for forks, and the palms of our hands for spoons: but all these inconveniences, common to the East, were to me but as a feather in the balance, compared with being obliged to sit for an hour on a carpet, cross-legged; and, I assure you, I felt not a little pleasure, when the ceremony was over, to take a ramble through the grounds."

"In this pastoral country, like that of the patriarchs of old, the riches of the Circassians consist in the number of their flocks and herds, to which we may add their wives and children. Those of my host, Ghatkhe Atiokhai, were numerous, and remarkably fine, particularly the horses, the greatest attention being paid by every Circassian to their breed, which are highly esteemed in the neighbouring countries, Russia and Turkey; and I remarked, that the character with which the cattle were branded bore some resemblance to the Grecian alphabet. During our rambles through the grounds, we found the wives and children of my host, with their slaves, employed in agricultural pursuits, or tending their flocks and herds. Some were

engaged in reaping, others in milking the cows; and one fine-looking princess, with the force of an Amazon, was repairing a wooden fence with a hatchet. Among the children, there was a remarkably good-looking, curly headed boy, and a girl, about eight or nine years of age, who seemed, in an especial degree, to possess the affection of the father. I was just in the act of extolling the beauty of the children, when I was fortunately checked in time by the captain; for though, in Europe, you win the heart of a parent by praising his offspring, yet here, for the same compliment, you are accused of intending to extend over them the malign influence of the evil eye. The young urchins were not inappropriately named the 'Look of a Lion,' and the 'Speed of a Deer,' for the one was playing with the half-wild horses as if they were kittens, while the fair young princess displayed the utmost agility in driving her refractory charge of goats, cows, and buffaloes, to water."

Of the natives we are told:—

"Beauty of feature, and symmetry of form, for which this people are celebrated, is no chimera (and some of the finest statues of the ancients do not display, in their proportions, greater perfection); but, it is the singular degree of animation in the eye, so generally observable, that most arrests attention: when this is exhibited in a high degree in the men, it gives an expression of great ferocity to the countenance; and, when we see a warrior, mounted on his fiery steed, armed and equipped for battle, brandishing his scimitar in the air, bending, turning, and stopping at full gallop, with unequalled agility and grace of action, he realises every idea of Homer's Hector. The complexion of both sexes is far more ruddy and fresh than might be expected in such a latitude. In that of the women, delicately so, who, aware, like their sex in Europe, of the advantage of a pretty person, use every artificial means, by cosmetics, &c., to improve their beauty. Still, the traveller who may read my account, and expects to find the whole population such as I have described, will be wofully disappointed, should he find himself, on arriving in Circassia, surrounded by a tribe of Nogay Tartars, Calmucks, Turcomans, or even the Leaghi. The latter, however, a fine warlike race, are nearly equal, in personal appearance, to the Circassians, but more ferocious in character, and less refined in manners. The Caucasian valleys having been, in all ages, the asylum of those who fled from oppression in the neighbouring countries, we every where find tribes differing from each other in appearance, customs, and manners. Still, as the Circassian men never intermarry with any other race than their own, they preserve their lineage uncontaminated, a father paying more attention to the beauty of feature and form in a wife for his son, than any other consideration; and, if I have been rightly informed, a prince, or usden, never sells his daughter, except to one of his own nation and rank. My first impression at Fetzounds, on seeing a number of Caucasians together, was, that they were decidedly of Grecian origin. This, however, I found, did not correspond with the general physical cha-

racter of the people, as I advanced into the interior of the country, there being a greater proportion with the small aquiline nose, and fine arched eyebrow, than any other. This remark may be more particularly applied to that powerful tribe, called the Nottakhaizii, celebrated as being the bravest, handsomest, and purest race among the Circassians; and who still preserve the tradition that their ancestors came from beyond the seas. Were it not that we are ascending into the regions of fable, we might almost suppose them to be descended from a remnant of the Trojans. \* \*

"Owing to their robust frames, and temperate manner of living, the Caucasians generally attain an advanced age, their diseases being neither numerous nor dangerous. This we must attribute, independently of their simple diet, to their constant exercise, pure air, freedom from anxiety, and exemption from every employment not congenial with health. The more I see of the Caucasians, the more I am convinced, notwithstanding the bad character they bear abroad, that they are naturally a kind-hearted people; and though travellers, no doubt, have had abundant reason to complain of their brigandage, this does not emanate from cruelty, but long-established usage. This sanctions the custom, that every foreigner who enters their country, without placing himself under the protection of a chief, who will be answerable for his good conduct, becomes the property of the first Circassian who chooses to seize him as a slave. This chief, or elder, receives the appellation of Konak. On the other hand, the traveller who, on entering the country conforms to the above rule, may confide to the care of a Circassian not only his property but his life; and any one of these people would, if it were necessary, die in his defence. In short, in all my wanderings, and they have been not a few, I never found the inhabitants of any country more hospitable, generous, courteous, or courageous. Remember, however, that these commendations are only deserved by the Circassian so long as he is among his own people; for, when at enmity with a neighbouring tribe, or engaged in war, he is a most reckless robber; a natural consequence of the belief in which he has been educated, that to plunder adroitly and successfully, is a part of military discipline."

The following remarks are suggested by further travel through the country, and more time for observing its peculiarities.

"Here I was made acquainted with their manner of procuring sugar, which is derived from the walnut-tree, that flourishes here in extraordinary perfection. During spring, just as the sap is rising, the trunk is pierced, and a spigot left in it for some time. When this is withdrawn, a clear sweet liquor flows out, which is left to coagulate; and on some occasions they refine it. For diseases of the lungs and general debility, they consider it a most valuable medicine. Clarified honey, bleached in the sun till it becomes quite white, is another substitute for sugar."

"The most common musical instruments I observed among them, were the two-stringed lyre and a sort of pipe: the latter is sometimes made of silver, or any other metal, and, not unfrequently, from the large canes that grow in the marshes near the Kouban. The form is not less curious than the mode of playing on it, and the sounds it produces. The length is about two feet, with only three finger-holes at the lower extremity; and the mouth-piece, projecting about an inch in length, being open at each side, the performer presses it against

the roof of his mouth, when it gives forth sounds similar to those of a bagpipe. Sometimes I have seen them play a sort of march on two of these at the same time, which was by no means disagreeable to the ear. I have also observed the harp in use, but it is not national; neither is the drum, nor the tambourine; the performers on these instruments being generally wandering Calmucks, or gipsies. I was much pleased with the originality of the Circassian melodies; and the music, when compared with that of the Tartars and Turks, is harmonious enough. Their ka-ri-ra, a boat song, chanted by the whole population, is admirable; also a sort of march, performed on the pipe: but their greatest favourites are the war songs, generally sung in chorus while marching, when the woods and mountains re-echo the martial strain, and the enthusiasm of the people is excited to a degree only found in an eastern clime. Their songs usually refer to some victory obtained over the Cossacks or the *fana Muscov*; or are expressive of an animated call to battle." Thus:—

"War Song.

Hark! oh, hark! the life and drum!  
Onward, on the Cossacks come:  
Sound the war-cry, sword and lance  
Gleam in air, advance, advance!

Raise, oh, raise the banner high!  
Arm! arm all, for *Attegh!*  
Guard the valley, guard the dell!  
Hearth and home, farewell, farewell!

We will dare the battle strife,  
We will gladly peril life;  
Death or liberty's the cry!  
Win the day, or nobly die!

Who would fly when danger calls?  
Freemen's hearts are freedom's walls!  
Heaven receives alone the brave—  
Angels guard the patriot's grave!

Beats there here a traitor's heart,  
Draped by wily *Muscov* art,  
Who his land for gold would give?  
Let him die, or childless live!

Hark! oh, hark! the cannons roar!  
Foe meets foe, to part no more!  
Quail, ye slaves, beneath freemen's glance!  
Victory's ours!—advance! advance!

Our next is a notice of some antiquities:—  
"While wandering through the valleys, I frequently found tumuli, similar to those of Krim-Tartary, except that here they are more varied in their form, and of larger dimensions; sometimes composed of earth, resembling beautiful green hills; sometimes girt by a stone wall, and sometimes nothing better than a vast heap of loose stones; and, to give you an idea of their great antiquity, I have generally found them crowned by a majestic oak, which, to judge from the parent stem, must have been at least a descendant of the third or fourth generation. The traditions of the natives give no other explanation as to their origin and purpose, than that they were the burial-places of the people who occupied the country previous to themselves, and that it was only distinguished warriors who were entitled to such a sepulchre. However, most certain it is, they have no feature in common with those of the Circassians of the present day, whose mode of interment only differs from that of the Turks in the single circumstance that the grave of the warrior chief is generally covered either with a wooden roof, or a large stone slab, intended to shelter the wanderer alike from the tempest and the burning rays of the sun. The only indication we have of the sort of people that inhabited the Caucasus in days of old, is, now and then, an antique statue of common stone, rudely carved, representing a human figure, of either sex, with a large head, flat breast, short neck, broad face, high cheek bones, and flat nose, exactly like a Calmuck; and the head-dress is precisely similar to that worn by a Calmuck woman of the

present day. Being extremely desirous of opening a tumulus, I at length, after repeated solicitations, obtained the consent of my Konak; but, alas! not a single Circassian could be prevailed on to assist in so dreadful an enterprise as to invade the rights of the demon that guarded the treasure, consequently, I was obliged to resign every hope of gratifying my curiosity. To this singular superstition, so prevalent, also, among the Turks and Tartars, we may principally attribute the circumstance that the tumuli of these countries have been left to the present day unmolested. I had, however, the pleasure of descending into the interior of one, during my rambles on the coast, near Soudjouk Kalé. To judge from its appearance, and the age of the trees that had sprung up on the excavated earth in the vicinity, it must have been opened some centuries ago, most probably by the Genoese. On examination, I discovered a few fragments of unglazed terra cotta vases, containing charcoal and earth, remarkable neither for beauty of design nor elegance of form. There were also strewn about several pieces of white sea-weed, of the same species as that I had seen in the tumuli of Krim-Tartary. Nevertheless, the interior of this differed not only from those of that country in the construction—in the vases being less beautiful, but in the circumstance that the entrance was placed due east; probably originating in a superstitious feeling of the people for the glorious luminary of day. Whether this arose from accident or intention, I cannot determine; it may, nevertheless, serve as a guide to future travellers in their research. The interior consisted of a large arched vault, built of cut stone, united without cement; and, from the skill displayed in the construction, and the admirable turn of the arch, there was sufficient evidence to prove that it must have been the work of a people far advanced in the arts of civilised life. That they were a people wealthy and powerful, is equally apparent; for, who can behold one of those mountains, raised to immortalise the memory of the illustrious dead, without being astonished at the prodigious labour and enormous expense that must have been incurred in erecting one? And what monument could any people raise to the memory of their forefathers so simple and enduring? for while the vast and empty edifice, the triumphal arch, even the gigantic pyramid, have crumbled, and continue crumbling, into dust,—these alone have remained unchanged for ages, and will continue to the end of time; appearing as if left to mark the path of the first inhabitants of the earth, as they passed onward from the East to people the more distant parts of the globe."

We conclude with a general description of the habits of the people; and a particular description of their simple marriage ceremonies.

"The general food of the Circassians differs little from that of the Tartars who inhabit the mountainous parts of the Crimea; mutton, kid, fowls, rice, buck-wheat, millet, dried fruits, and honey, form the principal ingredients of the cuisine. Fish, notwithstanding it abounds in the Euxine, and in the rivers of the country, I never found served at their tables. Almost every species of game is eaten, except the bear and porcupine; and, like the Turks, they are accustomed to season their meat somewhat too plentifully with capricious. The quantity of raw cucumbers consumed by the whole population is astonishing: they may be seen eating them during the whole day. Unlike ours, the mind is perfectly white; and although they

grow to a prodigious size and length, yet they retain all the crispness and flavour peculiar to a young cucumber. During the summer, quantities are collected and preserved in salt for the winter, in the same manner as the Germans do *saur-kraut*. The tendrils and young fruit of the pumpkin are also much in demand. These are boiled, and eaten with butter, salt, and capsaicum. I frequently partook of this vegetable, when I found it by no means despicable. Wild asparagus, carrot, and the leaves of the dandelion, are held in high estimation. The honey is indebted for its very superior quality and flavour to the wild thyme, and other aromatic flowers of the mountains, upon which the bees feed; and forms a most important article in the husbandry and *cuisine* of a Circassian. It is not only eaten in the comb, but used in a great variety of dishes. Their mode of keeping the bees is extremely simple: sometimes a hive is plaited together from the bark of the linden, into a cylinder-like form, of six or seven inches in diameter; but, most generally, the bark of a young tree is preferred, the extremities of which are closed up, and placed horizontally in piles upon each other. When detaching the bees from the hive, they use a little burned straw instead of sulphur. Wines, spirituous liquors, even the *boza* of the Tartars and Turks, called here *bak-sima*, is rarely used by the Circassians, their favourite beverage being the *skhou*: a species of sour-milk, peculiar to the East, and which I found to be a most healthy, refreshing, and agreeable beverage, during my travels in these countries. Fresh milk (*skéend*) is never used by the Circassians, being considered unwholesome, and certain to originate fevers: hence they are accustomed to boil it every morning and evening after the cows are milked, and, when cool, mixing with it a little of the old *skhou*. In three or four hours afterwards it becomes thick, and fit for use; and, when flavoured with a little rose-water and sugar, or indeed in any form whatever, it is a most grateful and refreshing drink. Even now, I recall with gratitude the deliciously cool draught, which I frequently drank, while suffering from a heat of at least 40 degrees of Fahrenheit. It is worthy of remark, that the *skhou* alone gives to the milk that peculiarly agreeable taste which we find in the East; and preserves it, during the hottest weather, in a fit state for drinking. From whence the *skhou* had its origin, is a matter of great contention among the people of the East. The Turks and Tartars, who call it *gourme*, say, in accordance with their traditions, that the Almighty himself revealed the knowledge of its use to Abraham, who transmitted the art of preparing it to posterity; while the Circassians, and, I believe, the Arabs, contend that Hagar, when driven from the house of her lord, and fainting with heat and thirst in the desert, was presented by angels with a cup of the oriental nectar: from which time it has been preserved to the present day, as a corrective to the milk. However, be this as it may, the *skhou* constitutes the principal article in the food of a Circassian: boiled with millet, or maize, it forms his breakfast; while his pilaff, at noon and evening meal, are alike mixed with it. During winter, that the supply should be unfailing, it is preserved in tubs, with a little salt, when it forms a consistency like curd. Next to *skhou*, the article of food most necessary to these primitive people is millet—without which, and a bottle of their favourite beverage, no Circassian ever leaves home; and as flint and steel form an indispensable part of his travelling apparatus, he is never at a loss for subsistence, even in the most

desolate regions. While bivouacking, it is an interesting sight to see hundreds seated around their fires, each with his little casserole, preparing his slender repast, which, from their temperate habits, they enjoy with as keen a relish as the professed gourmand of Europe would the most *rêcherché* viands of the *cuisine*."

*Marrying*—"When the accepted lover has fulfilled his engagements, or given security for their performance, arrangements are made for the marriage; the girl is decked in all her finery, and completely covered by a long white veil, which, among the wealthy, is flowered with gold or silver. A friend of the bridegroom officiates as bridesman, and gallops away with the girl to the house of some relative where the wedding is to be celebrated. On arriving at their destination, the bride is received by the matron of the house with all the solemnity observed on such an important occasion. She is then conducted to the apartment destined for the happy pair, where she is left alone, with a bundle of pine torches, or a fire of the same material; the replenishing of which, so as to preserve a continued blaze until the arrival of her destined lord, is an indispensable duty. This is done to prevent the entrance of any supernatural enemy, who might be tempted to run away with the prize. We must not, however, forget to mention, that an elderly matron, one who usually officiates on such occasions, after the entrance of the bride, performs the mystic ceremony of walking three times round the nuptial-bed, repeating the words of some charm in Arabic, commencing with the head, and finishing with the feet; after which she places three earthenware pots, filled with corn, at the head, foot, and side, in each of which a lamp is left burning. The happy moment, midnight, having arrived, the bridegroom mounts his horse, and seeks his friend, who, in the interim, takes up his abode in the neighbouring woods. On being introduced to his bride elect, he draws his poniard, and instantly performs the ceremony, so peculiar to the whole of the Caucasian tribes, of cutting open the corset that has confined her form from infancy. It is owing to this singular custom of wearing the corset, that we so frequently see the countenances of the young girls sallow and unhealthy in Circassia, and their forms often ill-shaped; for it is not until being divested of the virginal corset, that they expand into what nature had intended them to be. No other ceremony is observed at a Circassian bridal, except feasting and merry-making. At the break of day the youth departs with his wife, presents her to his parents, and she is installed in the dwelling appropriated for her near their house; but, according to the custom of the people, her husband never visits her except by stealth,—a degree of disgrace being attached to the man who devotes his time to the society of his wife. Polygamy is allowed; but a Circassian is generally contented with one wife; or, at most, two."

It is with difficulty we can bring ourselves to close here, having merely strung together a few striking passages; and left we know not how many valuable matters untouched. The spreading of the independent flag of Circassia is alone a scene of animation to inspire enthusiasm: but the whole—the mixture of manners, which remind us strongly of the earliest Eastern, of the most warlike Roman, of our own Feudal times—presents a series of pictures hardly to be surpassed in interest.

*Personal Memoirs and Correspondence of Colonel Charles Shaw, K.C.T.S., &c., comprising a Narrative of the War in Portugal and Spain, from its Commencement in 1831, to the Dissolution of the British Legion in 1837.* 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

A GALLANT, intelligent, and honourable Scotsman, who has seen much of the world, and, as an officer, much dashing service, could not give an account of his personal "whereabouts," without furnishing a narrative of much curious and entertaining matter. Such is the work before us; and, with the autumnal holidays before our readers (if the approaching political turmoil will allow of any holiday-making), we can safely recommend it to their attention, as a pleasant and excellent *passé-temps*. For ourselves, we shall meddle little with the war which occupies three-fourths of the volumes (and the two contain 1100 pages), for we have already gone through them with several campaigner-authors; and we are not of that squad who like to fight all our battles o'er again.

Young Shaw was, he tells us, fond of fishing in his boyhood; and fancying that the lawyers' long vacation would enable him most readily to gratify that piscatorial taste, he began life with the study of the law. Discovering, however, that to bar and torture men, to look and play them, to look at and enjoy their dying struggles, was not quite so compatible as he had imagined with the like procedure towards trout and salmon, he abandoned the law for the army, and became himself a lobster in the distinguished 52d regiment, in January 1813. He was employed under Lord Lynedoch in the expedition against Bergen-op-Zoom and Antwerp; but had not the good fortune to be present at Waterloo. After the peace, he settled as a wine-merchant in Edinburgh; and tired of this at length, took an interesting pedestrian tour through France; and thence visited Savoy, Switzerland, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Italy; and in Sept. 1831 returned to his native land. It is from his marches, and long continental walk, that we select the following illustrations. At Yprés we are told of a curious custom, the origin of which is lost in a night of antiquity, so dark as to be impenetrable even to the eyes of a cat.

"A cat is taken to the top of the high steeple in the square; about twenty blown bladders are then attached to its body, when it is flung into the street below. The poor creature sails quietly and slowly through the air, moving piteously all the while. As it approaches the earth, all hands are extended ready to seize it, for the lucky person is free from municipal taxes during the ensuing year. The cat's claws and feet are left at liberty; and it sometimes happens that the happy man who is to pay no taxes gets well scratched for his pains."

Nevertheless, the cat in preference to the tax-gatherer, against the world! Our next is an ingenious anecdote of smuggling.

"St. Maloes was, during the war, noted for the number of its privateers, and for the boldness of the sailors. They were, and still are, smugglers. Their method of smuggling French gloves was clever. They wrote to their friends in England, giving them notice, on such a day, a boat would leave St. Maloes with a cargo of right-hand gloves, and would put herself in the way, so as to be captured by one of the English cruisers. The boat sailed, was captured, and, to the astonishment of the captors, was found full of gloves only for the right hand. At this time little was known of France, and the custom of the French wearing only one glove was quite like their niggaridness; so the

gloves were exposed for sale at the Custom-house, and sold as waste stuff for a mere trifle to the English smuggler, who immediately, on making the purchase, sent intimation to France. His friends there instantly load a boat at Cherbourg with left-hand gloves, and despatch her with orders to be captured. This of course happens; she is carried into another English port, and the left-hand gloves are exposed for sale, and again bought in for a trifle by the friend or partner of the smuggler who bought the right-hands. Thus the smugglers obtain a cargo of gloves for almost nothing."

We can hardly consider this the practice of Scriptural charity; for, evidently, their right hands know very well what their left are doing. But *allons!* In his travels, the author tells us,

"Next to the abuse of Sir Hudson Lowe, the French indulge in attacks on Sir Walter Scott, whom they do not hesitate to designate, very unjustly, as being ready to sacrifice truth at the shrine of those who are in power. They read his novels, perhaps, more than the English, and admire them as much. They know every particular of his private history, and blame him much for omitting the name of Sir John Moore, in his poem written for the benefit of the Spaniards. Sir John Moore is always spoken of in France as the best English general; and they say Sir Walter neglected him in order to please Lord Castlereagh. In a word, all parties shamefully agree in abuse of him for his *Life of Napoleon*."

Nor is this surprising. National vanity can make a tolerably flattering story out of the glorious victory of Corunna, because it was the end of a retreat, and could not be followed up offensively; whereas Waterloo, not to mention any of Wellington's Spanish triumphs, are too intractable to be moulded even by French ingenuity into agreeable fictions. As for the *Life of Napoleon*, it has its faults; but its truths are as unpalatable as its mistakes to the majority of French readers.

But to come to more useful and less disputable matters, our author gives a receipt for avoiding thirst: indeed, he gives two receipts; for in one he states that wetting the legs affords much relief; and again,

"To prevent thirst in hot weather, nothing is better than to take a great quantity of fresh butter with your bread at breakfast. Avoid drinking water as you would poison; in short, drink as little as possible of any thing, and do not give way to the first sensation of thirst."\*

Our next quotation furnishes the interesting details of a visit to the celebrated monastery of La Trappe.

"In a short time" (says Colonel Shaw) I saw an extensive sheet of water, with a building on one side. A dog began to bark furiously, when a man, covered with a dark, short, brownish cloak, a large cowl of the same colour, stockings which had once been white, and wooden shoes, came forward, and made signs

\* Have our readers heard aught of a very extraordinary individual now on a professional visit to London, of the name of Gardner? Among his other remarkable lessons for the benefit of mankind, he suggests a very simple remedy for thirst, which is in the power of every body, without apparatus, accidental circumstance, or trouble. But his grand *panacea* is one by which sleep may be wooed and won by the most restless and disturbed. It is too important a subject, however, to be discussed in a note; and we only mention it to say, that the secret has been communicated to us (under the usual stipulations), and that we here every reason to believe that it will be very generally efficacious. We abstain from more till further trial enables us to speak positively of so easy, and yet so blessed, a boon: for if, as Sancho says, "Blessed be the man who first invented sleep, it covers us all over like a mantle;" what shall we say of the man who instructs us how to pull on this delightful cloak at all times, whenever we please!—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

to me to enter the porter's lodge. I was then, by signals, handed over to another person similarly dressed, and by him conducted into the saloon of the monastery. There the questions, Are you a Catholic or Protestant? and, How long do you intend to gratify them with your company? are immediately put. My cicerone then retired and left me alone. In a short time, one of the Trappists, dressed in a white flannel cloak and black cowl, with white stockings and wooden shoes, came to do the honours of the house. Remarking that my shoes were wet and dirty, he begged me to change them, at the same time regretting that dinner was over. Ah, however, they supped early (at five o'clock), perhaps I would then like to take a glass of wine or beer to refresh myself. He was a nice gentleman-like old man, of about seventy, with most insinuating manners. We sat down and conversed, the monks having a dispensation to speak in particular parts of the house, whilst shewing hospitality to strangers. While listening earnestly, I started up on a sudden, on perceiving one of those sturdy fellows in the brown cloak making threatening signs behind me, when it was explained to me, that those dressed in the brown cloaks were in general noviciates, and expressly commanded not to speak. I requested to see the establishment, when I was first led into the study, where I found a number of stout-looking fellows, busy with books in their hands, but not speaking a word: with the exception of one young man, who seemed tired of the discipline, no one raised his eye to see who entered. From this I went to the chapel, which is a very simple building. Here not a word is allowed to be spoken. My guide remained a long time before the altar, apparently in prayer. We then ascended to the dormitory, which consists of a very long and narrow hall, with sleeping boxes on either side, each having a name on it, which must be assumed from the Scriptures, or the History of the Crusades. There were beds here for 180 Trappists, of whom upwards of forty were English. The bedstead consists of the plainest deal wood, the mattress, a very narrow coarse blanket, a straw pillow, very low, and over all a slight canvass coverlet. I should suspect they sleep in their clothes. We are led to suppose that Trappists have once been gentlemen: but from the absolute dirt which they allow to be around them, I think they never can have been accustomed to cleanliness. The beds in the hospital are supplied with mattresses; but it has long been a matter of wonder how seldom a Trappist is sick. The dining-room is a handsome hall, with many printed remarks on the walls, satisfactorily proving that an empty stomach is better than a full one, that water is preferable to wine, and a great deal of such nonsense. In this hall there were three long narrow tables, without table-cloths. To each monk was placed a brown jug of water, a large plate of cold milk *brosse*, a bit of dark brown bread, and a spoonful of treacle on a small-sized pewter plate. I admired the kitchen, which was neat and clean, and my appetite was excited at seeing a sturdy monk making what was in Scotland a favourite dish with boys, I mean a pot of rumbled potatoes. He looked as if he had been accustomed both to make and eat it. Breaking through the rules of silence, I plumply said, 'I see you are from Ayrshire?' I believe I was right, although I confess I could not understand his signs. From the kitchen I went to the laboratory, where four monks were at work, under the direction of a very gentleman-like Englishman, who told me they prepared the greater part of the

medicines for the neighbouring peasantry. This gentleman pretended not to care about what was going on in the world, or to be the least interested in politics, although he contrived to get a good deal out of me. I found he had been at Greenock when the United Kingdom steamer was launched; and had made the passage with her north about to Leith. He said he felt certain that the Trappists were pitied, and thought to be in a state of misery by the English, but that was quite a mistake, as 'where the mind is quiet there is happiness.' The brewery was in excellent order, and the beer good, which they sell to the neighbourhood. The smith's and wright's shops were well supplied with English tools, and most of the workmen English and Irish. The printing-office, the tannery, the bakery, all seemed well managed. Not a word was to be heard in any of these establishments, but all signs. An English gentleman lately presented the monastery with a very valuable threshing machine. The dairy is in trim order, and no where have I seen a cow-house so well laid out. The cows are mostly from Normandy. The farm attached to the monastery consists of about one hundred and fifty acres, and seems to be well managed. The soil is not of the best, being wet and clayey; but they have paid particular attention to the draining and manuring of the land. Some of the fields you see covered with large hillocks of earth. Old firewood and weeds compose the interior of these hillocks; they are then set fire to and allowed to burn slowly. In the course of a few days the hillocks become quite black, and the deposit is scattered over the field. I was informed this is the best method of destroying weeds. They likewise allow the land to lie long fallow. The manure, which they use both for the garden and the fields, consists mostly of heather. After some weeks of dry weather, the heather is cut and brought to the farm, and there built up in ricks. With this they bed the cows for two nights, when it is scattered over the farm-yard, in which there are plenty of pigs and young cattle. A little of the straw, which has been used in the stable and which had begun to decay, is then sprinkled over the heather; the decomposition then commences, which is further increased by a simple method of irrigation from all the sluices and outlets of the stables and cow-houses. This manure is found to produce very heavy crops, while it costs little or nothing. The proof of its being beneficial to the ground may be gleaned from the fact, that all the neighbouring farmers, who laughed at it at first, now use it. There are very large gardens and orchards attached to the monastery; the gardens being managed by two Jersey men, who likewise superintend the orchards, and the manufacture and sale of cider. After having seen every thing, I sat down at five o'clock to supper, consisting of excellent onion soup, a very good omelette, and nicely-baked small rice puddings, apples, pears, bread, butter, and as good cheese as I ever tasted. We had good cider and excellent beer, but the white wine was execrable: the kindness, and apparent hearty welcome, made all taste well. There were five other intruders, like myself, supping gratis. At seven o'clock we rose from the table to be conducted to our bed-rooms. I was conducted to the chamber which I understood was generally reserved for the bishop when he visited the monastery. The walls were covered with religious prints; the furniture was comfortable and good. I had two wax candles, a blazing fire, and an excellent bed. I slept soundly till



awakened by the tolling of the bells for prayers, at two in the morning. The singing sounded to my ears solemn and sweet. At five o'clock, one of the noviciates entered to light the fire, and brush my clothes and shoes. At seven o'clock I found the same party assembled in the saloon, when we sat down to an excellent breakfast of tea, coffee, milk prepared in different ways, bread, newly churned butter, and fresh eggs. This is given as a 'make believe' gratis; but it has been so long the custom, that it is now expected that you leave something for the monks to give away in charity. I suspect, from the bows and thanks I got, that I was considered liberal in giving five francs; as a French *émigré* baron, who had been in the English service at a guinea per day (although he had been living in the monastery for a week), only gave three francs. Although I felt pity, or rather contempt, for so many men entering voluntarily into such a life of idleness and niggardly misery, still their solemn countenances, their music, and the absolute stillness (with the exception of the clattering of the wooden shoes in the long passage), produced a deep feeling of thoughtfulness on my mind, which no exertion could throw off. I quickly desired to quit this house of misery, where each countenance expressed sorrow for crimes committed, or losses sustained. I took a different path through the forest; and, after having been obliged to halt in order to shew my passport seven times in twelve miles, I got to *Nort* on board the steam-boat, and reached Nantes late that evening."

We conclude this part of our notice with one brief extract more—a sample of travelling chances.

"I arrived late at the village of Corps, situated at the bottom of a mountain, but still having the view of a deep valley below it. Here I entered an inn, where every thing appeared most miserable, but still they had a *chef*. The dinner placed before me was a stew of chamois, and a dish of newly fledged sparrows, which looked so disgusting that they destroyed my appetite. On wishing to pay my bill early the next morning, I could not, as I found all the people of the house were gone to confession. On their return, I asked the landlady for my bill, who, after some consideration, said, thirteen francs. Knowing she had only charged two and a half francs to my fellow-traveller, I was very angry, and asked her if she was not ashamed to cheat so soon after confession? but I saw she was opening a new confession account with me: I therefore threatened to go to the mayor. This had the desired effect; she thanked me for three francs, and we parted."

Entering now upon the Portuguese war, we have merely to state, that after some droll negotiations with Sir J. Milley Doyle, which Colonel Shaw denominates as a chimera, he embarked for the Azores, and joined Don Pedro at Terceira. Thence he went on the expedition to Oporto, and shared in all the dangers, the honours, and the want of reward, incident to that adventurous struggle. Still the spirit was strong; and our author next accompanied the English legion to Spain, and, in the ensuing difficulties and dangers, he may truly say, "*quorum pars magna fui*." It is not, however, much in our province to go into the particulars; and we shall only notice, that at first he was a little deceived as to rank; that he speaks of General Evans as a brave soldier, but considers him one not fitted, by his previous regular service, for the desultory and anomalous warfare in which he now engaged; and that he draws a dreadful picture of the

sufferings of the men embarked in this distressing enterprise. We shall close with some extracts relative to their discipline and miseries.

"There was here a detachment of the 4th regiment, in beautiful order, from the exertions of a most intelligent officer, Major Abthorpe, of the East India Company's service. The officers who went to Bilboa said the men were getting on excellently; but neither they nor I approved of men in some regiments being liable to be punished at the discretion of a subaltern officer, which power was of course much abused, as many of the subalterns had less idea of soldiering than the men they punished. Still, with all these defects, I am inclined to think, prompt punishment by the provost prevents much great crime; the only objection to it is, that if you once begin the system, there is a difficulty of keeping it within bounds.

"The whole of the Spanish troops left this under Espartero, to make some movement, as was supposed. The chapelgories were quartered in some villages about a league distant. They were called out and formed, they supposing for a fight, all happy and pleased. As soon as they were formed, the Spaniards surrounded them with artillery, cavalry, and infantry; and the regiment, which consists of about 1000, were in some sense decimated, ten men being marched to the front, and there shot and left. The reason of this detestable cruelty was, that a chapel had been pillaged, and the report was made to Espartero that it had been done by soldiers with red trousers. An inquiry was instituted, but the guilty could not be found, so he resorted to decimation; and as ill-luck would have it, with the exception of two, the sufferers were the best characters in the regiment."

At last these horrors became jokes.

"I must tell you I got famous fun with the Irishmen. When flogging the thief before sending him over to the Carlists, one of the Cork boys, the 10th, said to another, 'I say, Pat, do you think they will give him his arrears before they send him away?' 'By the powers! what a question! don't you see they are now giving him his back pay?' Some of them, in marching home through the clay-fields, had a great quantity sticking to their shoes. They knew me in Portugal; so the joke passed quickly about their now getting the Portuguese contract fulfilled, about having a certain quantity of landed property."

Alas! alas! for our countrymen, fighting as mercenaries in quarrels not their own—not their country's: look at their fate.

"The Legion marched out at twelve o'clock. The hospitals at this time were choke-full, four or five in a bed; discharging none, except to their graves (about fifteen or twenty daily); and having, exclusive of those in hospital (twelve hundred), a *dépôt* of convalescents of nearly eight hundred. To this *dépôt* I bent my steps, seeing numbers of officers in the streets. I fell in all the men who could stand, taking a Portuguese surgeon with me; and in less than one hour had turned out upwards of three hundred stout fellows, by means of words and the flat side of my sabre. I ordered them to march next morning to join their regiments. They were very knowing, only two hundred and fifty getting ready; all the officers, except two, having disappeared. I was resolved not to be beaten. I stopped all officers' rations who did not make their appearance. This brought two or three to light; and next morning I managed to march them away with one hundred and fifty more men. Still, no more

officers presented themselves. I then stopped the rations of the servants, as well as of the masters, and on the second day brought upwards of twenty to light. In less than five days I sent upwards of five hundred men to join their regiments. The hospitals were very bad, but this convalescent *dépôt* was terrible. I believe no officer had gone through it; and no wonder, as the filth was shocking. All were lying huddled together on the bare stones of a convent, without windows, and no blankets. I entered where there were a lot of Scotch. I said, 'Boy, what's the matter wi' you?' 'An awfu' sair head.' Another, 'Unco sair taes,' i. e. death! 'And what is the matter wi' you?' 'Oh, he is dead, and so is the man near him; and sure enough there were three poor devils all dead, with their mouths close together, to keep each other warm. I picked up in this way about twelve dead, or in the act of dying. Entering a small room in a corner, I was nearly knocked down by the effluvia. Here nine men had been for four days without any surgeon to look after them. I suppose they are now all dead. I proceeded to another dark room, and there seventeen men had been for forty-eight hours abandoned, all suffering from severe dysentery. How to remedy this was difficult, as I was told there were no blankets, nor sheets, nor beds, to send to the hospital. You will not believe it, but I set to work, and in two days obtained about six hundred blankets and nine hundred pair of sheets. I then employed the whole of the 8th regiment in removing people to the hospital and burying, and thus had a beginning. The scarcity of medicines was dreadful; but, with the active and willing assistance of Alcock, and the Portuguese medical gentlemen, it is quite wonderful what has been accomplished. The hospitals are now tolerably comfortable; and I managed so that the convalescents have a comfortable breakfast and dinner. All are getting better; but there must be still nine hundred on the list. About two-thirds of the medical men have died, and a great many officers. Poor Cadogan and Codd, who were with me, are in their graves; and at this very moment the funeral of Captain Montgomery (a friend of Hodges') is passing my window."

We have nothing to do with the intrigues described by Colonel Shaw—General Evans's ineffectual efforts to surmount the difficulties which environed him—the treason of Cordova—the jealousy of Espartero—the backbitings of his own officers—the disputes about sending intelligence to the *Courier* newspaper, of which Colonel Shaw was falsely accused. Suffice it to say, that the accounts of the actions fought, and all the doings of the combatants, are full of interest; and that our author, finding it impossible to effect any actual good, finally resigned, and is now, we hope, contentedly and happily settled at home among his numerous affectionate relations and warm friends.

*The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life.* By T. Noon Talfourd, Esq. M.P. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1837. Moxon. On July 10th, 1830, so exactly seven years ago, it was our lot to notice (*Literary Gazette*, No. 703) a publication of Mr. Lamb's, entitled, "*Album Verses, with a few others*," in a manner which provoked the animadversions of some, and the scurrility of others, of his friends and satellites. We thought these effusions unworthy of publicity, if not of the writer; and to that opinion, even after the lapse of time to which we have alluded, and the occurrence of circumstances which would

disparaging criticism of all severity, a sense of truth and justice compels us to adhere. To what the respected editor of this work says on the subject we shall advert by and by; but, meanwhile, have to observe, that we waited for no event to cause us to pay the tribute of our applause to Mr. Lamb, and to bury in oblivion what we originally and always despised, the miserable personalities which were levelled against the *Literary Gazette*, for an honest expression of its sentiments in regard to these "Album Verses." In July 1831 (No. 758, p. 488), unaffected by such impertinences, we spoke in high terms of commendation of the "*Tales from Shakespeare*," "the design being as excellent as the execution is graceful;" and, in March 1833 (No. 841, p. 130), "*The Last Essays of Elia*" met with an equally cordial reception from us.\* And when Nature had demanded and received her last great debt from this "amiable man and gentle poet," we, though not with the particularity of his intimate friends, nor, perhaps, with quite so exalted an estimate of his productions, inscribed our record of sympathy, admiration, and regret, upon the stone which we placed upon his cairn. — (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 937, p. 12, Jan. 3, 1835.)

Having troubled our readers with this brief retrospect, we do not think it worth while to revive the wretched attempts at wit and satire which appeared in the "Times" and the

\* Our introductory words were, "We could as soon criticise a happy child in a summer-garden, now snatching a flower, now in glad pursuit of a many-coloured butterfly, now approaching a tree of ripe red fruit with a somewhat more reverent air; or, wearied with sunshine and sport, sitting down in a shady nook, thinking and feeling unconsciously 'heaven is about us in our infancy,' and shaping, in that sweet silence,

Some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment in his dream of human life."

We could as soon criticise the look or motion of the child, as these pages. We have but one feeling, and that is affection. They come appraised with memory's most touching graces, and stir up within the heart all that it ever knew of good and kind. All have had their unworldly moments; and the great charm of this work is, that such are recalled, as if we had never seen

Them die away,  
And fade into the light of common day."

A perpetual chime is kept up, musical with human sympathies. We feel as talking to an old familiar friend, with whom we had so much in common, that the one could recall no impression that brought not back something to the mind of the other; something, too, fresher and dearer than belongs to daily life; something treasured chiefly because it happened long ago. Let any one read "Blakesmoor, in H-shire," "Poor Relations," "Captain Jackson," "The Superannuated Man," "Old China," and not find the fountain of tears, hidden even in the most worldly natures, troubled as by an angel, but with a healing and purifying influence; such a reader must have something so dry in his temper, so little love of literature in his taste, that we feel our reproaches would be thrown away—and we hate throwing away any thing. We have been accused of harshness, not to say injustice, in our estimate of a former work of Mr. Lamb's. To the charge of a bias, we will only reply by two lines of Dryden's—

For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,  
Think the best actions on bye ends are built."

These ready to ascribe the personal motive usually take the hint from themselves. As a question of taste, we still adhere to our original opinion. Never more than in these *Essays* is the distinction shewn between simplicity and puerility; they are always simple, but never silly. The reader never smiles but when Elia (we cannot use the formal phrase, the author) intends he should smile. His own *Essays* are his own severest criticism. But such verifiers are to poets what your pebble-polishers are to geologists. They go picking up odd-looking stones along the beach; they get a machine, and polish with all their might and main; the work is accomplished, and there is material for a very pretty brooch, or a most charming pair of sleeve-buttons. Very innocent employment, we are ready to admit; but where is the power and the beauty of the science that could measure the depths, and calculate the old age of the earth? Verily gone, we know not whither. Now, writers who deal in pretty affectations and conceits, brought from such a distance that it is a marvel they were not lost upon the road, and little dictionary delicacies—may they not be called the pebble-pickers of poetry? But to return to this delightful volume, which shall be bound in green, fresh, glad, hopeful green—we were going to have said gold, but that is too costly for the daily wear and tear which is its future destiny."

"Examiner" on the occasion to which Mr. Talfourd thus refers.

"In 1830, a small volume of poems, the gleanings of some years, during which Lamb had devoted himself to prose, under his name of 'Elia,' was published by Mr. Moxon, under the title of 'Album Verses,' and which Lamb, in token of his strong regard, dedicated to the publisher. An unfavourable review of them in the *Literary Gazette* produced some verses from Southey, which were inserted in the 'Times,' and of which the following, as evincing his unchanged friendship, may not unfitly be inserted here. The residue, being more severe on Lamb's critics than Lamb himself would have wished, may now be spared."

"Severe!"—"more severe!!"—surely the worthy and gifted writer could not have seen the trash to which he has applied such epithet. Nothing ever so perfectly illustrated Peter Pindar's poem, in which the lines are found,

"Meaning, indeed, by this severity,  
His name would live to all posterity;"

but the first line of the preceding couplet concludes with the word "*inferiors*;" and nearly the whole of the dirty would-be squibs and epigrams, which issued from the scribbling clique alluded to, rung the changes on Peter Pindar's filthy idea expressed in the corresponding rhyme.

But we turn from such poor and paltry matters to the grateful task of walking along with Mr. Talfourd through these pleasant pages. If Lamb was, during his life, dear to his friends and companions, loved by all who knew him, his very weaknesses creating a degree of regard and interest which might have been denied to a firmer character; we are convinced that these volumes must extend the feeling (alas, the posthumous feeling) over every class of the community. His affections were so strong and natural; his imperfections so venial, harmless, and undisguised; his heart so kind and warm; his friendships so steady; his resentments so slight; his whole temperament and course of life so uniformly mild and pure, that it is impossible to see these fine qualities exhibited as they are in his correspondence, and judiciously pointed out by the editor, without inhaling a considerable portion of that love which was devoted to him by his living intimates. With most of these it has been our good fortune to share many a happy hour, and interchange many a friendly office—several of the most popular of them have commenced their literary career in this journal; and though we could neither, on that account, think nor speak as well of their failures as of their successful efforts (and every author fails now and then), nor force up our admiration to the pitch required in respect of others, their associates, and fellow-labourers, still, consistently with our public duty, we ever exercised towards them all forbearance when error, and encouragement when merit, prevailed.

Be to their faults a little blind,  
Be to their virtues ever kind,

is a fair canon of criticism between reviewers and authors; and we think it is no bad improvement of the system, if the former would be at the pains of judging every work upon its own merits, without reference to past offences, extraneous prejudices, or private motives.

Lamb's biography being fervently sketched by Talfourd, we proceed from his own beginning, Feb. 18, 1775, to the beginning of his correspondence with Coleridge in 1796. Of the first we may remark, that it possesses the eloquence of the learned writer—eloquence al-

most too glowing for the style of personal memoir. *Ex. gr.*—

"Lamb saw his schoolfellows of his own standing depart, one after another, for the university without a murmur. This acquiescence in his different fortune must have been a hard trial for the sweetness of his disposition; as he always, in after life, regarded the ancient seats of learning with the fondness of one who had been hardly divorced from them. He delighted, when other duties did not hinder, to pass his vacations in their neighbourhood, and indulge in that fancied association with them which he has so beautifully mirrored in his 'Sonnet written at Cambridge.' What worldly success can, indeed, ever compensate for the want of timely nurture beneath the shade of one of these venerable institutions—for the sense of antiquity shading, not checking, the joyous impulses of opening manhood—for the refinement and the grace there interfused into the long labour of ambitious study—for young friendships consecrated by the associations of long past time; and for liberal emulation, crowned by successes, restrained from ungenerous and selfish pride, by palpable symbols of the genius and the learning of ages? . . .

"The warmth of Coleridge's friendship supplied the quickening impulse to Lamb's genius; but the germ enfolding all its nice peculiarities lay ready for the influence, and expanded into forms and hues of its own. Lamb's earliest poetry was not a faint reflection of Coleridge's, such as the young lustre of original genius may cast on a polished and sensitive mind, to glow and tremble for a season, but was streaked with delicate, yet distinct traits, which proved it an emanation from within. There was, indeed, little resemblance between the two, except in the affection which they bore towards each other. Coleridge's mind, not laden as yet with the spoils of all systems, and of all times, glowed with the ardour of uncontrollable purpose, and thirsted for glorious achievement and universal knowledge. The imagination, which afterwards struggled gloriously, but perhaps vainly, to overmaster the stupendous clouds of German philosophies, breaking them into huge masses, and tinting them with heavenly hues, then shone through the simple articles of Unitarian faith, the graceful architecture of Hartley's theory, and the well-compact chain by which Priestley and Edwards seemed to bind all things in necessary connexion, as through transparencies of thought; and, finding no opposition worthy of its activity in this poor foreground of the mind, opened for itself a bright succession of fairy visions, which it sought to realise on earth. In its light, oppression and force seemed to vanish like the phantoms of a feverish dream; mankind were disposed in the picturesque groups of universal brotherhood; and, in far distance, the ladder which Jacob saw in solemn vision connected earth with heaven, 'and the angels of God were ascending and descending upon it.' Lamb had no sympathy with these radiant hopes, except as they were part of his friend. He clung to the realities of life; to things nearest to him, which the force of habit had made dear; and caught tremblingly hold of the past."

Lamb's affectionate disposition was particularly evinced in his ardent attachment to his parents and sister. Nothing can be more touching than the following, at the death of his mother:—

"I am (he says) wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. O! my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them

should I choose? not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her school-boy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust, will come, there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me. O, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind 'charities' of relationship; these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence."

Pursuing our miscellaneous track, we come to Lamb's criticism on the "Farmer's Boy."

"You ask me about the 'Farmer's Boy;' don't you think the fellow who wrote it (who is a shoemaker) has a poor mind? Don't you find he is always silly about poor Giles, and those abject kind of phrases which mark a man that looks up to wealth? None of Burns's poet dignity. What do you think? I have just opened him; but he makes me sick."

Lamb was a citizen, almost a cockney, an inspired cockney, if you please, and saw rural nature chiefly through the reflected images of our old writers. Bloomfield could have no charms for him, and he, consequently, underrated him as much as he was over-rated by Capel Loft and others. In a letter to Wordsworth, he thus paints himself:—

"I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang any where; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes? My attachments are all local, purely local—I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books,) to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved,—old chairs, old tables,

streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses—have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of any thing. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy me; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men, in this great city."

We will now give his sentiments respecting an author of another kind, which, at the same time, shew his indifference to party politics.

"I am reading 'Burnet's own Times.' Did you ever read that garrulous, pleasant history? He tells his story like an old man past political service, bragging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions, when 'his old cap was new.' Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness that actually gives the *momentum* to national actors. Quite the prattle of age and outlived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto-relievo*. Himself a party man, he makes you a party man. None of the cursed philosophical Humelian indifference, so cold and unnatural and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonian fine writing, so fine and composite. None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite, and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference. Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind; I can make the revolution present to me—the French revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far from me. To quit this tiresome subject, and to relieve you from two or three dismal yawns, which I hear in spirit, I here conclude."

Of early education we copy Lamb's ideas:—

"Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newbery's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them. Mrs. B.'s and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge, insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B.'s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the shape of knowledge, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like: instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales, which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think of what you would have been now, if, instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history! Hang them!—I mean the cursed reasoning crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child."

[To be continued.]

#### Lookhart's Life of Scott, Vol. IV.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

THE opening of the chest in Edinburgh Castle, in which the Scottish regalia had been deposited from the Union, seems strongly to have interested Scott; and there is one portion of the description of it, the touching simplicity of which has affected us deeply. It relates to his eldest daughter, whose recent loss is deplored by all who knew her. On the day after the solemn opening of the chest, "Scott, and several of his brother commissioners, revisited the castle, accompanied by some of the ladies of their families. His daughter tells me that her father's conversation had worked her feelings up to such a pitch, that when the lid was again removed she nearly fainted, and drew back from the circle. As she was retiring, she was startled by his voice exclaiming, in a tone of the deepest emotion, 'something between anger and despair,' as she expresses it,—'By G—, no!' One of the commissioners, not quite entering into the solemnity with which Scott regarded this business, had, it seems, made a sort of motion as if he meant to put the crown on the head of one of the young ladies near him, but the voice and aspect of the poet were more than sufficient to make the worthy gentleman understand his error; and, respecting the enthusiasm with which he had not been taught to sympathise, he laid down the ancient diadem with an air of painful embarrassment. Scott whispered 'pray, forgive me;' and, turning round at the moment, observed his daughter deadly pale, and leaning by the door. He immediately drew her out of the room, and when the air had somewhat recovered her, walked with her across the Mound to Castle Street. 'He never spoke all the way home,' she says, 'but every now and then I felt his arm tremble; and from that time I fancied he began to treat me more like a woman than a child. I thought he liked me better, too, than he had ever done before.'"

Our next brief extracts relate to a singular story of superstitious import. April 30, Scott writes from Selkirk:—

"The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awaked by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S., as you know, is rather timorous, so up got I, with Beattie's broadsword under my arm,

'So bolt upright,  
And ready to fight.'

But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance. However, I went to bed, grumbling against Tenterden Street and all its works. If there was no entrance but the key-hole, I should warrant myself against the ghosts. We have a set of idle fellows called workmen about us, which is a better way of accounting for nocturnal noises than any that is to be found in Baxter or Glanville."

Now comes the context.

"On the morning that Mr. Terry received the foregoing letter in London, Mr. William Erskine was breakfasting with him; and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of George Bullock, which had occurred on the same night, and, as nearly as they could ascertain, at the very hour when Scott was roused from his sleep by the 'mysteri-

disturbance' here described, and sallied from his chamber with old Beadie's Killiecrankie claymore in his hand. This coincidence, when Scott received Erskine's minute detail of what had happened in Tenterden Street, made a much stronger impression on his mind than might be gathered from the tone of an ensuing communication."

A month later, Scott again writes to Terry:—"Counsellor Erskine is returned, much pleased with your hospitality, and giving an excellent account of you. Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford with the melancholy event that followed? I protest to you, the noise resembled half-a-dozen men, hard at work, putting up boards and furniture; and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time. With a few additional touches, the story would figure in Glanville or Aubrey's collection. In the mean time, you may set it down with poor Dubisson's warnings, as a remarkable coincidence, coming under your own observation."

About this portion of his work, Mr. Lockhart gives us a charming and interesting sketch of Scott's domestic life and habits; which we need hardly recommend to attention. We can only find room for a few lines:—

"Breakfast was his chief meal. Before that came, he had gone through the severest part of his day's work, and he then set to with the zeal of Crabbe's Squire Tovell—

And laid at once a pound upon his plate."

No foxhunter ever prepared himself for the field by more substantial appliances. His table was always provided, in addition to the usually plentiful delicacies of a Scotch breakfast, with some solid article, on which he did most lusty execution—a round of beef, a pasty, such as made Gil Blas' eyes water, or, most welcome of all, a cold sheep's head; the charms of which primitive dainty he has so gallantly defended against the disparaging sneers of Dr. Johnson and his bear-leader. A huge brown loaf flanked his elbow, and it was placed upon a broad wooden trencher, that he might cut and come again with the bolder knife. Often did the Clerks' coach, commonly called among themselves 'the Lively,' which trundled round every morning to pick up the brotherhood, and then deposited them, at the proper minute, in the Parliament Cloze; often did this lumbering hackney arrive at his door before he had fully appeased what Homer calls 'the sacred rage of hunger;' and vociferous was the merriment of the learned *uncles*, when the surprised poet swung forth to join them, with an extemporised sandwich, that looked like a ploughman's luncheon, in his hand. But this robust supply would have served him, in fact, for the day. He never tasted any thing more before dinner; and at dinner he ate almost as sparingly as Squire Tovell's niece from the boarding-school—

'Who cut the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,  
And marvelled much to see the creatures dine.'

The only dishes he was at all fond of were the old-fashioned ones, to which he had been accustomed in the days of Saunders Fairford; and which really are excellent dishes—such, in truth, as Scotland borrowed from France, before Catherine de Medici brought in her Italian *virtuosi* to revolutionise the kitchen like the court. Of most of these, I believe, he has, in the course of his novels, found some opportunity to record his esteem. But, above all, who can forget that his King Jamie, amidst the splendours of Whitehall, thinks himself an ill-used monarch unless his first course in-

cludes *cockyleekie*? It is a fact, which some philosophers may think worth setting down, that Scott's organisation, as to more than one of the senses, was the reverse of exquisite. He had very little of what musicians call an ear; his smell was hardly more delicate. I have seen him stare about, quite unconscious of the cause, when his whole company betrayed their uneasiness at the approach of an over-kept haunch of venison; and neither, by the nose nor the palate, could he distinguish corked wine from sound. He could never tell Madeira from sherry; nay, an oriental friend having sent him a butt of *sheeras*—when he remembered the circumstance some time afterwards, and called for a bottle, to have Sir John Malcolm's opinion of its quality, it turned out that his butler, mistaking the label, had already served up half the binn as *sherry*. Port he considered as phsyic; he never, willingly, swallowed more than one glass of it, and was sure to anathematise a second, if offered, by repeating John Home's epigram—

'Bold and erect the Caledonian stood,  
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;  
Let him drink port, the English statesman cried—  
He drank the poison, and his spirit died.'

In truth, he liked no wines, except sparkling champagne and claret; but even as to this last he was no connoisseur; and sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious 'liquid ruby' that ever flowed in the cup of a prince. He rarely took any other potation when quite alone with his family; but at the Sunday board he circulated the champagne briskly during dinner, and considered a pint of claret each man's fair share afterwards. I should not omit, however, that his Bourdeaux was uniformly preceded by a small libation of the genuine mountain dew, which he poured with his own hand, *more majorum*, for each guest—making use, for the purpose, of such a multifarious collection of ancient Highland *quaghs* (little cups of curiously dove-tailed wood, inlaid with silver), as no Lowland side-board but his was ever equipped with; but commonly reserving for himself one that was peculiarly precious in his eyes, as having travelled from Edinburgh to Derby, in the canteen of Prince Charlie. This relic had been presented to 'the wandering Ascanius' by some very careful follower, for its bottom is of glass, that he who quaffed might keep his eye the while upon the dirk-hand of his companion."

Whilst writing "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe," Scott was suffering agonies from the cramp.

"His amanuenses were William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne; of whom he preferred the latter, when he could be at Abbotsford, on account of the superior rapidity of his pen; and also because John kept his pen to the paper without interruption, and, though with many an arch twinkle in his eyes, and now and then an audible smack of his lips, had resolution to work on like a well-trained clerk; whereas, good Laidlaw entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight—"Gude keep us a!—the like o' that!—eh, sirs! eh, sirs!" and so forth—which did not promote despatch. I have often, however, in the sequel, heard both these secretaries describe the astonishment with which they were equally affected when Scott began this experiment. The affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well

as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen." John Ballantyne told me, that after the first day he always took care to have a dozen of pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay, and that, though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter; he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of "The Bride of Lammermoor," the whole of "The Legend of Montrose," and almost the whole of "Ivanhoe." Yet, when his health was fairly re-established, he disdained to avail himself of the power of dictation, which he had thus put to the sharpest test, but resumed, and for many years resolutely adhered to, the old plan of writing every thing with his own hand."

"The Bride of Lammermoor," and the 'Legend of Montrose,' would have been read with indulgence had they needed it; for the painful circumstances under which they must have been produced, were known wherever an English newspaper made its way; but I believe that, except in numerous typical errors, which sprang, of necessity, from the author's inability to correct any proof-sheets, no one ever affected to perceive in either tale the slightest symptom of his malady. Dugald Dalgetty was placed, by acclamation, in the same rank with Ballic Jarvie; a conception equally new, just, and humorous, and worked out in all the details, as if it had formed the luxurious entertainment of a chair as easy as was ever shaken by Rabelais; and though the character of Montrose himself seemed hardly to have been treated so fully as the subject merited, the accustomed rapidity of the novelist's execution would have been enough to account for any such defect. Of Caleb Balderston—the hero of one of the many ludicrous delineations which he owed to the late Lord Haddington, a man of rare pleasantry, and one of the best tellers of old Scotch stories that I ever heard—I cannot say that the general opinion was then, nor do I believe it ever since has been, very favourable. It was pronounced at the time, by more than one critic, a mere caricature; and, though Scott himself would never, in after days, admit this censure to be just, he allowed that 'he might have sprinkled rather too much parsley over his chicken.' But even that blench, for I grant that I think it a serious one, could not disturb the profound interest and pathos of the 'Bride of Lammermoor'—to my fancy, the most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned. The reader will be well pleased, however, to have, in place of any critical observations on this work, the following particulars of its composition, from the notes which its printer dictated when stretched on the bed from which he well knew he was never to rise. 'The book,' says James Ballantyne, 'was not only written, but published, before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me, that when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained! He did not desire me to understand, nor did I understand, that his illness had erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood. These remained rooted where they had ever been; or, to speak more explicitly, he remembered the

general facts of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the rival lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride upon the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. All these things he recollected, just as he did before he took to his bed; but he literally recollected nothing else: not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, nor any thing with which he was connected as the writer of the work. 'For a long time,' he said, 'I felt myself very uneasy in the course of my reading, lest I should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and fantastic. However, I recollected that you had been the printer, and I felt sure that you would not have permitted any thing of this sort to pass.' 'Well,' I said, 'upon the whole, how did you like it?' 'Why,' he said, 'as a whole, I felt it monstrous gross and grotesque; but still the worst of it made me laugh, and I trusted the good-natured public would not be less indulgent.' I do not think I ever ventured to lead to the discussion of this singular phenomenon again; but you may depend upon it, that what I have now said is as distinctly reported as if it had been taken down in shorthand at the moment; I should not otherwise have ventured to allude to the matter at all. I believe you will agree with me in thinking that the history of the human mind contains nothing more wonderful."

*Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commoners of Great Britain. Part XIV.* London, 1837. Colburn.

MR. BURKE proceeds, without diminution of industry or spirit, with this interesting work. The present No. contains much curious matter, from which we offer a quotation, touching the celebrated Edward Burton, who suffered much persecution during the reign of Queen Mary. The following quaint narrative is given by Mr. Burke, and was written more than two centuries since by one of the family:—

"Edward Burton, Esq. a religious asserter of the Gospel in Queen Marie's time, was one day sitting alone in his upper parlour at Longner, in meditation, no doubt, of God's deliverance of his people, when he heard a general ring of all the bells in Shrewsbury, whereunto, in St. Chladda's parish, his house belonged, and strait his right divining soul told him it was for Queen Marie's death; yet, longing to know the truth more certainly, and loath to trust his servants therein for some reasons, he sent his eldest son, then but a boy of sixteen years of age, willing him to throw up his hat if it were so, so impatient was his expectation, who finding it, and doing accordingly as he was directed, the good man retiring presently from the window and recovering his chair, for extremity of joy which he conceived for the deliverance of the saints of God, he suddenly expired. And this was his *Nunc dimittis, Domine*. But neither was the storm of persecution so quite blown over hereby, but that still some scatterings did fall upon the servants of God, for they suffered some grievances still; among which was their being debarred from Christian interment in churches. But, *facilis iactura sepulcri*. His friends made a shift to bury him in his garden by the fish ponds, and set a monument over him; which, being defaced by time and rain, it happened—in the year 1500—that Edward Burton, Esq. his grandson, inviting to dinner the noble Sir Andrew Corbet, then lieutenant of the shire, with divers other gentlemen of quality—that the good baronet, desirous to see

the place which preserved the reliques and memory of that excellent man, as good men are still inquisitive after them whose virtues they honour; but finding it much decayed by the weather, after a friendly correction of his host, and serious injunction to repair the tomb, whereby the memory of his most deserving grandfather was kept alive, he, without any ado, effected what he spake for, and promised himself to become the poet for an epitaph, which he accordingly wrote."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Standard Novels, No. LVIII.: Trevelyan.* (London, R. Bentley.)—Trevelyan was a justly popular novel, and must be welcome again in its well-deserved place in this pleasant series, which embodies so many of our best works of fiction.

*A System of teaching Congregations to sing from Notes.* E. Merriott. (London, D'Almeida and Co.)—A lesson-book of twenty pages, with clear and simple instructions. *On the Antidotal Treatment of Epidemic Cholera, &c.* by J. Parkin. Pp. 112. (London, Highley.)—Carbonic Acid is the specific recommended in this treatise; and strong arguments, as well as practical results, are brought forward in support of its efficacy.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, XCII. Vol. II. of Swainson's Natural History: Birds.* (London, Longman and Co.)—Another volume of this excellent scientific production: it treats of the laniidae, merulidae, sylviidae, ampelidae, muscipidae, conirostres, scansores, tenuirostres, falcirostris, grallatores, and natores; and treats of each in the most lucid manner.

*The Interrogator; or, Universal Ancient History, in Questions and Answers, by a Lady.* Pp. 343. (London, Hatchard.)—A very well-constructed and useful book for young students.

*Transactions of the Philosophical and Literary Society of Leeds, Vol. I. Part I.* (London, Longman and Co.; Leeds, Knight.)—These papers, read before the Society, do credit to the inquiring spirit and talents of the Leeds society. The subjects are, the Bed of the Mississippi, by the late J. Lubbock; the Varieties of Water, by W. West; the Structure of Limaces, by T. Nunneley; Roman Coin-moulds found near Wakefield, by J. Hey; the Anatomy of Actinea Corallacea and Alcyonella stagnorum, by J. P. Seale; and the Yorkshire Coalfield, by the late E. St. George.

*Stratford's English Grammar, with Exercises and Key.* Fourth edition. (London, Edwards.)—Among the many well arranged and useful elementary works for the early instruction of the young, we noticed the first edition of this Grammar with the commendation it deserved; and we are glad to see that its utility has been so well discerned as to lead to a call for four editions, and thus experimentally confirm our judgment.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 26. W. R. Hamilton, Esq. president, in the chair.—Read, extracts from the following papers: 1. A letter from Captain Alexander, in Southern Africa, on his route from Cape Town to Walvisch Bay.

To the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society.

On the Banks of the Kamoo, three days east of the Great Fish River, and about 170 miles north of the Warm Bath, Great Namaqua Land, 18th February, 1837.

Sir,—I had the pleasure of writing to you about a month ago, before I left the Warm Bath, and now, having unexpectedly an opportunity of sending letters to the Cape, by three Namaquas, who brought me here merchandise (shirts, cotton handkerchiefs, brass wire, and buttons), of which I stood in need, I beg to give you a short account of my journey so far, in the direction of Walvisch Bay, &c. I left the Bath on the 18th of January, having waited in vain till then for rain, and for the above-mentioned goods; fortunately, immediately after I left the Bath, I had abundance of thunder-rain, and have had no want of water or grass on my way hitherward. I hear also, that, since I left the Bath, no rain has fallen there, so it was as well that I risked leaving that place. The captain of the Bon-diezwaart Namaquas (Abram) accompanied me, with sixteen armed men, on pack oxen. On the second day I was joined by the petty chief, Daniel, and three men; which last chief I have engaged to accompany me all the way to Wal-

visch Bay, under the promise of supplying him with powder and lead to shoot elephants on his way back. I have agreed to try to obtain for him, by negotiation, the property of which he had been robbed by Henrick, a petty chief of Abrams, lying fifty miles out of our road. With my wagon and pack oxen I travelled up the Hoom (the river which runs past the Bath), nearly north for six days, and, leaving the wagons on its banks, with a guard of twelve men, I set out with two white men, the two chiefs, and eleven Namaquas, for the craal of the robber Henrick. We travelled fifty miles N.N.E. with horses and oxen, and got among the 'Cards (or rugged) Mountains, a range of various height, from 300 feet to about 2000, flat topped, and composed of clink-stone, principally arranged in horizontal strata. Spring-boks, in large flocks, were seen; many ostriches and zebras; a cameleopard, and the *spoor* of a lion; the weather was very hot, both day and night, 95° at mid-day commonly, and 80° at sunrise. We found Henrick in a rocky glen, very difficult of access; he refused, to his own chief, to deliver up Daniel's property, which he had seized (*viz.* thirty cows and forty goats), because a year before, on a hunting party, Daniel's brother-in-law had accidentally shot Henrick's father. Henrick also prepared his people, before us, to the number of thirty-three, armed with guns, to take Daniel's life, because he could not get that of his brother-in-law; we defied Henrick to take Daniel from us, or to kill him; kept strict watch all night, and brought off Daniel in safety next day. Henrick would not listen to the proposal I made him, of receiving a fine for the life of his father; he and his mother both cried, "Blood for blood!" We rejoined the wagon, and I let Abram leave us with his people, that he might force Henrick to restore Daniel's property, and thus prevent war in the land; for Daniel threatens to raise a commando of the people around, and the Africans, and go against Henrick. After travelling a degree further north, I arrived at the Kaap River, a branch of the Great Fish River: there we saw a good deal of honey-beer drinking and dancing. We staid for some days at Daniel's craal, and, having been assisted with a span of oxen, came on here to a craal of the great captain's, William Zwaartboy. (The Namaquas adopt Dutch names, *i. e.* those of any note.) Here we have been obliged to fortify ourselves with an abattis of bushes round the tent and wagon, for we heard that Henrick was come with a commando against Daniel's craal again, fifty miles south of us, and that he is likely to attack us too; but we are quite ready for him. However, if Zwaartboy comes first from the Fish River to see us, there will probably be no fight. Before the rain fell on the 16th, the heat was 110°; now it is 80°, and the river is running briskly. I have fallen in with a man here, who was at Walvisch Bay three days ago, and he says, that our route will probably be to Zwaart Morass, 14 days; to the Fish River, 14 days; up it, 6 days; to Buffel's Poost (through a field abounding with lions, cameleopards, rhinoceroses, &c.), 10 days; to the Kooisap, 3; to the Bay, 8; beyond that, on the Squakop (Somerset?) the Dámaras abound. The other day I bought a fine Dámará Negro (a boy), ten years old, for about 4s.; that is, for two cotton handkerchiefs, and two strings of glass-beads; his mistress was a Namaqua woman. The boy was half starved, and he is now well fed and clothed, and is my shepherd. We see many Dámará slaves among the Namaquas. My medicine chest is in great request;



sometimes I save it by administering doses of bay salt. We have the usual annoyances of heat, dust, very stony roads, if roads we can call them, where no wagons ever passed before; disputes to settle; bargaining for horses, for sheep, and cattle; but we manage to keep a good heart, and, though old gray-beards sometimes try to frighten us, we will try our luck, and go as far as we possibly can; human nature can do no more. I am, &c.

J. E. ALEXANDER.

2. Extracts from a voyage round the world, by Mr. F. D. Bennett, Surgeon and Naturalist, in the years 1833-36. The greater part of this time was spent in the Pacific Ocean, when the vessel touched at Juan Fernandez, Pitcairn's Island, Tahiti, Huheine, Ulitea, &c. of the Society Islands; at Maci of the Sandwich Islands; at Christians and Roapua of the Marquesas; at Carolina Island, Christmas Island, and at Cape St. Lucas, the southern extreme of California.

"March 7, 1834.

"Daylight," says Mr. Bennett, "disclosed the dark and elevated form of Pitcairn's Island directly ahead; and shortly after noon we effected a landing, at a small and half-concealed cove, known by the name of 'Bounty Bay,' having been the spot of the final destruction of the ship *Bounty*, whose relics were yet visible on the beach, as iron ballast, nails, shreds of copper, &c. The eastern side of the island, on which the settlement is placed, presents a very picturesque appearance; an amphitheatre rising from the sea, luxuriantly wooded to its summit, and bounded on each side by precipitous cliffs, and naked rocks of rugged and fantastic forms. The simple habitations of the islanders are scattered over this wooded declivity, and half concealed by the abundant verdure. The coast is abrupt, rocky, beaten by a heavy surf, and almost inaccessible: some coral and coral debris are found on the beach of the small coves, but here are no distinct reefs of coral. The population of this small island, only about seven miles in circumference, consisted, at this time, of eighty persons, the majority of whom were children, and, with the exception of three families of English residents, the whole are the offspring of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. They are a fine and robust people, but far from handsome: they are high-spirited and intelligent, and speak both the English and Tahitian fluently. In intellect and habits, they form an interesting link between the civilised European and unsophisticated Polynesian. Their food is chiefly vegetable; yet swine, goats, poultry, and fish, are not wanting. Water is rather scarce, as the volcanic structure of the island forbids the formation of wells; yet it is not till rain has been wanting for seven or eight months that any scarcity is felt. Disease is rare, and 'Fefe' or Elephantiasis, so prevalent among the Polynesian islands, is here unknown. The injurious effects of the emigration of the islanders to Tahiti, is still evident in the restless state of many among them, and also in their licentious conversation. Yet, they invariably speak well of the treatment they experienced there.

"March 23.

"The island of Raiatea (Ulitea of Cook), situated about eighty miles N.W. of Tahiti, is about forty miles in circumference. It is of mountainous character, and profusely covered with vegetation. Water abounds. Accompanied by some natives, I ascended an extensive range of mountains occupying the centre of the island, extending in a direction nearly north and south, and rising about 2000 feet above the

sea. The summit of the mountain presented a level and extensive plain of bleak aspect, over-spread with swamps, and streams of water running over exposed rocks, of a red colour, and entirely destitute of verdure, with the exception of short grass and mosses; although, but a few feet below, on the less exposed spots, vegetation was lofty and abundant. I was here shewn a remarkable natural excavation, resembling a large well, about thirty-six feet in circumference and forty feet deep. Might it not be a small volcanic crater? It is singular that a stream of water, flowing over the declivity of this elevated mountain, abounds with eels and other fish, several varieties of which I observed sporting in the water."

*Sandwich Islands.*—"The aspect of Maui is very mountainous, and, near the settlement of Lahaina, several mountains of much grandeur advance within a short distance of the coast, whilst the surface exhibits the strong contrast of luxuriant verdure and volcanic sterility, so common to islands in the Sandwich group. The population of Maui is estimated at 38,000. The natives are intelligent, orderly, healthy, and submissive to the control of the American missionaries, whose influence is great throughout all this group of islands. The settlement of Lahaina contains a neat wooden church, a reading-room for foreign visitors, and a market to regulate the trade between the native and foreign shipping. Numerous South-seamen annually visit this island to refresh; hence the natives are well supplied with European and American manufactures."

Among the donations presented to the Society, was one by Captain Fitzroy, R.N., namely, a very curious Spanish MS., being the Diary of an expedition to, and residence upon, the island of Tahiti, by Maximo Rodriguez, in 1774. This Maximo Rodriguez was a Spanish soldier and interpreter, who accompanied an expedition from Lima to the island of Tahiti; and he, with three other persons, were left upon the island for about thirteen months. Cook, in his voyage, mentions the fact of the Spaniards having visited the island, and heard much from the natives of one "Mateema," the Tahitian pronunciation of the Spanish Maximo; and, in a subsequent passage, he says, "Will any thing ever become known to the world of the proceedings of the Spaniards at this island?" By a very singular coincidence, after a lapse of sixty years, the original diary kept by the said "Mateema" was placed in the hands of a captain in the British navy, at Lima, by Don José Manuel Tirado, presented to him by the daughter of the before-mentioned Rodriguez, who, having heard that Captain Fitzroy, in H.M.S. *Beagle*, had been employed in surveying the coasts of Chile and Peru, and that he was making inquiry for all MSS. that could be obtained, sent it to him, begging his acceptance of the diary, saying, "that she felt sure it would be better placed in the hands of an Englishman, and more valued in England, than it ever could be as concealed from the world, and uncared for, in her library at Lima."—This being the last meeting for the season, the Society adjourned till November next.

#### ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening, a letter from the secretary of the Meteorological Society was read. It set forth the importance of electrical phenomena to investigate and explain meteorological effects, exhibited how closely connected were the objects and pursuits of the two Societies, and solicited co-operation. A paper on the agency of electricity in producing various dis-

eases, but more particularly those which are termed epidemic, was read by Mr. Leithead. The author observed, that if we could succeed in tracing those scourges to their cause, we should be the better enabled to apply a remedy; perhaps, even to prevent their recurrence, or, at all events, to mitigate their virulence; enlarged upon the superiority of the satisfaction derived from administering to the comforts, or alleviating the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, over the wide-spread glory of a warrior; and then proceeded to relate the facts upon which the electro-physiological theory is based, to point out the analogies by which similar facts are connected, and how nearly those analogies, confirmed by experiment, are allied to scientific truth. He stated, also, that the medical term "sympathetic action" furnished no explanation of the *modus operandi* of the inductive process of disease; that the explanations which medical authors attempt to give of "sympathetic action," involve a contradiction in terms, and do not remove the difficulties of elucidating the inductive process of disease; and that it is not a little singular, that what has always appeared to constitute the barrier between the phenomena and its explanation, is, on the contrary (by the electro-physiological theory), the very fact which prompts a ready solution. Mr. Leithead concluded by saying, that the very language employed by medical authors, is that which is precisely adapted to signify the mode of action of the electric fluid; and the reason why the unmeaning terms, "nervous influence—instinctive remedial process—sympathy," and others equally absurd and unphilosophical, have been substituted for ideas, is attributable to the study of electrical science having been neglected in medical education, or, at least, but little attended to.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the monthly meeting, held on Thursday afternoon, twenty individuals were elected. Balance in favour of the Society, on July 1st, 783l. 11s. 8d. Visitors to the gardens and museum, in June, 38,768. Stock at the gardens, 313 mammalia; 711 birds; and 19 reptiles: total, 1043. The following are detached notes on a species of *rattus*, brought under the notice of the Society by Sir James McGrigor, bart. This animal was originally described by Pennant, as the Indian badger; and by Shaw, under the name of the *Ursus Indicus*; but it has been almost neglected by systematic writers; for, though alluded to by Pennant, it is in so short, vague, and unsatisfactory a manner, that it is impossible to form a distinct notion of it; and Shaw only copied the few words of Pennant which relate to it. Even, in the most cursory manner, to examine this animal, is impossible, without coming to the conclusion that it is wonderfully adapted for making its way beneath the surface of the earth. The powerful fore-leg, armed with enormous claws; the coniform head; the face deprived of hair; the minute and sunken eye; the entire absence of external ear; the strong and muscular neck and shoulder; the comparative diminution of the posterior extremities, whereby the bulk of the hinder parts is lessened; the naked abdomen—all unite to characterize it as a digger. And, in fact, among the population of its native regions, it is said that it seeks its choicest food in the cemeteries; and such is its dexterity in tearing open the graves of the dead, that no tomb is sacred from its attacks. It has, in those parts, obtained the appellation of the *grave-digger*. The generic term of Storr, *mellivora*, although

It may suit the African species, is, consequently, peculiarly inappropriate to this. It is a native of the upper provinces of Bengal, where, however, it is said to be rare.

#### AFRICAN NATURAL HISTORY.

IN our No. 1066, we very hastily noticed the admirable collection of African natural history brought to London by Mr. Smith; and which, we are happy to say, the public will, on Monday, have an opportunity of seeing in yet better order and arrangement.

We have recently availed ourselves of the opportunity of paying a second visit to this interesting exhibition, which, being now arranged preparatory to its opening to the public, appears to much greater advantage than at our first visit. The manner in which the specimens of natural history have been, to use a technical term, set up, reflects great credit on the artist, who, we understand, is a Frenchman, resident at the Cape. Not the least attractive part of the exhibition are the drawings, to the number of some hundreds, with which the walls of the room are decorated; they consist of views of scenery, and illustrations of the manners, superstitions, religious ceremonies, and amusements of the natives, from the able pencil of Mr. C. Bell, of the civil service; and of subjects in natural history, admirably executed, and elaborately finished, by Mr. G. Ford, an artist at the Cape. We sincerely hope that this exhibition, which we have already described as including some specimens perfectly new to the naturalist, may attract the attention it so eminently merits, to the promotion of the laudable objects contemplated by the society to which we owe the importation.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JULY 1st. The Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn in the chair.—In communicating to the meeting a paper on the authenticity of the Zend and Pehlevi languages, by Mr. Romer, Professor Wilson observed, that Mr. Romer's paper offered some valuable contributions to the elucidation of a subject of great literary importance, and on which the Orientalists of England and the Continent differed widely. All the great names of the Continent argued in favour of the genuineness of the works preserved by the Parsis of India, composed in what these Parsis declared to be the ancient languages of Persia; at least, so far as to their being composed in languages which were once spoken, though not, perhaps, to the extent of believing them to be the genuine compositions of Zoroaster. On the other hand, the Orientalists of England had, almost with one accord, pronounced them to be forgeries of recent times, composed in a heterogeneous jargon made up of various languages, put together without any rules, and never spoken by any nation whatever. Independent of its literary interest, the question seriously affected the character of the Parsis; who, it may be observed, have confessedly, in one instance—that of the Desatir—been guilty of a literary forgery. The Professor remarked, that these works in Zend and Pehlevi were unknown in India until the fifteenth century, when a single copy was said to have been brought from Persia, from which all the existing copies were taken; and it was certainly a suspicious circumstance that no such works were to be found among the Fire-worshippers of Persia, many of whom still remained there. The subject was worthy of investigation, and several of the first-rate continental scholars

were now giving it their earnest attention. Much of the paper by Mr. Romer was not adapted for public reading; it should rather be looked at, and its contents studied. It contained texts from the Zend-Avesta, Yagna, &c., interlined with Sanscrit and Guzerati, all in Roman characters, for the purpose of more easily instituting a comparison between them. Some extracts, read by Professor Wilson, shewed that the modern Parsis were not at all behind their predecessors in their attempts at mystification, of which some curious examples were given. Sir Charles Forbes stated, that the late Mr. Duncan, governor of Bombay, fully believed in the authenticity of the Desatir; that he had paid much attention to it; and that, if he was not the principal author of the English translation of that work, he, at least, materially assisted Mulla Firouz in its production. Colonel Briggs was inclined to believe in the genuineness of the disputed languages. He founded this opinion, partly on what appeared to him the impossibility of writing works of any length in a forged language; and partly on the denial made by foreign Orientalists, who had carefully studied the remains of the Zend and Pehlevi tongues, to the assertions of their opponents respecting the incongruity and inconsistency of the elements of those tongues. He knew, also, that there were dialects now spoken in parts of Persia quite unintelligible to the people of other districts; and that several words and sentences of these dialects were found to bear a great similitude to the Pehlevi. He was anxious that too strong an opinion should not go forth to the world; that we should not too hastily consider the question to be decided, now that, on the Continent, it was still undergoing much learned investigation. Selections from a translation by Dr. Wilson, president of the Bombay Branch Royal Asiatic Society, of the general Sirozé of the Parsis, containing curious details of lucky and unlucky days of the month, and of the things which may or may not be done on those days, were also read to the meeting. Colonel Goodfellow, E. R. Power, Esq., J. Ramsay, Esq., and K. Finlay, Esq., were elected resident members of the Society. G. Ashburner, Esq., and Lieut. Eastwick, were elected non-resident members. M. D'Avezac, of Paris, and Sir T. Reade, were elected corresponding members. The next meeting was announced for the 15th instant.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—British Architects, 8 P.M.; Marylebone Literary (Dr. A. T. Thomson on Diet); and on the 17th, 8½ P.M.

*Tuesday*.—Zoological (Science), 8½ P.M.; Architectural (Essay by Mr. B. Ferrey).

*Saturday*.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

*The late J. Constable's Paintings*.—A desire having been very generally expressed among the admirers of the works of the late John Constable, that one of his pictures should be made permanently accessible to the public by being purchased and presented to the National Gallery, a meeting was recently held, and, after a careful examination of the works of the deceased artist, now the property of his family, it was unanimously resolved, that a private subscription should be opened for the purpose of effecting the immediate purchase of the landscape called "The Corn Field," for the sum of 300 guineas (that estimate having been sanctioned by the administrators to the estate), and its presentation to the National Gallery; and

a committee was appointed to carry the design into effect. Nearly half the required amount was immediately subscribed: and we rejoice to notice the design, not only as a tribute justly due to the merits of the artist, but as a pattern for imitation hereafter—at once doing honour to our national school, and enriching our national institution.

*National Monuments and Fine Arts*.—In pursuance of the resolutions carried at the meeting, Freemasons' Hall, on the 29th of May, and reported in the *Literary Gazette*, Mr. Hume, Sir G. Sinclair, Mr. Hope, Alderman Wood, and Mr. Wyse, M.P.'s, and Mr. George Rennie, have had an interview with Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, who assured the deputation of the interest Her Majesty took in the subject, and of their own favourable disposition towards it. This is as it should be. No doubt we shall soon see our great cathedrals, the Tower, and other public places, open to the public; and that will, as it ought to do, lead the way to other improvements in this respect. Give every one an interest in national monuments and fine arts, and the English people will shew that they are as worthy to be trusted with their care, as the warmest amateur amongst us.

#### IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF PAINTINGS OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

THE following is a letter received at Munich, in which Dr. Ernest Forster gives the particulars of the important discovery of paintings which he has made at Padua:—

*Padua, April 8, 1837*.—It seems that my stars are auspicious. I have resuscitated what was dead, namely, perfectly restored a totally ruined work of art—for so it seemed to be. In a ruined church, which is used merely as a receptacle for lumber, I had before discovered some remains of good painting. Nothing, however, was left but a couple of heads; all the rest seemed to be scaled or scratched off, or mouldered away: in short, it had all the appearance of a decayed wall, black in some places, gray in others. So I found it in 1826, and again in 1829. I have not been here since till now. In the descriptions of the city, even those of an ancient date, the work is spoken of as entirely ruined. I did not fail to go again; and found the walls, precisely as they were ten years ago, covered with dust; and I got a sponge and water. I wash, and am filled with astonishment at the beauty of the brilliant colouring, the drawing, and the expression. Now I think I must see how much remains of the whole, and wash and wash till a whole figure appears, well preserved, and admirably painted. I have recourse to brushes and whisks of broom, and begin to brush away: the black gradually comes off, but a pale whitish-gray plaster wall appears. I continue to wash very carefully; the coat of dust is gradually detached; and the most beautiful painting is discovered. My delight was great; but it increased more and more. I looked to the principal wall, where the altar once stood. After sweeping, brushing, and washing, I here found a Crucifixion, more beautiful than any I had ever before seen. What I have besides raised from the grave is the history of Saint Lucia, in four large high fresco paintings, which adorn the lower part of the south side of the church. What is on the upper part I do not yet know: the two rows on the opposite side, the wall in which the door is, and the compartment over the Crucifixion, are still hidden by the dirt; in some places my curiosity has already brought out

here and there some admirable figures. The whole of the glorious work is of the year 1480-1490; and I repeat that I have never seen any thing of that age, in Florence, Sienna, or Pisa, to be compared with it. What glowing colours, what depth, what splendour! But how it is painted, I do not know. We, at least, no longer have these colours—this red, this glowing violet, this black; nor do I know any example of such delicacy of colouring, such smoothness in the execution. The interest excited by this discovery is general; but I wish I were not alone: had I but one companion to assist me in unveiling this treasure, that I might take faithful drawings of the whole across the Alps to my own dear native country.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Illustrations of Constantinople, made during a Residence in that City, &c. in the Years 1835-6.* Arranged and drawn on stone, from the original sketches of Coke Smyth, by John F. Lewis. London, M'Lean.

WE some time ago noticed two specimens which we had seen of the splendid work now lying in a complete state before us. It is well and justly observed in the prospectus of the publisher:—"On Turkey and its capital, offering to the eye of the painter, costumes and scenery as picturesque as any in the world, and habits as characteristic, and manners as peculiar, as ever presented themselves for the illustrations of the pencil, it is astonishing how few and imperfect are the traces in English works of literature and art, while our native school has been advancing and extending itself in every direction, seeking subjects from pole to tropic, in every country and of every people upon whom the sun shines,—it is, indeed, remarkable that it has so long and so much neglected the treasures of the Mussulman empire." The present publication, consisting of twenty-seven lithographic prints, by Mr. Lewis, from sketches taken on the spot by Mr. Coke Smyth, and forming a volume uniform in style and execution with Mr. Lewis's "Spanish Sketches," goes a great way to supply this deficiency. It exhibits the architecture, character, and habits of the "Ottomites" (as Othello calls them), in the most striking and varied points of view. Of the inhabitants, some of the most remarkable and interesting representations will be found in "The Interior of the Harem," "A Café on the Bosphorus," "Bazaar," "A Captive Greek Girl," "Interior of the Residence of the Pasha of New Orsova," "Interior of the Mosque at Brussa," "Turkish Female," and "Return of Sultan Mahmoud from the Mosque," "Scutari," "The Port of Constantinople," "Fountain of the Gate of Eski (the old), Serai," "Mosques of Yeri Jami and Saint Sophia, from the Golden Horn," "Seraglio Point," "Gate of the Mosque of Saint Sophia," "Artillery Barracks, Tophana," "Great Burial Ground, Pera," "Mosque of Suleyman," and "Sweet Waters (in Asia)," furnish beautiful specimens of the natural scenery and national architecture.

*A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters.* By John Smith. Part VIII. Smith and Son. NICHOLAS POUSSIN, Claude Loraine, and Jean Baptist Greuze, are the pictorial worthies of whose productions Mr. Smith, with his accustomed knowledge and minuteness of detail, has here given an account, preceded by brief biographical memoirs. A supplementary volume, containing notices of pictures hitherto unavoidably omitted in the catalogue, and some

necessary corrections and observations, will complete this laborious work, so useful to the painter, and still more to the connoisseur of painting.

*Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.* From a Drawing, executed, by special command, for H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.; and engraved by F. C. Lewis Mitchell.

COLD must be his heart who can gaze at this sweet countenance, in which delicacy, spirit, dignity, and modesty, are so happily combined, without praying for many years of uninterrupted health and prosperity to our young and gracious Queen. God bless her!

*Sketches in Spain.* By George Vivian, Esq. Lithographed by Day and Haghe, and P. Gauci. Colnaghi and Co.

"COMPARISONS are odious," and, therefore, we will not make them in the present instance; but, if we were to do so, they could hardly be disadvantageous to the beautiful publication before us, which consists of four views in Spain, full of spirit and truth. That near Bilbao, and the View of the Pyrenees, are especially admirable. We believe that Mr. Vivian was one of the commissioners appointed by government to select the best plan for the new Houses of Parliament.

*Six Views of Kirkstall Abbey.* Drawn from Nature, and on Stone, by W. Nelson. Ackermann and Co.

THERE are few ruins in England more picturesque than Kirkstall Abbey; and we do not recollect to have seen any representations of it more pleasingly executed than these by Mr. Nelson.

*H. M. S. Inconstant, lying off Plymouth Dockyard.* Drawn by O. W. Briery; on Zinc by Day and Haghe. Fry and Son.

LUNBERS as we are, we can easily imagine how fond the officers and crew of so beautiful a craft must be of her; and how much obliged they must feel to Mr. Briery for this highly pleasing portrait of their favourite.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

THE sun has gone unto his rest: the glowing  
hue of day [gray]  
Is merged into a twilight tint, monotonous and  
The pine-trees wave their giant boughs, and  
and sway from side to side: [the tide].

Full mournfully they rustle to the murmur of  
There are tents upon the grassy field, and tents  
upon the sea; [waves of the sea:]  
In long unbroken lines they rise, like white  
And beside the mouldering watch-fire the  
sentinel is set, [glittering bayonet].  
With his long dark cloak, and purple cap, and  
The moon is rising lazily—all lazily and slow,  
And the stars around her congregate, and  
twinkle as they go:

Looking down upon the waters, which reflect  
them as they pass, [upon a glass].  
Like the eyes of Spanish maidens looking forth  
There is silence on the midnight breeze—a  
silence which is spread [their bed:]  
Like a veil above the multitude, a curtain o'er  
Save now and then, as on the ear there comes  
a wailing sound— [his round],  
'Tis the chapelchuri singing, as he walks upon  
An ave to the Virgin, a strain unto his love,  
A hymn of supplication to the mighty Lord  
above:

A stirring chaunt of other days, a song of Old  
Castile; [king Boabdil].

Of the gray-beard Moor Alfaqui, or the false

And, hark! the short sharp challenge, the  
clicking of the lock, [flinty rock:]

The steel-shod scabbard clattering against the  
The pass-word whispered hastily, as round the  
watch doth sweep; [steep].

And the tread of men departing adown the grassy

The shadows are retreating, they linger as they  
fly; [they lie:]

And yet around the mountain base in canopies  
A moment do they linger; on the morning may  
unfold

Her panoply of azure, of crimson, and of gold.

The morn again has broken—a flood of yellow  
light— [gird them for the fight].

The sleepers wake, and cross themselves, and  
And the rolling drum and squeaking fife ex-  
tinguishes the sound

Of the chapelchuri singing as he walks upon  
his round. H. M.

## SONNETS.

IT is my birth-day, and I stand alone  
Upon the mountain top in thoughtful mood;  
I trace the path that led me through the wood,  
And o'er the crags, on which the sun then shone.  
Now shadowing clouds frown on the old gray  
stone,

On which I rested half-way up the height;  
And o'er the wood, where spirits seem'd to moan,  
The sun hath cast a southern summer's light.  
Such is the past: and so its features change;  
Reflection sees them vary in their hue:  
The present is the spot whence now I view  
The past: the future is above man's range;  
He can but look upon the clouds above—  
Tis fancy shapes them to what'er we love.

I stood upon the shore and marked the sea;  
A sea-boy passed me, bathed in silent tears.  
'His mind, methought, stray'd o'er his bygone  
years,

Chequer'd with infant mirth and rustic glee:  
And still he gazed towards an aged tree  
Far up the glen, 'neath which a cottage smiled!  
Ah! there he first was cherish'd on the knee,  
There taught to lip and prattle when a child;  
But now to roam the ocean was his doom.  
'Even so (said I) the unprepared die:  
They look on life, and then on death; and sigh  
That now no more old joys they may resume.  
The sea-breeze play'd around me mournfully,  
A warning voice from dim futurity."

ALPHA.

## SKETCHES.

C. LAMB'S OPINIONS OF PUBLISHING.

MR. LAMB appears to have entertained a  
strong dislike to, or rather abhorrence of, the  
trade of publishing; and, as it may serve as  
corollary to some of the opinions in our last, we  
extract some of his dicta. Talking of his  
'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contem-  
porary with Shakespeare,' he says:—

"Longman is to print it, and be at all the  
expense and risk, and I am to share the profits  
after all deductions, i. e. a year or two hence I  
must pocket what they please to tell me is due  
to me. But the book is such as I am glad  
there should be. It is done out of old plays at  
the Museum, and out of Dodale's Collection,  
&c. It is to have notes."

The next is to our friend Bernard Barton, in  
1823, to whom many of the best letters are  
addressed.

"Throw yourself on the world without any  
rational plan of support, beyond what the

chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them. Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread, some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a spunging-house; all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not? rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad; one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey, who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book-drudgery, what he has found them. O, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship! 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery, worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale, and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work. The booksellers hate us. The reason I take to be, that, contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit (a jeweller or silversmith, for instance), and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background: in our work the world gives all the credit to us, whom they consider as their journeymen; and, therefore, do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches! \* \* \* Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public; you may hang, starve, drown yourself, for any thing that worthy personage cares. I bless every star, that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking-office; what! is there not from six to eleven P.M. six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O, the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts, that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment; look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of the desk, that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen; but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close, but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious."

"Wordsworth, I see, has a good many pieces announced in one of the annals, not our 'Gem.' W. Scott has distributed himself like a bribe haunch among 'em. Of all the poets, Cary has had the good sense to keep quite clear of 'em, with gentle, manly, right notions. Don't think I set up for being proud on this point; I like a bit of flattery, tickling my vanity, as well as any one. But these pompous masquerades without masks (naked names or faces) I hate. So there's a bit of my mind. Besides, they infallibly cheat you, I mean the booksellers. If I get but a copy, I only expect it from Hood's being my friend. Coleridge has lately been here. He, too, is deep among the prophets, the year-servers,—the mob of gentle-

men annals. But they'll cheat him, I know. \* \* \* I have not received the annual, nor the slightest notice from — about omitting four or five of my things. The best thing is never to hear of such a thing as a bookseller again, or to think there are publishers. Second-hand stationers and old book-stalls for me; authorship should be an idea of the past."

## MUSIC.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Shadow of the Heart.* The Poetry by W. H. Harrison, Esq.; the Music by Adela A. Hammond.

WE are given to understand that the composer of this beautiful air is but sixteen; if so, she is indeed a young lady of the greatest promise, for the composition would do credit to one of sixty—ay, even one who had grown gray among gamuts. There is what Dyer happily calls "the sweet diapason melancholy," sadly, and thrillingly interwoven with the words, which not only chains down the ear to "marble listening," but sinks deeply into the heart, like feelings arising from the remembrance of happy and bygone days. The poetry, too, is of an order such as we seldom meet with in songs of this class. It is exquisitely simple, without being maudlin, and touches the sweet cord of sympathy by the natural emotions which it awakens; for who has not sighed while contemplating the past? We give one stanza:

"The bird sings as sweetly his melody wild,  
From the old hazel copse, as when I was a child;  
And the sun shines as bright upon blossom and tree,  
And the river goes dancing as blithe to the sea.  
Whence the change that I feel? not in Nature, I trow,  
For she smiles at the mourner, and mocks at his woe.  
'Tis my heart! my own heart—which once knew not a care—  
Casts the shade of its sadness o'er all that is fair."

We would fain extract the whole song, were it not for infringing too much upon the rights of the publisher. To those, however, who understand and can feel poetry, we are certain that this verse will be sufficient to create an appetite for the remainder.

*The Lote Tree.* Words by Miss Costello; Music by Lady A. Kennedy Erskine. Willis and Co.

A SWEET idea, with sweet words and sweet music. It is perfectly simple, and will prove an acquisition to our ballad-loving friends. The air is too much like a previous composition of Lady Erskine, "Thy form was fair," to be called strictly original.

*A Lament on the Death of Sir John Stevenson.* Same author. Music by M. Costa.

A HEAVY, dull air, unworthy of the subject, and also of the words, which are almost the best Miss Costello has ever written. We are sorry to see them wasted.

*The Flowers of the Forest.* Sung by Mrs. Wood. Lee.

If this air had any other words it would meet with our cordial approbation. It is very sweet; but the old "Flowers of the Forest" is one of the most exquisite compositions ever written; and though the words of this are altered slightly, still it is "The Flowers of the Forest" with a new air; and we cannot like it. All who have heard Wilson sing the old song will, we are sure, agree with us, that no composition, however beautiful in itself, can be so appropriate as the exquisite one we have been accustomed to.

*Angel Woman's Tear.* Poetry by Capt. Addison; Music by Capt. Barton. A. Lee. CAPT. ADDISON has evinced his usual taste in

the words of this song; and the music is very pretty and appropriate. We congratulate Capt. Barton on, we presume, his first appearance as a composer. Mr. Lee has arranged the air with ability.

*My Swiss Home.* Music by W. H. Montgomery. Jefferys.

WE have not heard a more delightful little song for some time. To the lovers of the gentle class of German airs we could not recommend a more pleasing composition. We are sure it may take its place among the many songs Mrs. Waylett has rendered popular by her charming singing.

*Albion; a National Air.* El. Naylor. Mills and Co.

MISS NAYLOR's style does not suit words of any kind. We have often praised her pieces of music, and regret to blame her song now before us; but, in our opinion, it wants melody, it wants energy—in truth, it wants every thing a national song should have. We hope to see Miss Naylor again publishing in the line suited to her talents.

*The Ferry; a Barcarole.* Words by Miss Costello; Music by the Hon. M. A. Jervis. Willis and Co.

A MONOTONOUS chant with a monotonous accompaniment. As a song, we think it dwells too long on one or two notes: with a second and third voice, it would make an admirable trio. In fact, it is more like the first part of a trio than a song.

*The Hero of a Hundred Fights.* S. Nelson. D'Almaine.

ANOTHER, and yet another, "national song for public meetings, dinners," &c. &c. &c. This may be an excellent and spirited composition; but our great complaint of this, as of others of this class, is the utter want of originality. We would recommend "radical reform," if it had produced any thing like harmony hitherto; but unless one were certain of the result, perhaps it is better to "let well alone."

*England's Hope.* D'Almaine and Co.

ANOTHER national song, which is not at all to our taste; it has nothing striking,—nothing to distinguish it from the mass of music daily published, except a very good-looking portrait, which may be like England's hope, but is not very like Sir R. Peel.

*The Grand March, for Conservative Dinners.* H. Herz. Idem.

A SHORT, pleasant piece of music: the air is a well-known one, and is well introduced and arranged. To mediocre performers it will prove a great acquisition, as being pretty, and not difficult.

*Queen of my Soul: Rizzio's last Song.* Words by Miss Costello; Music by Miss Wollaston. Willis and Co.

A PRETTY song, though without any great merit either in words or music. The interest ever attached to even the most dubious parts of the history of the unhappy Mary Stuart, gives a great chance of popularity to any thing touching on the most trivial event of her troubled life.

*The Merry Mountain Lasses.* Words by Mrs. S. C. Hall; Music by F. Smith. Mori and Lavenue.

A PRETTY lively air; sung with much taste by Miss J. Smith, in the "French Refugee." The best proof of its being a favourite with the public is, that it is always called for twice.

*Les Brillants.* By T. Brown. Cramer and Co. As quadrilles, these are rather too long and

heavy, as a more simple arrangement of music is better calculated for the present style of dancing. As pieces for our young friends to practise, they are excellent; they should have been called lessons, and not quadrilles.

### VARIETIES.

**Weather-wisdom.**—Morrison horribly wrong, quite the opposite of right, from our last till now, gives us little cause to anticipate that the following will turn out any better than Francis Moore:—"The 8th warmer, yet some tokens of rain continue. Wind and rain about the 10th. The 12th gloomy, cloudy kind of weather; cool for the time of year. The 13th night changes, but the weather is not hot for July."

**Miss Chambers.**—We trust the powers of harmony in this young lady's case will, at least, prove powerful enough to moderate the harshness of legal discord. Again, we observe, she has appealed to a concert to enable her to aid her unfortunate father; still the oppressed victim of the law; and what a host of talent is announced for the occasion. Pasta, Grisi, Alibertazzi, Assandri, Mrs. A. Shaw, Clara Novello, Tamburini, Rubini, Lablache, Curioni, Ivanoff, De Begnis—a musical galaxy!

**New Parliament Houses.**—A grant of 88,000*l.* to commence the building of the new parliament houses, on Mr. Barry's designs, was passed by the Commons on Monday. The votes were 100 for to 20 adverse.

**Record Commission.**—18,172*l.* were voted to wind up the concerns of the commission under its existing constitution. It will henceforward be under the proper direction of the Master of the Rolls; and, it is to be hoped, be conducted in a very different manner.

**National Gallery.**—9030*l.* were voted for the purchase of "Mercury and the Woodman," by Salvator Rosa; the Murillo lately described in our *Literary Gazette*; and a Rubens, also from the Gallery in Bond Street, for this national institution. Pity there is not what can be called a *National Gallery* to place them in.

They say it takes nine tailors to make a man—apparently, one is sufficient to ruin him."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

**The Pride of Birth.**—François de Clermont Tonnerre, Bishop of Noyon, under Louis XIV. so often mentioned by Madame de Sévigné, La Bruyère, and other contemporary writers, carried the vanity of birth to such an excess, as to become the object of universal ridicule and sarcasm, even in that age. An epigram describes the haughty prelate as disdaining to associate with the ignoble inmates of heaven; it ends thus:—

"On dit, qu'en entrant en paradis  
Il fut reçu vaillant que vaillie,  
Et qu'il eut sorti par mépris,  
N'y trouvant que de la canaille."

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of John Hunter, F.R.S., with Notes, edited by J. E. Palmer, Vol. III. 8vo. 17*s.* 6*d.*—Sketches from Life, Lyrics from the Pentateuch, and other Poems, by T. Bagg, 12mo. 5*s.*—A Traveller's Thoughts, or Lines suggested by a Tour on the Continent, post 8vo. 4*s.* cloth.—Illustrations of Jerusalem and Mount Sinai, from Drawings by F. Arundale, with his Tour, 4to. 1*s.* 5*s.*—Wanderings in Greece, by George Cochrane, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 2*s.*—The Story of the Three Bears, 18mo. 2*s.*—The Emigrant's Introduction to the British American Colonies, by S. S. Hill, 12mo. 5*s.*—Library of Useful Knowledge: Sheep, their Management, &c. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Memoirs of W. Carey, D.D. second edition, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Religion without Gloom, 12mo. 4*s.*—Sketches of Popular Tumults, 12mo. 7*s.*—The Philosophy of the Eye, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Philosophy of the Ear, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Memoirs of Mrs. Hawker, late of Islington, by C. Cecil, post 8vo. 10*s.*—Guido Sorelli's Confessions to Silvio Pellico, 3d edition, 10*s.* 6*d.*

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 30	From 38 to 77	30.07 to 30.03
Friday... 30	.... 48 to 75	30.05 .. 30.17
July.		
Saturday... 1	.... 35 .. 67	30.24 .. Stat.
Sunday... 2	.... 30 .. 75	30.22 .. 30.17
Monday... 3	.... 36 .. 75	30.16 .. 30.08
Tuesday... 4	.... 41 .. 74	30.17 .. Stat.
Wednesday 5	.... 40 .. 74	30.09 .. 30.05

Winds very variable: north-east prevailing. Generally clear, except the afternoon of the 6th, when a little rain fell.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude.....51° 37' 28" N.  
Longitude.... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society. May 1837.

Thermometer—Highest.....	70.75 ..	the 17th.
Lowest.....	29.00 ..	9th.
Mean.....	48.1875	
Barometer—Highest.....	30.50 ..	16th.
Lowest.....	29.34 ..	9th.
Mean.....	29.69451	

Number of days of rain and snow, 11.  
Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimals, 0.86625.

Winds.—1 North-East—1 East—5 South—2 South-West—6 West—8 North-West—7 North.

**General Observations.**—Another month of cold weather was experienced, the mean temperature being lower than any, in the same month, during the last fourteen years. On five nights the thermometer was below the freezing point. The barometer was lower than usual, though not so low as in May 1835. Hall, rain, and snow, fell on the 10th; the quantity of rain, was more than the average. Thunder was heard in the distance on the 14th.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING before our usual day—a day in this week set apart by a loyal and patriotic people to offer the last tribute of respect to the memory of their departed King—we trust our correspondents, advertising friends, and others, will make due allowance for any disappointments it may occasion to them.

**Celebrated Women.**—An error of ours has led to the following rather imperious letter, which we, notwithstanding, insert with pleasure, because it always our wish to discharge our duty faithfully, and "no mistake!" Overlooking the brief page of preface affixed to by our esteemed correspondent, we certainly treated the work with a degree of severity, which could only be justified by the very high opinion we entertain of Mr. James; but, consequently, also, with a degree of severity not fairly applicable to a new and a female writer, who should have been tried upon her own merits, and not upon the elevated standard of her nephew. To both we owe the *amende honorable*.

Hampton Court, July 3, 1837.

SIR,—I cannot help feeling both surprised and indignant at a review contained in your Journal of the 24th June, which, owing to my absence from my usual residence, only met my eye to-day. In the face of every advertisement of a work called the "Lives of celebrated Women;" in the face of the title-page of the book; in the face of the preface which precedes it, you are pleased to attribute that work to me, both in the heading of your notice, and your notice itself. The advertisements, even in your own Journal, you might very well never see; but the title-page of a book you reviewed, and the preface which was attached to that book, for the purpose of insuring the public against all deceit, direct or indirect, should have guarded you against the error you committed. In the title-page the book is stated only to be edited by me; and in the preface, I not only distinctly state that the work is the production of a lady who had intrusted the correction of the press to me, *her nephew*, but I declare that I had nothing whatever to do with the work, but as far as that correction of the press was concerned. With not one thought or opinion, suggestion or idea, that the book contains, have I any thing to do; and that such is the case is clearly stated in the preface, which must have been under your hand at the moment you thought fit to attribute the work to me. How such a misstatement found its way into your columns you best know; but I must request that it be immediately corrected, and in such a manner as to render the refutation as public as the assertion.—I am yours, &c.

G. P. R. JAMES.

R. a Subscriber, is declined with thanks. It is out of our literary province, and belongs rather to a political journal, to interfere in the matter brought under our notice by "A Friend to Seamen." We know nothing of the rules of the Trinity Society; but, surely, if our correspondent at Exeter addressed the secretary, his ears would not be shut to the cry of the sailor's widow and orphans.

ERRATUM.—In last week's *Gazette*, p. 400, col. 1, line 2, for *Home read Home*.

### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALM.

M.A.L.L.—The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters, of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, is now open, and will continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

Admission 1*s.* Catalogue, 1*s.*  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

### JUST OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S

PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bonzon.

Open daily, from Ten till Five.

### NOW OPEN.—THE SOUTH AFRICAN

MUSEUM, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Containing an extensive and most interesting Collection of new or little-known Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, &c. from the Interior of Southern Africa; together with numerous specimens of the Arts, Manufactures, &c. of the Natives; and about Four Hundred Drawings illustrative of the Character of the Country, of the Customs, Manners, Social Condition, and Religious Ceremonies of the Inhabitants; the whole collected by the late Expedition sent from the Cape of Good Hope.

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J. Kitchell, 33 Old Bond Street, has the honour to announce the publication of a Portrait of Her Majesty, from a Drawing recently executed by special command of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, by B. J. Lane, Esq. A.R.A. and to inform that in the finest style by P. C. Lewis, Esq. Engraver to His Majesty, Proof, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Prints, 5*s.*; a few Impressions before the Writing, 10*s.* 6*d.*

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### BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

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108 Piccadilly, July 1, 1837.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

## SCOTLAND.

1. *The Highlanders of Scotland, their Origin, History, and Antiquities, with a Sketch of their Manners and Customs, &c.* By W. F. Skene, F.S.A. Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Murray.
2. *Excursions through the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, in 1835-6.* By the Rev. C. Lesingham Smith. 8vo. pp. 311. London, 1837. Simpkin and Marshall.
3. *Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. VI.* 8vo. pp. 474. Edinburgh, 1837. Tait.
4. *The Fly-Fisher's Entomology; illustrated by coloured Representations of the Natural and Artificial Insect; and accompanied by a few Observations relative to Trout and Grayling Fishing.* By Alfred Ronalds. Pp. 115. London, 1837. Longman and Co.
5. *The Angler's Manual; or, Fly-Fisher's Oracle; with a brief Compendium of Bottom Fishing.* By John Turton, of Sheffield. Pp. 86. London, 1837. Groombridge; Sheffield, Ridge.
6. *Piscatorial Reminiscences and Gleanings.* By an old Angler and Bibliopolist. To which is added, a Catalogue of Books on Angling. London, 1837. Pickering.

Now is the season for the "Land of the Mountain and the Flood, Land of Green Heath;" the land for healthful sports, and the enjoyments of all those luxuries which Nature so bountifully spreads out before us. Happy are they in "populous city long y-pent," who can engage the magic power of steam, and, in a few hours, find themselves in the midst of all these charms, "the pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,"—before, around, and about them, the cooling stream, the bracing air, the pure blue arch of heaven. For us, we must look at them through books, and have, therefore, classed the foregoing six publications together.

From the first three works various pictures of Scotland may be viewed, or Scotland be seen under such various aspects as Time presents from the earliest record to the latest inspection. Mr. Skene is a sturdy, national antiquary; and his inquiry into the origin, primitive state, division, and location of the Highland clans, as well as into the darkest periods of general history, is one of great interest. In the former respect he has been preceded by Stewart of Garth, Logan, and others; and, in the latter, by many authors of England, Ireland, and his native land.

"In presenting this work (he says) to the public, it will be necessary to say a few words regarding the system of history developed in it. A glance at the table of contents will shew that that system is entirely new; that it is diametrically opposed to all the generally received opinions on the subject, and that it is in itself of a nature so startling, as to require a very rigid and attentive examination before it can be received. The author had, from a very early period, been convinced that the present system was erroneous, and that there was in it some fundamental error, which prevented the elucidation of the truth. Accordingly, after a long and attentive examination of the early authorities in Scottish history, together with a

thorough investigation of two new and most valuable sources—viz., the Icelandic Sagas in their original language and the Irish Annals—he came to the conclusion, that that fundamental error was the supposed descent of the Highlanders from the Dalriadic Scots, and that the Scottish conquest in the ninth century did not include the Highlands. Proceeding upon this basis, the system of history developed in the following pages naturally emerged; and it will be found the first attempt to trace the Highlanders, and to prove their descent, step by step, from the Caledonians,—an attempt which the incontrovertible Irish origin of the Dalriadic Scots has hitherto rendered altogether unsuccessful. The author is aware that to many this system may appear wild and visionary; but he feels confident that a perusal of the chain of reasoning contained in the first few chapters, will be sufficient to satisfy any unprejudiced inquirer that the true origin of the Highlanders is therein ascertained, and that their descent from the Caledonians rests upon historic authority of no ordinary strength. The same remarks which apply generally to the origin of the Highlanders, are true also with regard to the Highland clans; the descent of each of these has been traced and proved from the most authentic documents, while the absurdity of the Irish origins of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well as the Scandinavian dreams of later historians, have been shewn."

Mr. Skene contends that the Picts and Caledonians were the same people, and the Dalriadic Scots an Irish invasion and colonisation of the 6th century. That the invaders, as it were, split the country into two, forcing the northern population into the highlands and isles where they became the Gael; and in the sequel subduing, driving out, or incorporating themselves with that of the south or lowlands. He also traces the effects of the sea-king inroads and settlements, and finally gives us the genealogies, &c. of all the principal clans which, after ages of turbulence, warfare, and change, are still to be distinguished in the northern portion of our united island. Altogether, the work is one of great national interest, and reflects much honour, not only on the author's patient industry, but on his ability and discrimination. Among the earliest notices, the following is a striking example of these qualities:—

"The earliest authentic notice of the British Isles and of their inhabitants, which we possess, appears to be the voyage of Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, in the fifth century before the incarnation, as described by Festus Avienus; from that account it may be inferred, that at that period the larger island was inhabited by a people called Albiones, while the Gens Hibernorum possessed the smaller island, to which they gave their name. From this period we meet with little concerning these islands, except the occasional mention of their names, until the arms of Julius Caesar added Britain to the already overgrown empire of the Romans. When Caesar landed upon that island, its name had already changed from the more ancient appellation of Albion to that of Britannia: and although he calls the inhabitants indiscrimi-

minately Britanni, yet it appears from his account, that they consisted at that time of two races, strongly distinguished from each other by their manners, and the relative state of civilisation to which they had advanced. The one race inhabited the interior of the country, and all tradition of their origin seemed to have been lost; while the other race which inhabited the more maritime parts of the island, were acknowledged to have proceeded from Belgium. From this we may infer, that the inland people were principally the ancient Albiones: while the others were a new people, termed Britanni, who, by the conquest of the island, had imposed upon it their name. At the same period, too, it would seem that Ireland had received a new race of people, termed Scotti, as in the cosmography attributed to Æthicus, and said to have been drawn up by the orders of Julius Caesar, we find it mentioned that Ireland was inhabited by Gentibus Scotorum. Sidonius Apollinaris also mentions the Scots as having been among the enemies of Caesar. That these Scots are to be distinguished from the more ancient Hiberni, is clear from the lives of St. Patrick, the most ancient notices, perhaps, which we have of the state of that island. But, even independently of that, we should be led to the same result by analogy, the name of Scotia having gradually superseded that of Hibernia, in the same manner as the name of Britannia had previously superseded that of Albion. It would thus appear that, in the time of Caesar, each of the British Isles had received a new race of inhabitants, the Britanni and the Scotti, in addition to the old possessors, the Albiones and the Hiberni."

Having examined all the leading facts stated by Roman authors, Mr. Skene concludes—

"That the Picts are the descendants of the ancient Caledonians; that these Picts or Caledonians remained the only inhabitants of North Britain till the beginning of the sixth century; that a colony of Scots from Ireland effected a settlement in the island about that time, and that they had firmly established themselves there, and possessed considerable extent of territory in the time of St. Columba, or about sixty years later, and continued in the same state down to the time of Bede in the eighth century."

The investigation is pursued with equal diligence throughout; and after disposing of the general history to the effect we have intimated, the origin of the Highland clans is discussed in a striking manner. It is, however, impossible to detach any portions from this part of the design, and we must refer our readers to the work itself.

The *Ramble in Scotland* is a pleasant tourist's companion. Even in Edinburgh, so much visited and so often described, the writer finds means to impart novelty to his narrative. For example—

"In the last western house on the south side of St. Andrew's Square, entering from St. David Street, David Hume lived for many years, and there died. In a flat of the house immediately opposite to Hume's, on the north side of the square, and likewise in St. David Street, Lord Brougham first saw the light.

Lastly, on the east side of Castle Street, a little north of George Street, is the house occupied by Sir Walter Scott; its number, 39, has been considered curious, inasmuch as one of its digits expresses the number of the Græces, the other that of the Muses. Almost the whole of the new city has been built with stone from Craigh-leith quarry. This quarry is worthy of a visit, not only from its great extent, but also on account of the gigantic fossil tree which has been recently discovered embedded there. It has not been removed from the position, in which it was originally found; and, indeed, a great portion of its matrix still remains undisturbed. It stands inclined at a considerable angle from the vertical, and whether its roots are at the summit, or at the base, the learned still dispute. Mr. Nicol, by a most ingenious process of microscopic observation, has determined it to be an *araucaria*; a tribe of plants, whose *habitat* is now, I believe, wholly confined to Australia, or regions south of the Equator. How startling to meet with these unexpected records of primeval years—these singular and convincing proofs that our lands have changed their surface and their clime! And how wonderful, to find the organisation of an antediluvian stem, preserved in all its freshness and intricacy down to our times! The structure of its various cells and vessels, and the exquisitely delicate reticulations exhibited by thin sections of the fossil through the lens, are seen as distinctly as those of similar sections from a modern plant; and all this after the lapse of so many thousands of years! after the shock of so many stupendous convulsions! after the whole of the vegetable substance has been withdrawn, and the present stony matter been deposited in its stead! Through the interest of Mr. Ellis I was admitted to see Mr. Nicol's extensive and beautiful collection of fossil and recent vegetables, arranged for examination through the microscope. His method of preparing them is as follows:—He cuts from the specimen to be examined a slice as thin as possible; one side of this he grinds on plate glass, till the requisite smoothness is acquired; the polished side is then attached to a piece of clear glass by a transparent varnish, and when the adhesion has become firm, the other side, in its turn, is ground, till the section is reduced to a proper degree of thinness. The last operation demands some practice and manual dexterity. For, if on the one hand the process be not carried on far enough, the result does not exhibit a simple section of the cells, but a system of two or more sections one above the other, thus creating an appearance of undue complication; this circumstance has given rise to numerous errors, in assigning the genera of plants by a reference to their intimate structure. And if, on the other hand, the grinding is continued a single turn too long, the weblike texture of the specimen is torn and broken up, and all the labour bestowed on it is thrown away. Some of the facts, which Mr. Nicol has established by patiently and carefully examining a vast number of different plants, are extremely curious. In the pine tribe, and also in the *araucaria*, the microscopic section displays a series of parallel and equidistant fibres, perpendicular to which are disposed rows of circular vessels or annuli; in the former tribe these annuli are invariably placed exactly under each other; in the latter they always alternate with each other. By this simple test a piece of wood can at once be pronounced to belong to one or other of these genera. The yew may be recognised by the circumstance, that the spaces between the parallel fibres are occupied, not by rows of

annuli, but by a set of zigzag lines, each of which passes backwards and forwards from one to the other of the parallel fibres. The poplar may be detected very readily, by examining the section of the pith, which is always pentagonal. Of course a longitudinal section of any plant exhibits a very different appearance from the transverse section; but I have hitherto been speaking only of the latter. This in general appears the same, from whatever side of the stem the slice be taken, provided it be at the same distance from the pith: but Mr. Nicol has discovered one remarkable exception to this uniformity. It occurs in a taxodium, where it seems that, though the plan of the reticulations, if I may so speak, is symmetrical in the main stem, yet if transverse sections of a branch be taken, then those from the lower side of it exhibit a very different plan from that which sections of the upper side exhibit; the difference consisting in a much greater complication of plan."

We shall only add, that Mr. Smith saw much of the country, that his descriptions of its scenery are graphic, his incidents various and interesting, and his style distinguished by simplicity and neatness.

Of Mr. Tytler's Sixth Volume it is hardly right to speak in union with other publications; for it is certainly of sufficient importance to claim a distinct and separate review. But as it embraces only the period from the murder of Cardinal Beaton (1546) to the marriage of Mary with Darnley (1565); and we could wish to contemplate the whole reign of the unfortunate Mary at once, we are inclined to defer a critical and historical examination till the next volume appears. In the mean time, it is but justice to pay our tribute of applause to the judicious and valuable labours of Mr. Tytler, in thoroughly examining the records of these eventful years. The Scottish Reformation, the plots of the Guises, and, above all, the tortuous policy of Queen Elizabeth and her ministers, are exhibited in strong colours. The correspondence of many of the principal actors in these dark scenes has been thoroughly sifted; and thus new lights been thrown upon events hitherto obscure and misrepresented. We observe that Mr. Tytler thus speaks of a production which his own inquiries contradict in many particulars:—

"This volume was nearly finished printing when Mr. Van Ranmer presented to the world his work, entitled 'Contributions to Modern History,' from the British Museum and the State Paper Office, embracing illustrations of the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and of the character and conduct of Elizabeth. It is to be regretted that this lively and ingenious writer should have fallen into the singular mistake of printing, as new materials, what has been long familiar to the critical readers of Scottish and English history. The letters, or rather the extracts from letters, which he has given as illustrating the first part of the reign of Mary, from 1561 to 1566, had (with a few slight exceptions) been published from the originals by Keith, in his elaborate work, entitled, 'The History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland.' (Edinburgh, 1734). This volume of Keith, was the great mine from which Robertson drew his stores, and it formed the chief basis of Hume for the Scottish portion of his history. Its letters have been repeatedly quoted by succeeding writers, and it is still of the greatest utility to every reader who is anxious to derive his knowledge from authentic sources. To repeat these letters was superfluous; to mutilate and misunder-

stand them, was unfortunate;—but the climax of error was to give them as new matter. The author mentions this to shew that English and Scottish historians are not so utterly neglectful of the manuscript riches of England; as has been supposed, and that the 'new lights,' which some of the periodical critics have hailed, as proceeding from Prussia, may, indeed, be new to that country, but have been burning for upwards of a century in England. Mr. V. Raumer, whose continental reputation is firmly established, will, it is hoped, receive these remarks as they are meant to be given—in the spirit of necessary, but not unfriendly criticism."

Both the *Fly-Fisher's Entomology*, and the *Angler's Manual*, contain excellent instructions for successful fishing, and we recommend them accordingly to the lovers of the angle, and of a pastime, which, whatever wits and philosophers have said to disparage, will afford a placid and charming recreation not only to all other classes of men, but even to wits and philosophers, so long as the world lasts.

The last-mentioned attractive and amusing miscellany is from the pen of a bookseller and publisher of considerable notoriety, not only in England but in foreign countries, but who has now retired from the bustle of commercial employment, and, in some measure, from the active enjoyment of his favourite pursuit, "to shoulder the rod, and shew how fish are caught." Of his success in this way we have a very favourable specimen in the volume before us, which treats of the general organisation of the finny tribes; their systematic classification, according to Cuvier; the best methods of fishing with rod and line; the most judicious choice of times and seasons, and the most favourable selection of stations for the purpose;—the result of a long experience in angling, from boyhood to declining age. Besides this useful information, we have an abundance of entertaining anecdotes of fish and fishing in all parts of the world; and the work is illustrated with some very pretty wood-cuts, of those fishes which are more peculiarly the angler's delight. A *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, or Catalogue of Books on Angling, the best we have yet seen, will be found extremely useful to collectors. It is sufficient to say that the author is indebted to Sir Henry Ellis for this valuable addition to his very popular work. To all the "gentle brothers of the craft" we commend this entertaining and instructive volume.

*Narrative of an Expedition into the Interior of Africa, by the River Niger, in the Steam-Vessels Quorra and Alburkah, in 1832, 1833, and 1834.* By Macgregor Laird, and R.A. K. Oldfield, surviving Officers of the Expedition. In 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Bentley.

AFTER long delay, we have at last the narrative of this interesting and, we lament to add, tragical expedition before us; and, as nothing of ours, especially after all we have formerly said on the subject, can be so welcome to the public as the leading features of the work itself, we shall, at least in this No., plunge at once into the midst of the voyage, and go as far as our limits permit. Away from England, then, and on the coast of Africa.

"On the 6th of October we came to an anchor off the Dutch fort of Axim. Having finished our last stick of fire-wood, Mr. Lander and Lieut. Allen went on board the *Alburkah*, she having still some left, the former being anxious to reach Cape Coast for the purpose of arranging matters concerning his men. In the morning of the 7th we went on shore, and were

welcomed by the governor of the fort, who was the only European resident. His garrison consisted of one corporal and five men, who, he told us, gave him infinitely more concern and trouble than all the rest of his subjects. We were not a little amused at the method adopted by this son of Mars in administering his authority, which extends from Cape Apollonia on the west to Dix Cove on the east. His plan was simply as follows:—On receiving a complaint from any one within his district, he immediately sends his stick to the village in which the offender resides. The messenger who is charged with it places it upright in the ground in the centre of the village, and remains close by it. The natives know well the meaning of this, and that the appearance of the governor's stick in this formal manner is nothing more or less than a demand of eight ackeys, or half an ounce of gold, from the offending person. The messenger remains by his charge for twenty-four hours if the offender be obdurate; at the expiration of which time the governor's hat is despatched after the stick, and is deliberately placed on it as it stands in the ground. This, however, makes the matter more serious, and the demand is increased to an ounce of gold in consequence. Should the hat and the stick be insufficient to move the offender to pay the fine, a third messenger appears with the governor's sword, and an additional ounce of gold is required; and it is a remarkable fact, that this last resource has never yet been known to fail; in fact, the stick alone is generally all-sufficient. In addition to this, there is a certain charge for putting a prisoner into irons, and another for taking him out again; another for his lodging in the castle while confined, and another to the constable for locking up. I had often heard of Dutch colonial tyranny, but could not have imagined it carried to such an extent; nor could I have imagined that the natives would have submitted to it."

We pass for the present the afflicting description of the deaths which ensued as they ascended the river, and diversify our notice with a piece of African sport of off Atah.

"One day, while we lay at anchor off the town, I witnessed one of the most ingenious ways of killing an alligator that could be imagined. One of these huge creatures was discovered basking on a bank in the river, a short distance ahead of our vessels. He was observed by two natives in a canoe, who immediately paddled to the opposite side of the bank, and having landed, crept cautiously towards him. As soon as they were near the animal, one of the natives stood up from his crouching position, holding a spear about six feet long, which with one blow he struck through the animal's tail into the sand. A most strenuous contest immediately ensued; the man with the spear holding it in the sand as firmly as his strength allowed him, and clinging to it as it became necessary to shift his position with the agility of a monkey; while his companion occasionally ran in as opportunity offered, and with much dexterity gave the animal a thrust with his long knife, retreating at the same moment from within reach of its capacious jaws as it whirled round upon the extraordinary pivot which his companion had so successfully placed in its tail. The battle lasted about half an hour, terminating in the slaughter of the alligator, and the triumph of his conquerors, who were not long in cutting him into pieces, and loading their canoes with his flesh, which they immediately carried to the shore and retailed to their countrymen. It is evident that the success of this plan depended on the nerve and dexterity of

the man who pinned the animal's tail to the ground; and his contortions and struggles to keep his position were highly ridiculous and entertaining."

Having got up to Fundah, we read—

"About ten in the morning, the king's chief eunuch came to see our packages of goods examined, in order that we might be satisfied that our conductors had taken nothing. On finding every thing right, I made a present to each of the escort and bearers far beyond their expectations. In the afternoon I was visited by the king, who was attended by a great number of eunuchs and a cavalcade of about a dozen horsemen. He was splendidly dressed in silk and velvet robes, and appeared to be a man of immense size. His countenance is by no means prepossessing, particularly his eyes, which are of a dirty red colour, having a sinister and foreboding expression. I presented him with a brass-mounted sword, an umbrella, five feet in diameter, highly ornamented, a brace of pistols, and several other things, and then informed him, through my interpreter, that I had come from a great distance to look at him in the face, and to hold a good palaver with him; that his messengers had informed me it was his desire to see the face of a white man, and, trusting to his good faith, I had come, though ill and unable to walk; that I was anxious to give him our goods for ivory, and had brought with me a great quantity for that purpose. Having finished my speech, he rose, and said, in the Housea language, that he was glad to see the face of a white man—it was what he had long wished for; that he had abundance of ivory, and that all that he had was mine: to which sentiments twelve gray-headed negroes, who appeared to form his privy council, bowed assent. I then complained of the reception which I had met with, the miserable hut in which I was lodged, and requested that I might be provided with another in a more private situation immediately. To all this he readily assented, and moved off amidst a horrible din of trumpets, drums, and a kind of fife-music. But I had yet to learn a lesson: it seems that every thing which the nether end of this royal personage touches is sacred, and has the broad arrow affixed upon it. As soon as the king rose from his seat, which most unfortunately happened to have been the tin-box that contained my clothes, covered with a Turkey rug, his attendants deliberately shouldered my unfortunate bag, and strode off after their master. This was rather too much, and before they had got out of the yard, they were happily stopped by two of my Kroomen."

The foregoing are from Mr. Laird's narrative, which occupies above 300 pages of the first volume, when Mr. Oldfield takes up the task; and we find some very interesting accounts of the River Tchadda, up which an ascent of about 105 miles was effected.

"On the 2d of August, before the sun was many fathoms high, as the Mallams term it, we were on our way to the Tchadda. The morning was beautifully clear and serene; the sun shone with uncommon splendour; and the small rocky islands in the midst of the stream near the confluence of the two great rivers, the Tchadda and Niger, gave an enlivening and cheerful character to the surrounding scenery. We were now about to enter a stream which was (comparatively speaking) totally unknown, and where no white man had penetrated. What difficulties we might encounter before our return we could not foresee; and we trusted to the protecting care of Providence for a successful result to our efforts. Our inten-

tion was, if practicable, to reach Lake Tchad from the Tchadda, which, if we succeeded in doing, we should add a grand and important discovery to the results of our voyage. The natives considered it quite practicable; and Mallam Catab inquired if we were going to the Great Sea, meaning the Lake Tchad."

Further on,—

"The prospect around was now extremely wild and dreary, although the country had been improving. No canoes or natives were visible, and the only living creatures we saw were a few birds and some baboons. The latter chattered, grinned, and leaped from bough to bough in evident terror and surprise. A suspicion that we should be very much troubled with mosquitoes rendered the thoughts of a night's rest in this place any thing but agreeable. We afterwards passed two small towns, but none of the natives were visible, though at night I could hear the sound of voices on the shore. \* \* \*

"There being as yet no sign of provisions, I volunteered to go ashore, with cowries, to endeavour to purchase some, accompanied by Mina, one of the Kroomen. As soon as I landed, to my infinite surprise, I beheld Jowdis, who by this time was supposed to be at Demah. He stated that he had proceeded some distance on his journey, when he was met by some Bornon soldiers, who opposed his progress, and, threatening to cut his head off if he proceeded, insisted on his return. This was extremely mortifying. We were one hundred and four miles from the Niger, destitute of provisions, and with but little prospect of obtaining a supply, as the natives refused to furnish us with any. When we entered the towns, they deserted them, and retreated to the fields or mountains. Under these circumstances, there being no prospect of establishing a traffic, Mr. Lander deemed it advisable to return, much to my great disappointment, as I was in hopes of reaching Becsle and Jacoba, places of great trade, eight or ten days' journey up the river, abounding in salt, called *frons* (a subcarbonate of soda). We learnt that the fugitive chief of Dagboh had five elephants' teeth in his possession; but, notwithstanding our protestations of friendship, we could not induce him to trade with us. They imagined we were Felatahs, and, consequently, objects of suspicion and terror, as that people had carried on their predatory excursions up the Tchadda, and in their progress had set fire to several towns. We had now nothing on board but Dower corn, and, having ground it as fine as possible, we had it made into bread, which, though somewhat coarse, was extremely sweet and palatable. At a small neighbouring village we could procure nothing but one fowl and some small yams, which cost us two hundred cowries each. \* \* \*

"A circumstance occurred to this poor woman which is strongly characteristic of the blind superstition of the natives in this part of Africa. This poor creature imagined that she possessed a *magbong* (charm) which rendered her invulnerable to all edge-tools and cutting instruments. So positive and convinced was she of the efficacy of her charm, that she voluntarily assented to hold her leg whilst some person should strike it with an axe. The king (or chief) of her town, on hearing this, determined to try the power of her charm, and desired a man to take an axe, and see whether this wonderful *magbong* would protect her from its effects; considering that if it did so, such a charm would be of great advantage in war. Her leg was laid on a block, and a powerful blow given below the knee, the result of which was as might have been expected. To the poor



woman's great horror, and the terror of all present, her leg flew to the other side of the room. But she survived it, and now crawled about on her knees."

Having returned to the Niger, the expedition proceeded up to Rabbah, its utmost limit, and about 450 miles from the sea.

"At Egga, for the first time, we met with Felatahs. I saw four of them there, wearing white turbans, like the Fuaricks. The turbans were passed round the head, concealing a small skull-cap: the two folds of the turban carefully covered the mouth and nose, leaving only the eyes visible, which, with their darkened eyelids from the application of antimony, gave them a strange appearance. They appeared to be a shrewd kind of people, asked several questions of us, and among the rest, the motives of our coming up the river, and if we intended to visit the King of Rabbah. On being shewn the large gun, they cast their eyes up, exclaiming, 'Allah, Allah!' Many of their people, as far as I could understand them, are a shade or two lighter than the generality of the natives.

"We now passed the extreme point of the island of Zagoshie, off Rabbah. A canoe belonging to the King of the 'Dark Water,' shortly after passed us, and we arrived in sight of Rabbah—a circumstance which gave us all great satisfaction. As we rapidly approached the town, it appeared to be situated on the slope of a rising ground; and the houses being built one above the other, impart to it the appearance of an amphitheatre. With the aid of a glass we could discern an amazing crowd of natives assembled on the banks; but, what was more in accordance with our wishes, we could distinguish horses, cows, bullocks, sheep, and goats. As we drew nearer, we found the city to be of immense extent, with villages all round the suburbs. We went inside a small island under the town, where we anchored at 6.10 P.M. in a kind of bay, in one fathom and a half water. The king was apprised of our intention to fire a salute, and the walls of Rabbah, for the first time, re-echoed with the sound of British cannon, and her people witnessed a novel sight in the arrival of a British steam-vessel constructed of iron. After our salute, our people broke out into three hearty cheers, which, perhaps, surprised still more the thousands of human beings that were assembled before the walls of Rabbah. As we had neared the city, a great number of Felatah horsemen were seen coming out to look at the vessel; one of whom was particularly conspicuous, from riding on a white horse. Having anchored our vessel late, we lay quiet till the next morning, when we prepared to visit the king. Horses having been sent to the water-side for us, Lieutenant Allen, Mr. Lander, and myself went ashore, accompanied by some Kroomen; and I enjoyed the satisfaction of being the first Christian who had ever landed at Rabbah. The horses were small, and we found considerable difficulty in mounting, from the concourse of natives being so great. We were preceded by Sullikeen Mansony (king of the Messengers), after whom followed a posse of constables armed with crooks and staves. The appearance of the crooks was strange enough; indeed, they reminded me of the representations of shepherd's crooks, and were, *sans cérémonie*, hooked round the neck of every intruder. Our conductors were likewise furnished with whips made of the skin of the hippopotamus: and these they used with very great severity on the backs of the natives, to keep order. As we passed on, we found the

streets narrow and excessively filthy; dung-hills were seen in the most public thoroughfares. We passed through the wood-market, and another in which grass was sold; also the shambles, the slave-market, and the cloth-market, all distinct from each other. To our left was the market for bullocks, where about one hundred fine beasts were exposed for sale. In various sheds were saddles, beads, sandals, tobies; and other articles were offered to the view of purchasers. Indigo was likewise exhibited for sale, and baskets of senna. The king's houses are between thirty and forty in number (each of which is surmounted by an ostrich's egg), and are situate about a mile and a half from the water-side, and inclosed by a very high wall, constructed of mud and red sand. After passing through several apartments, we were ushered into a very naked and comfortless room, in one corner of which stood the very identical white steed which we saw as we approached Rabbah the morning before. The outer apartment was the palaver-house, where the chiefs and princes assemble. As we passed through it, there were upwards of one hundred, seated cross-legged, *à la Turque*, together with a great number of Arabs. They appeared to be respectably dressed, and all of them wore a piece of white muslin around their heads, one end of which they brought round over the mouth, and left nothing but the eyes exposed, as mentioned by former travellers. We were much disappointed by the appearance of the king, and it was not until a considerable time had elapsed that we could discover which really was his majesty. At first we were told that the person before us was the 'king's mouth'; but at length we discovered his sable majesty in the person of Osiman, son of Mallam Dendo. He wore a very common tobe, with a piece of muslin over his mouth and nose, which he never attempted to move, but inserted his fingers under the turban, to allow free motion to speak. Close beside him were his sandals, and a silver pot, containing some Goora nuts, which he dealt out with a liberal hand. His manners were dignified and imposing, his conversation free and easy, and his remarks shrewd and sensible. He appeared to be well-informed, and his manners altogether bespoke the courtier. Opposite the house in which we were seated was another dwelling, two stories high, at the upper window of which were two fine Felatah girls, who laughed and shewed me some pieces of lead, beaten out into the size and shape of a dollar, which they wore as rings on their fingers. They, no doubt, wanted dollars; but unfortunately we had come utterly unprovided with any. During the audience, several of the king's women would come and peep at us; and if, casually or intentionally, we turned our heads and perceived them, they would scamper away laughing. The presents which we had brought with us, and which were numerous and valuable, were taken away and placed in another apartment; the king scarcely deigning to look at them, as it is not customary for princes to notice the presents given them, such a thing being considered derogatory. We understood that there are three or four others of equal power, to whom we must also make presents. The audience or palaver having terminated, we took our leave of the king, and were conducted to the abode of Mallam Moosa, an elderly and very good man. He requested us to be seated on a mat beside him, gave us Goora nuts, and talked and laughed with us freely. He was seated in the midst of thirty or forty others, amongst whom I saw several Arabs, two or three of whom, in particular, struck me as

being ferocious and ill-looking men, with beards reaching down to their middle. One of these sages had a beard of a fine jetty-black colour, resembling in shape a peacock's tail. After remaining with our friend, the Mallam, about half an hour, we were conducted to Sullikeen Yiki (the king of War.) A little rain falling at this time, we put on our water-proof cloaks, which furnished a new subject of curiosity among the natives, who stared with astonishment, as they completely enveloped our horses as well as ourselves. Mallam Moosa's house was situated in the market-place, through which we had to pass. Here the greatest confusion prevailed: the throng that followed us, joined to the numbers collected in the market-place, rendered passing almost impossible; stalls and their baskets were upset; cowries were flying about in all directions; and several poor creatures were knocked down and trampled upon. We were accompanied by a deaf-and-dumb boy, who carried a whip made of the hide of the hippopotamus, which he used most unmercifully, making, at the same time, a singular noise. The population of Rabbah must be immense. We noticed a number of very fine entire horses. Mr. Lander met with an Arab, named Ali, who appeared unusually communicative: he told him that the king and principal men had all made preparations for leaving the town; and had not our messengers convinced them of our friendly intentions, they would have carried their design into execution. We found Sullikeen Yiki seated on a leopard's skin, with about twenty others around him. In appearance he is a most ferocious-looking fellow, and is deeply pitted with the small-pox. His face is very broad, and ornamented with the most capacious mouth: he wore a sword over his left arm. There was something in this man's look which was any thing but prepossessing, and, after staying a short time with him, we took our departure."

Whilst here, in all the trouble of African fraud and intrigue, we are told,

"Al Hadge, who had been all night on shore, came on board, and informed us of the death of Mallam Dendo. He expired at the precise moment when we fired our morning-gun, eight o'clock. Pagans and Mahomedans, in the interior of Africa, place great confidence in a medical man (Sullikeen Maghony, king of Medicine), and believe him competent to perform any thing, as the following instance will shew: I was accused by the Felatahs of having caused his death, by blowing maghony (poison) through the key-hole of his door! I learned that the old man had been sick about five days. The Felatahs had threatened to behead Al Hadge, who, knowing us well, and how much we esteemed him, said, that if they did so, they would not have a house standing, for that our great guns would knock them all down at one time. A messenger was sent to the king to condole with him for his loss, and was desired to inform his majesty how deeply we sympathised in his afflictions. Osiman sent word that he felt our kindness, and was obliged to us, but that God had taken his father away. He asked our messenger, Mina, 'Why don't you stay with us, who are your countrymen, and not go with the Christian dogs and unbelievers? It is well known,' says he, 'that in their own country they eat black men, and dye red cloth with their blood. Besides, they know nothing, not even Allah (God); and after death, they are our slaves in Paradise!'

"On the following morning we released the Felatah whom we had seized. He confessed that it was the intention of the king and chiefs

to get us all on shore and poison us, and afterwards to seize the steamer.

"The city of Rabbah contains a population of nearly forty thousand, natives of Housa, Yarriba, Ibbodo, and the Nufie countries. Their religion is Pagan and Mahomedan. The only mosque which I saw at Rabbah (though I was informed there were three others) was built in a large square, surrounded by a high wall: it is partly covered over, and will contain about two thousand persons. The Felatahs of Rabbah subsist, by plundering the weak towns, and levying contributions on them. Rabbah is governed by a king, or chief, and several elder Mallams."

*New Dish.*—"The natives of Addacoodah collect the spawn of fishes; roast it, after forming it into balls, which are covered with plantain or banana leaf, about the size of an orange. It is very sweet eating. I have purchased upwards of one hundred of these balls a-day, sufficient for all hands for three days."

*Immense Elephant's Teeth.*—"He told us that he had a house full of ivory, and despatched some eunuchs for two large teeth. In a few minutes they came. He exultingly asked, 'Can you afford to buy them?' at the same moment two magnificent teeth were brought in, exceeding in size any thing of the sort I had ever seen. At the roots they were about two feet and a half in circumference, and gradually tapered to the point: it took two able-bodied slaves to carry one of them: they were each about eight feet long, and of a dark tinge. I endeavoured, in my own mind, to picture the enormous size of an animal capable of carrying such a weight attached to his head. I should suppose that each tooth could not have weighed less than from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds. We had one on board, weighing one hundred and forty pounds, which we purchased when off Addacoodah, and those which we then saw were nearly twice as large. The king asked me if we had goods sufficient to purchase them: to which I replied, we had, provided he did not ask more than their real value. I inquired what he would take for them, as I should like to come to an agreement before going on board; but he replied, they were the king of teeth (Sullikeen Gowaws)."

#### *Bulwer's Athens.*

[Second notice.]

IN a former Number we expressed our intention of recurring to Mr. Bulwer's volumes as soon as opportunity should permit; and we think there is no need of apology to our readers for again introducing to their notice a subject of so much attraction and interest. Our author himself justly remarks, that it is not so much to her arms and institutions, though her warriors and statesmen have been many, as to her men of letters, that Athens owes the greater part of her fame; and it has, accordingly, been his object, with a complete account of her political transactions, to combine an elaborate view of her literature. It is to this latter branch that, in the present Number, we shall confine our observations, premising that, if, in the analysis of poetic feelings and inspiration, "he best can paint them who can feel them most," few will be more adapted for the conduct of such comprehensive, yet minute investigations, than Mr. Bulwer. At the close of the first book, a chapter is dedicated to a brief survey of art, letters, and philosophy, prior to the legislation of Solon, before which period the literature of Greece was but scanty in comparison with its coming glories. Homer,

however—Homer, whose single name, unassisted by any epithet, may best express the majesty and simplicity of his nature—had already enriched the world with his matchless performances; and, as might be expected, many pages are devoted to this mighty master of the mind. We must confess we were disappointed in the manner in which Mr. Bulwer has discussed the Homeric poems. He has done little more than enter into the often agitated questions of their age, and argue with great length upon the unity and identity of their author—points which, in our apprehension, are by no means worthy of the labour and ingenuity bestowed upon them. The length and episodic character of a detailed criticism upon these master-pieces are given as reasons against its introduction; but we think that such a digression, however long it might be, would be fully warranted by the delightful nature of the subject, which, in the hands of a writer like Mr. Bulwer, could not fail of acquiring fresh novelty and interest. Proceeding from Homer, the lyric poets are lightly touched upon; but we find but little to detain us in this early period.

We now turn to the Grecian tragedy. This is a subject on which, from the deep attention bestowed upon it in all times by the learned, little or nothing new can be said; but, through his detailed criticisms of the plot, language, and sentiments of the most famous specimens of tragic composition extant, Mr. Bulwer has contrived to place their nature in a clearer light, and put the modern reader in possession of a vivid and correct idea of their merits and genius.

Without waiting to decide upon the rival claims as to the invention of this branch of the drama, let us proceed at once to Æschylus, in whose time tragedy, in our acceptance of the word, may be said to have commenced. Gifted with the illusions of scenery and dresses, it sprang, Minervalike, from his brain into full existence; and, though in its infancy, it appeared arrayed in a majesty and glory of intellect equal to the greatest splendour with which it has dazzled our more modern eyes. The period in which Æschylus flourished was one of the most brilliant of Athenian history. The freedom of his native land had just been in an imperishable manner maintained against the mighty hosts of Darius and Xerxes; and the poet himself had been one of the conquerors at Marathon and Salamis. These circumstances seem to have imbued him with a proud consciousness of strength and freedom, and animate his works with such a martial spirit, that his characters, in the words of Aristophanes, seem actually "to breathe spears and helmets." The nature of his plots is simple; but even that simplicity sometimes wants method and regularity. The chief attraction of Æschylus lies in the grandeur and elevation of his ideas. It never was his aim to awaken the softer feelings of his audience, but to arouse their surprise, terror, or indignation; hence the dim, mysterious, undefined outlines of his characters, who, though men, seem possessed of more than mortal attributes, while, as they struggle on through uncontrollable misfortunes, that fearful goddess, Destiny, with her followers, whose name may not be said, hovers over them with an un pitying glance. The iron leaves of the tremendous volume of Fate, where gods and men alike read their doom, are spread before us, and fill us with a thrilling sense of the misery and gloom which encompass our allotted path, while, at the same time, we feel ourselves encouraged to bear with for-

itude that which is unavoidable, and set Destiny itself at defiance, by the untameable spirit with which we meet its decrees. The following translation of the speech of the ocean nymphs to Prometheus, as he lies bound to a rock in the desert, is beautifully rendered by Mr. Bulwer—

"The wide earth echoes wailingly—  
Stately and antique were thy fallen race—  
The wide earth walleth thee!  
Lo! from the holy Asian dwelling-place,  
Fall, for a godhead's wrongs, the mortals' murmuring tears:  
They mourn within the Colchian land—  
The virgin and the warrior daughters;  
And far remote, the Scythian band,  
Around the broad Mæotian waters,  
And they who hold in Caucasus their tower,  
Arabia martial flower,  
Hoarse-clamouring 'midst sharp rows of barbed spears.  
One have I seen, with equal tortures riven—  
An equal god;—in adamant chain  
Ever and evermore  
The Titan Atlas, crush'd, sustains  
The mighty mass of mighty Heaven,  
And the whirling cataracts roar,  
With a chime to the Titan's groans,  
And the depth that receives them moans;  
And from vaults that the earth are under,  
Black Hades is heard in thunder:  
While from the founts of white-waved rivers flow  
Melodious sorrows, wailing with his wo."

The estimate which Mr. Bulwer gives of the character and powers of Æschylus is ably written. His Pythagorean tenets are merely alluded to, and we think it may not prove an ungrateful task to some of our readers, if we place before them those passages in which the poet's opinions coincide with those of the Samian philosopher. They were, we believe, first collected by an anonymous writer in the "Classical Journal."

It was a common notion among the ancients that the gods, if there were any, looked carelessly and indifferently upon the virtues and vices of mortals, and never troubled themselves by interfering either to reward or punish the insignificant inhabitants of the earth. They considered the "divum natura," in the words of Lucretius "semota à nostris rebus se junctaque longè." This destructive doctrine was opposed by Pythagoras, as shown by the commencement of the golden verses; from which, and the works of Jamblichus, we derive our chief knowledge of that philosopher's ideas. Æschylus also strongly reprobates this view of things in his "Agamemnon" (371). The veneration for an oath (Eumenides, 217); the power of necessity (Pr. v. 105); the advantages of pursuing the "juste milieu;" the immortality of the soul (Choeph. 321); the wisdom and sanctity of numbers (P. v. 468); the skill necessary in the imposition of names; or, as Cicero says, the doctrine "summæ sapientiæ fuisse omnibus rebus imposuisse nomen;" the science of physiognomy (Agam. 791-800); are topics which are equally insisted upon by the tragedian and the sage. Pythagoras also held, that when the body is parted from the soul in sleep, the latter is enabled to see coming events without any obstacle, and, consequently, that our dreams disclose futurity. "Cum est somno sevocatus animus à societate et contagione corporis, tum meminit præteritorum, præsentia cernit, futura providet." With this notion may be compared line 108 of the "Eumenides," where it is said, that "the soul sees clearer in sleep, but in the day the fate of mortals cannot be foreseen." To these coincidences may be added, the sacred nature of a suppliant (Eum. 233), and the power of incantations to dispel diseases (Agam. 16), which were both points of the Pythagorean doctrines.

There is one excellence of this poet which we do not remember to have seen noticed by Mr. Bulwer; we mean the abundance of those beautiful phrases, as *μαλ' ἄνθρωπος ὁμῶς βίβας*,

*deprævatos adque impiiavimus*, those "dijecti membra poete," which are in themselves poems, and which are found in *Æschylus* to a far greater extent than in any of his rivals. Let us now turn from the "father of tragedy" to *Sophocles*, the "Attic Bee," the poet of sweetness and grace, whose conceptions are moulded in the most perfect form of beauty, breathing a spirit of content and harmony. Wisely did the chorus of *Aristophanes*, while recounting the blessings of peace, place among them "the songs of *Sophocles*," with their soft melancholy, which often, however, rises into the sublime. Schlegel compares him "to a sacred grove of the dark goddess of fate, in which the laurel, the olive, and the vine, display their luxuriant vegetation, and the song of the nightingale is for ever heard." In an analysis of his tragedies, Mr. Bulwer displays the leading characteristics of this poet in a lively and masterly style. The accompanying lines are a translation of a description of the close of the stormy life led by the now worn out *Œdipus*.

"Then o'er them as they went, his hands he clasped,  
And 'O my children,' said he, 'from this day  
Ye have no more a father—all of me  
Withers away—the burthen and the toil  
Of mine old age fall on ye nevertheless.  
Sad travail have ye borne for me, and yet  
Let one thought soften grief when I am gone—  
The thought that none upon the desolate world  
Loved you as I did;—and in death I leave  
A happier life to you!"

Thus movingly,  
With clinging arms and passionate sob, the three  
Wept out aloud, until the sorrow grew  
Into a deadly hush—nor cry nor wail  
Starts the drear silence of the solitude.  
Then, suddenly, a bodiless voice is heard,—  
It call'd on him—it call'd; and over all  
Horror fell cold, and stirr'd the bristling hair!  
Again, the voice—again—'Ho! *Œdipus*,  
Why linger we so long? Come—further—come!"

We must here take our leave for the present of "gorgeous tragedy." This is a study, the pursuit of which may be rendered eminently useful in a variety of ways. By accustoming the minds of youth to the contemplation of vigour and originality of thought, nobleness of sentiment, and a fund of rich imagery and language, they become imbued with a more liberal and extended style of thinking, and a correct and polished mode of expression. They will see likewise the gloomy and dark condition of the heathen philosophy; they will perceive that its joyousness and festivity, which are so enlarged upon by some as its recommendation, were but means resorted to to drown passing thoughts, and silence that inward monitor, which, in every individual, of whatever age or clime, will never cease to obtrude itself. The misery arising from giving way to those passions which admit of no alternative, but either are controlled, or control, with resistless sway, their impotent possessor; the dreariness and melancholy springing from unsettled ideas of a future state, and the fixed belief in an invariable destiny, will be strikingly forced upon them; and no one, in our opinion, can rise from the perusal of the Greek tragedians without feeling that he is "a wiser and a sadder man."

Mr. Bulwer has carried, as yet, his view of the literature of Greece no further than the age of *Sophocles*: we trust, ere long, to be gratified by the completion of his undertaking, when we shall be enabled to judge of its merits in a more comprehensive way than is at present in our power. We hope to be able once more to resume our notice of this work, and examine the history of the political transactions and institutions of time-honoured Athens.

*A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory, &c. &c. &c.* By William Macgillivray, A.M. F.R.S.E. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 631. London, 1837. Scott and Co.

THIS work of Mr. Macgillivray is a valuable addition to British Ornithology. Of all portions of the science of Natural History, the knowledge of birds has hitherto been the least certain, the least definite. This has, in a great measure, arisen from the extraordinary reluctance naturalists seem to have had in acting towards birds as they did towards the other members of the creation. In viewing the whole animal world, vertebral and invertebral, they have, with the exception of the class of birds, in no instance founded their theoretic distinctions on mere external appearance. Struck with the outward form of birds so varied and so beautiful, they appear to have proceeded in the inspection of them no further than the plumage, the skin, the beak, the legs, or the claws. Thus did *Linnaeus* ground his system upon the shape of the feet and bill; *Vieillot* his upon the legs; others derived theirs from data still more absurd. Absurd, indeed; for what renders the study of the mammalia so clear in its definitions, so absorbing in its interest? What, more than that it affords so much scope for internal investigation? It is a great study, this search into the organic structure of God's creatures. Mr. Macgillivray is the first who has applied it to birds in its fullest extent, and thus dispensed to those animals the justice that had been so long denied them. His plan is this. He first divides the British birds into four sections, determined by their habits and modes of life, and simple in designation, viz. the aerial birds, the land birds, the wading birds, and the swimming birds. "These primary groups (he says)—which I consider merely as sectional, and as coming in the place of those familiar to every person—of land birds, and water birds, are composed of orders equivalent to each other, and characterized by peculiarities of form and structure." With him these orders are nineteen, and each of them contains several families, under which the genera are arranged. The volume before us, the first and the only one which has yet appeared, after an elaborate essay upon the structure of birds, brings us to the subject matter of the sections. The author, for certain reasons he mentions, commences with the second section, that of the *Aves ambulatrix* or land birds. The following passages may, in some measure, afford an idea of the execution of his plan, and a specimen of his style.

*The Passer Domesticus: the House Sparrow.*

—"The Male. It may be considered superfluous to describe a bird so familiar to every person as the sparrow; but it is necessary to preserve a uniformity of method, and, therefore, it is incumbent upon me to treat this 'vulgar fellow' with as much consideration as the most elegant and unexpected visitor. Every body knows that it is a small, stout, active, and occasionally noisy bird, not remarkable for beauty, and content, as becomes its humble station, with indifferent food, and poor accommodation. Its form and external parts correspond with the generic character in every point. The oesophagus is three inches long; the crop, one inch; the gizzard, three-fourths; the intestine, eight; its diameter, from nearly two-twelfths to one-twelfth; the coeca, two-twelfths, and placed at the distance of ten-twelfths from the anus; the rectum, ten-twelfths. The plumage is blended, rather compact above; the feathers ovate, rather acuminate, with a very slender plumule, consisting

of a few long filaments. The feathers about the base of the bill are terminated by short bristles, and there are five distinct, pretty large, almost simple bristles, at the base of the upper mandible. The wings are rather short, broad, and a little rounded; the first and third quills about equal, the third slightly longer, the other primaries slowly graduated; the third, fourth, and fifth very slightly cut out on the outer edge towards the tip; the secondary quills truncate-emarginate. The tail is shortish, nearly even, being very slightly emarginate. The bill is black, tinged with gray; the iris dark brown; the feet pale brown, the claws darker. The upper part of the head is light brownish-gray; the loreal or preocular space, a line above, another beneath the eye, the feathers at the base of the lower mandible, those of the chin and fore-neck, black, most of them tipped with gray. The black space before the eye is margined above by grayish-white, and the supraocular black line is terminated behind by a small white spot. A broad band of bright chestnut from the eye down the neck, obscurely meeting its fellow behind. The auricular coverts are whitish-gray, and from them extends a broad band on either side down the neck, gradually fading into yellowish-gray. Feathers of the lower part of the hind-neck, and of the fore part of the back, with the scapulars, brownish-red, their inner web brownish-black. Those of the hind part of the back, and the upper tail-coverts, light brownish-gray, of which colour, but paler, are all the under parts, the lower tail-coverts being dusky-gray in the centre. The quills are blackish-brown, externally margined with brownish-yellow, the inner more broadly margined with brownish-red; the large coverts are darker, but with broader brownish-red margins, and slightly tipped with whitish; the first row of smaller coverts brownish-black, their terminal half white; the rest brownish-red, their concealed part black; the tail is wood-brown; the outer webs blackish, the margins yellowish-gray. Length to end of tail  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches; extent of wings  $9\frac{1}{2}$ ; wing, from flexure,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ; tail,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ; bill along the ridge  $\frac{1}{2}$ , along the edge of lower mandible,  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ; tarsus,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; first toe,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  twelfths, its claw,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; second toe  $\frac{1}{2}$ , its claw,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  twelfths; third toe,  $\frac{1}{2}$ , its claw,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  twelfths; fourth toe,  $\frac{1}{2}$ , its claw,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  twelfths."

*The Habits of the Raven.*—"The raven sometimes nestles at no great distance from the eagle, in which case these birds do not molest each other; but in general, the former is a determined enemy to the latter, and may often be seen harassing it. 'What a brave soldier the raven is; he fights the eagle, who is four times his size!' I remember hearing an old Highlander say to me more than twenty years ago. But let us consider the matter. There goes the white-tailed eagle! Launched from the rock of *Liur* she advances along the cliffs on her way to the inland hills, where she expects to find a supply of food for her young. Now she is opposite the promontory of *Ui*, whence, croaking in fierce anger, rush two ravens. The eagle seems not to heed them; but they rapidly gain upon her, and, separating as they come up in her wake, one ascends, the other glides beneath, menacing her, and attempting to peck at her. While she regards the one below, that above plunges towards her; but perceiving that she is ready to meet him, he reascends a few feet, the other in the mean time threatening vengeance below. I never observed, however, that they actually came in contact with the object of their pursuit, which seemed to regard them as more disagreeable

than dangerous, and appeared to hurry on merely to avoid being pestered by them."

*The Carrion Crow.*—"The carrion crow is very easily tamed, and is strongly attached to the person who brings him up. I kept one for two years and a half. It flew round about the neighbourhood, and roosted every night on the trees of my shrubbery. At whatever distance he was, as soon as he heard my voice he immediately came to me. He was very fond of being caressed, but should any one except myself stroke him on the head or back, he was sure to make the blood spring from their fingers. He seemed to take a very great delight in pecking the heels of barefooted youths. The more terrified they were, the more did his joy seem to increase. Even the heels of my pointers, when he was in his merry mood, did not escape his art of ingeniously tormenting. His memory was astonishing. One Monday morning, after being satiated with food, he picked up a mole which was lying in the orchard, and hopped with it into the garden. I kept out of his sight, as he seldom concealed any thing when he thought you observed him. He covered it so nicely with earth that, after the most diligent search, I could not discover where he had put it. As his wings had been cut to prevent him from flying over the wall into the garden, he made many a fruitless attempt during the week to get in at the door. On Saturday evening, however, it having been left open, I saw him hop to the very spot where the mole had been so long hid, and, to my surprise, he came out with it in the twinkling of an eye."

In the study of ornithology, Mr. Macgillivray is, of course, a complete enthusiast. His descriptions of the various species, his adventures and wanderings for the improvement of his knowledge through the romantic hill and dale of his own beautiful Scotland, are given in a tone of high animation. A dry north country humour, too, pervades the work, and adds not a little to the amusement it affords. The numerous engravings have been executed with great care and accuracy. If Mr. Macgillivray concludes his task with the same spirit, energy, and ability, that he has shown in its commencement, he may fairly claim a place among the first ornithologists of any age or time.

#### *Letters of Charles Lamb.*

CONTINUING our review of this various and agreeable work, our next quotation is a fair sample of Mr. Lamb's playful letters; it is one written to his friend, Manning, who was meditating a journey to the East. He says—

"My dear Manning, the general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity, but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake don't think any more of 'Independent Tartary.' What are you to do among such Ethiopians? Is there no lineal descendant of Prester John? Is the chair empty? Is the sword unwayed?—depend upon it they'll never make you their king, as long as any branch of that great stock is remaining. I tremble for your Christianity. Read Sir John Mandeville's *Travels* to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartar man now exhibiting at Exeter Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no very favourable specimen of his countrymen! But, perhaps, the best thing you can do is to try to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose, repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words, Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary, two or three times, and associate with them the idea of oblivion ('tis Hartley's me-

thod with obstinate memories), or say, Independent, Independent, have I not already got an independence? That was a clever way of the old Puritans, pun-divinity. My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such parts in heathen countries, among nasty, unconquerable, horse-belching, Tartar people! Some say they are cannibals; and then conceive a Tartar-fellow eating my friend, and adding the cool malignity of mustard and vinegar! I am afraid 'tis the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his foolish stories about Cambresan, and the ring, and the horse of brass. Believe me, there are no such things, 'tis all the poet's invention; but if there were such darling things as old Chaucer sings, I would up behind you on the horse of brass, and frisk off for Prester John's country. But these are all tales; a horse of brass never flew, and a king's daughter never talked with birds! The Tartars, really, are a cold, insipid, smouchey set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray try and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thought originally). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like-yellow. Pray to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heart-burn. Shave the upper lip. Go about like an European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy under. Above all, don't go to any sights of wild beasts. That has been your ruin. Accustom yourself to write familiar letters, on common subjects, to your friends in England, such as are of a moderate understanding. And think about common things more. I supped last night with Rickman, and met a merry natural captain, who pleases himself vastly with once having made a pun at Otaheite in the O. language. 'Tis the same man who said Shakspeare he liked, because he was so much of the gentleman. Rickman is a man 'absolute in all numbers.' I think I may one day bring you acquainted, if you do not go to Tartary first; for you'll never come back. Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a pound. To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest, but as a meat. God bless you: do come to England. Air and exercise may do great things. Talk with some minister. Why not your father? God dispose all for the best. I have discharged my duty. Your sincere friend."

In 1806, Lamb, who was very unsuccessful in all his dramatic efforts, had his farce of "Mr. H." d-d at Drury Lane; and Mr. Talfourd relates that "When the curtain fell on the first act, the friends of the author began to fear. The second act dragged heavily on, as second acts of farces will do; a rout at Bath, peopled with ill-dressed and over-dressed actors and actresses, increased the disposition to yawn; and when the moment of disclosure came, and nothing worse than the name *Hogs-flesh* was heard, the audience resented the long play on their curiosity, and would hear no more. Lamb, with his sister, sat, as he anticipated, in the front of the pit, and having joined in encouraging the epilogue, the brilliancy of which injured the farce, he gave way with equal pliancy to the common feeling, and hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbours. The next morning's playbill contained a veracious announcement, that 'the new farce of 'Mr. H.,' performed for the first time last night, was received by an overflowing audience with universal applause, and will be repeated

for the second time to-morrow;' but the stage lamps never that morrow saw! Elliston would have tried it again; but Lamb saw at once that the case was hopeless, and consoled his friends with a century of puns for the wreck of his dramatic hopes."

A year after, he writes, "So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion. Hang 'em, how they hissed! it was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hiss'd me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favourite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with; and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow-creatures who are desirous to please them! Heaven be pleased to make the teeth rot out of them all, therefore! Make them a reproach, and all that pass by them to loll out their tongue at them! Blind mouths! as Milton somewhere calls them."

In others of his jocular epistles we read—  
"I continue Mr. Lamb. I have published a little book for children on titles of honour; and to give them some idea of the difference of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the king, who is the fountain of honour. As at first,—  
1. Mr. C. Lamb; 2. C. Lamb, Esq.; 3. Sir C. Lamb, bart.; 4. Baron Lamb of Stamford; 5. Viscount Lamb; 6. Earl Lamb; 7. Marquess Lamb; 8. Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further, and especially as it is not necessary for children to go beyond the ordinary titles of sub-regal dignity in our own country, otherwise I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing, as 9th, King Lamb; 10th, Emperor Lamb; 11th, Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing. Puns I have not made many (nor punch much), since the date of my last; one I cannot help relating. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral, upon which, I remarked, that they must be very sharp set. But in general I cultivate the reasoning part of my mind more than the imaginative."

"Hazlitt has written a *grammar* for Godwin; Godwin sells it bound up with a treatise of his own language, but the *gray mare* is the better horse. I don't allude to Mrs. —, but to the word *grammar*, which comes near to *gray mare*, if you observe, in sound. That figure is called paranomasia in Greek. I am sometimes happy in it. An old woman begged of me for charity. 'Ah! sir,' said she, 'I have seen better days;' 'So have I, good woman,' I replied; but I meant literally, days not so rainy and overcast as that on which she begged: she meant more prosperous days. I must devote myself to imbecility; I must be gloriously useless while I stay here. How is Mrs. M.? will she pardon my inefficiency? The city of Salisbury is full of weeping and wailing. The bank has stopp'd payment; and every body in the town kept

money at it, or has got some of its notes. Some have lost all they had in the world. It is the next thing to seeing a city with the plague within its walls. The Wilton people are all undone; all the manufacturers there kept cash at the Salisbury bank; and I do suppose it to be the unhappiest county in England this, where I am making holiday. We purpose setting out for Oxford Tuesday fortnight, and coming thereby home. But no more night travelling. My head is sore (understand it of the inside) with that deduction from my natural rest which I suffered coming down. Neither Mary nor I can spare a morsel of our rest; it is incumbent on us to be misers of it. Travelling is not good for us, we travel so seldom. If the sun be hell, it is not for the fire, but for the sempiternal motion of that miserable body of light. How much more dignified leisure hath a muscle glued to his unpassable rocky limit, two inch square! He hears the tide roll over him, backwards and forwards, twice a-day (as the Salisbury long coach goes and returns in eight-and-forty hours), but knows better than to take an outside night-place a-top on't. He is the owl of the sea—Minerva's fish—the fish of wisdom."

This was written from Salisbury, whither he had gone on a visit, in 1810.

A squabble with the "Quarterly Review," in 1811, induces the learned serjeant to soften down and palliate (see vol. i. pp. 322—326) such matters as agree with his own political views, and severely censure the opposites. It is rather a stretch of liberality, to publish a tolerably stinging libel on the Prince Regent, published in a newspaper, and, as a complete set-off, assure us, that "at the time when he wrote it, Lamb used to stop any *passionate* attacks upon the Prince, with the *smiling* remark, 'I love my Regent.'" The abuse was given to the world; the salve confined to the little chamber. In a better tone are the following reflections, in a letter to Wordsworth, in 1822.

"Deaths overset one, and put one out long after the recent grief. Two or three have died within this last two twelvemonths, and so many parts of me have been numbed. One sees a picture, reads an anecdote, starts a casual fancy, and thinks to tell of it to this person in preference to every other: the person is gone whom it would have peculiarly suited. It won't do for another. Every departure destroys a class of sympathies. There's Captain Burney gone! What fun has whist now; what matters it what you lead, if you can no longer fancy him looking over you? One never hears any thing, but the image of the particular person occurs with whom alone almost you would care to share the intelligence—thus one distributes oneself about; and now for so many parts of me I have lost the market. Common natures do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points, and I want so many answering needles. The going away of friends does not make the remainder more precious. It takes so much from them as there was a common link. A, B, and C make a party. A dies. B not only loses A, but all A's part in C. C loses A's part in B; and so the alphabet sickens by subtraction of interchangeable. I express myself muddily, *capite dolente*. I have a dulling cold. My theory is to enjoy life, but my practice is against it. I grow ominously tired of official confinement. Thirty years have I served the Philistines, and my neck is not subdued to the yoke. You don't know how wearisome it is to breathe the air of four pent walls, without

relief, day after day, all the golden hours of the day between ten and four, without ease or interposition. *Tudet me harum quotidianarum formarum*, these pestilential clerk-faces always in one's dish. O for a few years between the grave and the desk! they are the same, save that at the latter you are the outside machine."

His reflections on the accidents of life, and on the loss of friends, are always pathetic, even when dashed with a certain mixture of humour. Thus:

"Dear Robinson,—I called upon you this morning, and found you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor Norris has been lying dying for now almost a week—such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed a strong constitution! Whether he knew me or not, I know not; or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his wife and two daughters, and poor deaf Richard, his son, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. Norris: speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time I hope it is all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships ever since. Those are friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now. He was the last link that bound me to the Temple. You are but of yesterday. In him seem to have died the old plainness of manners, and singleness of heart. Letters he knew nothing of, nor did his reading extend beyond the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' Yet there was a pride of literature about him from being amongst books (he was librarian), and from some scraps of doubtful Latin which he had picked up in his office of entering students, that gave him very diverting airs of pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, when he had been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, he laid it down, and told me, that 'in those old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling;' and seemed to console himself in the reflection! His jokes, for he had his jokes, are now ended; but they were old trusty perennials, staples that pleased after *decies repetita*, and were always as good as new. One song he had, which was reserved for the night of Christmas-day, which we always spent in the Temple. It was an old thing, and spoke of the flat bottoms of our foes, and the possibility of their coming over in darkness, and alluded to threats of an invasion many years blown over; and when he came to the part

'We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,  
In spite of the devil, and Brussels' Gazette!'

his eyes would sparkle as with the freshness of an impending event. And what is the 'Brussels' Gazette' now? I cry while I enumerate these trifles. 'How shall we tell them in a stranger's ear?'

And the following to Coleridge is to us striking, as well as curious:

"One of the bitterest pangs I ever felt of remorse was when a child—my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a sixpenny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the Borough, I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant,—but there-

abouts; a look-beggar, not a verbal petitioner; and in the coxcombry of taught-charity, I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock; when, on a sudden, my old aunt's kindness crossed me; the sum it was to her; the pleasure she had a right to expect that I—not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake; the cursed ingratitude by which, under the colour of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like—and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and proved a lesson to me ever after."

"Nothing fills a child's mind like a large old mansion; better if un— or partially—occupied, peopled with the spirits of deceased members for the county, and justices of the quorum. Would I were buried in the peopled solitude of one, with my feelings at seven years old! Those marble busts of the emperors, they seemed as if they were to stand for ever, as they had stood from the living ages of Rome, in that old marble hall, and I to partake of their permanency. Eternity was, while I thought not of Time. But he thought of me, and they are toppled down, and corn covers the spot of the noble old dwelling and its princely gardens. I feel like a grasshopper that, chirping about the grounds, escapes his sithe only by his littleness. Even now he is whetting one of his smallest razors to clean whips me out, perhaps. Well!

"To make me more alone, our ill-tempered maid is gone, who, with all her airs, was yet a home-piece of furniture, a record of better days; and the young thing that has succeeded her is good and attentive, but she is nothing; and I have no one here to talk over old matters with. Soodling and quarrelling have something of familiarity, and a community of interest; they imply acquaintance; they are of one sentiment, which is of the family of dearness."

With this brief, but characteristic passage, we conclude. The publication is altogether a delightful one; full of various and interesting matter, not only exhibiting the estimable principal in colours true to nature, and yet allowing all his quips and cranks to shine and glisten through them, but touching on a multitude of topics and persons intimately connected with the literature of the last half century. Mr. Talfourd has done justice to his subject, and his subject was one rich in attractive properties.

#### Spencer's Circassia, &c.

[Second notice.]

Even whilst we were penning our preceding notice of this work, the accounts received from the quarter of which it principally treats, and published in all our newspapers, have added a new proof of its immediate and pressing importance. No doubt the political press will take it up in this light; and, therefore, we may be the more readily excused for pursuing the bent of our own inclination, and consulting the literary character of our journal, in saying very little with regard to the national questions it involves. These accounts state, that Russia is assembling an overwhelming force, evidently with the design of putting down, if possible, within the present season, the "insurrection in Circassia." But Captain Spencer maintains that Circassia is independent; and it is not easy to understand how an independent people can be guilty of insurrection! He tells us,

"The 'Portfolio' published a Circassian manifesto to this effect, for the genuineness of which Captain



"In describing my visit to the Russian possessions on the Black Sea; in referring to the actual state of Circassia, the desolating war carried on in that country, and other circumstances connected with the policy of the Russian government—I have been placed in the disagreeable position, either of sacrificing my regard to truth, or, out of courtesy to my Russian friends, of flinging over objects that passed beneath my observation the veil of misrepresentation. But, were I to delineate them otherwise than I have done, I should subject myself to the stigma of being branded by my compatriots as a Russian hireling—not to mention how deeply I should compromise my own character as an independent writer—a character so generously attributed to me by my critical contemporaries. Apart, however, from personal considerations, the claims of humanity would be sacrificed, which demand the exposure of the policy pursued by Russia towards the unfortunate inhabitants of the Western Caucasus—a policy alike detrimental to the interests of Great Britain, and dangerous to the repose of Europe. . . . That Russia (he continues) has infringed international law in the capture of the Vixen, I think I have sufficiently proved, by confirming the fact, that the inhabitants of the Western Caucasus are, and always have been, independent—a fact unhesitatingly admitted by Turkey and Persia, and by Russia herself before the Adrianople treaty. I shall conclude my remarks on this disagreeable topic, by expressing a hope that the government will use its influence in terminating the unequal contest now carried on by Russia against the independent tribes of Circassia; and will also not omit to secure the advantages which the Caucasian provinces, from their situation, the excellency of their ports, and the value and variety of their natural productions, offer to the trading interests of Great Britain. It is likewise to be desired, that, when viewed in connexion with our eastern empire, the importance of preserving friendly relations with a people, who, from the position of their country, may, at some future period, prove valuable allies, will be recognised. In short, there never was a more favourable moment for our government, by a bold-spirited line of policy, to render eminent service to the country, than is now offered, by acknowledging the independence of Circassia—a line of policy which would be justified by the strength and resources of the country whose destinies they direct. . . . The land of the Attéghéié, or Circassians,

Spencer vouches; and he also adds the following:— "Having, in a previous letter, proved that Russia could derive no right to that part of the Caucasus inhabited by the independent tribes, known under the name of Circassians, from the Ottoman Porte; and also shewn, while visiting the Russian fortresses on the coast, that the people are in actual possession of their country, it is unnecessary to discuss this subject at any considerable length. The real fact is, Turkey never was, at any period whatever, master of Circassia, beyond a few crumbling fortresses on the coast. How, then, could she transfer a title she never had? If we refer to the fourth article of the treaty of Adrianople, we shall find that the independent tribes of Circassia were not even mentioned. Again; from time immemorial, the Turks have been in the habit of purchasing slaves from the independent princes of Circassia; consequently, every man at all conversant with oriental laws and manners, must be aware that it is contrary, both to the religion of Mahomet and the laws of Turkey, to import slaves, except from a foreign power. In short, it is notorious throughout the whole of the eastern world, that the utmost efforts of the Turkish arms failed in the attempt to establish their supremacy over the mountaineers of the Caucasus. Anapa, Soudjouk-Kalé, and one or two others in Abasia, were ceded to Turkey by the Circassians, solely for the purposes of commerce; and, so far as that power possessed any right over these places, she made it over to Russia; but whether settlements under such circumstances, the purpose for which they were originally granted having ceased, ought not, in justice, to have reverted to the natives, I leave to the unprejudiced inquirer to determine."

marked as independent from the Kouban, which divides it from the territory of the Tchernomoraky Cossacks, to the Salamache, or Burzuklu river, on the frontiers of Mingrelia, corresponds with the boundaries laid down in the chart of General Khatov, published, by order of the Russian government, a few years previously to the Adrianople treaty—an important admission, when considered with reference to the question as to the right which Russia derives from Turkey to Circassia."

Such are our author's statements on this interesting subject; and we leave them without comment to the public consideration to which they are so well entitled. Previous to his visit to the interior of Circassia, as illustrated by the extracts in our last *Gazette*, Capt. Spencer made a tour (as we noticed) of the coasts of the Black Sea, under the auspices of the Governor-General Worrenzou, from whom he received every kind of hospitality and attention. Theodosia, Kertch, Anapa, Pitsounda (thought to be the site of the grand Pythus), Bombora, &c. &c. &c. Of the latter we read,

"After visiting the fortifications on the coast, and the ruins of a church and monastery built by the Genoese, we continued our route to the principal fortress, distant about three wersts. Like that at Pitsounda, our way led, for some time, through a dense forest; here we perceived the box, which in Europe is a dwarf shrub, a perfect giant of the forest; the juniper of such colossal dimensions as to measure fifteen feet in circumference; and the oak, with the largest leaves I had ever seen, adorning the valleys, and lining the sides of the lofty hills in such abundance, as to create the belief that Russia might here alone find a nursery sufficient to furnish her with wood for ship-building during centuries. The arbutus andrachne, the oleander and the tamarisk, the olive and the fig, the rhododendron and the pomegranate, were every where to be seen in all their variegated tints and rich luxuriance. Besides these, even the earth seemed covered with the richest plants; and the most beautiful blossoms shed around their aromatic fragrance. At every step I discovered some new production unknown to Europe, and every breeze wafted a thousand odours. Nor were the birds that filled the air with their delightful warblings, the insects and reptiles that luxuriated among the long grass and flowers, less interesting; and I was not more pleased with their many-coloured plumage and gaily painted wings, than astonished at their gigantic size, particularly the common lizard, which here measures eighteen inches; and were it not from its bright green changing from the dark hue of the emerald to that of the first leaf in spring, you might be inclined to suppose it a young crocodile. While following the windings of a murmuring rivulet, the Phaudra, the endless numbers of toads and serpents we encountered, crawling in every direction in this land of nature, drew from the more timid members of our party many a shriek. The latter, of a large species, are not considered venomous; and a native of the Archipelago, or Stamboul, would have been in raptures at the sight of his much-prized dainty, the land tortoise; for we were absolutely obliged to walk most cautiously, or we should have crushed them at every step. The natives of this part of Circassia never use them as food; but in the countries I have mentioned they are highly valued for their flavour and nutritious qualities, and are generally considered to be most efficacious in pulmonary disorders. We were much disappointed at not meeting with Michael Scharavashedze, chief of the Pso tribe,

inhabiting the neighbourhood of Bombora, who, I understood, was educated in St. Petersburg, and an officer in the Russian service; but, strange to say, although he has long given in his adhesion to the government, yet we were told the usual story, that not a single soldier can absent himself to any distance from the fort without danger of being shot or taken prisoner. In addition to this, we learned, among other things, that the hostility of the natives was increasing, and that the garrison had suffered considerably from an attack made by the Circassians some months previously, and which had been conducted with a fury and an address they had never before exhibited. We were also informed, that, since the strictness of the blockade prevents the people from obtaining a sufficient supply of powder, they have adopted the expedient of the lasso in capturing the soldiers of the garrison, who are thus led off to the mountains without being able to offer any effectual resistance. After visiting the fortress, we took a lounge through the little town of Bombora, or Lehna, adjoining, built by the Abasians, but displaying no feature distinct from those we find on the opposite coast of the Black Sea in Asia Minor. There were a few bazaars kept by Armenian traders, filled with coarse Russian manufactures, only remarkable for their gaudy colours, together with a few tinsel gew-gaws for the use of the peasants, and salt and tobacco. In one of the bazaars we saw a noble of the country, who had just come down from the mountains to effect some trifling barter: he was completely armed, and, as is usual with this people, accompanied by his squire. It would appear that they were not inspired with more confidence in Russian faith than was exhibited by their compatriots at Anapa; for, during the whole time they remained, the squire held a loaded pistol in his hand on the cock: I suppose with the intention of firing at any one that might threaten the safety of his lord. The noble, though a fine daring-looking fellow, seeing himself surrounded by a crowd of officers and fair ladies, was evidently annoyed at being the object of so much observation, and, conscious perhaps of his hostility to Russia, evinced the greatest anxiety to depart; consequently, when his little commercial arrangements were concluded, he vaulted into his saddle, flew out of the town and up the sides of the mountains like lightning, most probably not considering himself safe so long as he remained within reach of cannon. While lounging about the town, I observed several of the natives on horseback; and, though the spur is no novel appendage to the boot of a cavalier, yet I confess it appeared a singular addition to a sandal made from the bark of the linden, but more particularly when it was attached to the heel of one who wore neither sandal nor *papoose*, which was very frequently the case. The few women we saw were rather tastefully dressed, with long white veils, not altogether intended to conceal the features of the wearer from observation, as is the case with the followers of Islamism; hence we had an opportunity of deciding that they were in general pretty. The whole of the men were armed with a poniard, a gun, or a sabre; they kept aloof in groups, generally with their arms a-kimbo, and, to judge from the expression of their countenances, seemed to regard us rather with contempt than curiosity. Their personal appearance, like that of their countrymen in general, was in their favour; but in these I thought the aquiline nose of the Romans predominated. That the Genoese here had a settlement cannot be doubted. The



tester of bees; and no less important a personage than the mother of God. This is evidently a mixture of Paganism with the adoration paid to the Virgin Mary. In a country like Circassia, where honey forms so important a part of the husbandry of the people, and mingles so extensively with their food, we cannot wonder that they personified a deity of such powerful influence to guard the bee; and, from their traditions, it appears she performed the trust most faithfully; for, on one occasion, when an evil spirit most wilfully attempted to destroy the whole of these industrious insects, she preserved a couple by her miraculous power, and repopulated the woods and forests. This feast is celebrated for three days, about the middle of September, with feasting and rejoicing, like the others; the only difference being, that the dishes and drinks composing the banquet are made entirely from the produce of the bee. Besides these, there are several other saints, such as Yemikha, Skuskha, Nakhbatka, and Mesté, protectors of agriculture, woods, and forests, &c. who are each honoured with a festival. To which we may add the powerful king, Tliebaké, a mixture of Mars and Vulcan, protector of armours. Thunder and lightning, as it emanates immediately from the great Spirit, Thka, is regarded by the Circassians with the greatest veneration; and happy is the man who is so distinguished as to fall a victim to its violence: his body is consigned to the earth with great solemnity, and his family rejoice at the great honour conferred upon them. When they hear the *chebli* (thunder) rolling in the heavens, they believe it to be an angel of God, travelling in his fiery chariot through the air; and rush forth from their houses, *en masse*, to thank the celestial messenger who thus irrigates their fields, and refreshes and purifies the air, during the great heats of summer. The Circassians also reverence, with more than common devotion, three sisters, who preside over and encourage the happiness of domestic life, good fellowship, and harmony, with their neighbours. These divinities are also supposed to shield the warrior in battle with their protecting wings, and to guard the footsteps of the traveller; consequently, the natives never undertake an expedition, or even change their domicile, without making a propitiatory offering to the fair saints."

The funerals are very simple.

"The ceremonies that attend the death of a Circassian are simply confined to a few religious songs, and a funeral oration, pronounced by one of the elders over his body, which is enveloped in a white wrapper, and consigned to the earth much in the same way as we see practised in Krim-Tartary. During the space of a year his arms are guarded with the most religious care, and left precisely in the same state as when living; his friends and relatives visit his tomb at stated periods, when they strike their breasts and repeat a few prayers; but his women are obliged to rehearse every evening at sunset, for months, the same poignant display of grief as the Tartars. The anniversary of the death of a distinguished warrior, or chief, is celebrated for years with praying and feasting; to which we may add horse-racing, and various kinds of martial and athletic exercises."

In medicine, they are happily profoundly ignorant: we may, however, notice one piece of practice:—

"I was," says our author "also made acquainted with the Calmuck remedy for hydrophobia, which this people are said completely to cure. It appears, according to their statement,

that when a person has been so unfortunate as to have received the poison of a rabid animal into his frame, several white spots or ulcers form under the tongue, and occasion madness; but if these are cut, and the excised parts cauterised, the cure is complete: the operation should, however, be performed the moment they make their appearance. This, also, I give as I received it, without vouching for, or denying, its authenticity. At all events, it would be desirable for some of our medical men to ascertain whether the appearances I have described actually supervene during the presence of hydrophobia, or not."

We have only to end these interesting pages with their own last word, addressed to their intelligent writer—"Farewell."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Country Stories.* By Miss Mitford. 12mo. pp. 326. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley. We are often perplexed, in consequence of one of the prevailing customs in publishing; and, not having memory much more retentive than a sieve, cannot be certain what portion of, or whether all the stories, in a volume like this, have appeared before. Here are twelve of Miss Mitford's productions, and some of them, at least, are familiar to us in the pages of periodical literature. How many, if any, are new we cannot tell; and, therefore, refrain from the risk of quotation. It may, however, be sufficient to say, that every one of them possesses the kindly natural feeling, the truth in reading the human heart, and the fine fidelity of rustic scenery, which have ever distinguished this lady's writings. They are finished landscapes, and animated with actual life. People, animals, flowers, country sports, scenery, are all presented in their real colours; and, whilst the simple incidents affect us, the best object of authorship is achieved by pointing the whole to social and moral improvement.

*Josephine, or Early Trials; Louisa Seymour, or Hasty Impressions; and Alicia Gray, or to be Useful is to be Happy.* By Catharine Grace Godwin. London, 1837. Parker.

THREE pretty little volumes; admirably calculated to impress upon the young those lessons which, unfortunately, so many of the old too often shew they have never acquired.

*The Emigrant's Introduction to an Acquaintance with the British Colonies, &c.* by S. S. HILL. Pp. 324. (London, Parbury and Co.)—There seems to be a continual succession of works of this class; and Mr. Hill has certainly commenced his lucubrations sufficiently early in the world's settlement, for he begins with the Flood. The volume, however, contains a fund of useful information.

*English Pleasure Carriages, their Origin, History, Varieties, &c.* by W. Bridges Adams. 8vo. pp. 315. (London, Knight and Co.)—A very complete description of every sort of carriage in use amongst us, with accounts of the latest inventions, engravings, and hints for improvements, all worthy of note, by builders and buyers.

*The Philosophy of the Eye, &c.* by John Walker. Pp. 300. (London, Knight and Co.)—Stimulated by the Bridgewater Treatises, Mr. Walker has extended observation to the eye and the phenomena of vision, with a similar view to the evidence of design. It is a clever volume.

*Sketches of Popular Tumults, illustrative of the Kells of Popular Ignorance.* Pp. 320. (London, Knight and Co.)—Beginning with the tumults in which the Jews were plundered and destroyed in the 19th and 13th centuries, and going through the riots of 1779-80, those of Birmingham in 1791, of Naples in 1799, and the insurrections of Lyons 1831 and 1834, the author ascribes them chiefly to popular ignorance, and gives good counsel, both to the people and to their rulers, on the subject.

*New South Wales: its Present State and Future Prospects. Being a Statement, with Documentary Evidence, submitted in Support of Petitions to His Majesty and Parliament.* 8vo. pp. 344. (London, D. Walker.)—In this volume, by Mr. James Macarthur, the writer supports the views of a numerous and highly respectable body of petitioners.

\* Apropos, we have received a letter, in which the writer attempts to shew that the iris, not the retina, is the seat of vision; which, in our eyes, is utterly untenable.

colonists of New South Wales, who desire certain modifications in the convict system, and greater encouragement to free settlers of good repute. The statements are of much weight, and, being borne by authentic documents, will, no doubt, obtain the legislative attention the rising value of the country entitles them to receive. Indeed, they are of general public interest.

*Seven Lectures on Meteorology,* by Luke Howard, Gent. F.R.S. &c. 12mo. pp. 182. (Ponteract, Lucas.)—A forty years' friend of the venerable Dr. Dalton has, in this small volume, given us the fruits of his experience, reading, and observation, on the principal facts connected with meteorology. The work is full of information, and well deserves the favour of readers of every class; for the subject is interesting to all.

*Christian Theology,* by John Calvin. *Selected and systematically arranged, with a Life of the Author,* by Samuel Dunn. 12mo. pp. 412. (London, Tegg and Son; Edinburgh, Johnstone.)—From a vast quantity of reading, Mr. Dunn has here made a very interesting selection to display the religious tenets, and the practical lessons in godliness, of this eminent reformer. The folks of former days having nearly passed into utter forgetfulness; such renaissances as the present, of their remarkable and useful features, are not only curious but instructive.

*New and Concise Physical Demonstrations, both of the Fact and Period of the Mosiac Deluge, and of its having been the only Event of the kind that has ever occurred upon the Earth,* by George Fairholme, Esq. 8vo. pp. 443. (London, Ridgway and Sons.)—We fear that, though there are some things "new" in this essay, we cannot compliment the author on the applicability of the second of his title-page epithets, namely, that his demonstrations [quære arguments] are "concise." On the contrary, he appears to us to come to many of his conclusions on very insufficient grounds; such, for example, as are founded on the discovery of human bones among diuvial deposits. But, indeed, we can only give our praise to the intention of the work, and to the temperate spirit in which it is written; for we do not think Mr. Fairholme has established his theory, and hardly any part of it, by sound reasoning.

*London as it is.* By John Hogg, Edinburgh. 12mo. pp. 398. (London, Macrae.)—A very useful volume, in which is collected a mass of statistical and other information respecting the metropolis, and the whole combined with much common sense, observation, and advice. The health, habits, and amusements of the natives are familiarly illustrated, and many beneficial improvements suggested.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A GENERAL meeting of this society was held on the 7th inst. Mr. Vigors, vice-president, in the chair. The report of the council was read, from which it appeared that twenty new members had been elected during the last month, including the Marchioness of Hastings, the Earl of Selkirk, Viscount Milton, Lords Prudhoe and Cranstoun, &c. Several corresponding members, also, had been elected: among them were Sir John Franklin, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Beale, of Canton; Dr. Andrew Smith, of the Cape of Good Hope; Mr. Washington Irving, and Mr. Astor, the spirited projector of Astoria. Donations of much interest and value were announced. The report stated that several important additions had been made to the collection of aquatic birds in St. James's Park; and that a deputation, consisting of the Earl of Liverpool, the Bishop of Norwich, Mr. Ridley Colborne, and others, had waited upon the commissioners of woods and forests, and applied to that board for more efficient protection, and co-operation in the society's endeavours to provide a gratuitous exhibition for the public. The commissioners had promised to do all in their power to protect the birds from mischievous children, to exclude dogs from the enclosure, &c. &c. The report concluded by calling upon the members to exert themselves in adding to the numbers of the society, so as to enable the council to open an ornithological garden. Mr. Vigors then quitted the chair, and addressed a conversational lecture to the meeting. Upon a large table he had arranged some of the most remarkable specimens of each of the five orders of the class *Aves*. 1. The *Insectores*, or birds that habitually perch on trees. 2. *Raptores*, or birds that seize their food by violence. 3. *Nataiores*, or birds that swim. 4. *Grallatores*, or stilted birds; i. e. birds that wade. 5. *Rasores*, or birds that scratch the ground for

food. Taking these five orders as his text, Mr. Vigors gave a rapid, but very comprehensive and masterly, sketch of ornithology; presenting the most abstruse and important truths of the science in language so simple and familiar, and with illustrations so strikingly beautiful, that he was listened to with deep attention not only by the ladies, who formed a rather large proportion of his audience, but also by the numerous scientific ornithologists who were present. He exhibited the most remarkable types, and typical aberrations, of ornithological forms; and explained their perfect adaptations to their habits and modes of life. If the courses of lectures, which are to be given in these rooms in the autumn, should be equal to that on Friday, the ornithological society will indeed have rendered a distinguished service to science, and provided an interesting and improving entertainment for its members. The secretary moved, and Mr. W. S. Macleay seconded, a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the meeting adjourned till November.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

JULY 6th. J. E. Gray, Esq. president, in the chair.—Donations of books were announced, and Mr. Hopkins read the conclusion of his paper On vegetable fermentation. The author thought that the atmospheric air is of no further use than in furnishing nitrogen to aid the process. Heat is developed during the fermentation process. It may be accounted for, first, on the theory of the coproduction of alcohol, and, secondly, from latent heat being extricated when the oxygen enters into the state of acid, as being more dense than water. An interesting discussion ensued, after which the meeting adjourned.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.  
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE.—On the 24th ult. the following prizes were adjudged:—

*Members' Prizes for Bachelors of Arts.*—1. J. S. Howson; 2. H. Goulburn, Trinity College. Subject, "Quænam beneficia Academia, qualis nostra est constitutione ac forma, ad rempublicam afferat?"

*Members' Prizes for Under-graduates.*—1. C. J. Vaughan, Trinity College; 2. H. A. Woodham, Jesus College. Subject, "Utrumque tempus consulat, tum antiquius, ut cognoscas, quid optimum fuerit; tum recentius, ut notes, quid fuerit aptissimum."

27th.—The Norrisian Prize for the best Essay on a sacred subject was adjudged to J. Deck, B.A. of Christ's College. Subject, "The style and composition of the Writings of the New Testament no way inconsistent with the belief that the Writers of them were divinely inspired."

July 1.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in the Civil Law.*—S. R. Mills, Queen's College.

3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Divinity.*—Rev. A. J. Sandlands, Trinity College.

*Bachelor in the Civil Law.*—P. St. John, Downing College. 4th (being Commencement Day), the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:

*Doctors in Divinity.*—The Venerable C. Musgrave, Trinity College; Rev. J. Weller, Fellow of Emmanuel College.

*Doctors in Physic.*—F. J. Farre, St. John's College; G. Pardoe, Caius College; R. Nairne, C. J. B. Aldis, Trinity College.

6th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Divinity.*—Rev. T. Jackson, Queen's College, incumbent of Slaithwaite, near Huddersfield.

*Masters of Arts.*—F. W. Freeman, St. Peter's College; C. O. Skinner, Queen's College; C. T. Crichton, Corpus Christi College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—W. S. Wilson, Queen's College; G. H. Dashwood, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, was admitted ad eundem of this University.

*Masters of Arts.*—W. L. Eliot, W. Ford, R. L. Brown, King's College; F. A. Glover, W. D. Evans, T. Iderton, J. Cocker, J. H. Darton, W. Wilson, St. Peter's College; J. E. Kempe, C. E. Mayo, T. Foljambe, J. H. Holdich, R. D. Buttner, C. E. Hanson, Pembroke College; A. Ellice, M. Elwin, A. C. Hanson, Pembroke College; G. W. B. Daniel, A. L. Irwin, A. Hall, J. W. Bromley, G. W. B. Daniel, H. G. Hopkins, R. W. Gleadowe, I. Spooner, J. C. Bromhead, C. B. Barrow, J. N. Dalton, Caius College; L. Oliver, Trinity Hall; J. H. Love, W. Barber, Corpus

Christi College; P. Kelland, W. Webster, W. Sharpe, W. F. Wilkinson, W. J. Kirkness, C. Clark, H. Main, T. H. Madge, F. L. Bazeley, J. Grooms, Queen's College; H. A. Bishop, J. S. Croser, M. Mackereith, A. B. Power, G. Harrison, J. Bailey, S. Roberts, Catherine Hall; J. B. Edwards, T. Bates, J. W. Smith, W. Godfrey, J. Croke, Jesus College; G. G. Lynn, A. H. Darley, E. T. Vaughan, Christ's College; C. B. Lockwood, G. Bullock, G. J. Kennedy, J. R. Hutchinson, G. Sherard, W. H. Trentham, R. H. Wydie, G. Thornhill, J. E. Johnson, T. Ratcliffe, W. H. Toole, J. Snowden, G. Newby, J. Gibes, W. Hey, R. Blunt, J. Taylor, R. Whalley, S. Banks, T. Jones, W. C. Pearson, H. R. Francis, H. Sandford, F. Heusch, H. W. Smith, H. Low, J. Moore, T. Nevill, W. L. Drinkwater, W. Noble, R. P. Coates, W. Ayerst, J. I. Weldon, W. Handley, St. John's College; E. Warter, W. De L. Pawson, W. Foster, G. H. Whitaker, J. Morant, H. Potts, C. W. Goodchild, J. W. D. Dundas, H. Green, Magdalene College; H. Lushington, J. A. Tocker, J. W. Donaldson, R. Stevenson, J. H. Gooch, G. P. Phillips, A. Henry, M. G. Booty, T. A. Cock, H. R. Lloyd, J. G. Bellingham, R. B. Kinsman, R. Birmle, R. G. L. Blenkinsopp, J. Wood, W. Bailey, W. W. Pearson, W. R. Bevan, T. C. Thompson, G. S. Lister, G. Bateman, W. Forsyth, A. E. Hutton, J. R. Gardiner, P. T. Ouvry, H. T. Simpson, J. D. Hulton, J. B. Darvall, F. S. Williams, G. H. Feachem, B. E. G. Warburton, R. Pryor, T. C. Marsh, T. Wright, W. W. Cazalet, G. C. Luxford, E. Hoare, T. R. Birks, A. Williams, J. H. North, C. C. Black, W. Thickins, W. H. Dyott, W. R. Payne, Trinity College; P. Carlyon, W. J. Edge, P. J. Watherton, T. P. Platten, R. H. Creswell, R. E. Hall, Emmanuel College; C. A. Hulbert, H. D. Fussell, S. W. Isaacson, Sidney College; J. C. Stapleton, Downing College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETING  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Marylebone Literary Institution (Dr. Brewer on the Science of Organisation, instead of Dr. A. T. Thomson's first of a Series of Lectures on Diet, which is postponed).

## FINE ARTS.

## INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

ON Monday evening last, a special meeting of the members was held to receive the report of the council relative to providing new chambers for the purposes of this Society, rendered necessary by several circumstances. The council recommended that certain apartments in Lower Grosvenor Street be taken by the Institute, which was ultimately unanimously agreed to, and the meeting was dissolved. On the same evening an ordinary general meeting was held, Mr. Papworth, V.P. in the chair, when the Marquess of Salisbury was elected an honorary fellow, and several donations were announced. Mr. Inman described a beam, invented by John Martin, Esq., which consists merely of a thin plate of wrought iron, which has passed through the rollers, screwed tightly between two three-quarter deals; and made several experiments, on a small scale, to show what great strength was gained by the arrangement. In connexion with the subject, Mr. Inman read a paper on the strength of timber. A translation was then read, and afterwards pretty freely descanted on, of a virulent attack on modern English architecture, which appeared in "Le Siècle," of a few days past, wherein an endeavour was made by the writer to prove that the English have no natural taste for the fine arts; and that, like other products of warmer climates, they would perish, but for the artificial means taken to preserve them. Of the new National Gallery, the French writer remarked, that it could be easily placed within the walls which enclose the staircase of the Louvre; this, he went on to say, is not merely a failure in taste, but in foresight, "they have measured a new-born infant for a suit of clothes which he will require when a man, without remembering that the child will grow."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Marcus Curtius.* Designed and engraved by John Martin.

SUSPENDING his attention to sacred themes, Mr. Martin has here employed his pencil on a

classical subject; and has represented the noble self-devotion of the Roman youth in a most picturesque and striking manner. The animated and fearless bearing of the hero himself, as, mounted on a splendid and spirited charger, he plunges into the horrid gulf; the various emotions of the near spectators, male and female, some fixed in silent admiration, some enthusiastic in their applause, some dissolved in pity, some fainting with terror; the countless multitudes in the distance; the religious ceremonies and processions; the magnificent city, with its columns, monuments, and temples, towering one above another to the sky; the sky itself, filled with dark clouds, emitting the forked and brilliant flash; and the general effect of grandeur thrown over the whole scene, render the present at least equal to any of Mr. Martin's performances which have hitherto come under our observation.

*The Dresden Gallery.* Dresden, Hanfstaengl; London, Schloss.

WE have before us a number of the *Dresden Gallery*, containing compositions after Annibal Caracci, Titian, Netscher, and Wouwermann—four masters as different, both in their subjects and in their mode of execution, as could possibly be brought together—which are treated in lithography with so much skill and discrimination, as to convey a most faithful idea of the style, as well as of the general character of the originals.

*Ed. Eliason.* Drawn on Stone by W. Sharp, from the Original by Solomon A. Hart, A.R.A. Schloss.

FULL of that fine and decided marking of the features which distinguishes Mr. Hart's small heads.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## BATTLE SONG.

FILL high the cup to a soldier's life!  
Fill high, fill high!  
Who would not join in the coming strife?  
Fill high, fill high!  
Our's the glad sound of the trumpet's braying,  
Starting the wind's low sigh;  
And the steed of war impatient neighing,  
And the clash of armed men arraying,  
And fearless battle cry!  
Fill high the cup to the victory won!  
Fill high, fill high!  
For the car of war its course hath run.  
Fill high, fill high!  
The day is past; the moon in its waning  
Rides through the troubled sky.  
Light on the brow of death is reigning,  
And wounded men are heard complaining,  
"How hard it is to die."  
Fill high the cup to the dead around!  
Fill high, fill high!  
Calm is the sleep of the gun-shot wound.  
Fill high, fill high!  
Here's cure to the wounded; peace to the dying—  
In glory's field they lie:  
The laugh of scorn for the foemen flying;  
The shout of the wild pursuit replying.  
Fill high, fill high, fill high!

RICHARD JOHNS.

## MUSIC.

*Concerts.*—In our last we noticed the constellation of musical talent associated for the benefit of Miss Chambers (yesterday), and it seems as if M. De Bagnis, for Monday, had succeeded in arraying a yet more numerous band, to delight us with whatever the musical genius

now congregated in London can produce. We see announced for this occasion, Pasta, Grisi, Albertazzi, Giannoni, F. Wyndham, Feriotti, Assandri, Nunn, Ekerlin, Bruce, Woodham, San Felice, Blasis, Schröder Devrient, Rubini, Ivanoff, De Val, Begrez, Brizzi, Curioni, Lablache, Tamburini, Balfe, Ferrugini, Negri, T. Giubilei, Seguin, and De Begnis, as vocalists; besides instrumental performers of the first rank, and nearly all the prodigies about town.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Ode on the Accession of Queen Victoria.* The Words by B. E. Pote, Esq.; Music by E. Bach. Ewer and Co.

A HIGHLY poetical effusion; to which the composer has applied his best talents, and completed a piece not unworthy the inspiring occasion.

## DRAMA.

*Strand Theatre.*—*Sam Weller, or the Pickwickians*, was produced, with complete success, on Monday evening, and reflects great credit to the management of this neat little theatre for the manner in which it is "got up." Mr. Moncrief must have had a difficult task in selecting the best scenes, where all are so excellent, but has succeeded to admiration. Mr. W. J. Hammond was the *Sam Weller*; Mr. Hall, the *Weller Senior*; Mr. Richardson, the *Fat Boy*; Mr. J. Lee, the *Jingle*; and Mr. Younge, the *Pickwick*. All these were capital; and the general applause which greeted the fall of the curtain, was sufficient evidence of the satisfaction of a crowded audience.

## VARIETIES.

*Literary Fund.*—The Greenwich (White-bait) meeting of the Literary Fund, at Greenwich, to-day, is expected to be fully attended: it is not confined to members, but open to all corners. It might, we think, be made an improvement in this annual meeting, at which there is no business, if ladies were invited, and the social pleasures of the day enhanced by their partaking of the enjoyment.

*Colosseum.*—A new and very brilliant and entertaining series of evening amusements have been begun at the *Colosseum*, and are fully and fashionably attended. An opera, founded on the inimitable Punch and Judy, affords "lots of laughter" to the lovers of humour. There is also much pretty music to enhance the attractions of this pleasant resort.

*Surrey Zoological Gardens.*—On Monday there was a grand fête here, and the Gardens were crowded to excess. Nor was it to be wondered at; for, besides a balloon ascent, by Mr. Henry Green (a substitute for Mrs. Graham, who disappointed them), there was an entirely new and most superb exhibition, a representation of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. It is impossible to describe the admirable effects produced, in this combination of scenery, light and shade, fire, and all the elements of the actual phenomenon. Suffice it to say, that the resemblance is very striking and impressive. With the exception of the discharge of rockets (which ought to be omitted, as artificial), the whole is so admirable, that the people of London may be content with the mountain, and never cross the sea to Naples.

*Buliah Spa.*—A splendid Flower-show was exhibited here on Wednesday; but the fineness of the grounds, and the delightful promenades (together with the excellence of more substantial entertainments) contributed yet stronger inducements to draw the citizen from smoke

and noise to enjoyment of pure air and natural beauties.

*Medallion Portrait of William IV.* (London, R. Jennings.)—A small head of our late king, engraved by Freebairn, in the manner, the superior merits of which, the *Literary Gazette* took some pains to bring before the public; most admirably sustains the character of the art, and the capabilities of the invention. Nothing can be more perfect than the likeness, nothing more accurate than the lines ruled by the machine. The effect is wonderfully fine; and a more beautiful memorial of the lamented sovereign could not be placed in the hands of subjects.

*Weather-Wisdom.*—The following, after our long drought, is encouraging; and we, therefore, hope, will be more truly predicted than our last from Lieut. Morrison's Almanac:—"The 15th, cold, stormy, and unsettled weather. The square of Venus and Saturn on the 17th, will bring rain again. The aspect of the sun to Mars on the 19th, brings increased warmth, and lightning."

*Newspaper Press Benevolent Association.*—We rejoice to find that, at a general meeting for the promotion of this desirable Institution, held at Freemasons' Hall, the further organisation of the rules, &c. was proceeded in under the most favourable auspices. In a very short period we trust to see it in full and efficient operation.

*Earthquakes in Syria.*—From returns made up under the authorities in Egypt, it is stated, that the late earthquakes in Syria destroyed 2395 houses, and killed or wounded 4106 persons.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

## In the Press.

The Life, Journals, and Correspondence of the late William Wilberforce, by his Sons.—The Life of Lord Howe, with Letters from George III., George IV., and the late King.—Notes on Nets, and other Matters, by the Hon. and Rev. Charles Bathurst, LL.D.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Sermon, by the Rev. Sydney Smith, on the Duties of the Queen, 8vo. sewed, 1s.—New South Wales; its Present State and Future Prospects, by J. Macarthur, 8s.—Country Stories, by M. R. Milford, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Walker's Ancient Geography, with Notes, 18mo. 4s.—Travels in Circassia, Krim Tartary, &c., by E. Spencer, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Lindley's Ladies' Botany, Vol. II. (completing the work), 8vo. coloured, 11s. 5s.; plain, 10s. 6d.—The Architecture of the Heavens, by P. J. P. Nichol, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Notes of Dowsy Bible and Rhenish Testament, by the Rev. R. J. McGhee, 8vo. 14s.—The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man, by Miss Sedgwick, square, 3s. 6d.—The Controversy between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Church, by G. Gordon, 12mo. 3s.—Reid's Presbyterian Church in Ireland, Vol. II. 8vo. 12s.—A Praxis on the Eton Latin Syntax, by the Rev. Thos. Spyers, M.A. 12mo. 2s.—The Spas of Germany, by Dr. Granville, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 12s.—Discourses, by W. J. Channing, D.D. 12mo. 6s.—Campbell's Poetical Works, pocket edition, 24mo. 5s.—A Carson's Refutation of Dr. Henderson's Work on Divine Inspiration, 3s.—Memoirs of Mrs. Jane Gibson (of Newcastle), by F. A. West, 12mo. 5s.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 6	From 49 to 74	30.13 to 30.09
Friday .... 7	.... 43 .. 73	30.13 stationary
Saturday ... 8	.... 45 .. 73	30.10 .. 30.08
Sunday ..... 9	.... 37 .. 66	30.08 .. 30.00
Monday .... 10	.... 35 .. 74	29.93 .. 29.89
Tuesday ... 11	.... 37 .. 73	29.90 stationary
Wednesday 12	.... 46 .. 65	29.90 .. 29.85

Wind, N.E.

Except the mornings of the 6th, 7th, and 12th, generally clear; a little rain on the morning of the 7th.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude ..... 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude ..... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Frater" declined with thanks. The feelings are good, but the poetry not sufficiently correct or polished. T. P. W. declined, with acknowledgments. There is a want of consistency, or keeping, in the beauties scattered through the poem.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALM MALL.**—The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters, of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, now open, and will continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.  
Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## NOW OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S

PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton.

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## HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.—INJUNCTION.

—We beg to give notice that the Injunction granted to the Proprietors of "Hints on Etiquette," by his Honour the Vice-Chancellor, to restrain the Sale of the Work entitled "The Science of Etiquette," is still in force; and that the Proprietors have also recently established their Copyright in an action at law.

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## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,  
No. CXVII. will be published on Monday.

Contents:

1. Coleridge's Literary Remains.
2. Village Frolics.
3. Law of Bastardy.
4. Spanish Theatre.
5. Labord's Arabia Petrea.
6. Prince Flecker Meekas in Algeria.
7. The Modern Egyptians; and Magicians of the Present Day.
8. Moore's Sonnets.
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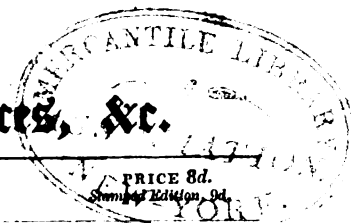
# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1837.



### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Mythological Inquiry into the Recondite Theology of the Heathens.* By Isaac Preston Cory, Esq. Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. 12mo. pp. 266. London, 1837. Pickering.

Is the long and hourly increasing interest excited throughout Europe by the doubtful obscurity of Egyptian relics, and the silence, or rather total absence, of all records of its earlier history, Mr. Cory has long been recognised as one of the least ostentatious and most useful of those who have turned their attention to this difficult question. Whilst travellers and antiquaries have devoted themselves to examining the existing monuments of the splendour of the Pharaohs, and a whole host of decipherers of every country and station have busied themselves no less ardently in exploring or surmising the silent tones of that language whose echoes have ceased for ages to vibrate on the ear; the writer before us had, even in early life, the sagacity to perceive that another path might also be taken towards the same object; and that, by collecting into one focus the lights of primeval annals, obscurely scattered and almost lost in the chaos of volumes and scholiasts, their concentrated rays might be thrown with effect on the interior gloom of that shrouded history, which seemed, like its own pyramids, mighty and objectless, defying the labours of man to penetrate or define, all but at one narrowest inlet. In his collection of Historical Fragments, Mr. Cory placed before the readers' view all that earliest contemporary writers had left upon the earliest questions which interest mankind; and, in so doing, he was careful to distinguish history from conjecture, and conjecture from theory. The preface to that volume contains the author's conjectural understanding of various passages, always concisely stated, so as to prevent confusing his reader. The body of the work contains the historical portion, which the reader came thus prepared to comprehend; and it was left to his own choice whether, subsequently, he would proceed with his able and candid guide to examine the sources of that mystical system where light was made subservient to darkness; confounding the clear and sacred impressions which the Creator had left in his intercourse with man, with the phantasies of erring imagination.

The same calm and acute spirit has prompted the volume before us. With all the knowledge we had been obtaining from modern sources, there did not exist any where, to the best of our knowledge, a general view of the different systems of religious belief and their original relation and connexion. That Mr. Cory's present work, therefore, contains, in its first portion, nothing new on these subjects, except the judgment that exhibits them most strongly, is an advantage, not a defect. A basis was wanting, and is now supplied, in a popular form and spirit. The essay is short; the facts are all given; the sentences are clear, and their connexion obvious; while the arrangement followed in so wide a survey assists the inquirer, and satisfies the mind that it has really

learned something by perusal—a rare praise in the annals of bibliography.

To sum up our panegyric we must observe, that the separation of the chronology from the mythological or religious portion deserves additional praise, as including also the separation of fact from hypothesis. This course of proceeding speaks well for the system of mental discipline pursued at our universities, since, however inconvenient to the *peripatetics* of modern education, there should be in every country some institutions at least capable of detecting the difference between right and wrong.

We must give some specimens of the work, and commence with the Mythological Inquiry: pointing as freely to doubtful issues as we have heretofore praised its merits:—

“Of the theological speculations, as well as of the literature of Greece, there were three perfectly distinct eras; but the light which, at these three eras, was spread over Greece, was not confined to that country.”

“The first authenticated era of Greek civilisation and celebrity commences with the colony of Danaus from Egypt; and the theology of that age was derived from Orpheus, the disciple of Mæneus. With the exception of the poems of Homer and Hesiod, little has survived to attest its literary greatness; yet there have been handed down to us some few theological and historical fragments of the deepest interest to the antiquary. The second, the classic age of Greece, after an interval of several centuries, is ushered in with the philosophical speculations of Thales and Pythagoras; and the writings of Herodotus take up the history of the world, where it was left by his contemporary Nehemiah, the last of the inspired historians.”

“With the promulgation of Christianity, commences another era; and whether we regard the Greeks, as a nation, embracing the doctrines of the Gospel, or opposing it by the systems of the later Platonists, it is an era in their literature, as well as in their theology, completely new. The light which broke forth with the promulgation of the Gospel was preceded in some degree by the publication of the Septuagint; and the attention of many a learned antiquary was turned to explore the history of their countries, and to develop the theological signification of the strange legends, which were still held sacred over so large a portion of the earth.”

The connecting links, Mr. Cory conceives, have been supplied by two recent discoveries; the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the system of the Indian Brahmins. We must, however, take leave to differ on this point, since these two links want obviously a third, or possibly more, for connexion with each other, if, indeed, they be connected.

A general view of the Triad principle of Deity is followed by a lucid exposition of that of the Brahmins (pp. 14 to 22), wherein the ignorance of these interlopers is sufficiently shewn. The Greek (Mr. Cory's particular forte) follows (pp. 22 to 32), and the Egyptian succeeds; the cosmogony of Sanchoniatho being included herein as “an Egyptian record from the books of Thoth.” We must confess we do not like this; for, in our opinion, the place and the

language signify little, if the record is so purely Phœnician as antiquity confesses it. The comparison of Greek, Indian, and Egyptian systems, gives room for the Syrian (pp. 58 to 61) and the Chaldean (61 to 64), of which so little is known. The Persian is limited, to a fault; and on this, and the Syrian, we conceive Mr. Cory need not have confined himself to the triflings of antiquity alone: but the error is easy of remedy in the next edition. As of Arabia, and its vaunted originality, nothing can be said, Mr. Cory has omitted the very mention of this branch; and the Chinese, German, Scandinavian, Lapponic, Druid, and Peruvian mythology, fill up the remainder. On the last of these we shall simply point out that Pachacamac, the soul of the world (but Acosta, in his etymologies, is not always to be relied on implicitly), is the exact sense of the Egyptian, or Syrian Bahumid. The idol also at Chucuisaca, called Tanga tanga, which Mr. Cory quotes from Herrera, “they said was three in one;” while it thus connects the Triad principle of the two worlds, connects also the Quinary principle, to which we alluded long since; as, in more than one Tatar dialect, it signifies Five, or the Union of Five Elements; the Angaha, or Essence, of ancient Persia; and the Tonga, or one all-perfect land, of portions of Tataria, and of the Friendly Islands also.

We must be permitted a moment's further digression to remark upon the coincidence of the South-Sea-Islands' sacred terms and those of Egypt and Judah. We do not insist that the ten tribes are to be found in America: we repudiate the idea altogether; and the arguments that tend to prove this, prove too much; but there must have been some singular connexion. This, the preservation and name of the ark, and its sacred purpose, common to Egypt and Israel, and the well-known *taboo*—Hebrew, *toebah*—to take but two instances, sufficiently prove. When will Egyptian antiquity reveal to us its power, or inability, to solve this singular problem, as well as those already waiting the discovery?

To return to Mr. Cory: it is no easy matter to do justice to the clear and simple exposition of the arguments deducible from his survey. The work, of course, is in every hand, and we need not, therefore, make the attempt; but pass on, remarking by the way, that, as we have formerly shewn, the phrase “the Spirit of God moved,” is not to be understood of locomotion, but taken in the sense of *aided* “upon the face of the waters.”

And now we come to the general result, derived by the author from his previous conclusions; namely, that the coincidence, on so many points, of a Triad principle, is an evidence that the Greek doctrine of the Trinity was known to the patriarchs. From this we must differ. Mr. Cory asks,

“How comes it that a doctrine so singular, and so utterly at variance with all the conceptions of uninstructed reason, as that of a Trinity in Unity, should have been, from the beginning, the fundamental religious tenet of every nation upon earth?”

There is no evidence, we would answer, that

• *Literary Gazette*, August 13, 1836.

it was known universally. Arabia (we take the volume before us) offers none; the north of Asia offers none, much as has been preserved of its former state. The proofs in Peru, we have hinted at as questionable: in Mexico, none exist—so far as we see: but, setting aside all else, how is it that the Jews, the sole records of the Deity's real system, retain no such evidence? No Warburton surely can arise to start a paradox on this as a Theocracy. If the patriarchs held the doctrine, whence the silence observed? and here Mr. Cory, so acute and logical every where else, must leave the non-appearing with the non-existing class. We agree that the Christian did not derive the doctrine from the heathen: but, whatever theories may exist as to the sources of the latter, there is no necessary connexion between the two: and all who have viewed the question in the same light as our author, appear, we must be excused for saying, to have overlooked the fact, that man was not more fit for comprehending, or even receiving, that great mystery, than for the proper understanding the phenomena of creation. The Mosaic institutions, too, were expressly to separate the Hebrews from all other people. The Trinity of Godhead would have been confounded with the Triads of Egypt and Persia. As the poetry of Germany unites the cultivated minds of the different states, so the religion of the Jews would thus have united them with the heathen, and on the highest point. As it was, they forsook their Visible Protector sufficiently often. But, if we come to the "fulness of time" for this revelation, when philosophy and religion had amply prepared men's minds for it, and when it was, in fact, but a part of the Messiah's coming, we shall see that the same argument satisfactorily applies to religions as to astronomical and physical phenomena; namely, that they were developed as required; and not unnecessarily left as a stumbling-block and source of folly to the Jew or the Greek.

We must object *in toto* to the system that alters the radical letters, because they resemble each other, without very good additional evidence. The very facility is the danger. Plutarch might, as Mr. Cory shews, affirm the identity of ChaRoPS with SeRaPiS (p. 97), and *seraph* might thus become *cherub*. But, if he, with all profane antiquity to support him, asserts this, we ask, whence their assertion, and what is their own authority? The answer is, The weight of Egyptian testimony. But, if the Jews preserved a distinction, it was because they were aware of the difference. The religion was theirs, and not Greek nor Egyptian. The value of the latter, therefore, opposed to Hebrew testimony is, we submit, of no weight whatever; especially as Plutarch, &c. lived so long after the memorials of Jewish rites and forms had had ample time for corruption amongst nations so different from theirs, and so ignorant of their creed. If we take, therefore, the Egyptian accounts (admitting these correctly stated), we shall have to make bold work of it in shape of alterations. But of this hereafter; for we must first conclude with Mr. Cory's mythological essay.

This eminent scholar has shewn no small felicity in pointing out the similarity between the histories of Zoroaster and Daniel; nor less judgment in throwing the remarks into a note where a weaker and visionary mind would have intruded them into the text, to build a fresh theory upon it. It is no small claim that the author has on our confidence, that he never abuses it; that no bias of his own ever induces him to mislead his reader, who, safe in the

hands of his sound and accurate guide, can explore the reservoirs of antiquity without fearing that the waters may be tainted in their channel. Every fact is stated, every authority previously weighed, and the results are placed before him in their clearest form. The vast page of classic antiquity has been read and sifted throughout; its testimony is collated, and we have no omissions to dread from ignorance or idleness. This is, surely, no moderate praise; but we trust yet to see the superstructure raised by the hands that have so carefully founded the basis. Mr. Cory is one of the few writers whose knowledge of Greece gives him the right to speak of Egypt. But with the second portion of his volume, the "Chronology," we must include a view of some recent works, in another Number.

*The Spas of Germany.* By the Author of "St. Petersburg." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

HAVING made an extensive tour of the principal Spas of Germany during last autumn, Dr. Granville has, in these volumes, given us a full description of them, of their medical properties, of the company assembled to try their efficacy, of the modes of travelling to and from them, of the cookery, of the charges, of the country, of the people, and, in short, of all the elements of a continental excursion through foreign lands, with notice more particularly directed to such resorts of health or pleasure. Thus, whilst endeavouring to furnish a useful guide for the invalid, the author has also done his best to render the work generally amusing; and sketches of manners, anecdotes of persons, characters, and incidents, tend to vary his pages in a light and agreeable fashion. That his subject is, as stated, "absolutely new," must be met in a restricted sense, though there is a good deal of novelty in his treatment of it. He separates the mineral springs into geographical groups; and, from personal inspection, makes us fully acquainted with thirty-six, or about a tithe,\* of the most celebrated in Baden, Wurtemberg, Bohemia, Bavaria, and Nassau. His outline may be gathered from the following:

"It is a geographical fact, but whether worth recording or not I leave to better physical geographers than I am to determine, that the three great groups of the Bohemian, Bavarian, and Nassau Spas are placed, as nearly as possible, on the same parallel, namely, about the 50th degree of latitude; with an intervening space of five degrees (from the 8° to the 13°) of longitude between the first and third group; the Bavarian group occupying the middle. If two parallel lines be drawn through the central part of Germany, between the two above-mentioned meridians, and of the length of three hundred and twenty English miles, east and west, the one line resting on the fiftieth parallel, and the other fifteen miles above it, the readers will find, at once, all the several spas I have included in the three last groups of my geographical arrangement, embracing the principal and most frequented mineral springs in Germany. They will also immediately remark, that each group is placed either among, or upon, or at the foot of, celebrated ranges of mountains, such as the Bohemian, and the Franconian, the Thuringian, and that of the Taunus. Lastly, they will find that, in point of elevation above the level of the sea, the spas at the extreme east of the line are the highest (being from 790 to 1200 feet high); next,

those of the centre (from 600 to 900 feet); lastly, those of the western extremity of the line (from 300 to 800 feet); the maximum difference being nearly 900 feet of altitude. A communication between the Bohemian and the Bavarian spas exists at the foot and to the south of the great mountain-range, which divides Saxony from Bavaria, through high roads and cross roads, many of which are only passable with a carriage during a short period of the year. The same remark, though not to the full extent, applies to the line of road which places the Bavarian and the Nassau spas in direct communication with each other."

The author sets these German spas far above any which are to be found in England; and seems to consider Wildbad, in Wurtemberg, as about the best, and Ems the worst and dearest of them. We will not trouble our readers with even a list of the names of the rest; but content ourselves with one or two examples of the least professional portions of the work. Here, for instance, is a bath, of which we never heard before:—

"In female patients, and such of the other sex as possess irritable nerves, or who cannot endure the action of exciting baths, or active medicines, the effects of the Liebenzell springs deserve more attention than they seem to have hitherto received. Dr. Plieninger, the gentleman whom I met at Wildbad, and who is a celebrated accoucheur in Stuttgart, assured me, that he found the Liebenzell-bad most strikingly beneficial in female complaints, and that the reputation they had enjoyed for many years, of removing the causes of sterility, was by no means undeserved. This is not improbable, in my opinion; for, when I look at the state of health of the individual patients who require that assistance, and who visit Liebenzell, or Kissengen (another mineral water par-taking of the same virtue, situated in Bavaria), I cannot but conclude, that the bath, by setting the health right first, causes the other morbid condition of the system, on which sterility depends, to cease, as a natural consequence. There is an old German ballad commemorative of the latter power of these wells, written in a vein of humorous irony, which, if it carry no weight as a medical authority, shews, at all events, how prevalent the credence in that power must at all times have been. An affectionate, right-minded, and simple-hearted couple, had sighed in vain, after a union of many years, for an heir and representative of their name. The husband, in particular, waxed angry at the disappointment—

'For if we childless die, you know  
(addressing his dame.)  
Our lands will to my cousin go,  
Whom (Lord forgive me!) I detest  
More than by words can be expressed.'

But, quoth he, in continuation, I remember one of my grandams saying, as how, in a case like yours, to Liebenzell she made a tour, where straight a cure was brought about—

'So to those baths let's take a trip,  
And both of us can have a dip;  
We shall have children by the dozen,  
Which will just vex that rogue my cousin.  
They went: propitious was the hour,  
And great the crystal water's power,' &c. &c.

The good couple returned, much pleased with their excursion, and the success which attended it."

Munich occupies about a hundred pages; at the close of which we read some remarks which well deserve the attention of our rulers—

"Nymphenburg again reminded me of the enormous and striking difference which exists between the provisions made in foreign countries, by their respective sovereigns, for the

\* The skeleton maps merely refer to above three hundred; but the properties of the thirty-six are well explained in a tabular form at the end of the work.



recreation, out of doors, of the industrious classes, and those made at home. There, a region of pure and legitimate pleasure and enjoyment, which, in England, would be guarded with a jealous eye, and encircled with a triple brass wall of exclusion, is thrown open freely and unreservedly, on every day in the week, Sunday not excepted, to all classes of people; and heartily do they enjoy the privilege. Its size—its lakes and canals—the fountains—the cascades—the monuments—the various buildings—the *serres*—the receptacles of living animals—the prairies—in all which the Bavarian park is superior to Versailles)—are an irresistible temptation to the industrious classes to extend their holiday walks thus far, and to prefer such enjoyments to that of besotting themselves with gin—had they even so alluring and fatal a poison at hand, with all the encouragement of low duty upon it from successive chancellors of the exchequer. And, surely, to a government that wishes well to the people, so easy a mode of winning them from a disorganising, denaturalising, and denationalising vice, ought to be adopted, cherished, and worked out with all the energies of sincere patriotism. An empty word, alas!

From Munich, the route to Salzburg, Gasteln, and Hallein, is very interesting. At the latter place, the author visited the salt mines; and we copy some of his remarks thereon, though we certainly differ from him on the first point, which is thus stated:

"As it was discovered, that where the wood was most exposed to the action of the salt-earth, it became harder and harder, and was scarcely ever after liable to decay, all those piles which, when fixed, are not necessarily in contact with the salt parts of the mountain, are previously soaked in brine. Now, here is a hint for a rival company to Kyan's monopoly, which I am convinced offers no greater security against the decay of wood than strong brine would. It will be found on trial that the bichloride of sodium in this respect is as efficacious as the bichloride of mercury employed by Kyan.

The doctor seems to have been a good deal frightened in his descent:—

"Litner (his guide, he tells us) here looked round, for the first time, since we had entered these singular regions; and pulling from my girdle the glove, bid me put it on my right hand, and follow his example. He grinned, at the same time, a smile of encouragement, probably because he saw on my pale face the momentary feeling of my heart. Litner next stretched himself upon the inclined plane, keeping his head somewhat erect, and touching with his body both wooden cylinders, across which his legs were thrown slanting. He held his light with the left, while within the palm of the right hand he grasped the tight rope, keeping the thumb free and aloof from it. There was a momentary pause on my part. Litner had not explained to me the object of this *montagne russe*, as I took it to be; nor where it would lead to; nor how deep it was. The mind of man can, by resolution, encounter the greatest danger without dismay, if it be but seen; against a threatening evil that is known, we can put on the armour of courage, and brave the worst; but to face an evil we know not of, is a task from which the stoutest often recoil. A thousand accidents might happen—giddiness might follow the rapid downward descent for which I was bidden to prepare—my hand might not stand the quick friction of the rope, or cramp might supervene to prevent its proper grasp. Still, others had gone

down before me; and the stern being, then lying at my feet, had done so a thousand times. The situation was one of my own seeking, and there was no receding without shame. I stooped, therefore, on the brink of the dark abyss, behind my guide, seated myself on the cylinders, and placed my feet against Litner's broad shoulders, while, with my hand, passed under the rope, I strove to gain some security by holding it tight. The moment Litner felt the weight of my person inclining against him, he suffered himself to slide downwards, followed by me; and down, down we glided at a giddy pace, my breathing held in suspense, so that the dead silence of the dark cavern into which we were thus plunging, resounded only with the wind-like hissing of the rope, as it passed rapidly over the rough glove on our hands, and with the distant murmuring and splashing of unseen and falling water. In one minute and a half, we were again on our feet at the end of this shaft, called *Freudenberge Rolle*, three hundred and fifty feet deep. We had now reached the fourth story of the mine, called the *Unter-steinberg*, where a passage, six hundred and fifty feet in length, leads to a second shaft, very appropriately called '*Jacob's Ladder*,' one hundred and eighty-nine feet deep, and placed at forty-six degrees of inclination. On the right and left of this passage the miners were seen, busy at their toilsome task, in parties of four, working with the regularity of soldiers. It is in the passage at the termination of this steep descent, that we find the most productive salt works. The name it bears is that of *Johann Jacobs*, and in length it measures one thousand two hundred fathoms. Its walls are strongly supported; but between the wooden piles, the stratification of the rock is easily distinguished, exhibiting veins of the flesh-coloured salt in slaty marl. Two other shafts at an angle of forty-three degrees, the *Königs Rolle*, and the *Konhauser Rolle*, are descended in the like manner, in order to view the *Rupert's Berg*, or the lowest stage but one of the mine. Here the visitor is shewn a spacious place like a room, cut out of the rock, called the '*Commissioner's Chamber*,' containing the Austrian arms, and the monument of *St. Rupert*. In a niche scooped out of the rock, specimens of the different strata which occur in the mine are exhibited, together with some Roman antiquities found here in 1825, the date of which has been determined by the royal warden of the Salines, who is a great antiquary, to be one hundred and eighty years before Christ. Hitherto fear had given way to admiration, and fatigue to the pleasure of witnessing these stupendous works of nature and man. But the greatest surprise was yet to come, and great it was indeed, when upon the throwing open of a door which seemed to bar the avenue we were then pursuing, I suddenly emerged from comparative darkness and a narrow pass, into a wide expanse, lighted up all round by hundreds of tapers. These, being reflected from the surface of a dark and still lake of liquid brine, which spreads widely below them, and from the low and extended ceiling above, which was sparkling with the deliquescent moisture of the salt rock, seemed at first to be of ten times their real number. The sudden appearance, too, of several of the miners in their bizarre costume, whispering in low murmurs to each other; some on the brink of this dismal lake, looking on; while others were pushing a flat bark on its liquid surface to the spot on which I stood, inviting me at the same time, and by mute signs only, to embark on it, added to my

first surprise the more intense feeling of interest. At the first glance, one might have fancied himself in a very large square at night surrounded by an illuminated town; and the veins of salt rock, which were of red, green, yellow, white, and blue tints, mixed with crystals of selenite, sparkled and shone like precious stones. Notwithstanding this adventurous splendour around the dark lake, the whole scene forcibly brought to mind many passages of the '*Inferno*,' *nella divina commedia*.

'L'acqua era bigia molto più, che perra.'

'Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave,  
Un vecchio, bianco per antico pelo,'

who seemed to view me askant, and say:

'Non isperate mai veder lo Cielo:  
I veggio per menarvi a l'altra riva  
Nelle tenebre eterne in caldo e'n gelo.'

The only way out of this dreary abode, however, was by crossing the lake."

All dangers escaped, however, they, at length, safely revisited the glimpses of the sun.

Having said so much of the mines of Salzburg, we ought to quote the author's opinion upon the chief philosophical question, which his tour may be said to illustrate. He says:—

"The question of thermality, in mineral springs, is involved in mystery. That the heat developed in those springs is of volcanic origin, there is every probability. To say that such cannot be the case, because in the instance of some of the mineral springs, as at Gasteln, for example, there are no vestiges of volcanic crust in the neighbouring formations, is only to say that the foyer of a volcano may exist in the bowels of the earth, without being suspected from outward signs. If it exist, however, and the heat of the thermal mineral waters be borrowed thence, might we not suppose that heat, so produced, is different from common heat, in its physiological effects on the human constitution, although our thermometers may rise or fall alike, when exposed to either? I attach no importance to such a conjecture, or its originality; but I think the present the best opportunity of recording it, once for all, as I shall have, in the course of the present work, to speak of other warm springs, and I wish not to return to the consideration of the abstract subject of their thermality. Look at electricity and magnetism: what happens with them? does not either of those principles, fluids, or whatever they may be, measure, at times, an equal degree of quantity, with a very different state of intensity? and do they not, consequently, produce very distinct phenomena in each case? Then, why not view heat in the like manner?"

We will not offer any remarks on this theory, but quote one of the highest authorities on the subject. Dr. Daubeny says—

"Most thermal springs are of volcanic origin; and many cold petrifying springs, he contended, derive the carbonic acid to which they owe that property from the same source, as is shewn by their position in what are called valleys of elevation. Where volcanoes cannot be traced in their vicinity, there are almost invariably the appearances of former earthquakes. Of volcanoes themselves, the lecturer stated that no fewer than 163 existed in an active form in different parts of the world; twelve in Europe, thirty-two in Asia, six in Africa, sixty-one in America, and fifty-two in Polynesia. Extinct volcanoes are even more numerous. Volcanoes usually do not lie isolated, but extend along particular lines of country, as is exemplified in the Grecian Archipelago, in Mexico, and in the Indian Ocean. They are, in the great

majority of cases, near the sea; and when distant, they seem to be connected with others which lie contiguous to some great mass of water. Reviewing the various phenomena he had explained, the learned professor held it to be nowise improbable that a slow volcanic action may be going on for an indefinite period of time, without producing either eruptions or earthquakes, especially if a vent be established whereby the imprisoned gas may make its escape. It is even possible to explain the regular and long-continued evolution of gas from the earth, without imagining the volcanic operations to be proceeding at present; for if we suppose a large mass of rock underneath Bath to have been intensely heated at some distant period, and to contain in its centre a cavity filled with nitrogen gas, the outer portions cooling first would, by their contraction, expel from the cavity a portion of its included gas; and this would go on until the walls themselves of the cavity, and, consequently, the gas itself, began to cool.

These are grave subjects for discussion, and we leave them to the Doctor. The following are more entertaining:—

"A new hypothesis to explain the effect of Gastein on diseases, has been started lately by Dr. Hoffrichler, and has met with no favour from his countrymen; but I confess I do not think it so laughable as they have considered it. That physician says—Gastein, a poverty-stricken Nalad, effects cures which would be impossible for her, did she not act in connexion with the air. She has built her temple nearly three thousand feet above the surface of the sea. Must not the air of this place press the body of a patient, who has lived in a place, for instance, only 435 feet above the sea—3060 pounds lighter than before? Is this nothing? Or is it an indifferent circumstance? It must occasion important changes in the organism of that body. If the patient also bathes, at a depth of two feet, the pressure is 3100 pounds; and if at the depth of three feet, then it will be 3150 pounds, lighter than before. If this change of pressure be repeated for weeks together, once or twice a day, is it wonderful that the most obstinate obstructions of the belly should be removed, that the pores of the skin should be opened, and that the intestines should be stimulated to new life? These effects are improperly ascribed to the tasteless waters of Gastein alone."

At Carlsbad, "The manner of remunerating the medical attendants is not regulated by the number of visits or by bills, but is left to the inclination, feeling, and means of the patient. The amount is either forwarded or given at the conclusion of the cure, just as the patient is about to leave Carlsbad. The invalids do not expect to be visited daily, but only as necessity requires. Each physician is certain to see all his patients at the wells, and there the inquiries and consultations often take place, which suffice for the occasion. In this manner only those physicians who have a large number of patients to attend to (like Heidler at Marienbad, for example, who sees 300 patients every morning), can accomplish that object. I could not help expressing to the latter, as well as to De Carro, at Carlsbad, the pleasure it gave me to witness the simple, quiet, and *cane-à-cane* manner in which this daily intercourse between patient and physician took place at their respective Spas. How different from the stiff, starched, and aristocratic style of the medical visits in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor and Belgrave Squares! The mode of remuneration just alluded to cuts both ways, to use a common ex-

pression, as the following anecdote will prove. The Lord Chief Justice J——, from the 'sister island,' was among the *kurgäste* of Carlsbad of 1833, and attended by my friend, De Carro, whom he addressed, at the end of the season, in English, with all the gravity of a judge, thus: 'Doctor! as to my feelings of gratitude for your successful aid, they are written in my heart, and I need not repeat them. Of what concerns pecuniary matters, I am, I confess, in the deepest ignorance; but if, in the sum which I beg you, herewith, to accept (putting fifty ducats into De Carro's hand), I have committed any mistake, I pray you not to hesitate a moment to enable me to rectify it.' 'My lord!' said as gravely the doctor, 'your lordship's ignorance is to me more precious than the full knowledge which many of the visitors at these springs possess, and I am thankful for it.' Upon which the gravity of the judge relaxed, and off went my lord in an *état de rive*."

We may just notice that there are frequent examples of foreign idiom in the style; and we opine a few instances of personal remark, hardly worth the writer's while, such as his ludicrous portrait of poor John Frost, and his promenade with the Guiccioli at Baden.

A dreadful family misfortune, however, which befel Dr. Granville, during his absence, the accidental death of his eldest son, is touchingly mentioned. It was a heavy blow to an affectionate father's heart, and would turn us from the precision of criticism, were we otherwise so disposed, or had occasion to be dissatisfied with the work. We have not; and therefore recommend it, with its numerous embellishments, to the attention of our tens of thousands of tourists, who, about this season of the year, rush from England, as if it were overspread with plague and pestilence.

*The Token and Atlantic Souvenir.* Edited by S. G. Goodrich. 12mo. pp. 348. Boston, 1837. Bowen.

THIS is the tenth volume of a miscellany which has done the lighter American literature infinite credit. Nice taste and nice feeling have been its characteristics from the first; and there have been many productions far above the average order of annuals. "The Tiara," "The Man of Adamant," and "The Old Farm-House," whether for the truth they develop, or the spirit with which they are told, deserve very high praise. "Full Thirty," and "All is not Gold that Glitters," are, also, exceedingly well-told stories; and our English readers may be glad to become familiar with the names of Mrs. Sigourney, and Misses Leslie and Sedgewick. We give part of a very amusing dialogue between a young man returning to a farm house, where he had passed part of his childhood, and an old negro, a former attendant.

"Lindsay turned to the spot 'where once the garden smiled,' and found it a wilderness of tall and tangled weeds, interspersed with three or four degenerate hollyhocks, and a few other flowers that had sowed themselves, and dwindled into insignificance. And in the division appropriated to culinary purposes, were some straggling vegetables, that had returned to a state worse than indigenous—with half-a-dozen rambling bushes that had long since ceased to bear fruit. Lindsay had gazed on the gigantic remains of the Roman Coliseum, on 'the castled crag of Drachenfels,' and on the ivy-mantled arches of Tintern, but they awakened no sensation that could compare with the melancholy feeling that oppressed

him as he explored the humble ruins of this simple farm-house, where every association came home to his heart, reminding him not of what he had read, but of what he had seen, and known, and felt, and enjoyed. As he stood with folded arms contemplating the images of desolation before him, his attention was diverted by the sound of footsteps, and, on looking round, he perceived an old negro coming down the road, with a basket in one hand, and in the other a jug, corked with a corn-cob. The negro pulled off his battered wool-hat, and, making a bow and a scrape, said, 'Savvan, masser'—and Lindsay, on returning his bow, recognised the unusual breadth of nose and width of mouth that had distinguished a free black, well known in the neighbourhood by the name of Pharaoh, and in whom the lapse of time had made no other alteration than that of bleaching his wool, which was now quite white. 'Why, Pharaoh, my old fellow!' exclaimed Lindsay, 'is this really yourself?' 'Can't say, masser,' replied Pharaoh. 'All people's much the same—best not be too personal—but I b'lieve I'm he.' 'Have you no recollection of Edward Lindsay,' inquired our hero. 'Lawful heart, masser!' exclaimed the negro; 'I do b'lieve you're little Neddy, what used to come from town, and stay at old Abraham Hilliard's of summers, and what still kept visitin' there, by times, till you goed over sea.' 'I am that identical Neddy,' replied Lindsay, holding out his hand to the old negro, who evinced his delight by a series of loud laughs. 'Yes, yes,' pursued Pharaoh, 'now I look sharper at you, masser, I see plain you're 'xactly he. You've jist a same nose, and a same eyes, and a same mouth, what you had when you tumbled down the well, and fall'd out of the chestnut-tree, and when you was peck'd hard by the big turkey-cock, and bit by the old ram.' 'Truly,' said Lindsay, 'you seem to have forgotten none of my juvenile disasters.' 'To be sure not,' replied Pharaoh, 'I 'member every one of them, and a heap more, only I don't want to be personal.' 'And now,' said Lindsay, 'as we have so successfully identified each other, let me know, at once, what has happened to my good friends, the Hilliards, who, I thought, were fixed here for life. Why do I see their house a heap of ruins? Have the family been reduced to poverty?' 'Lawful heart, no,' exclaimed the negro; 'masser Neddy been away so long in foreign parts, he forget how, when people here in 'Merica give up their old houses, it's a'most always acause they've got new ones. Now, old Abraham Hilliard he get richer and richer every minute—though I guess he was pretty rich when you know'd him, only he never let on. And so he build him fine stone house beyont his piece of oak-woods, and there he live this blessed day. And we goes there quite another road. And so he gave this old frame to old Pharaoh; and so I had the whole house carted off, all that was good of it, and put it up on the road-side, just beyont here, in place of my old tumble-down cabin, what I used to live in; that I've altered into a pig-pen. So now me and Binkey am quite comfabbul.' 'Shew me the way,' said Lindsay, 'to the new residence of Mr. Hilliard. I have come from Philadelphia on purpose to visit the family.' 'Bless your heart, masser, for that,' said the old negro, as he held the stirrup for Lindsay to mount; and, walking by his side, he proceeded, with the usual garrulity of the African race, to relate many particulars of the Hilliards and their transit. 'Of course, masser Neddy,' said Pharaoh, 'you 'member old Abraham's

two boys, Isaac and Jacob, what you used to play with. You know Isaac mostly whipped you when you fought with him. Well, when they grew up, they thought they'd help'd their father long enough; and as they wanted right bad to go west, the old man gave 'em money to buy back land. So each took him horse—Isaac took Mike, and Jacob took Morgan, and they started west, and went to a place away back—away back—seven hundred thousand miles beyond Pitchburg. And they're like to get mighty rich; and word's come as Jacob's neighbors is going to set him up for congress; and I shouldn't be the least 'prized if he's presidump. You 'member, masser Neddy, Jacob was always the tongueiest of the two boys.' 'And where are Mr. Hilliard's daughters?' asked Lindsay. 'Oh, as to the two oldest,' replied Pharaoh, 'Kitty married Billy Pleasants, as keeps the store over at Candyville; and Betsy made a great match with a man what has a terrible big farm over on Siskahanna. And old Abraham, after he got into him new house, sent him two youngest to the new school up at Wonderville, where they teaches the gals all sorts of wit and learning.' 'And how are your own wife and children, Pharaoh,' inquired Lindsay; 'I remember them very well.' 'Bless your heart for that, masser,' replied the negro; 'why Rose is hired at Abraham Hilliard's—you know they brungt her up. And Cato lives out in Philadelphia—I wonders masser did not see him. And as for old Binkey, she holds her own pretty well. You know, masser, Binkey was always a great hand at quiltings, and weddings, and buryings, and such-like frolics, and used to be sent for high and low to help cook at them times. But now she's a-getting old,—being most a thousand,—and so she stays at home, and makes rusk, and gingerbread, and molasses beer. This is molasses I have in the jammy-john; I've jist come from the store. So she sells cakes and beer; that's the reason we lives on the road-side, and I works about. We used to have a sign that Sammy Spokes the wheelwright painted for us, for he was then the only man in these parts that had paints. There was two ginger-cakes on it, and one rusk, and a coal-black bottle, with the beer spouting up high, and falling into a tumbler, without ever spilling a drop. We were desperate pleased with the sign, for folks said it looked so nateral, and Sammy Spokes made us a present of it, and would not take it out in cakes and beer as we wanted him, and that shewed him to be very much of a gemplan.' 'As no doubt he is,' remarked Lindsay; 'I find, since my return to America, that gentlemen are 'as plenty as blackberries.' 'You say very true, masser,' rejoined the negro; 'we are all gemplans now-a-days, and has plenty of blackberries. Well, as I was saying, we liked the sign a heap. But after Nelly Hilliard as was—we calls her Miss Ellen now—quit Wonderville school, where she learnt every thing on the face of the yearth, she thought she would persecute painting at home, for she had a turn that way, and wanted to keep her hand in. So she set to, and painted a new sign, and took it all out of her own head; and gave it to old Binkey, and explained it to us. There's a thing on it that Miss Ellen calls a urn, or a vase; that stands for beer: and then there's a sugar cane growing out of it; that stands for molasses: and then there's a thick string of green leaves with roots twisted amongst 'em; that answers for ginger: for she told us that ginger grows like any other widgable, and has stalks and leaves, but the root is what we uses. Yet, somehow, folks doesn't seem to understand

this sign as well as the old one. A great many thinks the vase be an old sugar-dish, with a bit of a corn-stalk sticking out of it, and some pasley and hoss-reddish plastered on the outside, and say they should never guess cakes and beer by it.' 'I should suppose not,' said Lindsay. 'But, Masser Neddy,' pursued the old negro, 'all this time we have been calling Abraham Hilliard, Abraham, instead of saying aquire. Only think of old Abraham; he been made a aquire this good while, and marries people. After he move into him new house, he begun to get high, and took to putting on a clean shirt, and shaving every day, which Rose says was a pretty tough job with him at first; but he parsewered. And he's apt to have fresh meat whenever it's to be got, and he won't eat stale pies; and so they have to do small bakings every day, instead of big ones twice a-week. And sometimes he even go so far as to have geese took out of the flock, and killed and roasted, instead of saving 'em all for feathers. And he says, that now he's clear of the world, he will live as he likes, and have every thing he wants, and be quite comfabull. And he made his old woman leave off wearing short gowns, and put on long gowns all the time, and quit calling him daddy, which Rose says went very hard with her for a while. The girls being young, were broke of it easy enough, and now they says pappy.' 'Pahaw!' ejaculated Lindsay, whose regret at the general change which seemed to have come over the Hilliard family, now amounted nearly to vexation. 'Now, Masser Neddy,' continued Pharaoh, 'we've got to the new house—there it stands, right afore you. An't you 'prised at it? I always am, whenever I sees it. So please a jump off, and I'll take your hoss to the stable, and put him up, and tell the people at the barn that Masser Neddy's come; and you can go into the house and speak for you 'mself.' Lindsay, at parting, put a dollar into the hand of the old negro. 'What for this, Masser Neddy?' asked Pharaoh, trying to look very disinterested. 'Do whatever you please with it,' answered Lindsay. 'Well, masser,' replied the negro, 'I never likes to hurt a gemplan's feelings by 'fusing him. So I'll keep it, just to 'blige you. But I 'spect, to be sure, Masser Neddy'll step in some day at neger-man's cabin, and see old Binkey, and take part of him dollar out in cakes and beer. I'll let masser know when Binkey has a fresh baking.' Pharaoh then led off the horse, and Lindsay stood for a few moments to take a survey of the new residence of his old friends. It was a broad, substantial, two-story stone house. There was a front garden, where large snow-ball trees

'Threw up their silver globes, light as the foamy surf';

and where the conical clusters of the lilac, and the little May roses, were bursting into fragrance and beauty, and uniting their odours with those of the tall white lily, and the lowly, but delicious pink. Behind the house ascended a woodland hill, whose trees, at this season, exhibited every shade of green, in tints as various as the diversified browns of autumn. Lindsay found the front door unfastened, and, opening it without ceremony, he entered a wide hall, furnished with a long settee, a large table, a hat stand, a hanging lamp, a map of the United States, and one of the world. There was a large parlour on each side of the hall; and Lindsay looked into both, the doors being open. One was carpeted, and seemed to be fitted up for winter; the other had a matted floor, and was evidently the summer sitting-room. The furniture in both, though by no

means showy, was excellent of its kind, and extremely neat; and, in its form and arrangement, convenience seemed to be the chief consideration. Lindsay thought he had never seen more pleasant-looking rooms. In the carpeted parlour, on the hearth of a Franklin stove, sat a blue china jar, filled with magnolia flowers, whose spicy perfume was tempered by the outer air that came through the Venetian shutters, which were lowered to exclude the sun-beams. One recess was occupied by a mahogany bookcase; and there was a sideboard in the other. The chimney-piece of the summer parlour was concealed by a drapery of ingeniously cut paper; and the various and beautiful flowers that adorned the mantelpiece, had evidently been cultivated with care. Shelves of books hung in the recesses; and in both rooms were sofas and rocking chairs. 'Is it possible,' thought Lindsay, 'that this can be the habitation of Abraham Hilliard?'

There is some graceful poetry; and the frontispiece—a waterfall, with its attendant rainbows—is a very sweet and clear engraving.

*Don Quixote de la Mancha.* Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. By Charles Jarvis, Esq. Part I. pp. 48. London, 1837. Dubochet and Co.

THIS commences a fine edition of *Don Quixote*. A work so long celebrated in all modern languages, deserved to be brought out in a superior style here. The admired embellishments of the Paris editions (eight hundred in number) are transferred to the English version of the noble romance of Cervantes, and, on this occasion, the Willoughby press has well sustained the high claims put forth to our applause in "Gil Blas," which we lately noticed in terms of just panegyric. The cuts are carefully worked off; and the text, for accuracy and beauty, cannot be surpassed.

But one of the greatest recommendations of this splendid work we hold to be the copious history of Cervantes, which it is proposed to supply, and of which a part is given in the present number. The events of his life, it is well said, were so varied in their character, and so striking, that it would be difficult to account for their being passed over by former editors, were the difficulty of collecting facts relating to an author who lived three centuries ago not borne in mind. In the present case, that is, in the case of the French edition, from which the memoir is taken, though by no means literally, we are told, that

"A happy coincidence gave M. Viardot opportunities of prosecuting such an inquiry which were denied to his predecessors. Not only had he facilities for studying Spanish manners, in all the several grades which society can furnish, but, favoured by the highest political, as well as the highest literary authorities in the country, he was enabled to make an extended and successful search for documents, facts, and traditions; and the result is a most gratifying picture, in detail, of the author of *Don Quixote*."

In the commentary which follows, supplied by the English editor, we cordially join.

"He has rendered a worthy service to letters and to humanity, for the character of Cervantes well deserves to be known. Like our own Raleigh, it was his fate to shine in strangely dissimilar situations. His was a life of awful vicissitude. But a noble and generous spirit made him great in all—whether we look at him on the day of battle, in the gloom of a Moorish dungeon, or contending with the consuming

cares of ordinary life—we must admire the warrior, the captive, and the man."

And that he does barely justice to his subject, the following deeply interesting extract, connected with the series of bold attempts made by Cervantes to escape from slavery in Algiers, will amply prove:—

"Three miles from Algiers, on the eastern side of the town, there was a garden and summer-house belonging to Kaïd Hassan, a renegade Greek. One of his slaves, named Juan, a Spaniard, native of Navarre, had secretly dug in this garden, which he was employed to cultivate, a sort of cave, or subterranean apartment. Thither, in obedience to directions given by Cervantes, from the end of February 1577, the captive Christians successively repaired, as opportunity offered, and made it their residence. Their number, when Rodrigo left for Spain, already amounted to fourteen or fifteen. Cervantes then, without quitting his master, governed this little subterranean republic, providing for the wants and the safety of its members. This fact, which proves the great resources of his mind, might be somewhat doubted if it were not proved by a multitude of testimonies and documents. He had, for his principal assistants in this enterprise, Juan, the Navarrese above mentioned, who kept the wicket, and would not suffer any one to approach Hassan's garden; and, afterwards, another slave, called El Dorador (the Gilder), who, when very young, had forsaken his religion, and who had recently again become a Christian. The latter was charged with the task of carrying food to the cavern, which no one was allowed to leave but in the darkness of night. When Cervantes thought the arrival of the frigate might be expected, which his brother had undertaken to get sent, he made his escape from the house of Dali-Mami, and, on the 20th of September, after taking leave of his friend, the Doctor Antonio de Sosa, who was too ill to accompany or follow him, he proceeded to take up his abode in the subterranean retreat. His calculation was correct. In the interval which had passed, a ship was fitted out from Valencia or Majorca, under the command of an officer named Viana, who had but lately been ransomed; a man, active, brave, and well acquainted with the coast of Barbary. The frigate arrived within sight of Algiers on the 28th of September; and, after keeping the high sea all day, she approached at night the spot agreed upon, near the garden, to communicate with the captives, whence they might be embarked in a few moments. Unfortunately some fishermen, who had not yet left their vessel, perceived, notwithstanding the gloom of night, the Christian frigate. They gave the alarm, collected a force to act against it, and Viana was obliged to retire to the open sea. He subsequently attempted to approach the shore a second time, but his attempt had a disastrous issue. The Moors were on their guard; they surprised the frigate where it was intended to effect a landing, made prisoners of all on board, and thus defeated the projected escape. Up to that period, Cervantes and his companions had patiently endured, in the hope of regaining their liberty, all the privations, annoyances, and even the sickness, which had been created among them by a long residence in their humid and gloomy cave. But that hope now failed them. The morning after the capture of the frigate, the Gilder, the renegade, who had been reconciled to the church, and in whom Cervantes had reposed the utmost confidence, abjured it again, and hastened to make known to the Dey of Algiers, Hassan-Aga, the

retreat of the captives whom Viana had purposed to carry off. The dey, delighted with such intelligence, which enabled him, according to the custom of that country, to appropriate all those Christians, as lost slaves, to himself, sent the commandant of his guards, with thirty Turkish soldiers, to arrest the fugitives, and the gardener who concealed them. The soldiers, conducted by the treacherous informer, made their appearance unexpectedly, sword in hand, in the cavern. While they were securing the astonished Christians, Cervantes raised his voice, and, with a noble firmness, declared that 'none of his companions were at all to blame; that he alone had induced them to fly, had concealed them; and that, as he alone was the author of the plot, he alone ought to suffer for it.' Astonished at conduct so generous, which went to draw down on the head of Cervantes all the wrath of Hassan-Aga, the Turks sent a messenger to their master, to make him acquainted with what had occurred. The dey ordered that the captives should be conducted to a building reserved for his slaves, and that their chief should be immediately brought before him: Cervantes, loaded with chains, was conducted from the cavern, on foot, to the palace of Hassan, amidst the angry hootings of the excited populace. The dey interrogated him many times, and employed alternately the most flattering promises and the most terrible threats, to induce him to betray his accomplices. Cervantes, deaf to all he could urge, inaccessible to fear, persisted in accusing himself alone. The dey, tired of attempting to shake his resolution, and, doubtless, in some degree touched by his magnanimity, contented himself with ordering him to be chained in his slave-house, or prison. Kaïd Hassan, from the garden in which the fugitives had been taken, ran to the dey to demand that severe punishment should be awarded to all the captives; and, beginning with his slave Juan, the gardener, he hanged him with his own hands. The same fate would undoubtedly have been shared by Cervantes and his companions, had not the avarice of the dey abated in some measure his natural cruelty. But the greater part of the prisoners were claimed by their former masters, and Cervantes himself was again placed in the power of Dali-Mami. Whether he had given the dey some offence, or whether the latter thought this particular captive would be likely to be ransomed at a high price, is not known; but he (the dey) purchased him shortly afterwards, paying for him five hundred crowns. Hassan-Aga, who was of Venetian origin, and whose real name was Andreta, was one of the most ferocious wretches who had given Barbary an infamous celebrity by their monstrous crimes. What P. Haedo recounts of the atrocities committed during his government, surpasses all belief, and makes the reader shudder with horror. He was not less terrible to his Christian slaves, of whom the number amounted to nearly two thousand, than he was to his Mussulman subjects. On this subject Cervantes says, in his 'Captive Captain,' 'Nothing caused us so much torment as the witnessing of the stupid cruelties which my master perpetrated on the Christians. Every day he ordered one to be hanged. One he impaled; he cut the ears off another, and that for nothing at all, or for offences so trifling, that the Turks themselves acknowledged that he committed crime merely for the pleasure of being criminal, and because his natural instinct led him to act the part of butcher to the human race.'"

*The Chronicles of Rabbi Joseph Ben Joshua Ben Meir, the Sphardi. Translated from the Hebrew. By C. H. F. Bialloblotzky. Vol. II. London, 1836. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. Valpy.*

In this second volume, the learned Rabbi brings down his Chronicles to the year 1553. It is very curious and interesting from the strangely sounding scriptural phraseology in which we read accounts of well-known modern events. We select his detail of the capture of Francis I. at the battle of Pavia:—

"And when the Marquess Pescara, the chief of the emperor's host, saw the people that were naked, he went to the Duke of Bourbon, saying, 'The children are come to the birth, but there is no strength to bring forth. And now speak, I pray thee, kindly to the people which follow thee. And I shall do so also, and we will war against these Frenchmen, and our fame will spread over all the earth; for the day which we desired, we have found and have seen;' and they did so, and they put the battle in array there, and the marquess passed over before them, and he warred against those nations, and they fell slain to the ground before him. And also the Marquess del Vasto filled his hand, and they were counted by him as vain and as nothing, and they slew among them a great slaughter. And when the Swiss saw that the evil was determined against them, they turned their backs, and fled before them. And the Italians and Germans were left to their destruction, and fell slain to the ground. Then did the horse-hoofs stamp, when the horsemen also put the battle in array, and the earth shook at their voice. And the chief captains of the imperial hosts placed five hundred footmen bearing guns, in the midst of the cavalry with subtlety. And it came to pass, as they were fighting, that they suddenly fired their guns on the cavalry of the French, and many of them fell; and the rest fled for their lives, for they feared lest the evil should overtake them; and the viceroy of the emperor and the Duke of Bourbon also filled their hands at that time. And the king also, as well as his nobles, fought on that day, and all his mighty men fell before his face slain to the ground: and the king ran with his sword drawn in his hand, and slew the chief of the Germans, and he fell slain to the ground; also the Marquess Pescara was wounded in his face, his belly, and his thigh; for all this his anger was not turned away, and he spake kindly to his men, and they again put the battle in array and the French were smitten before them, and fled; and they slew the horse of King Francis, who fell to the ground, and they took him, and he was delivered into the hand of the viceroy of the emperor at that time. And also the king of Navarre, and many nobles and honourable men who were with them, were taken in that battle. And many were slain by the edge of the sword; and they were like dung upon the face of the field, and like the corn after the reaper, which none gathereth. And it came to pass, as they were fighting, that the Duke of Alençon saw their distress, and went out from the camp and four hundred horsemen with him. So they fled, and went on their journey to France. And the hosts of the emperor came into the camp of the king upon the slain, and took great spoil, and came to the city with gladness. And the city of Pavia rejoiced and was glad.

The assault and sacking of Rome is thus related:—

"And it came to pass on the first day of Pentecost, in the year two hundred and eighty-

seven of the small number, which is the sixth day of the month of May in the year one thousand five hundred and twenty-seven, that Bourbon approached the city, clothed in a scaly coat of mail, to view the walls; and the artillery-men shot, and wounded him in his side, and he fell to the ground. And he commanded his servants, saying, 'Take me away out of the road, and throw a garment over me, lest the courage of those who come to me be softened, so that they stop.' And his servants did to him according as he had commanded them; and he died. And when he was taken out of the road, all the people of the host passed and approached the city, and warred against it with a mighty hand; and it was dark, cloudy, and misty, at that time; and they who were in the midst of it warred, and filled their hand, and the earth shook at the noise of the canuons. And the commandments of the emperor's hosts shouted aloud and spake kindly to the men of war; and they warred round about the city, and the groanings of the sons of death were heard from afar, and much people died at that time. And they blew with trumpets and tabrets; and the earth was rent at their noise. And they cast down the walls; and the Germans came into the city. And many princes and honourable men of the land fell at that time; and the Spaniards came, and shouted out with a loud voice, 'Sword! sword!' And the Romans fled before them, and fell in the streets, and they trampled upon them with horses so that they died. And they raised the draw-bridges of the fortress at that time, and much people died there. And men exercised in war gathered themselves in Ponte Sisto to watch, lest the Spaniards should pass. And there were about two hundred men riding on horses. And they slew many of the Spaniards, and many fell slain to the ground, and the city became desolate; and Monte Giordano, and part of Monte Fiore they set on fire, and the city of Rome was in consternation. And there fled the two cardinals, Rienzo Orsino and Horazio, into the fortress; and Clement set Rienzo at the head of the people, and they set a watch round about. And Rome was given up to be plundered; and the houses were pillaged, and the women were lain with, and the city went into captivity, and most of the priests were cut off from the city. And the nuns they ravished, and squeezed the breasts of their virginity, and plundered their whole property. And they gave up the chief castle which belonged to the pope; and all the high places of the saints they gave up to be spoiled, and they brought out of them vessels of silver and vessels of gold, and graven images, and molten images in abundance. And the bones of the saints they threw into the mire of the streets. And they mocked the cardinals and the priests, and put on their clothes and walked in the streets of the town to blaspheme and to revile: for their way was as the uncleanness of an impure woman in the eyes of these German Lutherans; and Rome became very poor. And also the Jews who were there, were given up to be spoiled, and of them also some fell in that slaughter; and their cry went up towards heaven. And when Clement saw that he had no deliverer, he desired to speak to the viceroy of the emperor, and he came into the city. And every man swore not to hurt his neighbour in those days. And the Spaniards would not let the viceroy go, and Cattinara spake with him, and demanded of him five hundred thousand scudi, and all the priests and all the soldiers which were with him there. And Clement said, 'I will speak in their ears, and return;' so he went away from him. And

he spake in the ears of those men, and they said, 'We will die this time, and in the hand of these proud ones we will not fall.'"

The massacre of Modon:—

"In that year came, 1530, a Turk, a man of Belial, and spake to the heart of the grand-master of Rhodes, and to his brother, saying, 'Arise, let us go unto Modon, and let us make a breach for us therein, for the land is very good. And ye are quiet; be not idle to go, and I will give the tower into your hand; and as ye come ye will come to a quiet and secure people, and these, God has given unto you; why do ye tarry.' And it came to pass, one day, that they hearkened unto the voice of that man, and sent thither a ship bearing wine; and in the lowest part of the ship about eighty men. And the ship came securely into the haven of Modon, and six galleys which they had came after her; no man knew of their coming. And there went upon the first vessel some of the Turks, of the watchers of the city, and they asked at random, for they prophesied and then ceased, 'Are there here any Nazarene dogs?' And they said, 'No; we are true men; the ship bears wine, as much as she can carry; behold, and see.' And they gave them to eat and to drink, as much as their soul desired, until their hearts were merry with wine; and they became drunken with them at that time. The wine was yet in their throat; and the man who spake to them, slew the post-captain of the Turks, who was on the citadel. And he gave the signal, and the men who were in the ship went out swifter than the leopards, and stronger than the lions. And they slew the watchers of the gate with the edge of the sword, and they came into the city of Modon upon that quiet and secure people, according as he had told them. And they slew all whom they met in the markets and in the streets with the edge of the sword; and their wives and their children, and all their property they plundered, and there was none to deliver from their hands, for they were terrified before them. And when the thick smoke ascended from the houses which they burned with fire, the galleys came, even those which were at a distance of ten miles, as an eagle flieth. And they came against the city with two hundred men, and filled also their hands with their swords devouring flesh, and their arrows were drunken with blood; and they stretched their hand unto the spoil. And many of the inhabitants of the city fled at their voices, and were put to flight by the sword, and stayed not; for they knew not whence this great evil came unto them. And many gathered themselves into the palace which was in the midst of the city, whose doors were of brass; and they fortified themselves there, and their lives were unto them a spoil. And it came to pass, at eventide, that two thousand Turks, riding on horses, gathered themselves, and came also into the city with anger, and with wrath, and with a great noise; and the earth was rent at their voice. And the uncircumcised fled before them, and they gathered themselves unto the ships with the spoil and the plunder; there were not missed of them more than twenty-five men. And the captives, whom the ships could not carry, they slew with the edge of the sword. And they returned unto Malta, which the emperor gave them to dwell in [25] after their expulsion from Rhodes, to abide there. And the wrath of Solyman was greatly kindled against them, and against those who joined them. And of the children of Israel, there was not taken even one, for, when they heard their voice, they fled unto the mountain; and their lives were unto them a prey. Only their riches

and all their property the men of Modon plundered, for they were oppressors unto them."

Catharine of Arragon and Anna Boleyn:—

"And Henry, the king of England, divorced his consort, Catharine of Arragon, and took Anna Boleyn to himself to wife. And it came to pass, when they were at Greenwich, in the month of May, joyful and with glad hearts, that a spirit of jealousy came upon him, and he hated her. And he went away from her unto London, his metropolis, and commanded, and they put her brother and his friend into prison; and he sent to Greenwich also, saying, 'Put the queen Anna in prison;' and they did so. And all the people trembled much. And it came to pass, after some days, that they brought her to London, and put her in the Tower, and set a watch over her. And it came to pass, one day, that they smote off their heads from them, so that all three died in one day; then was the king's wrath pacified."

As far as we can judge, the translation is ably executed, though the scriptural style sounds strangely.

#### *Niger Expedition.*

[Second notice: conclusion.]

THE interesting extracts furnished by these volumes to our last *Gazette* will have enabled readers to appreciate them. Mr. Oldfield made a last attempt, and ascended the river again on that disastrous occasion when Lander was murdered on his way up to him; and, indeed, this whole effort was one of misfortunes and disappointments. The knavish character of the native rulers of Eboe, Iddah, &c. &c. was more and more clearly manifested; and after it had been sharpened by the plunder of Lander, the disposition to acts of violence was hardly to be restrained. It was by miracle that Oldfield finally eluded the designs of these plots; and how sadly his narrative ends! "On the 18th, I reached London, but in a very infirm state of health, having suffered much in my constitution from exposure to climate and all kinds of privation, and the only European left alive of the crew of the Alburkah who left Fernando Po in November." It is truly melancholy to peruse the fatal details which preceded this appalling notice. In the Alburkah, the captain, mate, carpenters, boatswain, engineers, &c., in all fifteen, perished; and Mr. Oldfield, the steward, a seaman, and a man of colour, only survived. In the Quorra, the captain, Lander, Dr. Briggs, the clerk, mates, &c. &c., in all twenty-four (besides eight or ten Kroomen), left their bones in Africa; whilst Capt. Allen, Mr. Laird, Mr. Hector the purser, and two others, escaped alive. Mr. Laird's account of the early losses is extremely affecting.

"On the 18th, Mr. Andrew Clark, a fine young gentleman about eighteen years of age, died. He had joined the expedition as a volunteer, against my wishes, but with the full approbation of his friends, with whom I was intimately acquainted. Poor fellow! he expired with the utmost calmness, drinking a cup of coffee; and his amiable and obliging disposition having endeared him to the crew, his death threw an additional gloom of despondency over these ill-fated men. In the afternoon, James Dunbar, one of the firemen, died. On the 19th, my chief mate, Mr. Goldie, and my sailmaker, John Brien, followed; and on the morning of the 20th, our supercargo, Mr. Jordan, expired. I thought at the time that Dr. Briggs had died also; as, while he was endeavouring to revive Mr. Jordan, he swooned, and remained insensible for a long time. In the evening of the 20th Mr. Swinton also died;



he was a most respectable man, and filled the situation of carpenter; he was a native of Grangemouth, and having been a resident many years in the Indian Archipelago, thought that no climate could affect him. A few hours after his death, Mr. Millar, our chief engineer, a young man of high promise and respectable connexions in the south of Scotland, followed him. On the 21st November we lost William Ramm, the steward; William Parry, an apprentice; and Gardner, a seaman. On the 22d these were followed by William Ellison, the second mate, and a fine lad about sixteen years old, whom Captain Harries had picked up, and adopted in Dublin: his name was George —, and, I believe, he was respectably connected, and entitled to some property when of age. The 23d of November was a day of respite; but, on the 24th, Hugh Cosnahan, a seaman, died, and for another interval the mortality ceased; the Quorra having lost thirteen, and the Alburkah two men. Two or three days having passed without a death taking place, allowed us to hope that some of us might survive the voyage; but at first, from the mortality occurring so rapidly, few of us expected to be spared to tell the melancholy tale.

"Dr. Briggs became very ill with an attack of dysentery, and removed his cot into the cabin, thinking it cooler than on deck. Mr. Hector being pretty well, was able, in some measure, to attend him. The fever had left me so exceedingly weak, in mind as well as body, that, after Mr. Lander's departure, I lay on deck in a state of almost total unconsciousness; but I was painfully roused from my stupor by the death of my dear friend and companion Dr. Briggs. On the 27th he was brought up from the cabin, and I was shocked to see the ravages which a few days' suffering had made on him. He had never been much reduced by his repeated attacks of fever; but now, so altered was he, that I scarcely knew him. While shaking hands with me, he assured me, with a weak but cheerful voice, that he felt better, and, forgetting his own sufferings, anxiously inquired after mine. We lay side by side for some hours, and he pressed me much to go down into the cabin, as he considered passing the evenings on deck very unhealthy; but I was incapable of moving myself, and, afraid of being carried, my bones being very prominent, and excessively painful when touched. At sunset he was carried down, being then in severe pain, and I bade him farewell, little thinking it was for the last time. On the 28th the pain suddenly left him; on which he told Hector and Sarsfield, who were attending him, that mortification had commenced, desiring them, at the same time, not to tell me of it till all was over. Soon after he expired without a struggle, tranquilly yielding his spirit to Him who gave it. I cannot describe the feeling of anguish and desolation that came over me when I was told of my bereavement. At first, I could scarcely believe the fact that my beloved friend was really gone, and gradually sunk into a state of apathy and indifference to all around, in which I continued for several weeks. Thus died, in his twenty-eighth year, Dr. Thomas Briggs."

An American trading expedition was attended by like mortality, and its objects were all unattained.

We shall not dwell long on minor matters, but conclude with only one or two curious notices. At Iddah, where King Attah played a very false part, we are told by Mr. O.—

"After seeing Cookooga, I joined the queen,

and partook of some Goora nuts and palm-wine; after which I took my departure. On my passing through the yard, I witnessed a curious and novel procession, composed of about a hundred and fifty young girls, several of them the king's daughters, the remainder being the queen's maids. They were dressed in a piece of white cotton fastened below the breasts, with holes cut in different parts of a diamond form, and resembling paper cut for a fire-grate: they were still singing their country songs. Those of seven and eight years were quite naked, and only about twenty of the king's daughters wore clothes: it is customary for them to go in a state of nudity until they arrive at a marriageable age, which is about ten years and a half. The eldest appeared to be about nine or ten years of age. They carried two wooden figures of a male and female, one black and the other white; the white image being intended to represent the *dobo* or devil, and dressed in a most grotesque manner. They were singing a country song, and walked in lines of four or five abreast. A little further on, beneath large tamarind and cotton trees, were the king's musicians. As I approached, they made way for my horse. I was highly delighted with the antics and performances of the king's fool. The band consisted of eight drummers, with drums made of tanned goat-skin, and four fifes formed of cane, with a few holes bored in it. They played very wild, but by no means unpleasing airs, while the jester, a short broad-faced, large-mouthed, good-humoured-looking black, habited in a most capacious robe, and bearing a staff as an emblem of authority, was performing all kinds of ludicrous antics; he spread out his white robe, and, standing on one leg, with the other elevated almost as high as his head, twirled round like a top, at the same time emitting a sound resembling the whistle of a monkey. Every thing bore an appearance of merriment and good humour: and my own people, not even excepting Jowdie my drummer, joined in the dance.

"On the morning of the 31st January, several of the natives were perceived gazing attentively at something in the bush, as if there was something there of which they were afraid. I sent ashore to see what was the matter, and was told that they were witnessing a battle between two snakes. I immediately went ashore, taking with me a double-barrelled fowling-piece; and, on landing, saw two immense snakes of a darkish colour. They were, however, not fighting, and appeared to be secreting themselves; so, catching a glimpse of one, I fired at him, and completely divided him in two. I then looked for the other, and discovered the monster, with its bright eyes and projected fork: I fired at him, and severed the head from the body, which measured six feet ten inches in length. Although I had the bush cleared away, I could neither find the other half of the first, nor the head of the second. The colour of the largest was finer than anything I had ever seen; it was of rich grassy green: about two feet from the tail it was speckled with dark velvet spots. The assembled natives gave a most hideous yell when they saw the two monsters killed; and an intelligent man, pointing to the sun, said that a person would die in six hours after being bitten by either of them."

Before the rains enabled the Alburkah to cut and run from Iddah, and have water enough to pass in safety the Eboe assassins of Lander, lower down, Mr. Oldfield states the extraordinary fact—

"From absolute measurement with a line, I found that the difference in the level of the water in the course of the year was nearly sixty feet."

A concluding chapter contains valuable mercantile data to guide any future attempts, and also a plan for settlements on the river. Were slavery crushed, much might be done both for commerce and civilisation; but till then, we fear that little can be achieved for either. We have now only to add, that a vocabulary of many Houssa words and phrases is given, which will at all times be useful.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Guide to Shrewsbury, &c.* Pp. 168. (Shrewsbury, Davies.)—An excellent Guide to this interesting old town, its antiquities, curiosities, surrounding scenery, botany, and, in short, all that an inquiring tourist could wish to inspect in a visit to Shrewsbury.

*The Present State of the Controversy between Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches*, by Hunter Gordon, Esq. Pp. 117. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—Mr. Gordon contends that the real or apparent growth of the Romish Church arises from the principles of its Protestant rival having been pushed to a dangerous extreme; at least as much, if not more, than from the allurements of the former.

*The Mirror*, Vol. XXIX. (London, Limbird.)—In these Numbers, from January to June, our contemporary well sustains his reputation for judicious selection, popular original papers, and well-chosen and well-executed embellishments.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### NEW PHILOSOPHY OF MOTION.\*

The grand discovery of Kepler, that the squares of the periodic times of any two planets are to one another as the cubes of their distances from the sun, is the foundation of all mathematical astronomy, and can never be disturbed. He deduced from this the three great laws of the motion of the planets in elliptical orbits; of the proportionality between the areas described and their times of description; and of the relations between the squares of the periodic times and the cubes of the distances. But he knew nothing of the cause or causes of these laws, and perceived no universal principle in nature which could produce them. Sir Isaac Newton devotes the first two books of his "Principia" to the illustration and application of the laws and conditions of motions and forces; and, in the third book, frames from these principles a popular theory of the physical constitution of the globe. But he was as ignorant as Kepler of the causes of the forces which produced the motions of which he treats; and has merely given us names, descriptive, as he supposed, of the phenomena of motions as he found them to exist. To describe the causes of the planetary motions, he uses the terms "centrifugal" and "centripetal" forces; the first being descriptive of the motion of a body flying off from the centre of gravity, and the second being descriptive of the motion of the same body towards that centre. The force which causes the formation of these motions is called the "projectile" force, from the ideal analogy of a body thrown off or projected from another, as a tangent runs off from a circle; and the force which causes the latter of these motions is called the force of "gravitation," which was supposed so to destroy the former of these motions, as to keep the body in a curved course round a centre which it could never touch on account of its projectile force, and yet to which it was ever tending by its gravitating

\* As the following touches on matters which, at the present time, occupy much of the attention of every philosophical school in Europe, we have no scruple in copying it from an American journal. Without discussing any portion of it, we may suggest that it is likely to furnish subjects for consideration, even in its most questionable positions, and suggestions not unworthy of notice.—*Ed. L. G.*

force. The great difficulty of this theory ever has been the mysterious continuance of the centrifugal, or the original projectile force, notwithstanding the permanent influence of the gravitating force, which is admitted to be universal and immutable. It was, probably, this mystery, which ought not to exist in a perfect system of mathematical philosophy, that so long prevented the otherwise beautifully demonstrated Newtonian theory from taking the place of the Cartesian theory of vortices, which appealed to the imagination, rather than the reason of mankind, and explained all the planetary motions as peripetuous as we see bodies revolving in the currents of a whirlpool, or the gyrations of a pail of water. And it is this mystery, too, which has caused Sir Richard Phillips and other *ad-vant* philosophers to revive the Cartesian system in a modified form, upon the gratuitous assumption of an "elastic medium," which, being set in motion by the sun, regulates the motions of the planets according to their surfaces, densities, and distances. But all the opponents of the Newtonian theory seem to have forgotten that, whilst he demonstrated the motions of these bodies by mathematical reasoning, they only argued about them. The mystery, and indeed error, in which he leaves the causes of motion, did not prevent his arriving at correct conclusions respecting the effect of the causes, be they what they may. Thus, independently of any question concerning centrifugal and centripetal forces, he demonstrated that a conic section was the only curve in which a body could move when acted upon by a force varying inversely as the square of the distance, which Kepler had proved to be the law of planetary motions. Newton, moreover, established the conditions, dependent upon the velocity and primitive position of the body, which were requisite to make it describe a circular, an elliptical, a parabolic, or a hyperbolic orbit; and, although he did not know whether the moving force resided in the centres of the planets or belonged to each individual particle of which they were composed, he yet demonstrated that if a spherical body acts upon another body with a force varying as the distance of the body from the centre of the sphere, the same result would follow as though each of its particles acted upon the distant body according to the same law. All the grand results of the Newtonian theory are right, and no other theory can be right which does not harmonise, in all its leading principles, with one which is confirmed by the concentrating radii of many distinct sources of demonstration. But the Newtonian theory embraces but a very small portion of the philosophy of motion. Allowing for the obscurity which invests his legerdemain doctrine of the projectile force, his system explains the great motions of the universe, and of falling bodies upon the earth, with perfect clearness; yet these motions are few compared to those which produce the existence, growth, and form, of vegetable, animal, and mineral bodies, and which are displayed in the winds, clouds, and other meteorological phenomena of the earth. In short, Newton did not know that there was but one cause of universal motion, and, therefore, did not know where that cause was to be found. In this respect, then, a greater than Newton is here. Dr. Sherwood has discovered and demonstrated that there is but one cause of all motion, wherever it exists, and that this cause is the electric fluid, in its positive and negative actions. The phenomena of all motion, whether in the planets or in the minutest atoms of matter, are luminously explained and

demonstrated, *seriatim*, in the new theory, that all matter, of whatever bulk or minuteness, and in whatever modification, possesses a positive and negative electricity. The grand law of this new system is, that when the positive and negative forces or fluids of electricity are equal, the body is inert, and incapable of motion; and that, when they are unequal, motion commences upon the following simple and easily remembered principles:—1. The positive fluid repels the positive, and attracts the negative. 2. The negative fluid repels the negative and attracts the positive. And these are at once the causes of universal motion, and the only laws by which it is governed. It is contended and demonstrated, that these simple rules, which are well known to be true with regard to the magnet, are true with regard to every other body, and particles of bodies. The practical application of this discovery to the arts and sciences, must lead to results too magnificent in their extent, and too important to mankind, to be conceived by any but the strongest and most comprehensive minds. Such minds, if acquainted with the electrical sciences, will immediately perceive a boundless field of knowledge before them; but it is only by applying this discovery systematically to some one branch of knowledge, by way of experiment, that any adequate idea can be formed of the depth and enrapturing beauty of the certainty which will stamp every step of its application. When we say that it will enable us to decide as positively upon the motions which produce all the forms, hues, and qualities of matter, as Newton has upon those which regulate the distant worlds of the sky; and that we shall be enabled, by calculation, to predict the results of all chemical, atmospheric, medical—say, and mental changes of motion, with as much certainty as astronomers predict the returns of planets and comets, we do but rely upon one universal and immutable law of nature, hitherto but partially known to mankind. The useful and philanthropic application of this discovery has, as yet, been confined to the cure of chronic diseases, by diverting the morbid action of the electric fluids from the parts affected, and restoring a healthful and natural balance of the positive and negative forces. But the seemingly miraculous effects of this discovery upon these diseases, warrant the expectation that it will ultimately be applied to others with equal success; and that it will soon extend to chemistry, the mechanic arts, and, indeed, to every branch of science, we cannot doubt. The laws of motion, we beg to repeat, are, that the positive repels the positive and attracts the negative; and that the negative repels the negative and attracts the positive. To demonstrate these laws, Dr. Sherwood has magnetised, that is, has given magnetic polarity to a united steel ring, an operation declared in all works upon magnetism to be impossible, and which has often been tried in vain. The ring is of flat untempered steel, a quarter of an inch thick, an inch and a half wide, and eleven inches inside diameter. The opposite points of the diameter being negatively and positively magnetised by means of the currents of the galvanic battery, to give the north and south poles, a pocket compass is placed on the point where the line of the equator crosses the line of the axis between the two poles. The north point of the needle being positive, and the north [south?] negative; and the north pole of the ring being negative, repels the negative and attracts the positive end; and the south pole of the ring being positive, repels the positive and attracts the negative end of the

needle, and thus demonstrates the above laws of motion. The position of the needle, thus pointing due north and south, is a demonstration that the currents of the electric fluid are in the line of its direction. By increasing or diminishing the positive force of the south pole of the ring, the needle departs from a due north and south direction, and exhibits that phenomenon of the marine compass called the variation of the needle; and thus demonstrates that an equal balance of the negative and positive force is necessary to the correct direction of the needle. By moving the compass from the line of the axis to the outside of the ring, beginning at the line of the equator, and moving it round the circle (either north or south, but, say north), the phenomenon of the dipping needle is displayed, and the error of all geographers and navigators, in supposing that there is a magnetic pole (as marked upon globes) distinct from the true north pole, is demonstrated. The positive end of the needle begins to dip as it approaches the negative or north pole, until it comes to the 90th degree, which is the true pole, when it becomes perpendicular. And if Captain Ross, or any other person, had reached that degree, he would have found the needle become perpendicular, and thus have discovered the true magnetic pole. By this experiment we also discover an infallible rule for ascertaining the exact latitude and longitude of any place, by calculating together the variation and dip of the needle at that place. This problem, so immensely important to navigators, has never been accurately applied, because the true magnetic pole has never before been discovered, but a false one substituted in its stead. The correctness of the solution of this problem may be proved by reversing the process, and giving the latitude and longitude to find the dip and variation. By moving the compass midway upon the flat surface of the ring, we avoid the dip of the needle; for the currents from the negative and positive edges of the ring acting equally upon the positive and negative poles of the needle, keep it parallel with the line of its direction, and thus shews that the dip of the needle on the outer edge is occasioned by the greater attraction between the positive pole of the needle and the negative pole of the earth, than between the negative pole of the needle and the positive pole of the earth, when in the northern hemisphere. These two experiments shew, that the dip of the needle and the variation of the needle arise from the same cause, and bear a ratio to each other that may easily be calculated. We have not time, to-day, to explain the beautiful and instructive phenomena of a ring with four and eight poles, nor those of a solid ball of magnetised steel, which Dr. Sherwood has also made; but we have made ourselves acquainted with all the principles upon which they depend, and will illustrate them at an early opportunity. We can assure our readers, that, if these subjects are not the most amusing that we could provide for them, we know of none more important or interesting than those which we shall occasionally select from this great philosophical discovery to blend with lighter matter.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a special meeting of the council of this Society, convened for the purpose of deciding upon an address to the throne, it was announced that her Majesty had most graciously signified her intention of becoming patroness of the Society, and had commanded that the annual royal premium, given "for the promotion of geographical science and discovery," should be continued as before. The following address

was agreed upon, and was presented to her Majesty at the levee, on Wednesday last, by Mr. Hamilton, president of the Society.

*To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.*

The humble address of the President, Vice-Presidents, and Council of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

**MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,**—We your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the president and council of the Royal Geographical Society, beg leave to approach your throne, and most respectfully to offer, in the name of the Society, our sincere condolence on the occasion of the death of his late Majesty. In common with all classes of your Majesty's subjects, we have to deplore the loss of a beloved sovereign, but the Royal Geographical Society have especial cause to revere the memory of William the Fourth, as their first gracious and munificent patron. Yet, whilst we are expressing our deep sense of gratitude to our late sovereign, we feel that the cheering duty awaits us of respectfully offering our congratulations on the happy accession of your Majesty to the throne of a great empire; and we beg permission to offer our heartfelt thanks for your Majesty's gracious condescension and munificence in granting to us the honour of your royal patronage, and in bestowing upon the Society a royal premium for the encouragement of geographical science and discovery. England has achieved some of her proudest triumphs in geographical discovery under the sovereignty of a Queen; the annals of our country record the names of Drake, the celebrated circumnavigator, and of Raleigh, the adventurous discoverer—both distinguished during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and we confidently anticipate that the reign of your Majesty will be equally famed for its glory and prosperity, and for the promotion of geographical knowledge. That your Majesty's reign may be rendered illustrious as the era of important discoveries, which may diffuse the blessings of civilisation throughout the globe, as well as endeared to the affections of a free and grateful people, is the earnest wish and ardent prayer of your Majesty's loyal subjects the president, vice-presidents, and council, of the Royal Geographical Society.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**

THE following subjects have been announced by the Council for original communications, and for premiums, during the ensuing session:

1. The nature and properties of steam considered with reference to its application as a moving power for machinery; 2. The warming and ventilating public buildings and apartments, with an account of the methods which have been employed most successfully for ensuring a healthy state of the atmosphere; 3. An account and drawings of the original construction and present state of the Plymouth Breakwater; 4. The ratio, from actual experiment, of the velocity, load, and power of locomotive engines on railways, 1st, Upon levels, 2d, Upon inclined planes; 5. Drawings, description, and account of the principles of Huddart's rope machinery at Limehouse (which works are open to the inspection of any candidate); 6. The sewerage of Westminster; 7. Drawings and description of the shield at the Thames tunnel, with an accurate account of the method by which it is advanced and worked.

In pointing out the above subjects, the Council have stated that it is not intended to confine the premiums of the Institution to memoirs and drawings on them alone, but that all communications of value should be rewarded.

**LITERARY AND LEARNED.**

**ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.**

On Saturday, professor Wilson in the chair, various donations to the library were laid upon the table, and members were elected. The secretary read a letter, addressed to the president, by Sir John C. Hobhouse, communicating

the information that Her Majesty had been pleased to signify her consent to become patroness of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. An extract from a letter, addressed to Sir Charles Forbes, by thirteen Parais of Bombay, was read. The writers expressed their high sense of the honour conferred on them by their election into the society, and their desire to promote its utility as far as might lie in their power. The chairman read some portions of a memoir of the late learned director of the society, Henry Thomas Colebrooke, Esq., written by his son, E. Colebrooke, Esq.; and which, it is probable, will appear in the next publication of the Society's Journal. The following is an abstract of such portions of the memoir as were read to the meeting. Mr. Colebrooke was born in 1765; and was the son of Sir George Colebrooke, an East India Director. He was distinguished very early for a fondness for reading, and was desirous of entering the church. Although he never attended schools, but received all his education from a private tutor, whose superintendence ceased when his pupil had attained the age of fifteen, it is stated that, at that early age, he was as far advanced, both in his classical and mathematical studies, as many youths are on leaving the universities; he was also well acquainted with French and German. From the age of twelve to sixteen he resided in France; and, in 1782, he was appointed to a writership in India. On his arrival there, he lived a very sedentary life, for nearly a twelvemonth, when he was placed in the Board of Accounts, in which he was engaged as long as he remained at Calcutta. Several letters were read, which were written during this period; from some of which it appears that he was, at that time, no admirer of Oriental studies. One of his letters is singular, as coming from one who was destined to become afterwards so zealous and accomplished an Orientalist. He there alludes to the difficulties he experienced in his studies from want of leisure and assistance. He says that, with two exceptions, no one in India is learned. Wilkins, he writes, is Sanscrit mad; but he adds, that "he has more materials, and more general knowledge respecting the Hindus, than any other foreigner ever acquired since the days of Pythagoras." He seems to have been, at first, discontented with his situation in India; regrets his coming to it; and often speaks of embracing a new profession; of turning farmer; of doing any thing, in fact, rather than remain as he was, when he had no prospect of ever earning enough to live upon. But a subsequent letter, written when prospects were brighter, describes his former feelings as exaggerated, and states the only real objection to India to be its great distance from home. After three years' residence in Calcutta, he was appointed to a situation in the revenue department at Tirhoot. While engaged here, he acquired a fondness for field sports, which never left him until he was incapacitated by old age from taking a part in them. Here his studies were continued; though we have little account of his progress. In one of his letters he speaks of the excellence of the Hindu astronomy; and says that it affords internal evidence of remote antiquity. In another, he alludes to his study of Arabic; says it is more difficult than Greek; and not likely to recompense the student for his trouble. In 1789, he was removed to Purneah, where his abilities soon brought him into notice. The arrangement, afterwards known by the name of the permanent settlement, was then

preparing. Superior talents were required; and Mr. Colebrooke was named one of a deputation to investigate the resources of that part of the country. In the course of this duty, he collected the information which led to his first essay in authorship, "Remarks on the Husbandry and Commerce of Bengal." In this treatise he advocated a free trade between Great Britain and India; an example of freedom which his friends feared would seriously commit him with his honourable masters. "You may think yourself fortunate," said one of them, "if you remain in the service." After eleven years' residence in India, Mr. Colebrooke began the study of the Sanscrit language, in which he afterwards became so eminent. His motive was the intelligence of the mathematical and algebraical treatises in that tongue, which he subsequently translated and published. His success in this study was complete. The translation of the great Digest of Hindu Law, which had been compiled under the direction of Sir W. Jones, and which the death of that accomplished scholar prevented him from publishing, was confided to Mr. Colebrooke, and finished within two years, during which his application was so intense, that his friends feared for his life. While engaged in this work, he was appointed to a judicial situation at Mirzapore; an appointment with which he expresses himself highly gratified; the place being retired, pleasant, healthy, and, above all, being in the neighbourhood of the celebrated Hindu college of Benares. Here he continued the digest; and, in a letter dated 3d January, 1797, he notices the termination of this great work, and expresses his hopes and fears for the success of his "literary bantling." After the reading of this letter, the meeting broke up, and the chairman announced that the sittings were adjourned till December.

**LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.**

*Monday.*—British Architects, 8 p.m.; Marylebone Literary, &c., 8½ p.m., and Monday following.

*Tuesday.*—Zoological, 8½ p.m.

**FINE ARTS.  
NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

*Paul preaching at Athens.* Designed and drawn by Raffaele; engraved by John Burnet.

THE discovery of a new mode of engraving is no trifling event in the history of the fine arts; and when to perfect novelty of style, extraordinary facility of execution is added,\* the announcement of such a discovery must necessarily excite great and general interest. To Mr. Burnet, of whose graphic productions we have often had the gratification to speak with high praise, the merit of this valuable invention is due. Although he calls it merely "etching," it must be manifest to the most superficial observer, that it does not belong to any description of etching with which the world has been hitherto acquainted. The process is evidently a mechanical one; but then it is as evident that it would be unavailing except in the hands of an able artist. It appears to be especially applicable to works in the superior classes of the art; for, to the representation of the qualities which distinguish and dignify those classes, namely, composition, character, drawing, and effect, it seems perfectly equal; while in the representation of all the humbler qualities com-

\* We understand that the production of a plate does not require more time than that of a drawing on paper. The same may be said of lithography; but then lithography is capable of yielding only a comparatively small number of impressions.

prehended in the term "high finishing," it cannot pretend (at least at present) to rival the various modes of engraving heretofore in use.

In his prospectus, Mr. Barnet himself says of the plate under our notice, that it is one of "a series of engravings on steel, on a large scale, from the best works of the great masters, in a broad style of execution, which will convey their leading principles and features, and at a price as low as to put them within reach of the husbandman and the mechanic."

"And that," we hear a critic exclaim, "is precisely our objection to the invention: it will tend to make the fine arts cheap and common."

"And that," we answer, "is, in our opinion, precisely the recommendation of the invention: it will tend to make the fine arts cheap and common." The days are happily passed when it was considered desirable to confine knowledge and intellectual gratification to the upper classes of society. Why should the people, emphatically so called, be prevented from receiving any humanising impression that may diminish their indulgence in sensual and brutal enjoyments? Would it not be well if you could induce "a husbandman or a mechanic" to lay out in a print, from one of the cartoons, the money which he would otherwise worse than squander in gin and tobacco? Why should the eye of the poor man remain uneducated and ungratified? Why, as regards him, should "wisdom at one entrance," be "quite shut out?" As to any worldly injury to be apprehended by our existing engravers, it appears to us that the extensive circulation of works of art, which this invention promises, will be most beneficial; as it must disseminate an understanding and love of art, and, in its results, increase the demand for that species of engraving which requires long and laborious efforts.

*Snap-Apple Night; or, All Hallow Eve.*

Painted by D. M'Clise, A.R.A.; engraved by J. Scott. Hodgson and Graves.

Who does not recollect the laughing crowd that perpetually surrounded this most amusing picture at Somerset House, a few years ago? It was noticed, in the *Literary Gazette*, at the time; but the following description, by our many-gifted friend Lover, is so graphic, that, although rather exceeding the limits which we prescribe to ourselves on such subjects, we cannot refrain from inserting it:—

"*Snap-Apple Night; or, All Hallow Eve, in Ireland.*"—And, pray, what is 'Snap-Apple Night?' "I see you have never been in Ireland, by the question, and I pity you." "That's a very Irish way of answering my question, therefore I must be English enough to ask you again. What is Snap-Apple Night?" "The eve of the twenty-ninth of September—and—" "Ay! what the Scotch call Hallowe'en." "There now, the moment I begin to answer you you interrupt me with your Scotch knowledge. Now, if you interrupt me again, I won't say another word about the matter; so let me have all the talk to myself, or you may die in ignorance. The twenty-ninth of September is remarkable in many ways; it is celebrated for the payment of rents (which is not pleasant, but to those who get them); for the murder of geese, and the killing of care; and if you want to see how that is done in Ireland, look before you at this picture of M'Clise's, and you'll know all about it. Let us begin at the beginning, as the old stories say; but this is an Irish story, and has neither beginning nor end; for you don't know where to commence, and, after going over it, you find you're not done; but, as

it is 'Snap-Apple Night,' look at the game, which gives the evening its name, going forward. There—observe those whirling cross-bars of lath, with flaming candles at two opposite ends of the merry-go-round, and tempting apples at the other; and see the open mouth of the adventurous peasant who is going to make a bite at the fruit,—and what a mouth!—the sweet child at his foot seems to look with wonder at its capacity. Look at the fellow behind him grinning with pain, having made an unsuccessful bite, and caught the candle instead of the apple; and see that hand thrust from behind a backward group, giving the machine a malicious twist to increase its speed, while the laughing girl, who enjoys the trick, lays her hand on the encircling wrist of an admirer, who seems to think less of catching apples than pretty waists. But turn to the fire-place—there are the mysteries peculiar to the night going forward. See that young fellow, who has scarcely blunted a razor yet, looking with all his eyes at the charming face of the girl who holds two neighbouring nuts on a fire-shovel—interesting instrument in the magic art; he points to the nuts which they are going to burn, emblems of their own hearts;—if they burn steadily together 'tis all right, and what a touching expression of sentiment is on the lovely face of that girl! she seems to have a reverential reliance on the mystery she is about to celebrate, and no priestess of old could await the answer of the oracle with more faith than she seems to place in a nut-shell. And more love-making is going on beside the fire—'faith it's a warm corner. Here's a party who have been playing at forfeits, and a merry girl is now releasing the pledges given in the course of the game. She holds up a shoe, and says, 'what is to be done to the owner of this superfine thing?' and you see it is the person whose head is on her knee is the owner of the shoe; and observe the cunning peep he is endeavouring to steal, as he half suspects whose gaze it is,—while she looks to see he's not looking; now it's a toss up whether he's looking at his own shoe or her eyes. 'Tis dangerous work playing forfeits. What a pretty modest creature is that who is pouring molten lead through the loop of a key into a bowl of water, to augur from the forms it may assume, what may be the occupation of the future husband of the tempting lass in the foreground! I imagine it is the sly fellow behind her intends to be 'that same,' and whatever his future occupation may be, his present one is very agreeable however: let go the girl, you young rascal, and though she has a very pretty shoulder, you ought not to kiss it behind her, and before other people. And there you are, my old lady, telling fortunes on cards; and whose fortunes are you telling? no one need ask, for the two young people who are whispering at your back seem to have told their own fortune without the aid of cards, although they wish to go through the ordeal of a packed jury. And who is that standing behind them—he seems 'far more genteel' than the rest of the company. Why 'tis Crofton Croker, or, as he is familiarly called amongst his friends, 'The honourable member for Fairy-land.' There you are, Crofty, my boy! with your note book in your hand, and may-be you won't pick up a trifle in such good company. And behold that capacious tub of water, and the boy 'bobbing for apples' which float upon its surface; this I look upon to be the most useful of the games for young people, as it serves to wash their faces. But what a deal of noise they are making in the other corner! no wonder; there's a

fiddler, and a fifer, and a piper. Stop my ears, for God's sake. Though I'm glad to see there's a young vagabond going to give me great relief by sticking a pin into the piper's bag, and so making a safety valve for any one who has the misfortune of having ears in such a place. That's right, you young urchin!—I mean the other urchin—tickle his ear well—stick it into him;—see how the fiddler grins and grimaces as the imp pokes the straw into his ear, but he dare not stop for the life of him, because that plump and springy colleen is dancing with as thorough a Pat as ever footed it over a clay floor, a door in a tent, or the green sod; and look at the 'bit o' timber' he is flourishing over his head—in throth it wouldn't be safe for any piper or fiddler in Ireland to 'put back the tune' and baulk Paddy of his dance, for he is dancing with all his might, and may-be he is'n't happy—and no wondher, for the man wouldn't deserve a leg to stand on, that couldn't 'keep it up' before the bit of game forinst him. She seems inclined to dance him down, and, indeed, she's full of vivacity; but Paddy's fresh yet, and snaps his fingers. Is there a king on this earth so happy as Paddy before that girl? not one—though there may be some of them better dressed. By the by, Pat, you are rather scarce in buttons, and you're a rash man to dance so bowld, and the cordheroys so tinder. Who the deuce are so quiet here in the corner? Oh! some old people who are enjoying themselves over 'the dhrop o' dhrink.' See the woman feeding a child with whiskey; how horrid!—though her neighbour with the twitch of his thumb to his gossip, and the rich twinkle of fun in his eye, seems to relish the joke—but stop—we have seen that face before;—it is Sir Walter Scott—yes—the Wizard of the North has come to see fun in the West, and no wonder we did not know him at once, for he is here in masquerade. Well done, M'Clise! it was a stroke of genius to place him in disguise; for none knew so well how to assume any character he pleased."

We have only room to add, that Mr. Scott has been very happy in translating into his own art the humour of this rich and multitudinous composition.

*The Covenanter.* H. P. Parker, pinxit; W. O. Geller, sculptit. Ackermann and Co.

TALK of Harlequin's wooden sword! What are its powers of transformation compared with those of the pencil? Here is our old friend, the smuggler, the "looker-out," converted into the psalm-singing, though stern, member of "a persecuted kirk," so finely described in "Old Mortality." We acknowledge that the expression is very characteristic: still we think that Mr. Parker, whose works are always distinguished by vigour and ability, does not do justice to his own talents, in thus copying his previous conceptions, and adapting them to new subjects.

*Fest-Kalender*, von Fr. G. Pöckl, G. Görres, und ihren Freunden. (*Festivall-Calendar*, by Fr. G. Pöckl, G. Görres, and their Friends.) 4to. Parts I. and II. Numbers 1 to 10. München. London, Schloss.

THIS beautiful and cheap collection of the choicest German ballads has attracted our notice by the extreme beauty and simplicity of its embellishments. We are, perhaps, wrong in saying its embellishments, for the book is all embellishment, being entirely printed in lithography. It consists of a series of popular German ballads, each occupying a place in a quarto page, surrounded and interwoven with

illustrative tracery and drawings, the latter being spirited imitations of the fine wood-cutting of the old German masters. Each number contains eight leaves, and is published in London at the singularly moderate price of sixpence.

### MUSIC.

**Great Concert-Room, Her Majesty's Theatre.**—Signor De Begnis, so deserving of public favour, has this year been most unlucky in his time. His concert, on Monday, was not so well attended as it should have been, owing, probably, to the prorogation of parliament on that day. The programme was certainly the most attractive of the season; and, although its promises were not quite fulfilled, the music substituted was so delightful that one could scarcely regret the change. Lablache and Rubini did not sing, as announced; but even they, superb as they ever are, were scarcely missed amidst the phalanx of talent assembled.

### DRAMA.

**Her Majesty's Theatre.**—On Tuesday, the new opera of *Idegonda*, by Marliani, postponed from Saturday, was produced, the Queen being present on the occasion. It is a very poor composition; but, being written for Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, these accomplished artists did every thing for the music which could possibly be done. Out of their sphere we presume it will never be heard.

**Drury Lane.**—On Wednesday, a musical night was given, in aid of the fund for erecting a monument to the great composer, Beethoven, at Bonn. The selection was excellent, and the performances, in many respects, quite equal to the occasion. The theatre had closed for the season on the preceding night, with a lugubrious address on generalities.

**Covent Garden Theatre.**—We rejoice to learn that our national drama is likely, at least and at last, to have one fair trial more. Mr. Macready has become the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre; and is vigorously employed in embodying a corps fit to represent the noblest conceptions of the poet. We trust, indeed we cannot doubt, that the public will justify this effort, and shew that taste and good sense (not to speak of good manners and morality) have not yet abandoned the patronage of the British stage.

**Haymarket Theatre.**—*A Tale of a Tub.* This little comedy may be truly called a pleasing absurdity. To be amused with it, we must deal gently with the plot, and grant that Madame Du Barry, the proud, the omnipotent Madame Du Barry, would enter into a public wrangle in the streets of Paris with one of her relations, a poor girl who mends stockings, and works in a kind of tub, from which the drama takes its name. We must further grant that that voluptuous, yet keen and subservient courtier, Lauzun, would placethis same stocking-mending maiden in a grand hotel, in the midst of affluence, and leave her fame unsullied, for the mere purpose of insulting Du Barry. Add all this to a little sentimentality respecting a cousin killed in a duel, and to the old anecdote of one lady making a foot-cloth of a piece of stuff whose texture another lady boasts exists in her robe alone, and we have the play complete. The acting of Mrs. Hamby (the stocking mender), who was the main support of the affair, was excellent in appearance, manner, and naïveté. Mrs. Nisbett looked every inch a *Madame Du Barry*. The dialogue sparkled here and there with some flashes of wit: it

abounded, too, with more scraps of morality than, perhaps, were ever uttered in the vicious court of the fifteenth Louis; but in this Mrs. Gore has shewn her taste, turning evil into good. On the whole, we were inclined to heartily join with those who lauded this trifle.

### VARIETIES.

**The Queen.**—We, last week, noticed a fine medallion portrait of our late lamented sovereign, and have now the satisfaction of seeing before us, in the same style, from the same source, and by the same publisher, an equally capital likeness of our youthful Queen. It is not only a triumph of machinery in this branch of art, but a charming composition, in which beauty and simplicity are exquisitely combined by the taste of Mr. Wyon, and the countenance of her Majesty (whose head, by the way, is admirable for the purposes of sculpture) is given in profile, in the most pleasing and interesting manner.

**Weather-Wisdom.**—Between the old St. Swithin influence, and Mr. Morrison's "square of Venus and Saturn on the 17th," we have certainly had the promised and welcome rain. The warmth has also been great: of the lightning we have seen nothing. Now for the next: "Tolerably fair, warm weather prevails till 24th. The 25th and 26th denote hail and thunder. The conjunction of Venus and Jupiter on the 27th brings fair and hot summer weather. 28th, changeable.

**New Parachute.**—A Mr. Cocking, having perfected a new description of parachute, one of large dimensions, which descends, not as an umbrella, outspread, but as an inverted cone, with the apex towards the earth, is announced to make an experiment with it from Mr. Green's balloon on Monday. The principles and calculations seem to promise that there is no danger to be apprehended; but, still, it is a nervous attempt.

**Mr. Buckingham** has issued an address to the public, in which he takes leave of us for several years, and announces his intention to make a voyage of prodigious extent, throughout North and South America, the Eastern seas and settlements, China, Syria, Turkey, &c. &c. His object is to diffuse civilisation, and improve every country, by impressing the doctrines of *Temperance, Education, Mercy, and Peace*. He promises to publish a narrative of his progress two or three times a year, as occasion may require, and opportunity admit.

**The New Exchange Hotel**, now building at New Orleans, is estimated to cost 550,000 dollars, and its furniture, 120,000.

**Transatlantic Weather.**—A New York paper, of June 12th, says, that it was warm enough in the west to roast a salamander!

**American Expedition to the Southern Ocean.**—The latest American journal (the "New Era," of 12th June) states, that the Rev. W. Colton, of the navy, has been appointed historiographer to this expedition (noticed in our report of the Geographical Society of London); but adds, "it has been so long in starting, that we fear it will end in smoke."

**Literary Honours in France.**—The king has conferred on Victor Hugo the rank of commander in the Legion of Honour, and on Alexandre Dumas the cross of the third class.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Frederick C. Skey, on Ulcers and Granulating Wounds, 8vo. 5s.—The Cry of the Poor, a Poem, post 8vo. sewed, 2s.—The Poetical Works of Lewis Glyn Cothe, a Welsh

Bard, Part I. 8vo. 8s.—Banks' Dormant and Extinct Baronage, Vol. IV. 4to. 3l. 3s.—Ditto, Large Paper, 6l. 5s.—Brief Memoirs of N. Farrar, M.A. by the Rev. T. M. Macdonough, 2d edition, 18mo. 4s.—Thoughts for the Day, second series, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Bible and Spade, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Cottage Preacher, by S. Henderson, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Guide along the Danube, by R. T. Claridge, 18mo. 8s.—The Language of Birds, with 12 coloured Plates, by Mrs. G. Spratt, 18mo. 10s. 6d.—Calvin's Christian Theology, by S. Dunn, 18mo. 6s.—Simpson's Plea for Religion, with an Appendix, 13th edition, 12mo. 5s.—The Last Expedition to Central Africa, by M. Laird and R. A. K. Oldfield, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.—A Breviary of the Poor Laws, by W. Robinson, LL.D. 14s.—The City of the East, and other Poems, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Select Oration of Cicero, by Professor Anthou, 18mo. 7s. 6d.—English Extirpated without the Knife, by T. Baitye, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—A Turkish Grammar for Travellers, &c. in English and French, by W. Schroeder, new edition, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—On the Right to Begin and the Right to Reply in Trials by Jury, &c. by W. M. Best, 8vo. 5s.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 13	From 39 to 73	29.75 to 29.75
Friday .. 14	.... 47 .. 75	29.73 .. 29.76
Saturday .. 15	.... 47 .. 74	29.81 stationary
Sunday .. 16	.... 41 .. 67	29.66 .. 29.63
Monday .. 17	.... 40 .. 73	29.93 .. 29.90
Tuesday .. 18	.... 47 .. 69	29.82 .. 29.77
Wednesday 19	.... 47 .. 74	29.77 .. 29.74

Wind, S.W.

Except the mornings of the 16th, 17th, and 19th, generally cloudy, very heavy showers of rain at times; thunder and lightning on the afternoons of the 14th and 16th. Rain fallen, .65 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude.....51° 37' 39" N.

Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society, June 1837.

Thermometer—Highest.....	79.00 .. the 24th.
Lowest .....	36.50 .. 27th.
Mean .....	56.00416
Barometer—Highest.....	30.48 .. 23d.
Lowest .....	29.80 .. 9th.
Mean .....	29.75398

Number of days of rain, 10.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 1.4875.

Winds.—6 East—5 South—5 South-West—7 West—3 North-West—4 North.

**General Observations.**—The month was warmer than in 1836, although the maximum was not so high as in the three last years, and the minimum was three degrees lower than in June last year. The quantity of rain was less than in any corresponding month since 1836. The barometer was higher than the average of the month, and the mean has been exceeded only twice, in the same month, in the last fourteen years; from the 19th to the end of the month was particularly fine, and no rain fell. Thunder was heard about 4 P.M. on the 25th.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

#### ORIGIN OF ASTROROLOGY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In the early part of the year, while on a visit to the north of England, I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman, whose name I had previously seen honourable mention of in your columns, Mr. Morrison, secretary to one of the northern institutions, if I mistake not, the Literary Society of Perth. He was then engaged on a work, of which I could only obtain a glimpse (almost by stealth), and that merely of a detached portion; but what I saw roused my curiosity in no small degree. He at that time avoided my somewhat unmanly importunities, by alleging that the work was still so crude and unfinished, as not to be fit for reading, even to a friend. The history he gave me of it was this. Some years before he had read, at a meeting of the Society of which he was secretary, a paper on the Origin of Idolatry and Astrology. Several of the gentlemen who had been present, waited on him afterwards, and urged him to follow out the subject. Business engagements had prevented him till last winter, when health requiring retirement, he had devoted a considerable portion of each day to it. The rough draft had been completed about a month before, and he was then engaged in pruning it, and in endeavouring to render it plain and intelligible to any one who could read his Bible in his mother tongue. What struck me in regard to the moral of it that I saw, was the simple and conclusive nature of the main argument; but, above all, the testimony which seemed naturally to arise out of it, to the great truths on which the doctrines of our Church are founded. I have seldom, indeed, met with any thing which, without purporting to have that object, carried such conviction to my mind of their immutability. I have felt disappointed at seeing no notice of the work yet, and trouble you with these few lines, in the hope that the title I have put to them may attract his notice and spur on his lagging resolution, and, I fear, procrastinating pen.—I am, Sir, &c.

Leamington, 17th July, 1837.

L. Y.



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E. Cowper, Esq. on the Power-Loom and Figure-Weaving.  
Samuel Butler, Esq. on Education and the Drama.

Dr. A. T. Thompson, on Diet.  
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The thirteenth lecture, besides a brief *resumé* of some of the principal matters preceding, comes more particularly home to the business and bosoms of our own country, and we accordingly turn for our illustrations of the writer to that chapter.

"You have seen (he observes), that during the course of the thirteenth century, all the elements, all the facts of ancient European society, had terminated in two essential facts—freedom of inquiry, and centralisation of power. The first prevailed in religious, the second in civil society. The emancipation of the human mind, and the triumph of pure monarchy, occurred at the same period. It would have been strange if these two facts, after a certain time, had not come into collision, for they were of most opposite natures: one was the defeat of absolute power in spiritual affairs; the other, its establishment in temporal concerns; the former, prepared the fall of the ancient ecclesiastical monarchy, the latter, accomplished the ruin of the ancient feudal and communal liberty. You have already seen that the cause of the simultaneous appearance of these two facts was, because religious society had made a more speedy progress than civil, and its revolutions in consequence occurred at an earlier period. Religious society had already reached the epoch of the emancipation of individual reason, when civil society had only advanced so far as the concentration of all particular powers, into one

general power. The coincidence of the two facts, instead of arising from their similitude, did not prevent their contradiction. They both were marks of progress in the course of civilisation, but of different stages of that progress; their moral date was different, though they coincided in actual time. It was inevitable that they must come into collision, that many conflicts must arise between them before they could become reconciled. It was in England that the first shock took place. The conflicts between freedom of inquiry, the fruit of the reformation; and the destruction of political liberty, the fruit of the success of pure monarchy; the attempt to abolish absolute power in temporal affairs, which had already been done in spiritual: this is the true signification of the revolution in England, this is the part it has performed in the history of our civilisation. Why was England the scene of this conflict? Why did the revolutions in the political world approach, in that country, nearer in time to the revolutions in the moral world, than they did on the Continent? Monarchy, in England, was subjected to the same fate as it was on the Continent. It attained, under the reign of the Tudors, a degree of concentration and energy it had never previously exhibited. I do not mean to assert that the practical despotism of the Tudors was more oppressive, and caused more suffering in England than that of their predecessors had done. Tyrannical, unjust, and vexatious proceedings were, I believe, as frequent during the time of the Plantagenets—perhaps, even more so. I also believe that, at the period when the Tudors reigned in England, the system of pure monarchy was more rude, more arbitrary on the Continent, than it was in that country. The new fact which became apparent during the reign of those princes, was the systematic form that absolute power assumed. Monarchy claimed a primitive and independent sovereignty; it held a new language. The theoretic claims of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., were very different from those of Edward I. or Edward II., although the power of the two latter kings was neither less arbitrary nor less extensive. It was the principle, the rational system of monarchy, which was changed in England in the sixteenth century, rather than its practical power. Royalty declared itself absolute, superior to all laws, even to those it professed a desire to respect. On the other hand, the religious revolution was not effected in England by the same means which had accomplished it on the Continent—in England, it was the work of the sovereigns themselves. The seeds of a popular reform had, however, been deposited there; some attempts had been made to render them productive; and had they been left to themselves, they would probably have become developed in the course of time. But Henry VIII. put himself at the head of the movement—the supreme power became revolutionary. The result of this was, that the reformation in England, at least during the earlier part of its career, was much less perfect than the reformation in continental states, so far as regarded the suppression of abuses, of ecclesiastical tyranny, and the enfranchisement of the human

\* For review of M. Guizot's "General History of Civilisation," &c. see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1056, April 15.



intellect. As might have been expected, the interests of its authors were principally considered. The king, and the bishops who were there continued, divided between them the riches and the power of which they had deprived the preceding government, the papacy. The effect of this was presently felt. Although the reformation was said to be completed, almost all the causes which had rendered it necessary, and made it desired, still subsisted. It reappeared under a popular form, it preferred as many complaints against the bishops, as it had formerly done against the court of Rome—it accused them of being only so many popes. Whenever the general fate of the religious revolution was compromised, whenever it became necessary to oppose the ancient church, every section of the reformed party united together to repulse the common enemy; but, when the danger was past, the internal conflict recommenced. The popular reformers attacked the system of reformation, which was upheld by the royal and aristocratic factions; denounced its abuses, complained of its tyrannical character, called on it to fulfil its promises, and to abstain from re-establishing what it had already destroyed. About the same epoch, a movement towards liberty was made in civil society; a desire was experienced for political freedom, which had hitherto been unfelt, or, at least, had remained powerless. During the course of the sixteenth century, the commercial prosperity of England increased with extreme rapidity; and, at that time, many of the ancient territorial possessions and baronial properties changed hands. Sufficient attention has not been paid to the fact of the progressive division of landed property in England, during the course of the sixteenth century; the consequences of the ruin of the feudal aristocracy and of many other causes, which it would occupy too much time to enumerate here. Every document proves the prodigious augmentation of the number of landed proprietors. The lands, in a great measure, passed into the hands of the gentry, or lesser nobility, and the middle classes. The higher nobility, the house of lords, was, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, much less rich than the house of commons. Commercial wealth was very greatly increased at the same time that this great change took place in territorial property. While these two facts were in progress, a third intervened—a new movement of the human mind. During the reign of Elizabeth, a very great development of literary and philosophical activity occurred in England. It was a period of bold and extended ideas. The puritans unhesitatingly admitted all the consequences of narrow, but powerful doctrines; other minds of a less moral character, and unfettered either by systems or fixed principles, sought with eagerness all those ideas which promised some gratification to their curiosity, some food for their ardent imaginations. Wherever the movement of intelligence is a real pleasure, liberty will very soon be found to be requisite; and when liberty is obtained, it will quickly pass from the public mind into the constitution of the state."

This is a striking passage, and, as we have said of the rest of the work, suggests much for grave reflection. Henry VIII. putting himself at the head of the movement, is a strange anomaly in king-craft; and the only instance, in our memory, of an absolute monarch having adopted such a course. Others have been forced into similar measures by uncontrollable circumstances; but Henry was, of his own free will and motion, a revolutionary despot!! The

long reign of Elizabeth interposed between this extraordinary proceeding, and the reaction and consequences which it produced. He had destroyed religious absolutism; and in due turn civil absolutism came to be overthrown. The revolution dethroned and murdered a Stuart king; and M. Guizot gives us a masterly description of that event, the parties who acted prominently in it, and the issue. We select a portion of it.

"In the year 1653 (he says), after twelve years of conflict, all these parties had appeared and failed; the public thought so, and even the leaders of the different parties were obliged to admit it. The constitutional reformers, who very soon disappeared, saw the ancient constitution and the ancient laws insulted, trampled under foot, and innovations penetrating on every side. The political revolutionists beheld the parliamentary forms perishing through the novel use to which they proposed to apply them; they saw the house of commons, after twelve years of domination, reduced by the successive expulsion of royalists, and presbyterians, to a very limited number of members; despised, hated by the people, and utterly incapable of governing. The republicans appeared to have succeeded better; they had, apparently, remained in possession of the field—the house of commons was composed of only fifty or sixty members, all republicans. They might, with truth affirm, they were masters of the country; but the country absolutely refused to submit to their domination; they had no power, and they possessed no influence, either over the army or the people. No social tie, no security remained; justice was not administered, or, rather, that which was administered was not justice—its name was usurped by passion, chance, or party. And not only had security ceased to exist in the mutual relations between individuals, but the country was in an unsettled state; the great roads were not safe for travellers, they were infested by robbers, and brigands. Anarchy appeared on every side, in material, as well as in moral life; and neither the house of commons, nor the republican council of state, had any power to repress it. The three grand parties of the revolution had, therefore, been successively called on to take the lead, to direct the movement, and to govern the country, in accordance with their principles and their desires. They had all been unable to do so; they had all completely failed; they could do nothing further. It was, then, says Bossuet, that 'a man arose, who left nothing for fortune to do, which his own prudence and foresight could effect;' an expression full of error, and which is contradicted by all history. No man ever trusted more to fortune than Cromwell; no man ever risked more; advanced more rashly without an object or a plan, resolved, however, to go as far as fate would permit. A boundless ambition, an admirable talent in drawing all possible advantages from the events of each day, from the incidental circumstances that constantly occurred; the art of profiting by fortune, without pretending to direct it—this is the character of Cromwell. He did what no other man, placed in analogous circumstances, has ever done. He accommodated himself to all the different phases of the revolution. He was a leader, both at its commencement and at its close. He was, at first, the promoter of insurrection, the abettor of anarchy, the most furious revolutionist in England; he afterwards became the leader of the anti-revolutionary reaction, and encouraged the re-establishment of order and social reorganisation; he filled, alone, all the parts which, during the course of most

revolutions, are divided amongst many great actors. We cannot say that Cromwell was a Mirabeau—he wanted eloquence; and though very active, did not obtain any renown during the first years of the long parliament; but he was, successively, Danton and Buonaparte. He had done more than any other man to overthrow authority; he raised it up again, because no one but himself knew how to take possession of, and manage it. It was necessary that the country should be governed by some person; all others failed, he succeeded: this was his title. Once master of the government, this man, who had shewn so bold, and so insatiable an ambition, who had always pushed fortune before him, and seemed determined never to stop, displayed a fund of good sense, prudence, and knowledge of resources, which controlled his most violent passions. Undoubtedly, he had an extreme love for absolute power, and a very strong desire to gain the crown for himself, and to transmit it to his family. He renounced his designs in the latter particular, having had the sagacity to perceive the danger of it; and with respect to absolute power, although he exercised it in fact, he still comprehended that it was opposed to the character of the times in which he lived; that the object of the revolution, in which he had taken so leading a part, was to overthrow despotism, and that the unceasing desire of England was to be governed by a parliament, and according to parliamentary forms. Therefore, although a despot, both in disposition and in fact, he desired to have a parliament, and to govern by parliamentary forms. He addressed himself to every party in succession; he endeavoured to form a parliament from amongst the religious enthusiasts, the republicans, the presbyterians, and the officers of the army. He tried every means to assemble a parliament which could and would follow in his track. He tried in vain—no matter of what party the parliament was composed; so soon as it had assembled in Westminster, it sought to deprive him of the power he exercised, and to rule in its turn. I do not mean to assert that his interests and his personal passions were not his first care; but it is not the less certain, that if he had abandoned the supreme power, he would very soon have been obliged to resume it. Whoever had undertaken the government, whether he were a puritan or a royalist, a republican or a soldier, could not have held it—no one but Cromwell, at that juncture, could have governed with any degree of justice or order. The proof had already been made. It would have been impossible to allow the parliament, that is to say, the parties holding seats in parliament, to assume a power they could not hold. Such was, then, the situation of Cromwell; he governed by a system which he well knew was contrary to that of his country; he exercised a power which was felt to be necessary, but was not recognised by any one. No party regarded his government as definitive. The royalists, the presbyterians, the republicans, even the army, that party which appeared most devoted to Cromwell, all were convinced that his power was only transitory. He never really ruled over the popular mind; he was never any thing more than a last resort, a political necessity. The protector, the absolute ruler of England, was all his life obliged to have recourse to coercive measures, in order to retain power; no party was able to govern so well as him, yet all opposed him—he was constantly attacked by all parties at once. At his death, the republicans alone were able to seize on the supreme power—they did so, and succeeded no

better than they had done before. It was not from any want of confidence, at least in the fanatics of the party. A tract, written by Milton, full of talent and nerve, published at that crisis, is entitled 'A ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth.' You see how great was the blindness of these men. They soon shewed themselves as incapable of governing as they had previously done. Monk undertook the direction of that event, which all England expected. The restoration was accomplished."

We pass to a brief extract or two, merely to shew M. Guizot's manner and ways of thinking:—

"Whoever attentively considers the English turn of mind, will be struck by a fact of a two-fold nature: on one side, good sense and practical ability; on the other, the absence of general ideas, and elevation of mind on purely theoretical questions. Whether we turn to works on history, or jurisprudence, or on any other subject, we rarely find that the great, the fundamental cause of things, has been investigated. Philosophy, properly speaking, and especially political science and pure metaphysics, have succeeded much better on the Continent than in England; at least they have been exhibited more boldly, and with greater power. It cannot be doubted, that the different character of the development of civilisation in the two countries, chiefly contributed to produce this result."

Again, speaking of Louis XIV.—

"The government of Louis XIV. was grand, brilliant, and powerful; but it had no firm foundation. Free institutions are a guarantee, not only for the prudence of a government, but also for its permanency. No system is capable of duration, unless it is supported by institutions. Wherever absolute power has become permanent, it has been founded on recognised institutions; sometimes by the division of society into castes, separated from each other by a strongly defined line; sometimes by a system of religious institutions. Under the reign of Louis XIV. institutions for the support of power, and for the preservation of liberty, were alike wanting. There was nothing in France, at that epoch, to secure the country against the illegitimate acts of the government, or the government itself against the inevitable effects of time. Thus we see that the government accelerated its own decay. It was not Louis XIV. alone who grew old, and became weak and powerless at the close of his reign; absolute power itself became decrepit. The system of pure monarchy, in 1712, was as much worn out as the monarch himself; and the evil was so much the greater, because Louis XIV. had abolished political habits, as well as institutions. No political habits can be formed without independence. He, alone, who feels he is strong by himself, is always capable either of aiding power or opposing it. Energy of character disappears when the condition becomes dependent; free and undaunted minds are produced by the security of rights."

With this we conclude; and have only to notice, with regret, that a multitude of misprints, or errors in the translation, render the author obscure where we are very desirous of ascertaining his precise sense. Thus, at page 453, we find the names of the celebrated diplomatists, *M. de Torcy, d'Avaux, and de Bonrepaus* rendered "*de Tovey, d'Avant, and Bourepans*;" and in the next page it is stated, that "these countries of an absolute monarch passed a more accurate judgment," &c., which "*countries*" is a misprint or mistranslation of

the word *courtisans, courtiers*. But, instead of instances, we will give one sentence, to shew how indifferently, to say the least, the work of the translator has been revised and corrected. "Il a bien fallu un jour en venir au fait; il a bien fallu que le mouvement intellectuel passât dans les événements extérieurs; et comme ils avaient été totalement séparés, la rencontre a été plus difficile, et le choc beaucoup plus violent." Thus rendered: "At length facts became associated with ideas; the intellectual movement passed into external events; and, as speculation had been totally separated from practice, their remains was so much the more difficult, and the shock of their meeting so much the more violent." What can be made of works like this! Not sense!

*The Bivouac; or, Stories of the Peninsular War.* By W. H. Maxwell, Esq., author of "Stories of Waterloo," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

WE have run cursorily over this publication, which is indeed one which greatly recommends itself for cursory reading. For, though the narrative is continuous and connected, the work consists of a number of interesting episodes, most, if not all, of them well upholding the previous popularity of the writer. Mr. Maxwell has seen much, and sketches what he selects for description with a vivid pencil. To illustrate this, however, we can only pitch upon a single picture, and endeavour through that to convey to our readers an idea of the spirit and talent of the whole.

"O'Connor strained eye and ear in the direction, but the low and hurried communication was drowned by the rushing of the river, and it was impossible to conjecture who the stranger was, or what might be his errand. A few minutes ended this uncertainty. Suddenly the unknown sprang within the sentry's guard—a blow was struck—a loud exclamation, and a deep groan succeeded, and then one figure only was visible in the starlight. That was the stranger's! and at a rapid pace he crossed the bridge, and confronted the English sentinel. 'Stand—or I'll fire!' 'Hold—for God's sake!' replied a voice in tolerable English. 'I am a Spaniard, and a friend.' But the sentinel was resolute. 'Friend or foe,' he cried, 'keep your distance.' 'By Heaven!' rejoined the Spaniard, 'I must and will cross over.' 'One movement of hand or foot,' returned the sentry coolly, 'and you are a dead man.' 'Am I not a faithful ally? What fear ye?' 'I fear nothing,' replied the English soldier. 'Have I not this moment rid you of an enemy?' said the stranger. 'Then have you done a cowardly and murderous action,' was the sentry's answer. 'I must pass—give way, or I'll force it.' 'My finger is on the trigger,' returned the soldier. 'Another step—another whisper—and I'll send a bullet through your heart.' Both paused; and for half a minute neither spoke. They stood almost within arm's length; the soldier with the rifle at his shoulder, the Spaniard with a knife grasped firmly in a hand, still reeking with the blood of the slaughtered Frenchman. A noise was heard; the measured steps of an advancing party approached, and in a few moments the relief appeared upon the bridge, and by O'Connor's orders secured the formidable stranger. The Spaniard offered no resistance. Two sentinels were left at the deserted post, and the relief, with their commandant and the prisoner, returned to the outlying picket. Once only the stranger spoke, and it was in reply to a command given to the guard to look to his safe custody. 'Think ye,' he said, 'that I am

likely to return to the French outpost, and inform the detachment that I stabbed their comrade to the heart?' and a loud laugh, as in derision, accompanied the observation. The dark mantillo in which the Spaniard was enveloped, had hitherto concealed his person, and in the waning starlight, nothing save a tall figure and swarthy features could be discovered; but when, stopping before the fire around which the picket were collected, the blaze revealed his face, one glance assured O'Connor that his prisoner was no ordinary man. The stranger was scarcely thirty, and were it not for his stern and vindictive expression, his face would have been singularly handsome. The dark and brilliant eye sparkled from beneath a brow which appeared to darken at the slightest contradiction; the nose was finely formed; the teeth white and regular, while coal-black hair, curling in rich profusion to his shoulders, and a high and noble forehead, completed the outlines of a countenance, that none could deny was handsome, but few would wish to look upon a second time. A trifling incident marked the character of the stranger. The officer of the picket presented a canteen to his commandant, and then politely offered it to the prisoner. He bowed, and put forward his hand; but the subaltern started—for in the blaze he observed that it was discoloured to the wrist. 'Are you hurt?' he said, 'there is blood upon your hand.' The Spaniard's lip curled in contempt. 'Ay, likely enough,' he coolly answered. 'Many a time the heart's blood of an enemy has dyed these fingers deeper; but it would be uncivil to stain a friendly flask;' and, stepping aside, he rinsed his hands in a little rivulet that trickled down a rock beside the watch-fire; then, taking the canteen, he drank and returned it with a bow. 'Are you the commandant at this fort?' he inquired, as he turned to O'Connor. 'I am,' was the reply. 'Your name, sir?' The soldier gave it. 'Indeed!' exclaimed the Spaniard, 'are you he who led the assault at Badajoz?' The soldier bowed, as he replied in the affirmative. 'Enough: I would speak with you aside;' and, followed by O'Connor, he walked some distance from the watch-fire. 'You have seen me before,' said the Spaniard, sharply. 'It is very possible,' was the soldier's reply. 'Under which of the Spanish commanders have you served?' 'Under none,' replied the stranger. 'Are you not a soldier, then? Just now you hinted that more than one Frenchman had fallen by your hand.' 'Yes: some have perished by my hand, and many a hundred by my order,' returned the prisoner. 'Indeed! May I inquire who it is that I am addressing?' 'Willingly. Heard ye ever the name of Vicente Moreno mentioned?' asked the Spaniard. 'Moreno! him whom the French hanged at Granada, in the presence of his wife and children?' 'And,' continued the stranger interrupting him, 'whose last words to her he loved so tenderly, were spoken from the scaffold, telling her to return to her home, and teach her children to follow the example of their father; and, if they could not save their country, like him to die for it.' 'Yes, I recollect the occurrence well,' replied O'Connor. 'It was the cruel murder of a brave man, and awful was the retaliation it occasioned.' 'Ay,' said the Spaniard, 'the martyr of liberty was well and speedily avenged. Before the second moon rose above the grave of the slaughtered soldier, seventy French captains were shot like mangy hounds, by my order, in the market-place at Marbella. 'Ha!' exclaimed O'Connor, as he looked keenly at the Spaniard, 'am I then speaking to—' 'Moreno, the Guerrilla,

the younger brother of him they murdered in the square of Granada, stands beside you.' O'Connor started! 'And was the assassin of the French sentinel, the far-famed chieftain of the mountain bands of Ronda? He whose exploits wore rather the semblance of romance than the colour of reality; whose career had been so successful and so sanguinary, that it was computed, from the hour he devoted himself to avenge his brother's death, that more than two thousand French had been slain by the bands he commanded!' While O'Connor recollected the ruthless character of the dreaded chief, all marvel at the scene upon the bridge ceased; for to stab an enemy who was in his way, would not be a consideration of a pin's fee to one who, in cold blood, had shot his prisoners by the dozen. 'Doubtless you are both hungry and fatigued,' said the soldier, resuming his conversation with the Guerilla; 'our bivouac is hard by, and, such as it is, there we have food and shelter. Will you accept what I can offer?' 'Most willingly,' replied Moreno, 'both will be welcome. For thirty hours I have tasted no food, and have been hiding in the rocks all day, and travelling hard since sunset.' 'You have, then, been engaged in some important enterprise?' said the soldier. 'I have been occupied as I have ever been since I devoted myself to avenge my murdered brother, and my enslaved country.' 'In what, may I inquire?' said O'Connor. 'Doing a deed of desperate vengeance,' replied the Spaniard, in a deep voice that thrilled to the heart. 'Vengeance is what I think of when awake—vengeance is what I dream of sleeping.' 'Have you been harassing the enemy?' 'I have,' returned the Guerilla, 'been doing a deed that will carry terror to every Frenchman, and make the usurper tremble, when the name of Juan Moreno is pronounced. But I am weary, give me some food, and when I rest for a few hours, if you will walk with me up the heights, I will relate my last adventure.' 'Come,' said the soldier; and leading the way, he introduced the weary Spaniard to the hut, struck a light, and placed before him the best cheer a scanty larder could produce. The Guerilla ate like one who had been for many hours fasting, finished a flask of wine, and then, apologising for keeping his host from his repose, stretched himself beside the soldier's bearskin, and, as if in the full consciousness of security, dropped into a sound sleep, which remained unbroken until the *reville* disturbed the bivouac at day-break. One circumstance struck O'Connor as being remarkable. Wearing as the Guerilla was, before he lay down on his cloak he took a crucifix from his bosom, and repeated his prayers devoutly. A hand, red with recent murder, punctiliously let fall a bead at every *ave*; and when his orisons were ended, he replaced the emblem of salvation, which he appeared to venerate so much, within the same breast where the knife that had just despatched two unsuspecting victims, was deposited."

Altogether, the *Bivouac* is a production excellently calculated to while away the autumnal hours; and, whether for its stirring or touching scenes, it will be perused with constant interest.

*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land.* By an American. With a Map and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, 1837. Harper and Brothers; London, Rich.

THE Nile having become nearly as familiar to us as the Rhine, we shall not be seduced by the novelty of its being described by an Ame-

rican traveller, into another voyage from Cairo to the Cataracts. Suffice it to say of this portion of the work before us, that the narrative is easy and unassuming, and unfolds no circumstances with which the general reader was previously unacquainted. There is, perhaps, more novelty in the style than in the matter; for, getting into a passion with the Arabs who pestered him at the Great Pyramid, our author says—

"At the mouth of the well I again selected my two guides, and again told the others not to follow; and, sending the two before me, followed down the well, being myself quickly followed by two others. I shouted to them to go back, but they paid no regard to me; so, coming out again, I could not help giving the fellow next me a blow with a club, which sent him skipping among his companions. I then flourished my stick among them, and after a deal of expostulation and threatening gesticulation, I attempted the descent once more. A second time they followed me, and I came out perfectly furious. My friend was outside shooting, the pyramids being nothing new to him, and unfortunately I had been obliged to leave Paul at Cairo, and had no one with me but a little Nubian boy. Him I could not prevail upon to descend the well; he was frightened, and begged me not to go down; and when he saw them follow the second time, and me come out and lay about me with a club, he began to cry, and before I could lay hold of him, ran away. I could do nothing without him, and was obliged to follow."

"Next to the pyramids, probably as old, and hardly inferior in interest, is the celebrated Sphinx. Notwithstanding the great labours of Cavaglia, it is now so covered with sand, that it is difficult to realise the bulk of this gigantic monument. Its head, neck, shoulders, and breast, are still uncovered; its face, though worn and broken, is mild, amiable, and intelligent, seeming, among the tombs around it, like a divinity guarding the dead."

The subjoined notice is worthy of extract, to shew how nearly future travellers had lost one of the grandest objects of Egyptian attraction.—

"Mr. Linant has been twenty years in Egypt, and is now a bey in the pacha's service, and that very afternoon, after a long interview, had received orders from the great reformer to make a survey of the pyramids, for the purpose of deciding which of those gigantic monuments, after having been respected by all preceding tyrants for 3000 years, should now be demolished for the illustrious object of yielding material for a petty fortress, or scarcely more useful and important bridge."

Fortunately for the monuments of the Pharaohs, Mr. Linant reported that it would be cheaper to get stone from the quarries; though by a strange perversion of curiosity, like that of a child with a toy, the author remarks—

"After all, it is, perhaps, to be regretted that he had not gone on, as the mystery that overhangs the pyramids will probably never be removed until one of them is pulled down, and every stone removed, under the direction of some friend of science and the arts."

The Nile excursion being completed, the author resolved on a journey to Mount Sinai; and was thence led to a still more extensive and dangerous peregrination. About this expedition there is much said; and in the conclusion we are rather left at a loss to decide, whether Mr. S. is most convinced of the exact truth of the Bible prophecies, or fancies that he has proven one of them untenable in a literal acceptance. The denunciation against Edom is,

that "none shall pass through it, for ever and ever" (see Keith on the Prophecies, *passim*, who contends that Seetzen perished immediately after crossing the country, and Burckhardt, in 1812, did not pass through, but only, as it were, skirted Idumea or Edom); but our author, whilst he speaks in earnest language of the wonderful fulfilment of the Old Testament in every scene he witnessed, seems to consider himself to be "the first, the only one" who has traversed the accursed land from end to end. His statement and argument on this subject are amusing; and as the passage also very fairly winds up his travel from Mount Hor to Hebron, we will quote it:—

"I cannot (he says) leave this interesting region without again expressing my regret at being able to add so little to the stock of useful knowledge. I can only testify to the existence of the ruins of cities which have been known only in the books of historians; and I can bear witness to the desolation that reigns in Edom. I can do more, not with the spirit of scoffing at prophecy, but of one who, in the strong evidence of the fulfilment of predictions uttered by the voice of inspiration, has seen and felt the evidences of the sure foundation of the Christian faith; and having regard to what I have already said in reference to the interpretation of the prophecy, 'None shall pass through it, for ever and ever,' I can say that I have passed through the land of Idumea. My route was not open to the objection made to that of Burckhardt, the traveller who came nearest to passing through the land; for he entered from Damascus, on the east side of the Dead Sea, and struck the borders of Edom at such a point that, literally, he cannot be said to have passed through it. If the reader will look at the map accompanying these pages, he will see Burckhardt's route; and he will also see that mine is not open to the critical objections made to his; and that, beyond all peradventure, I did pass directly through the land of Idumea lengthwise, and crossing its northern and southern border: and, unless the two Englishmen and Italian before referred to,\* passed on this same route, I am the only person, except the wandering Arabs, who ever did pass through the doomed and forbidden Edom, beholding, with his own eyes, the fearful fulfilment of the terrible denunciations of an offended God. And, though I did pass through and yet was not cut off, God forbid that I should count the prophecy a lie; no, even though I had been a confirmed sceptic, I have seen enough, in wandering with the Bible in my hand in that unpeopled desert, to tear up the very foundations of unbelief, and scatter its fragments to the winds. In my judgment, the words of the prophet are abundantly fulfilled in the destruction and desolation of the ancient Edom, and the complete and eternal breaking up of a great public highway: and it is neither necessary nor useful to extend the denunciation against a passing traveller."

But no matter how our worthy traveller reconciles this knotty affair to his conscience, it is only our business to trace such particulars of his transit as are most interesting; regretting with him that his opportunities afforded him "so little to add to the stock of useful knowledge," respecting a region about which, notwithstanding the revelations of Laborde, Legh, Banks, Mangles, Irby, and others already mentioned, besides *incidentalists* not noticed, we know so little, and desire to know so much. Travelling with and among Arabs, however, is

\* We cannot tell who they are, nor why they are not repeatedly named instead of being referred to.—Ed. L. G.

no sinecure; and a tourist who had a note to take out, and took it out to record his observations, would probably never publish them in America or England. These hospitable children of the Desert would speedily provide him with a home and resting-place for ever. And, indeed, our author draws a picture of their manners, at the best of times, and under the most propitious circumstances, which intolerably clashes with the romance of our Araby-incited imaginations.

"One by one (confesseth our honest American) I had seen the many illusions of my waking dreams fade away; the gorgeous pictures of oriental scenes melt into nothing; but I had still clung to the primitive simplicity and purity of the children of the desert, their temperance and abstinence, their contented poverty, and contempt for luxuries, as approaching the true nobility of man's nature, and sustaining the poetry of the 'land of the East.' But my last dream was broken; and I never saw among the wanderers of the desert any traits of character, or any habits of life, which did not make me prize and value more the privileges of civilisation. I had been more than a month alone with the Bedouins; and, to say nothing of their manners, excluding women from all companionship; dipping their fingers up to the knuckles in the same dish; eating sheep's insides; and sleeping under tents crawling with vermin, engendered by their filthy habits: their temperance and frugality are from necessity, not from choice; for in their nature they are gluttonous, and will eat at any time, till they are gorged, of whatever they can get, and then lie down and sleep like brutes. I have sometimes amused myself with trying the variety of their appetites, and I never knew them refuse any thing that could be eaten. Their stomach was literally their god, and the only chance of doing any thing with them was by first making to it a grateful offering; instead of scorning luxuries, they would eat sugar as boys do sugarcandy; and I am very sure, if they could have got pound-cake, they would never have eaten their own coarse bread. One might expect to find these children of Nature free from the reproach of civilised life, the love of gold. But, fellow-citizens, and fellow-worshippers of mammon, hold up your heads! this reproach must not be confined to you. It would have been a pleasing thing to me to find among the Arabs of the desert a slight similarity of taste and pursuits with the denizens of my native city; and in the early developments of a thirst for acquisition, I would have hailed the embryo spirit which might one day lead to stock and exchange boards, and laying out city lots around the base of Mount Sinai or the excavated city of Petra. But the savage was already far beyond the civilised man in his appetite for gold; and, though brought up in a school of hungry and thirsty disciples, and knowing many in my native city who regard it as the one thing needful, I blush for myself, for my city, and for them, when I say that I never saw one among them who could be compared with the Bedouin. I never saw any thing like the expression of face with which a Bedouin looks upon silver or gold. When he asks for bucksheesh, and receives the glittering metal, his eyes sparkle with wild delight, his fingers clutch it with eager rapacity, and he skulks away like the miser, to count it over alone, and hide it from all other eyes."

But we have pointed to the results of his experience before we have told of our author's whereabouts; and as we dislike putting the cart before the horse, again we start from Cairo to

Suez, cross the Red Sea in a boat, where Moses (it is conjectured) miraculously divided the waters and drowned the Egyptian host, and in ten days reach the memorable Mount Sinai. But we pause on the Mosaic miracle, as vouches on the spot.

"It was (Mr. S. tells us) about twenty miles across; the distance which that immense multitude, with their necessary baggage, could have passed in the space of time (a night) mentioned in the Bible. Besides my own judgment and conclusions, I had authority on the spot, in my Bedouin Touseh, who talked of it with as much certainty as if he had seen it himself; and, by the waning light of the moon, pointed out the metes and bounds according to the tradition received from his fathers. 'And even yet,' said he, 'on a still evening like this, or sometimes when the sea is raging, the ghosts of the departed Egyptians are seen walking upon the waters; and once, when, after a long day's journey, I lay down with my camels on this very spot, I saw the ghost of Pharaoh himself, with the crown upon his head, flying with his chariot and horses over the face of the deep; and even to this day the Arab, diving for coral, brings up fragments of swords, broken helmets, or chariot-wheels, swallowed up with the host of Egypt.'"

Having seen what was to be seen on Mount Sinai, our traveller, inspired by the place and occasion, relinquished his first idea of proceeding to Gaza, and turned off the route for Petra. His visit to this remarkable place is interesting for its Arab accompaniments, as well as for the sketch, brief and hasty as a few hours' inspection must necessarily make it, of the doomed city itself, the desolate remains of one of the earliest dwellings of congregated man upon the earth, now a mass of rocky ruins and sepulchres. His shrewd Arabs caused him to enter by a *portal*, hitherto (as far as we remember) unnoticed; but the whole description is so good, that, at the risk of repetition, we copy it for those not much read in these *Petra-factions*.

"This ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains, five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labour out of the solid rock; and, while their summits present Nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticos, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by. Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city. Strong, firm, and immovable as Nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skillful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that Nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it

forms the entrance. Unfortunately, I did not enter by this door, but by clambering over the mountains at the other end; and when I stood upon the summit of the mountain, though I looked down upon the vast area filled with ruined buildings and heaps of rubbish, and saw the mountain sides cut away so as to form a level surface, and presenting long ranges of doors in successive tiers or stories, the dwelling and burial-places of a people long since passed away; and though immediately before me was the excavated front of a large and beautiful temple, I was disappointed. I had read the unpublished description of Captains Irby and Mangles. Several times the sheik had told me, in the most positive manner, that there was no other entrance; and I was moved to indignation at the marvellous and exaggerated, not to say false, representations, as I thought, of the only persons who had given any account of this wonderful entrance. I was disappointed, too, in another matter. Burckhardt had been accosted, immediately upon his entry, by a large party of Bedouins, and been suffered to remain but a very short time. Messrs. Legh, Banks, Irby, and Mangles, had been opposed by hundreds, who swore 'that they should never enter their territory nor drink of their waters,' and 'that they would shoot them like dogs, if they attempted it.' And I expected some immediate opposition from at least the thirty or forty, fewer than whom, the sheik had told me, were never to be found in Wady Moussa. I expected a scene of some kind; but at the entrance of the city there was not a creature to dispute our passage; its portals were wide open, and we passed along the stream down into the area, and still no man came to oppose us. We moved to the extreme end of the area; and, when in the act of dismounting at the foot of the rock on which stood the temple that had constantly faced us, we saw one solitary Arab straggling along without any apparent object, a mere wanderer among the ruins; and it is a not uninteresting fact, that this poor Bedouin was the only living being we saw in the desolate city of Petra. After gazing at us for a few moments from a distance, he came towards us, and in a few moments was sitting down to pipes and coffee with my companions. I again asked the sheik for the other entrance, and he again told me there was none; but I could not believe him, and set out to look for it myself; and, although in my search I had already seen enough abundantly to repay me for all my difficulties in getting there, I could not be content without finding this desired avenue."

The solitary Arab in solitary Petra might sit for another Marius at Carthage; and, with regard to the avenue so much desired, our author did discover it, but was deterred from pursuing it outwards to the country, by an alarm that there was a band of hostile Arabs at the further issue of the pass. Having seen all he could within a few hours, he was compelled to depart, and, as usual, his escort magnified the perils of his position to the utmost. In spite of their remonstrances, however, he ascended Mount Hor, and gives a vivid description of the labour, as well as of the view from the summit. Every thing around, as far as human eye could reach, spoke of the prophetic vengeance which had been realised, and converted the once populous and flourishing inheritance of Esau into a desert wilderness, the haunt of wolves and owls.

"If (says our author) I had never stood on the top of Mount Sinai, I should say that nothing could exceed the desolation of the view

from the summit of Mount Hor, its most striking objects being the dreary and rugged mountains of Seir, bare and naked of trees and verdure, and heaving their lofty summits to the skies, as if in a vain and fruitless effort to excel the mighty pile, on the top of which the high-priest of Israel was buried. Before me was a land of barrenness and ruin—a land accursed by God, and against which the prophets had set their faces; the land of which it is thus written in the book of life:—‘Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Mount Seir, and prophesy against it, and say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, oh Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord. Because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children of Israel by the force of the sword in the time of their calamity, in the time that their iniquity had an end: Therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee: sith thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee. Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth. And I will fill his mountains with his slain men: in thy hills, and in thy valleys, and in all thy rivers, shall they fall that are slain with the sword. I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return: and ye shall know that I am the Lord.’”

Our author continues. “On the very ‘top of the mount,’ revered alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber; in front of the door is a tombstone, in form like the oblong slabs in our churchyards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare. After going out, and from the very top of the tomb surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining, once more, the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber.”

An incident, rather absurdly exaggerated, follows; but as, in the old house in Gray’s poem, the long passage which tells it leads to nothing, we shall leave it and Mount Hor together.

On his route to Hebron, the author saw many Roman ruins, but had not sufficient leisure or opportunity to examine them; so that, except for the general statement, this portion of the earth must yet remain *terra incognita*. At Hebron he got rid of his Bedoween friends, after much quarrelling, as usual, and went on to Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Jericho, Jordan, the Dead Sea, and other spots of great interest. As they have all, however, been more than once described in our pages, with more minute details, from preceding travellers, we shall not

seek here for further “Incidents,” but finish with an Asphaltic extract.

“Since early in the morning, I had had the sea constantly before my eyes. While riding along the northern shore, the general aspect was very much the same; but, as soon as I turned the head, and began to move along its side, the mountains every moment assumed a different aspect, although everywhere wild, rugged, and barren. At three o’clock we were approaching a place where the mountain rises precipitously from the lake, leaving no room for a passage at its foot; my eyes were fixed upon the lake, my thoughts upon its mysterious properties. The ancients believed that living bodies, and even heavy metals, would not sink in it; and Pliny and Strabo have written of its extraordinary buoyancy. Before I left Jerusalem, I had resolved not to bathe in it, on account of my health; and I had sustained my resolution during the whole of my day’s ride along its shore; but, on the point of turning up among the mountains, I could resist no longer. My clothes seemed to come off of their own accord; and, before Paul had time to ask me what I was going to do, I was floating on its waters. Paul and the Arabs followed; and, after splashing about for a while, we lay like a parcel of corks upon its surface. From my own experience, I can almost corroborate the most extravagant accounts of the ancients. I know, in reference to my own specific gravity, that in the Atlantic or Mediterranean I cannot float without some little movement of the hands; and even then my body is almost totally submerged; but here, when I threw myself upon my back, my body was half out of water. It was an exertion even for my lank Arabs to keep themselves under. When I struck out in swimming, it was exceedingly awkward; for my legs were constantly rising to the surface, and even above the water. I could have lain there and read with perfect ease. In fact, I could have slept, and it would have been a much easier bed than the bushes at Jericho. It was ludicrous to see one of the horses. As soon as his body touched the water, he was afloat, and turned over on his side; he struggled, with all his force, to preserve his equilibrium; but the moment he stopped moving he turned over on his side again, and almost on his back, kicking his feet out of water, and snorting with terror. The worst of my bath was, after it was over, my skin was covered with a thick glutinous substance, which it required another ablution to get rid of; and after I had wiped myself dry, my body burnt and smarted as if I had been turned round before a roasting fire. My face and ears were incrustated with salt; my hairs stood out, ‘each particular hair on end;’ and my eyes were irritated and inflamed, so that I felt the effects of it for several days. In spite of all this, however, revived and refreshed by my bath, I mounted my horse a new man. Modern science has solved all the mystery about this water. It has been satisfactorily analysed, and its specific gravity ascertained to be 1.211, a degree of density unknown in any other, the specific gravity of fresh water being 1.000; and it has been found to hold in solution the following proportions of salt to 100 grains of water:—

	Grains.
Muriate of lime .....	3.920
Muriate of magnesia .....	10.246
Muriate of soda .....	10.360
Sulphate of lime .....	0.054
	24.580.”

We have now finished our task. We have seen books more full of valuable matter, espe-

cially when relating to places such as our author visited; but, with all its faults of style\* and manner, and two or three failures, when aiming at grand or pathetic effect, there is such a measure of good humour and good feeling in these volumes, that we can cordially recommend them to our readers.

*The Basque Provinces; their Political State, Scenery, and Inhabitants. With Adventures among the Carlists and Christinos.* By E. Bell Stephens, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Whittaker and Co.

As the correspondent of the “Morning Post” newspaper, Mr. Stephens has enjoyed very favourable opportunities for witnessing the important struggle in Spain since September last, and also for ascertaining the condition and feeling, and seeing the manners, &c. of the Basque Provinces, the seat of this unfortunate war. A decided Carlist in his opinions, he cites many instances of generosity and humanity on the part of Carlo Quinto and his adherents; while, on the other hand, he describes the Christinos and their mercenary allies as cruel and barbarous. These particulars we leave to the readers of the work; and, as we have of late repeatedly referred to publications on this quarter, though not so recent as Mr. Stephens’s, we shall say nothing of the sieges of Bilbao or any other warlike operations, but select two or three passages respecting the country and its inhabitants, which will suffice to shew the style in which the author has executed his task. The following is a fair specimen:—

“During the four months which I spent in Navarre, Alava, Biscay, and Guipuscoa, I never met with the slightest insult or injury, though quite unarmed, frequently travelling alone, and not particularly on my guard either by night or day against being robbed and eaten, although I heard some very nervous tales of wolves and bears as ferocious as Mina and Rodil, and of a band of forty robbers who had made hundreds stand and deliver in the mountains of Guipuscoa, caring neither for Carlos or Christina; with a full, true, and particular account of how the people had hunted and taken them all just before I arrived; and how they had mercifully beaten the forty thieves to death with sticks; and how the fair and false captain of the brigands was discovered to be a lady; and how she pleaded that she was no better than she should be; and how she was thereby saved from summary execution and committed to prison to abide her time,—whence I suppose the story will not bring her forth for nine years to come; all for the edification of travellers! Speaking merely from my own experience, I can say that an Englishman may travel very safely and pleasantly through the Basque Provinces and Navarre, provided he keep his eyes and ears open, and his mouth shut, and does not impudently set himself up to contradict the popular opinion that Englishmen are all drunkards, who will sell their shirts, shoes, or jackets for a bottle of wine; and that English women will sell their children for a real (2½d.) a piece, or the equivalent thereof, in *aguardiente*. The higher classes of Carlists who have travelled and seen other samples of *Ingleses* than those let loose upon the coast at Bilbao, St. Sebastian, and Passages, take a somewhat different view of our national character, and, ascending to the best informed, Don Carlos declares that nothing would please him more than to see English

\* Vol. II. page 29, we are told of a school of fish. Is it a misprint, or an Americanism?—Ed. L. G.



gentlemen freely travelling through the country, and judging for themselves if the people wished to be ruled by Maria Christina and Mendizabel, and if there be the slightest chance of either or both (with Lord Palmerston to aid) compelling them to do what they do not like. However, I should not recommend any of our speculative tradesmen, political economists, theoretic legislators, or abstract geniuses of any class, to venture on a Basque peregrination. A traveller must habitually have an eye to the practical to get on at all comfortably there. I crossed the frontier with an eye to the picturesque and an ear to Fuentarabian echoes, reflecting on the consequences of the change in the Spanish law of succession, Lord Palmerston's non-intervention hoax, and such like *mal à propos* matters; but, long before I re-crossed the Bidasoa, I had learned to become alive to the present instead of the absent—to look to my dinner and my saddle-bags, my mule and her shoes, and to stand by to pledge her (Saxon style) while she fed. As to drinking, that was her own affair; and not being a Legionaire *baggage*, she never made a beast of herself. The traveller will find the views from the tops of the mountains truly magnificent. He will also very probably discover that he has gained a splendid appetite by the ascent, without any likelihood of gratifying it in such ethereal regions, unless he discovers something to the purpose in his own knapsack. He will also find very speedily that there is but one dinner hour in every *posada*, which, like a law of the Medes and Persians, is, when once passed, irrevocable. The greatest variation of latitude in this meridian (for it cannot properly be called dinner) is from twelve till one o'clock, whatever be the longitude of the place, so that picturesque and magnificent had better always be reserved for a *dessert*. As to dangers, there are really none, if, as I said before, the tourist will only keep his ears and eyes open.

"The conduct (he observes elsewhere) of the peasantry, whether engaged in field, in camp, or in factory, like those just mentioned, was, throughout my tour, an object of especial interest to me. On their proceedings, in fact, the issue of this eventful struggle depends. Whilst they are well affected, active, industrious, and confident, the king cannot lose his cause, even if every fortress were in the hands of Queen Christina and her Algerine and Westminster allies. If they sink into apathy, or even indifference, it is gone. This is the simple view of the case, which all my experience tended to confirm, which rendered each sun-burnt muleteer and *pageano* that I met on the road-side, a very respectable and influential personage in my eyes, and awakened my earnest attention to the aggregate of their sayings and doings, habits, customs, and even amusements. Warlike as they are, I was surprised to find so few martial sports amongst them. They have no boxing matches, single-stick combats, fencing, or target-shooting; but they are not the less in love with warfare and earnest in its exercise. Thus, when the cannonades at the lines of St. Sebastian and Passages are heard through Guipuzcoa, protecting sallies of the garrisons, the *voluntarios* cannot remain quietly working in a field, but snatch up their muskets, and scamper over the hills for miles, 'just to have a few shots at the Christinos,' which they discharge with right good will, and sleep all the sounder for on their return. There is, however, a species of martial gymnastic exercise prevailing throughout the Basque provinces, very striking to English

eyes, and so influential in its results in the development of combative and other valuable national propensities, that I shall give my readers a description thereof, just as it occurred under my own eyes in the Plaza of the little village of Yurretta, within half a mile of Durango."

We regret that we cannot find room for the vivid description of this characteristic village fête; but the quotation with which we conclude, seems to us to be still more likely to interest the public. It is a kind of winding-up, in which the author tells the traveller (if any body should happen to like such a tour for amusement) how he can best make his way in the Basque provinces.

"In the first place (he says), then, my dear fellow-countrymen, don't think of seeing the country with a telescope from the walls of Bilbao or San Sebastian. The hills around stand sadly in the way, and the Columbar hunting-parties indulged in by the garrison, which might have afforded opportunities for a wider scope of vision, are now few and far between. Besides, these excursions have invariably had unlucky terminations. 'Tis very pleasant,' says the East Indian adage, 'to hunt the tiger; but it is quite another affair when the tiger turns to hunt you!' It is, indeed, peculiarly mortifying to go for wool, and to return shorn; so, try another plan. Throw aside your nightgown and slippers; abandon all your lingering hopes of travellers' comforts with a good grace; make your will; insure your life; find your way in the dark over the Pyrenees to Vera or Zugaramurdi; and then, having got at once into the midst of danger and hardship, you will soon learn to appreciate a thousand enjoyments, that before passed unnoticed or despised. You will find your sense of natural piety quickened and elevated, and your tongue often uttering unconscious graces 'for a good dinner,' or 'a good bed,' as the case may be, although the former should happen to be only bread and oil-pottage, and the latter a mattress: *apropos* of dietetics, always take your breakfast, dinner, and supper, when you can get them, and your sleep, if possible, in advance! I am supposing that you are travelling with the Carlist forces, otherwise you will lose all the pleasure of beholding battles and sieges, the excitement of marching and counter-marching, of surprising and being surprised. Travelling alone, you will only see the towns, rivers, woods, and mountains asleep, as it were, and you might as well be looking at a book of landscapes at home; but if you follow the course of the war on any part of the frontier, you will find all these alive and alert; you will see the yards manned, as it were; every stick, stone, and stream arranging themselves in sympathetic unison, and assuming their boldest defensive attitude, as if inspired by the unconquerable spirit of the people who have defended them ere history began. But I was talking about your dinner and your bed. Fight your way at once into the midst of the oil and garlic, devour them in token of victory over your own fastidiousness, and you will sit at your ease ever after. Get rid, also, of your childish predilection for white salt; the brown is quite as wholesome. It is only tinged by a little clay dug out of the mine with it, or locked up in its crystallisation from the well-waters of Salinas del Oro. A little practice soon enables you to distinguish it from the pepper. The only danger of your indulging in Spanish cookery is, that you will soon become an epicure, and on your return to France astonish the *garçons*, as an English friend of

mine did at Bayonne, by calling for salad-oil 'a little older' than that which stood in the crier. Then as to a bed—I can promise you that you will not be likely to complain on your return to England, of 'a rose-leaf doubled under your great toe' troubling your repose. However, if you are constitutionally fastidious (or thin-skinned, as the saying is) on this point, you cannot do better than get yourself varnished or enamelled for the season, as Madame V—— does; and then you may bid defiance to any thing less irritating than a musket-ball. The late Sir Charles Giesecke adopted another excellent plan on his mineralogical excursions in Greenland. He provided a large white tanned bearskin, thick and strong, sewed into a bag, with a flap which covered his head. He crept in at the mouth every night, rolled himself round in a blanket, shut the flap-door; and thus lay secure against the attacks of dogs, wolves, rats, mice, &c., the skin being tough enough to withstand an extemporaneous siege, till he awoke to beat the drum with his knuckles, or shake his sides and growl at his disturbers. However, the less comforts you carry, the more good your journey will do you; so don't trouble yourself about the bearskin. Indeed, the less you bring in the way of baggage, the less you have to lose; as you certainly will, one time or other, all that you can't carry on your own back. Don't depend on your good horse for aid in time of need. He has not been used to a maize diet; and you will be obliged to send him back to France to save his life, paying a Napoleon transit-duty by the way. Don't expect to replace him in the provinces. Every horse at all able to carry a man-at-arms, has been purchased for the army, or received in lieu of service or contributions from the owners; so that only ponies remain, one of which, at a pinch, may serve you, if, like the sailors in a storm, you lighten the vessel by throwing the cargo to the sharks. If, indeed, you can get a good mule, and will feed it yourself (by stripping a house of its thatch, if nothing else can be had), you may sit at ease in this respect. Take no care of your bridle or your neck. Carry saddle-bags, and put provision for to-day and tomorrow therein, otherwise you may both frequently dine on recollections of the previous meal. The actual necessities which you must bring with you, are a razor, a piece of soap, a comb, a tooth-brush, a square inch of looking-glass (you will find white towels and napkins in the poorest huts, but they wash them with the ley of wood ashes); a pair of spurs (hinged, to enable you to walk down the precipitous roads without turning your face and toes thereunto); a knife, fork, and soup spoon, clasp in one haft (a 'scarce edition' in the provinces). I allow you a separate small spoon for eggs, as the customary hard-boiling plan, which requires none, might not agree with your health. In your knapsack a second shirt, &c. and high shoes, not boots. You can't attempt to change wet boots in camp without the liability of being taken prisoner. A young friend of mine, who was routed out of bed at Olaveaga, on Christmas morning, by the Christinos galloping under his window, was obliged to abandon both the operation and the boots, and afterwards to march for three leagues through the snow, over the sharp rocky mountains, in his bare feet; all for want of shoes instead of boots. Next, a pocket-map, telescope, note-book, and pencil. Lastly, two articles which you may find difficult to procure when you want them, and which are very light and portable: English lint and an empty phial.

N.B. The latter will hold the lint, and don't forget the cork. The lint will be very useful whenever you are wounded. I assure you that many arms and legs are dressed without any in the hospitals; and you will find none to spare in the provinces for amateurs. The phial is to be taken to the *botica* for medicine, as soon as the *chacoli* (the wine of Biscay) disagrees with you. I at last learned to use it at dinner, as others did; as wine with water, as vinegar with fish. You need not take the trouble of bringing out medicine; you can always purchase it—excellent, I assure you (the less the better): but the *boticario* is a man of dignity, and feels it beneath him to peddle in pill-boxes and phials; so, if you don't bring wherewith to hold his prescription, you may carry it home in the hollow of your hand, or in your mouth, if you are not afraid of the consequences. Pray don't forget the cork. Never enter a *posada* except as a matter of necessity. Their patrons are a caste of rogues and robbers in Spain as well as every where else; so the only safe plan to pursue, when the rascal presents his bill at you, and desires you to stand and deliver, is, without looking at it, to seize him by the throat, and drag him before the *alcalde*, confident that he will find something enormously overcharged in it. If the fellow be insolent, the *alcalde*, if he happen to be in a good humour, may order him a dozen *palos* on the back to teach him manners, and to keep his accounts on a better system. In justice to the Basque womankind, I must say that I always found the *posadas*, wherein they held away, less exorbitant than those ruled by the other sex. Dispense with the attendance of an *asistente*, unless you are very much occupied, very helpless, or very ignorant of Spanish and Basque. There are times when you will wish him hanged: for instance, finding, *par hazard*, agreeable society, where you flatter yourself you would be heartily welcome alone, and he is one too many; or, just when you have made yourself at home, of a stormy night, in some hospitable house on the mountains, amongst a kind and simple family, where every thing promises comfort and sociality, you find gloomy silence on a sudden take place of song and laughter. Your hopeful *asistente* has alluded to you as '*Senor Ingles*,' and you can hear them telling him in a whisper, how the patron's son, and his own brother, and the patron's kinsman, were all slaughtered by the *Ingleses* at San Sebastian, and Arlaban, and Hernani; and how their three houses were plundered and wantonly set fire to: until you are on the point of going to take your night's lodging on the bare hill side, for very shame at finding yourself classed in idea amongst a legion of cut-throats—*peseteros, hombres comprados, ladrones, robadores, borachos, falsos, &c.* In such a predicament don't attempt any explanation; the case won't bear it. An independent primitive people, with a constitution at least as good, and free, and ancient as your own; as distinct in laws and language, character, form, pursuits, and national feeling, from Spain, as Spain is from England, are invaded by a horde of modern Norsemen, who, adding hypocrisy to systematic barbarity, capture or destroy all within their reach in the name of liberty and reform. The less said on the subject the better. Call yourself *Irlandes* or *Escocés*, Welshman, Manxman, or Yorkshirer, as the case may be (I can't tell you the Spanish for the latter); but while the recent affairs of Bilbao, Irun, and Hernani, are rankling in their minds, do not go a pleasuring amongst them, bearing the name of murderer on your forehead."

We need hardly speak of the talent of the writer, after the examples we have given. Carlist or Christino must allow him to be a smart and pleasant draughtsman; and those more directly concerned in the struggle will, also, find a good deal about the newspaper intercepted, and forged letters, &c. &c.; and other matters which have been much discussed in the political press.

## TEN POEMS.—Batch the Eighth.

1. *The Castle of Chillon, and other Poems.* By T. L. Merritt. Pp. 160. (London, Whitaker and Co.; and Darton and Harvey: Maldstone, Brown.)—The long and leading poem of this volume is not devoid of merit; but its incidents are of a painful kind, and more fitting for the murderous pages of a romance than to be woven into rhythm, owing to some of the details, which are dry, and wearisome, and never could be turned into poetry. The verses entitled "Well-flowering," are more to our mind: there is something purely poetical between the association of the sorrows of the maiden and her lost lily; but even they are only indifferently wrought out in connexion with so beautiful (though also borrowed) a subject. We like not aught connected with bloodshed to mingle with such perfectly rural pictures, such relics of the poetry of bygone years, as the strewing of wells and fountains with flowers. It is a great mistake to suppose that poetry can only be shewn to advantage by being interwoven with the horrible; that music is akin to murder, or that song belongeth but to the sabre. We are sick of "Othos," after Byron's "Glaucous," and "Corsairs." We would as soon read Warren's odes to blacking, after having revelled in the melting music of Moore's Melodies. That Mr. Merritt's work possesses great merit, it would be unfair to deny; but, that it is in anywise equal to the materials which he has had the good luck to alight on for its fabrication, we cannot acknowledge. Nothing can be weaker than the words marked in Italics in the following stanza—

## To Anna.

"I swear by yonder sparkling star  
That gemmeth the deep blue sky,  
I love you, Anna! yes, you are  
The pole-star of my destiny."

Again, in the same song, we have the following—

"I'd ask the angel dwelling there,  
(i. e. in the clouds.)

## The sunniest one for thee;

We'd leave this world of wrong and care,  
To live there so blissfully!"

What this stanza means, we are at a loss to guess. And again—

"Thy smile is heaven, thy lip is love,  
Thine eye—where'd'st a prettier star?"

There is a wide difference between simplicity and silliness, especially when the ideas dwindle down, as in this case, to childish conceits. Mr. Merritt can do better things than this; had we not been convinced by reading his work, that a roughish rubbing down would prove of benefit to him on some future day, we would not have wasted so much space on his book. He has the thoughts of a poet; and care, and study, and close reading, form the school in which to fashion them.

2. *The Temptation, a Poem.* By W. Low Gore. (London, Thomas.)—"Lead us not into temptation," hath long been our prayer; nor would we wish to swerve from it after the perusal of this little work, for we should gain but little. It is of that class of poetry which is the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever, and leaves no hope of amendment. It is readable, and smooth, and pretty; but lacketh soul.

3. *Love and Steam.* Pp. 35. (London, Sama.)—A jumping, thumping poem, imitating Byron's "Don Juan," and not without a few random strokes of rough humour. There is also a stanza, here and there, which breathes a loftier spirit, and shews that the author has felt the emotions of poetry. It is, upon the whole, a very respectable production, too trifling to be treated seriously, and too clever to call forth our censure.

4. *Lines commemorative of the Foundation of Sidmouth Harbour, upon the Site of Chit Rock, &c.* (London, Sama.)—A very beautiful little production, and containing some really good stanzas in praise of our young and gracious queen. It is "a deed without a name;" but the author need not be ashamed of his production—it contains some sweet poetry.

5. *A Selection from the Poems of His Majesty, Louis the First, King of Bavaria.* Imitated in English Verse. By George Everitt. Pp. 150. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—It does not so often fall to our lot to review the works of a king, as it does to our political contemporaries who are ever on the look out for some new production—post, crown, hot-pressed, or foolscap. It is long since Frederic the Great wrote poetry, which Voltaire corrected, and which the latter satirically called, "washing the king's dirty linen." But Frederic never produced any thing equal to the volume before us: there are thoughts and feelings in the work which would do credit to the heart of a bard of the greatest genius, yet in the humblest station, to say nothing of the king. Mr. Everitt has very ably executed his task; and although we must not look to these as literal translations, they will still convey a tolerable accurate and pleasing resemblance of the original

ideas and expressions. We copy the following pithy and characteristic poem as a specimen:—

## "The Fate of a King.

Surrounded by the court's restraint,  
Life's pleasures are but weak and faint,  
An idol mere of stone:  
Enthron'd within a palace walls,  
Naught on a king but sadness falls,  
He ever is alone.

That which the poorest can obtain,  
He on his throne can never gain,  
Unbought, sincere applause:  
He slow and carefully must walk,  
As on a stage must act and talk,  
By artificial laws.

Each thing is measur'd, and is weigh'd,  
E'en for forget he oft is made,  
That he a man is born:  
Reserv'd and cold he e'er must be,  
Each joy and friendship he must flee,  
Exalted, and forlorn.

Wherever may his glances rest,  
Slander will sure the thing infern,  
Howe'er so pure—its form  
'Twill change, as Envy's will inclines;  
So heav'n itself no longer shines,  
When darken'd by the storm."

6. *The Retrospect of a Retired Mariner.* In Nine Cantos. Written by Himself. 18mo. pp. 202. (Stockton, Robinson; London, Groombridge.)—Poor poetry seems to have been discarded by every periodical excepting our own. Of a truth, some of the rhymes are bad enough; but, as we propose to give a picture of the current literature of the day, we must notice them until we have better. If genius sleeps, it will awake anon: if it be dead, we cannot recall it to life: we but record what it speaketh. The *Retrospect* is a work which no one can misunderstand: there is none of the lofty imaginings of a Milton about it; it is all fair sailing; you are never at a loss to comprehend the author's meaning. For instance, he falls into a dock with a jug of ale in his hand, and when he reaches the bottom, finds that he has lost the jug in the descent. But, reader, read what we have copied, and judge for yourselves.

## —"Ere I left, 'twas my intent

To treat my shipmates all;  
So I on shore to fetch it went,  
Which caus'd me bitter dole.  
Returning with the promis'd treat,  
A stranger for my guide,  
Whom I engaged in the street,  
And we were side by side,  
When down I dropp'd three fathoms deep,  
Into the graving dock,  
But, luckily, fell on my feet  
With a tremendous shock;  
A jug of ale was in my hand,  
When from the bank I started,  
When at the bottom I did land,  
The pitcher had departed;  
I sank knee deep into the clay,  
And was a while confin'd,  
But when I found my way away,  
My shoes were left behind;  
To trust a stranger was not right,  
Though he did often say,  
He knew the road as well by night

As others did by day:  
It was, in truth, a stormy night,  
And dark as dark could be,  
So he returned with a light,  
To seek my dead body!  
My shipmates also thought with him,  
That, if I was alive,  
I must have broken every limb,  
And could not long survive;  
But, ere they reach'd the Water-Gate,  
They heard me cry for aid,  
And I heard them ejaculate,  
'Thank God he is not dead!'  
They found me, guided by voice,  
As I my way did poke,  
Which made their friendly hearts rejoice;  
To find that I could walk,  
Without much help I got on board,  
Although I'd sprain'd my hip,  
Yet in a week so far restor'd,  
That I might leave the ship;  
But, fearing should I walk so far,  
'Twould cause my hip to swell,  
So I engag'd a hackney-car  
To take me to the Bell."

Is not this as plain as the nose on your face? How graphic the line, "My shoes were left behind," and the rhyme to "be," "to seek my dead body," but the half of the latter word is a plagiarism. Who has not heard of saying "Bo! to a goose?" And yet the work is both amusing and interesting; but the author could not write it in prose, for the reason which himself assigns:—

"My friends oft urged me to compose  
My simple narrative in prose;  
But when I had the task begun,  
I found prose writing was no fun;  
Besides, I knew, too, at the time,  
I was a better hand at rhyme;

"Blue Bell Inn."

Perhaps, for either I'm unequal,  
But this you'll find out in the sequel."

Assuredly this is an original work; and, to the lovers of dates, and names, and places, will be a treat; for we have the names of master, mate, ship, trade, whither bound, from whence: in short, a regular log-book in rhyme. We conclude with the following moral:—

"For he one day could not be found,  
So we concluded he was drown'd;  
But how it happen'd none can tell,  
We only do suppose,  
That overboard by chance he fell,  
But, how, God only knows!  
For he a cheerful man had been,  
And yet a sober fellow,  
But when the last time he was seen,  
They thought him somewhat mellow.  
From Northumberland he came,  
And John Turner was his name."

7. *St. Agnes' Fountain, with other Poems.* By T. W. Kelly, author of "Myrtle Leaves." Pp. 108. (London, Dalton.)—A few of these poems have already appeared in the *Annals*; and of the original ones, in the present volume, we can only add, that they in every way confirm the opinion which we expressed of the author's talents, on the appearance of his former publication. The poem to "Robinson Crusoe" is very pleasing, and awakened anew those emotions which have thrilled through our bosoms in boyhood, while perusing the original work. The volume is far superior to the general mass of trash with which our tables are loaded, and which is sent us as poetry.

8. *Francis Abbot, the Recluse of Niagara, &c.* by James Bird. Pp. 192. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—Mr. Bird has written several poems, which became rather popular for this unpoetical age. His "Metropolitan Sketches" are always amusing; and this second series, if aught, excels his first. The principal poem of this volume contains some delightful descriptive passages; nor is his vivid delineation of character less interesting. The secret loves of the hero and Lucy Graham are brought to bear finely upon the canvass, and stand out in a bold and startling light; too vivid, perhaps, to be natural, but not too much so for the gloomy distance they are doomed to traverse. But we extract the following, as being short, and better suited for the compass of our columns:—

"Billingsgate Market.

Gate of all gates, sweet Billingsgate, I sing!  
That soft retreat of the reluctant fishes,  
Which carts, and smacks, and boats, and steamers bring  
To trim the dainty Cockney's smoking dishes,  
Tickle the tastes of citizen and king,  
And consummate their gastronomic wishes!  
Mart of the scaly, shelly, finny tribes,  
I sing of thee, in spite of scoffs and gibes!  
Ye little sprats, that swim the salt, salt sea;  
Ye shrimps and prawns, that at the bottom creep;  
Ye salmon, sporting in the river Dee,  
Ye turbot, wallowing in the briny deep!  
Ye luscious fish of high and low degree,  
Rouse! rouse ye all from your aquatic sleep!  
Haste from our shores! in rocky hollows lie;  
Hide, hide from man, or ye must boil or fry!  
Strange is the appetite of man! to seek  
His food in water, on the earth, in air!  
Flies a poor bird above the loftiest peak,  
It cannot e'en escape his artful snare;  
Swims a poor finner in the loneliest creek,  
Dangerous, deep—he quickly finds it there!  
Fish, flesh, and fowl, green herb, root, fruit, and grain,  
Man eager seeks, devours, and seeks again!  
I wander from thee, Billingsgate! thou scene  
Of many a strange and 'delicate' affair,  
Where sweet-mouthed lasses, elegant of mien,  
Throw the true English dull reserve away,  
And, open-hearted, free from silent spleen,  
Give, unabashed, the dulcet words they say:  
To prove these words are choice ones, hear, and mind them!  
You'll wonder where the chattering jades can find them!  
Ye nymphs, who tread the purlieus of this mart,  
Ye dames, who bear the fish in tray or basket,  
Grant me one favour! from mine inmost heart,  
There, from its deep and fervent pulse I ask it,  
Let 'evil speaking' from your tongues depart!  
Keep your sweet words, like jewels, in a casket!!  
Oh! woman's tongue (I humbly ask her pardon)  
Is the wild scarlet runner of life's garden!"

9. *Sabbatical Verses*, by Joseph John Gurney. Pp. 58. (London, Arch.)—Contains religious feeling and Christian piety, which would have read well in prose; as free from poetry, however, as an apple-dumpling, which we held a good thing in its place, but not poetical.

10. *The City of the East, &c.* by the Author of "India," a Poem. Pp. 80. (London, Priestley.)—This poem contains several bold and masterly strokes of painting; but the colours are put on too thick and heavily; they want softening more into each other, to become really beautiful. We prefer the songs and shorter poems; some of them are gems, and might pass for the Bard of Zara's.

*Narrative of Capt. James Fawcner's Travels on the Coast of Benin, West Africa.* Edited by a Friend of the Captain. 12mo. pp. 128. London, 1837. Published for the Proprietor, by A. Schloss.

MR. SCHLOSS'S indefatigable exertions in any patriotic or benevolent cause deserve our notice. A foreign publisher, in the moiling mart of our vast metropolis, we have witnessed upon many occasions the genuine Teutonic kindness of his disposition; and, from noticing this readiness to befriend those who stood in need, or promote to the best of his power every useful design, we have not only felt disposed to second his exertions, but to serve himself when he brought forward any of his own undertakings, such as his exquisite "Bijou Almanac," and several valuable productions, both in art and literature, from the German—his country. We are led to make this profession here, because we were induced by his representations, some time ago, to announce the present publication as one of general interest, inasmuch as it was edited to rescue from the depth of misfortune a meritorious individual, who, after all his African sufferings, was more cruelly wrecked at home through the calamity of a fire, which destroyed his all.

The volume has been published by subscription, in aid of this beneficent purpose; and sincerely do we trust that it will fulfil its object.

Our last two Numbers have been occupied with African details from the ill-fated Niger Expedition; and in this will be found some interesting original particulars from the same quarter. But still we must spare a few lines to introduce Capt. Fawcner's simple narrative to the world, and, it may be, recommend him to the good feelings of some of our habitual readers. Twelve years have elapsed since the vessel he commanded was cast ashore on the coast, near a place called Mongyee, some fifteen or twenty miles west of the Bar of Benin, and under the control of the king of that title. So soon as the natives discovered they were defenceless, they, with savage cunning, and fraud, and violence, plundered the ship, its captain, and its crew, with the most ruthless atrocity. The latter were conveyed through part of the country, escaped murder, and were finally released, as related in this journal, from which a few brief extracts are all that we need select. Of the natives, we are told,—

"Their principal occupation is weaving mats, fish-pots, &c., in which they excel. The boys are very early initiated into the arts of war and the use of arms; they use the bow and arrow with surprising dexterity, and seldom fail hitting their mark even at a great distance; nor are they less celebrated in the use of the gun, which they hold in a peculiar manner. For fear of accident, they never bring the piece to the shoulder, but place the left hand against the end of the stock, thus supporting it by the hands only. On one occasion, I was a witness to the superiority of this plan over the ordinary method. A man discharged his piece, and it burst, and shivered the barrel in pieces, whilst he did not sustain the slightest injury: had he fired as we are accustomed to do, his arm would have been shattered, and his life endangered."

They get their guns from Birmingham, and other European manufactories; no wonder that they are cautious in their use, and owe the countrymen of their makers a grudge. At one place the fate of those with, and including, Capt. Fawcner came to a touching ordeal, from their guard conducting them towards Benin.

"The rain (says the unfortunate captive) had now subsided, and we wished to get all the fresh air we could by turning back the mats; but no sooner had we attempted to remove them, than the men began to use us very roughly, each charging his gun afresh, and making a most hideous noise. Our eyes were now opened to our situation, and we plainly saw we had been indulging in false security during the whole of our pleasant journey from Yarcella—

'So quick trod sorrow on the heels of joy.'

It was now evidently their intention to kill us, and make slaves of the blacks, neither of which they could have done with such ease at Mongyee or Yarcella, fearing, as they did, that the strangers from Benin, who were at both these places during the time we were there, might hear of it, and that it would eventually come to the ears of the governor of that capital. But now nothing prevented them from immediately accomplishing their wishes. We were in a lonely situation, and surrounded only by those who were interested in our death, and they might have for ever kept it a secret, perhaps, by sinking us forthwith in the river. They stopped the canoe, and the 'fetish man' produced some cowrys (or 'negroes' teeth, as they are sometimes called), a small shell imported from the West Indies. The flat side is white, and the convex red. These shells were to decide our fate in the following manner: they were to be thrown up into the air by this man, and on the turn of them our lives depended. Having grasped a quantity in his hand, he threw them up like a careless boy playing at pitch and toss, to ascertain whether it was the will of heaven that they should immediately shoot us in the canoe. Our feelings, at this moment, cannot be described. In an instant the unexpected storm had burst upon us in all its unrelenting fury; with tears in our eyes we begged the Almighty to soften the hearts of the savages, and avert the impending destruction. Regardless of our distress, they proceeded in the dreadful ordeal. The shells fell rattling down, and in an instant every eye save our own, was bent towards them. We dreaded the consequence, and simply looked for the first expression which would arise on their countenances. The fetish man who had thrown them up raised his head, and, blessed be God, disappointment and vexation were most strongly marked on his countenance. His face was, indeed, the index of the mind; almost every cowl had turned on the convex side, and shewed its flat surface of white. Hope sprung up in our breasts; we thought we were safe, at least for the present; but what was our distress when we found he had the cruelty and bad faith to hand the shells to the officer next him in command, requesting him 'to try his luck.' He willingly took them, and sitting at the bow of the canoe, did as he was requested. Again they fell and turned up for life. Their rage and disappointment was now unbounded: they stood still and looked at each other with countenances full of astonishment and vexation; not even satisfied with this, their second appeal to heaven, they determined on a third time, and actually handed the yet lucky shells to a man at the stern of the boat. He threw them, but to no purpose; the major part again shewed the white side uppermost, and baffled them in their third attempt. If ever the power of Divine Providence was more apparent in one thing than another, it was in this; the hand of the Almighty had evidently been 'stretched out to save' here, and surely we might have said, 'In our distress we cried

unto the Lord, and he delivered us out of our troubles.' Our thankfulness and joy were beyond expression; a feeling of deep and fervent gratitude pervaded our bosoms, which language cannot describe; in a word, it was

'The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembled in the breast.'

Seeing as how a good many stars, garters, ribands, &c. &c. are likely to be bestowed upon ambitious individuals in the graciousness of our own new reign, it may not be amiss to observe how an African, similarly honoured, bears his new dignities. Capt. F. relates:

"Not long after my interview with the messengers, I was standing in the principal street. I noticed one of them coming towards me, performing the most extraordinary gesticulations. At first I thought him mad; for he danced and capered through the street, followed by a great many persons who seemed to partake in the same feeling of joy or madness. He exhibited first one leg, then the other; alternately extended his hands; and then pointed to a string of coral which encircled his ankles and wrists. The fact was, the king had made a 'gentleman' of him, having bestowed an honour similar to our knighthood, and placed the insignia of his order, the coral, round his legs and arms. He was anxious that every body should see it, and displayed all the vanity and pride of a child when he is first breeched."

So it was in Lilliput; so it is in human nature; and in what does it end? At Benin, Capt. F. buried his friend and mate; and he tells us:

"The spot selected was an interesting one; and I felt a degree of consolation, not unmixed with pride, that the ashes of my departed friend should repose near those of so remarkable a man. The grave of the traveller is roofed over with a neat shed of bamboos, and a rude, but neat paling surrounds it, in order that no wild beasts may approach the sacred mound. A board is erected at the head, which has an inscription to this effect, that 'All travellers are requested to keep up the grave of so great a man as Belzoni.' Close beside the grave, a wide-spreading tree flings its branches over the sacred dust, and at the trunk a rude bamboo seat. Under its shadow I have sat for hours, musing on the fate of the deceased traveller, and reading his memorial. He, too, fell a martyr to the dysentery, whilst on his way to Timbuctoo. Yes! this was the simple tomb of the man who, with unwearied diligence and toil, had entered and explored the tombs of Egyptian kings, the mighty depositaries of a race of Pharaohs; beheld the hewn chamber and its sculptured sarcophagus in pristine beauty; and sent many a trophy of the wonderful achievements of ancient Egypt to a land where, in her national Museum, they now stand, proud monuments of the skill, not only of the Egyptian, but of him who ventured health, property, and life, in the one darling object of his chosen labour. All that now remained to him was the little mound by my side, and the simple, unostentatious monument bearing his name; presenting, indeed, a wide contrast to the huge piles of Memphis and Thebes."

But enough of such themes. We conclude with one quotation more, characteristic of the country:—

"Day after day now passed without bringing us any hopes or tidings respecting our departure. True, on one occasion we were much gratified to hear of the arrival of vessels in the river; and expecting that one might be the Harriet, belonging to our own employer,

sent in search of us, we immediately proceeded to inquire. But we were deceived, and found the vessels arrived were Portuguese schooners engaged in the slave trade. Another obstacle prevented our leaving, even had the king been inclined to send us away. It was the hostility of the 'Lagos' people to Europeans, in consequence of three of the king's wives having been killed by a party of British sailors in one of our boats, who were sent there to prevent the slave trade. The chiefs were therefore so incensed, that they vowed to kill the first white they could lay their hands on. We were, consequently, not very anxious, under such circumstances, to proceed to Badagry, by the way of Lagos, as had been determined on by the king of Benin. It was about this time that I witnessed a strange ceremony, peculiar to this people, called the time of the 'grand devils.' Eight men were dressed in a most curious manner, having a dress made of bamboo about their bodies, and a cap on the head, of various colours, and ornamented with red feathers, taken from the parrots' tail; round the legs were twisted strings of shells, which made a clattering noise as they walked, and the face and hands of each individual were covered with a net. These strange beings go about the town, by day and by night, for the term of one month, uttering the most discordant and frightful noises; no one durst venture out at night for fear of being killed or seriously maltreated by these fellows, who are then especially engaged in driving the evil spirits from the town. They go round to all the chiefs' houses, and, in addition to the noise they make, perform some extraordinary feats in tumbling and gymnastics, for which they receive a few cowries. About the same time I saw a man who had given himself as a sacrifice to the fetish. A procession was formed, in all the splendour peculiar to these occasions, and the man was conducted amid a vast concourse of people to the river. Here, according to the usual custom, they affix weights to the devotee's body, make him drunk, and sink him in the tide. As some sort of compensation, however, to the poor fellow, he was allowed, for some time previous to his being offered up, the privilege of going into the market whenever he felt inclined, and helping himself to whatever he fancied. I often saw him enter the market; but directly the women espied him coming, they invariably caught up their baskets and ran away. The natives have a curious way of finding out a thief by a kind of 'fiery ordeal.' It is as follows: a fire being lighted in front of the fetish house, they place an earthen pot on it, filled with some combustibles, which blaze like wild fire; and at the bottom of this a small cowry is placed. All the inhabitants are convened around this fire, and the master of each family, surrounded by his household, all of whom place their hands on his back, at once proceed to take the shell out of the burning pot. If he manages to get it out without burning his fingers, he is at once declared innocent; but, on the contrary, if he fail, he and all his family are immediately pronounced guilty, and each individual member is obliged to go through the ordeal. Whoever, in attempting to take out the shell, therefore, burns his fingers, is immediately declared to be the thief, and punished accordingly. Another mode, equally singular, is occasionally resorted to. The persons suspected are made to kneel down on the ground, and each one puts out his tongue. The fetish man immediately covers it with a certain mixture, and places over the surface a small leaf.

He then takes a feather, and endeavours to push the quill part through the tongue; if he succeed, and can draw the whole of the feather clean through, the party operated upon is at once declared innocent; but should he fail in the first attempt to push the feather through, the poor creature at once suffers the extreme penalty of the law. This is a shocking and most revolting spectacle for an Englishman to witness, which I never could look on but with feelings of horror and disgust; although the natives assured me it was not much pain, and the wound soon healed. They put great faith in this last-mentioned trial, and often cause the thief to walk about the town, as an example, whilst the wound is unhealed."

We have now only to express our hope that these examples may attract the attention we crave to the case of Captain Fawcener.

*An Elementary English Grammar, upon an entirely new principle; especially adapted, by its simplicity and its numerous Exercises, for the Junior Classes in Schools, for Private Tuition, or for Self-Instruction.* By W. H. Pinnock. Pp. 152. London, 1837. Easingham Wilson.

GRAMMARS probably constitute the most numerous class of books in existence. Almost every teacher of every language endeavours to increase his celebrity by the publication of a grammar, differing, in some respects, from the grammars already extant. This is as true of English grammar as of the grammar of other tongues. Hitherto, however, the difference of one English grammar from another has been, generally speaking, formal; the principles of every grammar have been essentially the same; and grammatical writers have, one after another, embarrassed themselves, and perplexed their readers, by a servile adherence to many rules deduced from the learned, and other languages, which have no bearing whatever upon the English language. Mr. Pinnock has here produced a remarkably ingenious little book, the object of which is to emancipate English grammar from foreign and classical thralldom, and to simplify it by insisting only on its native and proper principles.

In the first place, Mr. Pinnock places the parts of speech in the order of their dependence upon each other, and in that order, also, he treats of them: in the second place, he abandons cases as to nouns, admitting, however, a possessive form, and that in a peculiar way: in the third place, he gets rid of the difficulty of conjugation in verbs, proving that there is but one alteration throughout all their modes and tenses. These principles, or operating causes, enable him to sweep away a multitude of syntactical rules, and to reduce the number to about eighteen, quite new, and as simple as they are novel. He has followed no predecessor in his style of elucidation, but has explained every subject in his own way, and in his own words, endeavouring to make the teacher and the pupil work together. All scientific words are postponed until the last chapter; nothing but what is actually necessary has been inserted; and, to complete the usefulness of the volume, it contains exercises, lessons to each chapter, and questions for examination.

This book does not belong to the description of works from which much can be quoted; but the following passage, in which Mr. Pinnock states one of his leading principles with respect to the conjugation of verbs, will serve to shew the clearness and simplicity of his manner.

"The only alterations made in a verb, are

to form the *past tense*, by adding *d* or *ed* to it; and by adding *s* or *es* to its *present tense*, when a noun or pronoun is before it, of the *third person, singular number*. All the other tenses of a verb are formed by putting certain words before it. The *s* or *es* added to the verb in the *present tense*, for an agent of the third person singular, is done in the same way that nouns form their plural, by adding *s* or *es*; when the verb ends in *y*, with a consonant before it, it takes the *es* in the same manner that nouns do to form the plural number; that is, by changing the *y* into *i*; as in 'a fly' (a noun), the plural is 'flies,' in 'to try' (a verb), when the agent is of the third person singular, it is 'he tries.'"

We are sincerely of the belief which the author expresses in his preface, viz. "that this little book will prove highly valuable to the junior classes of schools, and to the young generally, who are wisely and laboriously aiming at mental improvement." There are a few slight typographical errors: for instance, the fourth line in page 11 ought to have preceded the exercises in page 10; in the eleventh line of page 58, "we," ought to be "he;" in the seventeenth line of page 91, "having had," ought to be, "having loved," &c. But these are trifles, which we mention principally to shew that we have read the work with attention, and which can easily be obviated in a second edition.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The History of England.* By Th. Keightley. Vol. I. Pp. 584. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Dublin, Milliken.

THE excellent manner in which Mr. Keightley executed his *Historie of Greece and Rome*, and other publications of much intrinsic worth, prepared us for an able epitome of English History from his hand; and it is but justice to this, the first moiety of his undertaking, to say that it has fully answered our expectations. Taking the Tudor period as one of transition, Mr. K. divides our history into two portions; 1st, the middle-age, papal and feudal: 2d, the modern, protestant and constitutional. This volume refers to the first period; and in it the author, whilst he avails himself generally of good and undisputed authorities, does not fail to sift and inquire for himself, where he thinks it needful for the elucidation of truth. In principle he is strongly Protestant, and severely handles Dr. Languard's work, and the church it was written to defend and uphold. An appendix gives some interesting biographical and other information.

*A Complete Latin-English Dictionary, for the Use of Colleges and Schools: chiefly from the German.* By the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A. 8vo. pp. 771, double columns. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Murray.

Of this publication we shall briefly say, that we do not think we could use terms too high to express our entire approbation and admiration of it. It is a vast improvement in its class, and does infinite credit to the industry and learning of Mr. Riddle. Wherever we have looked, we have found all we wanted; and what more can be said in praise of a dictionary, or any other book of reference?

*The Child's Hand-Book. Rudiments of Reading and Thinking.* Part I. By the Rev. W. Fletcher, F.R.A.S. London, 1837. Roake and Varty.

THE first of an intended series of little treatises, having for their useful object the gradual communication to the youthful mind, not of words alone, but of ideas. We entirely concur

with Mr. Fletcher in preferring the latter to the former: but we beg to suggest to him (the more especially as we observe that his next treatise will be "Rudiments of Grammar") the expediency of strict grammatical correctness, in works addressed to children. Mr. Fletcher will probably be surprised to learn that there are numerous blemishes, in that respect, in the little book under our notice.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## AFRICA, AND AFRICAN EXPEDITIONS.

THE people of England, generally speaking, feel little, if any, interest in the political condition or social affairs of the natives of the kingdom of Bonny, on the western coast of Africa, though a lucrative and tolerably extensive traffic is carried on between the two countries; but a remarkable circumstance which preceded the demise of the late ruler of Bonny is worth recording, and may not be uninteresting to the British public. His name was Manilla Poppel; and a more ferocious savage never existed. When he was attacked by the disorder which soon terminated in his dissolution, he sent for one of his chiefs, or leading men, known to the English traders by the name of Jack Tillie, and taxed him with having secretly administered poison to his sovereign, under the fatal influence of which he was then suffering. The trembling wretch was allowed no time to utter a word in exculpation or denial of his guilt, his head being instantly severed from the trunk in presence of the accuser—himself surviving his victim but a brief period. Thus was the country relieved, almost on the same day, of a pair of the most heartless ruffians that ever disgraced humanity. Their butcheries in cold blood, and other crimes, of a complexion equally hideous, which they had long perpetrated with impunity, were they made known, would harrow the feelings of the coldest heart, and make even a savage shudder. It is generally believed that the said Jack Tillie was the identical person who shot Richard Lander in his last expedition to the Niger. At all events, it is an established fact, that the skirmish in which this lamented traveller lost his life, was planned and carried into operation by Jack Tillie, sanctioned, of course, and encouraged, by his execrable master; and it is not, perhaps, an unpleasant reflection, that retributive justice has overtaken both these wily savages even in this life. The opinion relative to the parties who were instrumental in the death of Richard Lander, entertained by his brother, and inserted in the *Literary Gazette* shortly after the sad occurrence was made known in this country, is now completely corroborated. The scheme, concocted at Bonny, was communicated to King Boy, and this sullen and atrocious scoundrel, notwithstanding the favours that had been heaped upon him by the unsuspecting Englishman, and the confidence reposed in his good faith, perfidiously assisted in the attack, and shared the plunder. It may not, in this place, be superfluous to observe, that the woman, a British subject, captured on that melancholy occasion, has since been ransomed and restored to her friends at Cape Coast Castle, by its humane and generous governor, Mr. George Maclean, whose handsome conduct in this, as in several other instances, requires only to be known to be generally and justly appreciated.—*From a Liverpool Correspondent.\**

\* Another letter from Liverpool assails us, or, rather, the Geographical Society, whose proceedings we reported, for being too complimentary to Mr. Laird, calling him "a Liverpool merchant," and adds:—  
"At the same meeting, a letter was read from Becroft and Oldfield, describing a voyage up the Old Calabar, in

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.—The Rev. Dr. Shuttleworth, accompanied by Mr. Meach and Mr. Grant, the two Posers, arrived at Winchester College on Tuesday, and were received, *ad portus*, by Mr. Rich, the senior scholar, who addressed them in a Latin speech. On Wednesday, the compositions and speeches for her Majesty's medals were recited in the school, before a large audience.

*Gold Medal.*—Latin Essay, "An Philosophia satis aptam præstat Poeseos materiam," H. L. Prior.

English Verse,—"St. Cross," J. C. Algar.

*Silver Medal.*—Latin Speech, "Galgaci Oratio ad Milites," J. Marsh.

English Speech—"Lord Bristol's Speech on the Parliamentary War," Hon. W. H. Lyttleton.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## CAPTAIN MUDGE.

WITH regret we learn that Captain William Mudge, of the Royal Navy, who has for five or six years conducted the nautical survey of Ireland, now in progress, with so much credit to himself and advantage to the public, died last week. He has, we believe, completed a most minute examination of the coast line, from Dublin northward to the southern point of the county of Donegal, besides making several surveys in other parts of Ireland, with a view to particular objects.

Captain Mudge was an officer of the highest attainments and scientific skill, and commenced his career as a surveyor under Captain Owen, in the arduous service of the survey of the eastern coast of Africa. During the progress of his operations in Ireland, Captain Mudge contributed to the "Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries" an account of an extremely interesting discovery of a structure of remote antiquity, formed of wood, shaped with stone instruments; and which structure was discovered buried several feet in a bog, on the coast of the county of Donegal. Several communications from him, also, appeared in the *Nautical Magazine*, of which we particularly remember an account of the melancholy loss of the *Saldanha*, in Lough Swilley.

## SKETCHES.

## FATAL BALLOON ACCIDENT.

THE newspapers of the week have made known to the public the fatal termination of Mr. Cocking's parachute experiment. He was violently precipitated to the earth, and lifted up a disfigured corpse.

It cannot fail to have been observed by every intelligent reader, that whenever any fatal accident takes place, it is almost invariably made to appear, by the accounts published of the circumstances, that more than common care had been taken to guard against contingencies, and that if any body could be blamed, it must be the unfortunate sufferer. Thus, if a steam-boat is blown up, the engineer was peculiarly attentive to the safety-valves; if a boat, or lighter, is run down, the aggressive vessel was sure to be sailing particularly slow at the time, the captain to be anxiously watchful, and only the boat or lighter-men (who happen to be drowned) steering like idiots, reckless of consequences; if a building scaffold falls, and kills a few labourers and bricklayers, it is demonstrated to have been constructed with unusual skill and solidity;

the steamer *Quorra*, attended by one hundred canoes, with fifty men in each (only 5000 Kronen, at least five times as many as were ever employed on the coast by the English at one time) to the village of Old Eriack, which they state to be situated in lat. 6° 40' north, and long. 48° 10' west of Greenwich! and one hundred miles from the mouth of the river, in the Bight of Benin (it should be Biafra). How much the members of the Geographical Society must have been enlightened by this communication! Were they indebted to the liberality of a Liverpool merchant for this elegant epistle also?\*



and so on, throughout the whole chapter of human misfortunes. These reflections are induced by the statements which have appeared respecting the fate of this poor Mr. Cocking. Nearly the most complimentary way in which he is represented is as "an obstinate ass," one who would receive no advice from the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, or the balloon, but persisted in his purpose, to go up and be killed, for the entertainment of the multitude, who would pay their half-crown each for admission to the spectacle! Now, it is not our intention, especially when, perhaps, the verdict of a jury has not been pronounced on the subject, to utter a single syllable of censure upon any individual; but we must make free to express our opinion that, in every respect, this ascent from such a spot was a gross and monstrous impropriety. Its mode of advertisement was disgraceful; its execution, dangerous; and its object, mercenary. It was announced in the show-bills as a part of the idle amusements of the company—Mr. Cocking's extraordinary parachute descent, "and other entertainments;" it was obviously a dreadful increase of the peril that the attempt should be made in the centre of tens of thousands of houses, forbidding the descent to be made when a favourable occasion offered, and forcing the aeronauts to extend their flight, in order to clear the buildings, till darkness approached and left no alternative but the desperate feat, or a return to be scoffed at by the disappointed crowd:—and instead of a wisely considered and cautiously conducted philosophical experiment, tried in the open country where safety might be found, it was a rash, foolish, and ignorant exhibition, regardless of human life, and no further weighed than as a means to put money in the pockets of the speculators, whoever they were.

Common balloon ascents had ceased to be sufficiently attractive, and some novelty was required to whet the satiated public appetite. Unfortunately this enthusiast was discovered, and accommodated with the means of self-destruction. Mr. F. Gye remonstrated with him, but he would be slain; he was shewn that the rim of his machine was not strong enough, but he was determined on death; it was even broken in parts, but he would have it that it was stronger where patched than any where else. Then, for there is puffing in every thing, Mr. and Mrs. Graham are described as racing down in the direction of the balloon, to assist the misguided victim, to assist him in his fall. And, as if to finish this most disgusting tragedy, a disgrace to England for allowing its perpetration, the landlord of the inn to which the mutilated remains were carried, made another show of them; and thus, for *sixpence* additional a-head, the visitors to Vauxhall might have seen the deplorable conclusion of that mad act which was stimulated by their scandalous half-crowns. No man brought to face such an assembly, for such a purpose, could retreat from it, no matter how great or just his alarms. The dread of being deemed and called a coward must outweigh all other considerations of common sense and prudence, and all apprehensions of danger. The moment Mr. Cocking entered the gardens of Vauxhall on Monday afternoon, he was a doomed man. Nor was the risk confined to him: it is impossible to read Mr. Green's account of the upward motion of the balloon, after it was liberated from the heavy parachute, without feeling that his escape and that of his companion was absolutely miraculous. They rose, probably, to the unexampled height of five miles; for, when the

barometer was examined, they were 23384 feet, or nearly 44 miles, above the earth, and then they had been for some time descending from their highest pitch. The rush of gas was terrific, and the rarity of the surrounding atmosphere fatal to life; but they were luckily provided with a supply of the lower atmospheric air, taken up in bags, and were enabled to breathe and live through this appalling trial. To Mr. Green's presence of mind we consider their salvation to be mainly owing; but his very precautions are a damning proof of the mortal consequences he apprehended. He would not, for "thousands of pounds," have disavowed the cord which fastened the parachute to the car; and, lest such a deed might be imputed to him, he caused a chain (which he could not cut) to be substituted in the upper part. He, also, persuaded Mr. Spencer, an adventurous attorney, to go up with him as a witness to what was done. In all, he took especial pains to separate himself from the speculation; and was, truly, in this, as in preceding affairs, a hired, and, probably, reluctant instrument of exhibition, in the pay of the balloon-mongers.

We had intended to offer some remarks on the miscalculations and ignorance which led to this melancholy result—the miserable want of information on the simplest philosophical, or pneumatic principles; but the moral considerations have occupied us to such a length, that we must defer any further comment.

The event we deem a national reproach; and, when such occurs, it makes us the more and more regret the want of a superior Institution to which similar experiments might be submitted. It would grace our young queen's reign, and greatly serve the interests of science, were her majesty to form and endow an Establishment of this useful and eminent character.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### SONNETS.

How wondrous is the day—the joint domain  
Of smiling nature and of jocund man!  
How solemn 'tis with wond'ring eyes to scan  
The night, its queen, and all her lofty train!  
How fearful 'tis to hear the midnight rain,  
And listen to the thunder's deep'ning roar!  
How soft and sweet is twilight, that in twain  
Divideth time, but sweet'neth it the more!  
Such is our life—childhood's our cheerful morn,  
Manhood our sultry fruitful noon; old age  
The eve that woos us to fond memory's page:  
Death is our closing rest—wilt man twin-born  
As day with night; and while to some star-lit,  
To others 'tis too dark to look on it.

How wond'rous are the scenes in heaven and earth!

How various are the climes the sun illumines!  
In each how many cities, plains, and toms!  
How countless are the orbs that twinkle forth  
When night tells sober stories round the hearth!  
But these are not more various than plain man.  
I can reap as much wisdom, far more mirth,  
From rich and poor, from hind and artisan;  
And feelings deep are fill'd by those dear friends,  
That people sacred memory's dim-lit night.  
I'd rather lose all nature, tho' so bright,  
Than aught to which my sympathy extends:  
The human heart is dearest still to me;  
The sweetest sounds are human minstrelsy.

ALPHA.

#### DRAMA.

*Lyceum*.—The English Opera opened on Monday with *Catherine Grey*, the *Waterman*, and *Master's Rival*. In the first, Miss Romer and

Miss Rainsforth sustained the principal parts with great success: the rest of the characters were, as before, by the Drury Lane company, moved down the street. A Mr. Compton, from the northern theatres, essayed *Robin*, in the *Waterman*, and *Paul Schack*, in the last piece. His *Robin* was dry and poor: his *Paul* dry, but better; and he seems to promise a fair degree of humour, if encouraged, in this line of low comedy.

On Thursday, a new farce, called *A Quarter before Nine*, from the humorous pen of Mr. Peake, was produced, with complete success. It afforded Mr. Compton a wider field for the display of his abilities; and, in the assumed characters of a Poacher, a Scotch Lawyer, and Old Woman, he shewed that he not only had not studied Mathews in vain, but that he possessed very considerable original talent and versatility. M<sup>r</sup>. Ian, with little to do as a brother poacher, distinguished himself, as he has often done, by the manner in which he executed a slight part. At the close, the unanimous plaudits of the audience rewarded the author's skill and the performers' exertions.

*Queen's Theatre*.—This minor theatre also opened on Monday, and it will now be necessary to distinguish it from *Her Majesty's* House in the Haymarket. As yet we have had no opportunity to witness the performances.

#### VARIETIES.

*Weather - Wisdom*.—Since our last, the weather has been constantly very hot. With regard to hail and thunder, neither have occurred as "denoted;" but, in justice to such predictions, we should notice, that the week before, though London was free from storms, they were severely felt in the north of England and Scotland, from the 12th to the 16th. Yesterday we had a slight shower, but the weather was not "changeable." The ensuing seven days are pronounced to be "still fair and warm towards the end; yet the aspect of Mercury to Saturn denotes cooler air on 31st. The sun coming to the square of Saturn, and the other aspects, denote cool cloudy air, and thunder showers, especially on the 3d."

*Newspaper Press Benevolent Association*.—On Saturday last, the directors, trustees, and auditors, of this excellent Institution, were elected, by ballot, at the Freemasons' Tavern.

*Sleeplessness; Thirst; Vision*.—In a recent No. (1068, page 428), we noticed the extraordinary claims of Mr. Gardner, styling himself a Hypnologist, to having discovered easy means for abating the pains of thirst, and a simple and ready method for inducing sleep in the perturbed and restless. That he has also made singularly useful and agreeable improvements in optics, we can now add and vouch for, from the employment of glasses constructed under his direction. But our present purpose is to afford some reply to the many inquiries we have received in consequence of our preceding paragraph; and we only regret that we cannot speak more definitely. That abstraction which lulls the individual to sleep, we have certainly found to result from Mr. Gardner's notes; but we have yet been able to give the matter only a trial so far as to pronounce it valuable in many instances; to what degree of physical or mental disturbance it may be equal, we have still to ascertain. Thus that sleep may be obtained in certain cases by this process, we have no hesitation in stating; nor are we less free to declare, that the extreme uneasiness of thirst is alleviated by Mr. Gardner's suggestion. To the extent to which either can be carried, it is impossible to speak, as

different constitutions must affect the results, and no individual experience can dictate to the rest of the world. We shall, therefore, only repeat, that we entertain a very high opinion of Mr. Gardner's powers.

**Royal Academy.**—The receipts, at the Exhibition, this season, are stated to amount to 7000*l*. Every lover of the fine arts will rejoice to see that the honour of knighthood has been conferred on our eminent sculptor, now Sir Richard Westmacott.

**Bridge over the Nile.**—A bridge, which it is stated will take six years to finish, is about to be begun over the Nile, about five leagues below Cairo. The stones are to be brought from the mountains of Mokatam, about two leagues from the river; so that, we suppose, the Pyramids have had another escape. (See *Review of Travels in Egypt*, page 476, col. 2.)

**H. B. Caricatures.**—Another batch of these amusing prints are, even in the midst of electioneering, doing their work in entertaining the dull hours of the metropolis. No. 488. The ministry, rowing for life, in a boat steered by Lord J. Russell, and singing "the Raddies are near, and our light past." O'Connell is w-begone over one side of the vessel. 489. J. Hume in a knacker's cart, carrying home M. Leader as a dead horse. 490. Lord J. Russell, as a little boy, trying to throw salt on certain birds' tails. This is very droll, and the mapple, cocksparrow, and jackdaw, quite worthy of the human figure. The Rads they represent are not to be caught. 491, is (never mind the gramgram!) "We the people of England." These tailors, Hume, Roebuck, and Wakley, with the first writing their proclamation on a slip.

Two other Caricatures (also published by Macles) would not be unworthy of H. B. General Evans, as a cat-o'-nine-tails, and with a hand at the end of the stick, thence designated "a back-scratcher;" and the same as Count I Rn, bolting from Spain, are clever performances, and the first very original.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Pritchard's work on the Mythology of Egypt, has just been translated and published, with remarks, in German by Hayman, and with a Preface by A. W. Schlegel. A translation of these, we are told, will shortly appear in English.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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No. 1072.

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PRICE 8d.

### EGYPT AND ARABIA.

THE public attention has, of late, more than ever turned towards Egypt, in consequence of the character and proceedings of Mohammed Ali, the chief of that country; and in consequence, also, of its having become the channel through which a steam communication is carried on between Great Britain and India. The committee of correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society have, therefore, endeavoured to obtain the most detailed and the most authentic information respecting that country, the Red Sea, and all the different districts which are situated in the neighbourhood of its shores. None of the corresponding members of the Society have been more active and more zealous in obtaining for it the information it required than Captain James Mackenzie, of the 8th Bengal Light Cavalry, who, after devoting himself for some time, while in India, notwithstanding his military avocations, to inquiries relative to the course of the Sulej, and the geography of that part of the Himalaya mountains through which it flows (a paper on which subject he sent to the Asiatic Society in 1831), has recently, having obtained furlough, availed himself of the opportunity of coming from India through Egypt, for the express purpose of being enabled to inquire, upon the spot, into the present moral and political state of Arabia and Egypt, and into the practicability and probable advantages of establishing permanently a steam communication between England and India by that route.

Captain Mackenzie has stated the result of his observations in a letter to the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, the chairman of the committee of correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society, and we think it so full of valuable information that we have, with his permission, great satisfaction in publishing it.

It is entitled "*a Rough Sketch of the present State of Egypt and Arabia*," and is as follows:

*My dear Sir Alexander*,—You requested me to give my opinion on the present state of Arabia and Egypt, founded on my journey through those countries during the course of last year: I have now much pleasure in complying with your wish, as far as my humble abilities will permit. I shall first speak of Arabia.

Mohammed Ali, the pasha of Egypt, has conquered, and his troops are in actual possession of, the whole line of the Arabian coast, from Akaba, on the north, to Mocha, near the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, at the southern extremity of the Red Sea. With exception of Mecca, and the fertile district of Taif, to the east of Judda, his dominion does not extend into the interior above a mile or two from the sea-shore, but his troops garrison the chief towns and ports on the eastern edge of the Red Sea. His highness, from possessing these places, commands the whole commerce of Yemen and the Hedjaz, the two principal provinces on the western side of Arabia. The internal trade he generally monopolises, buying from the growers at his own price, and selling to the dealers, or foreign merchants, at a considerable advance. On articles imported from India, he levies a duty of ten per

cent, which he will take either in kind or money. Thus, the ship which carried us from Calcutta to Judda was freighted with rice: for every hundred bags landed by the owner at the custom-house, the governor took ten, leaving our Nakhoda ninety to dispose of to the dealers without let or molestation. I never saw a more liberal or a better managed custom-house than the pasha's at Judda; and it is the same at Mocha: there is no bribery necessary, and no annoying search after smuggled articles, or vexatious detention of the goods. I speak, however, with reference to transactions carried on under the British flag, and I have no doubt the civility and attention which Englishmen receive from the authorities in the Red Sea, are partly to be ascribed to the presence, in that sea, of two British ships of war (of the Indian navy), whose guns inspire respect, and give the Turks and Arabs a favourable idea of our power. The chief articles for exportation (as I have mentioned in my journal) are coffee and senna; but the supply of the former is much diminished, owing to the injudicious monopoly of the berry by the pasha. The growers on the coffee mountains will not raise, in any abundance, an article for which they cannot obtain a fair remunerating price; for the pasha steps in between them and the foreign merchant, and takes to himself the profit which ought justly to be the grower's. The coffee and senna are not grown in Mohammed Ali's territory, but in the dominions of the Imam of Senna, a young and weak prince, who possesses a fine country which, I fear, will one day pass into the grasping Pasha's hands. His not yet having taken possession of the fertile provinces of Senna is to be ascribed to his repeated defeats by the Asseer tribe of Bedouins; a powerful body inhabiting the country between Mecca and Senna, who nobly maintain the independence of their native land. In the campaign of 1835, the Egyptian army, under the command of the younger Ibrahim (the pasha's nephew), was defeated by these sons of the desert, to the great annoyance and vexation of Mohammed Ali, who, having conquered the legions of the sultan, and added Syria to his sovereignty, could ill brook the humiliation of an overthrow by a horde of undisciplined barbarians. Accordingly, in 1836, he made extensive preparations for another campaign against the Asseers, and formed *corps d'armée* at Goufoda, Judda, and Mecca, which advanced immediately after the ceremonies of the Haj, or pilgrimage, had been concluded. One of these corps I saw at Judda: it was composed of 3000 infantry, a small body of cavalry, with six light field-pieces. The infantry are well clothed in the Nizam dress, a modification of the Turkish costume, introduced by the great Ibrahim after the war in the Morea. Their muskets are made at Cairo, after a French model, and are lighter and more handy than ours. Their cartridge-boxes, powder, and ball, were all in excellent order. I frequently saw the troops manœuvre in a large plain to the south of Judda; they worked principally as light infantry, the better to cope with their irregular and undisciplined foes, the Asseers. The division was commanded by a bey, who

held the rank of major-general. The chief of the état-major is a Monsieur Mari, a Corsican, who was formerly sergeant-major in his Britannic majesty's Corsican rangers, then commanded by Sir Hudson Lowe. Besides having the superintendence of the drill, he acts, when on service, as quarter-master-general, lays down the plan of the encampment, and directs the line of march. He made a rough sketch of the seat of war in the Asseer country, which he shewed to me. It was rudely done, without instruments, but gave a good idea of the barren and inhospitable tract which had proved so fatal to the pasha's arms. He said hunger, thirst, and intolerable heat, had defeated the army. When suffering under the most severe privations to which human nature is liable, the Asseers came down from their almost inaccessible fastnesses, and drove the Egyptian troops before them. Monsieur Mari holds the honorary rank of lieutenant-colonel, but being a Christian, is not permitted to exercise any authority over the men. Besides M. Mari, there are several European *Instructeurs*, mostly French and Italian. These gentlemen have no commissions, and little more authority than is possessed by a drill-sergeant in a British regiment. Several of them are well-informed, gentlemanly men, with whom we passed many pleasant evenings. The physicians and surgeons in his highness's army are likewise Europeans; they are chiefly French, but there are some Germans amongst them. A Monsieur Fischer, a German physician, bears a high character for knowledge and talent. At the house of the English agent at Judda, Malloom Yusuff, and at the table of Captain Hawkins, of the Clive sloop of war, we met most of his highness's European *employés*, and were much pleased with their lively and agreeable manners. I believe there are no Englishmen in the pasha's army; they are not sufficiently bending to please the Egyptian authorities, and despise the paltry allowances which are received with gratitude by the more easily satisfied Italian and French adventurers. From my experience abroad, I should say that the English do not adapt themselves to the manners and customs of a foreign country, and indulge the humours and prejudices of the people, so readily and good-humouredly as the French and Italians. Hence the preference decidedly shewn, in Egypt particularly, to natives of the above countries.

The pasha's army in Arabia may amount at present (for it is now on the war establishment) to about 2000 cavalry, 20,000 infantry, with proportion of sappers, artillery, &c. The head-quarters are at Mecca, where Koorshid Pasha (another nephew of Mohammed Ali), the governor-general and commander-in-chief of the Hadjaz, was residing when I was at Judda; but his excellency pays frequent visits to Taif and Judda. Ibrahim Pasha the younger, is governor and commander of Yemen, with his head-quarters at Hodeida. His *corps d'armée* amounts to about 5000 or 6000. Mocha is garrisoned by 1200 men, and the ramparts of the town are defended by some old pieces of cannon. The town of Goufoda, on the coast, was the head-quarters of a division of about 3000 to 4000 infantry, in consequence

of its proximity to the Asseer country. Loheia, Yambo, Medina, and other towns on the west coast of Arabia, have each a small garrison to protect them from the predatory attacks of the Bedouins. All the towns of Arabia, under the Pasha's control, have a civil governor independent of the military commandant. The one acts as a check upon the other, and thus abuse of power is prevented.

When Mohammed Ali has conquered the Asseers, or, which is more likely to happen, has quelled their turbulent spirit by bribes and promises, it is his intention to march a detachment from Mocha to Aden outside the Straits of Bab el Mandeb to take possession of that ancient sea-port, which possesses two excellent harbours, and commands the passage into the Red Sea. Aden is, at present, governed by a marauding sheikh who can make little or no resistance to the troops of the Pasha. It is part of the principality of Senna, but the Imam's authority is hardly recognised. Having become master of Aden, the pasha will, undoubtedly, endeavour to extend his dominion over Hadramat, a province reaching to the southern shore of Arabia, and at present parcelled out among petty princes and sheikhs who are too weak to oppose his progress. Marching along the coast of Hadramat, his highness's soldiers will enter Oman, and eventually occupy Muscat and the country on the south-west side of the Persian Gulf, thus rendering himself master of the whole peninsula of Arabia, after which the conquest of Bagdad is easy. Mohammed Ali has heard of the power and grandeur of the ancient caliphate, and he longs to found an empire which shall rival, if not surpass, it in splendour. The Imam of Muscat looks with considerable jealousy and apprehension on his highness's proceedings at Mocha, and contemplated march upon Aden (the high road to Muscat); and it is supposed that his recent present of a line-of-battle ship to the King of England, was with the view of conciliating the friendship of this powerful government in case of an invasion of his territory by Mohammed Ali's forces. I should imagine that the British government will never permit his highness to extend his conquests so far as Muscat, as well on the score of justice to the Imam, as on the ground of policy with reference to its proximity to the coast of India. I doubt the propriety of our permitting the Pasha to take Aden. His government is, unquestionably, better than that of the lawless sheikhs; but if, on the principle of humanity, it is better to establish a good and regular government, which shall secure order and protection to life and property, in the place of a tyrannical, unjust government, where neither life nor property are secure,—then it is a question, whether we, so intimately connected with that part of the world, in consequence of its being the best and nearest route to India, and so much superior in knowledge, power, and civilisation, should not ourselves take and keep possession of Aden, whose noble harbours would be of the greatest benefit to us in the prosecution of our Indian steam navigation plans. Besides giving us a power and consequence in Arabia, Abyssinia, and the northern coast of Africa, which we do not at present possess, it would be the means of extending our knowledge and religion over countries, and amongst people, at present immersed in the profoundest ignorance. One thing is certain: either Mohammed Ali, or some other powerful state, will take possession of Aden, and all the other principal sea-ports in that quarter;\* for it is utterly impossible that

things can long remain in their present barbarous state. It seems to be a law of nature, that the civilised nations shall conquer and possess those countries in a state of barbarism, and by such means, however unjustifiable it may appear at first, extend the blessings of knowledge, industry, and commerce, among people hitherto sunk in the most gloomy state of darkness. Mohammed Ali has done some good in Arabia; for, under his government, every man's life and property are secure from aggression, always excepting the aggression which his highness may himself with impunity commit. I do not think the Turco-Egyptian sway will last long; for the Turks are not popular in Arabia, and the Arabs the Pasha has conquered sigh for their ancient freebooting independence. His son and successor, Ibrahim, being a man of vigorous mind and good talent, may continue to keep together the scattered portions of his father's extensive dominions; but, unless his successor be an equally able man, the whole fabric will crumble to pieces—the government not being founded on the affections of the people.

Egypt is much easier governed than Arabia. In the former country, the people being chiefly confined to the narrow valley of the Nile, live in villages adjoining each other, and are, therefore, superintended with greater facility than scattered tribes roaming over a vast extent of territory. Agriculture is the chief employment of the fellahs of Egypt—a peaceful pursuit, which renders its votaries industrious and contented with their lot. It is so long, too, since the Egyptians have possessed a native government, that they do not feel so keenly as other nations would the galling chains of a foreign conqueror. For Egypt, therefore, Mohammed Ali entertains no apprehension. When I was in that country I seldom, if ever, met a soldier; and, indeed, the only considerable garrisons were at Siout, Cairn, and Alexandria—the three principal towns. Egypt had been drained to supply the armies in Syria and Arabia with reinforcements, troops being more necessary, in those distant possessions, than in a country which was immediately under the pasha's own watchful eye. When sailing down the Nile, we were struck by the number of old men, women, and children, employed in irrigating the soil, and working in the fields; and the absence of a young or middle aged peasantry, the chief labourers in other countries. On repeated inquiry we learned, that the young and robust had been forcibly taken away from their homes and agricultural pursuits, to serve in his highness's army and navy; and, to supply their places, the aged men, the women, and children, were obliged to labour. The people cursed the foreign conquests of their master, which, they said, were ruining Egypt, withdrawing from the culture of the soil her best and finest peasantry, who seldom returned to their native villages, and throwing considerable portions of land out of cultivation, from want of a sufficient number of hands to till it. The robust villagers, we occasionally saw, were generally maimed; some wanting the thumb of the right hand, or four side teeth, which they had chopped off or extracted, that they might not be pressed into the Pasha's military service.\* Many had lost one eye, some both eyes, from

agency or factory on the southern coast of Arabia, which they visited in two ships of war, (the Peacock and the Shepherdesse). It is probable they will renew the attempt.  
\* They cut off their right thumb that they may not be able to cock the musket, and pull out their side teeth, that they may be rendered incapable of biting off the head of the cartridge prior to priming and loading. The pasha punishes severely those guilty of maiming themselves, but it has not put a stop to the practice.

attacks of ophthalmia—a disease greatly aggravated by the want of cleanliness among the people.

There is a feeling in Egypt in favour of the French. The commonality regard that nation as the most powerful in Europe. They say, the English fleet is the best in the world, and the strongest; but that no army can compete with the French. When we arrived at Lûsor (Thebes), we naturally sought admittance into the only vacant house in the village, which was one built on the roof of the ancient temple by the French, when preparing to carry away the obelisk; but, to our surprise, admittance was denied, on the plea that we were not Frenchmen. The naib of the town, a Turk, was very indignant at this treatment; but had no power to interfere, as the exclusion order came from the French consul-general. A day or two afterwards, a French gentleman arrived in a boat from Cairo. The guardian of the French mansion hastened to the pier, on seeing the tri-coloured flag, and conducted the *voyageur* to the *palais*. The natives of Lûsor, on seeing this, said, "Behold the power of the *Fransées*: there are a poor *Inglez* lady and gentleman, living in a small tent, while the French traveller is enjoying himself in a palace." These were the expressions of the ignorant vulgar; but the feeling is almost general from the Cataracts to Rosetta. It is heightened by the number of Frenchmen in the pasha's army, who are in continual contact with the people, and have many opportunities of extolling the power and resources of *la grande nation*, and of depreciating the English, should national jealousy prompt them to do so.

The fellahs of Egypt are poor, but industrious, docile, and generally well behaved. The pasha takes nearly the whole of their produce, whether in cotton, indigo, sugar-cane, or grain, leaving them a bare subsistence. Such is their poverty, that they appear frequently in rags, having no money to purchase new clothes. If a bullock should die, they cannot replace it; and must, therefore, abandon a part of the field they have been in the habit of cultivating. The rapacity of the government and the drain for the army have thrown much land out of cultivation; as a necessary consequence, the desert is encroaching every year, and, instead of fine green fields of corn, the traveller sees, with sorrow, unproductive wastes within reach of the inundation of the Nile, which, with care and labour, ought to be a garden of abundance. The people are thus exorbitantly taxed to enable their vice-regal master to extend his foreign conquests; but the possession of Syria and Arabia are but a poor set-off against the misery and wretchedness which these conquests have caused to the inhabitants of Egypt, the fairest gem in the Pasha's diadem. This mistaken policy does not proceed from cruelty of disposition, or indifference to the welfare of his subjects, on the part of his highness, but from a desire to accumulate large sums for present exigencies, without reference to the calamities which must necessarily follow such a pernicious system. The pasha thinks that, if he keeps every thing in his own hands—if he is his own merchant—his own manufacturer—if he is the farmer of his own country, and allows his servants and work-people merely sufficient to live on—that he must, as a necessary consequence, appropriate the profits of trade, manufactures, and agriculture to himself, which, in other countries, are the reward of private skill, enterprise, and industry; and that, therefore, he must become much richer than other sovereigns not adopting similar measures. His

\* The *Americaine*, in 1835, attempted to found an

highness, however, notwithstanding his well-organised system, has not become rich; and, if he continues the same line of policy, will become poorer every year, although he possesses one of the richest and easiest cultivated countries in the globe.

Mohammed Ali's efforts in favour of education have been most praiseworthy, and justly entitle him to the epithet of benefactor. It was to be expected that, in a military despotism, the studies of the art of war, and medicine, and surgery, would hold a prominent place in any system of education to be established in the country. The most distinguished schools in the vicinity of Cairo are, accordingly, devoted to teaching the above sciences; and at these seminaries may be seen hundreds of the youths of Egypt, Copts, Arabs, Turks, and Greeks—Christian and Mohammedan—mingling together on terms of perfect equality, reading the same books, copying the same drawings, and enjoying the same pastimes. I attended an examination of the scholars in the military academy at Bülak, under the superintendence of an Armenian gentleman, who spoke to some of the students in French, to a few in English, and to the great majority in Arabic and Turkish. The superintendent told me he had been educated in England; but that the Pasha preferred promoting to places of trust those Egyptian youths who had studied in France, as they had turned out better than the young men educated in England. Many of the latter got into habits of intemperance, which unfitted them for public employment. The knowledge acquired in France, too, he seemed to think was more useful, in a country like Egypt, than the art of ship-building, the theory and practice of navigation, and an acquaintance with the properties of the steam-engine—the branches chiefly taught the young Egyptians in England. In the first place, the Pasha already possesses a much larger navy than he has any occasion for; in the second, there is no mercantile navy whatever in Egypt (excluding small coasting boats), and not likely to be any for a long series of years; and, in the third place, there is only one, or, at most, two, steam-engines at work throughout the whole country. Besides these seminaries at the capital, the Pasha has established district schools in all the principal towns, where reading, writing, and arithmetic, are taught gratuitously to the children, whose parents are compelled, on pain of his highness's displeasure, to send them at a certain age. The best scholars are selected from these district schools to be educated for the public service, either at the military academy or medical college at Cairo. This educational system has only recently been established; so it is not known whether it works well or not. I am inclined to think there is a great want, both of good teachers and good books, in the district schools, for, without translations of European elementary treatises, such as are published by the Calcutta School-book Society, and other bodies in the East, and masters capable of communicating some of the branches of European knowledge, I do not think any great advance in civilisation can be anticipated.

In my opinion, the Pasha is entitled to much credit for having introduced manufactories into Egypt. Many are of opinion that Egypt is a purely agricultural, and never can be a manufacturing country; and that the viceroy's object should be to foster agriculture only, export the raw produce to France and England, and take in exchange silks, &c. from the former, and woollen and cotton cloths, hardware, and

military stores, &c. from the latter, all of which articles he can purchase cheaper abroad than he can manufacture at home. But, independent of the pride which a government naturally feels of having all its resources within itself—of being independent of foreign countries for the supply of its most essential wants—the Pasha naturally thought that the introduction of the arts would tend greatly to enlighten his people: nor have his expectations been altogether disappointed. The people in the factories are extremely intelligent, the beautiful processes by which the raw material is wrought into articles of use and beauty having taught them habits of observation and reflection, which cannot fail to enlarge the mind. There are cotton manufactories in most of the large towns of Upper and Lower Egypt, where a coarse fabric is manufactured. At Bülak are several woollen and cotton factories; the former makes blankets for the use of the army, the latter the materials for the clothing of the soldiery. This last is a strong cotton cloth, which is frequently dyed scarlet, blue, or yellow, to suit the different uniforms of corps; but it is often left white, which is the uniform of a considerable portion of the troops I saw both in Arabia and Egypt. There is a sugar manufactory at Malloul, under the direction of an Italian gentleman called Antonini. That part of the country is rich, being intersected by numerous canals which retain the waters of the Nile long after the inundation has subsided; consequently, the cane grows in great abundance in the district, and from its juice is manufactured both coarse and fine loaf sugar, the latter equal in whiteness and purity to the best refined loaf sugar of this country. A good deal of the sugar manufactured, is exported to Arabia and adjacent ports, but the greater portion is consumed in Egypt. The Pasha is the sole manufacturer. In the citadel of Cairo is the cannon foundry, the musket, sabre, and pistol manufactory, and the mint. We were fortunate enough to see all these establishments at work. A great number of guns were in course of preparation, and others were completed and ready for service. They had both English and French models in the foundry, but the Pasha prefers the latter; and all the guns made, or making, are in exact accordance with the French pattern. We saw pieces of twelve, nine, six, and four pounds calibre, beautifully made, reflecting the highest credit on the artists. This institution was formerly under French management, but a Turk is at present the director. In the small-arm manufactory we saw many thousand stands of muskets, finished, and being made, besides pistols, bayonets, and sabres, for the cavalry; which last are very inferior to the English ones. At the mint, the Pasha coins gold, silver, and copper money, with English and French machinery. One of the foremen told us the French machines were much superior to the English; which idea had, no doubt, been instilled into his mind by the Frenchman, who, at one time, directed the operations of this establishment. The citadel of Cairo is of considerable extent, and defended by English eighteen and twenty-four pounders, mounted on cast-iron carriages. Several of the bastions and curtains overlook the city, and command it. A civil insurrection would soon be quelled by these formidable batteries.

Prior to leaving Alexandria, the Pasha honoured me with an audience, at his usual hour for receiving visitors, between eight and nine o'clock at night. Though sovereign of a magnificent empire, his highness is a man of

plain and simple habits. There was only one sentry at the palace gate, and the people appeared to be freely admitted into the vestibule, where I heard divine service performed, whilst waiting for the admiral commanding the fleet to leave the "presence." Even my donkey-driver, one of the lowest caste of Alexandria, was not prevented joining the Pasha's domestics—the soldiers off duty, and others, in the worship of their Creator. The admiral having taken his departure, the vice-consul and myself were ushered into a splendid hall of great dimensions, surrounded by gorgeous divans. At the upper corner of this sumptuous apartment sat Mohammed Ali, smoking a shibouque, and attended only by his interpreter, an Armenian, who speaks Turkish and French. He beckoned me to sit beside him, and then called out for "taza quwah," which is the Turkish, and also Hindoostane, for "fresh coffee." He did not offer me a shibouque, that being a compliment paid only to noblemen, ambassadors, general officers, and admirals. His highness is a very handsome man, with Roman features, a silver beard and moustache, and dark piercing eyes. His manners are gentle and urbane; and, during our interview, his countenance was lighted up with a most agreeable and benevolent smile. Having been informed that I came up the Red Sea, he questioned me very minutely on the proceedings of his governors and commanders at Mocha and Judda. Whether they were popular and liked by the Arabs, and conducted themselves in such a manner as to reflect credit on his government. Having satisfied him on those points, his highness next inquired my opinion of his troops, and whether they were equal to the Sipahs of Hindoostan. I told him that, in my opinion, his troops were excellently drilled, disciplined, and armed; that they would not disgrace the service of any European sovereign; that I was quite astonished at seeing the admirable way in which they manœuvred; that I was not surprised at their success in Syria; but that I conceived the Indian army fully equal to them; and, if both were united, would drive the Russians back to their Siberian deserts. His highness smiled at this allusion to Russia, which country he regards with as much hatred as does his nominal master, the Sultan of Turkey. The remainder of our conversation was of a private and miscellaneous nature, chiefly connected with the politics of Europe. He spoke of Louis-Philippe, Count Pozzo di Borgo, Lord Palmerston, Prince Metternich, and various other statesmen, as if he were intimately acquainted with all the measures with which their names had been mixed up. After imbibing coffee, we withdrew, highly delighted with his highness's intelligence, affability, and condescension.

Before concluding this sketch, I shall say a few words regarding the Pasha's navy. In the harbour of Alexandria I saw, lying at anchor, five or six line-of-battle ships, several frigates, sloops, and brigs of war; all commanded by Turks, and manned by Arabs. Nothing could exceed the order and regularity which prevailed on board these vessels: the decks were beautifully clean, the brass railings and mountings highly polished, and the guns, gun-rooms, and warlike stores, every way unexceptionable. But I was told by several officers of his highness's navy, that many of these splendid-looking vessels are unseaworthy, their lower timbers being decayed; and that it would be unsafe to make a voyage, even to the coast of Syria, in some of the ships which have the fairest outside appearance. From my own observation, I could perceive that the crews were inexperienced young men, brought

from the interior; the great majority of whom, I was informed, had never been outside the harbour. The commanders and officers likewise are indifferent sailors; possessing but little science, and hardly any experience. Such a fleet may be formidable when brought into collision with the Ottoman squadron, which is not much better, but against a European naval force, even with their best and bravest efforts, they could effect nothing. The "Nile," steam frigate of 1000 tons, is the finest vessel in his highness's service. She has English engineers and an English surgeon, but is commanded and manned in the same inefficient manner as the other vessels of the Pasha's fleet.

With the hope that this slight sketch may prove of use in enabling you to judge of the present state and resources of two highly interesting countries,—I remain, &c.

JAMES MACKENZIE.

11 Somerset Street, Portman Square.

*Egypt as it is in 1837.* By Thomas Waghorn, 8vo. pp. 30. London, 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS pamphlet, in which Mr. Waghorn strenuously upholds Egyptian against Turkish interests, contains several passages which so forcibly illustrate the preceding communication, that we have selected them as a sequel.

Mr. Waghorn estimates the Pasha's army, in 1836, at 100,400 regulars, and 13,450 irregular troops; whereof 12,900 regulars, and 1900 of the latter force, were in "Hedgas and Yemen." He declares that the Egyptian fellah is delighted at the sight of Englishmen above all others who visit their land, and adds:—

"That Mahomed Ali has been obliged to take some of this class of his people for soldiers, I seek not to deny. Necessity demanded it. It did the same in England's wars, in the shape of impressment, because the service of the state required it. The system has, however, been discontinued in Egypt, as well as in England; never, I trust, to be revived in either. As far as Egypt is concerned, recruits are now supplied from Nubia and Sennaar; the fellahs of Egypt are no longer required for the purpose."

He says:—"When Mahomed Ali became Pasha of Egypt, that country had become a waste. It was partially rendered so by its having been made the field of war, where France and England fought for its conquest. Overrun by foreign mercenaries and Bedouin chiefs, cultivation was at a stand-still, famine in its provinces, with all the other miseries attendant upon war. How is it now? I find it improved in a degree unparalleled in any other uncivilised country in the same space of time. The land yields more and more luxuriantly; thus supplying to Mahomed Ali the means of working its civilisation. Having restored the productiveness of its soil, he next turned his attention to teach his people to protect their own land, without the aid of foreign and profligate mercenaries. He then endowed schools, which accommodate, with comfort, upwards of 20,000 youths, most of whom are taken from the mud huts of the Nile; and, as age and education fit them, they are placed in offices of trust and emolument; whilst the most intelligent of them are sent to England and France, in pursuit of knowledge, which they even now begin to impart to others."

The following completely agrees with what Capt. Mackenzie states:—

"I will now venture to assert, that, at no

period of the present generation, did the English name and character stand so high in Egypt as it does now; while, on the contrary, at no period has there ever been so little English interest in Egypt, when compared with the interests of other nations in that country. To what is this owing? I attribute it to our by-gone governments, who have never thought it worth while to maintain English interests there; while, on the other hand, the French have been secretly, and by degrees, stealing on to the second offices of trust in Egypt; and what, as a matter of course, will be the probable result or consequence of all this? and why comes it that we treat Egypt with contempt, and France courts her favour? Depend on it, that if ever another French force gets into Egypt, no matter under what special plea, contract, or promise, they will leave it again about the same time that they will quit Algiers, where they were permitted to go, by England, with an armament, for what they called the vindication of the honour of France. \* \* \*

I maintain that every thing in Egypt is growing French. I find this from the following facts, all falling under my own observation in Egypt:—1. With respect to the Egyptian army, Suleiman Pasha, a Frenchman, is second in command of it. 2. With respect to the Egyptian navy, Besson Bey, a Frenchman also, is its second in command. 3. With respect to its medical department, Clot Bey, a Frenchman, is physician-general-in-chief, with nearly a hundred medical French practitioners under him, in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia. Lastly, with respect to the engineering department, that is under Monsieur Linant, a Frenchman also. The whole of these are worthy of the master they so earnestly serve; and by that master their services are appreciated. I merely make these statements to shew that England, which always takes the lead in every other country, takes none in Egypt."

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Works of James Hall.* 6 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, 1837. Key and Biddle.

THE works of Mr. Hall, one of the most various and agreeable writers of America, and one the more acceptable on this side of the Atlantic, from his lively descriptions of the people and natural pictures of the scenery of his country, are before us in a well-deserved second edition, and in six neat volumes. They comprise "Legends of the West," "Tales of the Border," and "Sketches of the West;" some of them short and interesting tales, others reaching to the extent of an entire volume. All possess the qualities we have just indicated; and we trust the following abridgement of one of the most practicable length for our columns, will shew that they need no other recommendation to English readers.

"Doctor Geode settled in an obscure town, far in the wilderness. It was a village newly laid out, upon the borders of an extensive prairie; a beautifully undulating plain, fringed with woods, and dotted with picturesque clumps and groves of trees. The grass, as yet but little trodden, exhibited its pristine luxuriance, and a variety of gorgeous flowers enlivened the scene. The deer still loitered here, as if unwilling to resign their ancient pastures; and at night the long howl of the wolf could be heard, mingled with the fearful screechings of the owl. The village was composed of log cabins, and was, with the neighbourhood around it, inhabited chiefly by backwoodsmen—a race of people who, delighting in the chase, and devoted to their wild, free, and independent

habits, precede the advance of the denser population, and keep ever on the outskirts of society. Ardent, hospitable, and uncultivated, the stranger is as much delighted with the cordial welcome he finds at their firesides, as he is struck with their primitive manners, their singular phraseology, and their original modes of thinking. Accustomed to long journeys, to frequent changes of residence, to protracted hunting expeditions, to swimming rivers, and encamping in the woods, they bear fatigue and exposure with the patience of the Indian: their figures of speech are numerous, and drawn from natural objects: and they have a fund of that intelligence which arises from extensive wanderings, from a close observance of nature, and from habits of free discussion, mingled with the simplicity induced by the absence of literature. A few months passed away delightfully with Doctor Geode. He roamed the forests and the prairies with the eagerness of one who had fallen upon a new world, more beautiful than that of his nativity. He walked and rode, hunted and fished, not for sport, but in search of scientific truth. The cabin which he occupied as a study, soon grew into a museum of natural curiosities. Every day brought some novel and interesting subject under his investigation. The treasures of knowledge which he had accumulated over the midnight lamp, seemed now to swell, and burst forth into life, as the exuberant flower springs from the folds of the bud. The world around him was teeming with living and beautiful illustrations of those abstruse principles that had been gathered into his memory with so much toil, and arranged with so much care. Not a wind blew, nor a shower fell; not a flower regaled his senses with its gaudy beauties or rich perfumes, without filling his mind with a sensation of pleasurable emotion. To him the phenomena of nature were all eloquence, and music, and symmetry. He had studied these things in the closet as mere abstractions, but now they came before him as sensible objects, bearing the stamp of reality, and glowing with the freshness of life. But, in the midst of these pursuits, my worthy friend entirely forgot to employ the ordinary means of getting into practice. He made no display of his skill, nor courted the acquaintance of any of his neighbours. No flashy advertisement extolled the merits of Doctor Geode, and informed the public that he was their humble servant. A wily competitor, taking advantage of this improvidence, represented my erudite friend as an insane gentleman, who roamed about gathering roots, and catching prairie flies; and the neighbours felt no inclination to consult a mad doctor. His own habits confirmed these mercenary slanders. His homely face was pale and sallow; his thick black beard was often allowed to remain a whole week unshaven; and, in his total carelessness of every thing relating to his own comfort, he sometimes walked from his shop to his lodgings without his hat, or with one boot and one shoe. His collection of stuffed birds, impaled insects, and pickled reptiles, might well bring his sanity in question with those who could see no advantage in this hideous resurrection of dead bodies. Moreover, he had tamed a crow, a bird held in particular aversion, in consequence of its depredations upon corn-fields, and pronounced by a popular verse to have been

Ever since the world began,  
Natural enemy of man;

and a black cat, who, of her own accord, had taken up her residence with him, was his constant companion. He soon found himself

\* The variation in Eastern orthoepy is most vexatiously perplexing. Pity but some standard could be adopted.  
—Ed. L. G.

avoided, like a mad dog in a populous town, or a freemason in the enlightened state of New York. Week after week rolled away, and not a patient called the skill of Doctor Geode in requisition. He wondered at this circumstance, and perplexed himself with vain endeavours to conjecture the reason. He saw that he was even shunned; but his modesty, as well as his independence, prevented him from inquiring into the cause. In the meanwhile his finances were exhausted, and poverty, with all its inconveniences and mortifications, stared him in the face. There is one truth, as regards the moral government of this world, to which there are few exceptions; it is, that good deeds always have their reward. So it happened to my friend. He was one day induced to enter a solitary cabin, in the outskirts of the village, by hearing, as he passed, the groans of a person who seemed to be in pain. A decent widow, who supported a large family by her labour, was suffering under a high fever, and in a state of delirium. Beside her sat a fair-haired girl, about fourteen years old, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, bathing her temples, and vainly endeavouring to soothe her torture. Without asking any questions, the humane physician rendered such assistance to the sufferer as her case required; nor did he quit her bed-side, until every alarming symptom was removed. The young girl, who at first shrunk back in alarm, was soon drawn to his assistance by the kindness of his tones, and now witnessed his promptitude and success with astonishment. He continued to attend her from day to day until his patient was completely restored, and then refused any compensation for what he considered a slight and a voluntary service. Being an intelligent woman, who had been accustomed to attend the sick, she readily discovered, from his tender manner and skillful prescriptions, that he was no ordinary man; and she now, in the warmth of her gratitude, revealed to him the arts by which his competitor had deprived him of the confidence of the public. Doctor Geode never did things like other men. Instead of getting angry, he was amused at the ingenuity of his rival, and at his own ridiculous predicament. He was born too far east to be overreached by a specious pretender; and, as his necessities were at that moment particularly pressing, he soon devised a plan for present relief, and for the utter discomfiture of his rival. Although his bashfulness, and habits of abstraction, had kept him aloof from an intercourse with his neighbours, he had not been unattentive to their traditions and modes of thinking; while he spoke little, he had listened and observed much. Some of their superstitions had struck him as remarkably amusing, and he was even then preparing an essay on this subject. With these landmarks to assist him, his scheme was soon digested. Having prepared a neat card, and drawn upon it a circle and a triangle, with red ink, he proceeded to trace over it several words in the Greek character. He then advertised, that 'Doctor Jeremy Geode, the seventh son of a celebrated Indian doctor, would cure all diseases, by means of the wonderful hygeian tablet, or kickapoo panacea, of which he was sole proprietor.' It was a happy thought! the virtues of a seventh son have long been well known; and, however our sturdy borderers may dislike their savage neighbours, the Indian doctor has always been in high repute among them. The reputed lunatic was at once elevated into an inspired mediciner; the crow, the black cat, and the collection of natural curiosities, became objects of respectful curio-

sity. In vain did the regular physician of the village denounce him as an impostor; in vain an incredulous few professed their entire disbelief. The doors of the seventh son were soon crowded with the halt and the sick. Among the first that came was Mr. Jones, the father of the fair-haired girl, a gentleman of information and property; a frank, hospitable man, who had taken up a favourable opinion of the doctor, and who became now, by his daughter's account of the incident she had witnessed, warmly engaged in his interest. What passed at the interview need not be repeated: Mr. Jones, at its conclusion, exhibited evident symptoms of having enjoyed a hearty laugh, and Doctor Geode had received some new views of western character. They remained firm friends, and Mr. Jones never spoke of the seventh son, but in terms of high respect. The success of the mystic tablet was triumphant, and its fame spread far and near. Nauseating and dangerous drugs were decried as useless and pernicious. It even became a matter of general remark and wonder, that people should be so stupid as to swallow deadly poisons, while health could be so much more cheaply purchased, by looking at a card. Faith alone was requisite to give efficacy to the spell. It is true that the charm sometimes failed; but this was always attributed to the unbelief of the patient, and the doctor forthwith proceeded to treat such cases *secundum artem*, concealing the fact, that he used the subtle minerals of the pharmacopoeia, and leaving the world to suppose that he practised only with the simples gathered in his botanic excursions. The consequence was, that his practice spread not only through the country around, but an immense number of patients were brought to him from a distance. As for the regular physician, he was obliged to quit the village. Happening to pass through that region, when the fame of Dr. Geode was at its zenith, I was astonished to hear the name of my old classmate, of whom I had lost sight for some years, coupled with miraculous cures by faith; and I determined to pay him a visit. Muffled in my cloak, and disguised still further by the alteration that time had made in my features, I entered his dwelling. It was a spacious log house, divided into several apartments; all of which, except one, were occupied by the sick. In the audience room, if I may so call it, sat the doctor; his black beard, which he had suffered to grow, overhanging his breast, and his raven locks almost concealing his features; while his mountainous nose, his calm but piercing eye, and his sarcastic lip, revealed to me, at a glance, my former classmate. He was surrounded by a group of persons, who sought relief from real or imaginary diseases. 'I have a desperate misery in my side,' said one. 'I've got the billiards fever,' groaned another. 'I am powerful weak,' drawled a third. 'My limbs are sort o' dead like,' whined a fourth. 'Oh, doctor, I've got the yaller janders powerful bad; I feel jist like I'd naaterally die off; and I can't hope myself, no how.' 'Can you cure the rheumatiz?' 'I've an inward fever.' 'Doctor, my peided cow is in a desput bad fix with the holler horn.' 'Ah, Dr. Geeho, you never seed sich a poor afflicted crittur as I be, with the misery in my tooth; it seems like it would jist use me up bodyaciously.' 'Oh, doctor, doctor, I've got the shaking ager so mighty bad, I aint no account, no how.' 'Mr. Geehead, I wish you'd look at my boy; he's got in the triflingest way you ever seed; he can't larn his book, and does nothing but jeest tell lies, and steal, study, all the time; he aint in his right mind, no how.' 'Canst thou minister

to a mind diseased?' inquired I, in a feigned tone. His quick eye, which had more than once rested on me, since I had entered the room, was turned hastily towards me, in eager scrutiny. Failing to penetrate my disguise, he civilly inquired my business. 'I know,' said I, in a mock heroic tone, 'that knowledge is thy idol, usefulness thy creed, the approbation of good men thy reward. I seek advice.' 'Your complaint?' inquired he, in a tremulous voice; for he more than suspected who was his visitor. 'The *cacoethes scribendi*.' 'Oh, si sick omnes!' exclaimed the seventh son, waving his hand over his valetudinarian levee, who stood gasping in awe, at this outlandish dialogue. 'It hath afflicted me from my youth,' rejoined I. 'Get you gone,' cried he, in a tone of grave sarcasm, while a joyful recognition sparkled in his eye. 'Get you gone: it is a loathsome, incurable disease, which criticism may correct, but the grave only can remove. It hath afflicted the world for ages; carrying with it revilings, and jealousies, and war. It maketh a man lean in flesh, and poor in substance. A hollow eye, a sunken cheek, a soiled finger, and a tattered coat, are its symptoms.' 'I crave a private consultation, learned doctor,' said I; and, accordingly, after dismissing his patients, he led me into his *sanctum*, and embraced me with the fervour of affectionate friendship."

He excuses his practice on the ground, that "one half the diseases which afflict mankind are imaginary, and should be treated as such. I practise upon this rule, and have found faith quite as valuable as physic."

Three years after his friend again encountered him, a highly established physician in a large city; and they agree to take a trip together to look at the old country quarters. On their route the doctor is taken alarmingly ill, and the story proceeds.

"We reached the broad prairies, and the region of thinly scattered population. The wide and beaten road was changed for the path that winded o'er the plains, or among the tangled woods. We forded the little streams, and crossed the rivers in canoes, driving our horses before us. Instead of meeting the travelling carriage, the stage, or the loaded wagon, we encountered the solitary hunter in his blanket coat, treading along with the stealthy step of the cat, and the watchful glance of the wary Indian. We lodged no longer at the inn, attended by assiduous servants, but slept at the settler's cabin, and sat as equals at his board. Two more days would have brought us to —, when my friend was taken ill. The attack was severe, and he thought his own case doubtful. There was no physician in the neighbourhood; and he himself was unprovided with such medicines as were suitable to his case. The fever was raging, and the pain intense. It was one of those cases in which the crisis approaches rapidly. Two days passed, and he hourly grew worse. I was almost frantic. At length the man of the house told us of an old woman, that had lately settled in the neighbourhood, who was 'a desperate good doctor.' 'There was a right smart chance of sickness, when she came into the settlement,' continued the man; 'a heap of people called on her; she had abundance to do, and she flew round among the folks mighty peart, I tell you. The way she fixed 'em was the right way, there's no mistake in it. I wouldn't give her for narry high larnt mercury doctor I ever see, no how.' 'But this is an extreme case.' 'No matter,' replied the hunter cheerfully, 'if the man was as cold as a wagon tire,



provided there was any life in him, she'd bring him to; there's no two ways about it.' My friend smiled. 'Send for the woman,' I exclaimed, 'she may tell us of some remedy.' A boy was accordingly mounted on the fleetest steed, and soon returned with the female Esculapius. There was nothing peculiar in her appearance, except that she wore a large black veil, which completely concealed her features. She required to be left alone with her patient; but, as I insisted on being present at the interview, an exception was made in my favour. She approached the bed, felt the sufferer's pulse, and passed her hand over his forehead, while the doctor, who seemed to recognise the skillful touch of a practitioner, mechanically put out his tongue. The woman turned to me and said, in a low voice, 'I can do nothing for this gentleman—he is very ill, and requires a greater physician than I am.' 'Do your best,' exclaimed I. 'Ah, sir, I have little skill in medicine. I am but a poor weak woman; a very humble instrument in the hands of Providence. I can do nothing here. This man needs medicine.' 'If you mean to say that you do your work by a spell, I insist upon your trying it.' 'Very willingly,' said the woman, meekly; and then, raising her voice, she exclaimed, 'Let no one speak.' She next turned to her patient, and said, 'Sick man! do you believe that I can raise you from this bed of pain?' The doctor, who, even in the hour of extremity, seemed to retain his relish for *hocus pocus*, nodded his head, while I felt an unaccountable awe creeping over me. 'Then look upon my face,' continued she, in a solemn tone, throwing back her veil, and displaying in her right hand the identical tablet of Doctor Geode. 'And look upon this tablet of health, and these mysterious figures, and charmed words, drawn upon it by the hand of the seventh son of a celebrated Indian doctor: look on them and believe, and be restored.' This was more than the doctor could stand. No sooner did he behold the workmanship of his own hands, and the pupil of his tuition, and witness the whole acting of that curious scene, of which he had been the inventor, than he burst into an immoderate convulsion of laughter. The woman gazed in amazement, for, in the altered features of her patient, she did not recognise her master. I ran to him in alarm; but he continued to laugh, rolling from side to side, throwing up his long arms, and screaming as if distracted. As soon as he was composed enough to speak, he exclaimed, 'Give her a fifty-dollar note, Charles! Go, go, good woman, you have done your duty well; go now, but do not leave the house.' 'Can it be possible,' continued he, as the wondering woman closed the door after her, 'can it be that there are two Richmonds in the field? No; it is my own veritable spell, and my very deputy herself!' and then he laughed again, until the whole house re-echoed the sonorous peal. The big drops rolled from his forehead. 'See there!' he exclaimed, 'behold the work of the faith doctor! Here we have been labouring these two days to break this obstinate fever, and to produce a perspiration, and lo! the cunning woman has wrought the desired change in a moment!' And it was exactly so; the violent muscular action, and the sudden revolution in the patient's train of thought, had produced instantaneous relief. A profuse perspiration, succeeded by a gentle slumber, relieved the most violent symptoms. When he awoke he asked for the doctress. 'I knew I was safe,' said he, 'as soon as I saw her face. She has a lancet and a box of calomel

pills in her pocket. No man need die of a bilious fever when these are near. I lost mine on the road. Send her in.' It is only necessary to add, that, after a few days' careful attention from the old lady, who was really an admirable nurse, he was able to resume his journey."

We have only to add, that he wins and wears the fair-haired girl.

*The Churches of London, &c.* By George Godwin, jun., Architect, assisted by J. Britton, Esq., F.S.A. No. VIII. Pp. 16. London, 1837. Tilt; Hatchards; Seeley; Weale; J. Williams; York, Bellerby.

THIS publication, we are glad to see, whether we look at the embellishments or letterpress, goes on with equal regularity and spirit. The present Number, relates to one of the oldest, and, consequently, one of the most interesting churches in the metropolis; namely, All-Hallows, Barking, with two views from drawings, by R. W. Billings, and engraved by J. Le Keux. The information respecting the church is derived from some sources of such research,\* that we are inclined to think an extract may be made from its early history, at once as acceptable to our readers as fairly illustrative of the work:—

"The parish church of All-Hallows, Barking, which is a very interesting remnant of by-gone times, both as regards its architectural characteristics, the numerous brasses and monuments that it contains, and the many vicissitudes it has witnessed, stands on the north side of the east end of Tower Street—the west end of the church being in Seething Lane.† Like many of the other old churches which are to be found in this metropolis—usually surrounded by houses, and disfigured by modern additions—there seems to be no record of the date of its foundation. The Emperor Phocas, says Newcourt,‡ commanded, at the desire of Pope Boniface IV., about the year of our Lord 608, that on the site of the Old Temple in Rome, called *Pantheon*, formerly erected in honour of all the pagan gods by the Emperor Domitian, the church of the Virgin Mary and of All the Martyrs should be built; that where formerly the worship, not of all gods, but of all devils was performed, the memory of all saints might then be celebrated: and this festival from that time was solemnised at Rome on the Kalends, or first day of November; 'for they feign that on this day all the saints meet together purposely to intercede for man.' About the year 804, the Emperor Ludovicus ordained that the festivity of All-saints, or All-hallows, as it was termed, should be solemnly celebrated in France on that day for ever, which example was followed by the whole church, and many religious buildings were dedicated in honour of that festival.§ Nearly all the churches so dedicated, which remain in London—and they are numerous—are of old foundation, and that of All-hallows, Barking, now under consider-

\* All honestly quoted and referred to, a merit rare in these days of book-making.—*Ed. L. G.*

† "In Seething Lane, or, as it was anciently called, *Sydon Lane*, stood a large house, built by Sir John Allen, lord mayor, and privy councillor to Henry VIII. It was afterwards Sir Francis Walsingham's, and after that became the property of Robert Devereux, second earl of Essex.—*Pennant's 'London,' 1813, p. 381.*

‡ "Repertorium," 1708, vol. i. p. 237."

§ "The first of November, or All-hallow's-day, and its vigil, known as *Hallow-e'en*, are even now regarded as festivals amongst the peasantry in many parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. On *Hallow-e'en* it has been customary for youths of both sexes to assemble together 'to burn nuts,' to 'sow hempseed,' and practise various other charms, with a view to penetrate futurity—ever a ruling passion in an early state of society—and ascertain the name and features of their future partners. Bonfires were lighted on elevated ground, and it was made a night of general festivity."

ation, is amongst them. It has its distinguishing title from the circumstance, that it originally belonged to the abbess and convent of Barking, in Essex; which was founded in the year of our era 675, by Erkenwald, son of Anna, king of the East Angles, and afterwards bishop of London. The earliest notice we have of a building here, appears to relate to a chapel, on the north side, which was raised by King Richard I. (who reigned from the year 1189 to 1199), and was munificently endowed by several of his successors. The most remarkable thing in this chapel was a statue of the Virgin, which was placed there by order of King Edward I., about the end of the thirteenth century, in consequence of a vision which appeared to him in his sleep, commanding him so to do; and promising, that if he visited it five times in every year, and kept the chapel in repair, he should be victorious over all nations, be king of England when his father died, and subduer of the Welsh and all Scotland. To the truth of this story he swore before the pope, and obtained a dispensation of forty days' penance for all true penitents who should contribute towards the lights, repairs, and ornaments of the chapel, and should pray for the soul of King Richard, whose heart was buried beneath the high altar. Our Lady of Barking, as the statue was called, thus attained great repute, and numbers of persons continued to flock to her shrine, and, with rich offerings, to claim her intercession on their part with the Most High, up to the period of that Reformation which was so strongly called for. Previous to that event, however, other circumstances, connected with the chapel, occurred; among which it may be mentioned, that John, earl of Worcester, obtained a license from King Edward IV. to found here a brotherhood for a master and brethren, and gave to them part of the possession of the alien priories of Tooting-Beck and Okeburn. King Richard III., whose memory, from a variety of causes, has been rendered so entirely infamous, that we can hardly recognise him as connected with any act save one of blood, rebuilt the chapel, and founded therein a college, consisting of a dean and six canons, which was dissolved in the year 1548, and we must suppose that the chapel was then taken down; for we learn from Newcourt, that the ground was used as a garden during the reigns of King Edward VI., Mary, and part of that of Elizabeth. 'till, at last, a strong frame of timber and brick was set thereon, and employed as a store-house of merchants' goods.' Of the church itself, we find no account from which to judge of its original extent or form."

The subjoined brief notices will serve to fill up our sketch.

"The length of the church is 108 feet, the width 67 feet, and the height 35 feet. Within the church there are many interesting monuments and funeral brasses of early date; and, in reference to the latter, we may perhaps say, *en passant*, that stones, inlaid with brass, have been discovered, of a date as early as the year 1308, but that they did not come into general use until the middle of the same century. They were chiefly made in Flanders, and formed an object of considerable traffic with this country, until the time of King James I.

"Affixed to one of the pillars in the south aisle, is a plate of brass, presenting some doggrel verses, to commemorate Armac Aymer, governor of the pages of honour ('or master of the Heance men') to King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, during fifty-six years. The greater number of these brasses, and there are many more about the church than we have mentioned,

originally had religious inscriptions attached to them; but these, for the most part, were purposely defaced, or destroyed, at the time of the Reformation. At that epoch a commission was instituted, giving power to various persons throughout the country to remove or deface all objects which, in their opinion, might lead to idolatry or popery, whether shrines, relics, or pictures; and the most wanton devastation was committed, in consequence, in every church which possessed sepulchral monuments, by those to whom this power was entrusted. According to Fuller, Queen Elizabeth, in the second year of her reign, issued a proclamation against 'breaking or defacing of monuments of antiquity in churches, or other public places, for memory, and not for superstition;' and again, at a later period; but was unable, for a long time, to prevent their destruction. A similar wanton outrage of the remains of ancient art, took place during the dominion of Cromwell, when tombs were desecrated, and churches were used as barracks for the soldiers and their horses."

*Laili and Majnun; a Poem. From the original Persian of Nazami.* By James Atkinson, Esq. author of an "Abridgement of the Shah-Namah of Firdausi," &c. Published under the superintendence of the Oriental Translation Fund.

MR. ATKINSON informs us, that "the story of the loves of Laili and Majnun is one of the most popular in the East. There are several poems on the same subject by different authors, but that by Nazami is considered the best; and I believe this is the first time it has appeared in the European language." We, therefore, looked with considerable interest into the volume before us, anxious that our readers should be enabled for once to appreciate one of the principal treasures of the boasted Persian literature.

We presume we must consider the acceptance and publication of this volume by the Oriental Society, a sufficient guarantee of the writer's competency for translation. The many distinguished Persian scholars on its list compel us to silence on this head; but the work, we must say, does not do honour to their appreciation of English poetry.

To translate, just as by the help of a dictionary any one can translate, into a different language, and then mould the accidental endings into corresponding sounds, is, we submit, not poetry; nor even versification; but rather *versification*, which, like other *factions*, overlays its own aim and object. The choice of words and thoughts; the selection of phrases, that, being poetical in themselves, essentially differ from the language of common life; the condensation of expression and ellipses of logical arrangement, that mark the utterance of emotions, disdaining, in their passionate flow, the clearness and correction of general narrative or conversation, and thus making their influence *felt* rather than *imagined*: all these, which the original poet, and especially in the instance before us, supplies, his translator is bound to supply also; either by transfer, or, at worst, by substitution. What is it that, in the case of Nazami, has rendered him, in the minds of his countrymen, pre-eminent even over his great rivals, in the version of this mournful story? We cannot discover it here; and, with every disposition that curiosity and love of sacred song can supply, we have been compelled to throw aside the volume after every twenty lines, and, through a protracted perusal of months, are capable of fulfilling our critical duty.

The pastoral, more, perhaps, than any other poetry, requires adaptation to the language in which it is written, and taste and skill in that to which it may be transferred. The simplicity of rustic, imaginative life is akin to elegance, not to vulgarity; and finery is not more inimical to nature—poetic nature—than coarseness. The former warps the beautiful into artifice, but the latter degrades it down to disgust. In proportion, therefore, to the danger of confounding the rustic with the vulgar in the reader's mind, should be the care employed to preserve the strongly marked, though narrow, line of distinction existing between them. Phrases common to both often receive their colour from the context; and the translator is bound to guard against any false impression on this head; for, though his own reputation may be, and justly, indifferent, his author's is sacred; it is a trust he himself has sought, and he should therefore shield it the more faithfully from attack.

It must be evident to all the world, that a poetic history founded on the mere extravagances of love; extravagances, too, inconceivable in Europe, must of necessity require the utmost delicacy of language, and felicity of thought for its illustration, to save it, with us, from the charges of bombast and insipidity, the Scylla and Charybdis of amatory "Odyssey." The warmth of the Persian climate, the floridness of Persian imagery, the sweetness of the Persian language, and the genius of the Persian poet himself, have surmounted all the difficulties of the task, and woven for the reader's temples, a garland of flowers that charm by their diversity, and intoxicate by their varied fragrance. The severer taste of Europe bows beneath the spell, and yields a willing, though temporary, submission to the wand of the enchanter. But, let any one competent to the task, compare any passage of the original with the translation, and he must confess that, though the sense is given, the sensation is wanting. We shall give what struck us as the best passages of the translation: *sed heu, quantum mutatus!*

"The love that springs from Heaven is bless'd;  
Unholy passions stain the rest;  
That is not love: wild fancy's birth,  
Which lives on change, is constant never:  
But Majnun's love was not of earth,  
Glowing with heavenly truth for ever;  
An earthly object raised the flame,  
But 'twas from Heaven the inspiration came.

"Voices in guarded softness rose  
Upon her ever-listening ear;  
She heard her constant lover's woes,  
In melting strains, repeated near.  
The sky, with gloomy clouds o'erspread,  
At length soft showers began to shed;  
And what, before, destruction seem'd,  
With rays of better promise gleam'd.  
Voices of young and old she heard  
Beneath the harem-walls reciting  
Her Majnun's songs: each thrilling word  
Her almost broken heart delighting.

"They met; but how? hearts long to joy unknown  
Know not what 'tis to be, except alone:  
Feeling intense had check'd the power to speak;  
Silent confusion sat upon each cheek;  
Speechless with love unutterable, they  
Stood gazing at each other all the day.  
Thus, when a chamber holds no golden store,  
No lock protects the ever-open door;  
But when rich hoards of gold become a lure,  
A lock is placed to keep that wealth secure;  
So when the heart is full, the voice is bound—  
For ready speech with grief is rarely found.

"Khosru, and Kal-kobad, and Jám,  
Have all descended to the tomb;  
And who, composed of mortal clay,  
The universal doom can stay?  
For this, in vain, have youth and age  
Ponder'd o'er learning's mystic page;  
No human power can penetrate  
The mysteries of all-ruling fate;  
Fruit life is but a moment's breath;  
The world, alas! is full of death.

How many wept that fair one, gone so soon!  
How many wept o'er that departed moon!—  
How many mourn'd with broken hearts for her!  
How many bathed with tears her sepulchre!  
Round her pure dust assembled old and young,  
And on the sod their fragrant offerings flung;  
Hallow'd the spot where amorous youth and maid  
In after-times their dutious homage paid.

"The mournful mother gazed upon her child,  
Now voiceless—though her lips imploring smiled;  
Saw the dread change, the sudden pause of breath—  
Her beauty settled in the trance of death;  
And, in the frenzy of her anguish, tore  
Her hoary locks, the 'broider'd dress she wore;  
Dissolved in tears, her wild and sorrowing cries  
Brought down compassion from the weeping skies;  
And so intense her grief, she shivering fell  
Prostrate upon the corpse, insensible,  
And never, never rose again—the thread  
Of life was broke—both, clasp'd together, dead!"

We quote also a few instances of carelessness which we consider unpardonable.

"As if, ferocious spirits to quell,  
His form had been invisible,  
Or bore a life-protecting spell.

For who can free the heart from love, unchanging love?

The king was struck with wonderment  
At this miraculous event;  
And seeing, in that horrid cell,  
The guiltless courtier safe and well,  
He ask'd, with tears profusely shed,  
By what strange spell he was not dead?

Now Majnun, desolate, his fate perceived,  
As in a glass, the misery of his lot,  
And, from the first impression scarce relieved,  
Felt his abandonment, and only not forgot.  
Wasted and wan, he flutter'd where he lay;  
And, turning to that magic point which led  
To where his angel-face was wont to stay,  
Thus, in a melancholy tone, he said:

The poverty of even the best of these passages, must, we think, impress our readers as strongly as ourselves with the truth that Mr. Atkinson is not the knight destined to prosper in Persian exploit, even though he has succeeded in destroying its enchantment.

*Cambridge Crepuscular Diversions, and Broodings before Bed-time.* Pp. 31. Cambridge, Hall, Hankin.

THIS slight publication seems to be a college *jeu d'esprit*; and will, perhaps, be better understood and relished in its native place, and by those who know its ways, than by the rest of the world. There is, however, much good-humour and talent in it; as a sample of which, leaving the discussions on *Seediness*, *Wooden Spoon*, &c. out of the question, we shall copy an amusing Shrove Tuesday philological dialogue on the word *Pancake*. It follows.

"*Sloane*. Pancake? why there's little room for discussion there; the word, of course, comes from *πᾶν* and *κακὸν* because they are eaten on a day when we're shriven from *all* our evil."

"*Lobb*. Or because, perhaps, every thing that's bad enters into them as a compound, for I find them very unwholesome."

"*Grubb*. If you are on that cue, you may say, if you please, because in Ireland and in the North, they toss them up the chimney, and they come down again defiled with soot and all manner of dirt. But a truce to these sort of conjectures; you are as bad as my wise neighbours in hall. I see you are, like them, going down in a diving-bell, to find what is floating on the top of the water. But you must make another attempt; that will never do."

"*S*. Yes, but it will, though; and I believe it is the right one, for I am supported by the analogy of the Latin; *pancake* like *panis* signifies *vapor*; now, if we suppose *πᾶν* to have been a word used among the Greeks as another name to signify that mixture of flour and oil, which they also called *λάγανον*, it is

easy to imagine that the Romans, in bringing the delicacy from Greece, introduced the name as well, which, after a time, they translated into its Latin meaning, 'wafer'; and hence is our name *wafer* given to a flat, round cake of the same sort; this I think puts the derivation beyond a doubt."

"L. Well, you certainly trace it to its real origin, the frying-pan, when you look for it in *grease*; but I think your ingenuity is wasted, and as Grubb has been pleased to jeer, I'll just tell you at once what the true derivation is. I wonder, really, you were so blind as not to see at first that —"

"G. Stop, my gentleman, you're too matter-of-fact, puss must not be liberated just yet; I must first tell you what the other conjectures were. One gave the derivation you have suggested; another, contested that it was from *Πάν παστωριον Δεος*, the god of *Lycaeus*, and *καχάω*, because, they were once introduced at the *Lupercalia*, and by the novelty of the offering, might make the rustic god to *laugh*; or *Πάν καιω*, as another offered for an amendment, because, when Pan tried to make them for himself, being not a proficient cook, he generally burnt them. A third man would have *χίω* for *καίω*, because he, having seen them made, knew well they were first in a fluid state, and that the cook poured them, when thus liquid, into the implement that fried them. Others seemed to be taxing their ingenuity, and perhaps our patience, with finding more plausible methods of connecting Pan with the rest of the compound, when a new hint was suggested; for a man who sat next but one to me, bawled across a silent eating man, who sat between us, that the derivation, he knew, was from 'Panchaea,' a place in Arabia Felix, which, producing many other delicacies, might rank this among the number; which, being the most precious of its bounties, could well *καρ' ἑξῆς* monopolise the name of its native land."

"S. Not so bad of him, for he could have taken Maro for his authority. Panchaea, in the *Georgics*, is called '*Panchaea pinguis*,' an evidence of its notoriety for such a fatty produce."

"G. It was just that gentleman's authority that he took; for, being a man ready at quotations, and particularly well up with his Virgil, he quoted from the fourth *Georgic*,

*Pars epulis onerant memas, et plena reponunt Pocula; Panchaeis adolescunt ignibus aree;*

which latter part he translated, 'The grate is all in a blaze with the flames of the pancake;' such being evidently, as he said, the rendering of Panchaeian flames, especially as we learn from the context that they are getting ready something good for the dinner table."

"L. They had but an indifferent beverage, however, if we understand the words that follow to refer to bowls of Cape Madeira:

*'Cape Maonii carchesia Bacchi.'*

but I beg pardon for that; it's only *obiter*."

"S. Very good, Lobh, and not out of place here; it shews off well both your ready wit and your reading."

"G. True; but I've more to tell you before we get to the climax, or into the jelly-bag of the joke, which I see I must bring you to as quickly as possible, for the cat appears to be already scratching at the bag for an exeat."

"S. Not at all, Grubb; you're by no means tedious."

"G. Well, then, the silent young gentleman who sat at my left at length spoke. He was a better sort of *gourmand*, and this accounted for his silence, for his fish had not till now been despatched; and the last *bonne bouche*

vanished almost simultaneously with his taciturnity. He gave it for his decided opinion, that pancake owed its title to the fact of its being a sort of *panacea*, a general remedy for the ill-effects of fasting; a stock of solid nourishment laid in to prevent starvation, during the days of abstinence that follow Shrove Tuesday; a *panacea*, in fact, as good food always is, against the unpleasant symptoms that follow the going without any at all. He quoted something from Pliny to prove this, and something, I think, from Lucan, but I forget what; at all events, he thought that he had well proved his point; and, in the height of his self-complacency, rubbed his hand famously, and called to the waiter to bring 'A plate of pancakes, lemon, and brown sugar,' which feeding upon, he relapsed into his original silence. Of all the other conjectures that I can remember, there is but one other good one. A man who did not set up for a classic, asserted that pancakes were bread seals; for he traced the derivation from the French, *pain*, bread, and *cachet*, a seal, being, as he asserted, merely bread which had taken the circular form of a seal from the shape of the machine in which it was cooked: a modern etymology which sounded quite tame after the classical ones we had been treated with."

"L. Well, and what was the upshot of it all?"

"G. While we all wondering at the many derivations the word would bear, and were quite undecided which to select, one of our party exclaimed, with some vehemence, 'Who shall tell me why this is called a pancake?' when a rough jocund voice behind me humbly answered with a smile, 'Why, my wife and I calls 'em pancakes, 'cause they be *cakes* frizzed in a *pan*!' and, turning round, I traced the sound to the lips of a waiter, generally the most forward among his fellows, and who, hearing this exclamation, with none of our previous discourse, simply set the matter at rest, and outwitted us and all our classic erudition. You may imagine we looked at each other, and wondered till we smiled, and smiled till we all joined in a general laugh at ourselves and each other."

#### Sir B. Faulkner's Tour.

(Concluded.)

OUR present selections are of a kind which must gratify the tastes of the scholar and antiquary. At Herculaneum we are told,—

"The cicerone shewed us a deep bathing-trough of *terra cotta*, in which the skeleton of a man was found stretched at full length; possibly some poor helpless invalid, deserted by his friends, and unable, through his infirmity, to extricate himself before the fatal flood inclosed him. What could have tempted him to bathe at such a time? Why think about improving health, while life itself was in instant danger? Does not this discovery seem to lend some colour of truth to the opinion, that the destruction of the city was altogether unexpected, and that the story about so many thousands being destroyed in the theatre is far from so very apocryphal as some suppose? The excavations under the town of Resina have been discontinued. The inhabitants opposed the work from terror of the ground giving way, and his majesty is prevented carrying it on towards the fields from a similar objection on the part of the landowners. The few workmen at present employed at Herculaneum are occupied in uncovering the road outside one of the great gates, but no object has been met with worthy of

notice. I accompanied a friend to witness an excavation above the site of Herculaneum, where we discovered some walls supposed to be part of a suburban villa. We came, at last, to the entrance of a doorway, the threshold of which presented, in tessellated work, two fishes with trident-formed tails; but nothing besides of any interest, excepting some unusually vivid fresco-paintings on the side walls, the green tints of which had very little changed, though of all colours green is the most rarely found unfaded. The lava, over these ruins, consists of a congeries of lapillæ compacted with loose earth, almost as easily removed as so much sand. The walls had sustained much more injury than any which I observed in the town below, and stood in broken dislocated fragments; owing, no doubt, to their nearer contiguity to the torrent rushing direct from the crater. It seems strange the government do not set the excavators at work here; yet very little has been attempted beyond Resina, since the reign of Charles the Third. The expense would be trifling.

"The mode of peeling off fresco paintings is very simple and expeditious. A flat piece of wood, of the size of the painting, is placed firmly against the picture, round the edges of which a deep cut is made, with a sharp instrument, into the stucco, more especially over the upper part, and the whole is then detached and lifted off with ease, and in perfect integrity. Many attempts have been made to revive the antique mode of fixing colours, but hitherto all have alike proved fruitless. It has been doubted whether the ancients were acquainted with musical notation; but there is a fresco in this collection which, I think, renders the presumption, at least, extremely probable, if it does not put it beyond any reasonable cavil. In this painting, a female sits singing to the accompaniment of a lyre, played by another, assisted by a male performer on two reeds, evidently a music-master, or professor of the art. The singing lady holds before her a scroll, marked with straight lines, and several dots, presenting an appearance altogether different from what is observable in any other fresco, and so nearly resembling our own mode of noting sounds that the similarity forcibly struck a friend of mine when viewing it, as well as myself. Some may think that this scroll represents, not the music, but the verses of her song; but it does not appear probable: at least, it is generally contrary to modern experience, that she should have required such a refresher to her memory in a matter that may be presumed so familiar to her from habit. Be this as it may, the characters struck me certainly as very different from any I ever observed before, and both Gell and Jorio agreed to believe my speculation might be justly founded. The performer on the reeds has his foot raised, as in the act of marking the time, just like the leader of a modern concert. Many doubts have been entertained by travellers as to the use of glass in windows by the ancients of this period. To me it seems put beyond all question, that its use in admitting light into houses was perfectly known to them, and that its not being more generally in use was a matter of pure taste. Had we discovered glass only in a flat form in Pompeii, we might certainly have been justified in doubting whether the art of shaping it into vessels was arrived at; but having found so many specimens of all forms, flat and round, it is, I think, hardly rational to question that it would have been used in any one of these modes as readily as another, whenever it might be deemed either a convenience or a luxury.

Much of that kind of glass which we call ground glass, Sir William Gell told me, was found in the Pompeian baths, and obviously for the same purpose as we are in the habit of employing it ourselves, when we wish to admit light, but to prevent the interior of an apartment from being seen from without. If semi-transparent horn was, as we know, often used for windows, would the ancients have been likely to overlook a more diaphanous substance, of which they were equally in possession? I confess it has always appeared to me absolute trifling to make the thing a question at all; but that glass was actually so applied, a fragment of it may still be seen in the house which goes by the name of the Faun. The special preservation of this fragment is owing to the narrowness of the aperture, which resembles a loophole, and to the circumstance of the glass being firmly fixed in the cement. That glass windows were not in very general use is probable, not because they were expensive, or because the people were ignorant of their peculiar convenience, but for this simple reason, they were not needed for their climate. The luxury at which their architecture chiefly aimed was to exclude light and admit air; and it is so still in a great proportion of the houses in Naples, which are, therefore, unprovided with glass windows. Workmen and artisans who require light, prefer, when the weather will allow them, to carry on their business in the open air; and hence so many of the streets of Naples are crowded with blacksmiths, coopers, braziers, shoemakers, and a multitude of other handicrafts, as, no doubt, the streets of Pompeii were in ancient days. The very tailor of this climate has been tempted to forsake squatting for the more creditable posture of sitting like a man in the fresh air. In their very dark days, the few workshops are lit up with oil.

"We shall now (continues our pleasant guide) turn to the contents of the Pompeian pantry. We were assured, by the learned keeper of this unique collection, that the olives, if soaked in water, give out very sensibly the flavour of the fruit. You are aware that, among the surviving dainties, there is a large mass of a soluble material, which, when diluted, gives out a very perceptible vinous odour. Gell believed it to be wine converted into this form for the convenience of carriage, packing in a trunk, or the like—just as we do with our portable soup; and that the pieces were cut off with a chopping knife, as they were needed. It seems the Emperor of Austria had the curiosity to break the shell of one of the eggs brought hither from Pompeii, but found that the entire contents had escaped, with the exception of an extremely minute portion of a yellowish powder, not yet evaporated. Possibly, in a century or two, more of this may disappear also."

"Every body knows the difficulty of unrolling the Herculanæan manuscripts, but I had no idea that the labour was so tedious and unpromising. If the process goes on at the same rate as at present, another eruption may bury the whole lot afresh, before the work is completed. There are few hands employed, and only five interpreters of any ability; besides, those to whom we principally owe what has been already brought to light are either past work or gone to the tomb. The papyri are deciphered by the aid of a lens of only very moderate power: a strong magnifier is found to render the letters more or less illegible, by bringing into view the fibres of the material on which they are written. The subdued steady light of the shade answers best; and no lens is so good as the naked eye, when the sight is clear. It seems

next to impossible that any error should make its way to the press, from the care that is taken with the copies. After the text has been committed to paper, and undergone a strict scrutiny by the *Acedemia Ercolanense*, it is then engraven on copper, and carefully collated with the originals, which are kept preserved in frames, for future reference: the whole is then subjected to a fresh and final examination and revision, by the academy, before the last irrevocable step of sending it to the press. The quantity of matter in each page of the originals, is generally equal to an octavo page of our ordinary pica type. The lines contain only about 22 letters; but, to make up for the deficiency, there are commonly 47 lines in a column. The authors put into type do not amount to a dozen; they are all Greek but one, and fathered, with few exceptions, upon Epicurus and the eternal Philodemus. The greater number of the 1300 undeveloped papyri are compacted so firmly as to render any attempt at unrolling absolutely hopeless. It was under an arched roof, in *Herculaneum*, that the least injured manuscripts were found; and their preservation is supposed to be owing to their protection, under the vault, from either extremes of heat or moisture. Those are first selected for the operation of unrolling, which, after perusing a portion of the matter, the interpreter deems most likely to reward his pains. But, before he can form any opinion about this, it is often necessary to continue the examination for a good half year. In some rare instances the author's name is alluded to early in the work, or may be inferred from the text before much labour has been expended: but this happens very seldom, as the first few columns are almost always destroyed by the fire, and the name of the writer not discovered until the whole of the volume is unrolled; and then they are found in the concluding column, for the custom was to subjoin, as well as prefix, the title. It is provoking to see the process creeping on at this snail's pace. Why are not some hundreds of these idle ecclesiastics put in requisition for the work? We are told, that Hayter unrolled forty MSS. in two years, and with the same industry the whole collection would be unfolded in little better than half a century. Sir Humphry Davy despaired of arriving at a speedier process, and in his own attempts sacrificed not fewer than twenty-five volumes; at last owning his belief, that no better plan of development was ever likely to be hit upon than that which is at present in practice. The common opinion is, that the manuscripts found in *Herculaneum* belonged to a private collection, and that we may fairly hope, if the excavations be carried on, that we shall one day arrive at the treasures of a public library. It is very gratifying to hold out such expectations, but *cui bono*? While the process of development goes on as at present, our enjoyment of this treasure might be reserved for the millennium. The lines and letters in some of the papyri have a regularity almost typographical, and, no doubt, were executed by professional copyists: others are scrawled hastily in such a way as to suggest the idea of their being done by the author himself; a suggestion further corroborated by corrections which have every appearance of being the result of reconsideration. The persons employed in the slow, sedulous, and most billious occupation of unfolding these carbonaceous scrolls, are miserably remunerated. The highest price for unrolling and engraving a column on copper, is twenty-six ducats; subordinate labourers get ten ducats a-month. The chief

interpreters receive only thirty, the principal librarian forty. Government is quite apathetic, and seem as if they cared but moderately whether the manuscripts, museum interpreters, custodes, and all, shared the fate of Empedocles and his slippers. One of the head librarians had, at his own expense, and after years of labour, made out and published a complete catalogue of the books in the library, in three massive folio volumes; and the only return made to him by the government, was a present of ten copies of his own work. A few general observations will convey some faint notion of the kind of trash which rewards your toil in the perusal of these fragments. I shall take Philodemus, who, as every one knows, is one of the most voluminous and incontinent prosers which have been dug up; and he still keeps the interpreters busy. In a work of his which treats of domestic economy, he dwells at considerable length on the advantage of having a wife to superintend our household concerns, in opposition to the opinion of Theophrastus and some other philosophers, who are for refusing to women all share in domestic matters beyond that of the procreation and care of children, and doing the work of an upper sort of servant. The author devotes a lengthy space to consider the best mode of choosing slaves; he enlarges upon their disposition, age, form of their bodies, size, habits, the quantity of wine necessary to keep up their condition, &c. &c.; which topics are discussed just as the 'Farmer's Magazine' disserts upon the best mode of breeding, and feeding, and choosing our working cattle. Among the good points of a slave, he tells us, that he ought to be neither too dull nor too lively; and is clearly of opinion that, if slaves labour well, they should have some remuneration besides their maintenance. The distribution of their tasks he recommends to be regulated according to their respective strength and capabilities, and their flogging (contrary to our more enlightened notions in the British army) reasonable and gentle. He proceeds next to discuss the nature of true economy in the accumulation of wealth. A wise man he recommends to divide his property so as to be derivable from different sources, in order to prevent the untoward consequences of any sudden accident involving him in inextricable ruin. Speaking of the office of a steward, he distinguishes between two several kinds of agencies; one he calls the 'Attic,' and the other the 'Persian.' The former he severely condemns for leaving the factor at his entire discretion in the matter of purchase and sale. The Persian stewardship has his unqualified approval, as requiring the eye of the principal over all the transactions of his agent; these functionaries, it would seem, being in classic times pretty much what they are in our own. Anticipating the maxim of Lord Chesterfield about taking care of the pence, he insists largely on the prudence of economising in small matters; and we are told, with all due philosophic gravity, that it is unworthy of a wise man to rise earlier, or go to bed later than his slaves, adding the prudential caution, that he ought never to be without a dog at his door during the night. In another place, treating of the proper use of riches, he advances a position which the world, I rather think, might be less disposed to close with, than with some of those which have been mentioned. A wise man (he strictly confines himself to the wise) ought always, he says, to be a poor man, and it is his duty to indulge a cynical contempt for all wealth beyond what is required for his immediate necessities. Now, this hypocrite,

from the allusions to him in Horace and Cicero, we know, was himself among the most notorious raketells of his day—one of the most sensual in the sty of Epicurus. Lastly, he expatiates on the inestimable benefit of having a friend, though he candidly admits that the said friend is sometimes liable to become a bore—*σευχάδιος φίλος*. Such is the precious stuff of which the works of this renowned writer (and he is the choicest game that has been yet started) is manufactured, and every one of these profound prepositions is smothered under mountains of verbiage. To account for his exhaustive style, these observations of Philodemus are supposed, by his apologists, to have been delivered in the form of a lecture to his disciples; and that, as his principles of economy were diametrically opposed to those of the stoics, he may have considered it necessary to anticipate all his adversaries' possible, as well as probable, cavils. None of the stuff of these manuscripts has been translated into any modern language, a favour for which the world is indebted to a resolution passed by the Herculean academy. There is a treatise, by the same author, on music. It is of a purely moral character, and gives no hint at all on its principles as an art; the whole is a laboured anathema against the enervating influence of soft sounds, and intended to confute the reasonings of one Diogenes of Seleucia, who had written much on its effects in humanising the passions. Philodemus considers it purely a sensual affair, with the single exception of one description of harmony, consisting of those manly, severe, and sublime strains which raise the affections to the Gods. That, in some places, the text is not very faithfully restored by the interpreter, is evident from the fact, that the words introduced, though they make perfectly good sense, often overrun or fall short of the *lacuna*, which ought to warn us against placing too implicit faith in any restorations, especially where the hiatus are considerable, and even where the admirable connexion with the context would seem almost to insure fidelity. \*

"One of the restorers complained to me, that, 'although the originals, together with the restored matter and the annotations, have been regularly transmitted to the British Museum, yet that we never publish more than the naked text. When the restorations accompany the text, the annotations,' he said, 'become necessary to vindicate the licenses of the interpreter.' The great objection urged against restoration is its liability to mislead; but the publication of the very errors of the restorer is not without its use, as a means of suggesting more successful attempts. The difficulties in the interpretation are often fearful; indeed, that in many places any sense can be made of the author at all seems next to a miracle, while you have often for a quarter or half a column together, only here and there a scattered syllable, or even a single letter, to guide the inferences which are to fill up the blanks. The substituted words, in order to give verisimilitude of fidelity to the restored portions, must, of course, be made accurately to fit in with the spaces of the lacunae; and, to increase the puzzle, the idiom of the language must be kept to, and the very style, and manner, and spirit of the author strictly followed. Now, let us only reflect what an undertaking this would be in bringing to light any material portions of so mutilated a work in our mother tongue. I own that the notes of the interpreter have always appeared to me to contain by far the most entertaining part of the volumes which they have printed on this subject; and support

the sense of the author by a variety of citations, authorities, apposite passages, and analogies, which exhibit a familiarity with classical learning that is truly astonishing: but the restorer has committed a mistake in supposing that our museum has been guilty of any omission such as he alludes to. None of the Herculean manuscripts transmitted to this institution ever see the light under its sanction or authority; every portion of those manuscripts which have issued from our press is published by private individuals, purely on their own responsibility."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Principles of Homoeopathy*. By P. Curie, M.D. 8vo. pp. 195. London, 1837. Hurst.

*Homoeopathy briefly examined in a Letter to Sir Henry Hallford*. By a Licentiate. Pp. 66. London, 1837. Highley.

IN the first of these works, Dr. Curie pleads the cause of Homoeopathy with an earnestness which attests the sincerity of his own conviction of its beneficial character, and invites and challenges investigation with all the zeal of a firm believer. But, perhaps, the most direct object he has had in view, has been to pave the way for the foundation of a Homoeopathic hospital, which, we are told, is now in contemplation, and the first expense to be borne by a gentleman of great wealth in the commercial world, who has become a warm convert to the doctrines of Hahnemann, in consequence of ascribing his own cure, when in a desperate state of health, to the remedies prescribed to him upon that system. The second publication keenly and vigorously impugns the new doctrine as gross quackery, and inconsistent with itself as well as with every intelligible principle of pathology. We shall not interfere between the doctors; and have only to say that the benevolent feeling of the individual who desires to extend his own real or supposed blessing to the rest of the human race, can admit of no mistake.

*Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, Vol. III. Part I. 4to. pp. 285. London, 1837. Murray.

THIS Part does honour to the Society, and illustrates many subjects of high literary, classical, and antiquarian interest. All the papers, however, having been reported upon in the *Literary Gazette*, at the time they were read, we shall only state that the engravings add greatly to the value of several of them, and that they are well worthy of the attention of the learned world in their complete form.

*The British Cyclopædia of Natural History; combining a Scientific Classification of Animals, Plants, and Minerals; with a Popular View of their Habits, Economy, and Structures*. Arranged by C. Partington. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Orr and Smith.

THIS cheap publication contains a vast mass of useful information; and is, indeed, a complete vade-mecum of natural history. It is not a compilation, but a mature and diligent production, written from original sources, and bringing down to the present day the state of the science to which it relates. Altogether, we must accord to its author the verdict he claims, viz. that it is a work highly valuable—1st, as a book of reference; 2d, as a book of instruction; and 3d, as a book of pleasant reading.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, XCIII.: Biography*, Vol. II. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THIS volume is chiefly compilation, and consists of lives of Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont

and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Webster, and some (ten) of the minor dramatic writers, their contemporaries. The quotations from their works are copious, and the whole, as a volume of miscellaneous reading, very agreeable. There is much selected and brought together, which extends over many old and large publications.

*Eighteen Maxims of Neatness and Order*, &c. By Theresa Tidy. Pp. 41.—*Selection of Fables from Florian*, &c. Translated and versified. By the Same. Pp. 49. London, 1837. Hatchards.

A RUN through some twenty editions, shews how justly the first of these little productions has been estimated by the young ladies to whom it is particularly addressed. The maxims are, indeed, very sound and good; and an observance of them must tend greatly, not only to the ease of the individual practising them, but to the comfort of the household of which she is a member. We give one sample:

"Never keep a professed receptacle for litter, which often degenerates into absolute rubbish, and never trust to a day of setting to rights: what is kept in its proper place never needs that trouble."

The second is a companion worthy of the association; the fables being well selected for their morals, and prettily turned in their versification.

*Biographical Memoirs of Lieut. Henry Miles, of the 1st Royal Scots Regiment, and of Lieut. Thomas Shore, of the 14th Regiment of Foot*. By Sir David Erskine, of Dryburgh Abbey, late Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen Cadets, Royal Military College, Sandhurst, &c. &c. London, 1837.

AN elegant little volume, printed for private circulation, but worthy of notice, inasmuch as it contains the memoirs of two gallant soldiers, who were well known in the army; both of whom lost their lives in the service of their country. The book, which is ably written by Sir David Erskine, is dedicated to the memory of the illustrious father of our present queen, the warm-hearted Duke of Kent and Strathern. *Last Lecture of the Season, delivered at the Literary and Scientific Institution at Staines*. By the Rev. R. Jones, D.D. Pp. 32.

WE notice this excellent discourse, because, in the small village of Staines, it shews what might and ought to be done in every town in the empire. The lecturer, like ourselves, is a zealous friend to literary institutions; and sure we are, that, were there five or ten thousand of them throughout the country, conducted as this appears to be, there would soon be small occasion for the outcry, "Educate the people."

*Observations upon Parliamentary Pledges by Candidates to their Constituents*. By C. Thomson, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 40. London, 1837. Booth.

A VERY astute, able, and convincing pamphlet, on a subject of high political importance. No man of common sense, after reading it, can think otherwise than that pledges are not only inconsistent with the constitution, but alike subversive of the character of a representative, and of the interests of constituents and of the country.

"A few Observations on the Russian Fleet in the Baltic," is the name of a twelve-page pamphlet (Ridgways), in which the writer, in reply to some remarks on a publication by Commander W. H. Crauford, R.N., offers some very temperate and sensible observations on the naval force of Russia; and, from its state, the general finances of the country, and the high moral character of the emperor, shews that Britain has little or nothing to apprehend from that quarter.

There is also just published, in a cheap form, the Rev. Dr. Croly's Address to the London Conservative Meeting, to which is appended a very startling illustration of Roman Catholic pledges and oaths, with their forebodings



and breaches; from which, and from a historical retrospect, the able and learned writer contends that England, during two hundred years, has flourished whenever Protestantism prevailed, and sunk at home and abroad when Popery obtained the ascendancy.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*Notes from a Notice (of some time past) of the Journey of M. de Humboldt in Siberia, and Researches of Mr. Ehrenberg on the Organisation, and the Geographical Distribution of the Infusoria and Northern Asia.*

"THE journey," says M. de Humboldt's report, "which Mr. Ehrenberg, Gustave Rose, and myself accomplished, under the auspices of the Emperor of Russia, to the mines of the Ural and of the Altai, to the frontiers of Chinese Dzungaria, and to the Caspian Sea, has had in view a sufficient variety of objects to entitle the results to be given in memoirs and in particular works. We possess geological collections, made by ourselves, much more complete than any that had hitherto been brought from that part of European Asia. Mr. Rose has arranged them, in the museum of Berlin, by the side of the geognostic collections from Mexico, Quito, Southern Brazil, the Canary Islands, and different parts of Europe. I am occupied in concentrating the principal results of our labours, in a physical table of the countries we have traversed, a work which is about to appear, under the title of 'Geognostical, Mathematical, and Astronomical Observations.' Mr. Ehrenberg, whose former travels in Nubia, Dongola, and Abyssinia, had offered some very fertile means of comparisons and new views, will treat, in a separate volume, of the geographical relations of the vegetable kingdom between the Wolga, the Irtyche, and the Obi, between the north of the Ural and the steppe of the Kirghese.

"We will combine zoological descriptions, more especially those of fresh-water shells of insects and fish which abound in the great rivers, and in the Caspian Sea. I shall have the honour to communicate to the Academy the extract of a memoir, which is not yet printed, and in which Mr. Ehrenberg, after having characterised the variety of the great royal tiger of India, which shews itself to the north of the great Cordillera of the Celestial mountains (Tcheanchan), even to the north of Tarbagatai, and of the region of Diophtases, exposes the difference of the *Felis pardus* of Cuvier, of the *Felis chalybeata* of Hermann, which is the *Felis pardus* of Tamminch, and of the *Felis irbis* (long-haired panther), which Pallas has confounded with the *Felis pardus* of Africa, and of which we obtained a fine skin at Semipalatinsk, on the borders of the Irtyche. Mr. Rose has been successful in discovering sulphuretted tin in the Southern Ural, or Bachtseyre, and a combination of silver and of tellurium in a mineral of Sawodinsk, near the Altai. The existence of tin, and of tellurium, in Asiatic Russia, was, before our journey, as unknown as the existence of diamonds in European Russia.

"Mr. Rose, whose exactness in chemical analysis is well known, is occupied at this moment in a very extended work on the gold obtained from washing, and on the gold obtained from veins which are not yet destroyed, as well as on the proportions in which gold is mingled with silver in Siberia, the produce of which metal, at this moment, exceeds 6000 kilogrammes. There scarcely exists a country in the world in which the rocks and veins present a greater variety of minerals, equally remarkable for their beauty and for their chemical composition.

"The number of species of *infusoria* observed between the Caspian Sea, the Ural, and the Altai, has been 113, amongst which eight constitute new genera. Mr. Ehrenberg has succeeded, by feeding these transparent and gelatinous beings, in discovering the extreme complication of their organs, in colouring their mouths, their stomachs, the extremity of their alimentary canals, to paint them, if we may so express ourselves, interiorly in blue and red. In glancing over the eight plates drawn by Mr. Ehrenberg, we see at once the surprising complication of these beings, of which several are not more than 1-9000th part of a line (1-12th of an inch) in length. The author made use of a microscope by Chevallier, and generally of a power of 800 times the size. He gives the results of ten years of observations, which are so much the more sure, as the anatomy of the *mollusca* of the Red Sea had accustomed him to the use of microscopes and micrometers.

"The smallest *infusoria* which have been considered as the most simple, have all a mouth and organs of nutrition, and sometimes from thirty to forty stomachs. They all seize their prey, and live upon solid substances. In the *Monas termo*, which is only 1-1500th of a line in length, four stomachs, a mouth, and hairs surrounding that mouth, are visible. The *Verticella leucophrys* (*Paramacium*) have a more complex organisation. The number of eyes varies in the *Rotifera*, in the genera *Englena* and *Eosphora*; but what will most attract the attention of naturalists who are interested in microscopical anatomy, is the complication of the muscular and nervous system, the mouth, provided with cartilaginous teeth, the organs of nutrition and of generation of the *Hydatina senta* (*Verticella senta*).

"Mr. Ehrenberg discusses the genera which had been established on other principles; and he finds that the animals of the same species have been in the different stages of growth, and, according as they had had food or not, had been classed under different genera. Mr. Ehrenberg has frequently seen *infusoria* issue from eggs, and no direct observation led him to admit a spontaneous generation, nor an agglomeration of *infusoria* to form the rudiments of vegetables and of animals. He thinks that all infusory animals change their situation, and seek their food solitarily. Out of the 113 species observed and described during the course of the journey, thirty-one species belong to Europe, and eighty-two to Asia; two-thirds are also observed in central Europe. The *Kalpoda cucullus* appears to be the species the most generally spread. Mr. Ehrenberg found it from Mount Sinai to Dongola, near Berlin, at St. Petersburg, on the north of the Ural, and at the foot of the Altai. In the mines of Siberia, three species of monades are met with; and the *Kalpoda cucullus*, at fifty-six fathoms in depth, in places entirely deprived of light. The *infusoria*, according to their structure, form the natural class of animals which inhabit the sea and the continent. Some species are met with which, like cryptogamic plants, are identical under the most various zones. They appear to vary more from climate,—from Europe to Dongola, than from east to west,—from Berlin to Altai.

"The saline waters of the Asiatic steppes do not present any very particular forms. Dew, examined with the greatest care in the midst of the African deserts, offered no infusory animals, whilst eight different species were met with in the walls of the oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

"The researches on infusory animals made during the last journey of De Humboldt, extended for more than 50° of longitude, and 14° of latitude."

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

AUGUST 3d. John Reynolds, Esq. in the chair.—Donations of some of the rare plants of Kent were announced, presented by Mr. G. E. Dennes, from whom also a paper was read, being a translation of the Report made to the French Academy of Sciences by MM. Mirbel, Dutrochet, and Auguste Saint Hilaire, reporting on the Memoir relative to the structure and development of the generating organs of a species of *Marsilea*, found by M. Esprit Fabre about the environs of Agde.—An interesting discussion ensued, after which the meeting adjourned.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE following is the address presented to Her Majesty by the Duke of Devonshire, on behalf of the Horticultural Society, soliciting the royal patronage.

*To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.*

Most gracious Sovereign,—We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the President, Vice-Presidents, and Council of the Horticultural Society of London, beg leave most respectfully to approach your royal presence, and, in the name of the Society, to offer our sincere condolence on the decease of his late Majesty our gracious Patron. Yet, whilst in common with all classes of your Majesty's subjects, we deplore the loss which the nation has sustained by the removal of so munificent a patron of science, we are not the less sensible of the gratitude we owe Divine Providence for having blessed us, in the person of your Majesty, with a successor whose accomplished mind and enlightened views are the theme of universal applause, and eminently calculated to adorn the throne of a kingdom now justly celebrated above all others for the splendour of its gardens, and the devotedness of its inhabitants to the peaceful occupations of Horticulture. While we humbly presume to take credit to our Society for the improvement in public feeling which has taken place in this respect, we gratefully acknowledge the important advantage which we have derived from the royal countenance, and as the love of natural beauty and the cultivation of the Fine Arts are especially innate in the female breast, we confidently anticipate that a pursuit which is so completely identified with the advance of civilisation, will flourish with renewed vigour under the fostering auspices of your Majesty. We therefore beg to offer our most heartfelt congratulations on your Majesty's accession to the throne of your ancestors, and venture humbly to solicit your Majesty's renewal of that patronage which has been accorded to this Society by your royal predecessors since the period of its Institution, and earnestly pray that your Majesty's reign may become illustrious by the general cultivation of all those arts of peace which so eminently conduce to the wealth and beauty of the country, and the enjoyments of all classes of your Majesty's subjects.

Given under our corporate seal at the Horticultural Society's Rooms, Regent Street, London, this 22d day of July, 1837.

Signed, on behalf of the Council,

DEVONSHIRE.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Marylebone Literary, 8½ P.M. (Mr. A. Parsey, on Perspective and Vision, and on the 14th.)

*Tuesday.*—Zoological, 3 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Portraits and Memoirs of the most eminent living Political Reformers.* Part I. Saunders, jun.

RILEY's "Conservative Statesmen" has probably given rise to the present publication. It is consoling and gratifying thus to see the encouragement of literature and the arts springing from a soil apparently so ungenial as party politics. This is to us forbidden ground; but, surely, it cannot be forbidden to any man who loves his country, to express his earnest hope, that the ultimate result of the fierce contest of antagonist principles now going on around us, may be the establishment of some enlightened and powerful government, under which the empire may enjoy a long and uninterrupted period of tranquillity and happiness.

The portraits in the first part of this new work are those of "Lord John Russell," after a bust by P. Hollings; "Charles Buller, Esq." from a painting by B. E. Duppa, Esq.; and "John Arthur Roebuck, Esq." from a painting by J. Watts; engraved in stipple, by W. Koll, E. Serven, and H. Robinson. The writer of the Memoirs (only two of which, however, are completed) is evidently a very able man; and, to say the least of him, no lukewarm reformer.

*The Silent Angel.* J. Bendixen, fecit.

Ackermann and Co.

A RICH and masterly specimen of lithographic power.

## SKETCHES.

## ATHENS.

April 1st, 1837.

THERE are few persons out of Greece, who are acquainted with the present state of the city of Athens. It is generally described according to the accounts which were published before it became the capital of the kingdom; and then it was certainly in a deplorable condition. It presented to the eye of the beholder only a mass of ruins, and you could perceive scarcely more than about twenty tolerably solid and regularly built houses. Accordingly, when the seat of government was transferred to Athens, it was with the greatest difficulty that some buildings could be fitted up for the members of the regency, the diplomatic body, the secretaries of state, and their offices. But the appearance of Athens has, since that time, been materially changed. On the site of most of the ruins, buildings have been erected; and they are executed in entire conformity with the plan of Athens. Several streets have been opened, levelled, and widened. The principal are, Hermes Street, Æolus Street, and Minerva Street. Hermes Street divides the city into two equal parts, parallel with the Acropolis. Æolus Street crosses Hermes Street, and extends to the Temple of Æolus, where a square of the same name is now being laid out. Minerva Street, the broadest of all, runs nearly in the same direction as Æolus Street. Solid and handsome buildings have already been erected on both sides of Hermes Street, in its whole length. There are not so many buildings in Æolus and Minerva Streets, but there is every appearance that they will be completed within

three years. Hermes Street is already levelled, and, as well as many others, will soon be paved. Half of the old Agora Street is already paved. Hermes Street, and Æolus Street, divide the city of Athens into four quarters. Of the streets of the second class, the principal are, Metagitnia, Palace, Agora, and Adrian Streets.

The government has neglected nothing to secure the health of the inhabitants of the capital. Large sums have been expended in repairing and cleansing the ancient sewers, which convey the water and filth of the city into the great canal, which divides the city into two parts. Besides this great canal, the following are worthy of notice; namely, the canal which runs through the whole of Metagitnia Street; another which runs from the square Sclaropazaron, through Adrian Street; and, lastly, the canal of Palace and St. Mark's Streets. The object of securing the health of the inhabitants would not, however, have been attained, had not measures been at the same time adopted for draining the neighbouring marshes. The overflowings of the Cephissus, formed in the grove of Olives, and in the plain between the Piræus and Athens, several pools of stagnant water, the exhalations of which were extremely noxious. The government has had them all drained, the bed of the Cephissus corrected, and canals made to carry off the waters into the sea. These operations have, besides, restored a not inconsiderable tract of land to agriculture. There are in Athens twenty public wells; and, besides this, the public buildings, and many private houses, have water, with which they are supplied out of the general aqueduct, on very moderate terms. This water, which is distributed in the city, comes from two sources; one at the foot of the Pentelikon, called the Fountain of St. Demetrius, which is connected with the city by an admirable canal, of the time of the Emperor Adrian, which is in perfect preservation, and is ten feet broad and twelve feet high; the other source is that of Tachymachos, at the foot of Mount Hymettus. There are in Athens a civil and a military hospital: the latter is remarkable for its solidity and handsome style of architecture, and is on a very healthy spot: the building of the civil hospital is beginning. Since the removal of the government to Athens, several other public buildings have been erected; such as the barracks, the artillery barracks, the mint, and the royal printing office: the last is an establishment that does honour to the government; it has nine typographic and seven lithographic presses, and above seventy workmen are employed in it. In a short time, the building of the University will commence: a church of the Anatolian dogma will be built at the same time. The palace of the king, the building of which began a year ago, will not be inferior to the edifices which formerly adorned Greece; the situation is equally beautiful and salubrious.

There are in Athens thirteen churches in which divine service is performed; twelve belong to the Eastern, and one to the Western Church. There are two cemeteries, one belonging to the commune, the other to the Protestants. What was formerly the Turkish school has been temporarily fitted up as a prison. Athens is also fortunate with respect to establishments for education. It is the seat of the university; of a gymnasium, in which the government has founded thirty exhibitions for poor students; of a Hellenic school, a city school, and the seminary for school masters. Besides these, there are several schools supported by private persons: for instance, the American Philhellenes; the girls' school of

Madame Polmerange, which has long been established at Napoli, was lately removed to Athens. In this school fourteen girls are clothed, maintained, and educated, at the expense of the government.

Manufactures are still very backward in Athens; and the same is the case in all the other towns in Greece: foreigners have, however, founded some establishments which promise well. The revenues of Athens have considerably improved; according to the statement of 1836, they had risen to nearly 120,000 drachms. They arise from the rent of buildings belonging to the town, from the excise, &c. We may further observe that, when a census of the population was made for the first time in 1833, it amounted to scarcely 7000 souls, whereas it is now 15,000, besides the military.

Athens stands on a spot which is rich in remains of antiquity; but, as the government has not yet been able to grant any considerable sum to make excavations in places where there is reason to hope that numerous antiquities might be found, the acquisitions hitherto made are limited to accidental discoveries in laying the foundations of new buildings. In digging the foundations of a house which Dr. Treiber and Mr. Origone lately built in the vicinity of the Temple of Theseus, the remains of a wall were found, and a part of the cornice of a column of the Doric order. M. Pataki, superintendent of the antiquities, caused further excavations to be made, with the permission of the owners; and a head of good workmanship was found, that, from the manner in which the hair is arranged, seems to be of the time of the dominion of the Romans. Thet a pedestal was found, with three words of an inscription. On the same day, a female head, of exquisite workmanship, was found; and another head, which seems to have belonged to a statue of Nerva. To judge by the direction of the wall, it probably belonged to a monument in honour of a Roman emperor; for, on a close examination of the workmanship of the cornice and the three heads, we may take it for granted that they are of a later date than the classic era.

## DRAMA.

*Haymarket.*—Since our last notice, a new drama, *The Young King*, has been added to the entertainments of this pleasant little theatre. The chief interest of the plot turns upon the discovery and counteraction by *Aloyse* (Miss Taylor), of a plan for the murder of the *Duke of Anjou* (Mrs. Nesbitt). The piece is in two acts, the first abounding in genuine fun. Faren, as a ridiculous old *maitre*, a regular twaddle, is perfectly absurd, and is greeted nightly by peals of laughter: in fact, he is irresistible. Mrs. Glover is also rich in the part of a warm-hearted, honest widow. So comic is the whole of the first scene between these two clever people, that it is some time before the audience can compose themselves for the more serious parts of the drama. Miss Taylor seems to have quite laid aside the affectation which, for a season or two, so disguised her, and appears, in the part allotted to her in this piece, the same agreeable *naïve* actress she was during her first London seasons. Mrs. Nesbitt looks handsome in her male attire, and plays the young gallant as boldly as need be. Collins, as the necessary lover, is also good, and sings a couple of songs very sweetly. Strickland and Haines have slight characters. Perhaps the first act promises too much, as the shortness of the piece does not allow of the full development of the characters; still, it is a pleasant light affair, and will, we

have no doubt, "hide its time" on these boards. We hope there will be no change in the performers of the several parts, as though, perhaps rather slight, none could be spared without great injury to the piece. We see Macready concludes his engagement to-night, in his own part of *Melantius*, in the *Bridal*. We have said "his own part," and it is a tragic one; but, even with the apathy there is about the stage (an apathy soon, we trust, to be changed for interest, when the *true* drama supersedes the rank charlatanism which has debased it), we are astonished at the absence of remark in the general press on the admirable manner in which he has been playing some of the best characters in genteel comedy. Power commences on Monday night. One attraction succeeding another—this is certainly the right, and, we hope, the advantageous manner of managing a theatre. A good play, and lively afterpiece, make the nightly entertainment at the Haymarket. The full house shews the playgoing public are pleased. We can only say, "go on and prosper."

**English Opera House.**—The *Mountain Sylph* has this week succeeded as the opening opera of the evening, and been extremely well sustained. Frazer and Durnset are the *rivals*, and Seguin, the *Wizard*; Miss Romer, the *Sylph*; Miss Pincott, *Etheria*; Mrs. Emden, *Dame Goullie*; and Miss Poole, her daughter, *Jessie*, which she plays delightfully. Peake's farce improves on every repetition, and so does Mr. Compton, in the part of *Frolick*. The house is, nevertheless, very thinly attended. A new opera, by John Barnett, is announced.

#### VARIETIES.

**Horticulture.**—At the last meeting of the Horticultural Society, a paper was read, from which it appeared that the red spider, and several other insects injurious to plants, could be destroyed by the simple process of crushing a bushel or two of laurel leaves, and shutting the plants up with them during the night, in a close place or frame. The prussic acid, it was stated, put an end to all the invaders.

**The late Balloon Accident.**—Since our last, the newspapers have teemed with various and somewhat conflicting opinions, respecting the nature of this calamity; but, in spite of the vamping and disguise it has undergone before the coroner and elsewhere, there seems to be only one opinion on the subject; namely, that, from the fractured condition of the parachute before the ascent, even if there had been a chance when the hoop was unbroken, there was no possibility, after its mishaps in the garden, of the poor victim's escape with life. The nonsense attempted to be made out about his having induced the fatal result by catching hold of a rope, is too obviously absurd to merit refutation; as is the still more obvious nonsense about the sacrifices ready to be made by the speculators, which it is clear, from the terms of poor Cocking's agreement, was to have been *nothing* for the first ascent. His temptation, in future promises, led him to his fate.

**Aerostation.**—The Bristol journals state, that an architect at Clifton has so far improved upon aerostation as to be able to construct a balloon, and, by the aid of horizontal propulsion, send it through the air, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. The machine is said to be very large, the impulsive motion to be communicated from the car, and the aeronaut to have the power of direction in himself.

—*Nous verrons.*

**The Colosseum.**—Appropriate and amusing

novelties have, since our last notice, increased the evening attractions of the Colosseum; and, in spite of politics to thin the town, and indifferent weather, the entertainments have been fully attended.

**Weather - Wisdom.**—Pretty well the last seven days, except that the fair and warm was a hurricane, on Saturday. Again, August 5. "Changes. Wind and thunder about the 6th and 7th. The first quarter, on the 9th, betokens high winds and thunder storms. The aspect of Venus to Saturn will bring rain about the 11th and 12th: bad harvest weather."—*Morrison*.

**H. B.'s Caricatures.**—Election times are always prolific of caricatures; and the talent of H. B. was pretty certain not to be idle on such an occasion. We have, accordingly, four novelties from his pencil and fertile fancy before us. No. 492. "Reorganisation of the Legion." Sir George Murray drilling a squad of the Spanish Legion, such ragged and forlorn fellows as paraded the streets during the late Westminster election. 493. "Grinding Young:" admirable portraits of Burdett, first as a crippled, gouty invalid mounting a ladder, standing on the ground "Westminster," into the mill which John Bull is turning; and next, walking off briskly on the other side, on the ground "North Wilts," quite a young and lively fox-hunter. 494. "The newest Universal Medicines," a happy pictorial version of Lord Durham's famous letter. The noble lord is seated as an apothecary, at table, compounding a drug, and saying,—"Now to extinguish that quack, Morrison!" His vials are labelled, "Conservative Opiate," "Radical Alcohol," "Whig Alkali," &c. &c.; and there are boxes made up for the Times, Standard, Morning Chronicle, and Globe; for D. O'Connell, and the Dublin Trades' Union Association; as well as for the Bishop of Exeter. In short, there is medicine for all parties, of all kinds and colours, intending to represent the letter of such perplexing import and dubious meaning, or no meaning. The idea is very original, and the execution equally clever. 495 is another of the best hits of this long, but always striking and entertaining, series of political histories. It is a scene from *As you like it*. Mr. Roebuck as the wounded, with an arrow, marked "Bath," sticking in his haunch, the rest of the herd in the distance trotting off; and Lord J. Russell, as the melancholy Jacques, lying in the shade and moralising on the event.

**Satisfactory Reference.**—A small wooden dog-kennel appears on a wall in Lambeth, with, chalked upon it, "To be sold. Inquire within." Where there is neither cat, dog, nor owner.

**Brains.**—The brain of man being taken in the proportion to his body is stated, by several writers, as 1 to 30 (it might more correctly be as 1 to 40), it is curious to observe that the proportions are in moles as 1 to 36; in the Ouistiti monkey, 1 to 24; in the rat, 1 to 76; in the mouse, 1 to 43; in the field-mouse, 1 to 31; in the elephant, 1 to 500; in the horse, 1 to 400; in the sparrow and cock, 1 to 25; in the goose, 1 to 360; and in the Canary, only 1 to 14.

**White Elephant?**—The lion of the day in Madras, at the present moment, is a white elephant, which has been sent from Coimbatore by government, in charge of a wet-nurse, *en route* to Ava, to be offered as a present by the honourable company to the king of that country. It appears that when the news got abroad, that Coimbatore had had the honour of giving birth to such a *rara avis*, the intelligence was conveyed with all possible expedition to Ava, where

it caused such a commotion as has been seldom witnessed; and the prime minister, and all the chief officers of state, were despatched to Rangoon to await his arrival. There they are now, for any thing that we know, and the white elephant is in Mr. Waller's stables, looking so much like a black elephant, that none but a connoisseur could tell the difference. We must do the white elephant the justice to state, however, that his skin is not quite black, and the hair, on various parts of his body, is gray or whitish. His eyes are blood-red, which is the distinguishing mark of an Albino in all animals; and it is supposed that his skin will become whiter as he grows older. — *Madras Herald, Feb. 8.*

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Pote announces the Concordance of Manetho with the Greek Historians, as the second part of his forthcoming work, "The Shepherd Kings of Egypt."

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*Lives of the most Eminent and Scientific Men of Great Britain*, Vol. II. 8cap. forming Vol. XCIII. of Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, 6s.—*The Practice of Cookery, Pastry, and Confectionery*, in three parts, by Mrs. Fraser, with Plates, 12mo. 4s.—*Early Lessons for Children*, on Moral and Religious Duties, illustrated by Christian Examples, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*Lessons on Form*, by C. Reiner, 12mo. 6s. (Pestalozzian System).—*The Basque Provinces*, by E. B. Stephens, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s.—*The History of Philosophy*, by W. Enfield, LL.D. new edition, 8vo. 16s.—*Remarks on Dr. Wiseman's Lectures*, by Philalethes Cantabrigiensis, 12mo. 4s.—*Fuller's Memoirs of Rev. S. Pearce*, with Additions by W. H. Pearce, 12mo. 4s.—*The Golden Pot of Manna*, by J. Burns, Vol. I. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*An Act to amend the Law of Wills*, 1 Victoria, by R. F. Fisher, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—*Scripture Testimonies to the Messiah*, by S. P. Smith, D.D. 3d edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s.—*Annual Register*, Vol. LXXVIII. for 1836, 8vo. 16s.—*Lectures on European Civilisation*, by W. Guizot; translated by Mrs. P. M. Beckwith, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Hints to Parents who intend to bring up their Sons to the Medical Profession*, by W. H. Denham, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—*Dr. J. Wardrop on Diseases of the Heart*, Part I. 8vo. 4s. 6d.—*Elements of Physics*, by T. Webster, M.A. 12mo. 9s.—*Vicat's Treatise on Mortars and Cements*, translated by Captain Smith, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 20	From 46 to 67	29.78 to 29.84
Friday ... 21	... 42 ... 69	29.92 ... 29.98
Saturday ... 22	... 40 ... 75	29.98 stationary
Sunday ... 23	... 40 ... 74	29.97 ... 29.95
Monday ... 24	... 45 ... 73	30.01 ... 30.03
Tuesday ... 25	... 46 ... 75	30.09 stationary
Wednesday 26	... 52 ... 76	30.01 stationary

Wind, N.W.

Except the afternoons of the 23d and 26th, generally clear; rain on the afternoon of the 20th and evening of the 23d.

Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 27	From 41 to 82	29.97 to 29.82
Friday ... 28	... 51 ... 77	29.73 ... Stat.
Saturday ... 29	... 47 ... 69	29.38 ... 29.23
Sunday ... 30	... 45 ... 65	29.44 ... 29.65
Monday ... 31	... 46 ... 68	29.80 ... 29.62
August.		
Tuesday ... 1	... 45 ... 68	29.71 ... 29.64
Wednesday 2	... 50 ... 75	29.64 ... 29.61

Wind, S.W.

Except the 27th and 31st ultimo, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain.

Rain fallen 1.6 inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude ... 51° 37' 39" N.

Longitude ... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ferment of politics has caused a perfect stagnation in publishing: hardly a volume of any kind has appeared during the last fortnight. In this scarcity, which will, of course, be made up by consequent activity, we are gratified in having it in our power to lay before our readers the paper with which our present number begins. The country, which it so well describes, is of great and growing interest; and, in order to bring all the writer's statements clearly before our readers, we shall, in our next, give a well-engraved map (not yet ready), as originally laid down and defined by Capt. Mackenzie, from his own observation.

M. K.'s pretty lines and offer are declined. We believe there is no periodical of any kind which thinks of "a consideration" for contributions of this class.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE**  
 MAIL.—The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by  
 Ancient Masters, of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and  
 French Schools, is now open, and will continue open daily, from  
 Ten to the Morning till Six in the Evening.  
 Admission 1s. Catalogue, 1s.  
 WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**NOW OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S**  
 PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of  
 the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction  
 by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed  
 by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier  
 Bouton.

Open daily, from Ten till Five.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. Junior**  
 Department.—The Classes in the School will be Re-  
 opened on Tuesday, the 15th of August next, at Nine o'Clock  
 precisely, A.M.  
 H. J. ROSE, B.D. Principal.

**FUNERAL of WILLIAM IV.**  
 A clever and interesting Sketch of St. George's Chapel,  
 Windsor, with the Funeral of his late Majesty, from a Drawing  
 taken on the spot by Harry Wilson, Esq., by permission of his  
 Grace the Earl Marshal, is just ready for publication, by Welch  
 and Tarryne, Printers and Publishers, 24 St. James's Street,  
 London (from Colnaghi's, Cookspur Street).

## SALES BY AUCTION.

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Formerly portions of the Libraries of the late Drs. HUTTON and

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Among which are Encyclopédie Méthodique, 76 vols.; New-  
 ton's Principia, by Le Roy, 3 vols.; Jussu's Perspective; Bor-  
 lass's Cornwall; Barton's Leicester; the John Bull Newspaper,  
 11 vols.; Fodor's's Antiquities, 5 vols.; Pyne's Palaces, 3 vols.;  
 Hakewell's Italy; Taylor's Plato, 5 vols.; Crabbe's Historical  
 Dictionary, 2 vols.; Betham's Baronetage, 5 vols.; Dryden's  
 Works, by Scott, 18 vols.; Œuvres de Voltaire, 37 vols.; the  
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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Abstract of Proceedings relative to the Trade and Navigation of the Indus, since the Settlement of the last Treaty respecting that River.* Pp. 50. London, 1837. J. Unwin.

IN a geographical and statistical, and, still more, in a mercantile light, the present is a very important pamphlet; and having in this and our last *Gazettes*, directed attention to subjects of much public interest as connected with the East, we cannot take a fitter opportunity to look further into the same quarter.

Notwithstanding the negotiations of Col. Pottinger, little was done towards the opening of the Indus to British trade, till the end of 1835; but since then some steps have been taken, which bid fair, we trust, to obviate any greater delay in occupying this grand and natural channel to the traffic of central Asia. Lieuts. Carless and Wood, of the Indian navy, have surveyed the mouths of the river; and, besides Lieut. Wood,\* Capt. Burnes not only has explored it, but treated with the Ameers of Sind. Mr. Masson, our resident at Caubul, has made a useful report on the growing trade with Afghanistan; and, from various other sources, the best of information has been obtained.

The "Agra Ukhar," too, of the 11th February, states as follows:—"We noticed in our last the approaching steam navigation of the Ganges and Jumna; a measure which will be most materially facilitated by an important discovery, which, we learn, has just been made, of a bed of coal in the south-eastern corner of the Mirzapore district, near Bidgehur, on the Soane.† This mineral, too, has been found at Hazareebaugh, and presents so few difficulties to being worked, that parties have offered to supply it to government at the very reduced rate of five or six maunds per rupee. Its superiority over Burdwan coal, too, is considerable; and this, combined with its being so accessible, will admit of its being supplied at Dinapoor on much more favourable terms than the Burdwan coal has hitherto been. Here, then, we see one of the most serious obstacles to the establishment of a steam river communication removed; and an abundant supply of an article indispensable in machine labour, and, indeed, in a high state of production, added to the other resources of the country."

"The project (says the pamphlet) for navigating the Indus has, however, owing to the commercial crisis which has lately taken place in England, been suspended for the present. In the meanwhile, the opening afforded by the river for commercial enterprise, is becoming more and more tempting every day. The importance of extending our political and commercial relations with the tribes and states north of the Indus, as far as Caubul and Bokhara, seems to be fully recognised by the government of India; and one of their last acts has been to despatch a mission under Capt.

Burnes, for the purpose of entering into commercial treatises with the rulers of the countries in question. This officer, at the same time, has had placed under his command, engineers and other officers, for the purpose of effecting a scientific survey of the countries he is to pass through, and the government of India have determined upon procuring a perfect survey and map of the Indus throughout the whole course of its navigation. It may be as well to add on this occasion, that one of the objects of Capt. Burnes's mission is to ascertain the practicability of establishing large fairs, like those of Leipsic and Novogorod, on the banks of the Indus, for the purpose of securing to British enterprise a portion of the large and valuable commerce of central Asia, which is now carried on almost exclusively with the latter mart. The position of Mithunkot, on the Indus, is deemed peculiarly favourable for this purpose, as it is only about half as far as Novogorod from Bokhara, through which a large portion of the traders from Cashgar, and the southern and south-eastern portions of Asia, pass to the former place. The project, too, seems feasible enough in other respects; as assemblages, such as are proposed, accord with Asiatic habits of commercial dealing."

After some other remarks, it is added—  
"Hence it appears that scarcely any thing is now wanting to render the Indus the channel of an enormous trade. Situated more advantageously than any other stream for becoming the commercial outlet and inlet to the vast and populous territories on the north and west of the Himalaya mountains, as well as a large tract south of that chain, all it has required to become available for that purpose, has been the protection and superintendence of a good government. These are now afforded; and political events clearly point out the stream as likely to become, at an early day, the advanced post, if not the boundary, of British power in India. The time, therefore, has surely arrived, when a moderate outlay of capital may be staked with advantage, to introduce steam navigation upon such an admirable field, and thus open central Asia more completely to British trade, and enable our manufacturers and merchants to compete throughout that vast tract of country with their rivals, the Russians. All that is required for this purpose at present, is a single steam boat of moderate dimensions, to be employed experimentally, either as a tug or cargo boat; and the first price of such a vessel, it appears by a recent estimate, would be about 4000*l*. From 5000*l*. to 6000*l*., therefore, would secure the object in view; and even if devoted without any prospect of return, does not seem too much to promote a great national object."

The first appendix to this important statement details the particulars of the treaties of 1832 and 4; with the governments of Hyderabad and Khypoor, the tolls and taxes, &c. &c.; and the following is given as a note of the Sind territories:—

"The Ameers possess altogether, on the right bank of the Indus, an extent of territory in length, from the sea to Mithunkote, of five hundred and fifty-two miles, as follows—

From the sea to Ooplanee .....	34 miles.
" Ooplanee to Tattah .....	29 "
" Tattah to Hyderabad .....	72 "
" Hyderabad to Sehwan .....	108 "
" Sehwan to Bukkur .....	174 "
" Bukkur to Mithunkote .....	135 "

On the left bank, the extent is 27 miles less, it being only 180 miles from Bukkur to Subhul-kote, where the dominions of Buhawal Khan commence. The state of the banks of the river are sufficient proof of the discouragement that intercourse up and down the river labours under. They are, in most places, covered down to the very edge of the water with thick jungle and trees, which render tracking not only most difficult, but, now and then, impossible; and the first obvious step for an enlightened government to take would be, to clear away (which might be done at a very small expense) a path, from 20 to 50 paces broad, agreeable to the nature of the soil, along both sides of the river. This simple operation would remove at once one half the natural obstacles to the upwards navigation. The downwards navigation is quite independent of the state of the banks, as all that is required in it is to keep the vessels in the strongest part of the current; which is easily done, by occasionally rowing, or setting a lug sail on a small mast in the forepart of the boat."

Among the manufacturing data it is told that:—

"The better sort of calicoes of Sind are now quite superseded by the manufacture of Great Britain, and the celebrated loonges (silk cloths) of Tattah are only made to order."

The next two appendices are from the able pen of Captain Burnes, and throw more, and important, light upon the navigation of the river, and the merchandise best suited to its traffic as well as the traffic of adjacent countries. Among his observations, the following strike us as being of particular interest:—

"It appears that there is much error abroad, regarding the trade on the Indus. Enterprise will, doubtless, do much to create and improve commerce; but, for the present, it is a trade by the Indus, and not on the Indus. It is, in fact, a transit trade to western and central Asia; a line, however, which ought to supersede that by Sonmeeanee to Candahar, and by Bownugger to Pallee and Upper India. If the mercantile community hope for any increased consumption of British goods in Sind itself, they will be disappointed: the time may come, but, at present, the bulk of the people are miserably poor, and there are, really, no purchasers."

"The whole population may amount to a million. The greater portion of it is movable; the large places are not numerous; Shikarpoor is the first in importance, and has a population of about 25,000, which surpasses that of the modern capital, Hyderabad. Tatta, the ancient metropolis, has about 15,000 souls. The only other places of note are Subjul, Khypoor, Ladhkane, Bukkur (with Roree and Sukker), Selwun, Hala, and Churachee; which latter is a sea-port, and the only one accessible to ships in the country. The inhabitants of Sind are chiefly Mahomedan. A fourth of the population may be Hindoo. There are no people of

\* "Lieut. J. Wood, of the Indian Navy, is the first officer who has ever navigated the Indus by steam, and his success merits notice, since he reached Hyderabad without even the assistance of a local pilot."

† Sulphate of iron has also been found to exist in abundance in the same place.

other tribes or creeds, if we except a few Seiks of the Punjab, called Seik Lobanee. The Mahomedans are tall and well proportioned; very dark in complexion: all other Mahomedans shave the hair of the head, but the Sindians preserve it, which gives them a look very different from other Asiatics; they also wear caps instead of turbans. Sindies is a term generally used for those who live in temporary villages. They are mostly the original inhabitants, converted to Islam, who have intermarried with the conquerors. There are Mahomedans in Sind, and Hindoos in Cutch, who claim one lineage. The Hindoos do not differ from those in India; they are fairer than the Mahomedans. The Lohanu and Bhatesa tribes prevail; they are purely commercial; they are not oppressed more than in other Mahomedan countries; they are often employed in places of confidence; they amass wealth, but they conceal it, and wish to appear poor."

The general population are in a condition of abject misery:—

"There is no intermediate class between the rulers, their favoured syuds, and the common people. Some Hindoos are rich, but the mass of the people are poor. Their dress, squalid manners, and filth, all, more than another, attest it. They have no education; few of them can read; very few write. In physical form they seem adapted for activity; the reverse is their character: their faculties appear benumbed. Both sexes, Hindoo and Mahomedan, are addicted to 'hang,' an intoxicating drug, made from hemp; they also drink a spirit distilled from rice and dates. Debauchery is universal, and the powers of man are often impaired in early life: they do not seek for other than gross and sensual amusements. People only congregate to visit the tombs of worthies or saints, who are deemed capable of repairing the wasted and diseased body, as well as the soul. They have a few social qualifications, and, even in common life, keep up much formal ceremony. There are no healthful exercises among the peasantry; who, as well as the grandees of the land, lead a life of sloth: to be fat is a distinction. A better government would ameliorate the condition of this people; without it, the Sindian and his country will continue in the hopeless and cheerless state here represented. I venture to reverse the observation of Montesquieu, and say, that the mediocrity of their abilities and fortunes is fatal to their private happiness. The effect is also fatal to the public prosperity."

The last paper in our pamphlet relates to Canbul:

"Kábul, the capital city of an extensive kingdom, is not only the centre of a large internal traffic, but enjoying eminent advantages of locality, ought to possess the whole of the carrying trade between India and Turkistán. A trade has ever existed between India and Afghanistan; the latter deriving from the former a variety of commodities foreign to the produce of its own soil, climate, and manufactures, while she has little to return beyond fruits of native growth. Afghanistan is dependent upon India for articles indispensable for the convenience of her inhabitants, and the carrying on of her few manufactures, as fine calicoes, indigo, spices, drugs, &c. Of late years, the introduction of British manufactured goods, as fine calicoes, muslins, chintzes, shawls, &c. has produced a new era in this trade, superseding, in a great measure, the inferior importations as to quality from India, and the more expensive fabrics from Kashmir. The consumption of these manufactures at

Kábul, although extensive and increasing, will, from causes, have a limit, but to what extent they might be transmitted to the markets of Turkistán, cannot be so easily defined. At the same time that British manufactured goods have found their way to Kábul, so have also Russian, and, what is singular, even British manufactured goods may be found at Kábul which have been imported from Bokhara."

The competition between Russian and British merchandise in these parts is developed; and, after giving a list of the former, the writer observes:

"In glancing over this imperfect list, it will be obvious that many of the articles of Russian manufacture most largely imported to Kábul *viâ* Bokhara, ought to be superseded by similar ones from Bombay. From Orenberg, the point whence traffic between Russia and Bokhara is principally conducted, there are sixty-two camel or kafia marches, and from Bokhara to Kábul, thirty-five camel or kafia marches, being a total of ninety-seven camel or kafia marches, independent of halts. In the distance, travelled duties are levied at Khiva, Bokhara, Balkh, Muzzar, Khulam, Hybuk, Qunduz, Kahmerd, Solghan, Bámian, and Kábul. That the supplies from Bombay to Kábul have been hitherto inadequate for the wants of the markets, is, in a great measure, owing to the sluggishness of the Afghan merchants. That they will cease to be so, may be hoped from the opening of the navigation of the Indus, and the conversion of Mithankot into a mart, which will bid fair to become a second Bombay for the merchants of these countries."

"Tea is exported largely from Russia to Bokhara, of a kind called there 'Khoosh booe.' This is rarely brought to Kábul; but large quantities of ordinary kinds of black and green tea are brought there from Bokhara, which seem to be imported from China *viâ* Khokan and Yargand. A superior kind of tea, called 'Bankah,' is sometimes to be procured at Kábul, but not as an article for sale. The consumption of tea will, in process of time, be very considerable at Kábul, the habit of drinking it being a growing one. At Qandahar it does not prevail; and tea, I believe, is seldom or ever carried there for sale. As a beverage, it is also nearly unknown in Bilo-chistan and Sindh. It is considered cheap at Kábul at six rupees the charruk, or one-fourth of a seer. Honey and wax, exported largely from Russia to Bokhara, are not introduced to Kábul, which is plentifully supplied with excellent qualities of these articles from its native hills, as those of Bungush, Khonur, and the Sufaid Koh range. The trade between Russia and Bokhara yields to the government of the latter a yearly revenue of forty thousand tillahs, collected from the Kafilas passing to and fro. As khiraj, or duty, is levied at the rate of two and a-half per cent *ad valorem*, the whole amount of the trade will not be less than 1,600,000 tillahs, or about 12,500,000 rupees, a large excess to the amount of trade between Kábul and Bokhara, which would seem to be about 2,500,000 rupees. The merchants of Kábul have many of them commercial transactions with Russia itself; and their agents, or gomastahs, are resident at Orenberg and Astrakan, while their intercourse with India seems to exist rather from necessity than choice. The season for the traffic of Kábul inclining towards Russia for articles of European fabric, may, perhaps, be discovered in the remoteness from it of any great mart for British manufactures."

But "the intercourse between Kábul and

India would be exceedingly promoted by opening the anciently existing high-road from Kábul to Multan, &c. *viâ* Bungush and Bannu. This route is very considerably shorter, leads chiefly through a level, fertile, and populous country, is practicable at all seasons of the year; and, no doubt, could be rendered safe, were the governments on the Indus and of Kábul to co-operate."

With this we must conclude our sketch, which will, we hope, fix mercantile attention upon the Indus, with the new features thus opened to view, through the medium of that mighty stream. The small work, from which we have copied it, is well worthy of the regards of the London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow commercial circles, and, indeed, of the manufacturer and merchant generally throughout the empire.

*Stokeshill Place; or, the Man of Business.*

By the Authoress of "Mrs. Armytage." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

CERTAINLY, society in the present day is the furthest possible removed from what is called "a state of nature." Every relation is complicated, and every motive is a sort of moral Mathews, appearing on the stage in half-a-dozen disguises, till it almost becomes a question which is the real person after all. Hypocrisy is the universal cloak which is perpetually being pierced by the shafts of ridicule—sneers are the artillery of artificial existence. We dread arguments for two reasons; we do not like the trouble of reasoning, and we are also afraid of not being listened to. But a sarcasm is soon uttered; and its ill-nature, much more than its wit, ensures attention. A sort of glittering *persiflage* floats over to-day, like the mist peculiar to an English landscape—it is difficult to reduce the objects to their actual proportions. Moreover, every thing now-a-days is involved; there are no single interests. Family interest is jarred by the money interests; and the high places of feudal aristocracy are as much broken in upon by new opinions, as the old sequestered garden and the quiet path are being broken up, first by agriculture, then by commerce. "I bore," said a proprietor of the old school, "the canal that went through my meadows, with some sort of patience; but how can I endure the rail-road that cuts across my very lawn." Now, the exterior world is but a copy from the interior; the intricate machinery is but a type of the more intricate movements of the moral world. Daily we are perplexed with change; and such an infinity of small objects crowd before the good of any one great purpose, that life is subdivided into far more squares than a chess-board; and as there are but few skilful players, the various movements are apt to get not a little in each other's way. No one possesses greater skill in taking up the thread, and unwinding it, till daylight breaks into the social labyrinth, than Mrs. Gore. She possesses a singular faculty of detection. She

"Is a keen observer, and she looks Quite through the deeds of men."

She has also the power of making her discoveries very amusing to her readers. The great characteristic of her mind is shrewdness—she detects rather than creates; she investigates before she embodies; but what reality does this give to her works? Years hence, we believe that they will be taken up as the most curious and accurate pictures ever drawn by a living writer of an actual time. Take the volumes now before us. Was a country neighbourhood ever more accurately set down in all

its bearings—only a little more amusing than real life? Every character is a moral essay turned into a dramatic entertainment. The young heir, selfish with premature dissipation; the head flattened down, as the Indians flatten the skulls of their children, by the boards of over-indulgence. Then the two country gentlemen, each with his single idea—one of his pedigree, the other of his peerage; one looking back, the other looking forward, but each on a like limited scale. The hero of the book is equally admirably “coloured after nature;” still, we cannot but think he is dealt with over harshly. We cannot help commending him a little more to the sympathy of the reader than the author quite meant to excite. The heroine is an exquisite creation. Feminine, gentle, “a child, and yet a woman too,” learning her own powers only by the affections—endurance taught by “the unconquerable strength of love.” But we always say to a story what Wordsworth says of the river to which he has given “the immortality of verse,”

“Be Yarrow still unseen, unknown :”

at least, till our readers shall choose to see it for themselves. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with such snatches at the narrative as let in as little of the daylight as possible.

“Lady Shoreham was a woman unexceptionable in conduct, character, and manners, as regards the superficial moralities of life. She had been a respectful daughter to reckless parents; a deferential wife to a husband, who valued her less than the least valuable drawer of his cabinet of medals; and was now a devoted mother to the three children he had bequeathed to her guardianship. But, as there exist certain infatuations, known by the names of egotism, favouritism, nepotism, Lady Shoreham was the slave of an *engouement*, which, for want of a better name, must be termed familyism. Till the period of her marriage, her brothers and sisters represented in her eyes a privileged race, to whom the interests of the whole world were to be sacrificed; but, from the moment of becoming a mother, this idolatry was transferred to her children. She held their finger-achs to exceed in importance the plagues and pestilences depopulating a province; and a whole navy might sink unheeded, so that the pleasure-boat of the young viscount floated in smooth water. The weakness was as little unnamable as any weakness can be, that implies indifference towards the sufferings of mankind; for she gave up her time and thoughts to the advantage of her offspring, and would have considered her own misery, and that of the whole human race, as unworthy to be weighed against a flood of tears from the eyes of any member of her beloved family! Yet, on points unconnected with this besetting weakness, Lady Shoreham was a woman of tolerable judgment. Where those three idolised beings did not intervene, she could see with a penetrating eye, and even feel with a kindly heart; though, where Lord Shoreham and his sisters were concerned, she became the puppet of her ramifying selfishness. This foolish partiality produced a twofold evil; by rendering a pleasant woman at times a very disagreeable companion, and by misleading the young people as to their own consequence. The boy viscount had made his appearance at Eton, puffed up with maternal inflation; and the ‘six months’ buffeting and mockery, by which the mistake had been cudgelled out of him, was a sufficiently severe school; but the two girls, who knew nothing of the world, either through the microcosm of a public

school, or the magnifying-glass of society, had still their lesson to learn.”

*Sketch of Character—an Offer of Marriage.*—“Mr. Barnsley looked wistfully from his Bath post, towards the library time-piece, and perceiving the hands to be advancing towards five o’clock, when he himself ought to have been advancing towards the town of Westerton, at the hour of three started up, desired John to light his taper, and, hastily sealing the three letters already completed, placed them in post-bag array, and shut up the unfinished fourth in his desk. ‘Are the horses to come round, sir?’—inquired John, fancying himself already at the wickets on Stokeshill Green. ‘No!—desire Miss Barnsley to step into the library.’ ‘And Miss Winston, sir?’ demanded John; who, accustomed to see his young lady constantly attended by her governess, had begun to regard them as swan and shadow. ‘No!—only Miss Margaret. Tell her that I am in haste, and wish to see her immediately.’ And while John hurried across the hall and vestibule towards the morning-room, in which the young lady of Stokeshill and her preceptress usually passed the morning, Mr. Barnsley gathered together the hat, gloves, and riding-cane, prepared for him by the footman; and, with the hat on his head, and cane under his arm, stood drawing on his gloves at the window, as if in the utmost hurry for departure, when Margaret’s gentle step traversed the floor, and his daughter stood beside him. ‘You sent for me, papa?’ ‘Yes, my dear. I have, unfortunately, only a few moments to spare. I am in the greatest haste—two hours behind-hand in an appointment with Dobbs and the surveyors at Westerton, about the new toll-house! But it is indispensable that I should say a word to you, Margaret, before I go out. I have received a letter, since breakfast, from Mr. Sullivan, of Hawkhurst, proposing for you, for his son Edward.’ ‘Proposing for me?’—Edward Sullivan!’ ‘Edward Sullivan.—I don’t wonder you are surprised. I was amazed myself. A year or two hence might have been time enough to think of such a thing. However, the proposal is made, and must, of course, be answered. Old Sullivan has done things as handsomely as his estate and nature would allow. He undertakes to settle a thousand a year; but I need not trouble you with particulars. Indeed, I am in such a confounded hurry, that it is impossible to explain myself more fully; but, while I am at Westerton, you and Miss Winston can make out a civil letter to the young man, stating how much you feel honoured, and so forth. About your motives for refusing him, you can say what you like;—that you feel too young to think of matrimony,—that you do not wish to quit me at present,—in short, what you please.’ ‘But, must I write?’ demanded Margaret, with a deep blush. ‘Surely, as Mr. Sullivan referred himself to you, the answer ought to come from yourself.’ ‘Oh! there was a letter enclosed from Ned Sullivan,—a young man’s nonsensical letter. I have locked it up somewhere in my desk; I will give it you another time. You must, of course, express yourself grateful for the kind sentiments it contains; and tell him that you are not . . . but Miss Winston will instruct you better than I can what it is the custom for young ladies to say on such occasions. Let the letter be written before I come back.’”

*The Young Lady’s Reflections.*—“But were their destinies, if thus united, likely to have proved happy?—Margaret raised her blushing cheek from her hand as she asked herself the question; for, though alone, she blushed at

familiarly entertaining an idea from which Miss Winston had scrupulously taught her to recede; and, though excused to her conscience, by the great event of the day, for pausing to contemplate the subject, she was forced to admit herself a very incompetent judge of the question. What did she know of Edward, more than that he was a good shot, that he had a good seat on horseback, a good countenance, and tolerably good address; and that he was the second son of Mr. Sullivan, of Hawkhurst Hill, one of the wealthiest proprietors of the county of Kent? They were neighbours’ children, it is true, and had occasionally met in familiar acquaintance as long as Margaret could remember. But the greater part of Edward’s life was passed at Harrow and Oxford; and his sojourns at home had left a deeper impression on his own feelings than on those of Margaret Barnsley. After half an hour’s meditation upon his moral qualities and endowments, Margaret was forced to confess, that of the Edward Sullivan with whom the day before she had fancied herself so well acquainted, she knew little or nothing. A second time she blushed, while admitting to herself that she should have liked to see and study Edward’s letter of proposal, before she proceeded to reply. But she feared there might be impropriety in suggesting this to her father. Her father had desired her to confer with Miss Winston touching the terms of her rejection; but no choice had been supposed possible; nor did Margaret feel injured by so peremptory a disposal of her destinies. She felt conscious that she was too young to marry—too young to be allowed to deliberate on such a point; for Edward had found no opportunity to enlarge her sense of her own rights or sensibilities. All these cogitations ended in the recollection that her letter was to be ready before her father’s return from Westerton; and Margaret, sighing as she rose from the table, found that the time was come for consulting Miss Winston. For the first time in her life she felt disinclined to make Miss Winston’s opinion as finite as a Median or Persian decree. She was persuaded her governess would be shocked that any one should have ventured to make a proposal of marriage to a child like herself; to her pupil—her automaton;—who had not yet quite completed her course of universal history, and was still occasionally reproved for the uneven stitches in her embroidery. Still, the thing must be done. It was nearly six o’clock. The butler made his appearance in the library, to fetch the letters for the post-bag; and Margaret, as she took her father’s three epistles from the writing table, and placed them in Lawton’s hand, perceived that one was addressed to John Fagg, Esq., solicitor, 14 Lincoln’s Inn; one to the secretary of the Salamander Insurance Company; and one to the adjutant of the county militia. Such was the urgency of the correspondence which had left Mr. Barnsley only seven minutes and three seconds, to debate with his only child on a measure involving her happiness for life!”

The young heir of Shoreham has been kept as much as possible from the contamination of his uncles, who, having ruined themselves, are not unlikely to assist him in the same progress; but, on the day he comes of age, they come to.

*Slang Specimens of High Life.*—“‘Shoreham, my boy!’ shouted a strange voice, as a strange head, in a strange straw hat, was thrust into the library, ‘are you here or whereabouts?’ ‘Come in, Alfred, come in!’ cried the dutiful nephew, without stirring from the hearth-rug;

while Lady Shoreham escaped through the saloon, to recover her self-possession, and give the necessary orders; and Barnsley bowed and stared, as the extraordinary figure of Parson Drewe advanced into the room, gaitered and jacketed for his journey as other men equip themselves for a shooting expedition. 'Where's Gus?' inquired Lord Shoreham. 'In confab with the head coachman—finding out whether there's a tailor at Westerton he can trust to mend the spring of the britschka,' said Alfred Drewe, throwing himself into a chair, and placing his muddy leather gaiters on a beautiful ottoman, embroidered by the fair hand of his niece, Lucilla. 'That was a clever smash you gave us at the toll-bar; and faith, my fine fellow, you must pay for it!' By Jove! I thought you were over,' cried Lord Shoreham, laughing heartily at the recollection: 'but, I say, Alfred, what the deuce did you do with that letter of mine?' 'What letter? To Lady Catalpa?' 'No, no—to my mother.' 'Your mother? Devil a word do I remember about the matter. I took Lady Cat's myself, as an excuse for a call. If you trusted me with any thing for the post, I dare say I gave it to my tiger to drop in; and the young dog (who is apt to take a drop too much) seems to have dropped all recollection of the business.' 'Very unlucky!' said Lord Shoreham; 'but we must make the best of it.' 'By George! how they have ruined the place!' ejaculated Parson Drewe, looking round. 'How easy to see, by all these gimcracks, that a woman's finger has been in the pie;—(hope it won't prove a pigeon pie—eh! Shoreham?) Not a chair for a fellow's legs, when he comes in from shooting; and, instead of a good comfortable rug before the fire, for man and beast to stand or lie on, a strip of velvet, painted to look like a leopard's skin! Why not a real leopard's skin at once? Except, now I think of it, that they're all bought up for the Bloomsbury hammercloths. Tigers are sure to sport a leopard's skin.' 'Come, come, don't put your foot into it,' cried the young peer: 'I'll take odds that the mayor of Westerton has got one, at this moment, on his family coach. But here comes Augustus. Take it coolly, for he's in a devil of a way about the britschka.' Barnsley felt uncomfortable; and, but that his black silk stockings and white waistcoat left no pretext for retiring to dress, would have been heartily glad to get out of the room. The 'devil of a way' of a man recently taken up as disorderly in a row at the opera, excited fearful surmises in his mind. What, therefore, was his surprise when, the library door having opened an inch or two and shut again, a spare, middle-aged man, of formal demeanour and immovable countenance, traversed the room like clock-work, seated himself gingerly in a chair, and began filipping off the dried spots of mud contracted by his nether habiliments during his journey. 'Well, what do the fellows say? is it much of a smash?' inquired the parson. 'Not much,' replied Augustus, in a calm, dry voice. 'We shall get back to town with it, and then it must go to Hobson—(Hobson's your man, I think?)' addressing his nephew, 'and be done up. The linings are ruined, and the scratch can't be got out without varnishing.' Barnsley, startled by the quiet apathy of the modern dare-devil, was shocked to perceive the proverb reversed, and that for 'Nunky pays for all,' was in future to be read 'nephew.' He almost shuddered when he thought of the hundred and forty-two thousand pounds to be transferred on the morrow! 'We have but five minutes to dress for dinner,' said Lord

Shoreham, deferring to a more convenient season any remarks he might have to make on this summary arrangement. 'Then I shall wait for supper!' was the quiet reply of Augustus. 'Between a journey and a meal, a bath is indispensable. Is it Lady Shoreham's custom to dine at six o'clock?' 'The custom of the country, I fancy.' 'And a deuced good custom, too!' cried Alfred. 'Shoreham, my boy! I hope you're not ass enough to have a French cook? A French cook may be a good thing in France, where the devil sends the meat, no matter where the cooks come from. But, 'pon my soul! to see one of those frog-faced fellows larding a side of venison, or stewing down a fine turbot till you might card it into wool, is enough to drive one distracted.' 'I know nothing, at present, of the system here,' said Lord Shoreham, spoiling a fine solid glowing fire by a superfluous poke; 'but let me hear of anything French in my kitchen, except truffles or capers, and out of the window it goes—neck or nothing.' And after a vehement, master of the house-like ring, he desired the groom of the chambers to shew him to his room, following him across the hall, arm in arm with the parson; while Augustus remained stationary before the fire, gently caressing his own shins. 'A very fine young man, sir!' observed Barnsley, after a silent *lêlé-à-lêlé* of some minutes. 'Who, sir,—my brother?' demanded Augustus, in the same quiet voice. 'I meant Lord Shoreham,' said Barnsley, with a patronising smile, amazed at the gentleman's dulness. 'I had the honour of knowing the late lord well.' 'Sir, you have the advantage of me:—I never knew any one less!' observed Augustus, as impassive as before, but beginning to stroke his chin instead of his legs. 'Have you brought down any thing new, sir?' demanded Barnsley, after another trying pause. 'Nothing but a pair of pumps,' replied Augustus Drewe, as drily as ever. 'You misunderstand me, my dear sir,' said Barnsley; 'I wished to inquire if there was any thing new in town when you left it?' 'Asparagus is in, and, I fancy, sea-kail,' replied Augustus, vacantly; and Barnsley perceived at length that he was mystified, and doubtful whether to resent as an affront what might be the commonplace of an eccentric, like 'Gus,' wisely took up the newspaper to screen his irritation."

Mrs. Gore is a very prolific writer: it is the case with all original minds. All they see is suggestive, and the later works as fertile as the first; but the power is better managed by being better understood. *Stokeshill Place* ought to be very popular this autumn. There is good shooting, and an amusing party assembled. Our readers cannot do better than try its capabilities.

*An Inquiry into the Nature and Form of the Books of the Ancients; with a History of the Art of Bookbinding, from the Times of the Greeks and Romans to the present Day, &c.* By J. Andrew Arnett. Pp. 212. London, Groombridge; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; Dublin, Curry; Paris, Galigani; New York, W. Jackson.

This little volume ought to find a niche in every library, be it large or limited; for it relates to an art which has preserved, preserves, and will preserve, the treasures of all. It is an unassuming work, a curious work, an interesting work, and an entertaining work; which is much to say of a work upon so dry a subject as bookbinding,—and we remember the common adage, "as dry as a board."

Mr. Arnett tells us, that we have of late

reached a great pitch of progress in this art; and that things are so well and tastefully done now, there can hardly be any further improvement. We are glad to hear it; for in most other mechanical and manufacturing produce, though England certainly possesses the power and means to surpass any competition, yet true it is that a really genuine and superior article can scarcely be obtained in the country for love or money. To what is this owing? To the mercantile spirit of underselling, which substitutes low prices and vamped up, imitative productions for the best qualities. Ingenuity is tasked to the utmost, to make the spurious look as well as the excellent; and where ingenuity fails, adulteration and fraud step in to support the imposition. It is a fact, that pay what price you may—all that is asked—you cannot, in one case of a hundred, buy what is called a first-rate article throughout London. Yet every thing is ticketed and sold by the highest name which the market calendar affords; and whether you eat, drink, dress, furnish, medicate, ornament, use necessities or luxuries, you are more or less cheated; and an honest character of the goods (a monstrously wrong name) is never to be heard from trading lips.

Bookbinding is, we hope, from Mr. Arnett's testimony, a brilliant exception from the common rule. Would that the insides of the books were the same! And, *apropos* of books, he seems to think that the name *book* is equivalent to *beech*, and is derived from early performances being written on the bark of that tree. Thus it may happen, that, like the *birch*, it has had an intimate connexion with learning.

But, adieu to conjecture! and let us turn to our author's honest efforts, which he thus describes:—

"Our endeavours to illustrate the rise and progress of the art of writing and composing books, and the successive improvements in bookbinding, are now brought to a termination. The simple records of the earliest people; the rolls of the Greeks and Romans; the massy and costly books of the monasteries and churches; the elaborately ornamented volumes of a later period;

'Firmly clasped in oak, and velvet bound';

and the highly finished works of modern days, with other incidental matter, have been enlarged upon. With what degree of success, it is for others to arbitrate."

If our judgment may be taken, we repeat that he has executed his task very ably, and well deserves the applause not only of every book-worm, but of every book-reader. As an example of his manner, we will quote a little from his view of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England.

"The influence of circumstances is seen in the exterior of early printed books and manuscripts, bound after the invention of printing. Luxury and splendour were studied by the great, and a considerable degree of elegance by all classes of scholars, which arose from the limited number of copies printed, and the consequent value of them to the possessors. The folio and the quarto were the usual sizes; which, from their breadth, afforded ample room for the display of whatever taste the ingenuity of the binder might suggest; and, from the specimens which have been given of the embellishment of their side covers, it is evident that they were no mean artists. The multiplication of books, it has been seen, led to a less expensive mode of binding, though still retaining much ornamental beauty. This may be pronounced the style peculiar to the six-



teenth century. In the whole of the bindings of this period, a minute care attended every operation required. The workmen, or perhaps the printers, whom, it has been shewn, were also the binders of their works, appear to have been desirous to thus preserve them to posterity. They are folded with an anxious care for the evenness and integrity of the margins, and it is rare that any transpositions of sheets are found. To guard against this, in the infancy of printing, they had a *Registrum Chartarum*, for the convenience of the binder, of the signatures and first words of the sheets. About 1469-70, alphabetical tables of the first words of each chapter were also introduced as a guide to the binder. The name and place of the inventor of signatures is not known; they appear in an edition of Terence, printed at Milan, in 1470, and were introduced by Caxton in 1480. The Abbé Reve ascribes the discovery to John Koehlf, at Cologne, in 1472. There is a solidity about these books, which testifies no little labour in the beating and pressing of the sheets when folded. They continued the use of a slip of parchment round the end-papers, and first and last sheets of many, to preserve the backs from injury, and to strengthen the joint. The last leaf is also strengthened with the addition of other paper, and in this position the fragments of some printed works and prints, previously unknown, have been discovered.

"A curious specimen of binding of this period is mentioned by Scaliger, as being on a printed Psalter his mother possessed. He says the cover was two inches thick, and in the inside was a kind of cupboard, wherein was a small silver crucifix, and behind it the name of 'Berencia Codronia de la Scala.' This kind of binding was not unusual on small books of devotion, containing, like the above, some small subject of adoration, or relic of a saint. Mr. Hansard speaks of a book he had seen with a recess for a relic, and the relic a human toe. The larger volumes of this period are further protected by the addition of metal clasps, corners, bosses, and bands. The clasps are sometimes attached to strips of strong leather, fastened to the boards with rivets, in which way the catch is also secured. Others are of a more elaborate workmanship and finish, being jointed to a piece of the same material, firmly rivetted to the sides. The boards are further protected by corners of brass, frequently much ornamented, and extending a considerable way on the cover. On others, a plain piece of brass, wrapping only a small space over, and others simply protected by brass bands rivetted to the edges of the boards. The centres of the boards often present a large plate or boss of brass, similar in character to the clasps and corners. Notices of the earlier use of bosses, clasps, and corners, have before been given. Wood's MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, was once very superbly bound and embossed. Much of its beauty is now defaced; but on the bosses at each corner is still discernible, 'Ave Maria gratia plena.' The colophon states it to have been finished in 1558. A folio Bible, printed by Barker, in Archbishop Whitgift's Hospital, at Croydon, Surrey, given by Abraham Hartwell, secretary to the archbishop, in 1559, presents a very good specimen of the bindings of the period. It has a very curiously ornamented cover, protected by large brass bosses and clasps. In the library at Lambeth Palace, is a characteristic binding of the period, richly covered with gilt ornament, on a copy of Archbishop Parker's edition of the Psalms, 4to. 1570. To prevent the books being abstracted from their

libraries, the worthies of this period were accustomed to chain them to the shelves. Of this peculiarity, an early notice occurs relative to the books left by Richard de Bury, to (Durham) Trinity College, Oxford, in 1345. After the college became possessed of them, they were for many years kept in chests, under the custody of several scholars deputed for that purpose; and a library being built in the reign of King Henry IV., these books were put into pews or studies, and chained to them. They continued in this manner till the college was dissolved by Henry VIII., when they were conveyed away, some to Duke Humphrey's library. Leland (1538), speaking of Wressil Castle, Yorkshire, says, 'One thing I likid exceedingly yn one of the towers, that was a Study, caullid Paradise; wher was a closet in the middle, of 8 Squares latished aboute, and at the Toppe of every Square was a Desk ledgid to set Bookes on Cofers withyn them, and these semid as yoined hard to the Toppe of the Closet; and yet by pulling, one or al vould cum downe briste highe in rabettes, and serve for Deskes to lay Bookes on.'

Mr. A. notices the advance of the art in various countries, and particularly in France and England, where superiority seems to have alternated. He now gives the palm to London, though there are some admirable binders in Paris.

"The nineteenth century, witnessing as it has the collection of many, and augmentation of other libraries, tended much to this result in both countries. In England, the art can boast a long list of patrons in the Dukes of Devonshire, Sutherland, Marlborough, and Buccleuch, the Marquesses of Lansdowne and Bath, Earls Spencer, Cawdor, Clare, and Burlington, Lords Vernon and Acheson, the Honourable Thomas Grenville; Sir F. Freeling, Sir R. Colt Hoare, bart., Sir Mark Sykes, Baron Bolland, Mr. Heber, Dr. Dibdin, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Dent, Mr. Bernal, Mr. Drury, Mr. Pettit, and a host of others, who have contributed much to the successful progress of the art. The increased employment is shewn by the number of master binders in London, A.D. 1812. At a general meeting in December, of that year, no less than one hundred and fifty-nine subscribed their names to the regulations of prices, &c. adopted. Of these many were first-rate artists, and several still continue to execute bindings in the first style of the art."

Speaking of the moderns, we may mention the most ancient:—

"Daguen, an Irish monk of the early part of the sixth century, is the earliest practitioner known, connected with the art of binding books. He is celebrated as a skilful illuminator of their interiors, and not less so of the embellishment of their exteriors, binding and ornamenting the covers with gold, silver, and precious stones."

The plain and good old English style of this volume has pleased us much; and, before we conclude, we would fain mention it as an example to the majority of our scribblers. With these it is no longer the language of a Hooker, an Addison, or a Swift, that is employed, but a mere "Babylonish dialect," in which cant, vulgarity, Gallicisms, and every species of barbarism, have almost superseded the original English. If it be true that "the best things become, by corruption, the worst," we can derive no great consolation from considering the excellence which we have thus suffered to be depraved. In our language we had every thing to lose, but nothing to gain. We are, it must

• "Corruptio optimi omnium pessima."

be observed, here speaking of the general popular style, not of the insulated or technical language of science. The progress of knowledge or discovery will necessarily bring with it new names for new things. We complain of a very different innovation, indeed, of the adoption of new names for old things. Unsatisfied with the natural stores of genuine English, we have sought for the "*Pan de tras trigo*" of Sancho Panza. We have preferred, like true children, the frippery trinket of paste or glass to the glorious splendour of the diamond. Of the general truth of this statement we can easily convince ourselves. Let us but observe the prevailing style of mixed conversation; let us open a newspaper, a parliamentary report, or half of the volumes written within the last thirty years; and we shall soon be introduced to a number of exotics, not more foreign to taste and good sense than to the genius of that noble language into which they have so forcibly intruded. We shall there meet with the "quiz," the "bore," or the "hoax." We shall hear of a friend "announcing" (kind man!) his speedy arrival—of his "starting" (perhaps on ship-board, too) at such an hour—of a house or horse "of that description" not suiting the wants of the speaker—of the "nervous" situation in which he was placed—of his being dreadfully "fagged" by the business of the day, &c. &c.—of the "imposing attitude" of a country—of "conquering a peace"—of great generals giving in their "adhesions"—of a play or melodrama "well got up"—of an actor or actress making his or her "début," &c. &c. &c.—of an honourable member "hlinking" a question—of his giving "garbled" extracts from some document—of questions occurring at last in "a tangible shape"—of the grand "features" of an inquiry or debate—of just "reciprocity"—of the "ideas thrown out" by a learned gentleman, &c. &c.—of the prevalence of "crime"—of the history "of mind"—of the "perfectibility" of man—of "codification," &c. &c.—of ideas not consistent with these "views"—of things being in the "liquid form"—in the "form of powder," &c. &c. &c. "Am I asleep or awake? Am I in England or Japan?" says a correspondent, who has noticed these follies. "Is it possible, is it credible, that such abominations, such portentous jargon, could have been endured by a nation that produced a Shakespeare or a Bacon? Yet such is the fact, the melancholy fact! The person who ventures to disapprove or reject these eloquent tropes is considered as a being of other times, as an honest, well-meaning man, perhaps, but fitter for the moon than the earth—unacquainted with the elegancies of social life—and, to conclude all, 'a true pedantic bore!'"

*Chapters on Early English Literature.* By J. H. Hippisley, Esq. M.A. 12mo. pp. 344. London, 1836. Moxon.

THIS is a pleasant volume, written as all people write on their favourite subjects; combining both interest and labour. The author so well explains his object in the Preface, that we cannot do better than let him speak for himself:—

"The advantages of literary history, as a branch of education, have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. The improvement to be derived from such a study is twofold: on the one hand, the taste and imagination are cultivated by selections from authors otherwise prolix, or occasionally even impure; on the other, the mind of the reader is awakened to one, at least, of the most important branches of

history—the moral and intellectual history of mankind. In the pursuit of this latter subject of inquiry, the most trivial, as well as the most sublime authors, have their value; and brief accounts, or short abstracts, are often equivalent to the study of entire volumes. Sometimes, the intellectual character of a particular period is to be collected from the nature and subject matter of the works themselves; in other instances, those very works undesignedly occupy the province of history, and exhibit to us a curious portraiture of contemporary manners: and in this view the mediæval poets of Europe are especially valuable."

Mr. Hippiusley draws attention by examples from Chaucer, &c. to the descriptive taste which has always been a peculiar feature in English literature. We believe that this love of nature has done much towards keeping the true and the beautiful alive. No other poetry is filled with the delicious landscapes of our own; and the woods and green fields among which our most popular writers have sought their inspiration, have given their own strength and freshness to the song. Mr. Hippiusley winds up with so favourable a view of modern literature, that we must quote it by way of encouragement.

"When we look back upon this brilliant period of English literature,—an age which, in fertility, may be compared to that of Pericles at Athens, or of Lorenzo at Florence,—we may be tempted to inquire what advance the nation has since made, or what accessions have been added to the rich fund which then accrued to England. If we direct our attention to the department of poetry alone, we must confess, that in majesty of thought, the Elizabethan poets have been surpassed in one solitary instance only; but in delicacy of sentiment, and freedom from all ribaldry and indecency; in polish, though not, perhaps, vigour of language; and in harmony of versification, what comparison will the older poets bear with those of the past or present age? Add to this, that the landscape scenes of modern poetry are, beyond comparison, more true, more rich, and more various than those of their mediæval predecessors. Every schoolboy might point to passages of 'The Seasons,' or of 'The Task,' which would illustrate this statement; and from these he might turn, for sublimity, to the Alpine scenery of 'Manfred,' for vivacity and lively touches, to the Highland glens and mountains of the 'Lady of the Lake,' or, for simplicity and its attendant, true poetry, to 'The Excursion.' These qualities, in which the modern school of poetry has indisputably surpassed the more ancient, are, it will be said, but the minor graces and embellishments of the art; the dress, rather than the graceful figure itself; the Dutch school of painting compared to the Roman. This degeneracy, if it must be so called, has been the constant attendant of art in refined ages, but more especially, perhaps, of poetry. Poetry is the natural growth of a rude and uncultivated soil; and in that soil, unfettered by the mechanical difficulties of sculpture or painting, it soon springs to maturity. In an age entirely destitute of letters, poetry is, of necessity, the only literature. Metre is required to aid the memory; and even metaphors, which, in after ages, are the work of art and design, are at first adopted from poverty of language. There is a youth, also, and youthful feelings, in nations, as well as in individuals. In rude ages, the mind is unoccupied by more serious pursuits; the heart is not yet rendered callous by the vices, the follies, and intrigues of over-

grown cities: and the pastoral, roving, or adventurous life of enterprise in which infant nations are engaged, at once supplies themes for the bard, and disposes the minds of his audience to a rapturous admiration of his song. Hence that truth and simplicity natural only to a rude period; but affected, and, therefore, displeasing, in an age of comparative refinement. Hence the impracticability, either of imitating or translating the sublimity of Homer, or of modernising the simple diction of Chaucer. Poetry, in short, in order to progress, must be born again. What, then, are the characteristics by which the literature of the present age is most advantageously distinguished from that of almost all preceding periods? Next to a purer tone of morals, the foremost of all advantages, must be reckoned that critical and antiquarian spirit in historical research, which we recognise but indistinctly, and only in some rare instances, amongst ancient classic authors; and which, in our country, does not appear before the days of Leland, scarcely before those of Camden, Selden, and Dugdale. This laborious exactness, fostered as it has been, as well by religious controversy, as by the study of physical science, can only be rendered available through the facilities afforded to us, towards the preservation and inspection of ancient documents, by the art of printing. Wherever we cast our thoughts abroad, and into whatever train of ideas we may fall, in comparing the present with the past intellectual condition of the world, to this powerfully effective art, and to its consequences, by one channel or another, we must inevitably revert; and, indeed, if there is one circumstance more than any other, in which the literature of the present age displays an undoubted pre-eminence over that of every preceding period, it is not, generally speaking, so much in the advancement, as in the diffusion of knowledge. It would seem decreed, as if by an overruling Providence, that the treasures which, in past ages, were within the reach only of the wealthy or the learned, should be generally, though gradually, imparted to all classes of society. That such, at least, is the inevitable tendency of the facilities now afforded to all ranks, both of obtaining books, and of receiving instruction, must be admitted by all who do not perceive dark clouds gathering from some unknown and undefined quarter in our apparently bright horizon; or who do not view, in prospect, the incursion of barbarians from some southern or western hive."

We recommend this volume as an agreeable addition to the library, already well stored from the olden time; but it will be a still more valuable acquisition, where the taste for literature has only a feeling of property in a few favourite volumes.

*An Examination of Phrenology, in two Lectures; delivered at the Columbian College in February.* By Thomas Sewall, M.D. 8vo. pp. 70. Washington, Homans.

THE title page informs us that this volume has been "published by request;" and we do not wonder at it, for it contains one of the ablest anatomical expositions of the gratuitous assumptions of Phrenology which has appeared either in America or England. Dr. Sewall takes up the question like a man intimately acquainted with the structure and physiology of the human frame; and he demonstrates with great clearness and precision the leading absurdities of the hypotheses maintained by the disciples of this German school. He does not meddle much with their metaphysics, or moral

and religious deductions; but contents himself with demolishing their theory, as founded on the size, shape, or consistency of the brain, and the form of the bony covering in which it is lodged.

In the first lecture, however, where he generally introduces the system, about half a century ago, of Dr. Gall, "an ingenious and eccentric physician of Germany," he gives us a good retrospective summary of its history. He says:

"The works of Gall and Spurzheim are numerous, and evince great industry and perseverance, deep research and reflection, and, aside from phrenology, contain a great deal of general information. Most of their books have been republished in the United States. Such is a brief sketch of the history of phrenology, as furnished by Dr. Gall and his friends. Whether he was the originator of the science, or derived his first intimations upon the subject from some previous writers, is a question which I shall not discuss. Certain it is, that ideas, in many respects similar to those of Gall, were entertained and promulgated long before his time. Aristotle, the Grecian philosopher, who wrote more than three centuries before the Christian era, considered the brain as a multiplex organ, and assigned to each part its appropriate functions. In the fore part of the cerebral structure, he places common sense; the middle portion he assigns to imagination, judgment, and reflection; the back part he makes the great store house, or seat of the memory. This was the account of the divisions of the brain, given by Aristotle; and, however crude it may appear in its details, it was followed by many writers in the middle ages, with but little variation. But while he regarded the brain as multiplex, he considered a small head as the standard of perfection, and contends that it is indicative of a superior intellect. In this respect he is at variance with Dr. Gall, and other phrenologists of the present day. From various passages found in the works of Galen, it is evident that he was acquainted with the views of Aristotle upon this subject, and that he admitted the same doctrines, with some modifications. As late as 1296, Bernard Gordon, an eminent French physician and teacher at Montpellier, closely follows Aristotle in his divisions of the brain, and appropriated to each part particular faculties. In the thirteenth century, Albert, the great archbishop of Ratisbon, one of those who had laboured long for the discovery of the philosopher's stone, actually formed a head, mapped out into regions, in conformity with the divisions of the brain by Aristotle and others. In 1491, Peter Montagnana published an engraving of the head, in which he represents the seat of the *sensus communis*, a *cellula imaginativa*, a *cellula estimativa seu cogitativa*, a *cellula memorativa*, and a *cellula rationalis*. Michael Servetus, who died at Geneva, 1553, places the different mental faculties in different parts of the brain. He supposed that the two anterior cerebral cavities were for the images of external objects; the third ventricle, the seat of thought; the aqueduct of Sylvius, the seat of the soul; and the fourth ventricle, the seat of the memory. In 1562, Ludovico Dolci, a learned Venetian, published a work upon preserving and strengthening the memory; and, in illustration of his principles, he mapped out a head into regions, more elaborately than any one which had previously been formed. In a work of Jo. Baptistæ Portæ, an eminent Neapolitan philosopher and physician, published at Leyden, 1586, entitled 'De Humana Physiognomia,' there is contained so many of

the principles and illustrations of the phrenology of the present day, that it may well be questioned whether hints have not been drawn from this source by later writers. He proposes to discover the intellectual and moral character of man, by his physical organisation, colour, &c., and while he embraces the whole body, he lays particular stress upon the configuration of the head. He finds analogies between the human species and several races of the brutes; but discovers the general characteristics of man in the lion, and of woman in the leopard; and concludes by arranging under appropriate heads, the various signs by which the intellectual and moral character and disposition of every individual may be determined. \* \* \*

"As late as the middle of the seventeenth century, the celebrated Dr. Thomas Willis, a graduate, and for some time a physician at Oxford, and afterwards physician to King Charles II., published a work, in which he asserts that the corpora striata are the seat of perception; the medullary part of the brain, that of memory and imagination; the corpus callosum, that of reflection; and the cerebellum, he considers as furnishing the principle of voluntary motion. But by far the nearest approach to modern phrenology was made by that extraordinary man, Baron Swedenborg, the author of the system of doctrines of the New Jerusalem church. He not only considered the brain as composed of a plurality of organs, but maintained the principle that the exercise of the different faculties of the mind changes the configuration of the head, by promoting the development of their respective organs.

"I will only remark," the author very candidly adds, "that the fact, that the early writers knew something of phrenology, affords but slender proof that Dr. Gall borrowed his notions from them; since it is extremely common for men of genius to make the same discoveries, strike out the same trains of thought, and pursue the same course of investigation without concert, or the slightest knowledge of each other's pursuits. Whatever may be the truth with regard to the origin of phrenology, it is through the writings of Dr. Gall, supported by the untiring labours and invincible zeal of his pupils and disciples, that the science has been widely spread through the civilised world. And it is by these labours, and by this ceaseless spirit of exertion, that the subject has been brought to our shores, and has afforded the occasion to investigate it, and ascertain whether it furnishes us with that infallible guide in the study of human character, which has been pretended."

The Doctor goes on to define the nature of the (now) thirty-four organs, which are held to indicate the nine propensities, nine sentiments, and sixteen intellectual qualities of mankind. Having thus opened his way, he observes that: "The ground which phrenologists assume the right to occupy is so extensive, and the outlets for retreat are so numerous, that it is difficult to present an objection to the science, which cannot, upon the common principles of reasoning, be plausibly evaded."

This position is illustrated by examples; of which we copy one or two amusing instances:

"There is a celebrated divine now living in Scotland, equally distinguished for his amiable disposition, his gigantic powers of mind, and the great moral influence which he exerts upon the Christian world. This individual, it is said, has the organ of destructiveness very largely developed; and not having any counteracting organ very large, it is contended by those who are acquainted with the fact, that he

manifests his inherent disposition to murder by his mighty efforts to destroy vice and break down systems of error. In this way he gratifies his propensity to shed blood. By a recent examination of the skull of the celebrated infidel Voltaire, it is found that he had the organ of veneration developed to a very extraordinary degree. For him it is urged, that his veneration for the Deity was so great, his sensibility upon the subject of devotion so exquisite, that he became shocked and disgusted with the irreverence of even the most devout Christians, and that out of pure respect and veneration for the Deity, he attempted to exterminate the Christian religion from the earth. Other explanations, as much at variance with truth and common sense, are resorted to in carrying out the system. Allowing, therefore, to phrenologists the latitude they claim, it would seem impossible to present a case so contradictory to their principles as not to admit of prompt and plausible explanation."

But, coming more directly to the anatomy of the case, Dr. Sewall shows that, "Neither the cortical or fibrous parts of the brain reveals, upon dissection, any of those compartments or organs, upon the existence of which the main fabric of phrenology is based. No such divisions have been discovered by the eye or the microscope. The most common observation is sufficient to shew that there is not the slightest indication of such a structure. Indeed, no phrenologist, after all the investigations which have been made upon the subject, from the first dawn of the science to the present time—not even Gall and Spurzheim themselves—venture to assert that such divisions of the brain have been discovered. The fact of the existence of the horizontal membrane, called the tentorium, separating the superior from the inferior part of the brain, as well as the arrangement of the lateral ventricles, the corpus callosum, the fornix, and other parts, clearly shew the absurdity of the idea of organs as described by phrenologists. The notion, then, of the division of the brain into phrenological organs is entirely hypothetical; is not sustained by dissection; and is utterly inconsistent with its whole formation. These facts are perfectly well known, and are universally admitted by all anatomists."

By exhibiting the bones of various skulls, Dr. Sewall proved that "no phrenologist who discovers a protuberance on the skull, can determine whether it is caused by a fullness of the brain, at that part, or an increased thickness of the bone;" and then takes up another branch of the question, as follows:

"If the brain be composed of a plurality of organs, and that each is the seat of a separate faculty, it necessarily follows, that when any one of these organs is injured or destroyed, that its faculty must be injured or destroyed also. Yet in all the mutilations of the brain to which man has been subjected for two thousand years, it appears that the records of surgery do not furnish a single well authenticated case in which the loss of a particular faculty has happened according to the organ on which the injury was inflicted, while the other faculties remained unimpaired."

Again:

"To say nothing of the accidents of private life, there is scarcely a naval or military battle in which cases of injury of the phrenological organs are not met with in abundance; and yet the science derives no support from this source. If the theory of a plurality of cerebral organs be true, we might, perhaps, with some show of plausibility, by mechanical means as well as moral influence, agreeably to the propo-

sition of Emmanuel Swedenborg, endeavour so to modify the developments of the skull, as to promote the growth of the good organs, and repress those that are evil; and thus turn a sour into a sweet temper, and a knavish into an honest disposition. Upon this principle we might make our heroes and statesmen, our philosophers and divines, our poets and painters, and all of the highest order. For aught we know, the brain is a unit, and the whole organ is concerned in each and every operation of the mind."

Another portion of the phrenological data is thus exposed:—

"An argument frequently urged in the support of phrenology, is the success with which its principles have been applied to practice in distinguishing character. Dr. Gall himself, we are told, subjected his theory to the most rigid scrutiny, with triumphant success; that on several occasions he was enabled to ascertain, by the developments of the head, the precise crime for which multitudes had been convicted and sent to prison. To expose the absurdity of this argument, it is only necessary to bring to view the fact, that men of the same natural propensities, perpetrate different crimes, when placed under different circumstances; and that individuals of different, and even opposite tendencies, commit the same crimes when placed under circumstances which are similar; nay, that men often perpetrate crimes to which they have no natural propensity, but a deep abhorrence, when strongly operated on by external influences. One man commits murder wantonly, and, apparently, from the natural cruelty of his disposition; another, that he may inherit a post of honour, or possess himself of fortune; and a third, to conceal another crime which he has already perpetrated. One individual steals from the mere motive of acquisition; another, that he may possess the means to gratify his sensual desires, or foster his pride or ambition; while a third is impelled to the crime from extreme poverty. The history of man, in every country and age, will shew that nine-tenths of all the outrages committed, are the consequence of defective education, bad example, vicious company, or other circumstances which attend the offender, rather than any inherent propensity to the crime perpetrated. How preposterous, then, to look to the developments of the head as the measure of a man's virtues and vices, or even to regard his known propensities and dispositions as the true index to the history of his life. Can any one who reflects upon the various circumstances of human life, the incidents which often control man's destinies, the temptations which assail him in different situations, believe, that of the four hundred and seventy culprits examined by Dr. Gall at the fortress of Spandau, upon which so much stress has been laid, each was convicted of the precise crime for which he had the strongest propensity by nature? As well may we suppose that every one dies of the disease to which he has the strongest natural predisposition; that because a man is predisposed to apoplexy, he cannot die of fever, be buried in the ocean, or be struck down by the lightning of heaven."

We consider the reasoning of Dr. Sewall to be unanswerable, and have only to apologise for having made selections from it, instead of touching on all the grounds he has laid down. But, if three mortal blows will not cause death, neither will thirty; and phrenology has more lives than any cat, or it could not have survived till now, perplexing weak minds, though supported by very clever ones. We

will, therefore, only append two or three very brief passages to what we have already done; and thank the lecturer for their pith and force:—

"In concluding my remarks (he says) upon phrenology, a subject which has withdrawn, I fear, the attention of many able minds from far nobler objects, allow me to suggest some considerations in relation to your future pursuits, and the duties which you owe to yourselves, and to the world.

"In determining the objects of your pursuit, let me admonish you, that the period of human life is so short, the objects to which it can be directed to purpose so few, and those which invite your attention so numerous, that a judicious selection and limitation of them is indispensable to eminent success. Men are too liable to be engrossed by the novelties of the day, and to be led away by those subjects which serve only to amuse, not to instruct, the mind. How many great minds, capable of the highest effort, have dissipated their powers by the multiplicity and uncertainty of their pursuits! Do not weaken your minds by feebly grasping at every thing; and while you limit the objects of your attention, be sure that those you aim at are within the reach of attainment; and that they are such, too, as will render you useful, as well as distinguished, members of society.

"In the language of Napoleon, that great practical philosopher, whose knowledge of human nature was one of his most wonderful attainments, I would say—'Nature does not reveal her secrets by external forms. She hides, and does not expose, her secrets. To pretend to seize or penetrate human character by so slight an index' (as the developments of the head), 'is the part of a dupe or an impostor. The only way of knowing our fellow-creatures, is to see them, to haunt them, to submit them to proof. We must study them long if we wish not to be mistaken; we must judge of them by their actions. This is my opinion, and this has long been my guide.' Beware, gentlemen, of that delusive science, which pretends to detect and mark the countless varieties of human character, and gauge and measure the capacities of the human soul, by a graduated scale of brass; a science which finds an apology for the vices and follies of mankind, in the forms bestowed upon them by a good and all-wise Creator. Let me caution you, also, to distrust its application to yourselves, as well as to others, and not to rely on any native endowments, you may thereby be induced to attribute to yourselves, for the stations you may aspire to in life. What rank you shall hold among intellectual men, depends on your own exertions."

Much sound advice, which we rejoice to circulate through our columns! It does credit to the walls of Columbia College, within which it was propounded.

*The Library of Fiction, and Family Magazine.*  
New Series. No. I. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1837. Ollier.

By some accident, this novelty for June escaped our observation, or we should not have been so long in noticing so pleasant an accession to our periodical literature. The contents possess variety and talent. The "Jilt," by C. Ollier, and the "Immured One," by George Crawford, are well-told stories; a "Visit to the German Universities," a good sketch; and the rest of the articles, in general, cleverly written. The following may be selected as a specimen of the original matter:—

"Death's Turn-out.  
By W. J. Thoms, author of 'Lays and Legends,' &c.

'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres.'—*Horace.*

'Death knocks as loud in Berkeley Square  
As he does in St. Giles's.'—*Original Translation.*

Death rose from off his tombstone bed,  
With joy and agitation,  
For he had had Malthusian dreams  
Of an overcharged population.  
And first he 'gan to don his clothes,  
His bony ribs to hide;  
Of a couple of palls he made his smalls,  
For his shanks they were somewhat wide.  
For a kerchief, around his neck he tied  
A winding-sheet in a noose;  
And he slipped his feet in the coffins of twins,  
Which made him a pair of shoes.

From fifty coffins the cloth he tore,  
(The owners were dead as mutton),  
And a gay coat made—for on it he wore  
A death-plate for every button.

As to what he had to cover his skull,  
I really cannot speak pos;  
But he made of his dart a walking-stick,  
And went forth like a *Plague* as he was.

First, he called on a brewer of high renown,  
And begged him to taste his own swig;  
But scarce had he time to twig the hop,  
Ere Death made him *hop the twig*.

He saw a parson, like many there are,  
Much fonder of taking than giving;  
So Death for once played the bishop's part,  
And deprived him of his *living*.

He made a lawyer, who was first in the land,  
And disclaimed all interference  
With the courts on earth—on those below,  
Soon enter his appearance.

He caught a thief, with purse in hand—  
The halter stopped his breath—  
For, as if by the sudden tidings killed,  
The noose it was his death.

A bellows-maker at his work  
Death saw, and seeing, grinned;  
And he who made the bellows blow,  
Right soon did *skip the wind*.

Unto a cobbler in his stall  
No better fate befell,—  
Death quickly made him leave his *mol*,  
And bid his *last* farewell.

A gardener—one of old Adam's trade—  
Who rose before Aurora,  
Death saw, and straight his power displayed,  
By proving the florist's *floorer*.

But Death at last met with his match,  
An Annuitant, eighty and eight—  
Death knew that his life would be death to a score,  
(For naught kills like envy and hate);  
So, because he should thereby get victims galore,  
He bade the old gentleman wait!"

*Wilson's Tales of the Border. Part XXXVI.*  
1837. Edinburgh, J. Sutherland; London, Groombridge; Newcastle, Brown; Glasgow, Salmon; Dublin, Cumming; Belfast, Archus.

THIS fasciculus for July, is intrinsically so well entitled to the public favour, that we need hardly superadd an inducement, by stating that the work continues to be published "for behoof of the widow" of poor Wilson, a man of very considerable native talent, cut off from the toils and pleasures of literature in the very prime of life. The Tales are very characteristic, and very Scotch. With so much prudence and caution as is generally displayed by the *dramatis personæ*, we are often surprised that misfortunes or calamities should by possibility be invented to give interest and variety to the narratives. But they are drawn from life, and such is life, that we all know it cannot be guarded, even by these qualities, from the ills and accidents which beset it. Nay, in, perhaps, the best story in this Part, viz. "The Salmon-Fisher of Udoll," the fatal catastrophe which darkens it, is absolutely caused by the over-prudence of the lover, who rather suffers his adored to perish of a broken heart, and blight his hopes for ever, than marry her whilst he is poor, and trust to Providence for a provision. The concluding anecdote of simple "Walter Wylie," is a fair example of the writer's talents. Its verisimilitude is obvious, and yet

there is a dry humour about it which makes it droll and amusing.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The School for Statesmen; or, the Public Man's Manual; being a complete Guide to the Constitution since the Reform Bill.* By an old M.P. 12mo. pp. 319. London, 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a bold title-page, for "a complete guide" to our present constitution must be a *rara avis*. The book, however, shews considerable acquaintance with constitutional reading, recent events, and political parties and circumstances. The writer, though not a party man, is Conservative, and holds that Whiggism has ceased to be, because, if the Whigs stand by the constitution, and resist innovation, they become Conservatives; and if they encourage change, they join the ranks of republicanism and revolution. The argument is carried on between a young parliamentary aspirant and the old M.P., the former being a bit of a Radical; and though, as we have hinted, there is much good sense and sound observation in these pages, we confess that we have been occasionally at a loss to determine which of the two had the best of the controversy.

*Dr. Lang's History of New South Wales.*  
2 vols. London, 1837. Valpy.

IN this second edition the reverend author has brought down his account of the colony to the close of last year, and made other additions which considerably improve his useful work. We rejoice to see it stated that New South Wales has made greater progress within the three years which have elapsed since Dr. Lang's first edition appeared, than during any previous period of equal duration; and that the most encouraging prospects may be entertained of the correction of all still existing errors, and the rapid increase of future prosperity. There is a very neat map and a plan of Sydney prefixed.

*The Picture of Scotland.* By Robert Chambers. Edinburgh, 1837, Chambers; London, Orr and Co.; Glasgow, Macleod.

A FOURTH edition of this excellent guide, which ought, indeed, from its merits, to exhaust a good edition every summer and autumn. The plates would be the better for being retouched.

*Parterre Français.* London, 1837. Strange.

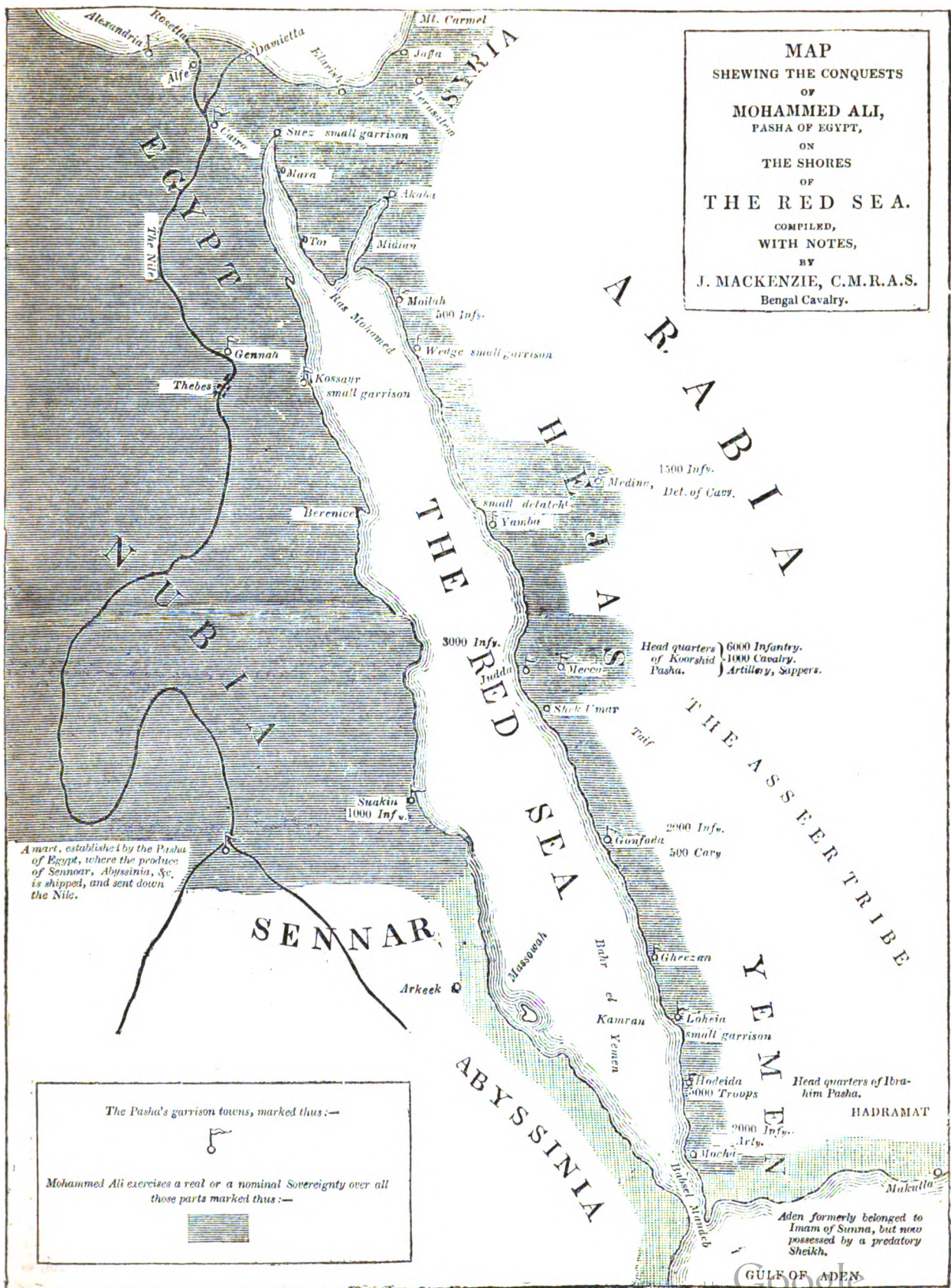
A NEW weekly publication, consisting principally of extracts from the best ancient and modern French authors, and well calculated to assist the student of the French language.

*Views of the Architecture of the Heavens: in a Series of Letters to a Lady,* by J. P. Nicholl, LL.D. F.R.S.E. Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. 12mo. pp. 226. (Edinburgh, Tait; London, Simpkin and Co.)—The object of Dr. Nicholl, in this most delightful work, is to collect into one view the splendid results of the labours of modern astronomers in the most magnificent domains of the sublimes of sciences. These, hitherto, have only been accessible in the scattered volumes of the "Philosophical Transactions," "Philosophical Journal," &c. The points to which Dr. Nicholl directs our attention are those beautiful phenomena, the nebulae, and the double and triple stars, and the speculations to which a consideration of their structure gives birth. All these are of the most interesting description. We would willingly present our readers with extracts; but selection is difficult where all is excellent; and in the *embarras du choix* in which we find ourselves placed, we can only refer our readers to the work itself. It is a noble monument to the genius of the illustrious Herschels and the taste of the author.

*Winkelreid, a Tragedy in the German Language,* by Professor Charles Voelker, and translated by the Rev. Joseph M'Allister. Pp. 198. (Liverpool, Grapel.)—A strange medley German affair, founded on the history of Switzerland after the death of William Tell. The German is accompanied by an English translation.

*Bertinchamp's Theoretical and Practical German Grammar,* &c. Pp. 125. (London, Wacey.)—With forty easy and pleasing lessons. We can also recommend this performance to the same class of readers, and particularly to the less instructed in the language.







**LITERARY AND LEARNED.**  
**DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE**  
**IN AMERICA.**

WE are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Gorham D. Abbott, of New York, for No. I., containing the Prospectus, &c. of the recently instituted American Society for the above purpose; and as it brings forward some views of universal interest, we are induced to notice them, not only for their own sake, but for the sake of the association whence they emanate; an association to which every good citizen, of every nation, must wish the utmost extension and success.

At its outset, the Society appears to be patronised by many of the leading men of America. Of thirty-three vice-presidents, after the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, president, four bear the title of "excellency," two are "right reverends," one a "general," and twenty-three "honourables." There is only one D.D., one M.D., and one plain esquire in the list; which is, therefore, pretty well be-titled for a land of republican equality. The abbreviated markings of their various provinces are also strange to a European eye; and we cannot tell, without some reflection, what to make of Tenn. Penn. Va. La. Ala. Ill. Me. Mo. Mich. Mass. and Miss. But, no matter what are the appellations or contractions, the design is most laudable and patriotic. Among the leading arguments for it, we are truly told,—

"In an undertaking of this nature, it were affectation, at this period, not to recognise the influence of the Christian religion, as the great source and the only preservative of all our blessings, individual and national. Its great truths and sanctions are the only foundation of sound morality, the only defence of public and private virtue, the only safeguard of the social and moral welfare of individuals and communities. Its principles can alone inspire that purity, charity, and order which are essential to freedom, and without which our free institutions must come to an end."

And, differing much in this respect from any prototype in the mother country, the Society says:—

"It will always encourage the circulation of good books, by whomsoever published. It will regard the author or publisher of a useful volume as a co-worker, and a public benefactor. And any individual who will employ the pen or the press in extending the influence of knowledge and virtue, will find in this institution a friend and ally."

In setting forth the importance of the Institution, it is observed, "If we look forward but a few years, we must see that the great mass of mind, throughout our land, cannot rest satisfied with any ordinary supply of the means of knowledge. The desire for knowledge will constantly increase, and the more regular and systematic the supply, the more steady and ever increasing will be the demand. In about twenty years, at the present rate of increase, our population will be doubled. Of course, if the means of intellectual improvement only keep pace with the increase of our numbers, we must, in that brief period, double the amount of all the publications now extant in the land, to say nothing of replacing the millions of volumes, which it is hoped will be worn out by careful use. And who can foretell the yet undiscovered progression which the mind of such a community will make in its demands for the means of knowledge?" \* \* \* If the mind of this nation shall be well-informed, well-balanced, well-disciplined, and regulated by principles of virtue

and piety, our glorious institutions will continue. But ignorance, immorality, and freedom, cannot co-exist. \* \* \* The committee are also impressed with a sense of the importance of such an institution, from the great and increasing influx of foreign population, for whose intellectual culture no suitable provision is made. During eight months, in the year 1836, from April 1 to December 1, more than 55,000 emigrants arrived at the port of New York. It is estimated that the average arrival on our shores is more than 10,000 per month, throughout the year. Every additional facility for crossing the Atlantic will be likely to increase the number; and no one can tell how great and numerous the arrivals from the old world will be, when steam-ships shall connect it with the new. It is said that there are 30,000 Germans in the city of New York. In Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania, the proportion is much greater. The Irish, Swiss, and French, especially in the valley of the West, swell the aggregate of our foreign population to a vast amount. They are cut off, in a great measure, from the use of books and other vehicles of information, circulated in their native tongue at home, and no adequate provision, if any at all, is here made for their improvement. This institution hopes to render invaluable service to them and to our country, by providing books of elementary instruction and general information on all subjects, expressly for foreigners and their children; and thus to diffuse among them right views of their relations and duties as men, and as American citizens; of the nature of our government and civil institutions, and the obligations they impose on all who enjoy their blessings."

More particular details follow of organisation, views, means, regulations, &c. &c.; and there is a brief account of the chief literary and scientific societies of England\* and France, from the proceedings of which every useful hint is suggested for adoption in the American Institution.

Altogether it seems to be a well-matured plan, and one founded on the soundest principles for the improvement of men in social life. Again we most cordially wish it immediate and lasting prosperity.

*Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*

WHILE we are upon this subject, and when a transatlantic institution is, in a considerable degree, modelling itself upon an English prototype, it behoves us, in justice to literature and knowledge, to warn our American compatriots on the necessity of adhering steadfastly to the sound principles they have laid down, and in no case to depart from their fair professions. With all its merits, to which we have ever been ready to bear due testimony, we are bound to notice, that we have received many appeals on the subject of the London original Association. This will be exemplified in the following:—

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*

*Chatham, April 11, 1837.*

Sir,—In a recent Number of the *Literary Gazette*, after paying, in some degree, a well-merited compliment to the "Penny Cyclopædia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," you designate it "a truly valuable dictionary, brought down to the information of the present day." That it is so, to a certain extent, I admit; but the mode of selection adopted by the editor, appears to me in many respects objectionable. Some of the sciences absorb a far greater space than seems due to their merits; thus contracting, within very narrow bounds, the articles which treat of sciences of equal, if not greater, value. For example,—in the part for February, consisting of 110 pages, considerably more than one-third of

these are dedicated to natural history, exclusive of botany. No doubt the different branches of zoology are of much interest, but, surely, not of such paramount importance, as to take up one-third of a work ostensibly dedicated to the purposes of general knowledge. Nearly the whole of the illustrations are subservient to zoology, otherwise occupying so much space, while many articles, which the cuts are admirably adapted to explain, are left without this useful aid. That other sciences suffer, in consequence of the editor thus succumbing to the hobby of some favoured contributor, I think you will be disposed to admit, when you inspect more narrowly the relative proportion of the different articles contained in the seven volumes already published, as compared with their scientific value. Many of the biographical articles are slovenly in the extreme. In the notice of Gibber, his controversy with Pope, which led to the publication of his famous "Apology," is not even alluded to. Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom, and the noted political pamphleteer of the same name, have due mention; but the inquirer will look in vain for Christopher Cartwright, the excellent Hebrew scholar, who died in 1682; for Thomas Cartwright, the noted puritan, and author of many learned works; or the poet, William Cartwright, the contemporary and friend of Ben Jonson. Some of the criticisms are sufficiently ludicrous. Cowper's unreadable version of Homer, is pronounced to be the "best we possess." That it is so, the admirers of Pope and Southey may be reasonably disposed to doubt; nor will they easily suppress the smile of contempt at the illiberal and unfounded assertion, that "Pope, it is well known, translated not from inclination, but for money." That Cowper was "a man gifted with a decidedly poetical temperament," I do not pretend to dispute; but the remark, that Pope's "merits chiefly consist in powers of wit, which are certainly great, and in a facility of rhyming, which is certainly extraordinary" (thence inferring his want of the more elevated qualifications of the poet), only proves that the critic's judgment is narrowed by the prevailing cant of the day, which seeks to exalt the writers of a particular class and sect, at the expense of their less orthodox but more eloquent predecessors.—I remain, &c., T. C. S.

The following also appeared some time ago in the "Times" newspaper, and agrees with a reclamation addressed to us:—

"In August, 1839, a prospectus for the publication of an atlas, under the direction of a long list of noblemen and gentlemen, styling themselves 'The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,' met my eye. It set forth that the work would become 'of unexampled cheapness, and would consist of at least fifty plates.' This seemed so tempting, that I became a subscriber. We are now, sir, advanced more than six years. The work has 'dragged its slow length along' to the extent of fifty-five numbers (or 110 plates), and we are threatened with thirty-eight plates more, 'according to the best view which can at present be taken,' and this exclusive of 'six or seven cities,' so that in the end 'at least fifty plates' means 150, and possibly a score or two more. Let us now see how the unexampled cheapness is made out:—

75 numbers, at 1s. 6d. each .....	£ s. d.
2 portfolios (one will not hold them), published by the same society, and, of course, of unexampled cheapness .....	5 12 6
also .....	0 14 0
Binding 150 maps, say two volumes, at 10s. .....	1 0 0
	£ 7 7 6

So that this is the unexampled cheapness! The convenience I need not say is great, of having 100 loose maps lying about for nearly one-sixth of the average duration of a man's existence, during all which time you are enjoying the anticipation of possessing, in your old age (if it shall please Providence to spare your life), an atlas 'of unexampled cheapness.' The Society, of course, are 'all honourable men,' otherwise I should say this was indeed 'humbug, and something more.'

There may be matters *here* to amend; and in the meantime such notice is worthy of transatlantic attention.

**FINE ARTS.**

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

*Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales.*  
 By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Parts III., IV., and V. Tilt.

The pencils of Cox, Watson, and Wrightson, have furnished the illustrations of these three Parts; and they are exceedingly picturesque. The descriptions are full of vivacity. The following account of a South Cambrian wedding is amusing enough.

"Saturday is fixed as the day of marriage, and Friday is allotted to bring home the furniture of the woman; generally an oak chest,

\* By an error of the press, p. 31, the Royal Society is stated to have commenced in 1833 instead of 1835.

a feather bed, clothes, and crockery. The man provides a bedstead, table, dresser, and chairs. The evening is employed in receiving the presents of money, cheese, and butter, at the man's house, from his friends; and at the woman's house from her friends: this is called *purse and girdle*—an ancient British custom. All the presents are set down on paper, and when demanded, they are to be returned. On Saturday, the friends of the man come on horseback to his house, to the number of fifty or a hundred, eating and drinking at his cost, making their presents, and repaying those made at their wedding. Ten or twenty of the best mounted then accompany the bridegroom to the house of his intended, to demand her of her friends, who, with the lady, appear as uncomplaining as possible; and much Welsh poetry is employed by way of argument, one party being within the house, and the other without, abusing each other heartily, in language something more sonorous than 'choice Italian.' Formal orations are delivered by some of the out-door party, and replied to by others, appointed to conduct this nuptial negotiation. At length the father appears, admitting and welcoming his guest; they alight, take refreshment, and proceed to church. The girl mounts behind her father, mother, or friend, upon the swiftest horse they can procure, and gallops off, with her intended husband, and all the wedding guests, riding after in full chase.

'Over the hills and far away'

go these bride-hunters, till the girl or her steed grow weary, and she suffers herself to be quietly conducted to the church and married. All the party then return to the married couple's house, eating at free cost, but finding their own liquor. Many of my Welsh friends tell me they have often joined the wedding troop, and that the chase is a most animated and amusing scene,—the bride leading the cavalcade of merry equestrians in any direction, and the whole party scouring the country like man-folks."

*Picturesque Illustrations of Great Britain and Ireland, the Fifth Series; comprising Views in the Counties of Chester, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Rutland, and Lincoln.* Parts 30-4 to Parts 35-9. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE last-mentioned Part "brings this series of picturesque illustrations in England to a close for the present." During the progress of the publication, we have frequently been called upon to admire the skill and fidelity of Mr. Allom, from whose drawings the plates have been engraved; and the perspicuity and simplicity of the historical and geographical descriptions, which have been furnished by Messrs. Rose and Noble. So extensive, so pleasing, and, at the same time, so cheap an English topographical work, does not exist.

*Sketches in Spain.* By George Vivian, Esq.; Lithographed by Louis Haghe and P. Gauci. No. II. Colnaghi and Co.

IN this second Number, Mr. Vivian fully maintains the high artistic character which he obtained by his first. "Segovia," "Convent of Campo Santo, Valladolid," and "Plain of Valencia and Convent of St. Miguel de los Reyes," are especially beautiful. The lithographical, or rather, we believe, the zincographical, part of the publication, does Messrs. Haghe and Gauci great credit. We never saw prints of the description so completely identified with the finest aquatintas.

*A Walk through Richmond and Twickenham Meadows.* W. B. Cooke, Nottingham; Tilt, Fleet Street.

NEITHER at this, nor at any other season of the year, does Richmond need any recommendation of its pastoral and local beauties to the residents of the metropolis or its vicinity: yet, many who visit it may wish to know more of its peculiar points of attraction; as, also, of the residences of those who have occupied the public regard in times past, as well as of those who now inhabit seats and mansions in and about so favoured a spot. To such, this brief survey will afford the needful information, and to nothing more does it pretend; but it is further illustrated by a tastefully executed vignette view of Richmond, from the Thames, by W. B. Cooke.

*The Encyclopædia of Ornament.* By H. Shaw, F.S.A. Nos. V., VI., VII., and VIII. Pickering.

No description can do justice to the beauty of this publication, or to the care and attention with which the details of the various plates are executed. Among the most striking of the subjects in the Numbers lying before us, are the "Designs for Goldsmiths' Work," by Hans Holbein, and various specimens of "stained glass."

*Specimens of the Details of Elizabethan Architecture.* Drawn and engraved by Henry Shaw, F.S.A. Parts VI. and VII. Pickering.

GENERALLY speaking, these details are more curious and elaborate than they are beautiful. Some of them, however, are well deserving of attention; and they all evince Mr. Shaw's fidelity, knowledge, and skill.

*Wood's Views in London, Westminster, and their Vicinities, No. I.* Orr and Co.

ALTHOUGH not ranking with the "costly, erudite, and elaborate works which have been compiled, descriptive of the rise and progress of the vast metropolis of England," yet conveying a very pleasing notion of the populous and busy scenes which it professes to illustrate. The plates in this first Number are from drawings by J. H. Shepherd, and the descriptions are by W. G. Fearnside.

*Christchurch, Woburn Square.* Drawn and lithographed by S. Russell. A PRETTY view of a pretty church.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THUGS AND THUGGEE.

IN the "Edinburgh Review" for January, No. 130, there appeared a very striking and interesting article, respecting the Thugs, or Secret Murderers of India; which has, as so extraordinary an exposition must have done, excited very general popular notice. The volume (8vo. Calcutta, 1836) on which it was written, is entitled "Ramaseena, or a Vocabulary of the peculiar Language used by the Thugs: with an Introduction and Appendix, descriptive of the System pursued by that Fraternity; and of the Measures which have been adopted by the Supreme Government of India for its Suppression;" and the details unfold the measures of one of the most remarkable associations for robbery and butchery that ever stained the annals of mankind. We regret that the reviewer has altogether avoided the philological part of the work; which we think (for we have not the book) must have afforded some key to the origin of this strange phenomenon, and, perhaps, let us more into the se-

cret of its religious combinations and mysteries. But leaving this source of inquiry for the present, we shall proceed to make some additions to the "Edinburgh Review," which have reached us from the East, and which, we trust, will partake of the interest so powerfully created for the subject.

From the "Ramaseena," and the remarks of the writer, we learn that the Thugs have existed for ages, and ramified over the whole of the vast peninsula, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. Their trade has been the murder of travellers, with peculiar ceremonies, and the disposition of their corpses after plundering them. The craft was regularly organised; had masters, singularly enough, called *Burkas*, and novices, called *Kuboolas*. When out upon their expeditions, they were divided into scouts, sextons, shumseas, or holders of land, and bhurtotes, or stranglers; and assumed every possible form of society and character, such as rajas with their suites, merchants with their attendants, strangers, boatmen, &c. &c. The goorn, or fully instructed operative, taught the cheyla how to waylay and strangle his victims; and all was done in the name of the Goddess Kalee, Kunkalee (man-eater), or Bhudkalee. They ate sacred sugar under a tree; and a pickaxe, in the keeping of the leader of the gang, was, as it were, the holy standard under which they committed their ruthless crimes.

The review describes, from the evidence and confessions of the murderers tried by Capt. Sleeman, at Jubbulpore, the cruel massacre of a Moonshiee and his family, of a fine old soldier and his servants, of a sixty-soul affair (for the assassins remember their atrocities by the numbers murdered), of five hundred recruits, and other bloody scenes. Also, some equally revolting deeds in boats on the Bengal river. The Northern Thugs, it seems, murder women as well as men; those south of the Nerbudda do not; and, it is generally stated, "The Thugs are forbidden by their rules to kill women of any description, and either men or women of the following classes:—fukeers, bards, musicians by profession, dancing men or women, washerwomen, sweepers, oil-venders, blacksmiths, and carpenters, when found together, maimed or leprous persons, men with cows, and Ganges water-carriers, while they have the Ganges water actually with them; but if their pots are empty, they are not exempted."

It was, in 1831, that a gang of these monsters was discovered and seized in Malwa; and since then the governor-general has vigorously prosecuted a plan for their extermination. By October 1835, fifteen hundred and sixty-two had been committed, of whom three hundred and eighty-two were hanged, and nine hundred and eighty-six transported, or imprisoned for life. Both Mahomedans and Hindus belong to the association; and its hands are kept up by regular descent from father to son, or by adoption, though the latter is not very common. The gipsy tribes, it is noticed, are strongly suspected of Thuggery.

Such are the particulars exhibited in the "Edinburgh Review," which further adverts slightly to certain ancient matters connected with the system. Seneca mentions Philetas, or Fonderis, in Egypt, who appear to bear a resemblance to the Thug stranglers; and Thevenot mentions the Thugs themselves, in the sixteenth century.\* These miscreants main-

\* "The Bengal Hurkaru" says,—"The origin of Thuggery cannot be traced with perfect accuracy; but there are grounds for believing that it originated with some vagrant Mahomedans, in the neighbourhood of

tain that the sculptures in the famous caves of Ellora are exhibitions of Thuggee; and they insist on the divine origin of its murderous practices. The sacrifices are made in honour of Devej, Kalee,† Durga, Bhurvanee, names of the Goddess of Destruction, and the beginning of the establishment was a rite belonging to her.

"They have a tradition that a demon, by name Rukut Beej Dana, infested the world, and devoured mankind as often as they were born or created; and to enable the world to be peopled, Kalee Davey determined to put him to death. This demon, they say, was so tall that the deepest ocean never reached above his waist; and he could, consequently, walk over the world at his ease. Kalee Davey attacked him, and cut him down; but from every drop of his blood another demon arose, and as she cut them down, from every drop of their blood another demon sprung up, and the numbers increased at this geometrical rate, until she became fatigued with the labour. On this she formed two men from the sweat brushed off from one of her arms; and giving them each a handkerchief, told them to put all these demons to death, without allowing one drop of their blood to fall on the ground. After their labour was over, they offered to return to the goddess the handkerchiefs with which they had done their work; but she desired them to keep them as the instruments of a trade by which their posterity were to earn their subsistence, and to strangle men with these handkerchiefs, as they had strangled the demons, and live by the plunder they acquired; and having been the means of enabling the world to get provided with men by the destruction of the demons, their posterity would be entitled to take a few for their own use. \* \* \* A Thug considers the persons murdered precisely in the light of victims offered up to the goddess; and he remembers them, as a priest of Jupiter remembered the oxen, and a priest of Saturn the children sacrificed upon their altars. He meditates his murders without any misgivings; he perpetrates them without any emotion of pity; and he remembers them without any feelings of remorse. They trouble not his dreams, nor does their recollection ever cause him inquietude in darkness, in solitude, or in the hour of death."

In the midst of their frightful career, however, they are troubled and deterred by various omens and auguries (the Pilpaoo and Thibao), very like those of Greek and Roman paganism, and of others familiar to northern superstitions, such as the flight of birds, the cry of hares, and the crossing of wolves.

From India we learn, that notwithstanding the revelations in Captain Sleeman's work, the extent of the system is not yet considered to be entirely developed; though the annexed table exhibits a statement of the most remarkable Thuggees on record, as ascertained on the trials to which we have referred.

Delhi, in the seventeenth century. The weapon originally used, we infer from Thevenot's description, resembled the *lasso* of the South Americans, or that of the ancient Sagartii; and was used not only for the destruction of men, but for the capture of horses, cattle, &c. Whatever, however, may have been its origin, the Thugs of the present day admit that the great trunk of the present system, on which offsets have at intervals been grafted, were seven clans of Mahomedans from Upper India. The belief now so universal among Thugs of the divine origin of the science appears to be of Hindoo growth; and, by some inexplicable confusion, which it is quite impossible to trace, while the Hindoo Thug worships the goddess Kali as his guardian saint, the Mussulman worships Bhowani with similar superstition."

† "They all believe Kalee to have been extremely black, and to have had features so terrifically hideous that no mortal man could dare to look upon them."

"Statement of the most remarkable Thuggees on record, compiled from Captain Sleeman's work."

Date.	Number of Thugs employed.	Place of Murder.	Number of Persons murdered.	Amount of Treasure.
Date unknown, but many years ago	Unknown.	Nerbuddah	Unknown.	140,000*
1804	180	Chittore	64†	Unknown.
1806	350	Chittore	40	17,000
1807	Unknown.	Takapore	24	Unknown.
1807	132	Shilpore	24†	15,000
1816	121	Shilpore	25	15,000
1817	40	Darwar	6	Unknown.
1823	Unknown.	Sajja Ghaut	Unknown.	12,000
1826	150	Chompara	14	16,000
1827	350	Dhoolah	7	25,000
1828	125	Dhoolah	3	32,000
1828	125	Burhawaghat	9	13,000
1829	150	Dhoree	6	40,000
1830	Unknown.	Baroda	25	82,000
1833	56	Between Hyderabad and Masulipatam	Unknown.	10,000
				24,000

The following," continues our authority, "is a brief summary of what has been effected for the suppression of Thuggee. In nine years, more than 2000 Thugs have been arrested; 1470 have been tried and convicted, in 167 trials, for the murder of 947 persons. Of these, 382 have been hanged; 909, transported; 77, imprisoned for life; 92, imprisoned for certain periods; and 21, acquitted. Besides these, 11 have escaped, 31 died before sentence, and near 250 have, at different times, been admitted king's evidences, and exempted from death or transportation—first, to secure the conviction of those already in custody; and, secondly, to aid in arresting their associates at large. 'As every man,' observes Captain Sleeman, 'has, on an average, been on more than ten of these expeditions, it is probable, that the enumerated cases of crime charged against them are not one hundredth part of those perpetrated by them in their career of guilt. In some recent cases, 206 prisoners were convicted of the murder of 440 persons!'" It is truly gratifying to find so much has been accomplished. In Malwa, Guzerat, Rajpootana, and Delhi, Thuggee has been, in a great measure, suppressed. Great progress has also been made in the Lower Doab, in Oude, Aydrabad, and the Deccan. In the Concan and Malabar it appears never to have existed. But much yet remains to be done throughout the whole of Southern India, in the Carnatic, Mysore, and the Circas; also, in Gwalior and Bundelcund, in Orissa, Behar, and Bengal. Captain Sleeman anticipates the greatest difficulty in dealing with the river Thugs of Bengal, who are supposed to be 390 strong; and who, he thinks, will, probably, defy the efforts of our government, without some special measures be sanctioned for their suppression. We believe he alludes to the difficulty of convicting, in consequence of the impossibility of discovering

\* "This great plunder was the cause of a tax being imposed on Thugs of Rs. 24.8 triennially per family, at Gohud, in Central India."

† "These men were Dacoits, returning from a plundering excursion."

‡ "In this affair the Thugs travelled 160 miles on the most friendly terms with their intended victims."

the bodies of the murdered victims. If this be the case, some special enactment should be passed by the council, without delay, to remedy the evil. We observe that, in the convictions on all the above trials, the *bhurotote*, or stranger, has been invariably executed. As the *bhurotote* is the most experienced of the party, and must have given proofs of his judgment, courage, and skill, before he is permitted to undertake the office, he is always an exceeding villain. The *shumseas*, or those employed to hold the hands of the victim, are considered to be a lower order of villains; and with these, the sentence has often been commuted to transportation. We are inclined to think it would be far better to hang them all like pirates, or any other wretches of the same class, who are totally beyond the pale of humanity.

But the description of the assassinations on the river in Bengal, is a worthy sequel to the *land* accounts, extracted by the Edinburgh reviewer. "Q. I understand you have served with the river Thugs of Bengal?—*Shumshera*. On one occasion only. I had been on one expedition with Dilawur Khan, and one with Futteh Khan; and, after these, I went with Bhowur Khan and Moradun, two Lodah Thugs, and joined Jhoollee Khan the fair, and Gholamun. Jhoollee Khan had a man to carry his bundle, by name Nathoo, as he was to act this season with Jypaul Kaet, a Jamadar of the Bongoos, or river Thugs. He acted as their sotha, or inveigler, this season. We joined Jypaul at the Mormakeya Ghat, where he had two boats at the different Ghats, two and three coes from each other. Jhoollee Khan brought two *beetoos* to the boat, which Jypaul commanded in person, and Bhowur Khan and I embarked with them. As soon as we had all got on board, Jypaul said, in Rumasee, 'Let the Boras (Thugs) separate themselves from the *beetoos*,' and we did so, leaving the two travellers together. Four men were on the bank, pulling along the boat; one was at the helm, acting at the same time as the *bykuree*, or spy, and seven of the gang were below with us and the travellers. We had got on about a cose, when the *bykuree* at the helm, seeing all clear, called out, 'Bhugna ko pawn do,'—'Give my sister's son pawn.' This was their mode of giving the *jhirnee*, or signal, and the two *beetoos* were strangled. After strangling them, they broke their spinal bones thus, by putting their knees upon their backs, and pulling up their heads and shoulders. After doing this, they pushed them out of a kind of window in the side. Every boat has two of these windows, one on each side, and they put the bodies out of that towards the river. They break the spinal bones to prevent all chance of the people recovering and giving evidence against them. We generally stab the dead bodies through on both sides, under the arm pits; but they are afraid to cut or stab the body, lest there should be signs of blood upon the water, as the corpses pass other boats that are following them on the river."

"Q. How are the river Thugs not suspected by the people who live on the banks of the river?—*Shumshera*. They are very well known by the goreys (policemen), and some other people of the small villages along the banks of the Ganges; they sometimes keep their boats near these villages for several days together. The two lotahs taken from the two men, whose murder I have described, were given to the gorey of the village of More, whom Jypaul, after the murder, sent off for eight annas worth of spirits. These Thugs never keep any part of the booty but the money, lest it should bring

them into trouble. The clothes of the two men were thrown into the river. The principal men of the gang, or the shrewdest of them, go along the roads, each having a servant carrying his bundle, and proceeding towards the ghat, where his boat is to be found, whether going up or down the river. When a traveller overtakes him, he learns whither he is going, pretends to be ignorant of the road, to be going to the same place with the traveller, but to be entirely unacquainted with it, and anxious to have somebody to instruct him. If the traveller had not intended to go by water, the Thug soon pretends to be much tired, and wishes that he was near a boat. The traveller expresses the same wish, and they agree to diverge from the road to the river. Coming to the ghat, the Thug pretends that he is a good hand at a bargain, and is allowed to agree for a passage for both. He bates down the master of his own boat, after a good deal of disputing, to half price, and the beetoo is much pleased, and expresses his gratitude: they embark, and the beetoo is killed as soon as they get away from other boats. If the beetoo suspects or dislikes the first man, he soon falls in with the inveigler of another boat, who learns it by a sign, and pretends to enter into the beetoo's feelings and anxiety to throw off the first, who, on some pretence, remains behind, while his friend takes on the traveller to the other boat, further on than his own, where he is disposed of. They are much more numerous than we are. I have not heard of more than about thirty families of Moteas; and the Lodabas are not much above two hundred men; but the Bongoos are very numerous, I have heard.

"Q. What do they consider the best season for their work?—*Shumshera*. The months of November, December, January, and February. In March it becomes too hot, and in the rains the river is considered to be too rapid, and the boats cannot be pulled along the banks.

"Q. This lad says the Bongoos are known to the villagers on the bank of the river?—*Bukhtawur*. He is a mere boy; if they were known to the villagers, how could they escape so well? They rarely keep their boats near villages; but when they do so, they conciliate the goreyts, and other policemen, that they may not ask questions.

"Q. They never keep any thing but money, he says?—*Bukhtawur*. Rarely. They throw every thing else away, in order to keep clear of the custom-house searchers, who are very numerous in that quarter."

(Conclusion next week.)

#### ELECTIONS.

WHAT has the *Literary Gazette* to do with elections or party politics, we hear some of our readers say, on beholding the above head. In truth, very little, though politics are so intimately mixed up with every thing around, that it is not easy to steer quite clear of them. At present, however, our only purpose is to draw from the store of old reading two or three curious illustrations of the elections of former days.

The following letters are to be found amongst the Harleian manuscripts:—

"After my very hearty commendations,—Whereas, there are to be returned by you, against the parliament, two burgesses for Gatton, in that county of Surry which theretofore have been nominated by Mr. Cople, for that there are no burgesses in the borough there to nominate. Forasmuch as by the death of the said Mr. Cople, and minority of his son, the son, with his lands, are within the survey and rule of the Court of Ward, whereof I am his majesty's chief officer; you shall, therefore, forbear to make return of and for the said

town, without direction first had from me therein, whereof I pray you not to fail, and so, I bid you heartily farewell.—From the Court of Saint James's, this 13th of November, 1584.

—Your very loving friend, W. BURGHEY.

"To my very loving friend, Walter Covert, Esq. Sheriff of the County of Surry and Sussex, and to his Under-Sheriff or to other persons."

And, a few days afterwards, the following letter was also written:—

"After my hearty commendations,—Whereas, in the indenture returned for the Borough of Gatton, in the County of Surry, Mr. Frauncis Bacon and Mr. Thomas Bushoppe are nominated burgesses. Forasmuch as Mr. Frauncis Bacon is returned also for another borough, and so certified and sworn, you shall appoint in his room and place Edward Browne, Esq., and so certify him with Mr. Bushoppe: so, fare you well.—From the court, this 24th of November, 1584.—Your loving friend,

"W. BURGHEY."

"Dublin, Nov. 26th, 1661.

"Gentlemen,—His majesty having commissioned the lords justices speedily to convene a parliament here, they, in order thereto, have sent out writs to the several counties and boroughs in this kingdom, for electing members to serve in parliament, which will begin the 8th of May next; and, therefore, shall entreat you to choose Colonel Randle Clayton to serve as one of the burgesses of the corporation. And if you have not agreed upon another for yourselves, then William Fitzgerald may be the other; and one or both, if chosen, shall serve you gratis, and act as earnestly in your concerns as any other you shall choose. The performing whereof shall be acknowledged as a kindness due to your friend and servant,

"ORRERY.

"For my respected friends, the Sovereign and Inhabitants of the town of Kinsale."

[From the Southwell MSS.]: (He was one of the Lord Justices at this period.)

#### MUSIC.

1. *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns, &c.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman, M.A. To which is added, Mr. Sale's *Concise System of Chanting*. 18mo. London, 1837. Nichols.
2. *Psalms and Hymns for the Service of the Church, being a Collection of Tunes adapted to the various Measures of the several Selections made for the Church, and more particularly to that compiled for the Use of St. Margaret's, Westminster.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman, M.A. &c. To which are added *Chants for the Services, Responses to the Commandments, and a Concise System of Chanting, &c.* The whole selected, adapted, composed, and arranged, by J. B. Sale, &c. 4to. London, 1837.

THAT there exists a common belief of the necessity of some revision of the Psalms to be used in the Church, is sufficiently proved by the numerous attempts which have been made of late years, by various members of the establishment, to produce such a version as might be suitable for general adoption. Another selection by the Rev. Mr. Milman, a gentleman eminently qualified for the task, both by his various acquirements, and his poetical taste, is now to be added to the list. The psalms contained in it, comprise such of the New Version, by Tate and Brady, as, in the opinion of the editor, may be most frequently introduced with advantage, into the service of the church, and with the hymns which are selected from those of Ken, Addison, Heber, and others of our best writers, including Milman himself, combine to make this one of the best

works of the class we have seen: its value being, moreover, considerably increased by the system of chanting which precedes it, a system exceedingly simple, but apparently well-calculated to facilitate a more general participation in this portion of the service.

If the text has fallen into good hands, we may also say the same with regard to the musical department of the accompanying volume. Mr. Sale, who had the honour of being appointed the musical instructor of her present majesty, has passed, we believe, fifty years of his life in the musical profession. During the whole of this period, he has been attached to one or other of our principal choirs, thus necessarily becoming, not only familiar with all the best works of the great composers for the church, but so deeply imbued with the spirit which characterises those productions, that a selection of sacred music, formed under his judgment, could scarcely do otherwise than realise all the expectations which its announcement may have raised.

Mr. Sale's endeavours to produce a work which might help to restore our parochial psalmody to the importance it formerly enjoyed, when its influence on the minds and morals of the people was generally recognised, have been ably seconded by contributions, not only from the most eminent of his professional brethren, but also from many distinguished amateurs; and the result is a collection of psalm tunes certainly unequalled in this country. Not only does it contain all the chief of those which have been so long admired for their simple grandeur and devotional spirit, and others composed by Mr. Sale and his friends in the same chaste and judicious style, but also many of exquisite beauty, the production of Bach, Luther, and other great *chorale* writers of Germany.

The volume is dedicated, by special permission, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and is well deserving of that sanction on the part of his grace, which such permission implies. It is beautifully printed, and could not have appeared at a fitter moment than the present, when the friends of the church are bestirring themselves to render it as perfect as possible. If, in the language of an eloquent writer in the "Quarterly Review," "the hymns and harmonies of devotion may be as efficacious as sermons in weaning the heart from its sins, and tuning it aright to receive the lessons of religion," it is fitting that steps should be promptly taken for the improvement of the musical portions of our church service; and we know of none which could be more readily adopted, or with a better prospect of success, than the use of Mr. Sale's admirable collection.

#### DRAMA.

Covent Garden is busily preparing for the new season, and we hear that an efficient company, in the various walks of the drama, are rallying round their brother performer, to aid him in his manly effort to rescue the stage from its long period of eclipse. They ought, indeed, to make common cause with him; for he is only One in the front of their own battle. The public, we have no doubt, will support a legitimate national drama; but it would cool its spirit if it found that those whom it was willing to aid did not aid themselves. They have been buffeted, disgraced, and cheated: all have complained, and, unfortunately, too many were compelled, by their circumstances, to submit to vulgar insolence, indignities, and impositions. It must be their own fault if they are not now redeemed from the odious bondage and thralldom. Let them make the theatre their

pride, and it will surely be their profit. There is a scholar and a gentleman at the head of the enterprise; and one whom experience has taught what is due to every member of the profession. Mr. Macready, an ornament to the boards, will know how to estimate their other ornaments and useful subordinates, behind the curtain as well as before it. As lovers of this great living branch of literature, we earnestly hope that the chance will not be thrown away: we exhort the performers of every class to be true to their own interests, and save us from a relapse into utter degradation. Mr. Webster's success in the Haymarket is a propitious omen.

**Haymarket Theatre.**—On Monday Mr. Power commenced his engagement at this theatre, and has since repeated several of his best characters to crowded and delighted houses. His American accident has diminished none of his powers. The same nice discrimination, mingled with the same breadth and fun, distinguishes his acting in every part. It is a rare union—that talent which draws the most minute traits, be they individual or national, and yet revels in drollery and humour, till the spectator, with aching sides, and mirth-watered eyes, can scarcely perceive the finer lineaments of the performer's art. There is no exaggeration, no clap-traps for effect, but the whole seems as natural as nature; and the look, the gesture, the speaking, and the silence, are all perfect studies of the truth. No wonder, that on a stage where every thing can be seen and heard, such personations should be rewarded with unbounded applause.

**English Opera.**—On Wednesday *Blanche of Jersey*, a new musical romance, the music by Barnett, and the drama by R. Peake, was produced here with complete success. It is a story of great interest; and the author has treated it so skilfully that it never flags. The heroine is represented by Miss Romer, and, even in the *Somnambula*, she never appeared to more advantage. Messrs. Fraser and Seguin are her chief musical supporters; and Compton, in a comic character, is made to relieve the serious parts. The music is tasteful and pleasing.

**New Strand Theatre.**—On Monday a new burlesque, from the pen of the well-known Tom Dibdin, author of successful pieces, the titles of which begin with every letter in the alphabet, was added to the attractive *Sam Weller*, at this theatre. It is called *Alexander the Great in Little*, and embraces the full force of the company, including Mrs. Stirling, who has, we are glad to add, recovered from a fortnight's severe illness. Miss Daly and Mr. Hammond, who are a host in their own persons, make this really funny affair a most laughable finish to an evening's amusement, from which the audience depart exclaiming against the heat of the weather, and the being obliged to laugh too much.

#### VARIETIES.

**The Queen.**—Her majesty has munificently and feelingly sent a donation of fifty pounds to the widow of the unfortunate aeronaut, Cocking. It is an atonement for the royal patronage, so glaringly advertised, of the public place where he was made a sacrifice. *Appropos* of this matter. On Wednesday evening the Nassau balloon had a magnificent ascent, with six or seven passengers, the proprietors of Vauxhall having "most kindly granted the use of it, and Mr. Green most generously his valuable services" on the occasion, for the benefit of the poor woman whom they so recklessly contributed to make a widow, and "who is en-

tirely without the means of support." Such terms of puffery ill become the transaction; nor are we much in love with the newspaper accounts of the affair, in which the public are violently scolded and dragooned for looking at the balloon in the air, from any where but the crowded interior of Vauxhall Gardens. It does seem hard that we must consent to be crushed whenever it may please these aeronaut speculators to take a flight for their own benefit, with which no science (except that of money taking) has any thing to do.

**Sir Michael Faraday.**—In a late No. we noticed the respect paid to the fine arts by the knighthood conferred on Sir R. Westmacott; and it is with equal pleasure we record a similar honour done to science in the person of Mr. now Sir M. Faraday. He had previously received high consideration from the universities and from government, and it was only fit that the crowning acknowledgment should come from our young Queen.

**M. Angelo.**—It is stated from Rome, that the great works of M. Angelo, in the Chapel of St. Paul, in the Vatican, viz. the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Martyrdom of St. Peter, are ordered to be cleaned by the papal government. It is added, that they have suffered no other injury than that of being covered by smoke, &c. from the burning of tapers and incense.

**Mrs. Lewson.**—We do not know whether a new death and burial can properly be called a revival or not; but the town and country journals of the last ten days have had a droll affair of this kind, viz. a long account of the decease and funeral of Mrs. Lewson, aged 116, the dear old lady having left this world, and been interred, two and twenty years ago, and had her jewels, clothes, &c. publicly exhibited in London for several years past.

**Olive-Tree.**—Our philanthropic friend, Mr. Joseph Hamilton, of Annadale Cottage, near Dublin (see former *Literary Gazette*), has presented her Majesty with an olive-tree from Jerusalem. We trust it may be a true type of peace, increase, and happiness.

**Definitions.**—Equality is the being equal; punctuality, a little before your time.

**Weather-Wisdom.**—The harvest weather is very good; not "bad," as predicted in our last. The Almanac proceeds, "Middle of the month windy and cloudy. Unsettled, with high winds and cold rains about the 16th."

**Cocoa-nut Oil.**—Cocoa-nut oil being now imported into England in considerable quantities, I shall only express my opinion, that its present retail price, of 4s. 6d. per gallon, weighing 9 lbs., must give an enormous profit, as the cost-price, at Bombay, on the 28th of January, 1837, was 1s. 9d. for 18 lbs. avoirdupois; and in Ceylon it is much less. In fact, the present charge upon the cost-price is 312 per cent. I must express my regret, also, that it is not more generally used in England; for, instead of the detestable smell of fish-oil, it has rather an agreeable odour; and it is readily consumed in open glass vessels, with floating or standing wicks, whatever the temperature of the air may be.—*Col. Sykes, in a Paper on the Cultivated Oil and Cordage Plants of Dekkan; communicated to the Section of Agriculture and Commerce.—Royal Asiatic Society.*

**The late Bishop Corrie, of Madras.**—At a very numerous meeting of the community of Madras, it was proposed by Sir F. Adam, seconded by Sir R. Comyn, and unanimously carried, that a monument in the cathedral, to the memory of the late prelate, should be erected by subscription; and that, after setting

aside a sum sufficient to defray the expense of the monument, the residue should form a fund for the endowment of scholarships, to be called "Bishop Corrie's Scholarships," in Bishop Corrie's Grammar School. A considerable sum was immediately collected, and the example of Madras is now being followed in other parts of India, where the virtues of this good man are highly venerated.

**Legal.**—It is a singular fact, that the Common Pleas and Pleas of the Crown were not held before judges specially assigned to those courts, but before the chief governor of Ireland; and if he were otherwise engaged, before commissioners appointed by him, which, perhaps, may be the origin of the Court of King's Bench in England exercising jurisdiction over the King's Bench in Ireland.

**Railroads in Holland.**—A railroad between Amsterdam and Haarlem is about to be begun.

**Local Readings.**—The Cornish papers state that a shower of flies had fallen at Redruth; but the Brighton, and other watering-place journals, deny the possibility of there being "a shower of flies." They say it must be a mistake, though flies are always busiest in showers.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Chinese Literature.**—It is not, perhaps, so well known as its literary importance deserves, that Dr. Morrison, the great Chinese scholar, left his very curious collection of works in that language on sale for 3000*l.* to his native land, upon the condition that a professorship of Chinese should be founded by the Institution purchasing them. The London University is, we are told, endeavouring to raise the money. But, what a glorious opportunity would this be for Oxford or Cambridge, to facilitate, from their ample funds, a course of instruction in a language spoken by so large and separated a portion of mankind, and containing historical and other documents of unquestionable authenticity, and, probably, validity also. Such an opportunity may not again occur; and we are assured, that there are at this moment in Great Britain one or two men capable of filling the chair, and taking the lead of Europe in a branch of knowledge in which even Klaproth himself was signally deficient.

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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 3	From 49 to 69	29.61 to 29.63
Friday .... 4	.... 46 .. 68	29.79 .. 29.86
Saturday ... 5	.... 33 .. 63	30.04 .. 30.07
Sunday .... 6	.... 38 .. 67	30.13 .. 30.18
Monday .... 7	.... 42 .. 67	30.23 .. 30.26
Tuesday ... 8	.... 38 .. 68	30.28 .. 30.21
Wednesday 9	.... 41 .. 78	30.10 .. 29.94

Wind, N.E.

Except the morning of the 7th, generally clear; rain on the 3d and following day.

Rain fallen, .1375 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude .... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rigel, accepted.  
The Map, illustrative of Capt. Mackenzie's Journal, will be found at the end of our Reviews.

ERRATA.—In our last Number, page 508, col. 1, line 33, for "Koll," read "Holl;" and for "Serwen," read "Scriven."



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AND

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PRICE 8d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

1. *Female Beauty, as preserved and improved by Regimen, Cleanliness, and Dress, &c. &c.* By Mrs. A. Walker. Pp. 435. London, T. Hurst. 2. *The Ladies' Science of Etiquette.* By AETHEL. Pp. 64. Glasgow, J. Reid. 3. *The Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage.* By EOWIKOS. Pp. 62. Glasgow, Symington and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whittaker and Co. 4. *The Honours of the Table; with Hints on Carving.* By Trussler Redivivus. Pp. 72. Idem.

ON looking at the title-page, and glancing over the contents and illustrations of the first of these publications, we were forcibly struck with the notion, that it must be a most objectionable book, and calculated to be injurious to the welfare and happiness of man-kind. What, said we, instruct in further captivating arts, those who already possess the power of disturbing all philosophy, and destroying the peace of every mind? It is a monstrous thing; and

'To gild refined gold; to paint the lily;  
'To throw a perfume o'er the violet;

and on the too dangerous charms of female beauty to bestow a stronger magic, is wasteful and ridiculous excess. Gray beards will be brought into peril. Married men, after the honeymoon (say two months), will be unable to resist the increase of extraneous attractions. The young (except dandies and exquisites, who think only of their own pretty selves) will be ruined, without a chance of rescue, and horse, foot, and dragoons, put *hors de combat*. Teach the mischievous how to do more mischief: it is scandalous! Mrs. Walker has much to answer for; and we shall be glad to revenge ourselves upon her, by picking out a few of her faults; say in composition to begin with.

"I am sure (she affirms), that the girl who at fifteen strives not to please, will be an ill-natured and disagreeable woman at five and twenty;" meaning, that a girl who does not strive to please at fifteen will not be a very amiable person at twenty-five. That is true enough; but who ever saw a fifteener that did not try to please? as well expect philosophy at eighteen! [God save the Queen]. But let us proceed: we like the atom-ality of the following paragraph, *nation well*:

"I may say (says Mrs. Walker), that the whole plan of the work is new as well as systematic; and that not less new are—the consideration of dress as a fine art having definite principles—the vindication of the superiority of fitness to fashion, of cleanliness to cosmetics, and of natural complexion to artificial paints—the view of the relation of colours to each other, of their application to the face by contrast and reflection, and of their power to correct every fault of complexion—the exposition of the various modes of enhancing the effect of fine forms and features, and of correcting faulty ones—the generalizations or simplifications which regard the composition of dress—the views as to character, simplicity and ornament in dress, &c. &c. &c. as well as the method of illustrating these by drawings."

But, having done our spite, we may confess, that Mrs. Walker, admirably assisted by Parris

and Wright, with forms and countenances on which, by a simple contrivance, changes of dress and colour are made to shew their different effects, and by Sir A. Carlisle at the top of her medical advisers on the subject of regimen and health, has really produced a work full of excellent precepts for the proper care and cultivation of the fair sex. There is nothing left out; and the necessary attention to cleanliness, ablutions, the hair, nails, bathing, air, colds, &c. &c. &c. is not only enforced with judgment, but particular directions are given for every circumstance or condition in life.

It is to Part III. "Dress," that we turn for more particular notice; the introduction is grand—*rotundo ore*.

"Clothing (quoth Mrs. Walker), is intended to act as a barrier between the natural temperature of the body, and the external temperature of the atmosphere—a barrier which ought to be more or less impervious, according as the changes or excesses of external temperature are more or less likely to injure the organs. The properties of the various substances, used as clothing, arise from their being good or bad conductors of caloric (or the cause of heat), and electricity, from the quantity of moisture which they imbibe, either from the external air, or from the emanations of the body, and from the facility with which they allow it to escape. It is evident, that that substance which is a bad conductor of caloric will be the warmest, because it neither allows of the escape of the caloric from the body, nor permits any caloric to penetrate it, and it consequently leaves the internal heat to concentrate on the surface of the skin."

Having thus scientifically laid the solid foundations of millinery, the writer offers some very judicious remarks on the wearing of flannel, and shews, that its habitual use, next the skin, is to be deprecated, inasmuch as it prevents its being efficaciously employed in cases of need, when it would be an invaluable remedy.

Stays are rather delicate subjects for male critics, and, therefore, we pass them by with our *Alace*! Buses are still more ticklish, and corsets—we must refer to Mrs. Huntley, p. of mystical numbers, thrice three, or in figures 333. We will, however, venture to touch upon the bustle. Nothing, we are assured, "can be in worse taste than the monstrous and ill-shaped bustles we commonly see, sometimes placed altogether on one side, and sometimes so irregular, that they look as if some domestic utensil were fastened under the dress. French women have a much better contrivance, which they call a *tournure*. The *tournure* is a handkerchief, drawn by the end through the stay-lace at the waistband. It raises up the folds of the dress, makes them fall with elegance, and diminishes, in summer, the necessity of wearing a number of muslin petticoats. By way of giving a finish to the style and arrangement of the dress, the robe is then drawn a little on one side, pressed down on the hips with the back of the hands, and the tips of the fingers are passed several times through the folds behind." Garters are important, now that her majesty wears one upon her arm; and it is delightful to know, that the meanest of her subjects may

do more than that, for, "if the calf of the leg is slender, and the knee small, two garters may be worn; one above, and the other below."

But we must leave this really practical, sensible, and useful volume to the sex for whom it is intended: they will find it full of good advice upon almost every subject which concerns their daily and nightly comfort, their external appearance to the greatest advantage, and to their general health and happiness. To finish; we shall take leave to quote some observation on the imitation on the French fashions, which, though not very gallant towards our continental rivals, contains some just and pointed counsel.

"The women of France, considered generally, are the ugliest in Europe. Their forms are angular, meagre, and arid; their skin of greenish brown, or olive hue; their hair of an opaque dirty looking black, and excessively coarse; their forehead low; the general configuration of the head, as observed by Count Stendhal, like that of the monkey; their eyebrows compressed; their upper lip frequently covered with mustaches; and their voice rough. The most conspicuous point, in their moral character, is a degree of vanity so excessive, that, combined with such an exterior, it seems, to the calm and sensible observer, at once ludicrous and contemptible—an affectation so monstrous, and attended with such shrugs, shrivels, and grimaces, with nasal *ongs* and guttural *hrrs*, so brutal in sound, that, on first witnessing them, we begin by thinking it an unmerciful quiz, and end by discovering it to be a disgusting reality. Strange to tell, it is in this very ugliness and vanity, which have just been described, that originates French fashion. The deplorable physical condition and the extravagant mental desire combine to engender a desperate ingenuity in the invention of some palliation from dress and manners, which may mitigate such a condition. No violation of nature, accordingly, prevents the adoption of a dress which may serve for concealment. But the matter ends not here. The same vanity which engenders French fashion spreads its influence. Affected attitude, impudent strut, and impertinent chatter, are not more natural to that people, than they are necessary to the presentation of these monstrous inventions as absolute beauties. The combination of these is called, '*un air imposant*,' '*la mine imposante*.' And they do, indeed, impose upon the weaker, that is, the more numerous, minds, in all the surrounding countries. Does a Frenchwoman assume an immense bonnet, in order that the ribands and other appendages of which it admits may either soften or withdraw attention from her angular features? The Englishwoman throws aside her smaller bonnet, within which beauty alone could be seen, and obtrudes on the spectator a trumpery dress instead of charming features. How stupid and absurd a sacrifice! Does a Frenchwoman assume *des fichus montans*, frills, &c. because her neck, which may be relatively long, is black and skinny, and presents the horrible *cordes au cou*, or stringy neck, caused by passion, crying, shrieking, loud talking, &c.? The Englishwoman, whose neck may be relatively short, round, polished, and white, absurdly adopts

the same disguises, and leaves herself as little neck as a pig! Does a Frenchwoman assume monstrous sleeves, *en gigot*, to canvas a waist in which there is almost always a vaccine expansion of the lower ribs to appear less by comparison? The Englishwoman, whose waist is almost always slender enough, not only adopts the French monstrosity, but laces herself until she brings on the frightful catalogue of diseases described by Mr. Coulson, in his interesting work on the 'Deformities of the Chest.' Does a Frenchwoman assume a wide skirt and numerous trimmings to aid the last-mentioned purpose as to the waist, as well as to conceal her meagre and bony limbs? The Englishwoman follows the example, and adds to her ample hips and relatively shorter limbs, until she converts herself into a formless mass. Does a Frenchwoman adopt the strongest and most glaring colours, to overpower the yellow, green, and black horrors of her visage, or the frightful mustaches of her upper lip, or her coarse and dirty black hair? The Englishwoman assumes the fashionable colour, which is equally calculated to make her look ill and the Frenchwoman well, and which renders her exquisite complexion insipid, and gives to her soft and placid features the air of '*un moulon qui réve*.' So complete is the imposition generated by French ugliness and vanity, that the French, as a pastime and solace to these amiable qualities, employ themselves extensively in making models and pictures of dresses, which they never wear,—which their means, indeed, do not permit of their wearing,—but which strangers, in their simplicity, adopt. So complete is this imposition, that the most ignorant French pretender finds instant employment as a dressmaker in London; her stock in trade being formed so monstrous as utterly to destroy our *bellezza pellegrina*, colours that render our women hideous, and (though last not least) the incapability of speaking one word of English. So complete is this imposition that, in London, many English dressmakers, when their features are hard enough, and their complexion dark enough, find their profit in assuming French names, and in refusing to speak one word of English. Some, indeed, of the more daring make a curious mixture of both languages; while the less capable pretenders stupidly speak one word or sentence of tolerable French, and the next of vulgar English! Bating the imposition, however, the success of these women is as well warranted as that of their genuine French rivals. In both, that success becomes the natural and merited punishment of the silly and vulgar creatures (for there is a vulgar of all ranks), who, instead of enhancing their beauty by the fitness of dress, deteriorate it by fashions which they run after with the mob, and which alone would render them vulgar if they had no other claim to vulgarity, in that want of mind which knows not how to consult individual beauty and turn even vulgar fashions to its purpose. Happily, a new era has lately commenced. Enlightened women of all ranks begin to extract, from the fashion of the mob, only what suits their individual forms and features: all begin to understand the influence of the various forms of dress upon the figure and the features, and that of the various colours of dress upon the complexion. One of the most fashionable dressmakers, a few days ago, said, 'We are now finding out that all imitation is vulgar, seeing that no two persons are alike!' Accordingly, in walking at the west end of the town, about five o'clock during the season, we meet many ladies who, without entirely abandoning the vulgar fashion, yet

admirably modify it, or boldly depart from it, to suit their own figure, features, or complexion. These ladies may know little or nothing of the general principles of dress which are here delivered, and which are applicable to every one; but each has at least more or less perfectly discovered what suits her individually; and it is often delightful to observe the ingenuity with which this is applied. The ladies are now numerous who purchase no article of dress merely because it is of a shape or a colour which is preferred by the vulgar who follow every fashion, but which would destroy all pretension to beauty on her own part. Such errors are now committed only by the most ignorant and tasteless persons. On the contrary, it may be extensively observed, that ladies of the most refined taste are distinguished, especially as to promenade dress, by the simplest and chastest costume; and so surely is this the case, that if any one happen to follow a lady whose dress is marked by these characteristics, and which presents sombre and, in themselves, less agreeable colours, he may almost certainly predict handsome features and a beautiful complexion; because these colours, if judiciously chosen, render almost every complexion striking and brilliant. When ignorant people, who understand not the meaning of such a choice of forms and colours, observe such unexpected beauty, their surprise is expressed in exclamations, and they never fail, in their ignorance, to add, 'How much more beautiful she would be if the forms and colours of her dress were prettier,'—that is, more gaudy! Their mistake is gross and vulgar; and the frequent occasion of it is a proof that, at least among certain classes, public taste is rapidly improving."

The second publication on our list, and the third, are, apparently, from Greeks of Glasgow (ASTEIH and *Egwriotes*), and it might have been more captivating if the latter had taught the Philosophy after Marriage, as well as in the progress towards that happy condition. But before coming to it, we must say a few words to No. 2, a work which has had the distinction of being prosecuted by the "Hints on Etiquette," and convicted of piracy, in the clear estimation of lawyers, judge, and jury. Thus did the "Science of Etiquette" find out, in quite another sense, the "Philosophy of Courtship," i. e. damages and expenses! Let this be a warning to all future writers on the subject, and, unless they have something new to propose, let them eschew it. Are there two ways of making a bow? no; unless they tell you to bend your head backwards: two ways of sitting on a chair? no; unless you turn the chair upside down like the tumblers at Bartlemy fair: two ways of entering a room? no; unless you prefer the window to the door: two ways of going out? no; unless you abandon the common walk, and execute the feat by somersets: two ways of eating? no; unless you employ your nose instead of your mouth, and spoil your snuff-hole for ever. It is, indeed, a dangerous vanity to pretend to go beyond the "Hints" on teaching etiquette. It was, under such circumstances, no bad contrivance to make a book for ladies; and it has other novelties beside its first conception. Thus the darlings are told—

"If any one introduces himself to you in a manner betraying the least want of respect, either towards you or himself, you can only turn from him in dignified silence; and if he presumes to address you further, then there is no punishment too severe."

We wish its nature had been defined; the vulgarity of the denunciation is too appalling

to be endured! But the following is more, and wonderfully clear; and we think the Glasgow ladies are not over and above obliged to the writer for the supposition.

"Avoid all indelicate expressions, and appear not to understand any that may be uttered in your presence. Some ladies not only relish *double entendres*, but actually use them. Yet, however much it may create a feeling of cleverness at the moment, cool reflection is, afterwards, sure to condemn it both on the part of the speaker and listener. Such discourse, wanton glances, and lightness of carriage, are considered by men as gauntlets to dare them to speak and act in a more free and unguarded manner than they otherwise would have the boldness to do. Let it be impressed upon your mind, that many ladies have lost their character through a little indiscretion on these heads—and it is as bad with the world to appear to have lost caste, as really to have lost it." Let not ASTEIH venture to walk in the Gorbals after such insinuations as these. We would not ourselves, notice him further, but for the following not unbefitting sequel to the language and conduct just indicated: "Custom allows ladies, at the end of an entertainment, to dip their fingers into a glass of water, and to wipe them with their napkins; it allows them, also, to rinse the mouth, using their plate for this purpose; but custom sanctions in vain what is of itself disgusting. It is for the mistress of the house to give the signal to leave the table; all the guests then rise, and, offering their arms to the ladies, wait upon them to the door. We should not leave the table before the end of the entertainment, unless from urgent necessity. If it is a married lady, she requests some one to accompany her; if a young lady, she goes with her mother."

The Philosophy book, No. 3, is a most grand-floquent affair, and, as the author alleges, "pregnant with matter;" and, indeed, so fond is he of this phraseology, that we might say of him that he is "pregnant with pregnant." It occurs for ever; but the work is finely studded with other tit-bits of composition. For instance: "Wherever the discoverer has lighted upon a country where it [marriage] did not exist in some shape, he has ever found a community pre-eminently distinguished for rudeness and barbarism." \* \* \* Many a one chooses a wife with no greater forethought or consideration than he would a horse or a dog—looking merely at her *external points*." Bachelors must ultimately be wretched, though "Out-door amusements, such as the theatre, the ball-room, or the convivial board, may afford him a certain degree of gratification;" [very odd out-door amusements!] and so for him, the single man, when he comes to his finale, for "The footsteps which prowl about his bed will sound like the flapping of the wings of unclean vultures wheeling around the expiring victim, their each individual feather quivering with impatience for the moment when the last beat of the pulse, and the last inhalation of vital air, will surrender the victim to their obscene orgies."

Leaving particulars for general principles, we are told with equal luminousness, that "Man is essentially a social being. The only

\* See note in the first col. of the next page.

† The contrast is superlative: "The married man is prepared and fore-armed for these vicissitudes. He has comfort still. His children, clustering like ivy around the aged trunk, shelter and defend it from the cold blast—an arm is ever ready for his support, a hand is never wanting to drug the cup or smooth the pillow. Gold can do much, but all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind. could not purchase comforts and consolations such as these to the solitary man. Gold might embellish the costly scutcheon, but it could not purchase tears to wet the velvet of the coffin." Why not?

source of true philosophy hath said, '*non est bonum esse hominem solum*;' and experience hath ever shewn that pleasure unshared loses half its relish, and no sorrow so deeply corrodes the heart as solitary sorrow;" from which we gather this simple axiom, that

Pleasure doubled is double,  
Sorrow doubled is halved.

Or that

Pleasure halved is doubled,  
Sorrow halved is quartered.

Q. E. D.

We must, however, find room for some more specimens of this amazing classic, near, if not of, the University over which Sir Robert Peel presides, and if not a wise man of the East, at any rate a glory to the West—of Scotland. Listen. "Experience teaches, that when parties associate constantly, as in the married state, *there comes to an amalgamation of tastes and feelings, even as the tendril suits itself to the shape and direction of the tree around which it clings*;" or, in other words, man and wife become as like each other as a bramble and a beech-tree!! But we become sentimental: "Depraved, indeed, to a singular degree, must be that man whom the thought of a young, loving, and beautiful wife, would not draw from the wine cup ere the mercury had reached the point of excess. Miserably depraved as human nature is, I think better of my kind than to imagine that many could be found capable of callously resisting such an appeal." Who ever heard of people taking mercury with their wine before? Surely this is not the famous Glasgow punch! What follows is droll enough: "When a man *once sees his way before him*, he may not only safely but advantageously marry, for, by so doing, a spur will be given to his exertions, more effectual and quickening than any abstract maxims of prudence, or even ambition itself, could supply. *He will rise earlier in the morning, and sit later at night*;" and this reminds us of the Scotch song—

"John Anderson my Jo John,  
I wonder what ye mean,  
Ye rise sae early in the morn,  
And sit sae late at e'en."

But after all, "When people talk of the expenses of a married establishment, they seem to forget the fact, *that there is no housekeeper equal to a wife*." Mark that, ye licentious libertines! though "An excess either way is pregnant with probable consequences equally pernicious, and opposed to a rational chance of happiness;" and the author again repeats, in the same page, "I am aware of no subject so pregnant with disputes and heart-burnings."

There seems to be a spice of the trader in our teacher of philosophy, for he decries "the penury of mere birth," as compared "with the fruitful cornucopia of trade;" and speaks of "Some odious little comparison between the stream of blood which for ages had flowed in heraldic and well-counted dignity, and that which had its source and fountain-head in the counting-room or cotton-mill." And, again, you are thus to treat your wife: "Make a companion of her, in the fullest acceptation of the term, and do not consider it beneath your dignity to suit your conversation to her tastes and intellect. The price-current may contain matter vastly pleasing to you, but it is very probable that your young wife would as lief hear you discourse of other matters than the price of cotton, or the texture of broad cloth."

\* "There is a freemasonry in the returned pressure of the hand, which is *more pregnant* with meanings than a whole portfolio of letters." \* \* \* Be as much at home as possible. A pregnant source of discomfort in the nuptial state, is *unpunctuated habits of the husband in this respect*."

What, indeed, does she care, if *rums &rix, and sugars is fell*?

A young woman who marries a man old enough to be her father, seems to stir up all the gall in the writer's nature, and he denounces the prudent mammas who make up such matches. "Alas (he coarsely cries) for the frequency of such cases! When will mothers cease to play the parts of shamelessly avaricious bawds? The term may sound harsh, but I have written it advisedly, and there it shall stand. \* \* \* The only fitting response which youth can make to the matrimonial solicitations of age is *anathema maranatha*."

A wife ought to know a little of domestic duties, though our author is not too exigent. "I would not (he says) ask her to compound a pudding, or *ready a steak* with her own hands; but I would have her to *know something* of the nature of such operations, in order that she might check carelessness, or instruct ignorance in the 'help.' I would deem it unreasonable to ask her to adjust the apparatus of the dinner table, but I should like to see her with an eye schooled to detect any irregularity or misplacement. \* \* \* I know (he learnedly adds, though we cannot tell why he uses the Latin\* in writing for ladies) that I run no small risk of being accused of Spartan barbarism, when I assert that a knowledge of the *ars culinaria* should form part of every young lady's education." And what follows is still better: "I do not say that you should teach a woman ropedancing, because she may possibly elope with the manager of a circus. But I would have her educated so as to meet all the probable exigencies and vicissitudes of life." But health in a wife is even more important than ropedancing: for, "When health is wanting, there can be no certain or permanent happiness. The house becomes, so to speak, an infirmary, to which every succeeding birth adds a new patient—the pathway from the bed-chamber to the churchyard is defined with fearful distinctness—and madness, with his rattling chain; and gibbering idiocy, with his cold and meaningless smile, are seldom far from the mansion." But forewarned, forearmed; and the wooer has plenty of good advice in these pages. *Ex. gr.* "Love, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master; and to follow, exclusively, its dictates, is as unsafe as to *fetch a dangerous leap blindfolded*. Whenever one begins to feel affection 'tugging at his heart,' therefore, he should put in exercise an extra proportion of caution and deliberation. A beautiful garden smiles before him; but if he rush headlong to banquet in its charms, he may, perchance, be overwhelmed in the *bogs and quicksands which intervene, and the fair prospect vanish from his grasp*."

\* Like the elfin bell in the mountain pool.

This chapter, therefore, shall be mainly devoted to certain little matter-of-fact suggestions, to which the lover might as well take heed, ere he *plunge into the Rubicon by popping the question*. I may premise that *I am not groping* among the unknown paths of theory—my motto is 'nothing if not practical'—and with the Trojan prince I may say, in reference to the matters I now treat of,

—*Quæque ipse vidi  
Et quorum pars magna fui!*

At Glasgow there is an admirable means of testing a young lady's literary and moral taste, which, we regret to think, exists not in London,

\* And Greek, too, for urging that man and wife should be of the same religion; he says, "Where this is not the case, there never can be that reciprocation of feelings and affections which constitutes the *τὸ καλὸν* of the matrimonial state."

or any where between the metropolis and Gretna Green. Mr. *Equivocal* informeth, "If you wish to know the bent of her mind, so far as literature is concerned, let her accompany you to my friend Symington's Emporium, and request her to select, from his store of tomes, a volume which may be an appropriate present to your sister. This is a test which will be more effectual, because altogether unsuspected. In *acted* conversation she might dote upon Hannah More, but depend upon it she will select her namesake *Tom*, if she really prefer the one to the other. *Probatum est*." To crown his precepts, this 'special long-eared quad. says, "I would also call in Phrenology, as the counsellor, of all others, the most to be depended on. \* \* \* When a man acts with inconsideration in this respect, I know of no sight more terrific, than the cloud of bills which darken his table at the close of the first six months from the date of marriage." See also that the husband hath the organ of philo-progenitiveness, for "the man who hath no love for children—who shrinks from their fondling embrace, and turns away with stolid apathy from their lisping prattle, is a species of *Iulus natura*, or social monster, who is greatly incapable to act a befitting part in the domestic drama. If you are cold and careless in this respect, be certain that there is something unsound at bottom." We fear that, whatever the author himself may be in this respect, he is deplorably unsound in the upper story; but not being a jury de *lunaticis inquirendo*, we now leave him to his fame and fate.

The carving directions (No. 4) are so much as before, that we need not cut out many specimen slices; the following, of the newest order, may suffice:—

"In eating your soup, to poke your nose into the plate is vulgar and unbecoming. It has the appearance of being used to hard work. \* \* \* If it be necessary, then, to avoid this error, it is much more so to avoid 'smelling at your meat,' when on the fork, before putting it to your mouth. \* \* \* To be well received, be circumspect at table, where it is exceedingly rude to scratch any part of your body, to spit, to blow your nose (if you cannot avoid it, turn your head), to eat greedily, to lean your elbows on the table, to sit too far from it, to pick your teeth before the dishes are removed, or leave table before grace is said. \* \* \* Pinch no one in conversation to make him listen or admire a witticism."

"To young ladies, who ought to be the patterns of society, the models of politeness, the *bears ideal* of good taste and good manners, we would say, permit a few words of friendly advice. To be what you ought to be, 'never be afraid to blush; do not talk loud; refrain from talking much; do not even hear a double *entendre*; avoid lightness of carriage; be discreet; affect no languishing; dare to be prudish; be not too free; dread to be cheap; be modest, and moderate in dress; shun the idea of a vain woman; study dignity of manner; boast not of your appetite, nor say any thing that conveys an indelicate idea; receive a salute modestly; be affable with the men, but not familiar; be civil, but not complying; be not always laughing and talking; seem not to hear improper conversation.' [This looks deuced like our Greek friend, the Philosopher, No. 3, upon the manners of Glasgow gentlemen and ladies; but we proceed.]

"When a bird is cut up, and served round to the company to take that part of it which they like, it would shew a becoming modesty to take the worst part." [It would be funny to see every body do this; eat all the necks, backs



drumsticks, &c, and leave the legs, breasts, and wings.]

"As eating a great deal is deemed indelicate in a lady (for her character ought to be rather divine than sensual), it is ill manners to help her to a large slice of meat at once."

For the present, enough. As we intend very shortly to be in Glasgow, should we acquire any further information likely to be advantageous to our readers in London, Paris, or elsewhere, we shall hasten to communicate it in a distinct article.

*A Handbook for Travellers in Southern Germany, being a Guide to Bavaria, Austria, Tyrol, Salzburg, Styria, &c. the Austrian and Bavarian Alps, and the Danube from Ulm to the Black Sea.* 12mo. pp. 407. 1837. London, Murray; Leipzig, Black and Armstrong; Paris, Galignani.

THE preceding volume, dedicated to Northern Germany, with all the care and attention almost peculiar to German productions of this class, is here followed up by an equally well arranged and copious Guide for Travellers in the various countries mentioned by the title-page. Steam and railroads facilitating the intercourse of the traveller in every direction, the tourist is no longer content with a trip to Brussels or Paris, or a visit to the Rhine, the Rhone, or the Po. The immortal human thirst for enterprise and the acquisition of more information, impel him to the Danube and the Wolga, the Nile and the Euphrates, the Black Sea and the Caspian, the Andes and the Himalaya,—the uttermost corners of the earth; and, by and by, when these, also, are exhausted, he will, unless aërostation gets to be sufficiently improved for lunar and stellar voyages, weep, like Alexander, because he has no other world to itinerate. Perhaps, from this, our divines may point a moral, and tell him to look forward to the world to come; and, surely, when lassitude has succeeded all his other pursuits, the time will be good to impress this salutary counsel on his soul.

But we shall not speculate on the future, nor on the spiritual course which may naturally be suggested by circumstances as yet to be born, though apparently fast approaching; our business is with to-day, and with such people as may desire this pleasant autumn, when the harvests of Europe are gathering in an abundance without precedent, to recreate themselves with an excursion through any of the routes described in the volume before us. The land is wide, and has many interesting sights to shew. Fine cities, with rich museums and galleries of fine arts; natural scenery of every form of grandeur and beauty; courts, camps, and nooks of rural simplicity; diversities of language, of costume, of manners, and of feelings; the ruins, the remains, and the legends, of former ages; the improvements, the inventions, and the superstitions, of the present era;—all illustrated in vivid shapes, and offered to the consideration of the intelligent mind. Not an hour need be spent in vain; and, together with the acquisition of knowledge and the useful powers of comparison, there is to be gained that most invaluable of all blessings, that which enables the fortunate proprietor to enjoy and double all the rest, the blessing of health.

Away, then, Handbook in hand, for the Continent! with light luggage, an equable temper, and a desire to be pleased; and though we do lose our readers for a month or two, we shall be gratified to think, that when they return, they will be the better qualified to

appreciate and relish our never-enough-to-be-admired-and-valued lucubrations for their instruction and delight!!

A work of this kind does not require or admit of much quotation to support the testimony to its worth. The best recommendations must be accuracy in directing the roads, indicating places of halt and refreshment, and not passing by any remarkable objects without telling us when and how they can be seen to advantage. All these fair qualities, as far as our experience can judge, are possessed by this Guide; and its map, and money-tables, &c. complete the sphere of its utility. We will just copy a few passages to exhibit its style and method:—

"Markt. Between this place and Braunau, the Salza falls into the Inn. These two rivers divide the Bavarian from the Austrian territory. The Bavarian custom-house is at the village of Simbach, on the left bank of the Inn; and on the right is the first Austrian town. Braunau. Inn, Traube, not good, though best in the place. Here passports and baggage are examined by the Imperial officers. Braunau has 2000 inhabitants, and is partly surrounded by its ancient wall and ditch, though they no longer serve for its defence. In the parish church is the tomb of one Steininger, whose death was caused by the length of his beard, which tripped up his heels. A portrait of him and his beard, is seen on the gate leading to Salzburg. Palm, the bookseller, who was murdered by Napoleon, for publishing a pamphlet against him, is buried in the same church. He was seized by a party of French *gens d'armes*, who crossed the frontier for the purpose, and, being tried by a court-martial, was shot here."

We go to the Danube, noticing that the author points out several errors in Mr. Quin's work on that river, though, in other respects, he does justice to him, Mr. Planché, and other English writers.

"For 60 miles below Alt Moldova, the Danube is not at all times navigable, and from this point begins the excellent road, recently constructed by the Hungarian government, along the left bank of the Danube to Orsova. When the river is low, the steam-boats descend no further than Moldova, and passengers are here embarked on board the *Tünde*, a sailing cutter with a small covered cabin capable of holding about 25 persons. This journey will be performed in carriages as soon as the new road is finished. The cargo, carriages, and heavy baggage, are transferred to barges, and follow the cutter at a slower rate. At other times, when the river is full, Drenkova, 12 miles lower down, is the station where steamers stop. Travellers should not quit the steamer without securing a basket of provisions, wine, &c. from the steward, as nothing in the shape of refreshment, except maize flour, and bread of the blackest hue and hardest substance, or of accommodation, is to be procured between this and Orsova, a voyage of eight or ten hours at the quickest; sometimes extending to three days, up the stream. Moldova lies at the foot of the mountains, a spur of the far distant Carpathians, which for some distance have been seen on both sides gradually approaching the river, and now appear to close all passage downwards. Mr. Quin singularly enough suggests the plan of constructing a canal from Rama, opposite Moldova, to Widdin, by which he proposes to avoid the great bend which the Danube here makes. He is quite justified in following up this suggestion with the remark, that he 'despairs of such a work being un-

dertaken within the next half century,' since the mountains, which he would be required to cut through, to effect his project, run in an uninterrupted ridge between the two points he has mentioned, and rise to a height of from 4000 to 6000 feet. He might as well talk of cutting a canal through North Wales, taking Snowdon by the way.

"Alt Orsova. Inn, Kaiser von Oesterreich, which furnishes three or four tolerable sleeping apartments: bed, 25 kr.; dinner, 30 kr.; breakfast, 15 kr. There are other small inns in the town; and it is proposed to construct a new one, which shall deserve the name of an hotel in a short time. 'Orsova is a military village, about three miles from the frontier, with about 900 inhabitants, chiefly Wallachians, a race distinct from both Hungarians and Slovacks, intruders, as it were, in this land, though, in the course of centuries, they have pushed themselves into the heart of it, from their own country (Wallachia Proper), so as to form the majority of the inhabitants in many provinces. They have a more wild and barbarous appearance than even the other races which inhabit Hungary, and are clad from head to foot in sheep-skins, wearing high hairy caps, like the end of a mop, and long cloaks with the wool outside, reminding one of a door-rug. With their low foreheads, unshorn locks, and filthy persons, they really look not much superior to the animals whose skins they occupy: at least, such was my first impression as I threaded my way through a crowd of the lower sort, collected together in the ante-chamber of the inn, which re-echoed with their wild cries, and was redolent of the fumes of garlic and schnaps, which the host was dispensing to an already half-intoxicated party of them. These, however, were labourers of the lowest grade. The female Wallachs, when young, are often very pretty; they wear a peculiar costume, a sort of apron, dyed red and black, falling nearly to the feet before and behind, the lower parts of which consist of a long fringe of the same colour, which dangles about their feet. They enclose their feet in high Hessian boots of bright red leather, and are generally occupied, in or out of doors, in busily twirling the spindle. Outside the town, by the water-side, and near the ferry over the Danube, stands the Parlatorium, a wooden shed in which the market (Skela) is held. On account of the quarantine regulations, the inhabitants of Servia and Wallachia are prevented coming in contact with the subjects of Austria, and dare not cross the frontier without an escort. The Austrian quarantine is five days for those who come out of Wallachia, and ten for those from Servia; the Wallachians again have a quarantine of five days against the Wallachians, so that none of the three parties can intermix for the purpose of buying or selling, nor can they touch each other's goods. On this account the building where the market is held is divided by three partitions, breast high, behind which the dealers of the three nations are congregated. In an open space in the centre is a table, by the side of which the Austrian quarantine officers take their stand, aided and supported by a guard of soldiers with fire-arms and fixed bayonets, to enforce order and obedience. Whenever a bargain is made, the money to be paid is handed to one of the attendants, who receives it in a long ladle, transfers it to a basin of vinegar, and, after washing it, passes it on to the opposite side. The goods to be purchased are placed within sight, and are immersed in a tub of water or fumigated, when they happen to change owners."

It is an amusing sight to see the process of bargaining thus carried on by three parties at the distance of several yards from each other, attended by the vociferation and gesticulation inseparable from such business. When the bartering is transacted, the Wallachians and Servians are escorted back to their own territory, as they had previously been in coming to the spot, by a guard of soldiers.—*MS. Journ.* Any person wishing to visit the Turkish fortress of New Orsova, on an island about two miles lower down, the Iron Gate, or Trajan's Bridge, must take with him from Orsova an officer of quarantine and another of customs, who are paid at the rate of about two florins a day, and must return before sunset. If the traveller ventures to cross the frontier without a guardian, he cannot return without passing ten days' quarantine."

We shall conclude with some of the general remarks upon the ancient empire of Austria.

"It has been the fate of Austria, hitherto, to have been described almost exclusively by writers who have taken a prejudiced and one-sided view of her government and institutions; and who have not even done justice to the beauties of the country, the flourishing condition of her manufactures, the bravery and loyal spirit of her inhabitants, and the happy condition of the majority of the population. In stigmatising the government as the most tyrannical of despotisms, they have overlooked the fact, that the subjects living under it, especially the lower orders, are the most contented and joyous in Europe, because actually the best off in worldly matters, the least taxed or oppressed by fiscal burdens of any kind. They have represented Austria as a land of darkness and ignorance, as the *Bœotia* of Europe, forgetting that education is more widely extended among the common people than in any other country of Europe, except Prussia, and this entirely by the government itself, for the Austrian rulers turned their attention to this subject earlier than those of most other countries, and have been ceaselessly employed for the last century in establishing schools in every part of their dominions. The Englishman may learn with surprise, and no little shame, that the number of persons who can read, write, and understand the elements of arithmetic, is beyond comparison greater in the hereditary states of Austria than in his own enlightened country, or in France. In Austria Proper every child must go to school for a certain number of years; even poverty is no excuse, since schools are provided in every parish, with such endowments as to enable those who cannot pay the very small sum required, to obtain gratuitous instruction. No person can marry, or set up in any trade, without producing a written certificate of their attendance at school. Numerous normal or pattern schools, in different parts of the country, furnish a supply of teachers; that of Vienna alone sends out between 1600 and 1700 annually. Though it is deemed sufficient that the great mass of the lower classes should possess the mere rudiments of knowledge, or such good and practical information as shall fit them for their station in life, without rendering them dissatisfied with it, those among them whose talents or intended profession render further intellectual acquirements desirable, are sent to grammar schools, high schools (*gymnasias*), and universities, to complete their education; with the prospect, if they distinguish themselves, of afterwards being placed in one of the public offices, and of certain promotion, if their talents and conduct attract the attention of their superiors, who are always

on the look out for rising merit, and anxious to gain it over to the side of the government. Within the last fifteen years schools have been established in every parish of Venetian Lombardy, so that the despotic government of Austria is bestowing upon its Italian subjects a boon denied them by all previous rulers. Public instruction is also making progress in the more remote provinces, in Illyria, Gallicia, and even in Bohemia and Hungary. Here, indeed, the number and difference of race and language, among the subjects of Austria, interpose very serious difficulties. Out of a population of nearly 34 millions, only 6 millions are German; the rest are, Slavonians (16,000,000), Hungarians (4,500,000), Italians, Wallachians; Jews, Gipsies, &c. Let the Englishman, who enters Austria, however proud (and justly) he may be of his own free country, nation, and institutions, reserve the pity which he may be inclined to bestow upon the condition of the Austrians, because they possess neither constitution, representation, free press, trial by jury, nor 'any other of those elements which go to make up what is termed liberty.' Let him rather observe the fortunate lot of the peasantry, their superiority in worldly prosperity, perhaps even in moral advancement, over the same class in his own country, the almost total absence of beggary, the rare occurrence of crime; and remember the words of the poet—

'How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
The part which laws or kings can cause or cure!'

Good humour, joviality, and a love of pleasure and tranquillity, are the distinguishing features of the Austrian national character. Under a government which affords them such enjoyments they desire no change; and so far from envying John Bull, they rather look with commiseration, not unmingled with ridicule, upon some of those anomalies which they discover in English manners and habits. \* \* \*

"*Austrian Cookery, and Inns.*—There are two reasons why something on the above important subject should be said in this place: first, because Austria is universally allowed to be the land of good living, and dinner is a portion of the business of the day regarded with more importance here than elsewhere; in proof of which it may be mentioned, that the usual morning salutation is not, as with other nations, 'How do you do?' or 'Good morning,' but, 'I wish you a good appetite,' and, after 12 o'clock, the usual dinner hour, 'I wish you a good digestion.' The second reason for the introduction of such a subject is, that the stranger visiting, for the first time, this remote part of the Continent, and not much acquainted with its manners and language, must necessarily stand in need of some information, to enable him to interpret an Austrian bill of fare, and to know what to expect, and what to ask for at inns. The restaurateurs of Vienna, Prague, and Pesth, are not much less skilful than those of Paris, and their cuisine nearly resembles the Parisian. Styrian capons, Danube carp, and *fogasch*, a species of perch procured only from the Plattensee in Hungary, are among the peculiar delicacies to which the epicure will direct his attention. Vienna is plentifully supplied with game; and here, as elsewhere in Austria, the puddings (*mehlspeisen*) have attained the summit of perfection. Our business is chiefly with the 'cuisine sauvage,' and the prospects of the traveller in remote districts, far away from cities, and in the midst of the mountains. Dinner is always commenced with soup, usually bread or egg soup, very tasteless. To this usually succeeds boiled beef, and then the national dish, chicken

fried in lard, and cut into pieces, called *gebackenes huhn*, or vulgarly, *bock hähn*: it is, on the whole, not a bad dish, and is, beyond doubt, the best mode of dressing a fresh slaughtered fowl, as it rarely happens that the animal is killed until the dinner or supper, of which it is to form a part, are already ordered. The traveller may safely ask for this dish when in a hurry. In Hungary, the national dish is a fowl stewed with red pepper, called *paprica hähn*, which is also by no means an unsavoury dish. It is necessary to warn the stranger against veal (*kalbs fleisch*), the constant recurrence of which will almost bring him to loathe the sight of it. *Sauerkraut*, which is cabbage cut into small pieces, laid in a cask between layers of salt, pressed down by weights above, and thus pickled in its own juice for six or eight months, is to be met with every where; but the English rarely succeed in accommodating their palates to it. Even the epicure, however, may dine in content, if the bill of fare do but contain trout (*forellen*); and there are very few seasons and situations in which they are not to be met with among the mountains. It would indeed be worth the trouble of a journey to a gourmand, merely to eat the trout. They are the fish bred in the cold snow-fed rivulets of the Alps, brought from thence and prepared for the table in stews, perforated with holes, sunk in some running stream. They are carefully fed; and when required for the table, make but one leap from the cold water into the saucepan. They are brought to table either fried, or simply boiled in their own dark blue coats, beautifully spotted with red; and, when in good condition, have all the firmness of the white of an egg. The fish tank, with which every mountain inn in Austria is provided, often contains salmon, grayling, carp, or char; they are fed with bullock's liver cut in pieces, and are often in better condition in the stew than when first taken; no one thinks of carrying or sending dead fish for dinner. *Chamois venison* (*gems fleisch*), and game of various kinds, including black cock (*schildhahn*), and sometimes cock of the woods (*auerhahn*), are by no means uncommon. The wines of Austrian growth, chiefly the produce of vineyards around Vienna, are, for the most part, sour, and not good; those of Hungary are far better. The *Ofen* is a very excellent red wine; *Schomlauer* and *Nessmühler* are good white wines. The inns, in large towns, are pretty nearly alike in all parts of Germany; but those in the remote parts of Austria, among the mountains, display some peculiarities worth notice. On arriving at the post-house, or inn, the new comer must not expect to be ushered in by a trim waiter, with napkin tucked under his arm. He will most probably have to find his own way, under a low archway, by a passage which, though boarded, serves for the ingress and egress of horses and carriages, to the public room, or *Gast Stube*, which he will, perhaps, have to share with the people of the village; unless, as sometimes happens, there is an inner or better apartment for guests of distinction. It is generally a low apartment, with vaulted roof, supported on massive buttresses; at the door he will find a little cup for holy water; not far off hangs a crucifix, sometimes with a figure as large as life; and the walls are ornamented with stags' horns, or a chamois' head, probably, trophies of the rifle of mine host. The furniture consists of heavy tables of unpainted wood, which, when the housewife is tidy, are kept as clean and white as ivory. Several sleepy-looking peasants will usually be seen seated on benches around them, half enveloped in the smoke of their pipes, nodding

over several huge beer glasses with pewter lids. In the corner stands an unwieldy stove, the general point of attraction in cold weather. If the stranger, in search of some member of the establishment, extend his researches, he may, perhaps, find his way into the kitchen; in the centre of which, below a gaping chimney, is a raised platform paved with stones all scorched and black. Upon this culinary altar a wood fire is blazing, over it hangs a caldron, while around it, if it be near noon, the usual dinner hour, two or three busy females will be assembled, each tending some department of cookery, and too busy to notice the stranger. It is, however, to be hoped that by this time the *kellerin* (female waiter) will have made her appearance. She is a bustling, active damsel (often the landlord's daughter), with ruddy cheeks, and a good-humoured smile for every body, very trimly dressed, and bearing about her the symbols of her office, a bunch of keys on one side, and a large leathern purse on the other. Through her active mediation, the traveller's wants (provided they are not extravagant), are soon attended to, and in half an hour the trout and chamois are smoking on the board, and with the never-failing friendly salutation of 'I wish you a good appetite,' he is invited to commence his repast. Sometimes mine host himself appears, and seats himself by the stranger's side, as it would be considered rude to leave him alone during dinner in this country, a piece of old-fashioned politeness which an Englishman, if not prepared for it, might call impertinence. As he rises from table, the guest is probably wished 'a good digestion;' for the donceur of a five-kreutzer piece when settling his bill, the *kellerin* will smother his hand with kisses; for here the expression, 'I kiss your hand,' in return for a favour, is not confined to the word, but is followed by the act, and as he leaves the house a hearty greeting of '*glückliche reise*' from the whole household, will follow his departing steps, provided he have conducted himself properly. The traveller cannot fail of being struck with the warm reception which he meets with often at the little out-of-the-way inns in the Tyrol. The hospitality which he receives resembles more the welcome of a friend than the ordinary entertainment of a passing guest; there seems an anxious and disinterested study on the part of the inmates to make the stranger comfortable, and not to contrive how to get the most out of him, as in Switzerland. Still there is no cringing or obsequiousness, and the traveller must not return the attempts made to please him with complaints or dissatisfaction, else there is a chance of his being left supperless. He must, moreover, not entertain exaggerated expectations of an Austrian larder; and he should even be prepared to put up with the inconveniences of a German bed. The bedroom, it is true, will often be found deficient in convenience, destined for ten or fifteen tenants at one time, and the beds not always provided with clean sheets, unless a little coaxing be employed to put the *kellerin* into good humour, and thus obtain the concession of this point. As a general rule, however, the cleanliness of the inns of Tyrol, Austria, and parts of Styria, is most praiseworthy, as will forcibly occur to the mind of the traveller as soon as he crosses the frontier of Italy, and sighs with regret for the clean sheets which he has left behind. In the course of repeated journeys in various parts of Austria, the writer has had occasion to remark, that he almost invariably met with the kindest reception in those places where his countrymen were least known. Is not the reason of this, that the English carry

their prejudices and habits about with them every where, expecting, most unreasonably, to find abroad every thing they are accustomed to at home, instead of endeavouring to conform with the habits of the country in which they are travelling?"

*Voyages up the Mediterranean, and in the Indian Seas; with Memoirs, compiled from the Logs and Letters of a Midshipman.* By John A. Heraud. 8vo. pp. 231. London, 1837. Fraser.

THIS is a volume of peculiar interest; the original matter possessing the charm of ingenuousness and genuineness rarely met with in observation on foreign parts; and the task of editing the youthful, and, alas! posthumous, proofs of excellent understanding and high talent, being performed with skill and judgment, and, better still, with right feeling and in a right spirit. "This volume," says the advertisement prefixed, "is faithfully compiled from the logs and letters of the midshipman whose memoirs it professes to preserve. Mr. William Robinson was an enthusiast in his profession, and, at an early age, fell a martyr to his zeal. It is not too much to claim for him the character of being the 'Kirke White' of the navy. His career, though brief, was honourable; and he yet lives in the influence which his memory continues to exercise, over those who shared with him the adventures of a naval life. The present work was projected to perpetuate the benefit of his example; and the editor has aimed at no meaner end than to make it, so far as he had ability, a manual for the conduct of a sailor who would rise in the noble profession of his choice."

Nothing can more truly describe the work. William Robinson, the son of Dr. Robinson, LL.D., intended also to follow the profession of the law, was, at sixteen years of age, so affected in health by study and confinement, that he was forced to abandon his application; and Captain W. H. Smyth, being a friend of his father's, he, in 1821, accompanied that gallant and accomplished officer as a midshipman to sea, in his well-known survey of the coasts of Africa. From Alexandria to Tripoli he visited many places, and in his letters home describes the impressions made upon him in so natural and lively a manner, as to produce a very pleasing effect. Thus:—

"On the 6th of September the *Adventure* sailed from Malta, and, after a voyage of four days, arrived at Tripoli. On the 10th she cast anchor, about two miles from the town. She received a salute of seventeen guns from the pasha's batteries, which was returned. When the crew had prepared the presents intended for the pasha, viz. four field pieces, and several cases of powder and shot, Captain Smyth went on shore to visit his highness, who, on account of former acquaintance, received him with great personal kindness, and granted every thing that could be desired for the prosecution of his researches along the shores of the Great Syrtis and the Cyrenaica. Having obtained a vessel, the presents were all safely landed, with which the pasha was so much delighted, that he ordered the gunner to fire them twenty-one times, and then made him put some mules to harness, and draw them about his court-yard, with which he was as much pleased as astonished; for there was not such a thing as a wheel in the place. Nothing like a cart or wheel-barrow was seen any where, camels being their mode of conveyance for every thing. When all was finished, the pasha presented the gunner with a Turkish sword, much to his

liking; and sent a very superb one, with a real Damascus flaming blade, and a bit of the horn of the rhinoceros, which had been blest at Mecca, to Captain Smyth, as a mark of his particular regard, a day or two after. He also made a present to the ship's company of two bullocks, three sheep, and a host of poultry, with bread, eggs, grapes, pomegranates, and pumpkins, in great quantity. Our midshipman next gives a description of Tripoli and its inhabitants, which will be found interesting, as the first impressions of a youth so suddenly transported from his native to oriental scenes. "When first you land," he observes, "you are surrounded by a multitude of black people, who look more like ghosts than human beings, their dress being a pair of loose trousers, with a blanket thrown over them, so as only to shew their jet black faces; by their dress they really seem afraid of cold, although it is actually so very hot to Europeans. Their dress differs according to their rank; some have blankets thrown over their left shoulder, and brought down under the right arm, with a very loose pair of trousers, big enough to hold a week's provision; and others, who are of a higher class of inhabitants, have turbans, with a most elegant jacket, worked with gold lace, and yellow shoes or boots, just which suits the fancy of these oddities. The admiral of the pasha's fleet came on board the other day, and breakfasted with the captain: his jacket, which was purple, was most superbly worked with gold, and is said to have cost a thousand dollars, which was presented to him by the pasha; over the jacket he wore a black velvet cloak, almost as superbly worked as the jacket. He is a Scotchman—turned Turk, no doubt, for the handsome clothes he wears. All the men have immense beards and mustachios."

Could the most experienced traveller draw more vivid pictures? But again:—

"September 28th.—Saw the barge, and came to anchor off Monastere. This place has truly the appearance of Africa; olive and date-trees grow down to the water's edge as thick as they possibly can, and, consequently, great quantities of oil are made and exported. The French have got hold of this trade. The captain went on shore to pay a visit to the sheikh, and took some of the officers with him: we were received very politely; he was sitting squat on a couch, and did not rise at our entering, but bowed his head, and made a *salam*. He speaks Italian, which is the language spoken in most Turkish towns by the higher class of people. After sitting some time, coffee and lemonade were brought in. A curious ceremony was then performed. The sheikh had been honoured by the bey with the *byr-noose*, or vest of crimson cloth edged with gold lace, and ornamented with fringe and balls. This is esteemed a high honour; it was given to him because the Bey of Tunis was pleased with the manner he governed the district allotted to him. The cloak was paraded round the town, spread on a black man, one of the pasha's guards, and attended by one hundred horse and two hundred foot soldiers. On entering the room in which we sat, the black made a low bow, solemnly kissed the robe, put it over the sheikh's shoulders, and then kissed his neck. The guards and other people were now allowed to kiss the front and back of his hand; some his elbows, and some his neck, according to their several ranks; while the captain and we congratulated him on his new dignity. By this time the room was crowded to excess, and I was glad to make my escape to the window, to see the soldiers exercise. They

put their horses at full speed, let go the bridles, and took deliberate aim between the horse's ears; they then discharged their muskets as near the sheikh as possible, twirled them three or four times over their heads, tossed them underneath their arms, and suddenly brought their horses up, all standing. The foot soldiers were drawn up in rows, more like a multitude of beggars than troops; and had neither uniform nor arms. The band consisted of two drums of clumsy workmanship, and seven or eight pipes, exactly like those with which the shepherds are generally represented in classic authors, and which make a droning noise like bagpipes. This town is different from Tunis and Tripoli, in respect to its inhabitants; being all Turks or Moors, without the Frank intermixture usually met with."

In the bay of Cagliari he tells: "We went one Sunday to see the bishop perform high mass, in commemoration of the new pope's election. It was short; and the dressing him in his robes took up most of the time, as there was a new robe to every prayer. All this was done before the altar, which was lighted up, although before noon. When the people were to kneel down, the music played a dull tune, and when to rise again, a sort of country dance. Whenever any of them came into the church, they dipped the tip of their finger in holy water, and crossed themselves; but if any person was crossing himself, and a friend of his touched him, it would answer the same purpose. Last of all the bishop's mitre was placed on his head, a large silver staff, like a shepherd's crook, was presented to him, and he hobbled out of church, followed by the whole tribe of priests. We were introduced to him afterwards; he is very old, and so fat that he can hardly waddle or speak." We question if the strongest anticatholic politician of the present hour, could paint a more ridiculous scene of mummery and absurdity.

At page 147 there is a noble anecdote of the coolness and intrepidity of the writer of these remarks. It is thus related:—"In the accident now under observation, Mr. Robinson's assistance was greater than would be inferred from his own account of it. It was he who perceived the vessel edging away in such a direction that she must inevitably strike on a dangerous shelf of rocks, which he had been surveying. He kept his eye on her; he saw her strike, and almost immediately disappear, except only the topsail yard, to which the crew and passengers had ascended. He hastened to their assistance, and, with great coolness and skill, so placed the barge, as with the assistance of the small boat, to take off all the people from the wreck; soon after which the vessel went down. She was a Sardinian hombard, the *Sacra Famiglia* of Cagliari, to which place she was bound from Marseilles. Having divided his clothes among the unfortunate crew and passengers, he supplied them with three days' provisions, and put them on shore on the coast of Sardinia. Thus, by his coolness and intrepidity, thirteen of his fellow creatures were preserved from imminent destruction!" Poor fellow, he went to the East Indies, and just after passing with honour for his lieutenantancy, was seized with dysentery, and died at Penang, where his shipmates have erected a deserved monument to his memory.

But we will not dismiss our readers in gloom. What he would have been may fairly be predicated from what he was; and his loss to his family was a grievous affliction, to his country (rich as she is in naval heroes) a subject of sincere regret. Sailors, however, grieve not

for long after the casualties of life, and we (as they might do) conclude our notice, with a characteristic sketch of a Gosport ball, in 1825, from the pen of our then hopeful and healthful middy.

"I went," he writes, 'the other night to the Gosport subscription ball, to have a peep at the Gosport beauties; when, after bowing and scraping, and excusing myself to my polite partner for being out of practice, as not having danced for some time, and hoping she would help me through with the quadrilles, she very politely answered, that 'I ought to learn before I came there, as she was not fond of teaching!' I was not, however, to be taken easily aback; and managed, accordingly, to get through two sets of quadrilles, and two country dances. So much for Gosport.'"

*The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.* By James Seaton Reid, D.D., M.R.I.A. Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Carrickfergus. Vol. I. 1834. II. 1837. 8vo. London, Whittaker and Co.

WE deferred our notice of the first volume of this valuable historical work until the appearance of the second, and, we presumed, concluding volume; from the preface to which we now learn, that the first edition of Vol. I. "has been long since exhausted," and that it is Dr. Reid's intention to complete his undertaking in a third volume.

The first volume, which opens with a deeply interesting sketch of the progress of the reformed religion in Ireland during the sixteenth century, brings down the history of Presbyterianism to the year 1642; from which period the second volume carries on the civil and religious history of Ulster to the year 1690; and in the third, and concluding volume, Dr. Reid says, "the narrative will be continued to the present time, and to which will be appended several authentic tables, and other documents, exhibiting the statistics and existing position and circumstances of the Presbyterian church in Ireland."

It is impossible for us, with our limited page, to do justice to the calm and diligent research which is evident in the volumes before us, and which is generally convincing, and seldom tedious. We, therefore, select, as a specimen of the plain and agreeable style of Dr. Reid, the account of the national change from the Roman Catholic religion professed under Mary to the Protestant doctrines by law established under Elizabeth.

"So soon as circumstances permitted, which was not until the beginning of the year 1560, a parliament was held in Dublin, for the purpose of again transferring the sanctions of the law from the Romish to the Protestant faith. With the exception of the opposition given by the nobles, which, however, was so alarming as to induce the deputy to prorogue the parliament in a few weeks, this important change was speedily effected. Of nineteen prelates who had conformed to popery under Mary, only two now adhered with steadfastness to their profession, thus exhibiting another degrading instance of clerical tergiversation. The Commons, consisting of representatives from ten counties out of thirty-two, and from about twenty towns, principally under the influence of the crown, acquiesced more readily, though not without evident reluctance, in the proposed measures, so that the whole ecclesiastical fabric was again overthrown as promptly as it had been constructed at the accession of Mary. By this parliament, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was restored to the crown, and a new oath of

supremacy appointed; the use of the Common Prayer was enforced; and all subjects obliged to attend the public service of the Church. A most absurd enactment was passed, respecting the use of the Common Prayer Book by those who might be ignorant of the English language. It was one of the essential principles of the Reformation, that divine service should be conducted in the language of the worshippers. As English was not a spoken language, except in the metropolis and some of the principal towns, one of the most obvious measures of the court ought to have been to have the Liturgy translated into Irish, and ministers speaking this tongue provided for that vast majority of the population who knew no other language. Accordingly, one of the instructions given to Sir James Croft in a preceding reign, had been to procure such a translation; but no efforts had been made for that purpose.\* Instead, however, of reviving this wise and salutary measure, and giving it the sanction of legislative authority, it was inconsistently enacted, that where the minister, and, by implication, the people, did not understand English, the public service should be performed, not in the Irish tongue known to both parties, but in the Latin language unknown to either. The reasons assigned for this singular order were as insufficient, as the measure itself was absurd and ridiculous. They were founded on the pleas, that the Irish language was difficult to be printed; and that, if printed, few even of the native reformed clergy could be found competent to read it.† And thus, for the sake of these temporary obstacles, which prudent and zealous rulers would soon have found means of removing, the dissemination of the truth through the country was effectually impeded, and the most ignorant, as well as the most numerous, class of the community were cut off from the benefits of divine worship, and attached more strongly to their ancient errors."

We are almost tempted to make some observations on this passage, if our rule of abstaining from political and religious discussions did not check our inclination. Among the many curious historical passages in Dr. Reid's volume, the following, which is new to us, will be read with sorrow, at the ingratitude exhibited towards the brave, and almost romantic, defenders of Derry and Enniskillen. It is a sad lesson to mankind not to put their faith in princes.

"It is painful to be obliged to add that the gallant defenders of Derry and Enniskillen were treated very ungratefully by the state. Instead of being in anywise rewarded, they did not even receive the amount of pay which was acknowledged by parliament to be justly due to them. In 1601, the officers and men of both garrisons constituted Colonel Hugh Hamill, of Lifford, their agent and trustee, and authorised him to make the necessary applications to the crown and to parliament for their arrears. Seven years afterwards he resigned this office, and his brother, William Hamill, who resided principally in England, was appointed in his room. He used every effort in his power on behalf of his employers, but without success; and, in 1714, he published a statement of his proceedings, and a strong appeal to the public, entitled 'A Memorial, by William Hamill, Gent., Agent and Trustee for the Officers and Soldiers of the

\* "According to Cox (l. 290), the first instruction given him, 'to propagate the worship of God in the English tongue, and the service to be translated into Irish in those places which need it.'"  
† 2 Elizabeth, chap. II. sect. 13.

two late garrisons of Londonderry and Enniskillen in Ireland, their relics and representatives. Dedicated to his principals.' London, 1714, 8vo. pp. 40. This effort, in their favour, met with no better success; and he was again compelled to lay their hard case before the nation, in a second publication, with this sarcastic and significant title, 'A View of the Danger and Folly of being Public Spirited and sincerely loving one's Country, in the deplorable Case of the Londonderry and Enniskillen Regiments; being a true and faithful Account of their unparalleled Services and Sufferings at and since the Revolution. To which is added, the particular Case of William Hamill, Gent., their Agent.' London, 1721, 4to. pp. 74. From this work it appears, that, after two and thirty years' tedious and fruitless negotiations, the following arrears were still due to the eight regiments that formed the garrison of Derry during the siege:—'Baker's regiment, 16,274*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*; Mitchelburn's, 9,541*l.* 16*s.*; Walker's, 10,188*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Munroe's, 8,360*l.* 2*s.*; Crofton's, 7,750*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Hamill's, 8,969*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Lane's, 8,360*l.* 2*s.*; Murray's, 5,312*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*; making a total of 74,757*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*—not a farthing of which appears to have been ever paid!"

That this remarkable statement, against the honour of "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the good and great" King William's government, proceeds from no party feeling, is demonstrated by the concluding paragraph of Dr. Reid's second volume.

"So soon as Mr. Adair returned to Belfast, this important letter was presented to Schomberg. Under his fostering influence the Presbyterians enjoyed ample protection and toleration; so that, when King William arrived in Ulster, a few months afterwards, he found them, as a body, more numerous and influential than he had anticipated, and not unworthy of peculiar favour. With alacrity, therefore, he redressed their grievances, and vindicated their rights; and to this renowned sovereign—truly of glorious memory, not as the founder of a party, but as the intrepid assertor of civil and religious freedom—may, in a great measure, be ascribed the subsequent prosperity of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland."

#### *Cory's Egyptian Chronology.* [Second notice.]

IN resuming the subject of Mr. Cory's volume, and before passing to its second portion, it is incumbent on us to obviate even a possible imputation of oversight on so important a question as that of the Trinity.

We recur a moment to the Mythological Inquiry to notice an error at page 66, last line. The name of Ormuzd is written in the Zend of the Zend-Avosta, as Ahoeroehe Mazdaö; of which Anhouma is not the translation, but the equivalent, in the Pehlion portion. The proper meaning of Omanus ('Omanus, as the Greeks wrote it) is *unity*; that of 'Omanus, *essence*, or *vitality*. This last is a corruption only, and assimilates to Anhouma.

The Chinese sect of the Lao-tse, alone quoted by Mr. Cory, is comparatively recent. These and the Buddhists, both late, inculcate a Triad doctrine; but the original Chinese notion is of Tien, and a *light shining*; and of Pon-ko, who formed the world, of which the Yin and Yang are the two component principles (not *powers*) *Mosc* and *Fem*.

To say nothing of the Chinese Tao producing the Yin and Yang; and these, masculine and feminine, principles producing three

Creators: a process that argues a human mode of increasing or extending deification by mental cogitation; the existence of the San Pao sect, unnoticed otherwise in the volume, is so confined, and so obscure, that it makes, we think, against the proposition of a fundamental religious tenet in China. Nor is the Triad of Thibet at all more satisfactory for Tatar, unless it can be shewn that the Delai Lama's authority was universal there, and *ab initio*; and that the belief was not borrowed from their Sanscrit or Persian neighbours, and prevalent in only a portion of Tatar.

The recent work of Mr. Mushat, on the Trinities of the Ancients, a volume of considerable talent and laborious research, published nearly at the same time as Mr. Cory's book, takes a totally different view of the conclusion. "It is hard to be conceived (he observes, p. 27) how men of learning and judgment could adopt an opinion of this kind (the Platonic Trinity) without the most incontestable evidence: for, surely, the Trinity is a doctrine the least obvious to the understanding of one to whom revelation was a dead letter." In common with Mr. Cory, he attributes the fancy to the later Platonists; and we must observe, that the unavoidable ignorance and wilful distortion of their celebrated school, and its fellow-labourers, have been most injurious to learning and reason. Anxious to find a parallel for Christian revelations, they tortured every dull idolatry of Egypt into a divine mystery, which none can credit, and none have effectually refuted. It is strange, we conceive, that, in our ignorance of Egyptian lore, we should have resorted to channels so confessedly tainted by equal ignorance and greater partiality. It is clear that, so far as Plutarch, Macrobius, Porphyry, &c. are concerned, they had few or no certainties to go upon: that the real knowledge was lost; that their conjectures might be correct or otherwise, but not entitled in any case to more consideration than those of their successors in Egyptian inquiry—vitiated, as the former obviously were, by Greek imagination and Eastern metaphysics: till we discard those writers, therefore, or reduce them to their proper value in estimation, we shall succeed only in obscuring our own view of Egypt as it really existed.

The admirable volume of Dr. Pritchard on Ancient Egypt, which we are happy to see translated into German, we presume through the strong recommendation of the Danish Professor Rask, who asserted its superiority to most modern works of its kind, combines and brings before the eye of the reader all that need be known as containing certainty. Of the ingenious suggestions to reconcile the conflicting authorities, we need not speak here, nor of the effort of Rask to supersede these, in his own volume, on the additional authority of the Parisian Marbles; since it is surely extravagant and monstrous at once to receive and reject Manetho's authority. Mr. Cory, who considers the first fifteen generations to be astronomical, falls into similar error. It is too much to require, with Volney, that we should consent to imagine the earth, sky, or the sky, earth: the principles stated in Dr. D'Oyley's admirable letters on a parallel question, and which had the effect, we are told, of convincing his able adversary, are decisive here. Mr. Cory is, however, far more successful in the brilliant hypothesis of his own framing. Discarding the fifteen dynasties of the Cynic circle (a radical fault, in our opinion), he finds the sixteenth dynasty reigned 190 years; and the Shepherds' 511 years of rule fills the exact period between

the foundation of Egypt, 2192 B.C. and the Exodus, 1491 B.C. He has not, however, accounted for this sixteenth dynasty, and the fifteenth also, being shepherds, as Manetho apud Eusebius states them to have been (Pritchard, p. 30). We must also be hypercritical enough to object that the date is too exact, and that it makes no allowance for the intercalary days, that in 700 years would have made a difference of nearly ten. As it is, however, Mr. Cory has the undoubted merit of adducing the most tenable hypothesis that has yet appeared, and one well deserving of serious consideration.

The argument that tends to prove the identity of Joseph, the son of Jacob, with the second Hermes, is, we consider, correct. The readers of the volume will recur to it with pleasure, in the author's own words; but he has overlooked what we conceive the strongest corroboration, namely, that the original, or first Hermes, was, probably, the Patriarch Abraham. We take this opportunity of stating the fact, for so we consider it; and it is only the want of space in our columns which prevents our going into the evidence, though, we shall be happy to maintain this opinion hereafter. Meantime, we confine ourselves to remarking, that the identity of nation adds force to the identity of designation in the two cases.

Whether the name Zaphnath-Paaneah means Revealer of Secrets, in Hebrew and Coptic; or, as Forster considered it, Priest of the Eternal Spirit; or, as Jerome thought, Saviour of the Earth; or, the Gift of the God of Life, as Dr. Loewe's extraordinary labours have shewn it to be in the Egyptian;—we must object to Mr. Cory's transfer of *ph* to *th*; for, it is more probable that the hieroglyphic is misinterpreted, than that the change could have occurred.

This is almost the only objection that we can take to Mr. Williams's "Essay on the Hieroglyphics of the Ancient Egyptians"—a work of extraordinary care, talent, and profound investigation, and to the particular merits of which, our former review scarcely rendered justice. We have since followed the author, step by step, through his laborious investigations, constantly (with the sole exceptions referred to) satisfied with the results; and the more so, as our own humble inquiries, begun on a different principle, and conducted through a series of operations of a totally different nature, have uniformly produced the same conclusions. We agree, that the Coptic is more probably a deduction or derivation from the language of the hieroglyphics than the language itself—the common root of the Hebrew, Arabic, Ethiopic, Chaldee, and Phœnician, is, as he shews, more likely to be the tongue required (p. 6), and the evidence (at 7 and following pages) is to us decisive on this head; see pp. 11, 12, 14 to 17, for ample instances; and the doctrine of the Ovals, at pp. 18, 19, is borne out by the facts the author adduces. As to the reading of the Oval, or Cartouch, we must say, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, we are very far from being convinced, that the common system is correct, or the only one. It is, in truth, confessedly unequal to its object, and, therefore, we cannot conceive why Mr. Williams's book should have been so coolly passed over. His detection of Champollion's errors, such as quoting for Coptic what is not Coptic, or, otherwise, has not the assumed meaning in Coptic, are startling evidence of his ability for the task he has so long and sedulously pursued; and it, perhaps, will be found, that the two systems do not differ materially, but, in some cases, actually confirm each other. We hope, therefore, to see the labours of this sound and un-



suming scholar take their deserved place in public attention.

If we wanted any further confirmation of Mr. Williams's opinions, it would be found in the pamphlet of Dr. L. Loewe, to whom we have already alluded. His work, entitled, "The Origin of the Egyptian language proved by analysis from the Hebrew," is, as far as it goes, a satisfactory demonstration of the affinity in identity for which Mr. Williams argues. The extraordinary fact, that the Egyptian and Hebrew coincide in sound and sense, fully shewn, pp. 6, 7, and the number of words in parallel, pp. 14 to 25, in this mere introductory essay, induce us to augur highly of the talents and future success of this deserving and ardent scholar, now, we understand, seeking in Egypt herself, the proofs of those mysteries she seems fated no longer to conceal. That in his scarcely attained manhood, he has so succeeded by his single exertions, is a fact that reflects no less honour on himself, than the ready patronage his acknowledged merits have won from several of the English nobility, is a triumphant answer to the detraction that ever gnaws itself away against our aristocracy.

We cannot, however, conceal an opinion that Egypt has ever been too much overrated. Silence can be a proof of wisdom only in the mouth of folly, and the shroud that veils Egyptian antiquity from the eye is but a doubtful passport to fame. We doubt, with the jester of old, if the d—l could read the hand; yet what need for concealment existed if the object was not to stultify and imbrute the humbler multitude. If this is wisdom, the Brahmin is as a god; and how could alphabetic writing be unknown in the days of Cadmus and the Exodus of Moses? The ignorance that, in the last century, questioned the authenticity of Hebrew records, on this ground, was but folly denying Fact—a fact preserved with care and reverence by a whole nation; embracing all standing traditions, or supported by them; and offering, in testimonial, a code—not an irregular legend, but a code—civilised and perfected to a high degree of justice and refinement. Surely, ignorance and love of paradox could sink no lower!

But the same evidence that rescues the Pentateuch, involves Egyptian claims in doubt and disbelief. We mean, of the Egyptian *proper*. Their hieroglyphics are the painted shroud of history; and however beautiful, and however elaborate when considered in themselves, in reference to historic truth, we are forced to confess that Greece was but a glowing phantasy, and Egypt a mighty and magnificent lie. That land appears to have had but the negative principle in itself; and, like its own *ἦρ*, to have been but the feminine development of nonentity in intellect—a void, or chaotic womb, where foreign infusions lay and ripened to maturity. What were her superior inventions in the scale of national improvement? Her architecture was Ethiopic; her pyramids theirs, or the Shepherds'; her hieroglyphics and mechanics were Phœnician; her letters, Syrian; her astronomy, Chaldean; her calendar, Persian; her numerals, perhaps, native, for they were a clog to calculation. Her mathematics were Hebrew; her medicine and anatomy, Babylonian, but devoid of that tendency to improvement which distinguished the latter, and against which, in Egypt, death was denounced. She took from the stranger the heavenly doctrine of the soul's immortality, only to reduce and degrade it below the level of humanity. The Arab was her merchant; the Tyrian, her navigator; the Scythian in-

structed her martial array. Her sculpture, though borrowed, was but as the eastern; of her likewise borrowed arts of design and colouring, the former was a laboured measurement, the latter as powerless, but as exact as that of Etruria and China. Her splendour was but a golden chain; her pride was servitude; her monuments were the stamp of her shame. And what was her boasted civilisation? The successive billows of Ethiopic conquest and migration, that swept down the feeble forms of existing institutions in their course, bore, also, in their ample bosom, the dark germs of future fertility, to inundate and clothe the aridity of Egypt. There the prophetic curse on the descendants of Ham (for such, and no more, does Canaan denote) was signally complete in that mental deficiency and obtuseness, which, in every age, has rendered the glory of Misraim, a disgrace; and still, undeniably, through every page of recording time, a servant of servants has he been to his brethren. We challenge the Christian, the infidel, the pagan,—those who embrace, or doubt, or deny the sacred denunciations,—to arraign its completeness, or to controvert its historic truth.

Let us call this hypothesis, and every step of history treads and tramples the mouldered fragments of the past into yet more hopeless ruin. Let us examine it as a fact, and every trace and hue of that past glows in its fittest and native place; the errors and obscurities of later inquiry, that cast their shadows to obscure and perplex history, are swept away, and the undisfigured canvass presents to the eye the charm of historic beauty, and the simplicity of historic truth. Ask for the Egyptian, and behold him as he is!—not the conqueror, not the sage, not the worshipper of immortality, but the slave of the stranger, the blind servant of illumination, the abject idolater of the kindred brute at his side, or of the very reptile that crawls beneath his feet. Such as the Copt is, the Egyptian was:—dull, lost, and degraded, can we ask for details of his fate? He knows not now; he never did know them! Mr. Lane's admirable volumes,\* confirmed by every tongue that records the scenes, by every eye that has witnessed their state, gives, in its very meagreness, the fullest account: their wants, their existence, their present lot, their past attainments, their powers, and their place—all are nothing!

In conclusion, we would recommend to Mr. Cory, a sequel to his "Ancient Fragments," in a collection of historical passages from the Greek writers, such as he alludes to in that work, as parallels to the notices it contains of Egypt, Phœnicia, &c.‡

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Lectures on English Poetry, to the Time of Milton*, by Stanhope Busby, Esq. Pp. 118. London, 1837. Whittaker and Co.

A SLIGHT sketch of our early poetry, or rather, of our early poets, in which the writer tastefully notices their peculiar characteristics.

\* See Lane's "Modern Egypt" *passim*; but especially the second volume.

† See especially Capt. Mackenzie's Journal, in our *Literary Gazette* of Aug. 5.

‡ At one of Mr. Pettigrew's lectures on opening a mummy, where some of the ablest expounders of hieroglyphics were present, it was agreed that the name on the case was either *Ortesio* or *Reroe*. A jocular friend was so amused with this, that he undertook to prove the Egyptian to be a mere variety of the Lowland Scotch dialect. We have forgotten the whole of the example, but we remember something about "Saw ye me dine at th' Abbey with the Ramsays and their nephew, who gave us ham and ices," of which the original roots were *Medinat-abou*; the nephew, *kneph*; and the refectory, *Ham, Annon, and Is!*

*Sequel of the Policy of England towards Spain*. Pp. 205. (London, Ridgway.)—This is rather a ponderous pamphlet, in answer to the *Quarterly Review*, on Lord Cardwell's work, and incidentally on that work itself. It seems to proceed from a source of much information and authority on the Christiano side.

*Literary Leaves, or Prose and Verse*, by D. L. Richardson. Pp. 468. (Calcutta, S. Smith and Co.)—It is some years since Mr. Richardson figured in our London literature, and displayed a degree of zeal and perseverance which attracted considerable notice. We are glad to see that a Bengal climate has not relaxed his energies. The volume before us consists of various pieces, in prose and verse, all evincing a degree of taste and talent which, if not of the most vigorous order, is always pleasing enough, and displays an intelligent mind, devoted to the lighter pursuits of the belles lettres.

*A Guide for the Sick Chamber, &c.*, by a Lady. Pp. 191. (Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Dublin, Curry, Jun. and Co.)—A pious selection of hymns, prayers, and portions of Scripture, well suited to soothe the chamber of affliction.

*Lessons on Form, as given at the Pestalozzi School, Chesham, Surrey*, by C. Reiner. Pp. 215. (London, Taylor and Walton.)—The rudiments of geometry are very well explained in these lessons, and the pupil sufficiently prepared to enter upon the higher elements of the science.

*Southey's Copyist*, Vol. XIV. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—The *Odyssey* concluded, with a fine frontispiece of Ithaca, and a still lovelier vignette of the same, by Harvey; the former engraved by Goodyear, the latter by Goodall. The famous Battle of the Frogs and Mice fills above twenty pages of the conclusion.

*Five Arabian Tales, in German*, by A. Lewis Grimm. Pp. 165. (London, Wacey.)—Another very charming volume for the German reader. The wild tales of Araby are capitally rendered.

*Donati's German Grammar, on a new and improved Principle*. Pp. 97. (London, Noden.)—A fair elementary book. The new principle consists in using Roman instead of black letter, which is good for English learners' eyes, but bad when one comes to read German works in the ugly old costume.

*Ballads and Romances, Tales, Legends, and Idylls of the Germans, &c.*, by W. Klauer-Klätowski. Pp. 384. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Rolandi; Dublin, Milliken; Paris, T. Barrois, fil.)—A very admirable selection, and rendered doubly acceptable to English readers of the German language by a translation of difficult words and passages, and very useful explanatory notes by the intelligent editor.

*Investigation, or Travels in the Boudoir*, by Caroline A. Halsted. Pp. 208. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A very charming guide to information on many subjects which interest the middle orders of society. A prettier or more instructive book could hardly be put into the hands of females and youth. The embellishments are very neat, and do much to render the agreeable text still more agreeable.

*Guide along the Danube, &c.*, by R. T. Claridge. Pp. 240. (London, F. C. Westley.)—A very nice little guide-book, not only for the river Danube, "its banks and bays," now so attractive to English tourists, but also to Constantinople, many parts of Greece, and Venice.

*The Oakleigh Shooting Code*, by T. Oakleigh, Esq. Pp. 206. (London, Ridgway and Sons.)—Approaching August, with its grouse; September, with its partridges; October, with its pheasants and hares, not to mention the merits of this work itself, as an epitome of information respecting these and other sports, have called for a second edition of the "Code"; which we recommend to all our sporting friends.

*A Turkish Grammar*, by W. Schroeder. Pp. 142. (London, Schloss.)—A new and revised edition of a publication calculated to be of much use to travellers and mercantile men, from having a collection of familiar sentences with French and English translations. More elaborate works may be requisite for the learned; but this is a very desirable publication for practical men and purposes.

*The Language of Birds, &c.*, by Mrs. G. Spratt. Pp. 342. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—A beautiful little lady's miscellany, gaily illustrated by twelve coloured plates of pretty birds, and giving an interesting account of the feathered songsters, with a number of appropriate selections concerning them from popular authors in prose and verse. It is altogether not only handsomely "got up," but rendered still more deserving of praise for its literary matter. What a present for the best behaved during the midsummer holidays?

*The Botanist; containing accurately Coloured Figures of tender and hardy Plants, with Descriptions, &c.* Conducted by B. Maund, F.L.S. and others. 6 Nos. (London, Groombridge.)—Among the many popular and truly valuable periodicals of the present day, the *Botanist* may justly be ranked, both as regards the value and originality of its matter, and the beauty and accuracy of its naturally coloured illustrations. The class to which every flower belongs is distinctly specified; and all the divisions and subdivisions, by the plant, pointed out, and illustrated with appropriate engravings, in a neat and novel manner. Nor is the literary portion confined to mere dry botanical matter, but branches out into descriptions, highly instructive and entertaining; and, above all, contains beautiful and apt quotations from the inexhaustible stores of poetry. We are sorry to put any qualification upon our praise; but we do think, that "The Rosa Alpina" should not have been named "The Rose of Sharon," *scilicet* "the rose without a thorn," and may be said to be of this new (and we think inappropriate) name, as it is conformed with the genuine rose that already bears it.

Better have called it the "Rose of Paradise," and our fancies would readily have transplanted it to some imaginary Eden, such as Milton has created, where bloomed  
 "Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose."

There is something natural, pardonable, and poetical in thus meeting the minds of the immortals half way; the associations are pleasing. We link a beautiful flower to beautiful poetry, and they become one, and are wedded in inseparable loveliness. Let this hint be taken; and if we must have new English names, let them be the best, and of a kindred with the golden links of song. Enchain them with some thought which can never die. Here we have a rose without a thorn, the beautiful illustration of the sweetest line on flowers in Milton's Paradise, the regal flower of his own garden, the companion of his own down-glancing Eve; in a word, the "Rose of Paradise," before the flowers "their sad embroidery wore."

On the Efficacy of Carbonic Acid Gas in the Diseases of Tropical Climates, &c. by John Parkin. Pp. 64. (London, Allen and Co.; Higley.)—Mr. Parkin strenuously recommends carbonic acid gas in diseases induced by tropical heat and malaria, and cites many cases of successful treatment. He particularly directs his remarks to the cure of dysentery, both in its acute and chronic stages.

An Analysis of the British Ferns, and their Allies: with copperplate Engravings of every species and variety, by G. W. Francis. 8vo. pp. 68. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—An excellent and satisfactory description of a striking tribe of plants, which, though destitute of flowers, form picturesque and interesting features in many an English landscape. Their bitter principle causes all animals to reject them as food, unless driven to it by famine; and the same quality has led to their being employed in brewing instead of hops—an great improvement, though they contain much tannin and gallic acid, which precipitate feculent matter in the wort.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

ON Saturday evening, the following extracts of a letter from Andrew Crosse, Esq. giving an account of himself, and of his most recent experiments, to W. Leithhead, Esq. were read:—

"Broomfield, near Taunton, August 4th, 1837.

"I am happy to hear that the Electrical Society is going on so well, and shall be ready to contribute any thing in my power to assist it. I commenced my philosophical pursuits at a very early age, viz. at twelve years old, at Mr. Sayer's school, at Bristol, where I studied Cavallo on Electricity, and saved my pocket-money to purchase an electrical machine. In fact, I made my first machine out of a quart bottle, supported by the ends of an old box, and furnished with an iron wire, by way of handle. Before I was fourteen years old, I believe I had read all that was then known of the science; and I attended all the lectures delivered at that time at Bristol. From that time to this, I have been the humble servant of science; and so I shall remain to the close of my life. Those who have attributed vanity or ambition to me have not known my feelings, as I never was more satisfied than I am at present, with my own ignorance of the grand cause of electrical excitement, and its connexion with magnetism, light, and heat. I have, within the last two months, obtained some very interesting results; and I think I may say, have made another step in the mode of procuring or producing crystals, viz. by transferring the electric energy from the zinc and copper plates, to other substances not metallic, in contact with them. Thus, by causing the combined metallic arcs to rest upon quartz or limestone, I have altered the direction of the crystallising action, and transferred it to those substances. In this way I have covered a piece of limestone with very perfect rhomboidal crystals of selenite, or sulphate of lead, which exactly resemble nature, and bear the scrubbing brush quite as well as those of the same kind taken out of a mine or quarry. I have, likewise, in the same manner, covered a piece of quartz with crystalline sulphate of lead, and have other experiments in action which I cannot yet disturb, in which, to all appearance, I have crystals of quartz growing

upon pieces of natural massive quartz. I am more than ever of opinion, that it is possible to form artificially every kind of mineral found in the earth. In one of my experiments, I have a thin incrustation of metallic copper, covering, to a great extent, the surface of a solution of the acetate of copper, and growing from the upper edge of a negative copper plate, in layers, one growing out of the other. In this experiment, the arc of zinc and copper is placed in the magnetic meridian, and it is curious to observe that on the eastern side, the layers of copper only extend to the distance of  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch from the eastern edge of the copper plate, whereas on the western side, the layers of copper extend to the distance of 2 inches and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch from the western edge of the same copper plate. Whether this depends on magnetic or other causes, I cannot say. In another experiment I have formed a specimen of magnetic oxide of iron, but not possessing polarity. In another, I have formed a mineral fungus, in the shape of a common trumpet-mouthed fungus, which is found on trees, &c. It grew out of an electrified jar, filled with hydro-sulphuret of potash, and is  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch in length, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in diameter. Whether it would have grown in an unelectrified jar I am ignorant. I hope, before long, to be enabled to forward you a paper on my favourite science, and some crystals, when I procure some duplicates. I am, in the mean time, &c.

"ANDREW CROSSE."

Mr. Lynn exhibited to the meeting, and explained the principles of a working model of his electro-magnetic carriage. Adjourned to October.

## FINE ARTS.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The History and Antiquities of Haddon Hall.* By S. Rayner. Vol. II.—*A Supplementary Number of the History and Antiquities of Haddon Hall.* By S. Rayner. Derby, 1837, Moseley; London, Weale.

WE noticed, on its appearance, the first volume of this account of the finest relic of the English architecture of the middle ages. The volume before us completes the work; of which it is with justice said, in the publisher's prospectus, that "it must be alike interesting to the antiquary, the amateur, and the architect." The following is the general description of the hall:

"In the midst of romantic scenery, on a rocky eminence, at the foot of which flows the river Wye, and not far from its confluence with the Derwent, stands the castellated mansion of Haddon. Its embattled parapets and crested turrets, proudly towering above the branching woods in which it is embosomed, cause it, when viewed from the vale below, to assume the appearance of a formidable fortress. The building, however, in its present form, is not in the least calculated for defence or protection against a besieging force, according to the military tactics of any period; though there can be little doubt that this mansion, which was the work of different ages, occupies the site of a Norman castle, portions of the lower part of which may be traced in the walls of the towers which overlook both the upper and the lower portals. The general arrangement of this structure is that of a castellated hall, exhibiting some of the characteristic features of the more ancient castles, which were the residences of the nobles and other great landed proprietors of this country from the time of its subjugation by the Norman William, and his followers, till near the close of the fifteenth century, when the triumph of Henry VII. over

the partisans of the rival family of York, terminated the long and sanguinary contest for the crown between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, in the course of which, great numbers of the ancient nobility and chivalry of England perished in the field or on the scaffold. Peace and good order being to a certain extent established, it was no longer necessary that the dwellings of those belonging to the higher orders of society should be strongly fortified buildings, in which their families and retainers might be protected from the attacks of those whom national discord or private feud had made their foes; for now, those who had been accustomed to decide their quarrels by the sword, more frequently resorted to the courts of justice for the redress of injuries, such as had heretofore been the causes of violence, rapine, and bloodshed, in abundance. Hence arose the necessity for erecting habitations more adapted for the convenient accommodation of the owners and their domestics than the old castles which they had previously occupied; and a new mode of building was, consequently, introduced. But it could not reasonably be expected that, under such circumstances, domestic architecture should be exempt from the defects commonly observable in most works of art of a comparatively early date. Those who were employed to construct new habitations, or to alter and adapt old ones, at a time when the crenellated bastion, the moat, and the drawbridge, were no longer essential appendages of the dwelling of a manorial proprietor, must have laboured under peculiar difficulties in the execution of the tasks assigned them; and it almost necessarily followed that their modifications and reconstructions must often have displayed characteristics of the ancient fort, and have presented few of the conveniences, and fewer still of the beauties, which distinguish the noble mansions and palaces of modern times. There can hardly be conceived a more striking contrast to the sombre grandeur of Haddon Hall, than is exhibited by the splendid magnificence of the neighbouring pile of Chatsworth. The former of these buildings, as Mr. King remarks, is 'one of the most perfect and most curious of the class of castellated houses now remaining; but when viewed as a whole, is almost devoid of all real elegance, or comfortable convenience, and fitted only to entertain a herd of licentious retainers.' In the latter edifice we perceive a unity of design and adaptation of parts, not only beautiful when separately considered, but also deriving new beauties from their connexion with the other portions of the structure to which they belong. The various divisions of the edifice harmonise with each other, and combine with the adjacent scenery to constitute a picture of surpassing elegance and splendour. But how much soever the mansion of Haddon may suffer by comparison with the productions of modern architects, and however deficient it may be in provision for the enjoyment of the comforts and the luxuries of life, yet it cannot be denied that it is not only interesting as a model of the domestic arrangements of noble families in former times, and as a picturesque object, suited to the character of the bold and romantic landscape of which it forms a prominent part, but it is likewise deserving of the exact attention of artists and amateurs, as affording examples of elaborate and beautiful workmanship, in the carved panelling of its wainscoted apartments, and in the elegant tracery of some of the ceilings."

Mr. Rayner observes,—"The present Duke of Rutland has displayed his taste, his judg-

ment, and his regard for our national antiquities, by giving directions that Haddon Hall shall be kept in proper repair, so that it may serve as an unique model of an old English baronial mansion, and as a valuable monument of the skill and taste of the architects of the middle ages."

Unfortunately, however, the same care has not been extended to the antique furniture of the apartments; and it is painful to read of the manner in which it has been allowed to go to ruin.

"According to Lysons, about 1760, such of the furniture of this mansion as was thought valuable, was removed to Belvoir Castle; and, at the same time, that which was not wanted was lodged in a barn on the north side of the Hall, one end of which extended into what is provincially called 'a by-water,' being a branch of the river Wye. The whole quantity consigned to this miserable repository amounted to ten wagon loads. Here the furniture was kept till the moisture arising from floods and rain reduced the wood-work to a state of rottenness and decay; and then it was ordered to be used for fuel. Fifteen bedsteads were put into a long room near the house, which had been a granary, and is now a stable; and, after being left for a time to fall in pieces, they likewise were ordered to be cut up and burnt. The neglect and consequent destruction to which these relics of antiquity were thus consigned, may be imputed to the person who was then agent to the Duke of Rutland; and who made this unfortunate use of the discretionary power with which, it may be presumed, he was entrusted by his noble employer. This agent, also, when the old building required slating, contrived to raise the requisite funds, or a part of them, by disposing of such of the useless lumber (as he no doubt considered it), as was not fit for fuel. For he sold a lot, consisting of pewter dishes, and iron and brass utensils, with eighteen guns, and half a dozen swords, to one Matthew Strutt, for the sum of twenty pounds. The old man, who now has the care of the mansion, and who acts as a guide to visitors, says, that among the brass articles thus sacrificed, there were curious candlesticks, eighteen inches in diameter at the bottom, with rich mouldings; and he also describes as remarkable, some singular curtain-rods, and carved bedposts, having 'knobs' in the middle, richly carved, a foot and a half in diameter."

The prints in the present volume are from sketches by Mr. Rayner, and Mr. Cattermole, and are, at least, equal in merit to those by which the first volume was illustrated.

The main object of the "Supplementary Number" is to supply professional men with more precise details of the ornamental parts of the edifice, executed in such a manner as to serve the purpose of working drawings. The plates are six in number, and are beautifully executed (in a species of lithography new in this country, but borrowed from a German work of a similar kind) from drawings by H. Duesbury, architect.

#### DISCOVERY IN MEDAL DIE-SINKING!

An amusing bit of hoax has been going the round of the papers this week, about certain pseudo discoveries made by Signor Pistrucci, who holds an appointment in the Royal Mint, as medallist; viz., that he has found out a mode of making dies, without engraving them,—a wonderful invention, which his love of the English makes him freely give to the public, though he might have secured incalculable advantages by a patent! Funny—a

patent! for a process which has been known to every die-sinker in Birmingham for at least thirty years; of which we have seen numerous proofs in specimens made by the process described—a process which was known also at the Mint before Signor Pistrucci held an appointment there, to devote above twenty years of his invaluable time chiefly, if not entirely, to the execution of a yet unfinished medal to commemorate the battle of Waterloo. He is a clever artist, and 'tis a pity that his attention should be removed from this work, to search after such "mare's nests" as a "discovery;" which, because it is good for nothing, is given to the public, with much credit for liberality. The affair has been proclaimed in the *Times* and other papers, and extinguished by an *exposé* in the *Chronicle*. The statements, for and against, are too long for our columns, especially as much detail has been given in the daily papers mentioned. The only chance of repayment for the publicity given to the process which Signor Pistrucci has discovered is, or ought to be, from the forgers of the coin of the realm, who will not fail to pick up a hint or two from the puff; for if a knowledge of the Birmingham practice has been kept from them, as well as from the Signor, until now, they ought in gratitude to send him an appropriate proof of their skill in a medal of honour! struck by the process.

#### SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF BRITISH ART.

ON Saturday last, this Society decided, by lot, who were to be the fortunate possessors of two pictures, purchased by this Society, to encourage young artists of talent in the preceding exhibition at the British Gallery. The pictures were *Paola and Francesca*, from Dante, by Mr. Cope, and a cattle-piece, by Sidney Cooper—a judicious choice, and evidence of the improved judgments of the committee. Our excellent friend, Mr. Moyes, the printer of the *Literary Gazette*, was the fortunate winner of the picture by Mr. Cope. There were 240 subscribers, at a guinea each, who have the honest gratification of feeling that they have contributed to the encouragement of art by the purchase of two pictures, the production of young men of talent. Fortune may, in turn, smile upon them.

#### MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

WE attended two lectures on "Perspective Rectified," delivered by Mr. A. Parsey, at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, on the 7th and 14th instant. It is not a subject on which we can enter into details; but, as far as we are able to comprehend Mr. Parsey's principles, we by no means agree with them. Among other "rectifications" of perspective, Mr. Parsey maintains that, in a drawing or picture, vertical lines, for instance, the lines which bound a tower that is equally broad at the base and the summit, and horizontal lines, for instance, the lines which bound the top and bottom of a level wall, viewed in front, ought to be made to converge, because they appear to converge in the reality. Now Mr. Parsey forgets that a drawing or picture itself runs into perspective; that if the lines in question be drawn parallelly, they will, when the drawing or picture is viewed from the proper point (and there is but one proper point), appear to converge, precisely as they appear to converge in the reality; and that, if to this apparent convergence an actual convergence be added by the artist, the perspective will become exaggerated

and false. Nor can we admire the tone in which Mr. Parsey speaks of science and scientific men. It is a tone which it is evident he is not at all entitled to assume.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THUGS AND THUGGEE.

PROCEEDING to the end of our information on this remarkable subject, we have, in the first place, to continue the revelations respecting the robberies and murders on the rivers, as extracted from the witnesses and criminals at the trials before Capt. Sleeman.

"Q. Where do the river Thugs reside chiefly?—*Imam Buksh*. They formerly, as I have heard my father and other old men say, constituted the exclusive population of some villages, till a *gardee* (inroad) was made upon them, and their villages were pulled down about their ears.

"Q. What was the cause of this?—*Imam Buksh*. They never kill women; and there was a party of five travellers, four men and one woman, who wanted to pass across the river with them at Rajmahul. They contrived to leave the woman behind; and this led to the discovery of the murder of the men. From that time they have been scattered over the district of Burdwan; and now they live in villages occupied by other people, four or five families of them in a village. They go in considerable parties, and have generally several boats at the ghat at the same time. The ghats most frequented by them are those of Kohelgaum, Rajmahul, Moremukaea, an invalid station, and Monghyr; but they go on so far as Cawnpore, and even Furruckabad. Their murders are always perpetrated in the day time. Those who do the work of the boatmen are dressed like other boatmen; but those who take a part in the operations, are dressed like travellers of great respectability; and there are no boats on the river kept so clean and inviting for travellers. When going up the river, they always pretend to be men of some consideration going on pilgrimage to some sacred place, as Banares, Allahabad, &c. When going down, they pretend to be returning home from such places. They send out their *sothas*, or *inveiglers*, well dressed upon the high roads, who pretend to be going by water to the same places as the travellers they fall in with. On coming to the ghat, they see these nice-looking boats, with the respectably dressed Thugs amusing themselves. They ask the *manjee* (captain) of the boat to take them and the travellers on board, as he can afford to do so cheaper than others, having, apparently, his boat already engaged by others. He pretends to be pushed for room; and the Thugs pretend to be unwilling to have any more passengers on board. At last he yields to the earnest requests of the *inveiglers*, and the travellers are taken up. They go off into the middle of the river, those above singing, and playing, and making a great noise; while the travellers are murdered inside, at the signal given by three taps, that all is clear; and their bodies are thrown into the river. The boat then goes on to some other ghat, having landed their *inveiglers* again upon the roads.

"Q. How many of these river Thugs do you suppose there are?—*Imam Buksh*, I have never served with them but once, and cannot say; perhaps from two hundred to two hundred and fifty.

"Q. You are said to have occasionally gone with the river Thugs; what do you call them?—*Bukhtawur*. We call them *Pungoos*.

On one occasion only have I ever served with them.

"Q. What was the said occasion?—*Bukhtawur*. About fourteen years ago I had been on an expedition from Chupra to Moorshedabad. We were twenty-two Thugs, under Sewbuns Jemadar, who was a Rajpoot. Two of our gang, Khoda Buksh and Alee Yar, had often served with the river Thugs, and used to interest us by talking about their modes of proceeding. On the other side of Rajmahul we fell in with two of these Thugs. They had two bundles of clothes, and pretended to be going on a pilgrimage, and had with them five travellers, whom they had picked up on the road. Sewbuns recognised them immediately, and Alee Yar and Khoda Buksh found in them old acquaintances. They got into conversation with them; and it was agreed that Sewbuns, I, and Dhorda Kormee, should go with them, and see how they did their work, while the rest of the gang went on along the bank of the river. We embarked at Rajmahul. The travellers sat on one side of the boat, and the Thugs on the other; while we were all three placed in the stern, the Thugs on our left, and the travellers on our right. Some of the Thugs, dressed as boatmen, were above deck; and others walking along the bank of the river, and pulling the boat by the goon, or rope; and all, at the same time, on the look-out. We came up with a gentleman's pinnace and two baggage-boats, and were obliged to stop and let them get on. The travellers seemed anxious; and were quieted by being told that the men at the rope were tired, and must take some refreshment. They pulled out something, and began to eat; and when the pinnace had got on a good way, they resumed their work, and our boat proceeded. It was now afternoon; and when a signal was given above that all was clear, the five Thugs, who sat opposite the travellers, sprung in upon them, and, with the aid of others, strangled them. They put the roomal round the neck from the front, while all the other Thugs put it round from behind; they thus push them back, while we push them forward. Having strangled the five men, they broke their spinal bones, and pounded their private parts; and then threw them out of a hole made at the side into the river, and kept on their course, the boat being all this time pulled along by the men on the bank. The booty amounted to about two hundred rupees. We claimed and got a share for all our party; and Sewbuns declared that we were twenty-nine, while we were really only twenty-three, and got a share for that number. He cheated them out of the share of six men. We landed that night, and rejoined our gang, and operated upon the roads leading along the river Ganges till we got to the Moremukaea ghat, where there is an invalid station, about four cose the other side of Bar. Here we fell in with the same party of Pungoos, or river Thugs, who had three travellers with them. I did not join them this time; but Sewbuns, with two other members of our gang, went on board, and saw them strangled. What share he got I do not know.

"Q. Where do they reside?—*Bukhtawur*. They reside about Beerbhoom, Bancoora, Kutna-Kutooa, Sewree, and other places in the district of Burdwan, which is a very large district. Kulna and Kutooa are two distinct towns on the Bhageeruttia river, half way from Calcutta to Moorshedabad, though we always join their names together in speaking of the place. Thugs do not live in these or any other towns, as they are there always liable to be a good

deal annoyed by police questions, but in small villages round about them.

"Q. What do you call police questions?—*Bukhtawur*. Questions about who's come; who's gone; who's born; who's dead; what's your occupation; whence your income? and so forth. These questions annoy Thugs a good deal, and oblige them to share their incomes with the police men, as well as with the Zumeendars."

Captain Sleeman states, that he has rarely discovered in Thuggee "any instance of what may be termed wanton cruelty: that is, pain inflicted beyond what was necessary to deprive the person of life—pain either to the mind or body." We have already alluded to their general implicit deference to omens, and to the regulations of their sect. These regulations prescribe that the following classes shall be exempt from their attacks: washermen, bards, fakeers, saiks, dancing boys or men, or musicians, sweepers, oil-venders, blacksmiths, and carpenters, when found together, maimed and leprous persons, a man with a cow, *Burhumcharies* Nanuk-shahees, Ganges water-carriers when conveying the holy-water, and women. Few deviations from the above appear to have been perpetrated, and it seems to be the general feeling among Thugs, that to those deviations, and the vengeance of the goddess thus engendered, we are indebted for our surprising success in suppressing Thuggee. We may here add, that from attempting the destruction of Europeans they are deterred by three motives: first, Europeans seldom carry valuables; secondly, they usually carry pistols; and, thirdly, such a hue and cry would be raised after a missing European, that the consequences would be too probably fatal. In respect to the above exemptions, it may be observed, that the Mussulmans appear somewhat less scrupulous than the Hindoos: whenever a woman has been murdered, it has usually been by the former. In respect to the proportion of these castes, it may be stated, that in the Doab four-fifths are Hindoos. In Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, they are about half and half; but throughout the rest of India, the far greater portion are Mussulmans. The most crafty, intelligent, and daring of all Thugs, are those from Arcot, in the Carnatic, seventy miles west of Madras. By a sort of general assent, these men are the most to be dreaded; wherever they go they appear to be recognised leaders. It appears from Captain Sleeman's work, that the great carriers of grain, salt, and merchandise over the larger portion of Hindoostan, the Brinjarries, are frequently engaged in Thuggee, whenever occasion offers, and that many have procured a great portion of their wealth from these horrible practices. We had often surmised, from what we personally knew of the characters of these men, that such was the case; but we were not aware till now that the fact was well authenticated. From their having no fixed habitations, and mingling so little with the inhabitants of the country through which they pass, their detection would seem especially difficult; the more especially as they seldom retain any plunder except money, for fear of the custom's officers, and have no local authorities to conciliate. The attention of Thugs to omens is extraordinary; nor less singular is the superstitious belief they entertain in the inspiration of the consecrated pickaxe, which is carried in the waist-belt of the shrewdest, cleanest, most sober and careful man of the party, and is considered their protector and guide, and, in fact, to possess a host of virtues. They believe that no man's family long survives an ordinary

murder, but becomes extinct; and, in like manner, they believe that a Thug who kills without attending to the omens, &c. loses his own children, and is never blessed with more, and cannot escape punishment. They believe that the nonobservance of these omens has been, in a great measure, the cause of their present misfortunes—that Kali has deserted them; for that in former years, when 'there was something like religion and good faith among them, they found friends every where,' and that retribution was severely visited by the deity on the heads of several native princes and others, who had seized and punished many of their class.

The following part of an examination explains some of the process of juvenile initiation into the mysteries of Thuggee.

"Q. And your children, too, reverence their Thug fathers like other sons, even after they have become acquainted with their trade?—*Sahib*. The same: we love them, and they love us the same.

"Q. At what age do you initiate them?—*Sahib*. I was initiated by my father when I was only thirteen years of age.

"Q. Have you any rule as to the age?—*Sahib*. None; a father is sometimes avacious, and takes his son out very young, merely to get his share of the booty: for the youngest boy gets as much in his share as the oldest man; but, generally, a father is anxious to have his son in the rank of the *Burkas* as soon as possible; he does not like to have him considered a *Kuboola* after he has attained the age of puberty.

"Q. How soon do you let them see your operations?—*Sahib*. The first expedition they neither see nor hear any thing of murder. They know not our trade; they get presents, purchased out of their share, and become fond of the wandering life, as they are always mounted upon ponies. Before the end of the journey they know that we rob. The next expedition they suspect that we commit murder, and some of them even know it; and in the third expedition they see all.

"Q. Do they not become frightened?—*Sahib*. Not after the second or third expedition."

It is remarkable also, that, notwithstanding their horrible principle of destroying life, sacrificially, so great is the Thug detestation of bloodshed, that they never use the weapons they carry for self-defence in any case whatever. There are also, it appears, some oaths, which they dare not violate, even for the purposes of concealment. Their religious feelings are further attested by the fact of their making offerings, proportioned to their success, in their temples: and the chief of these, at Mirzapoor, whose priests are also Thugs, is, consequently, furnished with the most splendid contributions of this nefarious trade. Besides, Hindoos and Mussulmans of every class belonging to this sanguinary sect, the jermadar of the village is found in general to be the participant and regulator of their enterprises and booty. If not actually one of the gang, every artifice and means is used to win his connivance. If he enter the brotherhood, one tenth of the pearls, gold, jewels, and richer articles, are his; and a sixth of the coin and inferior property in the division. Of the booty, each man seizes and carries off whatever falls in his way, till the general allotment, when each portion is given up, upon oath, for the general benefit; and of the shares, the Shemseas and Warawuls, those who hold the victim's hands or legs, and his horse's bridle—the scouts, or Tillai, who look out against interruptions during the murder or burial—and the

Lugghees, or grave-diggers, all follow the Bhurtotes in a claim for additional shares before the whole gang participate in the spoil. Splendid shawls and brocades, which might be identified, are torn into strips, that each may divide the danger; heavier articles are destroyed, if they cannot be disposed of by the inferior bankers, who, for their own interests, keep up a connexion all over the country; and the religious mendicants, who are eternally traversing Hindostan, lend themselves to facilitate the communication from place to place. The priest, the monk, the noble, and the farmer, all, however apparently or in reality engaged in other pursuits, thus combine into one system, for communicating information of victims, or for concealing the murderers, whenever inquiry happens to be made. They recognise their brethren by a sort of freemasonry, and use, like the gipsies, a peculiar slang, not a separate language. In the nizam's territory they are not scrupulous as to the burial of the dead, which, whenever it occurs, is performed with the *nishan kassi*, or sacred pickaxe; and it is always itself carefully deposited in the ground by the bearer, Nishan Wallah, at every halt, with its head in the direction of the intended route. The strangulation, formerly effected by a rope, is now performed with a cotton cloth or handkerchief, the *paku* or *roumal*. The victim is thrown off his guard at the last moment by the inquiry, What time of night do the stars say it is? and as he, in common with the rest, raises up his head, the *maujeh*, or signal, is given, and, his neck thus freely exposed, receives the fatal knot. If the soil is light (as the Review notices), the bodies are pierced by weapons, that they may not swell and burst their graves, which are extremely shallow. In other places the earth is carefully plastered down, and *chulees*, or fire-places, are constructed upon it, to conceal any trace of the transaction, the soil removed being, in such cases, carried carefully away to some distant spot.

At other times, the route of one gang is marked by the direction of these *Chulees*, and by a foot impressed on a particular place, selected and smoothed for the purpose, and with the toes turned towards their course: for these signs, in cases of doubt and difficulty, such as the meeting of roads, the fords of rivers, the succeeding gangs are prepared to look.

Notwithstanding the systematic dissimulation of their conduct, these murderers are represented as mild, cheerful, and unobtrusive; attentive to their duties; and, in other respects, good members of society; particularly observant of cleanliness and neatness. They pride themselves, too, on honesty; and, as they distinguish their human sacrifices from murder, which they profess to abhor, so also they are anxious to have it understood, that their taking of booty is not theft. In fact, even when condemned to death, they are solicitous that the documents containing their fate should not designate them thieves or murderers.\*

The accounts of this system seem to have taken the world by surprise; but Indian papers, and the *Asiatic Journal* have contained repeated notices of the Thugs, or Phansigars. As descendants of the original destroyers, they only carry into regular system the human sacrifices which the goddess Kali, Devi, or Dabie, demands at festivals from all her worshippers. In Bahar, where civilisation had not fully penetrated thirty years ago, the festal

days of the goddess were celebrated by innumerable throngs; and images were substituted for human offerings, which the English, as the natives stated, would not allow to be sacrificed. In fact, the first day of the festival, the goddess was worshipped as the *Destroyer*, afterwards as the *Rescued from danger*, and, finally, as the *Dea Genetrix*, with the most revolting rites: but it is remarkable, that the native traditions, of the second event, were more consonant, as *mythoi*, with historic truths than any of the similar details printed and published in England.

There is little doubt but that, in many of the neighbouring countries, sects, somewhat similar in denomination and rites, still exist; but, as these do not carry their practices to any thing like the same horrible lengths, it might be difficult to determine which are the real corruptors of the original tenets. We may recur to this hereafter.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

W. DANIELL, ESQ. R.A.

THIS admirable artist died on the 16th, at Brecknock Terrace, New Camden Town, after four months of extreme suffering. In him the Academy has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and society a most amiable and kind-hearted man. To his indefatigable industry and versatile talents, the *Literary Gazette* has ever borne ample testimony. His pictures, in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, have never been surpassed by any of his best performances. His exertions on that occasion were great, and met with deserved approbation. Besides the Panorama of Madras, painted conjointly with Mr. Parris, and that of the Island of Ceylon, and the Capture of the Elephant, by himself, the works of Mr. Daniel, in the *Oriental Annual*, and other publications, are before the public, to a greater extent than those of any other member of the Royal Academy, with the exception of the late Thomas Stothard; and, like him, his talents were the union of grace and design. His age was 68. His uncle, who is now living, is 88.

#### MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*My Little Barge Hasts o'er the Deep: a Barcarole.* The Poetry by L. C. Plumer, Esq.; the Music by H. Lee. Lee.

A LIGHT and extremely pretty barcarole; the symphony and accompaniment simple and easy. To amateurs, who find it difficult to remember any thing when asked to sing, this would prove a perfect treasure.

*The Little Gay Deceiver: a most Lachrymose Ditty.* By the Author of "Mephistophiles in England." Power.

WITH no great claims as to wit, but withal so perfectly absurd, that we defy its being heard without roars of laughter.

*Hey! for the Bonny Braes: a Ballad.* The Poetry by John Imlah, Esq.; the Music by Alexander Lee. Lee.

A LIVELY and spirited Scotch air. We should say, arranged by Mr. Alexander Lee in a most agreeable manner.

*Of What is the Old Man Thinking? Ballad.* The Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.; the Music by J. P. Knight. Mori and Lavenue. MR. BAYLY's words are ever sweet. This is not one of his best ballads; but will be a favourite with many. The music is less suited to the words than is usual with this gentleman's songs. It is, however, very superior to the mass of music published daily in London.

*My Love is o'er the Sea: send him Home! a Ballad.* The Poetry by Andrew Park, Esq.; the Music by Alexander Lee. Lee.

A BEAUTIFUL ballad, as sung by Mrs. Waylett, almost the only ballad-singer we have left. It will also be found a great acquisition in the drawing-room.

*God save the Queen, the National Anthem.* Arranged by G. Herbert Rodwell. D'Almaine and Co.

AN excellent arrangement of our National Anthem; the last verse is new, and, to our minds, as good as need be: it is not a song to display any great imagination, "Queen and her" being the only necessary alterations.

#### DRAMA.

*Her Majesty's Theatre* concluded the subscription season on Tuesday, but finishes with an extra night to-night. Throughout, the vocal attractions have been of the highest order, though the operas have not always been equal to the performers. The ballet has been less deserving of applause, for, except the everlasting crouching and *espièglerie* of Duvernay, in the *cachoucha* dance—the *allurements*—whereof seemed nightly to gratify certain old beaux and younger *roués*—there has been nothing in that line to attract spectators.

*Drury Lane.*—At a general meeting of the Proprietary, on Thursday, a precious report of the Committee was read; from which it appeared, that all the statements of unbounded success, &c. which appeared in the bills throughout the season, were gross falsehoods, and that, instead of these delusions, the concern had been reduced to the utmost distress. The report then proceeds to throw dust in the eyes of the proprietors, renters, and public, by alleging almost every cause but the truth, for the failure of the speculation. It never seems to occur to the Committee, that character has any thing to do with the affairs of a theatre, or that such a property may be ruined by brutalised men and degraded women, and utter disreputableness throughout. The Committee, however, bear the highest testimony to the virtues and efforts of their lessee; with whom, we fancy, they are going to try it on again in honest and holy fellowship.

*Haymarket.*—The novelties of the last week have been *The Nervous Man*, for the first time at this theatre, in which Farren and Power are rich in the two opposites; and Buckstone's new comedy, *Love and Murder; or, The School for Sympathy!* part comedy, part farce, in three acts. The whole comic talent of the house is employed in this piece. The plot is far too complicated for us even to attempt to unravel; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with speaking of the merits of the writing and of the performers. The dialogue is not quite so smart as it might have been; and there are not so many "hits" as usual in Mr. Buckstone's works; but, to atone for this, the piece is full of bustle and incident. Mrs. Glover has a capital part, and makes the most of it; she is certainly an admirable actress, and, though not quite so young as she has been, her spirit is the making of any part entrusted to her. Mrs. Humby, also, in one of her waiting-maid characters, is irresistibly funny. Buckstone, with his usual modesty, has given himself a secondary part, leaving to Farren the most prominent one; they are both perfect. Mrs. Nesbitt and Miss Taylor look prettily, and play their nice parts very cleverly. Mrs. W. Clifford and Mrs. Tayleure, also do justice to their more subordinate ones. Strickland,

\* A scull of one of their chiefs is to be seen in the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society: it is small, and with a low forehead.—*Ed. L. G.*



Saville, &c. &c., complete the cast, and aid in rendering this one of the most amusing and laughable pieces we have seen. We cannot resist quoting a new turn given to the much abused clubs. Mrs. Nesbitt, in making an assignation for the evening, says: "My husband will be sure to be at his club." The listening husband's (aside) is, "Oh! these clubs, what opportunities they do give the wretches!"

**English Opera.**—A new ballet, called *Diana and Endymion*, has been produced here, in which Miss Ballin and M. Gilbert, display much activity.

#### VARIETIES.

**British Institution.**—We hope that none of our readers who love the arts, and have had it in their power to visit this splendid collection, have omitted to avail themselves of the opportunity. If there be any such, we beg to intimate to them, that after next Saturday they will be too late.

**Mrs. Cocking.**—We are glad to see the subscription for poor Mrs. Cocking is filling benevolently. Besides her Majesty's fifty pounds, the exhibition at Vauxhall Gardens, on Wednesday week, produced above a hundred and eighty pounds, and there has been a tolerable list advertised, varying from five pounds to ten shillings. We trust enough will be raised to purchase a decent annuity for the bereaved old lady.

**Magnetism.**—Professor Parrot, of Dorpat, has undertaken a journey to the North Cape, to take magnetic observations; and he has invited men of science, in various parts of Europe, to make corresponding observations on the 21st, 24th, 28th, or 31st of this month (August), with a view to throw further light on the theory of the magnetism of the earth.

**Mr. Faraday.**—We learn, and we need hardly say with no great regret (for no title could illustrate a name so eminent in science), that we were misinformed respecting the knighthood conferred on Mr. Faraday. Sir A. W. Calcott and Sir W. J. Newton, of high rank in the fine arts, have been graced by that distinction.

**Weather-Wisdom.**—We fear last week must have been another balm for those who relied on the prediction of "windy," "cloudy," and "unsettled;" though glorious weather for the crops and the country. What we have since the 16th, is equally at issue with prophecy: but we quote as usual. "The sun having the declination of Saturn and Jupiter on the 18th and 19th, will bring thunder, lightning, wind, and rain. The sun with Jupiter brings warmer weather, yet windy about the 22d."

**Iron Smelting.**—The *Cambrian* newspaper states that a Mr. Crane, who had secured himself by a patent, has fully succeeded in smelting iron with anthracite coal submitted to a warm blast; and augurs an immense increase of profitable iron-works from this source, as the iron-stones largely alternates with anthracite, and thus, instead of being confined, as heretofore, to districts where bituminous coal is found, the manufacture may be carried on in extensive tracts of country where the anthracite abounds.

**Entomology.**—A Parisian correspondent of the *Times* (August 13) notices that no *hannetons* (Maybugs, or beetles), which were last year collected by the bushel, are this season to be seen; whilst an immense multitude of *papillons* (moths) rise, at sunset, every evening from the Pont Royal, and other places about Paris.

The French Association for the Promotion of Science is to meet at Metz on the 5th of Sep-

tember, six days before the *British*, at Liverpool. We observe, by the newspapers, that Newcastle-upon-Tyne is already putting forth a feeler to obtain the honour of the latter for the ensuing year. The claim stood very well at Bristol last year. (See *L. G.*)

**Cardinal Fesch.**—This celebrated person has sold a number of his pictures to raise a sum for the relief of the distressed manufacturers of Lyons; and it is mentioned to be his intention to found a school of the Fine and Useful arts at Ajaccio, in Corsica, whither he has already sent a large collection of ancient sculptures, and a great number of paintings are to follow.

**Dramatic.**—America has won one of our most accomplished vocalists from us. Madame Caradori Allan, with her husband, sail to-day for New York, where this chaste and admirable singer is engaged for fifty nights. We believe some 5000*l.* is secured; and, if purity and excellence deserve that sum, it is in this instance well deserved. Buckstone leaves the Adelphi for Drury; but Yates and John Reeve, though both on the doctor's list, are not so ill but that they may be expected to appear, in good order, at the opening of the minor.

**The Trade of the Indus, &c.**—Bearing upon this subject, treated of in our first paper in the preceding *Literary Gazette*, the annexed extract will be found to give some important intelligence.

The real secret of the ill success that has hitherto attended the opening of the navigation of the Indus, is the poverty of the countries it communicates with, and the force of habit which keeps the little trade they possess in the channels in which it has taken place for a length of time. In the course of a few years, however, a gradual change may be expected, and symptoms of it are even now discernible. Amongst these, the importation of wool, from Mekran and Candahar, is one of the most important and promising. This valuable staple, which has only recently figured in the trade of India, it appears, may be obtained in vast quantities in the countries to the north and west of the Indus; and as the demand for it at home appears to be nearly unlimited, we do not doubt that, as the trade with them has been opened, it will rapidly increase; and when it becomes of more magnitude, that the advantages of the Indus for carrying it on will be more appreciated, especially as wool is a bulky article, upon which the expenses of land carriage tell most seriously.—*Bombay Courier.*

**European Publishing.**—The annual issues of the English press average about twelve hundred volumes; those of the French and German, five thousand each. In ten years to come, estimating from the increase during ten years past, there will be issued in England, France, and Germany, more than one hundred and fifty thousand new books. There are more than eighty periodicals in Great Britain, devoted to all the various departments of useful human knowledge. Many of them are conducted with great ability. The number, also, in France and Germany is very considerable.—*Prospectus of American Society, noticed in preceding Gazette.*

**Arabian Travel.**—A letter from Bombay communicates the following intelligence regarding the progress of the passengers and packets of the *Hugh Lindsay*, on her trip to the Gulf in September last:—"We heard last night of the safety of Messrs. Stewart and Alexander, who set out from here in the *Hugh Lindsay*, in September, and chose the route through Arabia. They were stopped and robbed at Lemloon; Mr. Fitzjames, who was car-

rying a mail, was with them, but we are happy to find they are all now safe on their way, and it is supposed their money will be returned to them. They had money and coins to the amount of 400*l.* with them. The mail is safe."

Lemloon, the place mentioned above, is a village in Arabia, upon the Euphrates, about midway between Bussorah and Hillah, and ten miles below the marshes which bear that name.—*Calcutta Courier, Feb. 7.*

**Pumpkin Sugar.**—Sugar extracted from pumpkins, say the French journals, is equal, in every respect, to beet-root sugar.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. William Savage has in the Press, the Case on the 43d of Elizabeth, with the Opinion attributed to Mr. Serjeant Snigge in the reign of James I., with Observations respecting the Author.

In the Press.

Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales, including the Course of the River Wye, by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, with Plates, from Drawings by Harding, Cox, Fielking, Crewick, &c.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, edited by Dr. Bloomfield, 8vo. 28*s.*—Copies for Writing Greek in Schools, by A. B. Evans, D.D. Head Master of Market Bosworth Free School, 4to. 5*s.* cloth.—An Essay on the Properties of Iodine and its Compounds, by C. Cogswell, A.B. M.D. 8vo. 5*s.*—Discourses, chiefly on Doctrinal Subjects, by the Rev. R. Nesbitt, Broomfield, 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d.*—Hand-Book for Travellers in Southern Germany, 18mo. 9*s.* 6*d.*—Lectures on English Poetry, by S. Busby, Esq. 12mo. 3*s.*—A History of British Quadrupeds, by T. Bell, F.R.S. Professor of Zoology in King's College, 8vo. with 200 Illustrations, 28*s.*; royal 8vo. 2*l.* 16*s.*; imperial 8vo. 4*l.* 4*s.*—Ten Sermons on Popish Errors, preached at Liverpool, 12mo. 6*s.*—Exercises in Orthography, on entirely a New Plan, by H. Hopkins, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—An English Grammar, by M. Green, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Archbold's Recent Criminal Statutes, 12mo. 5*s.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 10	From 46 to 73	29.89 to 29.64
Friday .. 11	.. 51 .. 73	29.63 .. 29.65
Saturday .. 12	.. 47 .. 73	29.60 .. 29.54
Sunday .. 13	.. 43 .. 78	30.04 .. 30.11
Monday .. 14	.. 40 .. 78	30.15 .. 30.18
Tuesday .. 15	.. 40 .. 75	30.18 .. 30.12
Wednesday 16	.. 47 .. 76	30.05 .. 30.02

Winds, S.W. and N.E.  
Generally clear; a few drops of rain on the afternoon of the 16th.  
Edmundson.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society. July 1837.

Thermometer—Highest.....	80.00	.. the 27th.
Lowest .....	39.00	.. 1st.
Mean .....	58.43145	
Barometer—Highest.....	30.06	.. 1st and 2d.
Lowest .....	29.11	.. 29th.
Mean .....	29.74247	

Number of days of rain, 10.  
Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 1.64.  
Winds.—3 North-East—1 East—3 South—9 South-West—3 West—10 North-West—3 North.

**General Observations.**—The month was very fine, the quantity of rain being small, little more than one half of the quantity in July last year, and twenty-one days were without any rain. The mean temperature was higher than in the same month last year, but not so high as in the two preceding years. The barometer was lower, as respects the extremes, than in the corresponding month last year; but there was an extraordinary coincidence in the mean and that of last year, the difference being only the 0.039th part of an inch. Thunder was heard on the 18th, in the afternoon; the wind chiefly from the Westward, veering from the South-West to the North-West.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**The Medallie Engraving.**—To Mr. Ogilby, and other subscribers, who have written to us respecting the Medallie Engraving, which was given with our No. 1047, we beg to observe, that, being printed on stiff paper, it cannot well be forwarded by post; and if so sent, would be inevitably spoiled, and rendered useless as an illustration of the subject. We will, however, keep copies to be delivered whenever it may suit the convenience of our distant friends to have them called for.

Mr. Haynes Bayly's new Novel reached us too late for notice this week.

**ERRATUM.**—In last Gazette, page 506, col. 2, line 6 from bottom, for reason, read reason.



13 Great Marlborough Street, Aug. 18.  
**MR. COLBURN** has just published the following New Works:—

I.  
**Stokeshill Place; or, the Man of Business.**  
 By the Authoress of "Mrs. Armitage;" "Mothers and Daughters," &c. 3 vols.

II.  
**The Spas of Germany.** By Dr. Granville, Author of "Travels to St. Petersburg," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. with 38 Illustrations.

III.  
**CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.**  
**Snarley Yow; or, the Dog-Fiend.** 3 vols.

IV.  
**Travels in Circassia, Krim-Tartary, &c. in 1830-7; including a Steam Voyage down the Danube.** By Edmund Spenser, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous Illustrations.

V.  
**Wanderings in Greece.** By George Cochrane, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. with Portraits of the King and Queen of Greece, and numerous other Illustrations.

NEW PART OF **ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA.**  
 Price 15. 1s. boards. Part XLVI. of

**THE ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA;** or, Universal Dictionary of Knowledge; on an Original Plan, combining the twofold advantages of a Philosophical and Alphabetical Arrangement.

See This Part contains—in Pure Sciences, Theory of Probabilities, by Mr. De Morgan; Definite Integrals, by Mr. Mosely. In Mixed Sciences, Botany, continued. In History, to nearly the end of the Seventeenth Century; and in the Lexicon, to Saxicola. London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock; J. G., and P. Rivington; J. Duncan; B. Fellows; Suttaby and Co.; E. Hodgson; J. Dowling; G. Lawford; T. Loxcock; J. Fraser; J. M. Richardson; J. Bohn; T. Altman; J. Bain; H. Dixon; J. Bryant; S. Hodgson; R. Hodgson; F. Westley; for J. H. Parker, Oxford; and J. and J. Deighton, Cambridge.

"The Proprietors regret extremely the length of time which has elapsed since the publication of Part XLV., and which is attributable solely to the much-lamented death of the late respected Editor, the Rev. Mr. Smedley. They trust, that in the hands of the new Editor, it will be possible to publish the few remaining parts with considerable dispatch; and as Mr. Smedley had nearly completed his arrangements for the completion of the work, there will be no difficulty in effecting it in a consistent manner."

**NEW WORKS** published this day,  
 By Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street,  
 Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

I.  
**Narrative of an Expedition into the Interior of Africa,**  
 By the River Niger;  
 In the Steam-vessels Quorra and Alburkah, in 1833, 1835, and 1836.  
 By Macgregor Laird and R. A. C. Oldfield, Surviving Officers of the Expedition.  
 In 3 vols. 8vo. with Map and numerous Plates.

II.  
**The Bivouac;**  
 Or, Stories of the Peninsular War.  
 By W. H. Maxwell, Esq.  
 Author of "Stories of Waterloo," "My Life," &c. 3 vols.

The following will appear in a few days.

III.  
**Kindness in Women;**  
 A Novel.  
 By T. Haynes Bayley, Esq. 3 vols.  
 "Kindness in women, not their beautiful looks, Shall win my love."—*Shakespeare.*

IV.  
 2d edition, revised, with Additions, in 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous fine Portraits,  
**THE LETTERS OF**  
**Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.**  
 Edited by Lord Wharncliffe.

V.  
**THE NEW VOLUME OF "THE STANDARD NOVELS."**  
 With the Magazine, on the 31st inst. complete in 1 vol. neatly bound, and embellished with Two Engravings by Greatbach, from Designs by Cawse, price 6s.

**Mr. James's "Philip Augustus."**  
 Forming the New Volume of  
**The Standard Novels and Romances.**

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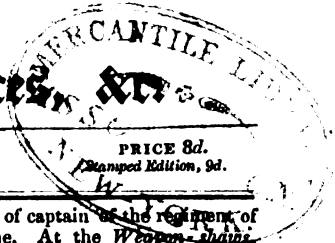
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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Biographie de Napoléon Louis Bonaparte.* Extrait de la Biographie des Hommes du Jour. Pp. 30. A Paris, 1836. De l'imprimerie de Poussielgue.

*Relation de l'Entreprise du Prince Napoléon Louis, et Motifs que l'y ont déterminé.* Par le Vicomte F. de Persigny, Aid-de-camp du Prince dans la Journée du 30 Octobre, 1836. Pp. 48. Londres, 1837. Imprimé par Schultze and Co.

THESE two pamphlets have attracted our notice, as they relate to an individual whose recent exploits and movements have excited much public attention. It is true that, with the exception of their biographical traits, they are of a strong political cast; yet, as this scion of the Napoleon family is a marked man, and one likely to figure on the scene hereafter, and still more as he appears before us in the character of a *littérateur*, we think a short notice of these pages may be read with general interest.

The first publication opens with a glowing panegyric on Prince Napoleon Louis, evidently meant as a preparation for, or aid to, his dashing attempt at Strasburg; and, together with every passage in both narratives, upholds him to view as the perfect *beau idéal* of the "Young France." His baptismal name of Charles Louis Napoleon has been changed to Napoleon Louis, and he is now esteemed the representative of the Bonaparte dynasty, agreeably to the decision of Napoleon, and an act of the senate in the year XII. From these data we gather, that the imperial dynasty was limited to the issue of the emperor, the issue of Joseph, king of Spain, and the issue of Louis, king of Holland. Neither Lucien Bonaparte, who would never be a king, nor Jerome, who was king of Westphalia, nor their children, were included. Thus, after the death of his elder brother, and of the Duke of Reichstadt, the subject of these works became their apparent to all that might descend to the representative of the imperial crown.

He was born 20th April, 1808, the very crisis of the highest exaltation of that gigantic power; and his birth was celebrated with all the *éclat* so gratifying to the Parisian people. He was inscribed, as just stated, in the imperial dynasty, and when the Duke of Reichstadt died, "*on ne sait de quelle mort*" (p. 7, and a sinister insinuation), he, of course, took the Napoleonic position of that youthful prince.

He was educated by his mother, Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of Josephine, and sister of Eugene, in a style of manly cultivation, as well as of sedulous attention to his mental qualities: and we are informed that his uncle Napoleon, at his private repasts, used to be fond of seeing him and his brother, as children, and exercising them playfully in various modes calculated to develop their intellects. At seven years of age he was consequently, enthusiastically devoted to the emperor and to France.

When a change came over the spirit of the Napoleon dream, he, like others of the race, was obliged to leave the country. He was confirmed at the cathedral of Augsburg, under the patronage of his uncle Eugene, whom he

much resembled in features and disposition (*cœur*); and passed his summers with his mother, now designated Duchess of St. Leu, at Arenenberg, the estate which she had purchased in Switzerland, and where she is now, we are told, in a state of health which points to a speedy grave.

In 1830, we find him in Italy, and so deeply involved in insurrectionary movements, as to be compelled to fly from the Roman police. Having joined his brother, the revolt broke out, and some desperate fighting ensued. The brother, however, died at Forlì, and our hero retreated for shelter to Ancona. The place was soon surrounded by the Austrian troops, but he effected his escape in disguise; and the more readily as his mother had given out, and got it to be believed, that he had already fled to Greece. From Ancona he went to Paris, and announced himself, *sans cérémonie*, to Louis Philippe, who does not seem to have been over well pleased either with the visit or visitor. The king was not quite ready to fraternise with the principles of these Italian revolutions; and so Charles Louis was ordered to quit France. Upon this, he wrote a letter to his majesty, in which he "*reconnaissait le roi comme représentant de la grande nation; il sollicitait l'honneur de servir dans les rangs de l'armée Française; il se faisait gloire d'avoir embrassé en Italie la sainte cause de l'indépendance des peuples; il demandait à mourir un jour en combattant pour la patrie.*" To this no answer was returned; and he came to England, where he remained a short period, improving himself in various ways by observation on foreign manners, manufactures, and affairs.

In 1831 he returned to Switzerland, where a secret deputation of the discontented Poles waited upon him, with the request that he would put himself at the head of the nation in arms, and lead the insurrection against the Russians. This office, prudential considerations forced him to decline; but the offer shews that he even then occupied a station which caused him to be looked up to as one in whom opposition to the established order of things in Europe was likely to meet a friend and ally.

The death of the Duke of Reichstadt is represented to have made him a still greater object of jealousy to the sovereigns around, and he was accordingly watched in every motion; but his tact and judgment taught him to defeat all the arts and machinations of the espionage to which he was exposed. He appeared to be intensely occupied with literary pursuits, and published a pamphlet, entitled, "*Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse*;" which is said to afford proofs of indefatigable zeal in the studies of philosophy and political economy, and to display very high talent in the writer. It made a great sensation in Helvetia, and the author rose to envious popularity in that land. He also gave the world a "*Manuel d'Artillerie*," which is highly spoken of by his biographers, whose sentiments, be it understood, we are, throughout this sketch, repeating. He was nominated an honorary citizen of Thurgovie; a compliment previously paid to Ney, Metternich, and Capo d'Istrias: and, in 1834,

attained the rank of captain in the regiment of artillery of Berne. At the *Weapon-shows*, and other public occasions, which are still the country customs, he figured as a distinguished actor; and in gymnastics, rifle-shooting, &c. often bore off the prize.

The first pamphlet concludes with a vivid reclamation against the exile of the Bonaparte family from France—dwells on their devotedness to it, and especially on the attachment of our hero;—and predicts that he will, at some future day, serve in the French armies with *éclat*, and, if necessary, die the glorious death of a soldier citizen.

Vicomte Persigny, besides a biography agreeing with the preceding, gives a detailed and very stirring account of the bold enterprise at Strasburg, on the 30th of October. From the statement, it appears that the insurrectionists relied chiefly on the unpopularity of the king, which they concluded from the various attempts against his life; on the strength of the republican party; and on the prestige which the name of Bonaparte would carry with it to the army, and the population. They justify the measure on the ground, that the revolution of 1830 did not restore the liberties of the people, but was merely a change of dynasty without benefit to the nation; and contend, that the various plots, risings, and conspiracies since then, demonstrate this to be the general feeling. The consequent discontent would be in their favour, and the representative of the new (Orleans) line would be as easily overthrown as any former occupant of the throne. The pamphlet asserts, that if the king had fallen by the hands of Alibad, the most frightful disorders would have ensued; and thence deduce their own right to plant a firmer and more popular leader at the head of affairs, whether republican, consular, or royal. Induced by such representations and considerations, Napoleon Louis agreed to devote himself to this daring adventure. He thought that, owing to their recollections of his uncle, he could rely on the army of the Loire; and many officers repaired to him to concert the best steps to be taken to realise their project. The whole circumstances shew how easy it is to get up an *émeute* in France. In 1832, we are told they were equally ready to join in a similar attempt, if our hero had appeared in the character of lieutenant-general of his cousin the Duke of Reichstadt, furnished with a simple letter from him as Napoleon II. At all events, somebody was to be put forward to consolidate and represent the Democratic Principle in France; and whether in reality, or the mere pretence of ambition, hence the origin and ready accession of allies to all these movements in the neighbour country. M. Carrel was, it seems, consulted on this occasion, and confessed that he could not rally a single party (the republican). "How, then, said he to the agent, could I rally all parties (comment me serait-il possible de les rallier tous ?)"

Napoleon Louis, however, under some pretext, went to Baden Baden, and the *projet* was matured with a "great number of officers in the garrisons of Alsace and Lorraine." He

then proceeded, on the 25th of September, "to hunt in the principality of Hechingen;" in reality, to meet his friends. But mishaps beset the very first arrangements. Three days he waited fruitlessly at the rendezvous; and matters were much disconcerted. At last, Lieut.-col. Pasquin, Col. Vaudrey, and others, entered into communication with him, and the dash was made. The public and newspaper accounts have made the world acquainted with the leading incidents; and M. Persigny only enters more fully into the details, and recounts the accidents and fatalities by which the enterprise was frustrated. From his statements it would seem that it was all but completely successful. Before the conspirators emerged from their place of meeting, at day-break, on the momentous 30th (all the rest of the story putting us strongly in mind of the scenes in "Venice Preserved"), their leader thus addressed them:—

"Voici, Messieurs, un moment solennel. Dans peu d'instans nous allons commencer une grande entreprise. Si nous réussissons, les bénédictions du peuple seront notre récompense; mais, si nous échouons, le vulgaire nous couvrira de boue. On ne trouvera pas assez d'expressions pour peindre la folie, le ridicule de notre entreprise. C'est là le martyre des temps modernes. Nous le supporterons avec calme et résignation. Nous nous rappellerons la longue agonie de l'empereur à Sainte-Hélène. Les hommes de cœur nous tiendront compte de nos efforts. Nous mourrons victime d'une grande cause. Le peuple Français nous plaindra."

Well, fail they did, and the sequel is generally known. Napoleon Louis was sent to America under escort, whilst his associates were tried and miraculously acquitted.

From America he very recently returned to England; and from England, by means of personating some one else, obtained a passport, took the steamer to Rotterdam, and has thence, as we see by the papers, made his way to Arenenberg.

Since writing this sketch, we have had sent to us another small brochure of 40 pages, *Lettre du Prince Napoléon Louis Bonaparte à sa Mère*, in which he recites his "Malheurs," in endeavouring faire "envisager la cause Napoléonienne comme la seule cause nationale en France, comme la seule cause civilisatrice en Europe," &c. &c.; but we have no time to look over this personal narrative, and can only mention that the latest foreign notice we have seen of him is in "The Augsburg Gazette," which, under the head of "Rubrique de Zurich," claims him as a citizen of Thurgovie, and denies the right of the French ambassador to demand his expulsion from independent Switzerland, and the more especially as his associates were acquitted. The "Morning Post" of the 14th, states that he reached his mother's château on the 5th instant, where his presence was a great consolation to her; and what is rather surprising from a journal of its politics, talks of possible circumstances enabling him "to call forth the unanimous energies of a glory-thirsty and generous people, by skilfully turning into account those magic 'Napoleonic Souvenirs,' in order that they may (as on the foundation of the imperial dynasty) attain once again that sublime desideratum in the political world, viz. 'an unequivocal and satisfactory amalgamation of all parties; and by such a means, to consolidate exemplarily, upon a sympathetic and adamant basis, the true national interests of the most preponderating constitutional government on the Continent.'"

The language is foreign, but the "Morning Post" is the published authority.

*Kindness in Women.* Tales, by Thomas Haynes Bayly. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley. No one can forget the charm of Mr. Bayly's exquisite ballads—simple, natural, they came to the general heart, because they expressed the general feeling. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and that one touch was the secret of his popularity. The charm pervades the present work. The story of "Kate Leslie" is told with the most touching pathos, and her character sustained in all its womanly beauty to the last. Mr. Bayly has succeeded in throwing a charming familiarity around his *locale*. We become quite acquainted with the parsonage, its green lawn, and little fountain. We shall not, however, break in upon the progress of the narrative, but select a very pathetic episode:—

*The Strong Man of the Fair.*—"The poor boy, for he really looked little more, proceeded to realise all the promises made in his printed bills. Prodigious were the weights he raised; and some that it was utterly impossible for him to move from the earth, were placed upon him; and though they did not crush him, his sufferings must have been acute, and he bore them without flinching. Large and muscular though his frame appeared, his fair countenance was that of a stripling; light hair curled round his forehead, now bathed with the dews of over-exertion, and on his cheek there was either the hectic of ill health, or a spot of ronge, ill put on, to imitate youth's roses. In every pause there was a short dry cough, never to be mistaken by one who has heard that fatal signal by his own fireside: but he still proceeded with his task, though each new effort was more difficult and painful than the last. At length but one feat remained to be performed; but it required more exertion and endurance than all the rest. His legs were to be fastened to an upright pillar, and when his body was in a horizontal position, all the weights which he had raised singly were to be supported by him in one accumulated mass. I hastily rose to leave the booth; but just as the exhibitor was preparing himself for the effort, a little boy ran to him on the stage, and whispered something in his ear. The young man clasped his hands, kissed the child, and then looked wildly and wistfully on those around him; and when the person who had assisted him prepared to put the fastenings on his feet, he started back, and I heard him say, in a low voice, 'No, no, I can do no more! Therese—I must go to her; she will die,—she will die!' His rough companion made some hasty answer; and he then pressed his hands firmly on his forehead, and leaned against the side of the stage, apparently in a state of exhaustion. I would gladly have seen the curtain fall; but those who, like myself, had paid their money at the door, expected to have their money's worth; and, after a very brief pause, loud shouts were raised, and the last act of the exhibition demanded. I saw the young exhibitor rouse himself with an effort, and, calling to his assistant, he cried, 'Now—quick, quick, and let me go to her!'"

The spectator follows and assists him home. "Hush!" I whispered; 'he is quiet now—I think he is asleep. Take some of this nourishment; nay, consider how important it is that, when he wakes, he should find you better.' Therese was struck with the truth of this, and took some of the refreshment I offered her; but, with my consent, she gave a large portion

to the little child. He ate eagerly, for a moment; and then we saw him divide what she had given him, and lay the largest portion aside. 'What are you about?' said I, gently; 'cannot you eat it?' 'Hush!' whispered the little fellow, with tears in his eyes, and pointing to the sleeping man: 'papa has had none, you know.' We did not speak for some moments; for we were touched by the child's simple words. 'How old is the boy?' I inquired, at length. 'Four years old. His poor father is not yet two-and-twenty: he looks younger in face; and as for his figure, you must not judge of that—every muscle has now been unnaturally forced.' 'Hush! he wakes.' And the Hercules began to move; and, slowly and feebly raising himself from the ground, he sat up and looked wildly around him. 'Something nice for papa,' cried the child; and, running to him, it placed before him the little treasure it had saved. 'Frederick! Ah! I remember now,' said he. 'Therese—she is not—no, no, no—she lives!' and he rose and rushed into her arms. I knew that they had sufficient sustenance for that night, and softly, and without one word of adieu, I rose and left the house. I called the next day, and found Therese in a deep sleep, or rather torpor, and her husband, who sat pale and motionless by her side, raised his finger to his lip as I entered. I took a seat at some distance from the bed, and silently watched the group—the dying woman, her distracted husband, and the little boy, who, kneeling at his father's feet, held one of his hands, and buried his face in his lap. At length the young man raised his head, and his eyes met mine. Slowly and hopelessly he shook his head, and, rising, walked over to the part of the room where I was sitting, followed by the child. 'We need not fear disturbing her,' said he; 'she will soon slumber in the grave, without a dream, without a sorrow!' 'Nay, hope for the best,' I replied, taking his hand. 'Perhaps that is the best for her,' he cried; 'but for me, and for this poor boy—oh! what will become of him?' 'Alas! I can do little,' was my answer. 'You!—you are a stranger—you have given us your sympathy—what could we expect more? Besides, you have no wealth!' 'Indeed I have not.' 'Oh, I knew it! Had you been rich, instead of pitying me, you would have soon found out some early error, some past folly—any thing—as an excuse for not relieving us. But she still lives, and I can still support her.' 'You will not attempt that painful exhibition to-night. You cannot endure the fatigue; your hand now burns with fever.' 'So much the better; that fever will support me. Look at these limbs, that I was once proud of—their strength cannot be gone; and if I earn enough for her and the boy, what can I require? When the muscles shrink, 'twill be time for me to think of food.' 'Do stay at home, papa,' said the boy. 'I can't do like you; but I'll go and do my best, if it's to feed mamma.' 'Poor boy!' cried his father, kissing him. 'Oh, I shan't mind—I like jumping about, and I'll do my very best.' We were interrupted by Therese, who, starting from her trance-like slumber, called for her husband and her boy; and, knowing that I could do no good, and that my presence might be felt as a restraint, I left the room without attracting her attention. That night the lamps again beamed from the booth of the Hercules. The populace, attracted by the favourable report of the few who had witnessed his exertions on the preceding evening, now thronged the space allotted for spectators; and, leaving



his poor Therese more feeble and exhausted than he had ever yet seen her, the strong man, after kissing again and again her cold and colourless lips, once more went forth to expose himself to public wonder. His limbs trembled, and his temples throbbed, whilst he again assumed the dress he was accustomed to wear; the very effort of fastening his sandals seemed too much for him; cold drops stood upon his forehead, and the beating of his pulse seemed audible; but the heavy weights were placed before him, and, hailed by shouts and acclamations, the strong man proceeded with his task \* \* \* Poor Frederick knelt weeping by the corpse of his mother; but the orphan boy was the only mourner. In the same hour that Therese ceased to breathe, her husband fell dead upon the stage: the iron weights rolled heavily from him to the feet of the spectators, for the strong man had broken a blood-vessel."

The last story is a light farce: Liston might have acted the hero; and the story of "My Friend Bob" is most amusing. There are, we must especially mention, some exquisite snatches of song, as headings to the chapters.

*The Life of John Thelwall.* By his Widow. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 477. London, 1837. Macrone.

A BUST-PRINT prefixed to this volume, gives the idea of Thelwall being a very large man, and does not strike us as being particularly like him in the features, though there is some resemblance. It is thus a much more correct indication to the contents of the volume itself, than the show-signs one sees at fairs are to the interior sights of the booths, or the portraits of individuals in exhibitions are to the originals whom they so invariably flatter and so often misrepresent. In the book, as in the bust, it seems to us that Mr. Thelwall is made too big, and that he is flattered, like beasts in the caravans, and the encouragers of the fine arts, at their own personal cost, in the rooms of the Royal Academy. Not that we mean to disparage this political enthusiast; on the contrary, we are strongly inclined to the belief that he was a good-hearted and worthy man, very sincere in his convictions, very zealous in propagating the opinions he considered right, and among the most able and eloquent of the party to which he, throughout life, professed and devoted his warm allegiance. Whether he was weak and mistaken or not, it is no part of our task to inquire. We had some, though slight, acquaintance and literary intercourse with him, and never observed aught in these, or his social and domestic relations, which might not have become one of the most quiet and respectable of London's citizens.

Before we come to speak of the volume, which is our more immediate concern, we may as well say a few words on the growing fashion of having men's lives edited by their widows. It is a sad fate. *So did not*, though only with a difference in absurdity, the Dame of Ephesus mourn her love, but *so did* Mrs. Heber; and albeit some forty-six years have elapsed since Mrs. Thelwall was made a wife, we do not think it a sufficient excuse for the folly of being now imprinted as an editor, and especially the editor of a publication, every page of which shews that she could have had very little, if any thing, to do with it. Would Mrs. T., for example, have written this:—

"However, he (Thelwall) was now in his turn rewarded by the happiness he shed around him, and by the affectionate and grateful care of those beings who, not too late, appreciated

his worth. In the summer of 1789, he was enabled to visit some relations in Rutlandshire, when he had the satisfaction of completely recovering his health; and, at the same time, he formed an attachment to the lady, who was afterwards the wife, who shared his fate during his political struggles. He found her a simple, innocent, unsophisticated little maiden, of rather more than fifteen; mild and sweet in her disposition, and with a sylph-like form, and a beaming eye, which spoke the capability of the mind within. Thelwall beheld her with delight, and compared this being with those he had before fancied he could be happy with. The comparison between the town-bred fiction of fashionable life, and the innocent reality of rustic purity, operated in favour of the modest country-girl, and the romantic idea entered his head that he might develop the germs of intellect which were so inherent in this child of nature, and like Mr. Day, the author of 'Sandford and Merton,' educate his future wife. He caught at the thought with eagerness, and not being by any means then, or at any after period of his life, a being that woman would look upon with contempt, it will not appear difficult to believe, that he very soon won the affections of the young lady; and, before his return to London, they had mutually pledged each other to eternal fidelity. \* \* \* On the anniversary of his birthday, when he had completed the twenty-seventh year of his age, in 1791, he was married to his 'Stella,' who was then little more than seventeen, and who shared, with the most devoted fidelity, all the storms of fortune which befel her husband in the ensuing ten years of his life."

Seeing, therefore, that the widow could not have edited this book, we are more at liberty to presume the truth, viz. that the task has been executed by a person of Thelwall's own principles, or, in the language of our day, a thorough-going out and out Radical, for they were called Reformers, Sansculottes, Democrats, Jacobins, Republicans, and Revolutionists, then, though now all the names, except those three beginning with R, have merged into another R, Radical. In this way we might say, the Riter, whilst he exalts the party to which he belongs, never speaks of those opposed to them but as oppressors, tyrants, persecutors, calumniators, villains, and such like. He relates their acts, and describes their doings, as might be expected from a hot opponent. It might be true that the law was stretched beyond its due in the instances he cites; that some individual hardship and wrong was endured, and that public measures of potent vigour and severity were passed and enforced—what then? why does not he, as an impartial historian would, shew us the converse, and in fairness allow, that there might be great and just motives for extraordinary proceedings. Look at the miseries and horrors which France has gone through since 1792, and compare the petty sufferings so loudly dwelt upon in this volume, with the mass of bloodshed and guilt from which, in the view of the government inflicting these sufferings, it was their object to save England. Again, we state, it is remote from a literary journal to pronounce whether they were or were not mistaken; but, in scanning the merits of a work of this kind, we are bound to point out so extreme a dereliction from the principles of even-handed justice, as not to allow due weight and liberal doubt to the principles which might urge the adverse parties to the course they adopted.

One side all good and the other all bad, is a picture one half white and the other half black:

no middle tints, no shades, no variety of colouring. What sort of a picture would that be? Notwithstanding this egregious fault, however, the *Life of Thelwall* is well deserving of careful attention in these days. To see what was desired, to remember what has since been done, to look forward to what is still asked or denied, affords matter for very grave consideration. The features of the age and country are much changed in less than half a century; and wisdom may well be employed in gathering wisdom from the contrast, how we stood, and how we stand, as a nation: how we were, how we are, and how we are like to be, as a people. Towards these deliberations, Thelwall's pages furnish many important hints; and though we deem the importance of the individual to be much over-rated, and most of the transactions recorded to be utterly strained into a consistency with the views of faction, still there are useful lessons for all parties, to be acquired by a candid examination of the men and events during a trying and perilous era, even as they are here set before us. In this mode,

"Thelwall, and ye that lecture as ye go,"

may do better than "praise Lepaux;" and we trust that some of our political contemporaries will educe this wheat of experience from this chaff of biography. For ourselves, we shall merely direct notice to a few things which have occurred to us, as un-political writers, whatever we may be as readers. Thelwall is represented to have sprung from an ancient Saxon family, but his immediate ancestors having fallen into decay (though his father was a respectable silk-mercer), he was reared in humble circumstances. After trying his mother's counter, he was apprenticed to a tailor; and from that, through sundry vicissitudes, took a turn at law. During his tailorship, the following characteristic anecdote is told of him:—

"Young Thelwall had now changed his residence, but not his habits; his pursuits were still the same. Instead of acquiring his trade, he was perpetually devoted to Shakspeare and the poets, the philosophers and the historians; and his opportunities of study having become still more inadequate to his wishes, he even carried a wax taper in his pocket, that he might read as he walked along the streets at night. This last habit, which he retained for many years after, was very near proving fatal to him. His family possessed a freehold cottage, or country house, as it was then considered, in the neighbourhood of Walcot Place, Lambeth, which was saved from the wreck of their affairs; to this house they retired during their difficulties, and Thelwall was in the habit of returning home at all hours of the night. At that time the cottage was situated entirely in the country, surrounded by fields. Now, indeed, we look in vain for the footpath which ran between two hedges separating the fields which led to Thelwall's little dwelling. It was here that he was walking one night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, with his lighted taper in his hand, his mind deeply engaged with a book he was perusing, when a man started up out of a ditch by the side of the path, and struck him a blow which felled him to the earth; the fellow then robbed him by the light of his own taper. It seems, however, that the robber was not quite destitute of every humane quality, for he remained with Thelwall till he saw him sufficiently recovered from the stunning effects of the blow to be enabled to walk; and, wiping from his face the blood which flowed from the wound, he assisted him to the gate of his garden, where he left him, and then

made his escape. To this circumstance was owing the small white lock a little above his forehead, so distinct from his naturally black hair, which seemed to defy the snows of age. In his latter years, this contrast became very remarkable."

Another anecdote of his lawyership will pair with the foregoing. His master's name was Impey, and

"The only fault which Impey had, was swearing, which seemed habitual in his kindest as well as his angry moods; and not being so unfashionable a practice at that time, as it fortunately is at the present, it was scarcely looked upon as a moral failing. A client calling upon him one day, after the usual salutations, proceeded thus: 'Mr. Impey, I want you immediately to issue a writ against —, who owes me 40*l*. He called upon me about an hour since, and told me, that as he was going out of town to-morrow, or the next day, he could only now pay me 20*l*. of his debt: I want you, therefore, to arrest him at once for the other 20*l*.' Impey's countenance began to work, but repressing his indignation, he quietly asked if the man was poor? 'Poor! oh, to be sure, I would not arrest him if he were not.' Impey, who was a humane man, could no longer control his anger at the heartless injustice of his client; but working himself up with a string of epithets, ran on thus: 'You rascal! why, what do you take me for? You scoundrel! What! arrest a poor man the very day he has paid you 20*l*. and that half of his debt? Out of my house, sirrah! and never let me see that d—d face again; out! I say.' At the same time, the vehemence with which he jumped upon his legs, overthrew one of the office-stools, and the apparent rage he was in; the clatter of the furniture, and the haste with which Impey attempted to replace it, so frightened the unhappy client, that, snatching up his hat, he made but one step to the door, and was out of sight in an instant."

We should guess that Impey has had few successors, if, indeed, the race be not quite extinct.

Thelwall published two volumes of poems in 1787; and being an orator at the famous debating shop, Coachmakers' Hall, when the French revolution broke out, he, as did many imaginative and worthy persons, left his earlier conservative principles to be an ardent apostle for liberty, equality, reform, the perfectability of governments and men, pure reason, and other difficulties. He, accordingly, leagued with the Friends of the People, the Corresponding Society, and the other principal associations for attaining the ends they proclaimed to be necessary for the regeneration of the country. "If it be (says the editor) a matter of surprise in the present day, how the mass of the people could be led into such acts of riot and confusion, it must be remembered that the lower orders were then exceedingly uneducated, and were, consequently, easily blinded, and led by those who would take the trouble to cajole them, or give them the means of gratifying their brutish appetites." This is spoken of the Westminster election in 1794. Truly, we are much improved since then!! We would bet a shilling the writer is a Westminster elector, or canvasser, at least. (See page 75 for further proof.)

The Scotch trials for high treason, and the English which ensued, when ministers, having a dislike to the assembling of a convention in London, put forth their strength against the leading promoters of that design, brings Thelwall more prominently on the canvass, and the

state trials are described as might be expected from the editor.

"These persecutions were a fatal blow to a young man called upon, as Thelwall was, to support his family by the exertions of his literary talents; and, up to the time of his drawing upon himself the venom of the ministerial press, he had not only increased in literary reputation, but had been enabled to establish himself and his family in a situation far above the common comforts of life. Suddenly, however, within the last four or five months, such was the dread of the relentless persecution, with which every one suspected of having friendly connexions with the marked character of the day was assailed, that Thelwall began to find himself neglected, and his prospects overclouded. 'The productions of my pen,' said he, 'breathing, from the irresistible impulse of zeal and principle, the predominant sentiment of my heart, were rejected by a publication which had hitherto inserted them with avidity; subscriptions for a miscellaneous work, then publishing, were withdrawn with insult, and other literary engagements were broken, without redress. Still, however, I persevered; and though, for a considerable time, not actually a member of any society, I attended almost all the meetings, took my public share in them, and neglected no opportunity of promoting the cause of justice and human happiness.' Notwithstanding all the evils which Thelwall found beginning to fall heavily on his head, he did not suffer his mind to shrink. He knew that to gain a grand national point there must be some personal sacrifice, and he was willing to become the victim. He could still, like others, by retiring from the lists, have retrieved his fallen fortunes, and recovered the literary reputation he was losing so fast; but then he must have consented to resign the hope of urging on, by uniting with other patriots, that parliamentary reform which every one now believed to be within reach. He found that he must be one thing or another—he must be either a patriot or a man of letters; for it is an extraordinary fact, that the world will not appreciate a man for more than one quality at a time. He was not long in choosing the line which the dictates of his heart pointed out, and he became a marked politician: this being the case, none other than political writings would the world receive from his pen."

It is too bad; but when men forsake their own affairs for their country's, it too often happens that their country does not reward them as they and their friends think it ought. If they succeed, and there is a scramble, it may be somewhat better for them, at any rate for a season; but if they fail, why, they seldom reap any other recompense than the glory of being victims and martyrs.

After the trials and acquittal of the prisoners, there is a good deal about Horne Tooke and his alienation from Thelwall, and also about Gerald, Hardy, &c., with which we shall not meddle. A passage or two may exhibit the better parts of the narrative.

"Horne Tooke may be said to have been one of the violent spirits of the age. He did not actually sanction the proceedings which had lately taken place in France, but his principles led him to excuse them; and he was certainly one of those who rejoiced in the death of the king and queen of that country, on the score of expediency. Thelwall, in a note written at the bottom of one of the pages of 'Major Cartwright's Life and Correspondence,' wherein this subject is mentioned, describes him in the following words: 'Horne Tooke, on the con-

trary, was always a strenuous advocate for the decapitation party. Pending the trial of the king, he would exultingly maintain the certainty of his doom, and as exultingly exclaim, 'that if the Convention did not take Louis's head, the populace of Paris would take theirs!' He was for preserving institutions and gibbeting the offending functionaries. He was for having kings, but for cutting off the head of one of them every fifty or one hundred years. These sentiments I have heard from him repeatedly: and I was informed by one of a party at his table (when I happened not to be there), that on one occasion, when he had been running on at this rate, greatly to the annoyance of Tom Paine, who, whatever may have been his failings in other respects, was a man of humanity, the latter, after a long suspense of sullen forbearance, broke silence with the indignant exclamation, 'Ah, Tooke! you are a true royalist! you love blood!' I think it was Frost who told me the anecdote. On another occasion, 'Citizen,' said Horne Tooke to Thelwall, 'I am too old to rebel—I am too gouty to rebel: but if the people choose to rebel, I will sit in my easy chair and pray for their success.'"

Speaking of rioters, &c. we are told,—

"Though it was these unfortunate beings who, on every occasion, had made any disturbance, it cannot be denied that there was then, as there is now, and ever must be, wherever congregated man has passions and opinions to control, a body of persons among the more enlightened classes of society, though happily that but a small one, who maintained the doctrine, that turbulence and commotion, not wisdom and deliberation, are the engines to be employed by intellectual beings for the attainment of their rights and the security of human happiness."

This seems but an early version of "Agitate, agitate, agitate;" but we are told who the agitators were.

"These sanguinary persons, at the period of which we are now writing, were principally of the following description: the spies and informers, and the tools of a tyrannical faction; infatuated enthusiasts, crying for liberty without understanding its principles, who were ready to break every sacred bond of peace and public happiness, to glut their malicious appetite for vengeance, or to satiate their own envy, rapacity, and ambition. And there was, also, another class of persons, consisting of men, who, with the best hearts, the most generous enthusiasm, and the most zealous love of liberty, yet suffered themselves to be deluded by their own feelings and the artifices of others, to become the tools of that corruption they wished to overthrow; and, by their imprudent impetuosity, promoted the views of those who, but for their weakness, must have ultimately shrunk before the light of human reason."

And here we finish; again repeating, and we hope without having been betrayed into party politics, that there are useful lessons to be learned from this volume.

*Earl Harold: a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* 8vo. pp. 108. London, 1837. Fraser.

SUPPOSE a man, who had never seen the Latin rudiments, were to attempt a work after the manner of "Cicero's Orations;" or one who had never heard or read a syllable of German, were to try his hand on a Germanic "Faust;" it is rather likely that there would be a bungle in the job. But it must be confessed, that we are not aware of any instance of folly so absurd, and that we have not heard any gentleman at

large assert that he was writing or conversing in a tongue utterly unintelligible to him. The Dictionary of the Unknown Tongue, when it is published, will be the first example within our knowledge!

But *Earl Harold* is not the first by many specimens that have been before us, of persons attempting to perpetrate poetry and the drama, without possessing a single idea on, or requisite for, the office. Born idiots often seem to fancy that they are born poets—*poeta nascitur*—and the stupidest of created beings, that dramatic composition is as easy as lying. Without imputing either the insane root or the morphine of stolidity to the present author, we must truly say, that, much trash and nonsense as it has been our misfortune to look at in the tragic line, we never did, and hope we never shall, be doomed to peruse greater trash and nonsense than he has been permitted to publish. Were it not that he has concealed his name, and abstained from giving his portrait as a frontispiece, we should at once recommend retirement for a few months to one of those houses in the suburbs, which government commissioners are said, or paid, to look after. *Verbum*—we cannot add "*Sap.*"—as a contraction.

It is not easy to convey any notion of this "Tragedy," which our only surprise is to see neatly printed, on good paper, and with a reputable publisher's name. It is such arrant rubbish. *Harold* (a bastard, but possessed of sovereign powers of life and death), instigated by a gipsy, murders his brother, his brother's wife, his own wife, involving his only child, and poisons and be-devils every body about him; conquers his accuser in trial by battle; and incontinently confesses his crimes, dies penitent, and is much applauded by the king, the court, and the gentleman whom he has overthrown. Such is the general outline; but the details,—the details are beautiful exceedingly! When the constable tells him he has "comprehended" the gipsy, the heroic earl exclaims,

"Arrested him! I told you once before  
Never to bother me with such complaints."

He, however, orders the said gipsy to be hanged; but pardons him on his instigating him to assassinate his brother aforesaid, the Duke of Albany. The gipsy alleges,

"No crime have I committed!"

but the angry earl replies,

"By God, I'll not stand this! Am I a fool,  
That ye do answer thus?"

and, in the end,

"Now, mark me well, for what I say is true;  
I shall confine you straightway hence to prison,  
To be, to rest in mine own sovereign power.  
My brother shall be murdered! And if your words  
Shall turn out one small particle but false,  
I'll tear thine hair but singly from thine head;  
Root out thy cursed sign; cut out thy tongue  
(The framer and designer of these lies);  
Tear all thy fingers joint away from joint;  
And rack thy body till thy bones are broke;  
And search the cruellest of man's inventions  
For thousand tortures, till thy death is come;  
Then burn thy body ere the soul is fled,  
And fling thy cursed dust away from earth!"

The gipsy is in a most infernal quandary.

A scene of gipsies, very like the witches in "*Macbeth*," prepares us for the calamity; and the Duke of Albany, riding across the country alone, telling his duchess and child to follow as soon as convenient, is slain. But we must give a touch of their domestic colloquy before he sets out.

"Duke. Away, my love, away! he wants to sleep.

Duchess. Baby, adieu! sweet sleep!

Duke. My love, what shall we call it?

Duch. Nay, 'tis a son, so call it as you please.

Duke. I'll call it Richard, after my half brother.

Duch. Then, do so; I like the name full well.

Duke. How much surpris'd he'll be, when he sees it.

Duch. Does he not know it's born?  
Duke. I don't think so; for, in my last letter,  
I made no mention of it.

Duch. Well, then, my love, adieu,  
As I have many things yet to arrange.  
Duke. And so have I."

While Albany is being stuck on the heath,  
his affectionate brother sagaciously soliloquises.

"If it was prophesied thus—it so must be;  
Or else it needs be false:"

which seems to be a bad plagiarism from the  
worthy old epigram,

"If woman will, she will, you may depend on't;  
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't"

But, be that as it may, he becomes considerably uneasy in the company of his own wife,  
and urges her, in heroic strains of blank verse,  
to go about her business. Thus, the lady says,

"Why walk up and down, as if your soul  
Suffered some pain of which you would be rid?  
Har. I'd rather you would go."

She remonstrates, but he only persists,

"Go, go away: I wish you would be gone.  
You're only in my way; I don't want you:  
I wish that you would go."

And when she does go, he gets into a tearing  
soliloquy, worse, one would think, than the  
presence of half-a-dozen of wives, *ex. gr.*

"Fame will arise like thunder in the heavens,  
And bloody horror, like the sulphury smoon,  
Will stalk unto the clouds, make dark the sun,  
And make the stars withdraw for very shame,  
Piercing their very vitals with its breath."

The tender lady returns, however, and dutifully  
and lovingly inquires into the health of  
her murdering lord.

"Lady Harold. How fare ye now?  
Harold. But weak—but very weak!"

As small beer or water-gruel, and, in sooth,  
he does not seem quite *compos*; for he desires  
his wife to go and inform the duchess (who has  
arrived first, though she set off last, and her  
husband having only *forwarded* his ghost) that  
she is a widow, urging, as a reason, that she  
may sleep the sounder.

"Harold. I think you'd better go unto his wife,  
And break the news as gently as you can:  
A night of rest may smooth the tide of grief,  
And make the sad to-morrow seem less long.  
Lady Harold. It is an awful duty I must do;  
The sooner now the better!"

But, when she goes, she finds her dear sister-in-law  
most unlawfully done to death, by  
smotheration à *Othello*, and the following  
pathetic scene ensues:—

"Enter Lady Harold.

Lady Har. Oh, mercy! Murder! murder! murder!  
She lays dead in her bed! (moment.)

Maid. Oh, God forgive us! (Exeunt, and enter in a  
Lady Har. Cold! cold! cold! Stone cold! stone cold!

Maid. Murder! murder! murder!  
Lady Har. This to have happened here! Alas! alas!  
Death! death! Cold! cold! cold! cold!

Maid. Oh, heavy time! Murder! murder!  
Enter Earl Harold.

Lady Har. Oh, husband! husband! Murdered in her  
bed!

Har. Who? who? (Immediately.)  
Lady Har. Go in and see. (Exit Harold, and enter  
Har. Cursed be this time in all the year!

Cursed be the far revolving days!  
May the brilliant sun withhold its daily heats,  
And lunar orb dissolve itself in mists!

Maid. Murder! murder!  
Lady Har. Oh! she is as cold as is the common stone,  
And silent as the stillness of the heavens;

Her beauty's faded, like the fallen rose;  
Her soul is fled, as is its sweet perfume.  
Oh, woful time! oh, heavy, heavy day!

She has been dead some time.  
Murdered! murdered!

Maid. Murdered! murdered!  
Har. And wherefore cry you murder? She has died  
Of grief while in the night.

Lady Har. Then grief has murdered her; so I will cry,  
And wake the house with cries of loud murder.

Har. Cease, cease; she died of grief.  
Enter Servants.

All. What's the matter? oh, these doleful sounds!  
Maid. Murder! murder! murder!

All. Who? who? (enter again.)  
Maid. Go in, go in and see. (Exeunt all, and

All. Oh, heavy hour! oh, lamentable time!  
It ought to turn quite dark with heavy news.  
Others. Alack! alack! the dead can never wake!"

Maid. The gardener says he saw a ghost this morn.  
Har. He lies most foully.

Maid. He said, it went across the fields hard by,  
Shaking its head, and raising woful sound;  
And ever and anon it would turn back,  
And look upon the house, and melt in tears.

Har. I say he lies.

Maid. Mayhap it murdered her."

With this we ought to conclude, but really,  
in so fine a composition, we cannot see a blot  
without calling the author's attention to it.  
We are of opinion that the following is rather  
coarse, and would humbly advise so elegant a  
writer to avoid, in future editions and future  
tragedies, being nervous at the expense of po-  
liteness.

"Har. What did I say?  
Lady Har. You said, There's blood!  
Har. They told me so; I knew it would be so!  
They told me so; I dreamed—I know it now!  
False! false! false! damnably false!  
Treacherous, revengeful, and deceitful whore!"

This is not pretty. Poor thing, she pacifi-  
cally and tenderly retorts,

"My lord, I have done nothing;"  
but there is no living with him, so she is driven  
out, and perishes with her child. The bit about  
this is most original.

"Har. I'll kiss thee ere thou go; there, get thee gone.  
Lady Har. Shall I take the babe?  
Har. The bastard babe; ay, take it quick from hence.  
God curse thee, and it too!  
Lady Har. You have cursed me; yet I'll bless thee the  
more. (Exit Lady Harold.)"

Upon which our hero spouts a good page, end-  
ing in a style worthy of the best of the rest.

"And I am left in everlasting pain,  
Bereft of hope, to comfort or condole,  
Or bear me in what I must go through;  
But I must ever, ever, ever bear  
An endless time, to everlasting date!"

Mean time, the lady's expulsion is touching.

"Scene III.—Room in Harold's House.  
Lady Harold, Nurse, and Child.  
Lady Har. Is the baby ready?  
Nurse. Nearly, madam.  
Lady Har. Ah! wrap it up warmly, the days are cold.  
Nurse. Is your ladyship going far?  
Lady Har. I know not where I go; but it is cold!  
Nurse. Doth your ladyship go alone?  
Lady Har. Alone! alone! alas, I have no friend!

Nurse. Lady, the babe is ready.  
Lady Har. So am I."

We shall not detain the curious reader  
longer, though there is much more of equal  
beauty and rarity to admire. Thus, when  
Gloster is going to do the wager of battle with  
Harold, he asks his page

"Gloster. Is mine armour ready?  
Page. Quite, my lord.  
Gloster. The sword well bright, and scabbard free from  
rust,  
Helmet and shield all burnished with gold?  
Page. It is, my lord."

The anxiety of the principal to have the *scab-  
bard* free from rust, and the grammar of the  
Page (there was no Sunday schools, no societies  
for the diffusion of knowledge then), are of a  
piece. We cannot tell which is brightest.  
Well, Harold does the *Othello* trick at last, and  
"they (i. e. King, Gloster, &c. &c.) all embrace"  
and forgive him, and the tragedy thus con-  
cludes. Harold poniarding himself—

"King. Stay! I hold his arm!  
Gloster. Stay!—stop!—stop him! (Harold dies.)  
King. Too late, too late it is! Oh, ending sad!  
Would we had stopped his arm! but let us pray  
That all his sins light on his body lay!  
Gloster. Let him be buried as he last did wish;  
Too true a prophecy of so dire a deed.  
I never heard or saw a sight so full of woe:  
He died as he had lived, in manner bold.  
This tale shall never die, but it shall go  
From son to son, each wond'ring as 'tis told!"

(Exeunt omnes.)  
Nobody, we can truly affirm, can have ful-  
filled the prophecy more than we have done;

for our wonder at this tale, as it is told, exceedeth credibility; and, in so far as we are implicated, it "shall never die!"

*Don Quixote de la Mancha.* By Charles Jarvis, Esq. Part II. London, 1837. Dubochet and Co.

WE have already noticed this beautiful edition of *Don Quixote*, in terms of high panegyric. The engravings, though worked in with the type, are, through care and skill, as clear and distinct as plates intended for separate publication.

The memoir of Cervantes is here continued. The present portion of it, though it has not all the strong interest of the former, has that which the lovers of literature may prize still more, in the copious description which it embraces of the every day life of Cervantes, after the more adventurous part of his career had closed, and the view it gives of his private circumstances. The English reader, for instance, may feel his curiosity not a little moved at learning that Cervantes was engaged as a commissioner in 1583, under Antonio De Guevara, to victual ships, at the time when the latter was employed in completing the equipment of the Invincible Armada. The consequences of his connexion with public affairs were not very favourable to the fortunes of our author. We read,—

"Cervantes, who, in many respects, resembled Camoens, experienced the worst misfortune which embittered the life of that great man, when he was accused of malversations in his office of commissioner of the victualling department at Macao, thrown into prison, and brought before the tribunal of accounts. Like the poet of the *Lusiad*, Cervantes remained poor, and clearly proved his innocence. Towards the close of 1594, when engaged at Seville in settling the accounts of his commissariat, and when he was recovering with difficulty some arrears, Cervantes transmitted, repeatedly, sums of money to the treasurer at Madrid, in bills of exchange drawn from Seville. One remittance arising from the taxation of the district of Velez-Malaga, and amounting to 7400 reals, was sent by him in specie to a merchant at Seville, named Simon Freire de Lima, who undertook to convey it to the treasury in Madrid. It was then that Cervantes made a journey to the capital, and not finding there the cash which he had transmitted, he reclaimed from the merchant the sum which he had confided to him, but, in the mean time, Freire had failed, and fled from Spain. Cervantes returned immediately to Seville, where he found that all the goods of his debtor had been seized by other creditors. He, upon this, addressed a petition to the king, and a decree of the 7th August, 1596, ordered Doctor Bernardo de Olmedilla, judge of *los grados* at Seville, to take by privilege from the assets of Freire, the sum which had been remitted by Cervantes. That judge effectually enforced the claim, and forwarded the amount to the Treasurer-General, Don Pedro Mesia De Tobar, by a bill of exchange drawn November 22, 1596. The tribunal of the Treasury exerted the greatest severity in adjusting the accounts of all connected with the Exchequer, which had been completely drained by the conquests of Portugal and Terceira, by the campaigns in Flanders, the destruction of the Invincible Armada, and the ruinous experiments made by certain charlatans in finance, who were called at that time *arbitristas*. The inspector-general to whom Cervantes had been but the agent, was conducted to Madrid, to make up his accounts. He represented, that all the docu-

ments necessary as vouchers, were at Seville in the hands of Cervantes. A royal order, dated Sept. 6, 1597, directed, in a summary way, the judge Gaspar De Vallejo to arrest and to send Cervantes, under a proper escort, to the prison of the capital, there to be dealt with by the tribunal of accounts. He was, in consequence, forthwith committed to prison, but, having offered security for the payment of 2641 reals, to which the alleged deficiency was reduced, he was released under a second order dated December 1st, of the same year, on condition that he presented himself before the court, within thirty days, to pay the balance. It is not exactly known how this first proceeding against Cervantes terminated; but, some years afterwards, he was again disturbed on account of this paltry claim for 2641 reals. The inspector of Baza, Gaspar Osorio De Tejada, presented in his accounts, at the end of 1602, an acknowledgment from Cervantes, proving, that that sum had been received by him in 1594, when he was commissioned to recover arrears of claims on that city and district. Having consulted on this point, the judges of the court of the Treasury made a report, dated Valladolid, Jan. 24th, 1603, in which they gave an account of the arrest of Cervantes, in 1597, for this same sum, and of his conditional enlargement, adding, that since he had not appeared before them. It was on this occasion that Cervantes went with all his family to Valladolid, where, for two years, Philip III. had held his court. Proof has been obtained, that, on the 8th February, 1603, his sister, Donna Andrea, was engaged in superintending the household and wardrobe of a certain Don Pedro de Toledo Osorio, Marquis de Villafranca, who had returned from the expedition to Algiers. Among the papers found, there are housekeeping accounts, which prove the distress of Cervantes and of his family, and many notes and bills in his handwriting. He settled his affairs with the tribunal of accounts, either by proving an anterior payment, or by satisfying the claim at this period, for the suit commenced against him ceased, and he passed the rest of his life peaceably in the vicinity of that tribunal by which he had been so sharply treated. The honour of Cervantes requires that these minute details should thus be stated; but if it were necessary to prove by other evidence that his probity stood above all suspicion, it would suffice to recall the fact, that he himself mentions, in a spirit of gaiety, his numerous imprisonments. It would have been too much for effrontery itself to do this, if he had been subjected to them by any disgraceful action; and his enemies, those who envied his talents, and detracted from his merit in every possible way, and reproached him even with his crippled hand, would not have failed to wound, in the most vulnerable part, the self-love of the gifted writer."

The following passages will be read with avidity, from their connexion with general literature, as well as for the exact information they give as to the situation and even the abode of Cervantes.

"The period of the publication of *Don Quixote*, is that of the birth of Philip IV., which took place at Valladolid, April 8, 1605. In the preceding year, Don Juan Fernandez de Velasco, constable of Castile, had been sent to England, to negotiate a peace. James I., in return for this high compliment, despatched Admiral Lord Howard to present the treaty of peace to the king of Spain, and to congratulate him on the birth of his son. Lord Howard landed at Corunna with six hundred English,

and entered Valladolid, May 26th, 1605. He was received with all the magnificence that the court of Spain could display. Among the religious ceremonies, the bull-fights, the masked-balls, the reviews, and the games or tournaments, where the king himself ran at the ring, and all the fêtes, which were lavished on the admiral, mention is made of a dinner given to his lordship by the constable of Castile, where twelve hundred dishes were served of meat and fish, without mentioning the dessert, and a superabundance of other delicacies. The Duke of Lerma had an account of these ceremonies written, which was printed at Valladolid in the same year. Cervantes is believed to be the author; at least an epigrammatic sonnet of Gongora, who was an eye witness, seems to give proof of it. It was in the train of these rejoicings, that an unhappy event occurred to distress the family of Cervantes, and conduct him, for the third time, to prison. A knight of St. James's, named Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, wishing to pass, on the night of the 27th of June, 1605, over the wooden bridge of the Esqueva, was prevented by a stranger; a quarrel ensued, and the two combatants drawing their swords, Don Gaspar was pierced with several wounds. Crying for help, he took refuge, covered with blood, in one of the neighbouring houses: one of the two apartments on the first floor of this house was occupied by Donna Luisa de Montoya, widow of the historian Estefan de Garilay, with her two sons, and the other by Cervantes and his family. At the cries of the wounded man, Cervantes hastened to him, with one of the sons of his neighbour; they found Don Gaspar lying under the portico, his sword in one hand, and his shield in the other, and they took him in to widow Garilay's, where he expired on the following day. An inquest was immediately held by the *alcalde de casa y corte*, Cristobal de Villaroel; they took the depositions of Cervantes, of his wife, Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar, of his natural daughter, Donna Isabel de Saavedra, then twenty years of age, of his sister, Donna Andrea de Cervantes, a widow, having a daughter twenty-eight years of age, called Donna Constanza de Ovando, of a nun, Donna Magdalena de Sotomayor, who was also said to be the sister of Cervantes, of his servant, Maria de Cevallos, and, lastly, of two friends, who happened to be in the house, Senor de Cigales, and a Portuguese named Simon Mendez. Supposing, whether right or wrong, that Don Gaspar had been killed in a love affair with the daughter or the niece of Cervantes, the judge had those ladies arrested, as well as Cervantes himself, and his sister, the widow Ovando. It was not till the end of eight or ten days, after examinations and hearing witnesses, and even giving bail, that the four prisoners were released. The depositions to which this disagreeable incident gave rise, prove that, at this time, to sustain the burden of four women, of whom he was the only support, Cervantes still occupied himself with agencies, and mixed with the cultivation of literature the dull, but less barren, pursuits of business. It may be presumed that Cervantes followed the court to Madrid in 1606, and that he fixed his residence, from that time forward, in that capital, where he was near to his relations at Alcalá, to those of his wife at Esquivias, and well placed at the same time for his literary engagements and his business agencies. It has been lately established, that in June 1609, he lived in the street De la Magdalena, and shortly afterwards behind the College of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette; in June

1616, in the street Del Leon, No. 9; in 1614, in the street Las Huertas; afterwards in the street Duc d'Alba, at the corner of that of San Isidoro; thence he is traced to the spot, whence he took his final departure in 1616, in the street Del Leon, No. 20, at the corner of that of Francos, where he died."

The following remarks, with which we conclude, not only apply to the follies and literature of the age, but to the caprices and literature of all time.

"How can we be astonished at the passion evinced for books of chivalry, in a country where the examples set forth in them had been actually reduced to practice? Don Quixote was not the first madman of his kind, and the fictitious hero of *La Mancha* had had living precursors, models of flesh and blood. If we open the 'Illustrious Men of Castile,' by Hernando del Pulgar, we shall there see the well-known extravagance of Don S  ro de Quinon  s, son of the chief magistrate of the Asturias, spoken of with praise; who, having agreed to break three hundred lances, in order to ransom himself from the chains cast around him by his lady, defended during thirty days the pass of Orbigo, as did Rodomont the bridge of Montpellier. The same chronicler, without departing from the reign of John II. (from 1407 to 1454), mentions a crowd of warriors personally known to him, such as Gonzalo de Guzman, Juan de Merlo, Gutierrez Qujesada, Juan de Polanco, Pero Vazquez de Sayavedra, Diego Varela, who not only visited their neighbours, the Moors of Grenada, but traversed foreign countries, like true knights-errant, France, Germany, and Italy, offering to break a lance, in honour of their ladies, with any who would accept of their challenge. This immoderate taste for romance of chivalry soon bore its fruits. Young persons estranged from the study of history, which did not offer sufficient matter for their ill-regulated curiosity, took the books of their choice, offering as models both in language and manners. Obedience to the caprice of women, adulterous amours, false points of honour, sanguinary vengeance for the most trivial injuries, unbridled luxury, contempt for social order, all these were brought into practice, and books of chivalry thus became not less fatal to good manners, than to good taste. These fatal consequences excited at first the zeal of the moralists. Lois Viv  s, Alexo Venegas, Diego Gracian, Melchor Cano, Fray Luis de Granada, Malou de Ch  ide, Arias-Montano, and other sensible and pious writers, expressed aloud their indignation at the evil effects produced by such reading. The laws afterwards came to their aid. A decree of Charles V., issued in 1543, ordered the viceroys and courts of the New World not to suffer, by either Spaniard or Indian, any romance of chivalry to be printed, sold, or read. In 1555, the Cortes of Valladolid claimed, in a very energetic petition, the same prohibition for the Peninsula, and still more, demanded that all the books of that description then in existence, should be collected and burnt. Queen Jane promised a law on this subject, which, however, never appeared.\* But neither the de-

clamations of rhetoricians or moralists, nor the anathemas of legislators, could put a stop to the contagion. All these remedies were impotent, opposed to the prevailing taste for the marvellous—a taste over which reason, philosophy, and science, cannot gain a perfect triumph. Romances of chivalry were still written and read. Princes, lords, and prelates, accepted the dedications of them; and Saint Theresa, very much attached in her youth to this kind of literature, invented a chivalrous romance, before writing 'The Interior of the Ch  teau' and her other mysterious works. Charles V. devoured in secret the 'Don Belianis of Greece,' one of the most monstrous productions of this literature run mad, even while he was issuing against it decrees of proscription; and when his sister, the Queen of Hungary, wished to give a grand entertainment on her return to Germany, she could find nothing better to offer in the celebrated *f  tes* of Bins, 1549, than the realisation of the adventures of a book of chivalry, in which all the lords of the court, and the austere Philip II. himself, took a part. This taste had even penetrated the cloisters; they read there, and even wrote, romances. A Franciscan monk, who was called Fray Gabriel de Mata, caused to be printed, not in the thirteenth century, but in the year 1589, a chivalric poem, of which the hero was Saint Francis, the patron of his order, and the poem was entitled 'El Caballero Asisio,' the Knight of the Asizes. For a frontispiece it had a portrait of the saint on horseback and armed at all points, after the manner of those figures which decorate the *Amadis* de Gaul and the *Eplandian*. His horse was gaily caparisoned and adorned with magnificent plumes. He wore in the head-piece of his casque a cross, with nails and a crown of thorns. On his shield, the representation of the five wounds appeared, and on the standard of his lance, one of Faith holding the cross and the chalice, with this legend, 'In this there can be no failure.' This singular book was dedicated to the constable of Castile. Such was the state of things, when Cervantes, shut up in his little village of *La Mancha*, conceived the idea of overthrowing, from top to bottom, the whole fabric of chivalric literature. It was then in the zenith of its popularity, of its success, of its triumph, when he resolved, poor, humble, unknown, without a protector, having no power at his command but his wit and his pen, to attack the hydra which had set common sense and law at defiance. But he opposed to it arms much more efficacious in the cause of reason, than arguments, sermons, and legislative prohibitions,—ridicule. His success was complete."

a loose run to extravagance, much more than but for such reading they would ever have done. Very often it will happen that the mother will leave her daughter shut up in the house, believing that she may leave her with safety in such a retreat, when the latter will so well employ her time in these studies, that the mother may find it would have been much wiser to have taken her child out with her. Not only does this lead to the prejudice and disengagement of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience; for the more the parties become attached to such folly, the more will they become indifferent to the holy, true, and Christian doctrine. To remedy the above-mentioned evil, we supplicate your majesty to order, under severe penalties, that no books of this description, or approaching to it, shall be read or printed; and further, that those which have already been published may be collected and burnt. Doing this, your majesty will render a great service to God, in taking from young persons the reading of books of vanity, and in compelling them to read religious works, which will edify their souls and reform their lives; and your majesty will further confer on these kingdoms a great benefit and favour."

*The Spirit of the Woods, and The Moral of Flowers.* Third Edition. By the same Author. 8vo. Each illustrated by coloured Engravings. London. Longman and Co.

WHAT sweet remembrances the titles of these works have brought before the "mind's eye." Woods and flowers, and a long train of dreamy thoughts, ere yet they had shap'd themselves, or arranged those rude forms before the resplendent mirror of poetry. What visions have they conjured up of nymph and faun, and dryad, and buck-kneed satyr, wantoning through the green glades, peeping through the branchy thickets, or gliding, with half-averted heads, down those long wild solitudes, only traversed by the skulking fox, or light-footed fallow-deer.

We have not yet read a page of these volumes, and still there are beautiful spirits of the wood flowering around us, with eyes as fair "as star-beams among twilight trees." Often, alas! have we brooded over the title of a work until we have been borne to solitary spots, skirting "the shores of old romance;" but when we have come to peruse the work itself, the fancied charm has fled, even as those enchanted castles of yore vanished before the startling blast of the thrice-sounded horn, blown by some stalwart knight. Was not "the down-glancing Calypso" a fair spirit of the woods when she haunted the lovely island of Ogygia, and, surrounded by her attendant nymphs, listened with aching heart to the echoing strokes of Ulysses' axe, as he felled the tall trees which were to form the bark that bore him from her for ever? And Diana, stealing down, as brightly and noiselessly as a star-beam, to where Endymion slept, and pressing his lips with a sound no louder than that made by the silvery-footed blossoms, when they fly, wind-borne, over a thousand other flowers? Or Eve, stepping over the purple pathways of Eden, beneath a roof of fretted boughs, which had waved greenly from the dawning of creation? Shall we name that lovely spirit Rosalind, that tripped like a hind through the shadowy forest of Arden? or make us wings, and go flying and fancy-borne to that dreamy island where Prospero heard the sweet Miranda, in a jasmine-trellised cave, surrounded with woods, whence Ferdinand bore the logs "that would weep for having wearied him."

Oh! where is that wood-spirit, the fair Ophelia, and the old willow that "grew askant the brook," and the echoes of these old tunes which she chaunted when dying? What green tree-sheltered Una, as she sat beside her milk-white lamb in the savage forest, like a lonely star in a gloomy sky, and "made sunshine in a shady place." Where hides now the fair form that moves, moon-like, over the pages of *Comus*, chequering or dazling our eyes alternately with her presence, or murmuring music that would "create a soul under the ribs of death," and "smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiled?" Shall we visit that ancient wood near Athens, where sweet Hermia and Helena, with their lovers, were wont to lie "upon faint primrose-beds," or speed to that bank

"Whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where cowslips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with bush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine."

and on which star-crowned Titania did sit and stroke the hairy cheeks, and press the long ears of her provender-munching lover?

Those were delightful creations of the old immortals, that peopled the trees with forms of beauty, and braided the waving tresses of the dryads among the rustling foliage of the forest.

\* "The following are some of the passages contained in this curious petition:—'We further say that the mischief is most notorious which has been done, and is now doing, to the youth of both sexes, by the reading of books of lies and vanities, such as 'Amadis,' and all the books of like character, published since that period. For as young men and young women, from idleness, principally occupy themselves with these, they imbibe a taste for those reveries and adventures of which they read, as well in love as in war, and at the same time fall into other follies; and for these having once conceived a passion, when favourable opportunities occur, they give



Others there were, too, who made fragrant cities of the flowers, and lulled their tiny inhabitants asleep in the bending bells, to the sound of drowsy music, swung on the wings of the humming-bee. But where are we wandering? Assuredly we quaffed but a moderate draught at Castalia; but the fount of the Muses is much above proof, and sends it ringing through our ears. Ah, how different to the modern potations which we are compelled to swallow! But to come to our task. These works not only contain some beautiful original poetry, but are also studded with appropriate extracts from all imaginable kinds of sources, both of ancient and modern poetry. They have no pretension to any thing botanical, since, whatever remarks are given under that head, are copied from the best authorities: not that they are the less valuable on this account, for, amid the multiplicity of works of research, and matters of fact, we can well afford to make room for a volume or two that treat only of the poetical and beautiful. Their principal feature is, however, the coloured illustrations; and some of these are worthy of the highest praise, while others are executed in a very inferior manner, and, like the painter's sign of the fox, might, were it not for the name, be readily mistaken for any other object than the one they profess to represent. Some of the illustrations are, however, gems in their way. The hazel, for instance, with its cluster of brown nuts, remind us of a similar bunch which we gathered years ago, with feelings such as can never be ours again. And the hawthorn, with its red berries and silvery blossoms, seem such as we bore home in armsful, when boys, and filled the house with reviving fragrance. Some of the buds we could almost swear we have seen before; nay, know the old rural stile which they overhung, a few yards from where the blackbird was wont to build.

We have one objection to the elm — not to the illustration, but the matter appended to it. After reading such passages as

“the female ivy so  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm,”

and “they led the vine to wed her elm,” we are then carried away by an extract to brood over the flames and agonies of the martyred Hooper, who was chained to the stake, and burnt near an elm. By some minds, such associations as these may be preferred; but, in our opinion, they are not in keeping with the character of the work. It is trusting too much to the kind feelings of the reader, when an author dashes him at once, and without warning, from the green quietness of his thoughts, and the spirit-like tranquillity of his old “ancestral trees,” to the very heart of a rude rabble, and within sight of — But we will get rid of these unpleasant reflections; and yet they have reminded us of what befel ourselves the other day. We tell the anecdote for its resemblance and associations.

We were rambling in the early morning among those few green spots that are yet to be found around the metropolis, though at a far distance from the city, when we reached Cold Harbour Lane. Across a small field we observed, towering above some rugged hawthorns, wild aloes, brambles, and willows, with a goodly mixture of shaggy underwood, a fine bush covered with half-blown dog-roses. We had seldom met with wild roses of so deep a tint, and as we have hundreds of times hazarded our bodies into spots guarded by that modern dragon “Trespass,” we ventured forthwith and culled a fair handful of the tempting flowers.

A man stood awaiting our return at the gap: for the hedge was broken down, and the field was trodden on one side into a complete foot-path. “Wild spot, that, sir,” said he, eyeing us suspiciously; “Very,” was our answer, wishing him at Jericho for breaking in upon our musings: for it really was a wild nook, and had carried us half through a new sonnet, which the fellow’s intrusion had driven from our brain for ever. “That Greenacre must have been here very often to have found it out,” added he, with the utmost composure. In short, reader, we had gathered those roses, unknowingly, in the very osier-belt where Greenacre had hidden a portion of the body of his murdered victim. Faugh! we threw them away instantly; the thoughts they called up were horrible. Some might argue, that it was a folly to throw away the flowers because they had been gathered on a spot that was associated with a crime. But we could not avoid it, their crimson tints seemed dyed in blood; we would as soon have hung a portrait of the murderer in our parlour, as have placed the flowers on our table. We threw them away, and rid ourselves of the remembrance of the spot when we reached home, by reading a few pages of Shakespeare.

We should not have taken the trouble to have written out this anecdote, had it not borne upon the point which we advanced respecting the associations of ideas. Byron has somewhere said, that “a star, a flower, a tone of music, a summer eve,” may strike the electric chain of our thoughts, and send the blood gushing back to the heart. How much better is it, then, to awaken those ideas (if we can) which give pleasure, than to arouse those which bring only pain; even as we avoid uttering words that might increase the sorrows of those who have already “too much to bear.” In conclusion, we must add, that these volumes contain several beautifully written poems. Some of them, we doubt not, will find their way into the periodicals, and speak their own praise. Meantime, we make the following extract, which will give our readers some notion of the literary portion of the work. To judge of the beauty of the illustrations, they must purchase the books.

“The Hawthorn, or May. *Cratogeomys Orycantha.*”

‘Amongst the many buds proclaiming May,  
Decking the fields in holiday’s array  
(Striving who shall surpass in braverie),  
Mark the false blooming of the hawthorne tree;  
Who, finely clothed in a robe of white,  
Feeds full the wanton eye with May’s delight.’

Soon as ‘the hawthorn whitens,’ we know that spring is in its zenith, and looking around we realise the vivid picture of the poet,—

‘And see the country far diffused around,  
One boundless bluish, one white empurpled shower  
Of mingled blossoms, where the raptured eye  
Hurries from joy to joy; and, hid beneath  
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.’

Various species of hawthorn are common in different lands; but our own may surely vie with any in beauty and fragrance. It is amongst the early leafing trees, and none put forth a sunnier, richer tint: and then its blossoms—they are every thing one would wish; their perfume and appearance are alike exquisite, and fully entitle it to the post of honour assigned to it by the poet, of being ‘the virgin flag of Spring.’ It has also another charm: concealed in its flowery recesses, the little birds ‘warble their native woodnotes wild,’ and seem as if they would repay it for their winter’s sustenance by the sweetness and variety of their strains. Burns, the poet of nature, makes frequent allusion to this cir-

cumstance: thus, in ‘the Petition of Bruar Water:’—

‘And for the little songster’s nest,  
The close embowering thorn.’

In another poem he again introduces it:—

‘Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
Among her nestlings sits the thrush;  
Her faithful mate will share her toil,  
Or wi his song her cares beguile.’

Yet one more quotation on the same subject, and from the same pen:—

‘The scented birch and hawthorn white  
Across the pool their arms unite,  
Alike to screen the birdie’s nest.’

Gilpin always speaks disparagingly of this tree, which, in a lover of the picturesque, is matter of wonder; for the sight of it in full bloom always suggests pastoral or rural images. It may be that the poet, who first imbibed and then strengthen any association or fancy peculiar to their nation, have generally invested it with this character. Thus, Milton says,—

‘And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.’

And Shakespeare, in ‘Henry the Sixth:’—

‘Gives not a hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider’d canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects’ treachery?  
Oh! yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.’

In ‘the Deserted Village,’ Goldsmith rather varies the picture, and shews us—

‘The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking love and whispering lovers made.’

The hawthorn is the usual accompaniment of that characteristic feature of English rural scenery, the village green. With what truth and beauty has the poet, just quoted, described the merry gambols of which this tree is, we were going to say, the almost sympathising witness, so well does its cheerful, rustic aspect, suit the scene:—

‘How often have I bless’d the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey’d;  
And many a gambol frolic’d o’er the ground,  
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round.’

Formerly, on May-day and at Whitsuntide, as well as at Christmas, houses, and even churches, were profusely decorated with flowers or evergreens peculiar to the season. This custom is still preserved at Christmas, when almost every temple and every window boasts its sprig of holly: and in some places May-day is thus appropriately ushered in, the hawthorn blossom, when the season is a forward one, being substituted for the evergreen! These practices, however,—to the joy of some, and to the grief of others,—are now certainly on the decline; but we are assured by the greatest poet of the day, that the feeling which suggested them is still alive. In his beautiful address to May, he says,—

‘And if, on this thy natal morn,  
The pole, from which thy name  
Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
Of song, and dance, and game;  
Still from the village green a vow  
Aspires to thee address,  
Wherever peace is on the brow,  
Or love within the breast.’

May we be allowed another quotation from the same author, addressed to the same auspicious season; it will serve, perhaps, as a useful hint to those who complain that May is not the beautiful month it used to be:—

‘Season of fancy and of hope,  
Permit not for one hour  
A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
Nor add to it a flower!  
Keep lovely May as if by touch  
Of self-restraining art,  
This modest charm of not too much,  
Part seen, imagined part.’

But to return to the hawthorn. By the ancients it was considered the emblem of hope; and on that account the Troglodytæ, an Ethiopian tribe, strewed branches of hawthorn over their dead; while, for the same reason, the Athenians illuminated the altar of Hymen with torches made of its wood: and, in their wedding processions, the young girls carried boughs of it in their hands. Also, in the days of chivalry, if a lady favoured the suit of her lover, she wore hawthorn leaves, tied with carnation riband, which signified 'hope in love.' 'To us it promises a beautiful spring; to the Greeks it symbolised auspicious marriages; to the Troglodytæ, immortal life.'

'They tell me storms o'er life do lower,  
They tell me man to grief is born;  
But I have ranged through mead and bower,  
Still asking, as I cul'd the flower,  
Where lurks the thorn?

Avowal sweet of youth's blithe day!  
Made only ere the heart is torn;  
Ah! who in after years can say,  
With smile incredulously gay,  
Where lurks the thorn?

How true a type this hawthorn bough  
Of youthful dreams in life's first morn;  
So thick the fragrant blossoms grow,  
What curious eye detects below  
The frequent thorn?

But wait a few brief days, and soon  
That bough, of all its glory shorn,  
Its fragrance spent, its blossoms gone,  
Will to thine eye shew one by one  
Each pointed thorn.

Thus, crown'd with light and link'd with flowers,  
Seems life, in youth's enchanting morn;  
But soon, how soon, the tempest lowers,  
And, stripping Fancy's fairy bowers,  
Lays bare the thorn!"

We have selected this extract, not as being the best part of the work, but that it may be seen how much talent can do for a subject that is common and hacknied. Who that has lived in the country can forget the "sweet-smelling May," so interwoven with May games, and the fast decaying poetry of all that made rural life lovely?

*Lane's Modern Egypt.*  
[Third Notice.]

CONTINUING our review of this delightful work, our next quotation is one of a very characteristic description:

"With the exception of those of the wealthier classes, the children in Egypt, though objects of so much solicitude, are generally very dirty, and shabbily clad. The stranger here is disgusted by the sight of them, and at once condemns the modern Egyptians as a very filthy people, without requiring any other reason for forming such an opinion of them; but it is often the case, that those children who are most petted and beloved are the dirtiest and worst clad. It is not uncommon to see, in the city in which I am writing, a lady shuffling along in her ample to' and hhab'arah of new, and rich, and glistening silks, and one who scents the whole street with the odour of musk or civet as she passes along, with all that appears of her person scrupulously clean and delicate, her eyes neatly bordered with kohhl applied in the most careful manner, and the tip of a finger or two shewing the fresh dye of the hhen'na, and by her side a little boy or girl, her own child, with a face besmeared with dirt, and with clothes appearing as though they had been worn for months without being washed. Few things surprised me so much as sights of this kind on my first arrival in this country. I naturally inquired the cause of what struck me as so strange and inconsistent; and was informed, that the affectionate mothers thus neglected the appearance of their children, and purposely left them unwashed, and clothed

them so shabbily, particularly when they had to take them out in public, from fear of the evil eye, which is excessively dreaded, and especially in the case of children, since they are generally esteemed the greatest of blessings, and, therefore, most likely to be coveted. The children of the poor have a yet more neglected appearance: besides being very scantily clad, or quite naked, they are, in general, excessively dirty; their eyes are frequently extremely filthy; it is common to see half-a-dozen or more flies in each eye unheeded and unmolested. The parents consider it extremely injurious to wash, or even touch, the eyes, when they discharge that acrid humour which attracts the flies: they even affirm that the loss of sight would result from frequently touching or washing them when thus affected; though washing is really one of the best means of alleviating the complaint."

Some folks tell us that the Mahomedan religion is declining; but it cannot be for want of inducement to remain true in the faith.

"It is said that the souls of martyrs reside, until the judgment, in the crops of green birds, which eat of the fruits of Paradise. Women are not to be excluded from Paradise, according to the Mohammodan faith; though it has been asserted, by many Christians, that the Moos'lims believe women to have no souls. In several places in the Ckoor-a'n, Paradise is promised to all true believers, whether males or females. It is the doctrine of the Ckoor-a'n, that no person will be admitted into Paradise by his own merits; but that admission will be granted to the believers merely by the mercy of God; yet that the felicity of each person will be proportioned to his merits. The very meaneast in Paradise is promised 'eighty thousand servants' (beautiful youths, called welee'ds, or wilda'n), 'seventy-two wives of the girls of Paradise' (hhoo'ree'yehs, or hhoo'r el-oyoo'n), 'besides the wives he had in this world,' if he desire to have the latter (and the good will doubtless desire the good), 'and a tent erected for him of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds, of a very large extent;' and will be waited on by three hundred attendants while he eats, and served in dishes of gold, whereof three hundred shall be set before him at once, each containing a different kind of food, the last morsel of which will be as grateful as the first: wine also, 'though forbidden in this life, will yet be freely allowed to be drunk in the next, and without danger, since the wine of Paradise will not inebriate.' We are further told, that all superfluities from the bodies of the inhabitants of Paradise will be carried off by perspiration, which will diffuse an odour like that of musk; and that they will be clothed in the richest silks, chiefly of green. They are also promised perpetual youth, and children as many as they may desire. These pleasures, together with the songs of the angel Isra'feel, and many other gratifications of the senses, will charm even the meaneast inhabitant of Paradise. But all these enjoyments will be lightly esteemed by those more blessed persons who are to be admitted to the highest of all honours—that spiritual pleasure of beholding, morning and evening, the face of God. The Moos'lim must also believe in the examination of the dead in the sepulchre, by two angels, called Moon'kir and Nekeer, of terrible aspect, who will cause the body (to which the soul shall, for the time, be re-united) to sit upright in the grave,\* and will question the deceased respecting his faith. The wicked

they will severely torture; but the good they will not hurt. Lastly, he should believe in God's absolute decree of every event, both good and evil. This doctrine has given rise to as much controversy among the Moos'lims as among Christians; but the former, generally, believe in predestination as, in some respects, conditional."

Of their humanity, we hear, "An animal that is killed for the food of man must be slaughtered in a particular manner: the person who is about to perform the operation must say, 'In the name of God! God is most great!' and then cut its throat, taking care to divide the windpipe, gullet, and carotid arteries. It is forbidden to employ, in this case, the phrase which is so often made use of on other occasions, 'In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful!' because the mention of the most benevolent epithets of the Deity on such an occasion would seem like a mockery of the sufferings which the animal is about to endure. Some persons in Egypt, but mostly women, when about to kill an animal for food, say, 'In the name of God! God is most great! God give thee patience to endure the affliction which he hath allotted thee!' If the sentiment which first dictated this prayer were always felt, it would present a beautiful trait in the character of the people who use it. In cases of necessity, when in danger of starving, the Moos'lim is allowed to eat any food which is prohibited under other circumstances. The mode of slaughter above described is, of course, only required to be practised in the cases of domestic animals. Most kinds of fish are lawful food; so also are many birds, the tame kinds of which must be killed in the same manner as cattle; but the wild may be shot. The hare, rabbit, gazelle, &c. are lawful, and may either be shot or killed by a dog, provided the name of God was uttered at the time of slipping the dog, and he have not eaten any part of the prey. This animal, however, is considered very unclean: the Sha'fe'es hold themselves to be polluted by the touch of its nose if it be wet, and if any part of their clothes be so touched, they must wash that part with seven waters, and once with clean earth: some others are only careful not to let the animal lick, or defile in a worse manner, their persons or their dress, &c. Gambling and usury are also prohibited, and all games of chance; and likewise the making of images or pictures of any thing that has life.\* The prophet declared that every representation of this kind would be placed before its author on the day of judgment, and that he would be commanded to put life into it; which not being able to do, he would be cast, for a time, into Hell."

Hereabouts we are told that "Boo'zeh, which is an intoxicating liquor made with barley-bread, crumbled, mixed with water, strained, and left to ferment, is commonly drunk by the boatmen of the Nile, and by other persons of the lower orders. \* \* \* A similar beverage, thus prepared from barley, was used by the ancient Egyptians. (Herodotus, lib. ii. cap. 77.) The modern inhabitants of Egypt also prepare boo'zeh from wheat and from millet in the same manner, but less commonly."

Is it from this boo'zeh that we have our English phrase boozy for drunken?

The next are also strangely characteristic.

"The markets of Cairo, and the weights and measures, are under the inspection of an

\* "The corpse is always deposited in a vault, and not placed in a coffin, but merely wrapped in winding-sheets or clothes."

\* "Many of the Moos'lims hold that only sculptures which cast a shadow, representing living creatures, are unlawful; but the prophet certainly condemned pictures also."

officer called the *Mohh'tes'ib*. He occasionally rides about the town, preceded by an officer who carries a large pair of scales, and followed by the executioners, and numerous other servants. Passing by shops, or through the markets, he orders each shopkeeper, one after another, or sometimes only one here and there, to produce his scales, weights, and measures, and tries whether they be correct. He also inquires the prices of provisions at the shops where such articles are sold. Often, too, he stops a servant, or other passenger, in the street, whom he may chance to meet carrying any article of food that he has just bought, and asks him for what sum, or at what weight, he purchased it. When he finds that a shopkeeper has incorrect scales, weights, or measures, or that he has sold a thing deficient in weight, or above the regular market-price, he punishes him on the spot. The general punishment is beating or flogging. Once I saw a man tormented in a different way, for selling bread deficient in weight. A hole was bored through his nose, and a cake of bread, about a span wide, and a finger's breadth in thickness, was suspended to it by a piece of string. He was stripped naked, with the exception of having a piece of linen about his loins, and tied, with his arms bound behind him, to the bars of a window of a mosque, called the *Ashrafeyeh*, in the principal street of the metropolis, his feet resting upon the sill. He remained thus about three hours, exposed to the gaze of the multitude which thronged the street, and to the scorching rays of the sun. A person who was appointed *Mohh'tes'ib*, shortly after my former visit to this country, (*Moos'tuf'a Ka'shif*, a Koord) exercised his power in a most brutal manner, clipping men's ears (that is, cutting off the lobe, or ear-lap), not only for the most trifling transgression, but often for no offence whatever. He once met an old man driving along several asses laden with water-melons, and, pointing to one of the largest of these fruits, asked its price. The old man put his finger and thumb to his ear-lap, and said, 'Cut it, sir.' He was asked again and again, and gave the same answer. The *Mohh'tes'ib*, angry, but unable to refrain from laughing, said, 'Fellow, are you mad, or deaf?' 'No,' replied the old man, 'I am neither mad nor deaf; but I know, that, if I were to say the price of the melon is ten *fud'dahs*, you would say, 'Clip his ear'; and if I said five *fud'dahs*, or one *fud'dah*, you would say, 'Clip his ear'; therefore clip it at once, and let me pass on. His humour saved him. Clipping ears was the usual punishment inflicted by this *Mohh'tes'ib*; but sometimes he tortured in a different manner. A butcher, who had sold some meat wanting two ounces of its due weight, he punished by cutting off two ounces of flesh from his back. A seller of *koona'feh* (a kind of paste resembling vermicelli) having made his customers pay a trifle more than was just, he caused him to be stripped, and seated upon the round copper tray on which the *koons'feh* was baked, and kept so until he was dreadfully burned. He generally punished dishonest butchers by putting a hook through their nose, and hanging a piece of meat to it. Meeting, one day, a man carrying a large crate full of earthen water-bottles from *Semennood'a*, which he offered for sale as made at *Kin'i's*, he caused his attendants to break each bottle, separately, against the vender's head. *Moos'tuf'a Ka'shif* also exercised his tyranny in other cases than those which properly fell under his jurisdiction. He once took a fancy to send one of his horses to bath, and desired the keeper of a bath in

his neighbourhood to prepare for receiving it, and to wash it well, and make its coat very smooth. The bath-keeper, annoyed at so extraordinary a command, ventured to suggest, that, as the pavements of the bath were of marble, the horse might slip, and fall; and also, that it might take cold on going out; and that it would, therefore, be better for him to convey to the stable the contents of the cistern of the bath in buckets, and there to perform the operation. *Moos'tuf'a Ka'shif* said, 'I see how it is; you do not like that my horse should go into your bath.' He desired some of his servants to throw him down, and beat him with staves, until he should tell them to stop. They did so, and beat the poor man till he died. A few years ago, there used to be carried before the *Mohh'tes'ib*, when going his rounds to examine the weights and measures, &c., a pair of scales larger than that used at present. Its beam, it is said, was a hollow tube, containing some quicksilver; by means of which, the bearer, knowing those persons who had bribed his master, and those who had not, easily made either scale preponderate. As the *Mohh'tes'ib* is the overseer of the public markets, so there are officers who have a similar charge in superintending each branch of the *Ba'sha's* trade and manufactures; and some of these persons have been allowed to perpetrate most abominable acts of tyranny and cruelty. One of this class, who was named 'Al'ee Bey, *Na'zir el-Khoosma'ah* (or, overseer of the linen), when he found a person in possession of a private loom, or selling the produce of such a loom, generally bound him up in a piece of his linen, soaked in oil and tar; then suspended him, thus enveloped, to a branch of a tree, and set light to the wrapper. After having destroyed a number of men in this horrible manner, he was himself, among many others, burned to death, by the explosion of a powder-magazine, on the northern slope of the Citadel of Cairo, in 1824, the year before my first arrival in Egypt."

The following is a singular remark:—

"The Egyptian females arrive at puberty much earlier than the natives of colder climates. Many marry at the age of twelve, or thirteen years; and some remarkably precocious girls are married at the age of ten; but such occurrences are not common. Few remain unmarried after sixteen years of age. An Egyptian girl, at the age of thirteen, or even earlier, may be a mother. The women of Egypt are generally very prolific, but females of other countries, residing here, are often childless; and the children of foreigners, born in Egypt, seldom live to a mature age, even when the mother is a native. It was on this account that the emancipated *Memo'eks* (or military slaves) usually adopted *Memo'eks*.

Several of the marriage ceremonies are very extraordinary.

"Sometimes, before bridal processions, two swordsmen, clad in nothing but their drawers, engage each other in a neck combat; or two *fella'h'ees* cudgel each other with *nebboo's* or long staves. In the procession of a bride of a wealthy family, any person who has the art of performing some extraordinary feat to amuse the spectators is almost sure of being a welcome assistant, and of receiving a handsome present. When the *seyd 'Om'ar*, the *Nackee'el-Ashraf* (or chief of the descendants of the Prophet), who was the main instrument of advancing *Mohham'mad 'Al'ee* to the dignity of *Ba'sha* of Egypt, married a daughter about twenty-seven years since, there walked before the procession a young man who had made an incision in his

abdomen, and drawn out a large portion of his intestines, which he carried before him on a silver tray. After the procession he restored them to their proper place, and remained in bed many days before he recovered from the effects of this foolish and disgusting act. Another man, on the same occasion, ran a sword through his arm before the crowding spectators, and then bound over the wound, without withdrawing the sword, several handkerchiefs, which were soaked with the blood. These facts were described to me by an eye-witness. A spectacle of a more singular and more disgusting nature used to be not uncommon on similar occasions, but is now very seldom witnessed."

The facilities for divorce are strikingly enumerated; but we can only refer to these curious customs and practice. It appears that matrimonial and other female affairs are all carried on by female brokers, called *Dello'ahs*; quære, the *Delilah* who betrayed Samson?

"The women of Egypt have the character of being the most licentious in their feelings of all females who lay any claim to be considered as members of a civilised nation; and this character is freely bestowed upon them by their countrymen, even in conversation with foreigners. What liberty they have, many of them, it is said, abuse; and most of them are not considered safe unless under lock and key, to which restraint few are subjected. It is believed that they possess a degree of cunning in the management of their intrigues that the most prudent and careful husband cannot guard against; and, consequently, that their plots are seldom frustrated, however great may be the apparent risk of the undertakings in which they engage."

A singular story is related in proof of this: refer to page 360.

The food of the lower orders is miserable. It chiefly consists of bread (made of millet or of maize), milk, new cheese, eggs, small salted fish, cucumbers and melons, and gourds of a great variety of kinds, onions and leeks, beans, chick-peas, lupins, the fruit of the black egg-plant, lentils, &c., dates (both fresh and dried), and pickles. Most of the vegetables they eat in a crude state. When the maize (or Indian corn) is nearly ripe, many ears of it are plucked, and toasted or baked, and eaten thus by the peasants. Rice is too dear to be an article of common food for the *fella'h'ees*, and flesh-meat they very seldom taste. There is one luxury, however, which most of them enjoy: and that is smoking the cheap tobacco of their country, merely dried and broken up. It is of a pale greenish colour when dried, and of a mild flavour.

"A young family is sometimes an insupportable burden to poor parents. Hence, it is not a very rare occurrence in Egypt for children to be publicly carried about for sale by their mothers, or by women employed by the fathers: but this very seldom happens, except in cases of great distress. When a mother dies, leaving one or more children unweaned, and the father and other surviving relations are so poor as not to be able to procure a nurse, this singular mode of disposing of the child or children is often resorted to: or sometimes an infant is laid at the door of a mosque, generally when the congregation is assembled to perform the noon-prayers of Friday; and in this case it usually happens that some member of the congregation, on coming out of the mosque and seeing the poor foundling, is moved with pity and takes it home to rear in his family, not as a slave, but as an adopted child; or, if not, it is taken under the care of some person until an

adoptive father or mother be found for it. A short time ago a woman offered for sale, to the mistress of a family with whom a friend of mine is acquainted in this city, a child a few days old, which she professed to have found at the door of a mosque. The lady said that she would take the child, to rear it for the sake of God, and in the hope that her own child, an only one, might be spared to her as a reward for her charity; and handed to the woman who brought the infant ten piasters (then equivalent to a little more than two shillings), but the offered remuneration was rejected. This shews that infants are sometimes made mere objects of traffic; and some persons who purchase them may make them their slaves and sell them again. I have been informed by a slave-dealer (and his assertion has been confirmed to me by other persons), that young Egyptian girls are sometimes sold as slaves from other countries, either by a parent or by some other relation. The slave-dealer here alluded to said that several such girls had been committed to him for sale, and by their own consent: they were taught to expect rich dresses and great luxuries; and were instructed to say, that they had been brought from their own country when only three or four years of age, and that they consequently were ignorant of their native language, and could speak only Arabic. It often happens, too, that a fellow in a great state of poverty is induced, by the offer of a sum of money, to place his son in a situation far worse than that of ordinary slavery. When a certain number of recruits are required from a village, the sheykh of the village often adopts the plan that gives him the least trouble to obtain them, which is to take the sons of those persons who are possessed of most property. Under such circumstances, a father, rather than part with his son, generally offers to one of his poorer fellow-villagers a sum equivalent to one or two pounds sterling, to procure a son of the latter as a substitute for his own, and usually succeeds: though the love of offspring prevails among the Egyptians as much as filial piety; and most parents have a great horror of parting with their children, particularly if taken for recruits, as is proved by the means to which they have recourse for the prevention of such an occurrence. There is now (in 1854) seldom to be found, in any of the villages, an able-bodied youth or young man who has not had one or more of his teeth broken out (that he may not be able to bite a cartidge), or a finger cut off, or an eye pulled out or blinded, to prevent his being taken for a recruit. Old women and others make a regular trade of going about from village to village to perform these operations upon the boys; and the parents themselves are sometimes the operators. But, from what has been said before, it appears that it is not always affection alone that prompts the parents to have recourse to such expedients to prevent their being deprived of their children."

"The Fella'hese'n of Egypt resemble the Bed'awees in other respects. When a Fella'hah is found to have been unfaithful to her husband, in general, he, or her brother, throws her into the Nile, with a stone tied to her neck; or cuts her in pieces, and throws her remains into the river. In most instances, also, a father or brother punishes in the same manner an unmarried daughter or sister who has been guilty of incontinence. These relations are considered as more disgraced than the husband by the crime of the woman, and are often despised if they do not thus punish her."

With regard to literature we are told:—

"The literature of the Arabs is very comprehensive; but the number of their books is more remarkable than the variety. The relative number of the books which treat of religion and jurisprudence may be stated to be about one-fourth: next in number, are works on grammar, rhetoric, and various branches of philology: the third in the scale of proportion, are those on history (chiefly that of the Arab nation), and on geography: the fourth, poetical compositions. Works on medicine, chemistry, the mathematics, algebra, and various other sciences, &c., are comparatively very few. There are, in Cairo, many large libraries; most of which are attached to mosques, and consist, for the greater part, of works on theology and jurisprudence, and philology. Several rich merchants, and others, have also good libraries. The booksellers of Cairo are, I am informed, only eight in number; and their shops are but ill-stocked. Whenever a valuable book comes into the possession of one of these persons, he goes round with it to his regular customers, and is almost sure of finding a purchaser. The leaves of the books are seldom sewed together; but they are usually enclosed in a cover bound with leather; and mostly have, also, an outer case (called *zurf*) of pasteboard and leather. Five sheets, or double leaves, are commonly placed together, one within another; composing what is called a *karra's*. The leaves are thus arranged, in small parcels, without being sewed, in order that one book may be of use to a number of persons at the same time; each taking a *karra's*. The books are laid flat, one upon another; and the name is written upon the front of the outer case, or upon the edge of the leaves. The paper is thick and glazed: it is mostly imported from Venice, and glazed in Egypt."

"I once, admiring some very pretty pipe-bowls, asked the maker why he did not stamp them with his name? He answered, 'God forbid! My name is Ahh'mad' (one of the names of the prophet): 'would you have me put it in the fire?' I have heard adduced as one of the subjects of complaint against the present *Ba'sha*, his causing the camels and horses of the government to be branded with his names of 'Mohamm'mad 'Al'ee.' 'In the first place,' said a friend of mine, who mentioned this fact to me, 'the iron upon which are engraved these names, names which ought to be so much venerated, the names of the prophet (God favour and preserve him!) and his nephew (may God be well pleased with him!), is put into the fire, which is shocking: then it is applied to the neck of a camel, and causes blood, which is impure, to flow, and to pollute the sacred names both upon the iron and upon the animal's skin; and when the wound is healed, how probable is it, and almost certain and unavoidable, that the camel will, when he lies down, lay his neck upon something unclean.' A similar feeling is the chief reason why the *Moos'lins* object to printing their books. They have scarcely a book (I do not remember to have seen one) that does not contain the name of God: it is a rule among them to commence every book with the words, 'In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful,' and to begin the preface or introduction by praising God, and blessing the prophet; and they fear some impurity might be contracted by the ink that is applied to the name of the *Deity*, in the process of printing, or by the paper to be impressed with that sacred name, and perhaps with words taken from the *Koor'a'n*: they fear, also, that their books, becoming

very cheap by being printed, would fall into the hands of infidels; and are much shocked at the idea of using a brush composed of hogs' hair (which was at first done here) to apply the ink to the name, and often to the words of God. Hence, books have hitherto been printed in Egypt only by order of the government: but two or three persons have lately applied for, and received, permission to make use of the government-press. I am acquainted with a bookseller here who has long been desirous of printing some books which he feels sure would bring him considerable profit; but cannot overcome his scruples as to the lawfulness of doing so."

*The Seven Ages of England; or, its Advancement in Arts, Literature, and Science, from the Earliest Periods to the Present Time.* By Charles Williams. 18mo. Pp. 608. London, 1836. Westley and Davis.

WE have risen from the perusal of this book with much pleasure and profit; and, though it can hardly be called original, it is an able arrangement of the rise and progress of the literature, arts, and sciences of our country, from the earliest period to the present time, and does great credit to the reading and research of Mr. Williams. It is, as its title implies, divided into seven ages, namely, "the escape from barbarism; of civilisation; of discovery; of learning; of science; of invention; and of progress:" in each of which there is something that will well repay the general reader. We shall make a few extracts to shew the style, and then leave the book to the favour it well deserves.

Passing over the first, we proceed to the age of civilisation, between 1066 to 1420. One of the great steps in this era, was the invention of chimneys, for, as our author says,—"One only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor-house, and one in the great hall of a castle, or a lord's house; but in other houses, they had only the *rere d'asse*, a sort of raised hearth, where the inmates dressed their food and dined, and from which the smoke found its way out as it best could. The origin of chimneys has, indeed, been referred to the Venetians and the middle of the fourteenth century; but they are certainly of greater antiquity in England."

He then proceeds to the introduction of coal, and gives some amusing extracts from various sources, whence it appears, that "Henry III. granted a charter to the townsmen of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for liberty to dig coals in the vicinity of that place."

By our author's account, there appears to have been little luxury about this period; but he seems to forget the comparative value of money and goods, when ale was at 1<sup>d</sup>. the gallon, and field-labourers were hired at 1<sup>d</sup>. the day; but let us hear himself:—

"We have reached in this age so high a pitch of luxury, that we can hardly believe or comprehend the frugality of ancient times; and have, in general, formed mistaken notions as to the habits of expenditure which then prevailed. Accustomed to judge of feudal and chivalrous ages by works of fiction, or by historians who embellish their writings with accounts of occasional festivals and tournaments, and sometimes inattentive enough to transfer the manners of the seventeenth to the fourteenth century, we are not at all aware of the usual simplicity with which the gentry lived under Edward I., or even Henry VI. They drank little wine; they had no foreign luxuries; they rarely or never kept male servants,

except for husbandry; their horses, as we may guess by the price, were indifferent; they seldom travelled beyond their county; and even their hospitality must have been greatly limited, if the value of manors were really no greater than we find it in many surveys. Twenty-four seems a sufficient multiple when we would raise a sum mentioned by a writer under Edward I. to the same real value expressed in our present money: but an income of 10*l.* or 20*l.* was reckoned a competent estate for a gentleman; at least, the lord of a single manor would seldom have enjoyed more. A knight who possessed 150*l.* per annum passed for extremely rich. A gentleman's house, with three or four beds, at that time, was extraordinarily well provided; few, probably, had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot or even plaster; except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. Of course, neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture extant exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. In an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St. Botolph's Lane, there appears to have been not less than ten beds, in 1481, and glass windows are specially noticed as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses."

We now proceed to the age of invention, between 1730 and 1800; among the most interesting of the subjects of which, was the discovery of the Leyden phial. Mr. Williams gives some pleasant notices of electricity and galvanism, from which we extract the following, with which we shall conclude, again recommending this book to our readers:—

"No single philosophical discovery ever excited so much popular and scientific attention as that of the Leyden phial. In the same year in which it was discovered, a number of itinerant experimenters procured a livelihood in different parts of Europe, by travelling from place to place, and shewing its operation. About the middle of the last century, an immense number of facts had been ascertained, which were constantly accumulating, and some principles had been developed; but a general theory for connecting the insulated observations, and giving them the form of a body of science, was still wanting. The foundations for this theory were laid by the ingenuity and industry of our countryman, Dr. Watson; the construction of it is owing to the sagacity of Dr. Franklin. He proved that the conductor in contact with the rubber of the electrical machine, had an opposite electricity from that of the great conductor; that the outside and inside of the Leyden phial were likewise in opposite states; and that an equilibrium was made by their mutual agency; and he referred all the phenomena to the redundancy or deficiency of a single fluid. The experiments adduced by Dr. Franklin in support of his hypothesis were most ingeniously contrived, and happily executed. A singular felicity of induction guided all his researches, and by small means he established very grand truths. He endeavoured, too, to remove all mystery and obscurity from his subject; he wrote equally for the philosopher and the uninitiated; and he rendered his details amusing as well as conspicuous, elegant as well as simple. The

theory of negative and positive electricity was soon made, by M. *Épinus*, of the Academy of Petersburg, the subject of mathematical illustration. A more popular, and not less refined view of the same doctrine, was shortly after furnished by Mr. Cavendish, who combined delicacy of physical experiment with elucidations derived from the higher branches of mathematical science, and whose researches in electricity have the same exalted character as in the other departments of natural philosophy. The magnificent effects produced from the accumulation of electricity by large machines and jars, soon led philosophers to reason, from artificial, concerning natural processes. Such an influence it was impossible to consider passive in the external world, and the most striking analogies soon led to the discovery of its most obvious operations. Dr. Stukely and the Abbé Nollet, had observed the similarity between the electrical spark and lightning and the report of thunder; but Dr. Franklin was the first philosopher who conceived the bold idea of bringing lightning from the clouds—who first imagined that by pointed conductors, charged electrical clouds might be made harmless, and the matter of the thunderbolt quietly conveyed from the atmosphere to the earth. The simple apparatus of a school-boy's kite, held by means of a silk handkerchief attached to a hempen string, with a key for a conductor, enabled him, in June 1752, to verify this grand idea. The practical application soon followed, and, what rarely happens, the same philosopher had the glory of discovering a noble principle in nature, and of making it of public utility."

*Summer Visits to Cottages in a Country Village; with Observations on the Morals and Habits of the Inhabitants, and particularly Exemplifying the Pernicious Effects of Beer-Houses.* By Mrs. Bowles, of Bremhill, Author of "Village Characters," &c. Pp. 54. London, 1837. Rivingtons.

THE sterling, practical, and active piety and benevolence of the wife of the excellent incumbent of Bremhill, as reflected in these pages, which, indeed, only illustrate her own life of daily well-doing, are eminently becoming in the consort of one so highly esteemed in the literary and Christian world. We wish that every peasant and mechanic in the empire could read what she has written. The examples of the baneful effects produced by beer-houses, and by less pernicious habits, which, nevertheless, tend to much unhappiness in the country, are so simple and so evidently drawn from facts, that they must produce a very beneficial effect on the morals of every member of the industrious orders, not absolutely sunk in depravity, and lost alike to reflection, and the sense of human and religious duties. The contrasts between the well and the ill-regulated individuals who have come under Mrs. Bowles' observation, are full of affecting incidents: from her pen, the short and simple annals of the poor are gifted with a power to touch the heart, and reclaim the wandering.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Book of Sports, Athletic Exercises, and Amusements,* by W. Martin, Author of the "Parlour Book." Pp. 238. (London, Darton and Clark).—A nice boy's book, in which the playing of juvenile games is well described, from marbles to cricket, and from hunt the slipper to chess; swimming, angling, and a few chemical and philosophical amusements, are also treated of, in a manner adapted to youthful capacities; and the whole, embellished with so-so prints of the principal sports.

*Dr. Ewan's Greek Copy-Book.* (London, Longman and Co.).—*Littera scripta manet* is said in Latin; and we do not know that the more ancient Greeks had a saying to the same purpose: if we did we would quote it. As it

is, we think the student of the beautiful language of Greece will feel much obliged to Dr. Ewan for this copy-book. A free translation of the adage might run, "Written letters remain fixed on the memory;" and thus, there can be no better way of impressing the pot-hooks and hangers of the Greek upon us than by copying them, in a fair and firm hand, as here instructed.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### THE EUPHRATES, &c. INTERCOURSE WITH INDIA.

COLONEL CHESNEY,\* in a letter promulgated at Bombay, thus speaks of the late expedition, &c. respecting the intercourse with India by steam. "As far as the Euphrates is concerned, if my observations have not failed me, it will prove to be an easier river to ascend than the Rhine, the Danube, or even the Nile. I presume that the main object desired by every friend of India, is a regular communication for the mails, at all events, and for passengers also, if it can be managed without a heavy loss; but the fear of the latter seems to have deterred private speculation in England, unless 65,000*l.* a year is first promised by government; and the discordant proceedings at the different presidencies of India have not been altogether calculated to obtain so large a bonus in these times, especially, as I presume that 12 voyages a year might be made to and from Suez, at a loss of about 40,000*l.*; or a similar number along the Euphrates, by sinking 8 or 10,000*l.* annually. Without joining in the reproaches which are the consequences of those unhappy discussions, and which have prevented any thing like real efforts, it cannot be denied, that if the Indian public were to step forward with 50 or 100,000*l.* as the foundation of a company to open the Red Sea, the remainder would be readily subscribed in England, so as to put that route into speedy and full operation: but as such a project has not all the fascinations of a bank, it is to be feared that our hopes rest on government alone; and if I am not greatly mistaken, they will not be disappointed. With reference to public feeling and convenience, it is to be hoped that something more satisfactory will be attempted when the new steamers reach India. Three steamers, with the assistance of a sailing vessel occasionally, and having two small steamers on the Euphrates, at the annual cost of 25,000*l.* each, would, considering the shorter voyage to Mohammerah, enable the government to open the Red Sea as well, by alternate monthly voyages during the next 18, or such other times as might be sufficient to demonstrate to the world all the advantages and disadvantages of each, before we establish one of them permanently, or both at different seasons, should this be more suitable. It appears to me that there are several good reasons for opening both routes at the same time. 1st. The three steamers could not keep up a monthly communication to Suez; but by going the shorter voyage alternately to the Gulf, they might keep up the twelve voyages for a time, say nine voyages in each direction. 2d. We are not quite sure that either of the routes would be practicable at all seasons, and a continued experiment can alone decide this point, and at the same time the relative speed, expense, &c. 3d. Plague is said to exist in Egypt and Syria almost always at different times, therefore, the one might be opened whilst the other is shut,

\* The colonel, and several of his companions, who have escaped with life from this difficult enterprise, are now, we observe, in London; to receive, we trust, from the government of the country, those rewards and distinctions to which their gallantry and perseverance, under so many privations and perils, so pre-eminently recommend them. In them the love of science, and the brave contempt of danger and death, so inherent in the English character, are equally the objects of regard and admiration.—*Ed. L.G.*



either from this cause, or war disturbances, &c. 4th. The commercial and piratical relations of the Persian Gulf, and our interests in Persia itself, require, at least, occasional and regular communications, which would be secured by the double line of the Red Sea and Euphrates; and if neither of them should fully answer our expectations, there will be the resource of experimenting on two others; the one being along the river Tigris to Trebezonde, and from thence by sea to Constantinople, Malta, and England; whilst the other would be through Persia to Trebezonde, and thence, by the Danube and the Rhine, to England, which may be said to be almost open already. The grand object is to have some regular communication or other; but in the present progressive state of steam, we ought to begin with the shortest and cheapest lines possible, looking forward to more daring attempts some ten or twenty years hence, when the monsoons may not only be overcome, but *paying* voyages made from Madras and Calcutta to Suez, as well as round the Cape. These objects cannot, however, be obtained until vessels are constructed to carry fuel at a cheaper rate, and for double the time that has been accomplished as yet; consequently, we ought to be content, for the present, with what may be actually practicable from Bombay, either to Suez or the Persian Gulf, as experience may decide for or against the latter. I shall merely add, that if the Euphrates were only to contribute its mite to the good cause, by being used at such times as the Red Sea may not be available from any cause whatever, it would still deserve some dispassionate consideration, as a mere auxiliary; especially great moral and commercial benefits may be the consequence of renewing our former intercourse through Arabia."

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with the Funeral Ceremony of his late Majesty, William the Fourth.* From a Drawing made on the Spot, by Harry Willson, Esq. Welsh and Gwynne.

A GOOD general view of this melancholy ceremonial, although in effect somewhat too light for so sombre an occasion.

*His Grace the Duke of Wellington.* Painted by J. Simpson; engraved by G. H. Phillips. Hodgson and Graves.

A FINE mezzotinto whole length; tranquil and dignified, although on the battle-field; and, in every respect, highly creditable, both to the painter and to the engraver. We wonder how many portraits of our great warrior have been painted and published. Numerous as they are, however, they are still not so numerous as the splendid achievements for which his country and the world are so deeply indebted to him.

*The Village Church.* Painted by Mrs. Seyffarth; engraved by J. Egan. Ackermann and Co.

PERHAPS there is no more pleasing spectacle in this country than the Sabbath gathering of a rural population to perform their duties to their Almighty Maker.\* Mrs. Seyffarth has represented the scene with her usual abilities and taste. The widow and the orphan, buoyant youth and decrepid age, make up the mingled group. An interesting little episode of jea-

lousy shews that, even on so sacred an occasion, human passions cannot be wholly suppressed.

*The Hot Breakfast.* Painted by C. Hancock; engraved by J. Porter. Hodgson and Graves. THE evils of a hot supper have frequently been insisted on by medical advisers: those of a hot breakfast are here very humorously represented. A party of curs, in their eagerness to taste its contents, have contrived to upset a pot of boiling porridge; and several of them, unable to escape, are suffering all the torments of scalding, while others are anxiously waiting the cooling of the savoury mess. The various feelings of the canine conspirators are admirably depicted.

## SKETCHES.

## ONEIRODYNIA.

"Behold, this dreamer cometh."

ONE night, when I was younger than I am by a few years, ere the crow's foot, with light but indelible touch, had marked my countenance—bodily pain, more than time, however, aids Madame Corbeau; for, like Sisyphus and his wearisome stone, I endure the daily toil of suffering—never ending, still beginning—but, aroint thee! It was on a summer's night, in the spring-tide of my life, that I dreamed a dream—let not my readers turn away with a yawn—I am not, with the garrulity of a grand-sire, going to afflict them with the drowsy narrative of a baseless vision. At the period to which I allude, my dreams, as painters say, had a breadth and depth in their masses; their composition was complete, and their colouring, as in the present, was often exquisitely beautiful. Of late years, a habit of cigar smoking (resorted to as a sedative), for an hour or so at night, I imagine, has given a frivolous and shallow character to my dreams; they are now disjointed, incongruous in their parts, and utterly absurd. To return: I had a near and dear relative—a man in whom there was no guile—eminently pious; for obvious reasons he must not here be distinguished by other than an assumed name, Felix Goodman. He was rather unwell. Methought, on the night in question, I was musing on Mount Lebanon—not the mount of modern times, with its half dozen cedars, but, as in the days of the sacred historians, when its trees were numerous, and full of sap. A few days before, I had been turning over a volume of Piranesi, and my mind was filled with wonder by the contemplation of the stupendous, yet elegant character of his architectural designs—as gigantic in conception as any thing, even from our own inimitable Martin. I am altogether unable to explain the philosophy of dreaming; nothing quite satisfactory on the subject has ever been written—most probably, never will be. From my notes of a paper on sleep, by Dr. Wilson Phillip, I find the doctor states, that those portions of the brain associated with mind are not, in "ordinary sleep," so exhausted as not to be disturbed by the internal processes going on at the time in the system. He thus accounts for dreaming, and adds, that the mind, in sleep, "is deprived of the control it exercises, during its waking hours, over the train of its thoughts;" hence, then, doubtless, the incongruities of dreams. So it was, in some degree, with me; I was on the top of the sacred mount: the gloom of the vista was indescribably great. It was dark night; not a star twinkled. It was the blackness of funeral darkness, "without form, and void." As I gazed, in painful uncertainty, something like defined notions of substance entered my mind, and the sensation

was most refreshing. I had looked upon vacuity—not the "palpable obscure" of the poet: that had been satisfactory, compared with the non-existence before me—gradually, however, and, apparently, at incalculable distance from me, I distinctly saw the dark space making way, as it were, for the appearance of some huge stranger. With amazing rapidity it reared its two heads of bronze. Coetaneously with this, daylight began to appear in one particular spot—the Goshen of the scene. The light increased, evidently confining itself to one part of the heavens; for I could now see that it was above me. Midway the scene had assumed a glorious appearance—a city of palaces and of towers (this was Piranesi); that part of the sky which was light, not to speak profanely, had become a perfect Elysium. On a scroll-work of clouds, such as Corbould, in miniature, sometimes draws, I saw written, in beautiful characters, and in compartments, these words:—"And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years: and he died." "And all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years: and he died." "And all the days of Cainan were nine hundred and five years: and he died." "And all the days of Mahalaleel were nine hundred and ten years: and he died." And so on in the same way with Jared, and Methuselah, and Lamech. It is worthy of remark, that Enoch did not appear in the list: it will be remembered that Enoch did not die, "for God took him." This, therefore, was quite congruous, setting aside, to a considerable extent, the assertion of Dr. Philip, just quoted, that the mind, in such situations, is deprived of that control which it exercises in its waking moments. But then Enos, too, was absent, though we are told that "Enos lived nine hundred and five years: and he died." This, too, I consider as a slumbering effort of mind. Awake, I knew that Enoch had not died: asleep, however, incongruity stepped in, and mind tried to right itself. The similarity of *Enoch* and *Enos* acting on the sensorium, caused them both to be excluded, on the principle of making "assurance doubly sure." On the last compartment of the scroll, and following Lamech, there was written—"And all the days of Felix Goodman were sixty and eight years: and he died." I was contemplating the sublime picture with profound delight, when a loud knocking at the street-door awoke me; it was the servant of my friend announcing his death, which took place about ten minutes before.

## DRAMA.

*English Opera.*—On Monday was produced a musical entertainment, in two acts, called the *Little Laundress*, which, we are afraid, is rather too washy an affair to last long. Like the soap bubble, it is too thin for continuance, and, though equally transparent, we cannot say that we had much pleasure in sitting to see through it. The *Little Laundress's* tub will not do for the whale; yet Miss Rainforth, in *Madelon*, the heroine, sang sweetly and acted well; Miss P. Horton did all that could be done for a very poor part; Mr. Compton, the favoured lover, was more dry than his washer-woman flame might be supposed to be wet; and Mr. M'An out-caricatured the caricature of an opera dancer. There was some drollery in this last, however; in Mr. Compton's *Tranquille* there was none: and we could not but wonder what so clever a wench as *Madelon* could see in the stupid lout to induce her to abstain from kicking him down stairs.

\* We hope many of our readers may remember, in Dr. Croly's "Paris in 1815," the touching and exquisitely poetical description of the rural church in England, and its Sabbath worship.—*Ed. L. G.*

**The Colosseum.**—The evening amusements here continue to be one of the pleasantest and most entertaining lounges of the season, and to attract nearly all the fashion that remains in town. Braham occasionally sings; and his favourite songs are sure to attract a crowd. There is also a kind of grotesque ballet, one of the most laughable things that can be seen. Any agreeable party will enjoy the whole much; and it must be a very disagreeable one, indeed, that will not be "pretty considerably" diverted.

### VARIETIES.

**Weather-Wisdom.**—The heavy rains of the past week were fairly foretold; and, in justice to the thunder storms of the last six weeks, we must notice that, if they have not visited London, they have been severely felt in other quarters. Lieutenant Morrison, for the ensuing days, predicts, "The 26th and 27th colder. Many changes. The aspects of the 30th denote rough weather; violent thunder, or very cold. Of Sept. dry and windy weather at the beginning, and rather warmer."

**Franco-English.**—A curious specimen of this occurred the other day. A French gentleman, rescued from a ducking in the Thames, and taken to an adjacent tavern, was advised to drink a tumbler of very hot brandy and water, and thus addressed the waiter, who was mixing it:—"Sir, I shall thank you not to make it a fortnight." "A fortnight," replied Joe, "hadn't you better take it directly?" "Oh, yes," said Monsieur, "directly to be sure, but not a fortnight—not two week."

**Homoeopathy.**—About forty homoeopathic doctors have had a meeting at Frankfort, to discuss their new system and doctrines. Some of these came from Russia.

**Remarkable Caverns, Geology, &c. in Brazil.**—Dr. Lund, the Danish traveller, now in Brazil, has discovered, in the mountain chains between the Rio Francisco and the Rio das Velhas, a great number of caverns; among which, Sappa nova de Maquiné, in the Sierra de Maquiné, is one of the most remarkable. The mountain consists of clay slate, flinty slate, and limestone of the transition period, in which last is the cavern described; the total length of which, from north to south, is 1440 feet, the height being from 30 to 40 feet, and the breadth from 60 to 60. It is separated by masses of stalactite into twelve divisions, of which only three were known before Dr. Lund explored them. The others, especially the innermost, were of such extraordinary beauty, that his attendants fell on their knees, and expressed the greatest astonishment. On the river Velhas, the banks of which the traveller afterwards traversed, the vegetation assumes a peculiar character. The inhabitants call the forests *catingas* (white forests). They form a thicket of thorny trees and bushes, interwoven with parasitical plants of the same nature. The leaves fall in August, and, from the beginning of September till the rainy season, the *catingas* are as bare as European forests in winter. On this excursion Dr. Lund had an opportunity of examining nineteen caverns, all of which confirmed his opinions of their geological formation. He has collected many remarkable particulars respecting the circumstances which must have taken place in a great inundation, as well as respecting its effects, and convinced himself, by several indications, that its course in South America was from north to south. In three of the nineteen caverns which he explored, he found petrifications of quadrupeds, which he had not dis-

covered in the Maquiné cavern, viz. *Cerurus rufus*, *Caelogenys*, *Paca*, *Cavia aperia*, six species of bats, four species of *Mus lepus brasiliensis*, and *Strix peolata*. In the first-mentioned cavern he found two species of ruminating animals, far larger than those now living in Brazil, and a megatherium, of the size of an elephant.

**Munich, May 10.**—We have received from Dr. Ernest Förster, in Padua, further particulars relative to the remarkable paintings of the fourteenth century, which he has discovered there, of which an account was published some time ago. This notice has already attracted numerous strangers, and contributed to make this valuable treasure generally known. Dr. Förster is, therefore, the more desirous to inform the public, through the same channel, of the warm and active interest which, immediately after the first notice, was manifested by the imperial Austrian government. "I wish," he writes, "that every body engaged in a laudable undertaking might meet, not only in foreign countries, but in his own, with such kind support, such attention, and such confidence, as I have enjoyed from the authorities here. Without this aid, it would not have been possible to prosecute the discovery. Above all, I must mention Count Sacco, who ordered that I should be supplied with every thing necessary. He also offered to fulfil the wish expressed in my preceding letter, to have an assistant. The magistrates have expressed their gratitude to me in a very obliging letter; and, at the same time, did me the honour to confide to me the care of restoring a large fresco painting, by Titian, which is justly considered here as a great treasure, and which was damaged last year by being struck with lightning, and was entirely covered with mould. I have already executed this commission. The *Kunstblatt* will publish letters, giving a circumstantial description of the paintings in the Chapel of St. George."

**Antique Casts.**—The Dutch government has directed casts to be taken of the great onyx and cameos, &c. in the royal collection, which casts are to be sold at fixed prices. There are some very fine and rare specimens in this cabinet, which will thus become more familiar to untravelled cognoscenti and the public in general.

**The Thames Tunnel,** we regret to hear, has been filled with water from an opening above. This is an unlucky design: fortunately, there is no loss of life on this occasion, but we fear, that though, as a foreign writer observed, the English have got tired of fine bridges, we shall not be gratified with their substitute under the water.

### The Desirable Bargain.

Blest life-preserver! many years at sea,  
Through storms and tempests I've been saved by thee;  
Yet, now for sale, dirt cheap: child's caul! rare thing!  
And without sorrow,  
For to-morrow,  
I am condemned to swing.—*Truths.*  
*Condemned Cell, Newgate, April 1.*

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Miss Agnes Strickland announces a work extremely appropriate to the present period, and with equal fitness placed under the patronage of the queen. It is entitled "Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England," and promises to contain much of their domestic as well as public history, diligently drawn from the most authentic sources.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Manual of Veterinary Pharmacy, by W. J. T. Morton, 12mo. 6s.—Lays for All Hearts, by W. H. Pridaux, 12mo. 3s.—Personal Narrative of Events by Sea and Land, from 1800 to 1815, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Homoeopathy; a

Thesis, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Charlie Seymour: a Sunday Story, by Miss C. Sinclair, 12mo. hf. bd. 2s.—Bible Lives, from the New Testament, by B. H. Draper, 9 vols. 38mo. 3s. 6d. hf. bd.—Heaven Unveiled, by J. Freeman, 9d edition, 2s. 6d.—E. Saunders on the Care of the Teeth, 12th edition, 3s. 6d.—Memoir of the Rev. W. Newman, D.D. by George Pritchard, 8vo. 9s.—Dr. D. C. Macreight's Manual of British Botany, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Voyages up the Mediterranean and in the Indian Seas, by J. A. Heraud, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Wild's Lincoln Cathedral, 3d edition, by J. Britton, 4to. 25s.; imp. 4to. 17. 11s. 6d.—Drury's Exotic Entomology, new edition, by Westwood, 3 vols. 4to. 6s. 6d.—The Sick Man's Embody, by J. Fawcett, D.D. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—The Christian Reader, selected and arranged by J. Slater, 12mo. 5s.—Martin's Colonial Library, Vol. VIII.: East Indies, Vol. I. 8cp. 6s.—Uncle Horace; a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. by Mrs. S. C. Hall, 17. 11s. 6d.—Kindness in Women; Tales, by T. H. Bayly, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 17	From 47 to 79	29.97 to 29.98
Friday .. 18	47 .. 77	30.06 .. Stat.
Saturday .. 19	48 .. 77	30.04 .. 29.92
Sunday .. 20	54 .. 75	29.82 .. 29.80
Monday .. 21	48 .. 74	29.98 .. 29.98
Tuesday .. 22	46 .. 71	30.06 .. 30.04
Wednesday 23	45 .. 71	29.98 .. Stat.

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 18th, and two following days; generally cloudy, with frequent rain: thunder at times during the afternoon of the 17th.

Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude... 51° 37' 38" N.

Longitude... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Parsey: To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—As your notice of my lectures delivered on the 7th and 14th instant, at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, signifies that I spoke objectionably of science and scientific men, &c. I trust you will give publicity to the following remarks in your next paper:—So far from speaking disrespectfully, I stated that, in making any remarks on science, they would be expressed with a "hearty desire to benefit, rather than to underrate the importance of mathematics." That the tone I assume being that to which I am not at all entitled, is a singular personality, consonant with the treatment I have met with from incompetent judges, but quite distinct from that of qualified scholars, whose testimonials of my merit are before the public. I challenge any scientific man to refute the original doctrines of Perspective of which I am the author. Your correspondent admits a convergence in the reality; and although art and science have never defined the laws, it is evident, perpendicular parallel surfaces converge in the eye as well as parallel horizontals, when the angles of vision command that effect. "I forget," it is said, "that a picture runs itself into perspective;" let me remark, if the length, breadth, and depth of a solid form, could be delineated on paper or canvas, of their geometrical dimensions, by parallel lines, then, by peculiar position of the picture, it might run itself into true perspective; but as the facial surfaces only can be drawn geometrically, and the receding surfaces are obliged to be drawn in perspective, no position of the picture can run the former into perspective, without running the rest into false delineation, so that a pure optical outline on the picture can only be pronounced scientifically true. I am, &c. ARTHUR PARSEY.

No. 23 Piccadilly, 21st Aug. 1837.

All personality we disclaim. We never even saw Mr. Parsey until the evening of the 7th instant; and the remarks which we made in our last Number were dictated solely by a sense of our public duty. The precise words used by Mr. Parsey, in his lectures, we are unable to quote; but, unquestionably, the substance of them was, that, not in perspective alone, but in the mathematical sciences generally, there were many important errors, obstinately persevered in, which he hoped he should, at some future period, be able to rectify. Mr. Parsey also spoke of the reluctance and hostility with which suggestions of improvement were received; and instanced a case—that of the National School of Design—in which he had been unable to succeed in procuring the adoption of his peculiar views of perspective. Now we have the pleasure of knowing a great many of the scientific men of this country, and we have always observed, that, so far from entertaining ungenerous or illiberal feelings on such subjects, they welcome, with cordiality, any alleged discovery which seems to them calculated really to advance the cause of science.

The latter part of Mr. Parsey's letter is so obscurely and inaccurately expressed, as to be nearly, if not altogether, unintelligible. It certainly contains nothing, in the slightest degree, applicable to the objection to one of Mr. Parsey's "new principles," which we stated last week.

Carmen Amoris declined, with thanks.

**ERRATA.**—In last week's Gazette, page 529, col. 1, line 16 from bottom, for Pehlun, read Pehlvi; and in the same col. line 4 from bottom, for Mosc and Fern, read Masc. and Fern.

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August 16.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Tribute; a Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems.* By Various Authors. Edited by Lord Northampton. 8vo. pp. 422. London, 1837. Murray; Lindsell.

"I set no cypress on thy last abode,  
Friend of my earliest, best, and happiest days!  
But rather would I plant the solemn sod  
With emblems bright of thankfulness and praise;  
Violet and rose, whose fragrant bloom decays  
In grateful incense to their author God,  
And trustful hope again their heads to raise  
From root ensepulchred in earthy clod.  
Thus didst thou fall, in richest flower and pride  
Of genius and of years; the fragrance pure  
Of learning and example scattering wide;  
Best sacrifice to Him who gave! 'In sure  
And certain hope' to rise beatified  
In the spring morn that ever shall endure.

Happy in life and death, lov'd friend, farewell!  
Happy in life! since life's severest woes  
At Love's transforming smile in joy repose,  
While health is sickness where he deigns not dwell!  
Happy in death! for with the invisible,  
With whom was here thy converse, God, and those  
Who share his vision's bliss, thou dost unclothe  
The unbodied sense to words ineffable!  
Farewell a little space! Taught here how brief,  
How insignificant the woes of time,  
From earth I hope not nor regret relief;  
But, rising to thy hopes and aims sublime,  
I'll trust to meet thee far o'er care and grief  
In Love's own native and immortal clime."

Such are the tributes paid by the Rev. H. Thompson, of Wrington Rectory, to the memory of his friend, the late Rev. Edward Smedley, M.A. of Cambridge; for whose living benefit this volume was originally undertaken by the accomplished and excellent nobleman, whose name appears on its title-page. Its object, in the spring of only last year, we are told in a brief preface, "was to spare him the necessity for those arduous literary labours which at that time threatened his sight or his life. His hearing he had already lost, and a disorder in his eyes was, to all appearance, sapping a sense still more precious. Before many weeks had elapsed, these anticipations proved too well founded, and death relieved him from his sufferings, and deprived his family of an affectionate husband and father." It has been continued to the end for the sake of those he has left; and will, it is hoped, in conjunction with a forthcoming volume of Mr. Smedley's posthumous poems, contribute, in some measure, to assuage their sorrows and improve their circumstances. The editor offers a very unnecessary apology for his own share in this benevolent design: nothing becomes a coronet more than feelings of humanity and the love of literature; and when the noble marquess has superadded to these the evidences which the volume contains of fine taste and high talent, he may rest assured that another, and a universal *Tribute*, will also be willingly paid to his philanthropy and endowments.

Nor can we withhold our approbation from the distinguished and gifted coadjutors who have joined his lordship in this kind work; a work, the spirit and character of which reflects lustre even upon such names as Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, Joanna Baillie, Bowles, Milman, Montgomery, and Sotheby; not to dwell on those of the noble editor himself, the late Lady Northampton, Lord John Russell, Lady Dacre, Sir E. Cust, Mr. Spring Rice, B. Barton, G. P. R. James, Chauncey Hare Townshend

(how long since we have seen aught of his graceful muse!) Gally Knight, Horace Smith, Landor, Tennyson, Darley, and, besides others, the fair maiden contributors, Costello, D. M. Clephane, A. Bradstreet, M. Popple, Randall, Agnes Strickland, and Mary L. Boyle.

We have of late, in consequence of the number of poetical publications of various merit, many of them adorning our literature, though not sufficiently exalted to require distinct critical review, been led to notice them in batches of ten at a time: thus paying proper respect to the deserving, and allying over the failures without severity. In the present instance, the phalanx of contributors offers us a batch of more than twice ten, and compels us to selection rather than general specification: and we begin with some pretty lines to a favourite bird of ours, by W. Empson, Esq.

"Bravo, cuckoo, call again!  
Loud and louder still!  
From the hedge-partridge's plain  
And the wood-top's hill.  
With thine un mistaken shout  
Make the valley ring!  
All the world is looking out,  
But in vain, for spring.  
I have search'd in every place,  
Garden, grove, and green;  
Of her footstep not a trace  
Is there to be seen.  
Yet her servants without fail  
Have observed their day,  
Swallow, bat, and nightingale;  
And herself away!  
Shout again! she knows thy call,  
'Tis her muster-drum:  
An she be on earth at all  
She will hear and come."

From the noble editor's pieces we make choice of one sweet sonnet to "Memory."

"Oh, Memory! thou ever restless power,  
Recalling all that's vanish'd from our sight,  
Thy pencil dip'd now in the rainbow's light,  
Now in the gloomy tints of midnight's hour.  
From youth's gay garden, manhood's blighted bower,  
Culling thy varied chaplet, dark and bright—  
The rose, the rue, the baleful asclepias;  
Alternating the cypress and the flower!  
Casting with lightning speed thy wizard glance  
Through the long retrospect of by-gone years,  
Whence, at thine heet, in dim array advance,  
Shadows of idle hopes and idle fears:  
Half cheerful is thy saddest countenance,  
Thy sweetest smile, alas, is moist with tears!"

It is pleasing to turn from the right hon. the chancellor of the exchequer's electioneering and political visits to Cambridge, with which all the newspapers have rung, and look upon him in a finer and happier mood—the following is his offering:—

"On Revisiting Trinity College, Cambridge, after Twenty Years' Absence. By the Right Hon. T. Spring Rice.  
Years have rolled on since first I passed these gates,  
Yet each succeeding year I love thee more—  
When I revisit thee, within my heart  
Thoughts, images, emotions, crowd. The past  
Awakens from its tomb, and present light  
Blends with the future's dim uncertainty.  
All that is best in life I here have known,  
Love, Friendship, and Ambition, heavenly Hope  
Lifting her seraph-eye to brighter worlds:  
And now the gushing founts of tenderness  
Which spring perennial in a parent's heart.

Thy walls to me are vocal. Many a sound  
Of solemn warning and of stern reproof,  
Echoes beneath those arches. Time misused,  
And opportunity for ever lost;  
Powers misapplied!—these thoughts of deep remorse,  
All, all around me rise, like angry shades  
Which haunt the midnight of some murderer.  
Oh! had such thoughts flow'd earlier o'er my mind  
I should not now lament its barrenness.  
Had they but roused me to some strenuous deeds,

In more enduring love for human kind,  
Purging my soul from sloth and selfishness—  
Had those, whose bright examples might have taught  
To scorn the earth, and humbly strive for heaven—  
Had these but shed due influence, noble acts  
Had sprung from noble thoughts—duty and joy,  
Like two fair sisters with their arms entwined  
And glances love returning, had led on,  
Through deeds of manly usefulness below,  
To the inheritance of brighter crowns.

But though the sun his mid-day height has passed,  
Light yet remaineth while 'tis given to work:  
Then let me not, a vile and idle thing,  
Pass in a world of dreams my life away;  
Or bubble-like float down the stream of life;  
Or like an autumn leaf, circling aloft,  
Whirl in a useless orbit—  
The drowsy joys of indolent repose,  
Or the unmeaning laugh of rapid mirth,  
Accomplish not man's destiny. 'Tis his  
To will—to do—to suffer—days of toil,  
And nights of watching; and to cast his lot,  
To live for others—or to live in vain.

Before the Spirit to Bethesda's pool  
Gave healing power, the waters first were moved;—  
Could but such influence reach a worm like me,  
And rouse from torpor, life new life would gain,  
And, like the eagle springing towards the sun,  
The soul, on angel-pinions borne, would seek  
Eternal beauty, undecaying truth,  
Wisdom heaven-taught, and virtue strong in faith."

As party incites their critics, we often see, with regret, the literary productions of eminent men, ministers or statesmen, treated or rather maltreated by those of the opposite faction, as if they were offences against society. Ridicule, abuse, contempt, are poured out upon the criminal's head, and he is made to appear, if not the wickedest, the weakest of mankind. Not so our course. It always rejoices us to see such individuals enter into the lists of authorship. Even were their efforts feeble, the attempt and not the deed would entitle them to praise. The love of letters is a sure test that the interests of literary men will not be neglected; and a cabinet, without a due feeling of the lustre and importance of the press, would indeed be one for England to deplore. We hail it as a good omen, without distinction of Whig, Conservative, or Radical, when we see men eminently before the public, and occupied with the severer cares of life, employ their brief periods of relaxation and delight in wooing the muse, or cultivating any branch of refining literature.\* Surely, the pursuit will not only attune the mind to the better sympathies of nature, and abate the asperities of the stern politician, but will teach the value of those who exercise qualities, without which history becomes a blank, and the actions of men equivalent to the brutes that live and perish during the same epoch of barren years.

It is with pleasure, after these few general remarks, that we extract a portion of a specimen of Homer's *Odyssey*, the opening of the fifth book, as translated by Lord John Russell. It is the message from Jove, by Mercury, to Calypso, and rendered with much beauty and spirit.

"The golden sandals on his feet he tied,  
Wing'd and immortal, by whose aid he darts  
Swift as the gale, o'er lands and oceans wide:  
Then grasped the wand, whose magic power imparts

\* It may be received as a sample of our sagacity and prescience, that the "Times" of yesterday (long after this notice was in type) has torn to pieces the very lines we have quoted from the pen of the chancellor of the exchequer. We think they are very honourable to his heart. Our contemporary has, with much talent, given a political cast to the poem, and mashed its author to the utmost of its powers of ridicule.—*Ed. L. G.*



Sleep to the eyes of men ; or, if applied  
 With other aims, the weary mortal starts  
 From deepest slumber ; bearing in his hand  
 This rod, he lighted on Plerian land.  
 Thence from the mountain's top, with one light fling,  
 He touched the sea ; and as upon the wave  
 The sea-gull hovers, dipping her white wing  
 From time to time, so too did Mercury lave  
 His brilliant plunions, till with easy spring  
 He reach'd the distant isle, where, in a cave,  
 Calypso dwelt ; then, rising from the brine,  
 He sought the mansion of the nymph divine.  
 A fire of cedar, blent with frankincense,  
 Round the green isle its pleasant odour spread ;  
 The nymph's sweet song beguiled another sense ;  
 And as she sung, she wove the golden thread.  
 Above the illumined cave a forest dense,  
 Of cypress, ash, and poplar, reared its head ;  
 Where hawks and herons arched the boughs bulld high  
 Their rocking nests, and sea-mews circling fly.  
 Round the cave's mouth broad vines entwining throw  
 Their tendrils, rich with many a clustering grape ;  
 Four fountains here with crystal waters flow,  
 Together rise, but different ways escape.  
 There, in green meadows, scented violets grow,  
 While flowers and herbs, of every hue and shape,  
 Flourish unchecked ; a God approaching near,  
 Might well admire, nor deem Elysium dear.  
 Charm'd with the savage beauty of the place,  
 One moment Hermes paused ; within the cave  
 The next he stood ; Calypso knew the face  
 Of him she met ; such sense immortals have,  
 Though far and long removed by time and space,—  
 But undiscover'd was the chieftain brave :  
 He, sitting on the shore, in melting woe,  
 Gazed on the barren sea, and let his tears fall flow.  
 The fair-haired nymph, when she had plac'd the god  
 Upon her throne of ivory, thus address'd :  
 ' Say, now, mild bearer of the golden rod,  
 What happy errand gives me such a guest ?  
 For none, till now, have more unfrequented trod  
 My cave ; be frank, and tell me thy behest.  
 Whatever it be, thy pleasure be the lord  
 Of all my pow'rs ; but first partake my board.'  
 Then on a table spreading the repast,  
 Ambrosia, and red nectar, Hermes took  
 Reflection suited to his length of fast ;  
 Then spoke—"

Our next quotation can hardly be of greater diversity than this

" *Mute Courtship, from the Persian.*  
 By Thomas Moore, Esq.  
 Love hath a language of his own,—  
 A voice that goes  
 From heart to heart,—whose mystic tone  
 Love only knows.  
 The lotus-flower, whose leaves I now  
 Kiss silently  
 Far more than words will tell thee how  
 I worship thee.  
 The mirror, which to thee I hold,—  
 Which, when I kneep  
 With thy bright looks, I turn and fold  
 To this fond breast,—  
 Doth it not speak, beyond all spells,  
 Of poet's art,  
 How deep thy hidden image dwells  
 In this hush'd heart ?"

We conclude with one of the maiden offerings to which we referred in our introduction.

" *Woman.* By Miss M. Popple.  
 Ask ye what woman was form'd to be ?  
 Oh, woman was form'd to be fair and vain ;  
 To sport awhile on the summer sea,  
 But to shrink from the winter-blast of pain.  
 To smile on man in his hour of joy,  
 To weave for his brow the festal wreath—  
 But to flee from the storms which his peace destroy,  
 And to quail at the withering glance of Death.  
 No—woman was form'd for a loftier sphere,  
 Nor pleasure to court, nor pity to claim,  
 But to rival man in his wide career,  
 And to mount with him to the heights of fame.  
 To laugh at the spectre of Fear, and dare  
 To gaze unmoved on the sanguine field ;  
 Man's valour, and pride, and ambition, to share,  
 Nor in aught, save the strength of her arm, to yield.  
 Oh, false is the notion that either extreme  
 Is the path which woman was born to tread !  
 Her course is that of the bounteous stream,  
 As it calmly glides o'er its sparkling bed.  
 Though it want the strength of the ocean wave,  
 Nor whirlpool nor hurricane trouble its breast,  
 And it still flows on through the darksome cave,  
 As it flow'd through the sunniest vale of rest.  
 Yes—to woman was given the twofold power,  
 To glid with her smile the green vistas of life,  
 And when its horizon with tempests shall lour,  
 With that smile to dispel the dark omens of strife.  
 And, though by her nature defenceless and weak,  
 She may ask the support of a manlier breast,  
 'Tis such as the tender vine may seek  
 From the stem by her faithful arms caress'd.

Then deem not that woman was form'd to be  
 The toy of a moment, capricious and vain ;  
 For bright as an angel of mercy may she  
 Be found by the wearisome couch of pain.  
 And though with a feminine softness she shrink  
 From the toils which in this world man's spirit may dare ;  
 Yet steadfast as him may she stand on the brink  
 Of that which alike they hereafter must share."

Many of the other contributions are sweet, fanciful, and poetical ; but we trust we have done enough (independently of the forcible appeal which the volume makes to the moral sense of the public) to induce many hundred readers to adorn their shelves with this interesting collection.

*Uncle Horace ; a Novel.* By the Author of "Sketches of Irish Character," "The Buccaneer," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

Mrs. HALL has, in the present performance, taken completely new ground ; and, instead of animated pictures of cavaliers and roundheads, or the exquisite pieces of rural life contained in her Irish sketches, the work now before us is an animated panorama of to-day, with all its meannesses and vanities, detected with feminine shrewdness, yet redeemed by touches of that good feeling, without which this would be a harsh and bad world indeed. Her own sex ought to be obliged to Mrs. S. C. Hall, for nothing can be more true, more beautiful, or more encouraging, than her estimate of woman. But we will let the volumes speak for themselves, giving the sentiment and character, without trenching upon the narrative. The beginning of an artist's career is thus painted.

" 'In one of those lone, cold, shivering houses,' continued Mortimer, 'which stretch out into what once was a meadow, but, having been half built upon, looks gloomy, and drear, and grassless, even now ; spotted with a half-naked child, or a few dirty, starved geese, mocking rusticity, and claiming alliance with the soil and misery of London paupers ;—in one, or rather at the back of one of these cottages, we found the sculptor. The mistress of the place, astonished at our appearance, directed us, with much civility, across a filthy yard, at the bottom of which appeared what I suppose was intended originally for a carpenter's shed. There was a long, low, narrow window, close to the door, and, before Lady Ellen knocked for entrance, she paused to observe the artist through its dim panes. As he stood with his back to us, it was impossible not to observe the ease and grace of his willowy figure. A tunic of grey cloth was girded round his waist by a black leather belt ; and a small cap, of the same material, sat lightly upon long and clustering curls.' 'I hope,' said Uncle Horace, 'he is not a puppy.' 'Before him, on an elevated table,' continued Mortimer, 'was a figure evidently intended as a companion to the one Lady Ellen had purchased—a brigand, leaning back, and looking upward, waving his hand in the air. It was partially covered with wet linen ; but the attitude of the head, notwithstanding the smallness of the figure, was magnificent. At one side of this rude table stood an easel, around which were different portions of sculpture ; and he had managed, with a couple of sticks, to form a sort of reading-desk, to support some books. Apparently, the youth had been fatigued by exertion, and was seeking relaxation in change of employment, for he was reading, though a modelling tool remained in his hand. The clay floor of the shed was heaped with the strange mis-shapen creations of a wild, but fertile and powerful imagination—a skeleton, with extended arms, supported a shroud-like drapery, in one corner ; and in the

other a straw pallet was but partially concealed by a tattered curtain.' Mary sighed. 'Go on,' said Uncle Horace. 'There was a poverty in the aspect of the sculptor's dwelling that was painful to look upon ; but it was the poverty of circumstances, not the poverty of genius.' 'Right,' interrupted Uncle Horace, 'they are, indeed, distinct.' 'It is hardly fair,' whispered Ellen to me, 'to pry into such a scene.' She tapped at the door, however, and, before he opened it, he threw a ragged cloth over a delft plate, upon which rested a half-eaten crust of bread and a broken vessel of water. He started when he opened the door, but Lady Ellen endeavoured to remove his embarrassment by saying how much she admired the brigand's wife—how much she desired a companion for it. I wish, dear Sir, you had witnessed the flush of an ambition, perhaps gratified for the first time, suffuse itself over the youth's features. I never saw a man with so pale a cheek, so white a brow ; if it had not been for the bright and earnest look of his eagle eye, you might have imagined him a corpse. There was a loftiness in his address, tempered by modesty, which fascinated us both. And he shewed Lady Ellen some models, that would do no disgrace to the glorious sculptors of Italy and Greece. If he lives, he will be a great man ; but —' 'Curse your 'buts ;' really, Harry, you provoke me sometimes !' exclaimed Uncle Horace. 'What is to prevent the young man's living ? what is to prevent his being a great man ? Is not his merit discovered ; and when once a man's talent is known and appreciated in England, he must succeed !—By heavens, he shall succeed !' 'He looks so very worn :—his parents are both dead. The woman of the house said she believed he had no relation in the world ; and yet, poor fellow ! he is so energetic, so full of fire. It is quite beautiful to hear him talk of his art ; you would imagine he had the power of an emperor, and could call persons and actions into existence for its glory.' 'You have seen him again, then ?' 'Oh yes ! to-day : and Lady Norley is to have her bust done ; and Mary should have seen how delicately her friend, Lady Ellen, managed to bestow upon him a purse. The net-work, she said, as a *souvenir* from herself, the gold to purchase the marble, that was to be a present from her to her mother, which his skill would prevail on her to accept.' 'God bless her !' said Uncle Horace."

*A Woman's Generosity* will also afford us a characteristic specimen. We must premise that Lady Ellen Revis, though slightly deformed, is beautiful in face, rich, and highly gifted ; but has just discovered that her cousin is attached to another.

"Many and bitter tears she had given to the wreck of the fairy palace which her heart and imagination had erected and peopled ; but having waived over it, in the solitude of silence of her own heart, her succeeding feeling was how to confer benefits on the living. She recalled every word, look, and action Harry Mortimer had addressed to her since the commencement of their acquaintance ; and in no one instance could she blame his conduct. Nay, she recalled his very looks, and with something very like self-reproach for having been so 'lightly won,' she pronounced him blameless. Nothing tests nobility of soul so strongly as forwarding a rival's claims to the affection of a beloved object. Ellen Revis was not only noble, but proud ; and her pride was tried almost beyond its strength by the desire she felt to appear careless of Harry's affections. Yet, mingled as it was with true woman's

generosity, it enabled her to address her cousin as he entered the library, though she was glad that it was the gentle light of evening, not the glaring sun of morning, that was streaming through the windows, and that the chair in which she sat was sufficiently high-backed to screen her face from observation. 'Oh, cousin, is it you!' she exclaimed; at the same time pressing her clasped hands on her heart to still its beatings. 'Nay, do not attempt to run away, I have been sitting here for hours, reading—I suppose—and waiting your arrival.' Harry stammered out something about being sorry she had waited; and also, that had he known she had been there, he would have come into the library 'long ago.' 'Harry Mortimer,' said Ellen, 'I pray you do not indulge in a habit of story-telling. If you had known I was here, you would have gone to any other portion of the dwelling rather than meet me to-day, nor do I wonder at it. However, come and sit down; no, not there, opposite to me, but here, on my right hand—that will do. You need not draw back—good, my cousin—I am neither going to make love to you, nor offer'—(and here she drew herself up, and, but that she was so completely shaded from the light, Mortimer must have observed the pride that flashed from her eyes)—'nor offer myself as your bride. But I am going to scold you, Harry Mortimer. What have you seen in Ellen Revis to prevent your considering her your friend? Was I not worthy to be trusted with your secret? Was not my sisterly regard for you, my friendship for Mary Lorton, a sufficient guarantee for my good offices?' 'Mary Lorton—secret,' murmured Harry, as she paused. 'Ay, my brother-cousin!' continued the lady, 'I have discovered your secret—your—why should I hesitate about the word,' she added; endeavouring with all a woman's tact to cover the pain, which pronouncing the mystic name gave her—by skillfully turning the subject of her hesitation; 'the word is simple, though you feel it deeply: I have discovered your love for Mary Lorton.' 'My love for Mary Lorton!' he repeated; 'I am sure no word, no act of mine —' 'The very thing I complain of,' she interrupted; 'I know you never treated me as a friend.' 'Upon my sacred honour, Ellen, a coolness has existed between Mary and me for months. The fact was, she became jealous, silly girl, of your letters and the drawings!—and the letters, though I confessed they came from a lady, I could not in honour shew her, containing as they did family affairs, and facts relating solely to my cousins and uncle.' 'And it was ill-judgment not to shew them. Do you not know that those who truly love, though they may have two hearts, can have but one soul! The mystery, my good cousin, to her, was ill-judged!' 'But how, Lady Ellen, how came you to discover this?' Lady Ellen Revis paused; and then she told the truth. It is a question with me whether those who tell the truth from impulse, or those who tell the truth from reason, deserve the most credit. Impulse is nature—reason! dare I call it art? Lady Ellen was not artful, and yet she reasoned. 'It is awkward,' she said, 'and yet why I know not, for we are cousins—brother and sister rather—near akin in blood—and in all truth and friendship. My father told me how highly you complimented me this morning, by thinking me too good to bestow upon a man who had no heart to give for mine. Now, do not apologise; you rejected cousin Ellen, and must positively present her with a wreath of silver willow! But, notwithstanding your

desire to see me mated with a man of heart, and notwithstanding this ugly lump upon my shoulder, I knew human nature too well to suppose you would refuse to swallow the gilded pill, if your heart had not been occupied by something better than heartless speculation!' 'Believe me, Ellen, there is no woman upon earth —' 'You love so well as me, *except!*—No woman on earth you esteem so highly, *except!*—No woman you would so desire to marry, *except!*—I know it all, cousin.' 'Lord Norley has been abrupt. I would not wound —' 'Harry!' said Lady Ellen, assuming, for the first, and indeed it was the last time in her life, a proud tone to her cousin; you cannot suppose from my past conduct that you were ever more to me than a dear relative; consequently, my father was not too abrupt. And there can be no danger of my feelings being wounded!' 'Indeed, Ellen, I meant not that,' replied Harry, without noticing her manner. 'If Mary, on my arrival in London, had manifested the least remains of an affection which grew with my growth; but the vanities, the glare, the lovers she has had, the extreme volatility and ambition of her mother, the heavy toiling after distinction of her father, the —' 'You do Mary injustice!' interrupted Lady Ellen, firmly. 'And as I have been the innocent instrument of setting you all wrong, I will be the direct means of bringing you all right again. You shall see what talents I possess for winding off, and winding on, and winding up. I should have been, putting all things else out of the question, a most ill-assorted wife for you; if you get into Parliament (which, asking your pardon, is a task fools find easy now-a-days), the extent of your service to the state will be to make a maiden speech—a speech upon the currency question, one upon the poor laws, ditto on the duty on malt; a few cautious observations on tithes, write occasional letters to the newspapers, and then accept the Chiltern Hundreds! For me, my regret is, that Talleyrand is too old to marry, and that Metternich has, I believe, a wife: they would have suited me exactly; but as to the other members of the diplomatic corps, I, Ellen Revis, hold them in sovereign contempt. No; you and Mary will cultivate roses and children, and Uncle Horace and I will be godmamma and godpapa. Have you any idea what Brown Lorton's property really is?' 'I know what it really was; but living as they have been living lately, I really can form no idea.' 'Well,' continued Lady Ellen, 'I must find that out, because papa must be managed. And — However, the dressing hour is come. God bless you, Harry; I will set my wits to work for the happiness of you and Mary, and you will both bless Ellen Revis when she is in her grave: there, one kiss upon my hand will do!—it must not be more, or I will tell Mary!' She flew out of the room. 'She is an admirable creature!' exclaimed Harry; 'and what excellent spirits she has—I never saw her in such spirits—delighted at making others happy—what charming spirits!' How little do we know of each other in this masquerading world! Before Harry Mortimer had finished his encomium upon his cousin's 'charming spirits,' Lady Ellen had thrown herself upon her bed in an agony of irrepressible anguish: the part she had been playing had overpowered her strength, and so torturing were her feelings, that she would have welcomed death during that and many succeeding hours. Still nothing disturbed her resolution to promote the happiness of her cousin. Men sacrifice others; women, themselves! "

There are some sweet snatches of verse scattered through these volumes; which, whether for talent, feeling, or principle, do Mrs. Hall the highest credit. We congratulate our readers on having to make *Uncle Horace's* acquaintance.

#### IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

*The Prison-House Unmasked: in a Letter to her Most Gracious Majesty, shewing that Arrest and Imprisonment for Debt are Violations of Magna Charta, and therefore Illegal; and also the Cruelty and Inutility of the present System.* By Runnymede Secundus. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 36. London, 1837. Hatchard and Son.

THE cruel uncertainty which has now for several years prevailed, touching the question of imprisonment for debt, seems to have stirred up a new and able advocate in opposition to that practice, from whom we have received the striking pamphlet before us. The prominent argument in this production is, that imprisonment for debt is illegal, being contrary to Magna Charta; and the whole process a fiction invented to defeat the dicta of laws and judges. But, were it otherwise—did Magna Charta ordain incarceration for debt, and every ancient act of parliament, and every great judge who had sat upon the bench for five hundred years, concur in sanctioning it,—still, on the far superior grounds of humanity, morality, and religion, not to mention expediency, utility, and right, we would say that the most illustrious commencement of the reign of a young queen would be to repeal and rescind every authority which could cause such distress and misery to thousands of her people.

Custom has brazed the country to this pernicious and barbarous system, or it would not be endured for a moment. See how quickly the better national feelings are awakened to any individual instance or story of suffering, and how promptly relief is afforded; but the accumulated horrors and iniquities of the gaol seem to excite no other sympathy than if they did not exist. We pity the very criminal condemned to expiate his offence by punishment; but we have no compassion for the unfortunate whose only guilt is the sin of poverty.

If we look around at similar circumstances, we must be amazed at this strange and unnatural apathy. When Africa held a few hundred captives, all Christendom rang with the injury; and crusades were undertaken to rescue them, and avenge the insulted world on their oppressors. Were these oppressors more heartless, more relentless, than the man who consigns a helpless fellow-creature to Horsemonger Lane,\* the Marshalsea, the Fleet, or other prison, there to waste his life in wretchedness, because he owes five pounds, or fifty, which he is unable to pay, after his small substance has been stripped from him by the extortions of low legal proceedings and the torture of low legal minions?

The New Poor Law has created a loud outcry throughout the country against the cruelty of shutting paupers up in Unions, separating men from their wives, and parents from their families; but these are comparatively humane establishments, for they at least feed and clothe the sufferers, whereas imprisonment for debt not only severs all these natural ties, but

\* In this, and perhaps in other gaols, it is stated, that the regulations as to air, exercise, the visits of friends, &c. are the same as those applied to the most atrocious felons.

starves or leaves to perish the husband or the father that has fallen into its merciless fangs. Raiment, or food, or covering, or warmth, or cherishing of any kind are denied to him; he is an outcast from society, the Pariah of free and generous Britain. And what has he done to merit this affliction? he has contracted a debt which losses, or disappointments, or, if you will, imprudence or extravagance, put it out of his power immediately to discharge!

The Bastile in Paris, with its lettres de cachet, provoked the indignation of civilised Europe; why, the Bastile was a playhouse, and the extent of the wrongs it perpetrated a jest, when compared with one year of the agonies inflicted, and the guilt induced, by the debtors' prisons in the metropolis of England.

And by whom are these evils wrought? Are they infamous scoundrels, devoid of sense, shunned and hated? No, they are professed Christians; professors of a faith of which mercy and forgiveness of injury are the essence; offerers up of that sublimely simple prayer which implores of a Heavenly Father to pardon them as they pardon others. And yet these men can, without remorse or an uneasy reflection, proceed to a filthy office, and take an oath which is to deprive their brother of his liberty, tear him from his family, ruin his credit, and make all his future days grief and bitterness. The process is handed to a brutal and ruthless ruffian to execute; and the worthy Christian who has committed this act retires to enjoy the communion of his children, an evening meal of plenty and comfort, and lay his head upon a soft pillow with the conjugal partner of his happier hours—to rise, perhaps, on the morrow, refreshed, and go to his church or meeting-house to worship his Creator, and pray for the forgiveness of his trespasses. Yet "Amen" does not stick in his throat! Is it not monstrous that such things are? nor

"Overcome us like a summer cloud  
Without our special wonder."

It may frequently be observed, that some slight change of circumstance may arouse feelings which habit has rendered dormant; and it is, perhaps, owing to something of this sort that the use of the name of our young and innocent queen, in the phraseology of those proceedings which doom her subjects to the loss of their freedom, has rendered them more odious and disgusting, than when the name of an astute and world-accustomed king was employed. There is a contradiction particularly unnatural in the grating conjunction. To illustrate this we have requested, from a respectable solicitor, a copy of the form in which the name and title of One, who should only be associated with agreeable and affectionate ideas, is thus abused:—"Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith. To the Sheriff of \_\_\_\_\_, greeting. *We* (our dear and loved young queen!) *command you*, and that you omit not, but *enter and take C. D. and him safely keep*, &c. until the said C. D. shall by lawful means be discharged from your custody," &c.: and our informant writes us,—"This is a copy of a writ of *Capias*, upon which the sheriff grants his warrant; and when defendant is arrested, he is taken by the officer to the county gaol. If defendant wishes to be removed to the Queen's Bench Prison, he causes an *Habeas Corpus* to be issued, directed to the sheriff, who makes a return, containing an extract of the writ: the defendant is then taken before a judge, who signs his name to the commitment, viz.:—

"The within-named C. D. is committed to the custody of the marshal, &c. for want of bail, within the causes hereunto annexed, there to remain until, &c.

Signature, \_\_\_\_\_,  
Date, \_\_\_\_\_."

And so any honest, meritorious, and unoffending citizen of this land of boasted freedom, may, under the authority of its youthful female sovereign, whose heart would bleed at the sight or thought of a single soul in distress, be torn from all the dearest ties on earth, and doomed to want, solitude, and despair. That, too, as this pamphlet shews, contrary to the great fundamental and unalterable principle of the constitution, without trial, and at the mere will (seldom, indeed, of good and right-minded creditors, but) of hardened and vindictive oppressors; perhaps of false swearers; of cheats who thus try to enforce exorbitant charges by the moral torture it is in their option to inflict; of misguided individuals who, in moments of anger and resentment, get into the trammels of rascal-practitioners (the disgrace of a liberal profession), and are obliged to go on, as they drive them and their victims alike to perdition: for the pursuers in turn become the hunted, and few escape from the ruin that too surely follows the "due administration of the laws!"

But we must now go to our author, who says in opening, "Your majesty has ascended the throne at a period of life when the feelings are most alive to the sufferings of others; and when the intellect, unclouded by the Jesuitism of expediency, sees, with almost instinctive quickness, those results which are the deductions of truth and justice—at all times, and under all circumstances, the highest policy. With the sincerest and deepest sentiments of loyalty, respect, and devotion, I shall attempt to call into action those feelings which are the ornament of woman; and, when manifested in a queen, become a beacon light to the chivalry of a kingdom,—that invincible safeguard of royalty. To attempt to make feeling, unsupported by reason, experience, and fact, the guide in a matter of policy, would be disrespectful and unwise; and, from all your subjects have seen and heard, though so young, useless."

"If, most gracious Sovereign, it is shewn that your crown has been put into danger by the violation of the Great Charter, and that through that violation, fifteen thousand of your subjects are kept in prisons, without having been brought before a tribunal of their country, without being convicted of crime, without which no punishment can be awarded: that by far the greater number are in poverty and destitution, being unable to 'cultivate the ground, or maintain their families,' which the humane enactments of Magna Charta justly declare necessary, and, therefore, that no man should be imprisoned for debt,—which, unless fraudulent, is no crime,—your majesty will see and feel the necessity of commanding your ministers to take immediate steps to restore the Great Charter to its purity, and remove the tyranny and unlawful oppression from fifteen thousand of your people. Magna Charta is the foundation of the constitution and the liberties of England. In the twenty-ninth article of it, are these memorable words: 'No freeman shall be taken (i. e. arrested), imprisoned, or otherwise injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, and the law of the land.' Sir Edward Coke, commenting on those words, remarks, 'the king, by Magna Charta, is debarred from imprisoning his debtor. The power reserved to the crown was, by the common law, allowed to the subject. The Great

Charter shall be taken as common law, and all statutes made against it are void.'"

Other legal enactments, in the same spirit, are quoted, and the narrative proceeds:—

"The 19th of Henry VII. gave no countenance to any violation of the Great Charter. The fallacious ingenuity of lawyers by (impudent absurdity!) a fiction converted a civil question of account into a criminal act, and seized the person on fictitious grounds. The treacherous cunning of lawyers, or the ignorance of a government, cannot be permitted to abrogate the charter of our freedom, though carried in those troublesome times to unwarrantable excess. The incontrovertible law of Magna Charta was always declared to be inviolable. Lord Chancellor Bacon gave it as his decided opinion, 'that no person could be arrested for debt according to the constitution.' As if to complete the chain of authorities who upheld the true interpretation of the Great Charter, Lord Chief Justice Holt, (*vide Rep. in 'Banco Regine' 242*), in the reign of Queen Anne, delivered the decision of the twelve judges on this important point, and so sacred did they hold Magna Charta, that they acquitted a man who had killed a constable's assistant in an affray caused by arrest for debt, on the sole ground that arrest and imprisonment for debt were illegal. And Lord Eldon has eloquently declared—mark the word he uses—'Arrest for debt is a *permission* to commit acts of greater oppression and inhumanity than are to be met with in slavery itself—a permission to tear a father from his weeping children, the husband from the distressed wife, and to hurry him to a dungeon to linger out a life of pain and misery!'"

These are high and important authorities; but as we have said, were they all for, instead of being against, the system of domestic slavery, at the caprice or evil passion of any person, we should still hold that system to be incompatible with policy, justice, morality, humanity, and Christianity. The Inquisition, in its worst age and most rampant cruelty, was not more inconsistent with the rights of man, and the golden rule of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us.

"A brief description (says the writer) of the method by which this violation of Magna Charta is put into practice is so curious, that a few lines may be given to it. In this free country, any man, whether a creditor or a villain, has only to walk to an office in the Temple, and there make an affidavit that an individual is indebted to him any sum (above 20*l.*); having made that affidavit before a 'commissioner for taking affidavits,' a slip of parchment is given to him, which he takes to the sheriff, or to his under sheriff's office, who gives him a warrant, directed to two or more of his men, whom he designates his officers; and upon that unsupported affidavit, according to Lord Eldon, 'a father is torn from his weeping children, the husband from the distressed wife, and hurried to a dungeon to linger out a life of pain and misery.' To be placed where he cannot work, and then to be told, 'Here you shall remain, until you find a ransom or your grave!' It is scarcely credible, but it is true. The wonder is, that it has been borne so long, and that the prisons have not been destroyed. It is clear that submission to what has the semblance of law, but which is in defiance of the great constitutional rights of the people, has induced so many hundreds of thousands to submit to imprisonment without crime, to insult, degradation, and ruin."

The writer then states many cases of such

wretchedness, that, were they related of savages in the interior of Africa, would not be believed.\* Dying men and women, absolutely murdered by being dragged from their deathbeds to expire within a few hours in prison; and that in defiance of medical protests against the act. There is no scene to be conceived in tragedy which can rival these realities in wo and suffering. But they extend beyond the circle of tragic fiction. It is not the individual alone who is condemned to misery; a contagion is propagated throughout society. His immediate relatives come first into contact with the blasting influence, and from them it spreads far and wide. Not in the interior of the prison walls—though, if report speak true, crimes of the deepest dye are generated there†—but all around, is more or less infected with the leprosy; and it may be asserted that every connexion outside the walls is tainted from the poison within.

Among the cases, we find the following curious mention made of Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Perceval:—

“The true exciting cause of Mr. Perceval’s assassination arose from the attempt to use the power of arrest for debt. Bellingham was perhaps insane, and very troublesome at the Treasury. It was ascertained that he was in debt; applications were made to his creditors to arrest him. So extraordinary a request from the Treasury induced a creditor to communicate the circumstance to Bellingham, who saw that, if the request should be complied with, he would be the inmate of a prison for life. In his excited state, he slew the man whom he supposed to have meditated his perpetual imprisonment. Those letters and documents are still in existence. These examples will be sufficient to shew the dangerous character of its application; and the mind will easily perceive how so dreadful an instrument, even in cases where debts are due, may be made the means of revenge, of interest, of ruin; while it panders to the cupidity of the worst grade of common law practitioners, sheriffs’ officers, and others of the same degraded stamp. In some few instances, an unwilling debtor, who is able to pay, may, by such process, be enforced. Not two in one hundred would become the inmates of a prison, if able to liquidate the demand.”

We presume the writer would hardly have made this statement respecting Bellingham, unless assured of the fact; but to us, we must confess, it seems questionable. We had some cognisance of that catastrophe, and Bellingham’s papers, taken from his person, were long time in our custody, and we observed no trace of such circumstances. On the contrary, Bellingham was equally prepared to murder Lord L. Gower (our late ambassador at Petersburg), had he encountered him instead of the unfortunate gentleman whom he deprived of life. But we must copy some further remarks from our author, who says,

“Ask those men whose lives have been passed in executing the law, in guarding the prisoner, or in the character of agents, or as the employés of the prisoner. They are the best practical judges: they will inform you that imprisonment for debt, in ninety-five cases out of one hundred, is productive of loss to the

creditor and the debtor; and that the only gainers are the attorneys, and their coadjutors and companions, the sheriffs’ officers and their men. Would nearly twenty thousand human beings remain for debt in the prisons of your majesty’s dominions, if they could pay the demands on them? A common law attorney, an usurer, a sheriff’s officer, might have the effrontery to answer, yes; but the common sense of the civilised nations of Europe, who have abolished the law, and every honourable and reflecting man in England, will reply in the negative. Let it be admitted that many are incarcerated for debts to which they are justly liable, arising from ignorance, imprudence, neglect, a want of strict economy, from being sanguine of success, and all the other weaknesses of human nature; yet, is the clergyman placed within four spiked walls better able, in such a situation, to liquidate his debts? Is the shopkeeper enabled, in such a situation, to conduct his business? Is the broken-down officer in a condition to add to his slender pittance? Can the medical practitioner perform his duties, and earn the means of paying? Can the mechanic, who has, perhaps, hereafter to receive his country’s thanks, carry on his work in a prison, and thus pay his creditors? Can the workman follow his trade, and relieve himself of the burden probably brought on by sickness, or some of the ills of humanity? None of these can. The widow cannot—a life of imprisonment, we have seen, without a fault, cannot exact it. Can the blind, in a state of destitution, benefit the creditor? If any one thinks that possible, let them walk to the Queen’s Bench, and see there a broken-down gentleman, of great acquirements and unimpeachable character, stone blind, in rags and destitution, living chiefly on the charity of his brother-prisoners, with a wife and (eight) children in one small room!\* On his return he will, perhaps, not have the hardihood to maintain its utility. The class of men above mentioned constitute, by far, the greater number of those who fill our prisons; with a considerable proportion of poets, authors, mathematicians, and men of science, who are the instructors, the amusers, and the pioneers of civilised society. Their minds are too harassed by the infliction on them to earn their daily bread—(we know that Bunyan and others have composed their immortal works in prisons, but those were extraordinary men). The gamblers, spendthrifts, and profligates, constitute only a small proportion; and, from all that is known, are not much improved by this method of annoying them.”

In this view we have, after all, only a glance at the positive evils of the system: who could estimate its far more extensive negative injuries? How much has it prevented such men, as are here described, from accomplishing of great and good, as well as of common objects? How often, on the very eve of fruition of long-planned and sedulously laboured designs, have the law myrmidons interfered, and crushed the works and all their hopes. In one day the individual would have been happy; that day is denied him, and he lifts his eyes, an outcast from his kind, to gaze upon the dismal vacancy of a dungeon, or the more loathsome presence of some degraded companionship.

The author treats of the Insolvent Court, and other matters connected with his subject. The unproductive bastard compassion, and often severe sentences, of that court, are exhibited in strong light; and the attorney-

general’s bill (the shuttlecock of several sessions of parliament) is condemned, inasmuch as “It is a creditor’s bill, and not a debtor and creditor’s; that the power over the property is far too absolute; the time allowed to the debtor from and between the stages of the process is too short; that the executive part is placed in the hands of sheriffs’ officers, and other grasping and inferior men, which is certain to lead to even more plunder and oppression than the present system. The bill shews astuteness, but is not practical, and is contrary to the genius of the people. That bill has been drawn as if there were no persons in the kingdom but wholesale and retail dealers. In case of bankruptcy, or temporary suspension of payment, or the non-payment of a judgment-debt for three weeks, the power given savours too much of despotism; and, moreover, the executive part is placed in the hands of a desperate and reckless class of extortioners, the sheriffs’ officers, under the secret collateral direction of those pests of England, the low common-law attorneys. Under the present practice of the law, it may be said that the English are as much dictated to and law-ridden as our Catholic forefathers were priest-ridden, even at greater loss of property and independence. Sir John Campbell’s bill will add inquisitorial power to that extraordinary influence now possessed by the legal profession, and which, with a slow and silent Jesuit-step, gradually winds an inextricable coil around the victim, until he finds that to struggle is only to have the cords more tightly drawn, and he yields at last to smooth dictation and unceasing robbery. In that profession there are many excellent and noble-minded men; but, let it be remarked, they never do any common-law business. All the expenses incident on the writs issued in Middlesex only are not less than 500,000*l.* per annum: a frightful sum, unlawfully extorted to pander to the worst vices of a dangerous and reckless class. Upwards of thirty-two thousand writs are issued per annum in Middlesex, the expenses on which, taking one with another, will not amount to less than 200,000*l.* a-year, to be divided among the low-class attorneys and sheriffs’ officers: a sum sufficient to produce the mass of corruption, extortion, brutality, and ruin, which is known to be the consequence. There can be no doubt that the creditor should be protected from loss, and that the wealthy debtor in particular should be made to liquidate his debts, and that the power over him should be of so positive a nature as to restrain his extravagance, and virtually compel him so to regulate his expenditure that it does not exceed his means; but that power should be so devised as to prevent avarice, resentment, and the cupidity of those who execute the law, from inflicting unnecessary injury, or, by undue inquisitorial power, trenching on the rights of a free-born man. To bring in a bill for the ‘Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt,’ when no law exists which can enforce it, unless Magna Charta be trampled under foot, appears to be an absurdity that has no parallel in history! But if Sir John Campbell’s act should become a law, as its operative part would lead to the seizure of much property, the sacrifice of it, and virtual plunder, would ensue, if the sale be left to the sheriff or his officers: the only power vested in them should be the seizure. The removal and sale should be by an order from a board of men, not lawyers, of known respectability; and the sale should be public, by any accredited auctioneer selected by the debtor: otherwise the sacrifice of it will injure the debtor, while it does not benefit the

\* These savages, indeed, are more rational in their punishment of debtors; for they either condemn them to work out their debts by servitude, or the creditors are allowed to pay themselves by selling them for slaves. One can see some sense and justice, though severe, in this; but none in simply destroying every useful energy and productive power of a debtor by incarcerating him.

† We have heard statements too atrocious even for allusion.

\* “The afflicted man is allowed a few shillings a-week by a man interested in his life being preserved.”

creditor, but enriches that band of depredators who are the salesmen—too often, the purchasers—of the property of the unfortunate.”

With this we conclude; and if, by any observations of ours, we have succeeded in obtaining public attention more fixedly to this able pamphlet, and producing a feeling on behalf of those whose forlorn cause it advocates, we shall be happy in thinking that our labour has been devoted to the best interests of our country and of human nature.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

1. *A History of British Birds*. By W. Yarrell, F.L.S. Secretary to the Zoological Society. Part I. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1837. Van Voorst.
2. *A History of British Quadrupeds*. By T. Bell, F.R.S. &c. Parts IX., X., and XI. Idem.
3. *The Naturalist*. Edited by Neville Wood, Esq. Vol. II. Nos. VII., VIII., and IX. London, Groombridge; Edinburgh, Whyte and Co.; Birmingham, Barlow; Doncaster, Stafford; Paris, Galignani; Brussels, Haumann and Co.; New York, Jackson.

THE ever agreeable studies of natural history are so consonant to the feelings of all mankind, that the majority love them all; and each particular branch possesses votaries with the warmest affections. The mineral, the vegetable, and the animal world, present endless subjects for inquiry and investigation. Their own natures and qualities deeply interest the mind, and their analogies teach us to extend our remarks to more home and higher objects, which affect the condition of humanity itself, in its widest as well as most intimate relations. Thus the curious and the useful are blended, and the minute leads to the great and comprehensive. The connexion of the scale is as a ladder which ascends from earth to heaven. Creation, change, destruction, reproduction, beauty, contrivance, adaptation, force, and other wonders, are laid open to view; and, in the insect of an hour, the mysteries of the physical world are unfolded to the careful observer. Whence they come and whither they go, as in man himself, remains the secret known only to Omniscience; but there is amply enough to gratify finite longings after knowledge; and the tree, instead of being forbidden, courts the taste of every living soul to its countless varieties and salutary nourishment.

And England is fortunate at this time in the authors who distinguish themselves in pursuits and publications belonging to this class of literature. No month passes in which it is not our grateful duty to notice productions in it of great scientific value and great artistical merit. Among the foremost contributors, the name of Mr. Yarrell must stand prominent; and it is with no small degree of satisfaction that we have taken up his Part I. of a new work, *A History of British Birds*. Had we not been able to judge from his previous performances,\* this single commencing specimen would have taught us what to anticipate from him on so generally interesting a subject. But the pattern is so truly excellent, that we have only to hope there will be no falling off: improvement we hardly think possible. The Part begins with the Raptorial, and the first bird is the Egyptian vulture, which is settled as a British bird, from one having been shot in Somersetshire. In the course of his description, Mr. Yarrell informs us that “It will be one of the objects of this history to trace our British birds throughout all the various countries in which they are

\* See *Literary Gazette*, for notices of his “History of British Fishes,” &c. &c.

found, and thus to shew, as far as has been yet observed, the extent of the range of each species.” It is unnecessary for us to point out the popular attractions that must attach to this portion of the plan. Such a view is much wanted. The golden and white-tailed eagles, the osprey, gyrfalcon, peregrine, hobby, red-footed falcon, and merlin, are the other raptorial birds figured and described; and nothing can exceed the spirit and nature of the illustrations. The birds are living in wood, and you might fancy you could pluck a feather from the cut.

No. II. of *Mr. Yarrell's Birds*, issued since the above was written, continues the work in the same admirable style. The kestrel, goshawk, sparrow-hawk, kite, swallow-tailed kite, the common, rough-legged, and honey buzzards, and the marsh and hen harriers (*Falconidae*), are figured and described. From the text we select a few miscellaneous passages.

*Of the Kestrel*.—“Mice, as before stated, certainly form the principal part of the food of this species; and it appears to obtain them by dropping suddenly upon them, and thus taking them by surprise. Montagu says that he never found any feathers in the stomach of the kestrel; but it is certain that it does occasionally kill and devour small birds. The remains of coleopterous insects, their larvæ, and earth-worms, have been found in their stomachs; and Mr. Selby, on the authority of an eye-witness, has recorded the following fact: ‘I had the pleasure this summer of seeing the kestrel engaged in an occupation entirely new to me,—hawking after cockchafer late in the evening. I watched him with a glass, and saw him dart through a swarm of the insects, seize one in each claw, and eat them while flying. He returned to the charge again and again. I ascertained it beyond a doubt, as I afterwards shot him.’ In spring the kestrel frequently takes possession of the nest of a crow or a magpie, in which to deposit its eggs. Sometimes these birds build in high rocks, or on old towers, and among the ruins of buildings, laying four, and occasionally five eggs, about one inch seven lines long, by one inch three lines across, mottled all over with dark reddish brown, and sometimes with blotches of reddish brown upon a pale reddish white ground. The fifth egg has been known to weigh several grains less than either of those previously deposited, and it has also less colouring matter spread over the shell than the others; both effects probably occasioned by the temporary constitutional exhaustion the bird has sustained in her previous efforts.”

*Of the Goshawk*.—“The goshawk was formerly in esteem among falconers, and was flown at hares, rabbits, pheasants, grouse, and partridges. It flies fast for a short distance, may be used in an enclosed country, and will even dash through woods after its prey; but if it does not catch the object, it soon gives up the pursuit, and, perching on a bough, waits till some new game presents itself. This habit of taking to a branch of a tree and waiting, is particularly alluded to by Colonel Thornton, formerly of Thornville Royal, who was devoted to hawking, and who, in reference to the goshawk, says, ‘If its game take refuge, there it waits patiently on a tree, or a stone, until the game, pressed by hunger, is induced to move; and as the hawk is capable of greater abstinence, it generally succeeds in taking it. I flew a goshawk,’ says the colonel, ‘at a pheasant; but it got into cover, and we lost the hawk: at ten o’clock next morning the falconer found her, and just as he had lifted her, the pheasant ran and rose.’”

*Of the Sparrow-hawk*.—“In reference to the capabilities of this species for hawking, Sir John Sebright says, that he ‘once took a partridge with a sparrow-hawk of his own breaking, ten days after he had been taken wild from a wood. These hawks must be kept in high condition, and cannot fly when there is the least wind: they are upon the whole more difficult to manage than stronger birds. The flight of the sparrow-hawk is rapid for a short distance: he will take partridges at the beginning of the season, and is the best of all the hawks for landrails.’ Mr. Selby says, in rearing the young of this species, care should be taken to separate them very early; otherwise, the female birds, being superior in size and stronger, are sure to destroy and devour the males, as he has repeatedly found, if they are kept caged together. The sparrow-hawk generally takes possession of some old or deserted nest in a tree, most frequently that of the crow, in which the female deposits four or five eggs, each about one inch seven lines long, by one inch four lines broad, of a pale bluish white, blotched and spotted with dark red brown. The young are covered with a delicate and pure white down, and are abundantly supplied with food. Mr. Selby mentions having found a nest of five young sparrow-hawks, which contained besides, a lapwing, two blackbirds, one thrush, and two green linnetts, recently killed, and partly divested of their feathers.”

*Of the Common Buzzard*.—“A few years back, a female buzzard, kept in the garden of the Chequers Inn, at Uxbridge, shewed an inclination to sit, by collecting and bending all the loose sticks she could obtain possession of. Her owner, noticing her actions, supplied her with materials; she completed her nest, and sat on two hen’s eggs, which she hatched, and afterwards reared the young. Since then, she has hatched and brought up a brood of chickens every year. She indicates her desire to sit by scratching holes in the ground, and breaking and tearing every thing within her reach. One summer, in order to save her the fatigue of sitting, some young chickens, just hatched, were put down to her; but she destroyed the whole. Her family, in June 1831, consisted of nine; the original number were ten, but one had been lost. When flesh was given to her, she was very assiduous in tearing and offering it as food to her nurslings, and appeared uneasy if, after taking small portions from her, they turned away to pick up grain. Several other similar instances are recorded.”

The tail-piece of the chapter, representing this hen-like action, is extremely pretty; as, indeed, all these embellishments are.

Of Mr. Bell’s *History of British Quadrupeds*, we have spoken as former Parts appeared; and of IX., X., and XI. now before us, have truly to state, that they fully maintain the high character of the work, which is completed by the last Number. In the former, opening with p. 385, we find ourselves engaged with “The Ass;” and we have really forgotten whether or not, in our last review, we left off with that too little admired and respected animal; so we must begin in the middle, as if the donkey were an oration or an epic poem—[droll enough! one has just set up a bray at this moment under our windows! We cannot translate his meaning, and must, therefore, revert to Mr. Bell, who says]—“It appears that as the domestic ass advances northward, it becomes deteriorated. In the genial warmth of its native climate, it is a far superior animal to that



which we are accustomed to see in this country. In various parts of Asia and Africa, and in the South of Europe, it still exhibits this superiority; and in Spain particularly, the male asses, which are bred and selected for the purpose of producing mules, are really beautiful animals. Its progress northward has not been rapid: its introduction into this country, however, took place early; for it is mentioned in the reign of Ethelred, when its price was as high as twelve shillings, and again in the time of Henry the Third. Notwithstanding this, it appears to have subsequently become extinct here; for Holingshead distinctly states, that in the time of Elizabeth 'our launde did yeelde no asses.' "

Oh, glorious period! this Elizabethan age! There were no asses in the Queendom then. How numerous now, under our gracious Victoria! The restoration, we mean of the ass, to England, "is attributed by Pennant, with much probability, to our intercourse with Spain during the reign of Mary. It would appear by the testimony of Linnaeus, that it was rare in Sweden in his time, as he says, in the 'Fauna Suecica,' 1746, 'Habitat in magnatum prædiis rarius;' and in the last edition it is altogether omitted."

The following remarks on the general subject, are extremely judicious and curious:—

"It may be proper here to make a few remarks on the character of the ass, and its nearest congeners, as compared with those of the horse, upon which it has been thought necessary to establish them as distinct genera in the family. It is true, that in the absence of any knowledge of the original condition of the horse, the question can only be considered with reference to the characters of a domesticated and probably much altered race; but as the distinctions upon which the division in question is founded are structural, there is less danger of error than if they had been only those of colour or of general form. The character of the tail is one of the most striking points upon which this distinction rests. In the horse, the whole of this part is covered with long hair, totally concealing its actual form; whilst in the whole of the others, the ass, the zebra, the quagga, the dzigai, &c. it is only clothed with long hair towards the extremity. The mane of the horse, also, is long and flowing; that of all the other species is short and upright. In the former animal, the hinder as well as the fore legs are furnished with those warty callosities which, in the others, without exception, are found only on the fore legs. Waving some other particulars of minor importance, there is one character which, if not in itself to be considered as of primary value, is yet interesting, and not unimportant as a collateral distinction; I mean the general tendency of the coloration and marking in the two forms. In the horse's coat there is an obvious disposition to the formation of small round spots of a different shade or hue from that of the ground,—and this is the case whether the general colour be black, chestnut, or gray: in the genus *Asinus*, on the contrary, the markings are invariably disposed in stripes. The zebra, the quagga, and the mountain zebra, are examples too familiar to require more than this allusion: and in the common ass, not only is the same tendency evinced by the cross mark on the shoulders, but in the young ass there are frequently observed some obscure darkish bands on the legs. These tendencies to a peculiar character of coloration and marking, are well worthy of especial notice in the Mammalia, among which will be found nume-

rous instances bearing upon the distinction of approximating forms. In birds and insects it is still more general and striking, and has always attracted the attention of naturalists; but in the present class it has certainly been too much overlooked."

The mule is the next object of inquiry, and the question of hybrid progeny, and the powers of transmission, is treated of in a striking manner. The author concludes that there is no instance on record of two mules having bred together; though they may with either parent, the horse or the ass. A note at p. 390, we do not think so conclusive as he does; we remember the Bible history, how the cunning patriarch procured the young lambs to be marked. We quote, however, a few sentences, bearing upon the most singular fact in this investigation:—

"The horse and the ass will breed also with the zebra or the quagga; and there are, at the present time, a pair of mules between the former animal and the ass, belonging to the Zoological Society, which are constantly employed in drawing a light cart, laden with provision, &c. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind, however, is the celebrated case of a mare belonging to the Earl of Morton, which indeed affects, in the most important manner, a point of great interest, both to physiologists and to breeders of animals. The point proved is, that the characters of the male parent of the mother's first progeny, exert a marked influence on her subsequent young, whatever may be the peculiarities of the father of the latter. This truth has been already illustrated, when treating both on the dog and on the hog, and it receives a remarkable and interesting confirmation from the present fact. The circumstances were as follows:—The Earl of Morton, being desirous of obtaining a breed between the horse and the quagga, selected a young mare of seven-eighths Arabian blood, and a fine male of the latter species; and the produce was a female hybrid. The same mare had afterwards, first a filly, and afterwards a colt, by a fine black Arabian horse. They both resembled the quagga in the dark line along the back, the stripes across the forehead, and the bars across the legs: in the filly the mane was short, stiff, and upright, like that of the quagga; in the colt it was long, but so stiff as to arch upwards, and hang clear of the sides of the neck: in other respects they were nearly pure Arabian, as might have been expected from fifteen-sixteenths Arabian blood. By what means this mark is fixed upon the future offspring, by a being with which it has no possible immediate connexion, whether by an indelible impression on the sensorium of the mother, or by any other mode of which we are at present wholly ignorant, is a question only to be decided by a series of the most careful experiments; and it must be acknowledged, that there is scarcely a subject in the whole range of physiological inquiry more deeply interesting. This is not, indeed, the place in which such a matter can be discussed; but it will not be deemed irrelevant even to the object of this work, to entreat the attention of those who have it in their power to clear up so important and obscure a question, to the means by which it may be best effected, and which will at once strike every one interested in physiological investigations. That the influence of mental impressions is sufficient, in numerous cases, to account for peculiarities in the offspring of many animals, we have facts enough to render at least very probable; but it is only by numerous well-directed experiments that it

can be brought to a satisfactory and certain conclusion."

Mr. Bell proceeds to the Cervidae, and we have red deer, fallow-deer, and roe; the Bovidae follow, and we have the ox, &c.; next, the Capridæ and sheep, before we arrive at a new order, the Cetacea. From the Bovidae we shall be contented with only one illustration, respecting an animal the most familiar.

"The period of gestation of the cow is nine months. One fact connected with this part of her natural history it is necessary to mention, as it is one of considerable physiological interest. It is well known, that if the cow produce twin calves, one of each sex, the male is perfect, and the female barren; which last is termed a free martin. This is so generally true, that there are not, I believe, more than two or three authentic instances of its fertility. For the anatomical and physiological facts connected with this subject, I refer to the well-known papers of John Hunter, on the Free Martin, in his work on the 'Animal Economy.' The following etymology of the name is taken from the 'Glossary of the Dialect of Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire':—'When a cow produces two calves, one a male and the other a female, the female is styled a free martin; which, it is said, never breeds. In Scotland, a cow, or an ox, which is fattened, is called a mart. Hence, probably, the term originated. The female, not fit for breeding, was free, or at liberty for fattening.' My friend Mr. Yarrell suggests, that free martin may mean, 'free for the mart, or market.'"

Might it not be from the slaughter of the animal to be stored for winter food always taking place at *Martinmas*, in the month of November?

The Cetacea come last, and the round-headed porpoise, the white whale, the bottlehead (rare), the sea unicorn, and the Greenland spermæcetæ, and other whales, fill up the measure of an excellent publication. A neat title-page, a preface, and a general index, deserve our most favourable verdict in summing up the merits of the whole case. We conclude with an extract, touching the narwhal, or sea unicorn:—

"In most cases, one young one only is produced, which is suckled for a considerable time with the greatest care. To what extent the ascribed power of the tooth may be true, we have but little means of ascertaining; but there is the structural evidence of its form, and its extraordinary development, to indicate that there must be some especial use for so long, and sharp, and powerful a weapon; and really, there seems no reasonable ground for assigning to it any other object than that formerly attributed to it by the ignorant—namely, that of defence. In this respect it forms, indeed, an additional instance to numerous others, of gregarious animals, to the males of which alone belongs such a development of the teeth or the horns as shall constitute them the natural defenders of the herd. The elephant, the wild boar, and even the horse, offer examples of the former, and the antelopes and deer of the latter; and there can be no doubt that the restriction of this weapon to the males, in the narwhal, has a similar object. The usual length of the exerted tooth is about six feet, but it sometimes occurs as much as nine, or even ten feet long. The ivory of which it is composed is extremely compact, and of a beautiful white colour. It is spirally twisted from left to right, is quite straight, tapering to a rather obtuse apex, and is hollow from the base to within ten or twelve inches of the point. It would be a strange anomaly were the apparent singleness of this

weapon real; but the truth is, that both the teeth are invariably formed in the jaw, not only of the male, but of the female also,—but that in ordinary cases one only, and this in the former sex, is fully developed, the other remaining in a rudimentary condition, as is the case with both in the female. To what immediate physiological cause this extraordinary development of one tooth, at the expense, as it were, of its fellow, is to be attributed, it would, perhaps, be difficult to conjecture. It is found that sometimes it is on the right side, but much more frequently on the left; and the corresponding tooth remains extremely small, or even permanently concealed. There are, however, several instances on record, in which both teeth have been exerted to an almost equal extent. It also now and then occurs, that in the female the teeth acquire a considerable size. That this does not arise, as in the partial assumption of the male character in the females of some other animals, from ovarian deficiency, either from age or disease, is proved by the fact of a female narwhal thus furnished, being found pregnant with two young. An instance is recorded in which one of this sex had two very long and fully developed tusks, of which that on the left side was seven feet five inches long, and the other, seven feet.”

The last work on our list is *The Naturalists*, edited, from No. VII., by Mr. Neville Wood.\* It seems to have received an accession of information and spirit; and is a very miscellaneous and interesting periodical. A paper on the lemur family; another on the muscular apparatus of the wings of birds, on their migration; on poisonous plants in Yorkshire, &c. &c. &c. bring many facts and observations before the reader, and open the way to other intelligence of the same order, which is always perused with gratification. An explanation of the Latin names of British birds is peculiarly valuable and useful for the ornithological student. The following story, related of the fitchet weasel, is remarkable:—

“Bewick says, that this animal, during the winter, has a mode of procuring subsistence which has hitherto escaped the observation of naturalists, and which, though singular, he can vouch for the truth of. In a severe storm, one of these animals was traced, in the snow, from the side of a rivulet to its hole, at some distance from the stream. As it was observed to have made frequent trips, and as other marks were seen which could not easily be accounted for, it was thought worthy of greater attention. Its hole was accordingly examined, the fitchet taken, and eleven fine eels were discovered to be the fruit of its nocturnal excursions. He observes, that ‘it may be a matter of curious investigation for future naturalists, to inquire by what art this wily animal finds its booty, so apparently difficult to obtain.’ I have often traced the fitchet along the edges of streams and rivulets, and anxiously endeavoured to witness a repetition of this fact, mentioned by Bewick; but, though I have examined many holes, from which fitchets have been taken, I have never seen in them the remains of eels, or any other kinds of fish; and I should be inclined to think, that eels are not a very common dish with the species. The skins and bones of field-mice, the limbs of frogs, and the feathers of birds, are the remains generally met with in their holes.”

As we have no doubt that eels leave the water and traverse dewy meadows, we are the more readily inclined to believe that they

might become the prey of the fitchet, without its being obliged to have recourse to any of the extraordinary art supposed by Mr. Bewick. An eel in the grass would be an easier and a safer supper than a snake in the grass.

Brief reports of the proceedings of societies engaged in corresponding pursuits, add to the value of Mr. Wood's labours.

#### CRITICISM MADE EASY!

*The Natural History of Birds, Quadrupeds, Fishes, Serpents, Insects, &c.; with interesting Memoirs, striking Anecdotes, faithful Likenesses of the principal Individuals, &c.* By the Rev. W. Tiler. Pp. 472. London, Simpkin and Marshall, Crofts; Derby, Moxley and Son; Manchester, Banka and Co.

WE very frequently receive, with publications, large separate sheets, containing the most piquant extracts from them, and duly appended to each, in italic type, references to the work, name of the author, &c.; and, occasionally, a little bit of praise and puffery. As these *morceaux* generally figure in the newspapers afterwards,—being especially convenient to fill up corners when there is a dearth of politics, balloon accidents, explosions on the river, or police reports of extraordinary adventure among savages,—we rather avoid than allow ourselves to be led by them in the pleasant paths of our critical duty. But the volume, whose title heads this notice, has come to us in another shape, and one which makes criticism so easy, that we are sure our readers will not object to our lightening our weekly labour by adopting it. It consists of a printed letter, signed R. Aled (a fit name to save us from toil, with which our own head might have ached), and runs as follows:—

“Sir,—I shall feel greatly obliged by your noticing the volume now sent. I feel anxious for an early notice, as it is my intention to publish extracts from all the papers and periodicals that notice it. *You may safely say, that it is the neatest and cheapest work of the kind ever offered to the public.* It is embellished with nearly a hundred engravings. You will find a remarkable and interesting description of the frontispiece, and numerous anecdotes never before published. The work may be recommended as a class-book for schools, and as being well adapted for Sunday school libraries. The author (the Rev. W. Tiler) is an independent minister, and has endeavoured to impress his readers with a lively sense of the wonders of creation. I am your obedient servant,” &c.

The reverend author shall certainly, as far as we are concerned, be a minister independent of criticism; and even of the frontispiece we shall only say, that it represents a grenadier bayoneting a royal Bengal tiger, and two other grenadiers, running away as fast as their legs will carry them, though they are carrying their arms. A portrait of Tyrone Power, as *Teddy the Tiler*, might have been introduced as a novelty; but surely, enough has been done, and we have only to require Mr. Aled to fulfil his intention, and publish the extract from the *Literary Gazette* that notices *Tiler's Natural History of Birds and Beasts*.

*M. Tullii Ciceronis Orationes Selectæ ex recensione Jo. Aug. Ernesti: with an English Commentary, and Historical, Geographical, and Legal Indexes.* By Charles Anthon, LL.D. London, 1837. Priestley.

WE have already noticed, favourably, the editions of Horace and Terence, by Professor Anthon and Dr. Hickie; nor do we see any

reason to speak in other terms than those of approbation of these select Orationes of Cicero, which are published upon the same principle as their predecessors. In this volume are contained the four speeches against Catiline, together with those for Archias, Marcellus, the Manilian Law, and Murena. The text is nearly identical with that of Ernesti, and the notes, as in Professor Anthon's former undertaking, are accurate and explanatory to the highest degree. The editor, in his preface, anticipates, against this work, the charge we have once before made against a similar production, namely, that the commentary is too copious, and absolutely too much assistance is afforded to the student. He says, in opposition, that one of the most powerful causes that have tended to bring classical learning into disrepute, is the insufficiency of such information, which it is nearly impossible to convey by oral instruction, but which may be easily and advantageously procured from the notes of the textbook. We are as much alive as the Professor to the indispensable necessity of commentary and illustration, in every work addressed to the student; but we would always recommend the utmost caution, lest the supply of information should exceed the real wants of the inquirer. The acquirements of classical literature, though of great value, are not, abstractedly considered, the ends for which this branch of learning is so justly and universally cultivated: it is the course of training which the mind has to undergo in the acquisition of this knowledge, which is the true and real benefit sought after in its pursuit. These very speeches of Cicero, though models of the purest eloquence, are not so much read by the young student, as specimens of the beauty and arts of oratory, which he would find as clearly displayed in the pages of his own Burke or Chatham, as exercises for the understanding. In the perusal of an author of this nature, the nicer portions of our judgment and reason are called into play to elucidate his meaning, and detect his allusions. Attention, observation, and industry, are habits induced by pursuits of this nature; and the mind, by a constant series of these and similar operations, gradually acquires fresh power, and an acquaintance with its own resources. Every thing, therefore, that tends to diminish the call upon the intellect for those exertions which it is competent to employ, is clearly prejudicial to the interests of that study which it professes to promote; and although, from a constant application to a too copious store of appended information, the reader's knowledge may, for the time, seem considerably enlarged, yet, the acquirements attained in this way take but a slight hold on the memory, and afford but little assistance towards the unassisted mastery over fresh difficulties. Whether the notes attached to the work immediately before us fall under this objection, is a question which will be variously answered, and the reply to which ought properly to depend upon the age and progress of those in whose hands it is placed. To the younger aspirants after classical fame, who view the glories of the first class, and the classical tripos, through the vista of many years, we can safely recommend this edition, as an auxiliary to their labours; but we are afraid that those who are already wandering by the far-famed Cam and Isis, will scarcely derive enough advantage from the enormous mass of notes (more than half the volume) to compensate for the loss of time and exertion requisite for their perusal.

\* We have either mislaid or never received the No. VIII. and can only refer, therefore, to Nos. VII. and IX.

*Description of the Patent Metallic Lining and Damper for the Chimneys of Dwelling-Houses, &c.* By Mr. Seth Smith. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Carpenter and Son.

*M. Bernhardt on Heating Rooms, Ventilation, &c.*

Few things are of more importance to domestic comfort (and we say so, near about the dog-days, to shew that our opinion is a lasting one, and not suggested by wintry circumstances) than the means of heating the apartments in which we cook, eat, sleep, and breathe. The progress of chemical knowledge, and the improvement in mechanical arts, are ever and anon bringing forth inventions and apparatus for accomplishing this desideratum in the most perfect and healthful manner; and we look to an early period when there shall be no smoke to annoy, no cold to pinch, no fire to fever us; but all shall be equable, pleasant, and fit for specific purposes, and neither less nor more.

On the road to this economic millennium, Mr. Smith's chimneys, now in use at the Pantheon on a considerable scale, as well as in private houses, deserve our especial notice and commendation. They answer every purpose anticipated by that ingenious individual; and, if generally adopted, would save London from many a conflagration and loss of life. The slight work we have named gives a complete account of the plan, and the plates render the explanation obvious at a single glance.

Of Mr. Bernhardt's process we regret to say we cannot speak from personal observation, not having been able to accept his invitation to inspect it. But we can safely state, from the reports of others, men of competent authority, that it is a very excellent and satisfactory invention, and entirely fulfils the promises held out respecting it. When the autumn leaves fall, we may, perhaps, return to the present and immediate subject more in detail; but, in the mean time (being provoked thereto by Mr. Smith's introductory paragraph), we beg leave to turn back a little, for, we hope, the edification and amusement of our gentle readers; for the mode of heating apartments amongst the ancients is little known to us, and therefore it is that we trust the following notes, collected

\* "It has by some been (his book thus opens) considered doubtful whether the Greeks and Romans, during the period of their greatest eminence for architectural productions, had any chimneys in their dwelling-houses; but as Homer, Aristophanes, Virgil, and Apollonius, are supposed to mention or make allusion to them, it has been inferred by other writers that they were not wholly unknown to those ancient builders. The oldest account of the use of chimneys is stated to be 1747; and it is conjectured they were invented in Italy. Smoke-jacks, which must have been invented subsequently to chimneys, are supposed to be of German origin; and, from a painting which is known to be older than 1360, it is supposed they were in use before that period. In the houses discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii, there are, it is said, no chimneys; but they appear all to have been warmed by means of flues and a subterranean furnace. Stoves and flues, it is thought probable, were introduced about the time of Nero. Seneca relates that, in his time, there were invented certain tubes, which were placed in the walls, by which the heat of the fire was made to circulate and warm equally the upper and lower apartments. These observations have been quoted as proofs that chimneys were unknown at the time periods, but have they not a contrary tendency? It appears more probable that a chimney should furnish the idea for such stoves, than that the use of stoves should be known before chimneys. In the Old Testament there are several allusions to furnaces for the smelting of iron and other metals, which would appear to leave no doubt of the use of chimneys being known at a very early period, especially to the Egyptians (See Gen. i. 15, xvii. Deut. 4, xx.; and Ezekiel, 22, xx.). In Nebeimiah, the towers of the furnaces are spoken of. In the 1st Book of Samuel, 30, xxx., a city is called the smelting furnace (Chor Ashan), probably from the number of chimneys erected in it. The Arabic root renders the word round; they were, no doubt, built in the form of a round tower of lofty height, like some of the chimneys, of manufactories at the present day."

from a variety of ancient writers on the subject, may be agreeable.

On the chimneys and fire-places of the ancients, Lipsius, in one of his epistles, says that neither Greeks nor Romans used chimneys. The word *caminus* in Latin, and *καμινος* in Greek, signified a furnace, and not a conveyance for smoke, like our modern chimneys. Vitruvius makes no mention of any, nor has any vestige of such been discovered. Cicero, in his Familiar Epistles, lib. vii. says, "Camino luculento utendum censeo."\* Horace, also, lib. i. od. 9.

"Vides ut alta stat nive candidum  
Soracte; nec jam sustineant onus  
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque  
Flumina constiterint acuto?  
Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco  
Largè reponens."

From which it may be inferred, that in order to make an apartment warm, it was the custom amongst the Romans to place wood upon the hearth, or a sort of brasier, and set fire to it. It is supposed the fire was kindled in the midst of the apartment, as in some parts of Italy amongst the peasantry; and that they allowed the smoke to escape through the apertures of the upper part of the chamber. It is probable that Virgil alludes to it in his fifth Eclogue:

"Aute focum si frigus erit, si messis in umbra."

And Varro, lib. i. De Vita Populi Romani: "Ad focum hyeme et frigoribus cantabant; festivo tempore in propatulo."†

Lipsius says they employed two methods of heating their rooms in winter; the first was with portable chafing-dishes filled with burning charcoal.

Suetonius, in his Life of Tiberius, observes: "Miseni cinis è favilla et carbonibus ad calefaciendum triclinium illatus, extinctus et jamdiu frigidus, exarsit repente prima vespere, atque in multam noctem pertinaciter luxit." From which a prognostication was drawn of the death of Tiberius. It was in like manner the custom in Greece. Plutarch relates, in his "Apophthegms," that Alexander the Great having been invited by a friend to a banquet in the winter time, and the servants having brought into the apartment a brasier with a little fire in it, Alexander commanded that they should either bring in more wood or procure some incense, because such a poor fire had more resemblance to a censor for burning a few grains of incense, than a fire to warm in the coldest season of the year. Plutarch, in the sixth book of his Convivial Questions, relates, that Anacarsides approved much of these brasiers, "quod fumum foris relinquentes, ignem purum in domum inferrent."‡ Another method of warming chambers amongst the ancients was this:—At the basement a fire was made, enclosed, and the heated air from which, conveyed in tubes fixed in the partition walls, that went up in a winding manner, was carried into every part of the house: these pipes had, in some places, certain apertures, which could be opened and shut at pleasure, by which they regulated the warmth of their rooms. In some ancient buildings remains of these pipes have been observed; which are likewise alluded to by Seneca, in his book De Providentiâ, chap. iv.: "Quem specularia semper afflatu vindicarunt, ejus cænationis subditus, et parietibus circumfusus calor temperavit." And in his Epistles, xc. "Quædam nostrâ demum memoriâ prodidisse scimus, et speculariorum usum, et impressos parietibus tubos, per

\* I am of opinion that they enjoyed the cheerful fire.  
† In cold wintry weather they sung often by the fireside; but in the summer, in the open air.  
‡ Leaving the smoke without, they brought the pure fire within doors.

quos circumfunderetur calor, qui una simul et summa foreveret æqualiter."\*

Julian the Apostate, in his oration, entitled "Misopogone," says, that in Paris, "Non calefaciebatur cubiculum in quo eram eo modo quo solent illic, sub caminis loca plerumque caleferi."† Which expression serves to prove that in his time chimneys were known in France.

The ancients were accustomed carefully to collect supplies of wood that should give little or no smoke, which the Greeks called *acapna*, that is, without smoke: and the Romans called it *ligna cocta*—as appears from a work on the signification of words: "Titlonis, et alia ligna cocta, ne fumum faciant."‡

Julius Capitolinus, speaking of Pertinax the emperor, says, "Pertinax pater Ælius successus fuit, qui filio nomen ex continuatione lignariæ negotiationes, quod pertinaciter eam rem gereret, imposuisse fatetur."§ And the same writer more clearly—"Pater ejus coctiliarum tabernam in Liguria exercuerat."|| A shop in which is sold well-dried wood fit for burning.

A Spartan who wished to accuse the master of the house, because he used this sort of wood, once said wittily, that by its strength in burning, and causing no smoke, he could not weep, the smoke affecting the eyes: "Jocose Lacon Gymnasiarchum, qui acapna præbuerat, accusare se, dixit, quod per eum nec lachrymari liceret." This jest is noticed by Plutarch.

Cardinal Baronius, in his annotations on the Roman Martyrology, cites the following words in the Life of St. Cecilia: "In aëre balnei sui inclusa, et subitus totâ die ac nocte magna vis ardentis ignis adhiberetur." &c.¶ And add, "Erat hic locus in balneo, ubi erat aër calidus nullæque in eo aquæ, sed æstus ad sudandum sub cujus loci pavimento ignis succendebatur, quo pavimentum ferventius redderetur."\*\*

It was an apartment made as before stated, which was heated by fires from beneath, with tubes inserted in the walls, which conveyed the heat. Such chambers were called *caldarium*, from the artificial heat introduced. Vitruvius, lib. v. ch. x. mentions them; and Pliny the Younger, lib. v. ep. xiv. alludes to their being used to suffocate persons of eminence, as was the case with Fausta Augusta, the wife of Constantine the Great, who was destroyed in this manner. In Herculaneum a portable stove has been found for heating water, warming the apartment, and cooking small eatables. And now, our fire is out, good night!

*Elements of Geology and Physical Geography.*

By W. Rhind. Pp. 104. 1837. Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.; J. Anderson. Jun.; M'Lachlan and Stewart: London, Smith, Elder, and Co.: Dublin, Curry and Co.

*The Science of Geology.* By XAOZ. Pp. 78. Glasgow, 1837. Reid.

The latter is a compilation of indifferent merit

\* We are aware, in fact, even within our own memory, that the use of windows was adopted, and pipes also were fixed in the walls, whereby the heat was diffused equally throughout the whole of the apartments.

† The room in which I slept was not heated in the manner which was customary there; the fire-places were generally under chimneys.

‡ The wood of a firebrand quenched, and other charred woods, make no smoke.

§ Pertinax succeeded his father, Ælius, who is reported to have given his son this name in consequence of his pertinacious continuing the business of a dealer in wood.

¶ His father kept a shop for charring wood in Liguria. Enclosed in the atmosphere of her bath, underneath which a large and powerful fire was kept up day and night.

\*\* There was a place in the bath where the air was hot, which had no water in it, but heat to produce perspiration, where, underneath the pavement, fire was kindled, by means of which the pavement might be made hotter.

(from another Greek of Glasgow—by the by, see *Literary Gazette* of Aug. 19), though containing the broad elements of the science in a brief compass. What sense, for example, can be made of the following sentence on the *faunula* in coal strata. "They are accompanied by a subsidence of the strata on one side, or an elevation on the other, and sometimes by both." Works for the young and unlearned cannot be too carefully written. The well-informed detect casual errors, and are not misled by them: not so those who, if they are worth instructing, pin their faith to their teachers, and earnestly try to imbibed and comprehend all they teach.

Mr. Rhind's book is of a superior class, and a very useful volume. It is not, however, without blemishes. Page 31, "Lydian stone" is mentioned, as a component of greywacke; but the reader has no intimation, before or after, what Lydian stone is. How, then, can he be informed by this in the composition of the secondary rock. Page 33, we have fine specimens of shells found in limestone, with imperfect references; p. 34, worse for worms, is a Scotticism; p. 36, *esquises* are mentioned, for the first time, among other products previously described; and thus it is (as far as the author informs us) an unknown among known vegetable remains; p. 37, an inexhaustible abundance of coal is asserted to exist in the great valleys to the westward of the Alleghany mountains. Is Mr. Rhind prepared to prove this?

But the volume is, as we have said, a very useful manual of geology; and, though the principal examples are selected from the researches of northern authors on the subject, they only do justice to the zeal and talent displayed by the Scottish geologists.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Pulpit*, Vol. XXX. London, 1837. Sherwood and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliphant.

It is gratifying to see a work of this kind encouraged to proceed to such an extent. Thirty volumes of sermons, by eloquent and pious preachers, cannot be promulgated throughout the country without producing good fruits. Many of these are very fine compositions: all tend to inculcate the best principles of morality and religion.

*The Young Scholar's Latin-English Dictionary; with a List of Latin Verbs, &c., Tables, &c.* By the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A. Small 4to. pp. 463. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Murray.

An abridgement of the "Complete Latin-English Dictionary," and extremely well done for the use of learners; to whom the larger work will be of more service when they are further advanced.

*Peter Parley's Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky*, edited by the Rev. T. Wilson. Pp. 336. (London, Darton and Clark.)—One of those nice little books which contain "lots" of various information for young people. The editor has made a good selection of matters connected with geology, meteorology, natural phenomena, &c. &c., and seasoned them with anecdotes and relations in an agreeable manner.

*Thomas's Burlesque Drama: No. V. The Mayor of Garratt; No. VI. The Baggart's Opera.* (London, Thomas.)—These cheap plays are accompanied by designs by R. Cruikshank, which agree with their humorous in representing the dramatical personae.

*The Young Minister's Guide, &c.* (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—Our favourable opinion of this little volume has been justified by the speedy call for a second edition; to which the writer has added several novelties and improvements.

*British Colonial Library*, by R. Montgomery Martin. *The East Indies*, Vol. I. Pp. 367. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—A very neat and clear map illustrates this very useful republication, which well deserves the favour of the British and Indian empires.

*The Young Astronomer, &c.*, by the Rev. W. Fletcher, F.R.A.S. Pp. 120. (London, Wyld.)—A series of simple lectures, in which the elements of astronomy are clearly explained for the benefit of youthful students.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

EVERY needful preparation seems to be making for the reception of the Association at Liverpool. We copy the following from the "*Liverpool Times*:"—"The local council formed for arranging and conducting the proceedings is actively engaged. It comprises, without any distinction of party, active and zealous individuals of different pursuits and occupations, all animated by the desire that Liverpool should not fall short of the other places which have been previously honoured by the meeting of the Association, either in respectful attention to the many eminent strangers and foreigners about to assemble here, or in a just appreciation of the undoubted services which anniversaries of this nature render to the cause of science. The several literary and scientific institutions, the various libraries and news rooms, have offered all the accommodation in their power. The town council has also evinced an anxious wish to be a party to the cordial reception with which it is intended to welcome the Association—has made an offer of the noble and unrivalled suite of rooms of the Town-Hall, for the intended evening promenade meetings—and all the other buildings or accommodations over which it has any control are placed at the free disposal of the local council. The Earl of Burlington, president, has accepted an invitation from the mayor to reside with him during the meeting. Sub-committees have been formed out of the local council, to which separate duties have been assigned: one to receive the visitors at the Town-Hall on their first arrival—to deliver to them their tickets—to intimate to each gentleman the No. of the residence where he will find accommodation for the week; and, for the sake of easy reference to these and to the several section-rooms, as well as to the various places of public resort which will be thrown open to strangers at that time, a small plan of the town will be engraved on the back of the tickets. Ordinaries will be provided on an extensive scale for the members; and due care will be had that private parties do not interfere with them. Such arrangements as are above alluded to will, no doubt, enable the local council to give full effect to their wishes, in affording to the Association that reception which it merits, and in maintaining the character of the town for public spirit and hospitality."

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### INDIA.

THE Annual Report of the last Anniversary of the Royal Asiatic Society contains so much matter of deep interest to our Eastern empire, that we are induced to make an epitome of the leading points for more general circulation, both in England and India.

The continued prosperity of this Institution is a subject of congratulation to the public; and a new feature, the formation of a Committee of Agriculture and Commerce, under the presidency of Sir Charles Forbes, gives promise of important future usefulness. Its labours are addressed to the obtaining of a more perfect knowledge of Indian products, the introduction of such as are likely to be beneficial into this country, and the interchange of commodities suited to the wants of both.

The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, as chairman of the Committee of Correspondence, entered into a detailed statement of its operations, of which comprehensive and able *exposé* we make the following abstract:—"The right

hon. gentleman took a view of Asia and our relations therewith, in three great divisions; "the first, that which is bounded on the west by the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; on the east by the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf; on the north by the mountains of Armenia; and on the south by the Arabian Sea. The second, that which extends from the Himalaya Mountains, north, to Point de Galle, south; and from Surat, west, to Assam, and the Chinese province of Yunnan, east. The third, that which includes the whole of China in the north, and Borneo, Celebes, New Guinea, and the other Eastern Islands, as far as Torres' Straits, and the N.W. part of Australia in the south." With reference to the *first*, he entered into an examination of "the general conviction which prevails of the necessity and practicability of establishing a direct and expeditious communication between Great Britain and British India, either through the Arabian or the Persian Gulf; and of the general belief which prevails, that the Russian government may, in consequence of the extension of its frontiers towards the sources of the Euphrates and Tigris, attempt, in the event of a future war between England and Russia, to aim a blow at the British possessions in India through the Persian Gulf." Anxious to acquire a thorough knowledge of the geography and topography of this division of Asia, he stated that the committee have "derived so much information from the surveys of the Indian navy, as to render it his duty, considering the debt of gratitude which the friends of science owe to this distinguished body of men, to allude shortly to the history of their military achievements, their maritime surveys, and diplomatic negotiations." Certainly, no body of men ever merited such compliments in a higher degree than the officers of the Indian navy, who have performed these services; and we copy with great pleasure Sir Alexander Johnston's account of them. He said that

"The inhabitants of the western coast of the peninsula of India, from Cape Comorin, south, to Surat, north, have always, from the earliest times, owing to a variety of causes, had a great propensity to piracy. In consequence of this, the Great Mogul, as long as he exercised any authority over that coast, kept up a navy, under the command of an admiral called the *Sedee*, for the protection of the trade which was carried on by his subjects between India and the Persian and Arabian Gulfs. The British government, when Bombay was ceded to Great Britain by Portugal, found it necessary to establish and keep up a navy for a similar purpose; and it expended 50,000*l.* a year upon this navy from 1710 to 1756. In the latter year the government had, upon an occasion of great political importance to the British interests in India, a full opportunity of estimating the value of the services which might be derived from this navy, it having become necessary, in consequence of the innumerable depredations committed by the pirates, and the great extent of coast which they had acquired, to annihilate the power of the celebrated pirate Angrea, who had got complete possession of all the sea-coast, 120 miles in extent, from Tamana to Bancoot, and all the inland country, as far as the mountains, which, in some places, are thirty, in others twenty miles from the sea-coast. The ships and men of this navy having been employed upon that occasion, under the command of one of their own officers, Commodore James, were completely successful; destroyed the whole of Angrea's fleet; and, with the assistance of some

land troops, took his celebrated fort of Severndroog, and all his other forts; and put an end to his authority and depredations. From that time to the present period, they, as well in the capture of the island of Ternate, in the Burmese war, in the expeditions against the pirates of the Persian Gulf, as in a great many other military expeditions upon which they have been employed, have shewn the greatest promptitude, the strictest discipline, and the most undaunted courage. They have been equally distinguished by the zeal, and by the great practical and theoretical science, with which they have executed those maritime surveys by which they have been enabled, during the last forty years, to complete the most useful and valuable charts of different parts of the coasts of Asia, and of the coasts of the Arabian and Persian Gulfs. During the latter part of the last century, many of the officers gained great credit by the different maritime surveys to which their names are respectively affixed. In the beginning of the present century, Captains Ross and M'Gowan made a trigonometrical survey of the seas between the Straits of Malacca and the Yellow Sea. In 1819, in consequence of the benefit which had been previously derived, during the expedition against the pirates in the Persian Gulf, from the accuracy with which they had examined the different inlets and creeks in that sea, some of the officers were employed by the Bombay government in making the chart of the whole of the Persian Gulf, which was completed in 1828. In that year, in consequence of the desire which was evinced by the public, of having a communication between Great Britain and British India through the Arabian Gulf, Captain Elwon was employed, in the Benares, in surveying that Gulf, from the Strait of Bahelmandeh to Judda; and Captain Moresby, in the *Palinurus*, in surveying it from Judda to Akkaba and Suez: and the result of these two surveys has been published in that magnificent chart of the whole of the Arabian Gulf, of which Captain Cogan has presented a copy to the Society. In 1833, some more of the officers were ordered to survey the coast of Arabia, from the Arabian to the Persian Gulf, and thereby connect the survey of the eastern coast of Africa, made from the Cape of Good Hope to the Arabian Gulf, by Captain Owen, of the Royal Navy, with that of the western coast of the peninsula of India, made from Cape Comorin to the Persian Gulf, by the officers of the Bombay Marine; and between eight and nine hundred miles of the coast of Arabia have already been surveyed by them. In the same year, Lieutenant Wellsted was employed in surveying the Island of Socotra; and his chart, and his account of that island, copies of which are published in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, do the highest honour to his talents and to his scientific acquirements, and afford the public a proof of the advantage which they have derived from the employment of such an officer on so important a service. Many of the officers of this navy have availed themselves of the opportunities which their profession has afforded them, of acquiring a knowledge of the customs and interests of the different native chiefs on whose coasts they have been employed. Captain Cogan has particularly distinguished himself by his knowledge of the territories and of the interests of the Imâm of Muscat; and by establishing an intimate alliance between that chief and Great Britain. He, at the request of the Imâm, two years ago, brought to England the *Liverpool*, of 74 guns, as a present from the Imâm to the king of Great Britain; and,

by command of his majesty, last October, took back one of the finest of the royal yachts as a present from his majesty to the Imâm. This officer, while he was in England, having given the committee much useful information relative to the countries and people under the authority of the Imâm of Muscat, and to the protection and encouragement afforded by the Imâm to arts and sciences, the Society, on the recommendation of the committee, nominated that chief one of its honorary members, and sent him, by Captain Cogan, a diploma, conferring that honour upon him. The government of Great Britain, aware of the importance of the Bombay marine, have lately extended to that navy the provisions of the Mutiny Act; have given the officers a fixed rank; have placed the whole establishment under the superintendence of one of his majesty's naval officers at Bombay; and have changed the name of the service from that of the Bombay Marine to that of the Indian Navy. Under all these circumstances, I can have no doubt that the Society must be, as the Committee of Correspondence is, convinced that the Indian Navy is, at the present moment, not only one of the most important departments of the military and civil services in British India, but also one of the most powerful engines which can be employed by the Society for procuring information relative to Asia, and for diffusing amongst the people of that division of the globe, the arts, the sciences, and the civilisation of Europe."

With regard to the second division of his subject, the Right Honourable Chairman directed attention to the approximation between the countries which would be effected by opening a direct communication through the Arabian and Persian Gulf; colonising India by a great body of Englishmen; elevating the Indian population in moral and political feelings; and, lastly, "the measures which must, sooner or later, be adopted by the British legislature for rendering Great Britain independent of foreign countries for cotton and silk, by getting those articles from British India." With a view to these changes, he said, the committee had "taken steps for obtaining accurate information, from genuine Hindu sources, relative to the general history, laws, moral principles, arts and sciences, of the Hindus of India; for establishing literary societies amongst the Hindus; for completing, through them, with the assistance of the local governments, such parts of the Mackenzie Collection as are still incomplete; for procuring, from the East India records in this country, all such reports as can throw light upon the ancient laws, usages, and customs, which, at the time each province was annexed to Great Britain, prevailed amongst the Hindus of that province; for ascertaining the genuine opinions of the Hindus upon all questions of religion, morals, metaphysics, laws, and government; for procuring returns of the statistics of British India from the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay governments; for arranging such returns according to the plan adopted by the French government, in 1802; for procuring all the observations which have been made, either in favour or against the continuance of the permanent system as to lands in India; for collecting information from every part of India relative to the growth of cotton, and the propagation of the silk-worm, for the first of which articles Great Britain is at present dependent upon the United States, and for the second of which upon France and Italy, instead of deriving both, as it is believed she may do, from British India, and thereby circulating amongst her own sub-

jects, in her own territories, that portion of her capital which she now circulates for those articles amongst foreigners in foreign countries."

Among the most interesting topics to which he alluded was the revival, at Madura, of "the ancient Hindu college, which is supposed to have had so great an influence upon the education and character of the Hindus in the southern peninsula of India, from the third to the tenth century of the Christian era."

In a note to his Report it is stated, that "in consequence of the influence which was exercised by this college, for seven centuries, over the Hindus in the southern peninsula of India, the celebrated Jesuit missionary, Robertus di Nobilibus, who resided at Madura in the seventeenth century, and the equally celebrated Jesuit missionary Beschi, who resided at Trichinopoly in the eighteenth century, both formed plans for reviving it; but, owing to the dissensions in their order, were unable to carry them into effect. The father of Sir Alexander Johnston, and the late Colonel Mackenzie, who resided at Madura in 1783, having procured an account of the ancient college, and copies of the plans of Robertus di Nobilibus and Beschi, in that year formed a plan of their own for the revival of this college; and Colonel Mackenzie, who was an officer of the engineers, and who was then superintending the building of the house for Mr. Johnston, which is known at Madura by the name of Johnston House, and which is now the property of Sir Alexander Johnston, at the request of Mr. Johnston, laid out this house in such a manner as to enable Mr. Johnston, whenever an opportunity might offer, to convert it into the Hindu college which he had planned. No such opportunity, however, occurred during the lives of Colonel Mackenzie and Mr. Johnston; but as the house is still the property of Sir Alexander Johnston, he has offered to make over all right which he has to it, according to the original plan of his father, to any individual or society who may agree to carry that plan into effect; and he is now in communication with a society abroad, who have the intention of sending out to Madura six men, eminently distinguished in different branches of science, for the purpose of establishing themselves at Madura, educating the Hindus of that part of India, and circulating amongst them the arts and sciences of Europe."

On the subject of the third division, the following circumstances were related, and possess much commercial interest.

"The first, that of the frontiers of the British possessions in India having been recently extended, partly by conquest, partly by acquisitions obtained by treaties, to the neighbourhood of the province of Yunnan, the western province of China. The second, that of the discovery which has recently been made, that the tea-plant is growing in a tract of country extending 300 miles within the British territories. The third, that of British traders having been enabled, in consequence of the opening of the trade with China to all British subjects, to visit parts of that empire which were never visited before by British subjects, and to become better acquainted than they formerly were with the produce of the different islands in the Eastern Archipelago, and with the various wants of their inhabitants. With a view to these circumstances, the committee have taken measures for procuring all the valuable information which is preserved in the archives of the Jesuits, at Naples, Rome, Genoa, Venice, Paris, Madrid, and Lisbon, respecting Upper and Lower Assam, Munipore,



Bong, the north-east parts of the Burmese empire, Laos, Cambodia, Cochin-China, and all the western provinces of China; for calling the attention of the British public to the moral, political, and commercial importance of the Anglo-Chinese college, established at Malacca by the late Dr. Morrison, and so liberally supported by Sir George Staunton; for encouraging the Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff to proceed in his very interesting inquiries relative to the history, literature, and science of China, to the practice of medicine in that country, and to the different idioms which are spoken by the people of Japan, who inhabit the coasts of that empire; for acquiring a knowledge of the island of Quelpert, which, from its local situation, is of as much importance to those who wish to carry on a trade with Japan and Corea, as the island of Singapore is to those who wish to carry on a trade with Siam and Cochin-China, on the one side, and all the islands of the Eastern Archipelago on the other; for having translations made from the Dutch into English of all the papers in the Dutch records of Ceylon, Cochin, Negapatnam, and Malacca, which throw any light upon the history of the islands in the Eastern Archipelago, and upon the trade which was, and is still, carried on between the Dutch settlements and those islands; and for obtaining from Mr. Earl,—a gentleman whose observations as to these islands, and the policy which the British government ought to observe with respect to their inhabitants, are of so much value,—the information which he collected during the recent voyages which he made to Borneo, and many of the islands in the Eastern Archipelago."

*Inter alia*, "At Calcutta, the improved system of education which has been introduced amongst the natives; the number of useful works on science and literature which have been translated from the English into different Oriental languages; the variety of newspapers, in English and in the native languages, which are circulated through the country; and the frequent public meetings, and public discussions, which take place upon subjects of great public interest, have gradually weakened the prejudices which prevail amongst the natives against coming to Europe; and must ultimately induce them to follow the examples set them by the celebrated Brahmin, the late Rammohun Roy, and the Mahomedan Prince Jamh-ud-din, of visiting England themselves, of becoming acquainted, upon the spot, with the nature and effects of all its political institutions; acquiring the means of exercising a direct influence upon the government of British India, and thereby protecting the rights and privileges, and promoting the local interests of themselves and their countrymen. At Madras, the natives, by forming a Hindú Literary Society at that place, shew the desire they feel to acquire knowledge, and to promote the researches of this Society, by inquiring into the history, religion, laws, architecture, and agriculture, of their country."

A remarkable notice is taken of the prince we have just mentioned:—

"After visiting different parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and obtaining a knowledge of the agriculture, manufactures, and statistics of the country, he has become a proprietor of East India stock, and thereby acquired a right of exercising an influence by his vote, over the British government of India. The history of this prince's family shews the great changes which have taken place in India within the last fifty years. Hyder Ali, the grandfather of the prince, was once so powerful a chief, that in the years 1781 and 1782, some

of his troops were so near Madras as to render it unsafe to reside in any of the garden-houses near Fort St. George; and Lord Macartney, the then governor, and his private secretary, the present Sir George Staunton's father, derived great credit from being able to get him to conclude, in 1783, that treaty, in allusion to which, the portrait of Lord Macartney, and Sir George's father, now in the present Sir George Staunton's possession, was painted. Scarcely twenty years afterwards the British army succeeded in annihilating altogether, under his son Tipoo, Hyder's dynasty; and Prince Jamh-ud-din, the son of Tipoo, and a pensioner of the British government, is now in England, and qualified to exercise, as a proprietor of East India stock, a greater influence over the British government in India, than his grandfather, in the plenitude of his power, had ever exercised."

The Report concludes by noticing "the liberal and enlightened conduct of the foreign merchants at Canton and Macao, as well of those who are subjects of the United States, as of those who are subjects of all the different sovereigns of Europe, in unanimously resolving to subscribe a large sum of money, for erecting a monument in honour of the memory of the late Captain Horsburgh, shews the estimation in which they hold scientific acquirements. \* \* The person to whom the honour is paid, is one who left his home in Fifeshire as a cabin-boy, who, having been employed as a sea-faring man in the Indian seas, was wrecked between Batavia and Ceylon, on the Island of Diego-Garcia; and was, in consequence of this misfortune, first led to make those valuable observations, and to collect those valuable materials, from which, with the assistance of Sir Charles Forbes, and his other friends, he afterwards published that magnificent collection of charts, which is known by the name of the 'Indian Pilot.'"

With this we close our abridgement, and have only to express our hope that these enlightened inquiries and designs may be followed up with the vigour they deserve, till both England and India rejoice in the fruits they must, at maturity, produce.

*Hindustani Literature.*—It has been generally supposed that there exists not a literature in the Hindustani language, or, at least, that the number of authors who have chosen it as the vehicle of their thoughts is extremely small. The study of the language has, in consequence, been, with a few distinguished exceptions, left to those to whom it was an object of importance to possess the power of oral communication with the natives. Perhaps the little attention with which it has been met from professed scholars may be traced to the somewhat premature judgment passed upon it by Sir William Jones, who, before he had turned his attention to the subject, pronounced it a "vulgar jargon"—a judgment which, we believe, he subsequently found reason to reverse; as some translations of his from that language (if, indeed, he has not left an express testimony in its favour) virtually tend to shew. The industry and learning, however, of a foreigner, Mons. Garcin de Tassy, one of the professors at the Bibliothèque Royale of Paris, will set this matter in a new light to us Englishmen; who, considering our facilities of communication with India, and our interests there, might be expected rather to enlighten foreigners on such a subject, than to be indebted to them for our information. That gentleman has, without enjoying the advantage of a residence in India,

collected, from Oriental sources, biographical notices of nearly *seven hundred* Hindustani authors, with numerous extracts from their works. Mons. Garcin is at present in London, for the purpose of prosecuting his researches at the East India House, the British Museum, and in the libraries of private collectors, previous to the publication of his "History of Hindustani Literature," which will embody the results of his inquiries, and which may be shortly expected to issue from the Imprimerie Royale of Paris.—*From a Correspondent and Constant Reader.*

#### FINE ARTS.

MR. SWANDALE'S PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

WE have had much pleasure in looking at a whole length picture, about half the size of life, of our youthful and beloved sovereign, painted by Mr. Swandale. The artist has not had the advantage of a sitting; but has so ably availed himself of frequent opportunities of being near her majesty, that the portrait not only bears, what, under the circumstances of the case, may be considered a surprising resemblance of the illustrious original, but is divested of that formal air which too frequently accompanies pictures painted from the life. The architectural and other accessories are executed with great care and skill.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Ryall's Portraits of eminent Conservative Statesmen.* No. V. Ryley and Co.

WE have, in the present Number, portraits of "The Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby," from a picture by Madame Meunier; "Sir Robert Fitzwygram, Bart." from a picture by T. Phillips, R.A.; and "Mr. Sergeant Jackson, M.P." from a drawing by G. Richmond: the first engraved by H. B. Hall; the last two by J. Brown. They are all animated and faithful resemblances.

Although the letter-press consists of six more pages than usual, yet it is stated in a notice prefixed to the number, that "the necessary length of some of the memoirs, made it impossible to insert entire that [those] of the Marquess of Londonderry and the Earl of Harrowby." As a specimen of the ability and spirit with which the memoirs are written, we will quote the character of Mr. Serjeant Jackson:—

"With respect to the personal appearance of Sergeant Jackson, it may be said, that his countenance is intellectually severe in its outline, but its expression is kind and benignant. His style of oratory is simple and concise, and strictly free from rhetorical artifice. Preserving, at all times, a most courteous demeanour, he never hesitates to speak in plain terms the plain truth; and there is no gentleman in the House of Commons less liable to be driven from his purpose by threats, or deterred by invective. This his opponents have found, and he is, consequently, listened to with attention, although, on some subjects, with evident uneasiness. He states his own case in a manly manner, and, if possible, in a style still more manly, the case of his adversary. Attempts, however, from whatever quarter they may proceed, to mislead by garbled accounts, or divert by sophisms, find in him a remorseless and unrelenting foe. Quick to detect a fallacy, he is prompt and decisive in exposing it; and although the House of Commons may boast of orators more florid in their style, we very much doubt whether it has one more uniformly argumentative."

The following is a very curious genealogical

fact respecting the family of Loftus, connected by blood with Sir Robert Fitzwygram:—

"Margaret Loftus was born at Loftus Hall, in 1670, and died, as Mrs. Boyd of Rossare, in 1770, at the great age of 101; the two lives (namely, her own and her grandson's) forming a link from the reign of Charles the Second to his late Majesty William the Fourth, a period of one hundred and sixty years, including nine reigns, and exceeding, by ten years, the time mentioned by Lord Wharndcliffe, in a note to his edition of 'Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters,' where it is stated that her ladyship and her granddaughter, the Lady Elizabeth Stuart, now formed a link from King William the Third to his Majesty William the Fourth, a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years.

**Historical and Literary Curiosities.** Engraved by Charles John Smith. No. VI. Pickering. THIS is really a curious and interesting publication, attractive equally to the antiquary and to the man of general taste and information. Among the most striking of the plates in the present number are—"The Pulpit of John Knox, in the parish-church of St. Andrew's, in the county of Fife;" a "Representation of the carved Cassolette made from the wood of Shakespeare's Mulberry-tree, at Stratford-upon-Avon, and presented to David Garrick, by the Corporation of the Borough, at the Shakespeare Jubilee;" and "Two illuminated Paintings of the sacred Furniture and Vessels of the Tabernacle of Israel, executed by a Spanish Jew in the fifteenth century."

**Engravings from the Works of the late G. S. Newton, R.A.** Part II. Hodgson and Graves.

THREE well-known and justly admired productions of this able and lamented artist's pencil are here presented to the public. "Abbot Boniface," engraved by J. Egan; "The Deserted," engraved by James Scott; and "Portrait of Mrs. Lister," engraved by G. H. Phillips. They exhibit the art of mezzotinto engraving in its perfection.

**The Daughter.** Painted by E. Prentis; engraved by J. C. Bromley. A. Graves.

ONE of those scenes of domestic and moral enjoyment by which this country is especially distinguished. It represents a blooming and modest girl, reading the Bible to her attentive and admiring parents. This interesting print does credit to the feelings as well as to the talents of the artists who have concurred in its production. Burns has furnished the appropriate motto to it:—

"So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,  
Shalt, beauteous, blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parents' evening ray,  
That watch'd thy early morning."

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

SIN.

WHEN Sin of Knowledge born, first raised her head,  
Scarce clad in garb of skins, she thrud her way  
Through Eden's bowers, and made her lonely bed  
Near to a murmuring river, which did stray  
Between its grassy banks. There did she nestle,  
Hiding her hideous features from the sun;  
For she with Shame and Sorrow had to wrestle.  
They conqering, earth had been but half undone.

But she was victor. Then, her brow adorning  
In gayest wreaths, she ventured forth to bask  
In open sunshine, her first blushes scorning,  
And far behind her threw her speckled mask.

Since when, in harlot robes, with poisonous breath,  
She walks the city, hand in hand with Death.

H. M.

#### MUSIC.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**The Letter.** By Samuel Lover, Esq. Duff. IT is impossible to praise this too highly, music and words are so truly exquisite: so exquisite and so touching to those who have relatives far away, that we copy them for their enjoyment.

"A small spark attached to the wick of the candle is considered to indicate the arrival of a letter to the one before whom it burns."

"Fare thee well, love, now thou art going  
Over the wild and trackless sea;  
Smooth be its waves and fair the wind blowing,  
Though 'tis to bear thee far from me:  
But when, on the waste of ocean,  
Some happy home-bound bark you see,  
Swear by the truth of thy heart's devotion,  
To send a letter back to me.

Think of the shore thou'lt left behind thee,  
Even when reaching a brighter strand;  
Let not the golden glories blind thee,  
Of that gorgeous Indian land:  
Send me not its diamond treasures,  
Nor pearls from the depth of its sunny sea;  
But tell me of all your woes and pleasures,  
In a long letter back to me.

But while dwelling in lands of pleasure,  
Think, as you bask in their bright sunshine,  
That while the lingering time I measure,  
Sad and wintry hours are mine;  
Lonely, by my taper weeping,  
And watching the spark of promise to see,  
All for that bright spark my night-watch keeping,  
For, oh, 'tis a letter, love, from thee!  
To say that soon thy sail will be flowing,  
Homeward to bear thee over the sea;  
Calm be the waves, and swift the wind blowing,  
For, oh! thou art coming back to me!"

**Know'st thou the Land: from the German of Goethe.** By Moritz Ganz. Schloss.

TRULY German. We like this song exceedingly; the change in the time and accompaniment is very pretty, and the music, in consequence of that change, fully expresses the words.

**The Goblin Quadrilles, composed for the Piano. Forte.** By Calder Campbell. Purday.

WE are pleased to see an original and a very agreeable set of Quadrilles; these are lively and showy, and, for music really to dance to, we could not recommend a better set. A waltz at the end, though rather tiresome to play, is also very pretty.

In our last notice of new music, we had intended to attach Mr. Haynes Baily's tender and pleasing song to the favourable mention of the music to which it has been set, and we now redeem our purpose, begging our readers to refer to that critique.

"Of what is the old man thinking,  
As he leans on his oaken staff?  
From the May-day pastime shrinking,  
He shares not the merry laugh:  
But the tears of the old man flow  
As he looks on the young and gay,  
And his gray head moving slow,  
Keeps time to the air they play.  
The elders around are drinking,  
But not one cup will he quaff;  
Oh! of what is the old man thinking,  
As he leans on his oaken staff?"

'Tis not with a vain repining  
That the old man sheds a tear;  
'Tis not for his strength declining,  
He sighs not to linger here;  
There's a spell in the air they play,  
And the old man's eyes are dim,  
For it calls up a past May-day,  
And the dear friends lost to him,  
From the scene before him shrinking,  
From the dance and the merry laugh:  
Of their calm repose he is thinking,  
As he leans on his oaken staff."

#### DRAMA.

\* **Haymarket.**—On Monday, Mr. Phelps made

his first appearance in the character of *Shylock*. We think Mr. Phelps has a good deal of talent, and will be a most useful actor; but he is not equal to the task of playing any character requiring so much energy, and displaying so much passion, as that in which he appeared. The great points we have been accustomed to hear were, in Mr. Phelps's hand, almost lost, and no new ones made. Still, there were touches of sweet acting in the softer parts of the play, and some pleasant tones of voice, making us regret *Shylock* had been chosen for Mr. Phelps's *début*. For the *Richmonds*, and all that class of parts, he will be a valuable accession to the London boards. Webster is the best *Launcelot Gobbo* the stage has had for many years. Mrs. Waylett has been singing some of her sweet ballads, as only she can sing them.

**Strand Theatre.**—A slight piece, called *Absent without Leave*, though supported by the versatile and imitative talents of Mr. Lionel Goldsmid, has not made any strong impression here. It has, however, run through the week; and, by way of riddle, it may be said that it still is, and is not, absent without leave.

#### VARIETIES.

**Invention of Printing.**—A grand festival has been observed at Mentz, in honour of the invention of printing. The ceremonies lasted during the 14th, 15th, and 16th of the month (August); and one of the most interesting features was the opening to the public of the monument to Guttemberg, which has just been finished by Thorwaldsen, and is stated to be a splendid work of genius. *A Te Deum*, composed by Chevallier Neukomm, for the occasion, was sung in grand choral force by above twelve hundred voices. The whole went off with great éclat.

**Railroads.**—A railroad has been opened between Paris and St. Germain, which seems greatly to delight the Parisians.

**Pitohards** have recently appeared and been taken on the Ulster coast, where they were never before seen. The shores of Cornwall and Kinsale are their usual resorts.

**The Maldiva Islands.**—Among the animals on the Maldivas are rats and tortoises. The former are very destructive to the cocoa-nuts. They run up the trunk, and introduce themselves into the nut, in which they remain as long as any of the kernel is left, and then quit for another. Sometimes accidents happen from nuts thus destroyed falling on persons passing by. The tortoise are of a small kind; they live in the tanks, and have a very offensive smell, but the flesh is white and tender. These are found only on King's Island, where they are numerous, but are not eaten by the natives. A small kind of harmless snake is sometimes found. The flying-fox is very plentiful; its body is about the same size as that of a crow. There is only one singing bird, a small one, of a black colour, called by the natives *colea*.

**Weather-Wisdom.**—The 30th most entirely fulfilled the prediction of last week; and, indeed, the whole prophecy from Saturday, till now, is a capital hit. Let us, therefore, look forward:—"Changes again about the 4th and 5th days; cloudy and gloomy; cold rains, especially on the 5th. The 6th, changeable. 7th, cloudy, showers. The 8th denotes small rain and misty air, yet windy."

**Royal Institution.**—Among the marked improvements in London, we are glad to see a renewed and handsome architectural front rearing its columns at the Royal Institution, in Albemarle Street. Behind scaffoldings, and amid all the confusion of brickwork, it is not

easy to say what the elevation will really be; but at such a glance as these allow, it seems to promise to look bold and well.

**Comic Library.**—Mr. McLean pursues his series of comicalities without a pause, and we have Nos. 7, 8, 9, and 10, spread out, with all their humours, before us. One gives useful and original receipts, such as sweeps in a well-dressed crowd—"a very good black for cottons, silks, &c." The next illustrates courtship, by many ludicrous figures and situations. The third is a comical guide to the arts and sciences, such as a patient fisherman, "Angle," and a cub of a boy at it in a trough; "Try-angle," the rods and lines demonstrating the geometrical problems: and the last, "Adages for all ages," *ex. gr.* "a wise man aims at nothing out of his reach,"—a Cockney firing at cocks and hens on a dunghill, with a blunderbuss.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**List of Indian Newspapers.**—Calcutta: Bengal Hurkura, and Chronicle, Calcutta Courier, Englishman and Military Chronicle, daily; India Gazette and Chronicle, thrice a week; Government Gazette (Official), twice a week; Bengal Herald, Literary Gazette, and Reformer, Oriental Observer and Literary Chronicle, with the Military Gazette, Scots Gazette, The Gyananeshun (Native Paper), Commercial Price Current, Calcutta Exchange Price Current, weekly; various Native Papers, uncertain; Sporting Magazine, East India United Service Journal, Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Calcutta Christian Observer, Calcutta Monthly Journal, monthly; Bengal Directory and Annual Register, Bengal Annual, &c., yearly.—Serampore: Friend of India, Sumachar Durpan (Bengali and English), weekly.—Mofussil: Meerut Observer, Delhi Gazette, Agra Ukhbar, Central Free Press, Cawnpore Omnibus, Cawnpore Free Press, weekly; Meerut Universal Magazine, monthly.—Madras: Madras Courier, four times a week; Madras Male Asylum Herald, Madras Gazette, Government Gazette (Official), Madras Times, Standard, Conservative, twice a week; Madras Journal of Literature and Science, monthly; Madras Almanac, Madras Army List, yearly.—Bombay: Bombay Courier, Bombay Gazette, twice a week; Government Gazette (Official), Durpan (Native Paper), weekly; Oriental Christian Spectator, Sporting Magazine, monthly.—Singapore: Singapore Chronicle, Singapore Free Press, weekly.—Penang: Prince of Wales' Island Gazette, weekly.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Domestic Economy, by M. Donnan, Esq. Vol. II. Human Food, forming Vol. XCIV. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, 8vo. 6s.—Keith's Signs of the Times, 2 vols. 12mo. 6d. edit. 10s. 6d.—Act to amend the Law of Wills, by P. Forster, Esq. 12mo. 2s.—The Law of Bills of Exchange, &c. by C. W. Johnson, 12mo. 7s.—Select Letters, by the Rev. J. Westley, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Library of Christian Biography, edited by J. Jackson, Vol. I. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Lives of early Methodist Preachers, edited by T. Jackson, Vol. I. 12mo. 5s.—The Orchard and of Mexico and Guatemala, by J. Bateman, Part I. elephant folio, 2s.—Hansard's Debates, 3d Series, Vol. XXXVII. (the 2d vol. of Session, 1837), 11. 10s. 6d. 11. 13s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Sketches in Prose and Poetry, by K. H. 12mo. 10s.—Alston's Gospel of St. Matthew for the Blind, 4to. 3s. 6d.; ditto of St. Mark, 4to. 4s. sewed.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 24	From 44 to 69	30.08 to 30.10
Friday ... 25	... 37 ... 67	30.11 ... 30.06
Saturday ... 26	... 37 ... 70	29.84 ... 29.85
Sunday ... 27	... 32 ... 69	30.03 ... 30.09
Monday ... 28	... 30 ... 63	29.98 ... 29.73
Tuesday ... 29	... 42 ... 61	29.53 ... 29.40
Wednesday 30	... 41 ... 57	29.34 ... 29.42

Winds, N.E. and N.W. Except the 24th, 25th, and 27th, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain; a violent storm of thunder and vivid lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, from about 11 A.M. till about 4 to 2 P.M. on the 26th, and thundering at times during the afternoon of the 30th. Rain fallen, 2.25 inches, of which 1.2 inch fell during the storm of the 26th.

Reminiscence. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In our Review of the Memoir of Mr. Thelwall, we were not aware that his widow ("the Editor?") was a second wife, and much younger than the lady we supposed. R. W. T. will find a letter at our office. We like E. C. much; and if he will allow us to make a very few verbal changes, we will not say corrections, his contributions shall be welcome to our columns.

### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

### NOW OPEN.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S

PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Aiguine, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton.

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### VIEWS IN BARBARY.

By Sir GRENVILLE T. TEMPLE, Bart.

The following have already appeared:—

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2. Bona.
3. Tunis.
4. Tower of Hades.
5. Jbelah.

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"The subjects are not only graceful in themselves, but the rhythm has, in every instance, been carefully preserved, as well as the just accentuation, and meaning of the words."—*True Sun.*

### BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

### THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE,

price 2s. 6d. contains:—The Student, and Extracts from Surgeon's Diary—Modern Improvements—Frank Woolly—Character of Panth—The Chute and Michael Doyle—Reviews of Books, &c. and two splendid Illustrations by Brandard.

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&c. &c. &c.

To the First 3500 Subscribers to this Miscellany will be given, a fine Engraving of the Murder of the Princess de Lamballe, being a Specimen of Mr. Bentley's highly embellished edition of Thier's History of the French Revolution, the First Number of which will be published at the end of September. This Work will be illustrated by upwards of Thirty Plates, executed in the highest style of art, and will be sold at a price which will place it within the reach of the humblest class of English Readers.

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2. The Rainbow of Life.
3. The Language of Flowers. By Mrs. Abby.
4. A Tale of the Burmese War. By Mrs. Crawford.
5. From a Poet.
6. An Anacrostic.
7. Parliamentary Portraits. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords of Commons."
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9. Leaves from the Journal of a Traveller.
10. A Naval Officer.
11. The Backwoods of America. Peggy Canty, the Southern Irish.
12. Autobiographical Sketches. By Mrs. Crawford.
13. March of the Ancient Britons.
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15. Review of Notices of New Books, &c. &c.

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MAGAZINE, No. CCLXIII. for September.

Contents.

I. The Elections.—II. The World we Live in. No. II.—III.

Exhibitions: The Royal Academy.—IV. My Aunt's Tale.—

Home's Hymn to Venus.—V. Helwig; a Drama; by Thos. V.

Kirker.—VI. Monopenny on the French Extension.—VII. Animal

Magnetism in London in 1837.—IX. The Life of a Poet, by Lud-

wig Tieck.—X. Tour of Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, in

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Life of Foggia Bracciolini. Letters from Germany. The Baronesse. Chapter III. The Opera and the Drama of and IV. By Parisianus. The Past Season.

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## THE ASIATIC JOURNAL for September contains the following Articles:—

1. The New Parliament—2. Marquess Wellesley's Indian Administration—3. Considerations on the Invasion of India, and Defence of the N.W. Frontier—4. Tour in the Himalaya Mountains—5. Panchayats in Nepal—6. Inscriptions on the Bhilari Lat—7. Historical Tales of the Rajpoots, No. 1.—8. The Malay Empire—9. On the Names of Books in the Bharata and Ramayana—10. The Indian Army—11. Native Society in India, No. II.—12. Commerce considered as a Means of Promoting the Civilization of Barbarous People—13. On the Improbable in Fiction—14. Life of the Faillite, Caliph Moazzil-din Allah—15. Critical Notices, &c. Also, the usual Digest of Asiatic Intelligence brought down to a late date.

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In one of Lord Chatham's admirable letters to his son William, while at Cambridge, he writes, "Consider, there is but the Encyclopædia: when you have mastered that, what will remain?" There has never, perhaps, existed but one individual to whom this remark could have been applied in its literal signification. Aristotle alone seems to have entered upon every possible path of science and philosophy, with the same extraordinary success; and after his all-comprehensive and accurate investigations, must have sighed, like his royal pupil, for a fresh world to conquer. It is not our intention, on the present occasion, to enter into a discussion upon the nature and character of all the works of this philosopher which have reached us, but to confine ourselves to a slight sketch of his "Politics;" before which, however, a few observations on the history of philosophy among the Greeks, may not be misplaced.

It is to the genius of Socrates that philosophy may be said to owe its origin. He it was who first demonstrated that the "proper study of mankind was man;" who prescribed laws and regulations to the hitherto uncontrolled range of our ideas and meditations; and who, while he taught his disciples the nature and composition of the intellect, acquainted them with methods to govern its most subtle and delicate operations, and to avail themselves of its powers to their utmost extent. No writings were ever bequeathed to posterity by this mighty master, but his doctrines shine through the imperishable works of Plato and Aristotle, who carried out his principles, and who brought to the task of completing his glorious undertaking, souls as lofty and capacious as his own. It was the province of Plato to form a psychology, to investigate the properties and accidents of the understanding, and trace to their source and resting place the conceptions of the imagination. In this office he entered with a spirit sympathising with its pursuit, and identifying itself with the character of its researches. He created a world of ideas for himself from which he never departed; and this creation he embellished with all the colouring bestowed by a vivifying and poetical fancy. His speculations threw the first ray of light upon the infinite store of faculties and sensibilities that had, until then, lain in a species of chaos in the human mind, and exhibited man to himself, endowed with powers and abilities whose very existence had previously been unknown. The soul was displayed in its highest state of perfection, capable of exercising the most elevated functions, and seeming to consist of a conjunction of pure and ethereal visions of the beautiful and the divine. This was the congenial employment of Plato, and nobly did he execute his lofty undertaking. His pupil, Aristotle, however, saw that this psychology,

instead of being the end, was only the means for further advantage. This was the immaterial spot, the *non être* of Archimedes, from whence the physical world could be moved. He proceeded from the investigation of thought, abstractedly considered, to its operations when brought into action; and passing from the demonstration of the existence of the powers of the understanding, shewed how they could best be employed and rendered serviceable. In this pursuit there was no room for those flashes of the imagination, those airy dreams, which found a kindred place in the psychological speculations of his predecessor. From the beautiful, but in some places baseless, structure of Plato, Aristotle took all that was real, and, by subjecting it to a series of close analyses in its effects and consequences, arrived at the most brilliant and important results. From his comprehensive, yet minute, inquiries upon the properties of reason, there sprang that system of logic, which will ever remain as a specimen of the profundity and acuteness of his intellect. His researches in the material world shew the same critical and analysing spirit which, at the same time, grasps the whole of any subject, however vast, and enters into its minutest details, however complicated. By the exertions of two minds of this nature, based upon the institutions framed by Socrates, the empire of reason was founded. Its nature and application, its causes and effects, were made manifest, and philosophy came forth into the world, arrayed in all its splendour, and diffusing that happiness and might which it has ever continued to confer on its votaries.

The writings of Aristotle have been referred to three heads, God, Nature, and Man. It is to the last of these that our notice is at present attracted. Man was considered by our philosopher in a two-fold capacity, as a social, and as an intellectual being. The "Poetica," and "Rhetoric," apply to him viewed in the latter light; and the "Ethics" and "Politics" (with which we are now immediately concerned) relate to him under the first-mentioned aspect. According to the Stagirite himself, the "Politics" is the most important of his works. The characteristics of his style are, perhaps, more perceptible in this treatise than in any other. His accuracy of classification, his logical and concise mode of reasoning, the methodical spirit which pervades the whole, the unembellished and simple mode of argument which true philosophy has ever since adopted,—all these qualities are conspicuously shewn in the work before us. He commences his essay by a definition of the nature of a state or political government, shewing that it is an association or partnership for the mutual benefit of the component members; and that those principles which ensure the greatest benefit to the greatest number should influence the whole body.\* He then considers which is the most likely system to produce the greatest happiness, and demonstrates that no fixed rule can be laid down, as the nature of the government must necessarily vary with the nature of the governed. The state does not influence the character of its members,

\* This has, drolly enough, been put forth as a new principle in the 19th century!!—Ed. L. G.

but the character of the members determines and disposes the state. The principle of mixed governments is, abstractedly, the best calculated to ensure happiness. Unmixed democracy will, in all probability, run into excess; and the popular feeling is precipitate in its decisions, but slow in their execution: simple aristocracy and simple monarchy, also, are prejudicial to the best interests of the country, as founded manifestly upon the injustice of the good of the few, or the good of the one, prevailing over the good of the many. That form of government, therefore, which combines and balances these three divisions, will, in all probability, be the best adapted to the purposes of a state. He traces the causes which lead to the ruin or prosperity of a government; and, in the course of his arguments, necessarily touches upon many important political questions; such as the propriety of possessing goods in common; the results of innovation in established institutions; the necessary qualifications to enjoy the privileges of citizenship; the uses of the practice of ostracism; the influence of the middle classes; the legality of slavery; the effects of education, particularly the operations of music,—a subject so intimately connected with the acute and susceptible organisation of the Greeks, but which sounds somewhat strange to our more northern ears. Our limits forbid us to commence an examination of Aristotle's tenets upon every point to which we have alluded, nor could any thing new be brought forward on subjects which have been discussed for so many centuries. We will, however, translate for our readers a passage of M. Victor Cousin, from his history of philosophy, quoted by Mons. J. B. St. Hilaire, in his eloquent Preface, as a just criticism on this great man.

"On politics there were two works by Aristotle, one of which was the exact counterpart of that by Montesquieu. The same man who had analysed so closely the internal organisation of animals, and the nature of the human intellect, carried his investigations into the structure and composition of every known government, whether Greek or barbarian. The information he obtained in this way he reduced to the most general laws of which it was susceptible, without the slightest partiality for this or that system, but with that imperturbable *sang froid* which never forsakes him. It must have been, in truth, an *esprit des lois*; but this great work we have unfortunately lost. The political treatise of Aristotle which has reached us, though in a somewhat mutilated shape, is a theory of government. The principle which should regulate a state, according to this treatise, is Utility, or, in the language of the day, Expediency. In this he differs widely from the opinions of Plato. That expediency is not altogether to be despised is not denied; but it will mislead most people, as it has misled Aristotle. The true principle of government is Justice; and though, as what is just is sometimes expedient, so, reciprocally, that which is expedient is occasionally just; yet, in endeavouring to render these terms convertible, the smallest error, in calculating what is expedient, may give rise to injustice without end. It is thus that Aristotle meets the great question of

slavery; and, by falsely applying the principle of expediency, is enabled to decide in favour of its maintenance. \* \* \* The political system of Plato is republican, but still aristocratic; that of Aristotle is more monarchical, and seems to dread tyranny less than disorder."

Mons. J. B. St. Hilaire defends him with great earnestness against the charge of partiality, either towards tyranny or monarchy, though, in our own opinion, the writer we have quoted is perfectly correct in stating that the horror of any thing approaching to confusion or anarchy is one of the most prominent features to be observed.

The character of Aristotle, as a man, as far as we can learn, was every way worthy of his high station as a philosopher. Neither his well-deserved influence at courts, nor his undisputed pre-eminence in the schools of philosophy, was productive of the slightest pride or austerity. The virtues of public and private life, which he enjoined so convincingly on others, were to be seen exemplified in his own conduct. The acquisition of truth seems to have been the only end of his labours; and nothing could ever induce him to sacrifice his conviction before the opinions of others, even though they were the most estimable and learned of his friends. "Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas," are words which are still in use, and worthy of the lips of him, this inflexible philosopher, by whom they were first uttered. The Athenians, who, in their caprice, could erect statues to the men whom they had but a few years previously destroyed, were excited against Aristotle on some religious grounds; and he retired to Euboea, saying, in allusion to the fate of Socrates, that he would not let the Athenians sin twice against philosophy. The life of this truly wise man, who may take his station among the greatest benefactors of the human race, came to a close in the sixty-third year of his age; and the fable tells us that the ardent spirit of inquiry which accompanied him in all circumstances, was the cause of his death, since, being unable to account for the preternatural ebb and flow of the waters of the Euripus, he threw himself into them in a fit of mortification.

It remains for us to say a few words on the edition now before us, which is calculated, in every way, to sustain the high character possessed by our continental neighbours for classical learning and acumen. In a well-written Preface, Mons. J. B. St. Hilaire enlarges upon those topics of which we have given the outline to our readers, and presents us with an interesting sketch of the fate that Aristotle has undergone through the skill or ignorance of each of his editors or translators. The change which has been observed in the order of the books, namely, the introduction of the seventh and eighth after the third, and the placing the sixth before the fifth, is, we think, fully warranted by a close inspection of the nature and connexion of the system intended by the originator. The translation is executed faithfully, and with much spirit; and we trust that this edition will but be the forerunner of the remaining works of the author, conducted on the same principle, and illustrated with the same happiness. It is to be hoped, that this and similar publications, by affording increased facility towards a correct conception of the meaning and intentions of the original, will have the effect of rendering Aristotle, and the corresponding writers of antiquity, more generally read and appreciated. No one can quit the perusal of a work of this nature without being struck by the simplicity and total absence of all

pretence with which the highest truths of philosophy are disclosed, and the earnest desire to obtain the truth, which seems to be the sole object of the writer. In these respects we are afraid, though aware of the odium attached to comparisons, that the productions of modern political theorists and economists, when placed in competition, must appear to but little advantage. If the introduction of a more candid and single-minded style of discussion were the only benefit to be gained from a familiarity with the wisdom of the sages of old, we should consider it sufficient to compensate for the labours bestowed in its acquisition; but when, in addition to this, we reflect on the exertions which must be employed by the intellect and its consequent enlargement, and on the exercise undergone by the reason, as well in detecting the occasional fallacies as in acquiescing in the profound conclusions, of these masters of thought, we are compelled to admit, that on no books can our daily and nightly attention be with more propriety bestowed than these absorbing volumes.

*The Hunters of the Prairie; or, the Hawk Chief.* By John Treat Irving, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

THERE is about these pages the same charm that belonged to those of the older travellers—the charm of wild adventure, and of novel scenes. Belonging to the school of Mr. Cooper, modelled obviously on his style in every way, yet the interest kept up to the last, shews that the ground is far from exhausted; and Mr. Irving carries us completely along with him. In proportion as society becomes more and more artificial, and the pathway of every individual is chalked on in the beaten track, works like the one now before us have a delight especially their own. They carry us back to those early periods, by a knowledge of which alone can we trace the efforts that civilisation has made in its progress. They gratify, too, the love of adventure almost universal to the young; and teach, too, that most useful of lessons, that we are not to measure every thing by our own standard. The Hawk Chief is a fine specimen of a race that will soon be only a tradition; and he is surrounded by a spirited group of hunters, trappers, rangers—wild inhabitants of the wildest scenes. We must premise, that an infinite variety of escapes and dangers, in which an Indian girl has taken a prominent part, lead to the following result.

"In the centre of the lodge sat a single Indian female, surrounded by a ring of warriors. Upon her the angry looks of all were riveted. It was Nahtourah: she was bound with leathern thongs. The haughtiness which at times lighted up her otherwise soft and feminine features, had disappeared, and she now seemed in the lowest and most heart-breaking despondency. Her hair was dishevelled, her features were wet with tears; not a trace of her bold carriage was left. Once, and but once, she raised her head and ran a wistful glance round the assemblage. She encountered not a face that did not scowl upon her; and, with a despairing gesture she drooped her eyes to the ground. The silence which for nearly an hour had filled the building, was now broken by the medecin,\* who slowly rose. The hush grew intense; the stillness was so wrapped, that it seemed that not a breath was drawn, though every furrowed face was kindled into excitement. The medecin cast a keen and

half-triumphant look upon the girl, then directed his attention to the assembly. 'The Pawnees,' said he, 'are sitting in council; but the places of many are empty. Where are the warriors? Ask the wolves and the ravens that are tearing their limbs, and the white man who laughs as he looks at their white bones.' The speaker paused to watch the effect of his words. A low fierce murmur sounded through the building. The medecin saw that the feelings of the warriors were with him, and seized the moment to confront his victim. 'Woman!' said he sternly to Nahtourah, 'there has been a serpent in the Pawnee village, and its bite has been full of poison.' Nahtourah raised her eyes, and murmured, scarce audibly, 'Nahtourah hears, but she does not understand. Then, let her listen. The pale faces escaped; who loosed the cords that bound them? They had horses; where did they find them?' Nahtourah was silent. 'Who has brought desolation upon the Pawnee village? Who has swept away the warriors of the tribe? Who has brought the curse of Wahconda\* upon us?' With an appearance of effort, the Indian maid calmed the emotion that agitated her. 'Will the great medecin listen to Nahtourah?' said she, in a subdued tone. 'The ears of the medecin are shut,' said the other, coldly. 'Just then the long and distant howl of wolves was heard. 'Do you hear that cry?' said the medecin, sternly. 'Tis a wolf hastening to the spot where the Pawnee is lying; his hand is still; his voice is hushed; he cannot drive away the wolf that tears his limbs: he is dead.' The girl saw that her fate was sealed. She knew that she had been the cause of disaster to the tribe. She had no defence to offer, save her love for Sharatack; and he, by some strange fatality, was absent. But the utter prostration, which at first had paralysed her energies, passed away, and her eye kindled as she tauntingly replied, 'Why is the Pawnee dead? The white man hunted him. The Pawnee fled. He turned not on his pursuer, for his arm was like a woman's; his heart was water; he was a coward.' 'He was killed,' replied the medecin, sternly. 'A warrior dies; a coward escapes.' 'A deer that runs is killed by a shaft, as well as the fierce bear that fights,' was the response of the now undaunted girl. 'There were deer among the Pawnees; they were shot in the back.' The medecin, for a moment, was silenced. But a low and fierce hiss was distinctly audible from the assembly. In the lodge were the Otos, who had mediated between them and the whites; and the open taunt thus given in the presence of these members of a rival tribe, increased the bitterness of their envenomed feelings. In the midst of the pause, an aged warrior rose. 'The maiden has betrayed her tribe,' said he; 'she has brought death among the Pawnees: let her die!' A savage murmur of assent ran through the lodge, which was succeeded by a dead stillness. At that moment there was an agitation among the crowd nearest the door. It opened, and a warrior entered and stalked to the centre. A slight exclamation of joy escaped the prisoner, for, at a glance, she recognised the proud movements and noble form of the Hawk Chief. Slowly and calmly his eye moved from face to face, until it rested upon that of the medecin. Their look met for an instant, but that of the medecin drooped and shrank from his piercing gaze. From him it wandered to Nahtourah, and its expression softened as it rested upon

\* "The medecin, a French term for physician, is a half-sacred character in an Indian tribe, supposed to heal the sick as much by incantations as by the use of simples."

• "The Great Spirit."

her. 'Why is the Indian maiden a prisoner among her own people?' said he to the medicin. 'She is a Pawnee; wherefore is she bound like an enemy? A wild beast preys not on its kind.' The medicin was aware that the assemblage was on his side, and his hardihood returned. He replied boldly: 'There is white blood in the veins of Nahtourah; she has turned from her nation, and become a pale face.' The lip of the Hawk Chief curled, as he answered, 'The great medicin sings in the ear of Sharatack; his words fall to the ground.' Speech could not have conveyed the feeling of hate and cowardice more clearly than the black scowl that swept over the face of the medicin, as he heard these words, which, in the Indian language, convey a direct accusation of falsehood. He, however, answered in those tones of moderation which are often assumed as a veil for fear. 'My brother is young,' said he; 'he speaks fast; his words come only from his mouth.' The Hawk Chief answered calmly, 'The words of Sharatack are not songs. Listen! The great medicin would have Nahtourah die. It is well. When Nahtourah dies, the knife of Sharatack shall be red with the blood of the medicin. I have spoken.' As he finished, he drew himself up, and stepped back, as if to make room for the Indian to pass forward to his victim. The medicin was irresolute; he cast a quick but keen glance round the building, to learn from the swarthy faces whether he was likely to be supported in his sacrifice. He saw with instinctive quickness, that though many of the older portion of the audience, influenced, perhaps, by his sacred character, were disposed to favour him, yet, that the bold bearing of the Hawk Chief had produced a revolution in the younger and more fiery members of the council. After pausing for a moment, he addressed the Hawk Chief:—'My brother speaks words of fire. He knows not what he says; he speaks for one who has betrayed her tribe—for one who has brought death into the lodge of the Pawnee.' The face of the Hawk Chief grew troubled. He folded his arms and bent his eyes to the ground. 'Let the medicin speak,' said he; 'Sharatack will hear.' With a look of malignant joy, the Indian priest hastened to recount the release of the whites by Nahtourah. He related how Nahtourah had guided them in their escape, and furnished them with horses. Every thing that could tend to criminate and excite feelings against her, was dwelt on by the crafty priest. The countenance of the young chief was unmoved throughout the whole recital. When it was finished, Sharatack made two steps towards the girl. 'Nahtourah!' said he, in a tone whose softness, at that moment, so strongly contrasted with the stern words lately addressed to her, that it sounded like music to her ears. The girl raised her head, and fixed her eyes fondly on his face. 'Did Nahtourah cut the bonds of the white man?' asked he: 'did she set the pale face free?' Nahtourah's head sank heavily upon her breast, and she made no reply. 'Speak, Nahtourah!' said Sharatack, somewhat sternly; 'are the words of the medicin true?' Nahtourah sank at the feet of her interrogator, as she murmured, 'They are true!' The Hawk Chief drew back, apparently unmoved; but one might have observed a momentary tremulousness of features, that instantly disappeared. He stood in silence, with his gaze bent steadily on the prostrate girl. He was aroused by the voice of the medicin. 'Sharatack has heard he maiden; shall she die?' 'Sharatack was a prisoner,' replied the Indian gloomily. 'The sake was waiting for him—Nahtourah risked

her life to set him free.' 'Who placed the snare that caught Sharatack?' demanded the medicin. 'It was Nahtourah! Who has robbed us of warriors strong in fight, and voices wise in counsel? Nahtourah! What says the hawk of his tribe? shall she not die?' The frame of the young chief was for a moment convulsed; but in an instant his expression changed to fixed calmness, as he replied, 'The medicin is right; let her go!' Nahtourah had raised her eyes to the face of the speaker; but when she heard these words of condemnation, she sank down, as if smitten by some sudden and overpowering blow. 'She will die; Nahtourah will die!' murmured she; 'Sharatack has spoken—she will die!' The medicin approached her. 'Has Nahtourah heard the words of the council?' demanded he. 'She has heard enough!' replied the girl. 'She has heard the words of Sharatack, and she will die!' 'Tis well,' replied the medicin coldly; 'the dead are waiting for her.' The Hawk Chief had drawn back as the medicin approached his victim. The form and features of the young warrior were muffled, except the upper part of his face; but from above his robe, his eyes were bent upon the medicin like coals of fire. The priest gathered the long hair of the girl in one hand, then thrusting the other beneath his robe, drew forth a knife. With a sudden jerk he threw back the head of the girl so as to leave bare her bosom, and raised the glittering blade. But at that instant a yell, wild and unearthly, rang through the lodge. The medicin lay grovelling on the ground, and Nahtourah was raised high up on the breast of Sharatack. He stood in the middle of the council-chamber, and glared upon the awed crowd. In his hand he held his tomahawk; his form swelled, and every feature was alive with passion. 'Nahtourah shall not die!' said he, in tones of smothered fury. 'Let the medicin beware! Nahtourah is the wife of Sharatack. The hawk has talons.' The priest rose from the ground, drew back from the neighbourhood of the warrior who had levelled him, forced his way through the crowd, and fled the lodge. A short silence followed the departure of the priest, who was rather feared than loved by the savages, and they were, therefore, more disposed to admire one who disregarded a power that overawed themselves. At length an old Indian rose. 'Nahtourah released the pale-faced prisoners. She merits death. 'Tis clear. But Sharatack has claimed her for his wife. 'Tis well! He is a great warrior. Her children will be warriors of the tribe. Are my words good?' A murmur of assent ran from mouth to mouth. Then, one after another the warriors rose, as if all business were concluded, and quitted the council-chamber, leaving Nahtourah and Sharatack. The young chief cut the bonds that bound the girl, and holding her before him at arm's length, gazed steadily in her face. 'The old warrior spoke well,' said he; 'Sharatack has taken an enemy to the Pawnees for his wife! will she love him?' With a glad cry the girl sprang forward, threw her arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek to his breast.

If Mr. Cooper will not give us any more Indian annals, we congratulate the public that the mantle has fallen on such worthy shoulders as those of Mr. Irving.

*Lyrics.* By John Lee Stevens. Pp. 144.

London, 1837. Bailey and Co.

This volume is what its name imports, a strain

of delicious music, running through many modes of harmony.

"As you may see  
Your own run over the ivory key."

There is a freshness as well as sweetness in Mr. Stevens's charming songs, that gives the idea of a bird singing out in the green branches to the summer sunshine. How graceful is the following:—

"When last we met, an idle band  
Of summer friends surrounded her,  
From which her worth could not command  
One single-hearted worshipping.  
To them she spake with accents bland,  
Yet passionless as sweet they were;  
To me she gave a stolen glance,  
Fraught with love's fervid utterance!  
Why should I wish me one of those  
Who secretly with envy burn—  
Whose brightest hopes no bliss disclose,  
Whose hearts no sacred fire inurn—  
Who listen where no feeling flows,  
On whom her looks in coldness turn?  
What thought about her path they move,  
Mine is her stolen glance of love!"

The next will find an answer in but too many.

"Oh! 'tis a bitter thing to be  
So near allied to poverty,  
That ev'ry working of the mind  
Must be to worldly gain confined  
Unceasingly!"

Oh! 'tis a painful thing to know  
Affection by its purest flow,  
And have some trouble in the soul,  
Searing and withering the whole  
Unaparingly!"

Oh! 'tis the keenest curse on earth  
To have a spirit formed for mirth,  
A heart designed for love, and yet  
To be by ev'ry ill beset  
Incessantly!"

Those who are cold are void of care,  
Congenial coldness they can bear;  
But those who feel as I feel now,  
To partial fortune cannot bow  
Quiescently!"

The Duke of Reichstadt is in another vein.

"There was darkness o'er the hearts  
Of the long devoted few,  
When Reichstadt raised his dying voice  
To breathe a last adieu!  
When the hope no longer beam'd  
Of a bright futurity,  
Wherein councils could might check no more  
A princely chivalry!  
And they thought upon the past—  
Of the radiant glory shed—  
When the eagle-plumed Napoleon  
A host of heroes led!"

'To my own loved native land—  
The land of my father's fame—  
I turn to France in my dying hour  
With blessings on her name!  
With the oft-repeated prayer  
For the noble—for the brave—  
For the home in which I hoped to win  
A sceptre or a grave!  
And though with her sacred soil  
I must never mingle more,  
Oh! give me—for my winding sheet—  
Her gallant tricolor!"

We conclude with two Claude Lorraine landscapes.

"Summer.

Now summer's breeze is on the wave,  
And landward breathes a healthful sigh;  
And youth to shady bowers fly,  
Or in the stream delighted lie.  
Their glowing limbs; the truant boy  
O'er hill and dale his swiftness tries,  
Chasing the wavering butterflies  
From flow'r to flow'r, with eager joy:  
The swallow spreads her glossy wings,  
And twitters, as with turn precise  
She seizes on some insect prize,  
And bears it to her nest, and clings.  
With claws extended, firmly there,  
Feeding her nestlings with parental care.

"Autumn.

Autumn, I raise the song to thee,  
And greet thy bounty on the plain,  
Where poppies mingle with the grain,  
Like rubies on a golden sea!  
The clust'ring grapes upon the vine,  
The downy peach, the nectarine,  
The blushing plum, the luscious pine,  
And all earth's richest fruits are thine.

Thy life is one long harvest day—  
Thy sickle the true sith of Time—  
And peasant boys, with uncouth rhyme  
And merry fays, sing their lay.  
As bearing the last sheaf they come  
To join the village shout of harvest-home !”

We are glad to see that a most respectable list of subscribers shows that Mr. Stevens's talents are appreciated. We now commend this very pretty volume (both outside and in) to the favour of the public.

*The Library of Useless Knowledge.* By Athanasius Gasker, Esq. F.R.S. &c. &c. Part I. *Auto-Biography of the Editor.* Small 4to., pp. 52. London, 1837. Pickering.

THE title and the name of the author seem to point the index of this joke to the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, and its editor, Dionysius Lardner. Whether the productions of the latter have made so strong an impression on the public mind, as to render parody and reference sufficiently distinct, it is out of our power to determine; but, as Athanasius Gasker goes on, we shall endeavour to understand him; and if we do, our readers shall have the benefit of our discoveries. For Part I., we must say that it is often too deep or obscure for our apprehension; and though we see the glimmerings of wit and humour, we confess they do not light us to the application we could wish. But our memory is so worn out, that we set up no standard in such matters; and, therefore, hits that do not strike us, may be perfectly palpable to others, who have not so many things to think of and distract their attention.

As it is, we shall endeavour to give a taste of this commencement—this *Auto-biography*. It sets out thus:—

“The Commissioners of the Poor Laws will understand me, when I say that I was born at Putney, in Surrey. I repeat the name of my birth-place, ‘PUTNEY,’ without any angry feeling towards, and in defiance of, the Registration Committee. ‘To write lives,’ says a favourite author,\* proceeding to instance one of those singular productions which appeared at the close of the sixteenth century, ‘is, to extract, from catalogues of unknown motive, the features which specious idea has imposed upon such a base.’ I deny this; and I proceed to illustrate, in the sequel, my opinion.”

“My father was a poor, but a respected man: my mother shared his sorrows and his dignity. I left my father's roof at an early age, in search of great truths in other lands. I did not find them; and I returned to my paternal dwelling. My father—he was dead; my mother—so was she: and I went abroad again. In thirty years of wandering; in visiting all the principal libraries of the world; residing in forty different monasteries in different countries; being member of most of the literary and philosophical societies in the world—all those of Europe; communicating with all the eminent men of my time, by letter and by conversation; with a mind ardent in proportion with the object of my research;—it may be conceived I became possessed of knowledge.

“At Potadam, as early as the year 1797, I was placed in a barrel of brown sugar, before the royal family of Prussia, that I might be rendered ridiculous, as being the author of my first principal literary production, ‘On the Nature of Sounds.’ My whispering apparatus, which I had caused to be erected, at great personal expense and trouble, in the drawing-room of the royal residence (and by which the queen was enabled to communicate

with any individual of her domestics, without another person in the room being aware of the circumstance), was destroyed, without my receiving back even the metal of which the separate conductors were composed, because the queen had been discovered, in a freak of temper at being differed with by his majesty, to have suddenly counter-ordered some smoked goose, in preparation for his majesty's supper. The only objection advanced by the court against my two folio volumes on sounds was, an absurd suspicion of the king's, that, in my chapter on ‘simple relations,’ I alluded purposely to a stupid nephew of his, who rendered himself obnoxious to the head gardener of San Souci, by eating a bag of real crocus bulbs, which he had left to dry on his trousers, in the sun. Being still under a species of arrest, even after the disgraceful insult which had been inflicted on me at Potadam, it was with considerable difficulty and inconvenience that I escaped from the clutches of my persecutors; owing my liberty to the kindness of my landlady, and being exposed to two hours of the night breeze of a northern climate, while I sat, with nothing to protect me but my shirt, across the roof of my lodging-house, to escape the scrutiny of the police. Arriving, however, at Rostock, I embarked for London; and, in a few days, ascended the Thames, with a favourable wind. It would be vain to attempt to describe the anxiety which I constantly felt, to circumvent a fatality which seems indigenous to English literature, namely, the necessity of the antecedent notoriety of an author, and of notoriety in the merest abstract, to bring attention to his productions, however valuable. England, once the land of chivalry, has now long since become the land of commerce alone. Chivalry is extinct; and the love of truth, which, indirectly, gave birth to chivalry, seems to have receded still further back on the surface of our moral history. The English face is on principles of economy; the English costume is on principles of economy; her temples, her religion, are on principles of economy. On my arrival in London, I paused to meditate on the nature and condition of truth, and the contingencies of honesty. I dwelt upon the treasure I felt, or fancied I possessed, and the means of communicating it to others. I saw the land of citizens and of merchandise in stirring activity and occupation; and I considered how I might beat arrest the passengers on the broad way of life, and induce them to listen to my words. Notoriety, I bethought me, must be my passport. And, with a natural inclination to unostentatious quiet, and an aversion to every thing partaking of the ingredients adapted to the excitement of popular clamour, my dilemma may be well conceived, as I seated myself in my chamber, to strike out some stratagem whereby my meed might be supplied. My name was unknown in England; and, although some degree of mystery had been attached to the name of Athanasius Gasker, among the learned societies of Europe and America, still it was absolutely necessary, in England, to affect something, which, like the striking of a gong, should startle the attention of a fraction of the population, however small, towards my obscure character. An expedient suggested itself: an attack upon the Lord Mayor of London.”

A number of extravagances are now described with minuteness, such as the attack on the lord mayor in his coach on Holborn Hill, and the *botheration* of a synod of archbishops, bishops, &c., assembled in a cellar of the Lon-

don Docks, to consider of the evil tendencies of the author's folio work, entitled *Tenebra*. We are then told:—

“In the year 1802, I published a small work, in duodecimo, 3 vols., entitled, ‘The Sexes of Facts, or the Economy of Discussion.’ It is interesting to look back on the effect that work produced. At Kensington, at this time, there was a very large boarding-school, or academy for young ladies, much patronised by a considerable portion of the nobility and gentry; but, especially, by a particular class of these, which, indeed, I should be far from willing to point at, in any way offensively, by designating them according to the nomenclature of any vulgar distinctions; but I am compelled, in order to the elucidation of my tale, to make use of an epithet (I am sure without wish of giving offence), which, in the imperfect parlance of society, is adopted in describing one great class of English people, in contradiction with the other: I mean the epithet—‘strict.’ The lady patronesses of Pedaster House Academy were then, to make myself intelligible, of the ‘stricter’ order of society. The mistress, as a matter of course, was strictness itself. The governesses, to use the phrase of one of the advertisements published formerly for the establishment, and which I have now in my possession, were—‘none but Genuine Women.’ The mansion stood—‘in a moral point of view.’ The domestics were—‘persons of Principle.’ And the gardens and pleasure ground were laid out—‘with a view to the One Great End!’ It was not long after I had made known, through the medium of the journals of the day, my intention of giving a course of public lectures, on ‘the Sexes of Facts, and Economy of Discussion,’ at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, that three of the lady patronesses of this distinguished academy honoured me with a visit, at my residence in Panton Square; requesting me to deliver a private course at Pedaster House. I acceded to their proposition; and, on the evening of the 6th of May, the anniversary of the Battle of Prague, accompanied by Lady Agnes Barnaby, Lady Letitia Program, and Mrs. Mirak, I drove down in my carriage to deliver my first lecture. How different are the feelings, I thought, as we rolled along, in the serene evening air, past the dull wall of the park:—(Lady Agnes, asleep; Mrs. Mirak, smiling at her own thoughts; and Lady Letitia, whisking the gnats with the tassels of her reticule). How different my situation, at present, from that, in which I was taken by an armed escort, to lecture upon the same subject, before the Emperor Paul, at St. Petersburg! Notwithstanding the persecutions which I had experienced, I could not, at this moment, resist indulging a grateful reflection, on the comparative freedom of knowledge in this country, when considered in reference to others in which I had resided. So flattered, indeed, did I feel, by the attention of my fair fellow-travellers, that, had it not been for their seniority, and the more becoming costume in which they exhibited themselves, I might have composed a complimentary ode, on the subject of that evening's excursion, entitled, ‘Mercury escorted by the Graces to the temple of Truth.’”

The lecture ends in a grand explosion, and the learned and ingenious author lets us into a number of his other wonderful inventions and discoveries; but, as we have allowed there is

\* “It is needless to comment upon that which we do not understand. But, although ‘de quibus ignora tace’ be a maxim of profound wisdom, ‘de quibus certus es loquere opportune’ is an injunction of, perhaps, equal value. I, therefore, annex this note to state my most unqualified ignorance of the meaning of these phrases.”

much as yet too recondite for us, and waiting the rest, we shall now conclude with Mr. Gasker's peroration:—

"I am alive! and, individually, I tell thee, thou 'Royal Navy!' I was witness to the tremendous eruption of Mount Tomboro, in the island of Sumbawa, in 1815, the explosions of which were heard at the distance of 900 miles; and, while out of a population of 12,000, only twenty-six individuals remained on the island to tell the tale; and while animals, and men, and trees, were whirled into the air,—that air being darkened by ashes to a distance of 300 miles from the spot,—I was seated, for three successive days, in my hat, out at sea, upon the floating cinders, contemplating that singular scene! I tell you, ye 'Soldiers!' I have contended with cranes on the banks of the Scamander, with no weapon of defence but an old cotton umbrella, and I have stood victorious there, among the air-ward bound! I tell you, ye 'Doctors!' (the most ignorant, if not the worst of men), ye who would fain despise all truth, while ye would lavish guineas for one of her secrets;—Mark me, gentlemen, while I tell ye (what ye will not believe—no matter, ye will anon), I am known in all the principal catacombs of Syria, Egypt, Italy, and Greece! and I have been vocally accompanied by every sad inmate there, as I played ancient national airs upon my galvanic bellows! Ye 'Priests!' ye amiable, but misguided men! I tell ye, I have waltzed with night-mares in the temples of Elora! Ay, and I have made grimaces at my own reflection in the Largo del Tofilo, until, affected by the miasma of that remarkable pool, I thought myself in earnest. Law! thou wast my father's calling; my father was an honest man! Time, however, is wasted in trifling intimations; and the development of my system, which the ensuing volumes of this library will contain, must speak for itself, and for the merits of my labours. Should that system fail to meet the approbation of this age, it is I who have miscalculated the moral manifestations of the times. Should it succeed, and should England once again be young, under the influence of its modest observances, human applause will not be needed, to eke out a fullness in the cup of ATHANASIUS GASKER."

*Case on the 43d Elizabeth for the Relief of the Poor. For the Opinion of Mr. Serjeant Snigge. Pp. 26. London, 1837. Longman and Co.*

THIS pamphlet caused some parliamentary and newspaper discussion, and it was questioned whether it was a genuine opinion of an ancient lawyer, or a modern production, good-humouredly imposed on the public, under that form. The internal evidence of the latter ought to have prevented any controversy; and there seems to be little doubt, that the harmless joke of style and fashion, was perpetrated by the late benevolent Sir Thomas Bernard. But it is of little consequence whose the sentiments are, if they are really wise and good; and certainly there is much both of sound sense and right feeling in these pages.

It is not for us to open up the broad and important subject of the New Poor Laws. Upon some of their leading points we have the strongest conviction,—1. That some great alteration in the existing system was absolutely necessary to prevent the country being destroyed by the locust masses of sturdy and undeserving paupers; 2. That the new system, though sound in principle, is in many parts objectionable and cruel in practice; 3. That so far from in-door relief being the *sine qua non*,

it ought to be eschewed wherever possible, and only resorted to in densely populated places. These, and some other opinions, we could defend against all comers; but this is not the time nor place, and so we shall just copy a piece or two of the pseudo Serjeant Snigge, as specimens, and with our hearty approbation.

"V. *Of rating the Poor.*—Qu. 5. Albeit we have many idle and dissolute poor, yet we have some very honest and industrious labourers, who do reside in cottages, and subsist and bring up their families entirely by their own industry. If, therefore, the cottages of these industrious labourers (which in fact are their houses) can be assessed to the support of those who are idle and dissolute, it will in some degree lighten the rate as to the householders; and at the worst can only bring some of the industrious poor upon the parish. Your opinion is therefore desired upon this point.

"This act enumerates 'lands, houses, tithes, mines, and saleable underwoods,' as the objects of the rate. If these industrious cottagers occupy any lands, houses, or other property, that comes within the words afore-rehearsed, I am inclined to think that they may, in point of law, be assessed for the same; notwithstanding they support their families chiefly by their daily labour, and therefore come under the general description of poor. But where a poor man doth sustain himself and his family merely by the sweat of his brow, and doth only occupy some hut, hovel, or cottage, as a place of refuge and shelter during his rest from labour, it would be a monstrous position that for that cottage,\* and for a few herbs growing round it, and without any species of property enumerated in the act, he should be assessed to the rate for the relief of the poor. Instead of encouraging diligence in cottagers, it would destroy all their industry. It would compel them all to become pensioners upon their parish; and convert an act, expressly declared to be 'for the relief of the poor,' into the instrument of odious and unprincipled oppression.

"VII. *As to the Churchwardens.*—Qu. 7. The parish conceives that the householders, proposed by them, and appointed by the magistrates, are to undertake the whole burden and trust of the office, the churchwardens being named in the act *pro forma tantum*; and that no meetings of the overseers, as such, are necessary, but that each should take one separate district of the parish, and therein collect and apply the rates as he thinks proper. What say you to this article?

"I have already said that the overseers are to meet together at stated times. It is their duty then to consult and agree how this act may be best executed, for the permanent improvement of the morals, industry, and welfare of the poor, so as to lessen the aggregate of vice and misery, to diminish the call for relief, and to supply the labourer, within the precincts of his own cottage, with the means of subsistence, the incitement to industry, and the principles of religion. To this duty the churchwardens are as strictly bound as any of the other over-

\* Those who wish to see how far cottages can legally be included under the description of houses, may consult Lord Coke's 2d Institute, p. 736. The distinctions are curious. It appears that any person converting a house into a cottage, except under special circumstances, was (by 31 Eliz.) subject to a penalty of ten pounds; that certain restrictions in another act (35 Eliz.) were applicable to cottagers and not to householders; and in another instance to some cottages in country places, but not to cottages in cities and boroughs, nor to any houses whatsoever. In short, by these two acts passed just before the 43d of Elizabeth, and by Lord Coke's second Institute, written a few years after it, cottages and houses appear to have been then considered as perfectly distinct and distinguishable from each other.

seers. They are equally responsible for the due performance of this weighty and honourable trust. And each of them, *pari passu*, is answerable for the execution of this office in every part of the parish, so far as he is not lett and impeded by sickness, or other just excuse, or controlled by the voice of the majority, which in this, as in other cases, must prevail.

"VIII. *As to apprenticing Children.*—Qu. 8. There hath been no provision made in the aforesaid parish for the employment and instruction of the children of the poor. This is alleged by some to be one reason why the parish is infested by about two hundred and thirty idle profligate children. The friends, however, of the parish hope to turn this circumstance to good account, as they have received a proposal from a settler of one of his majesty's newly discovered islands, to take them all as apprentices, under the aforesaid act, by one indenture; and not only to pay for the baskets in which they are to be shipped, but to allow the parish one noble for each child; a sum that is computed to be sufficient not only to pay the parish-rates of the year, but also to divide something among those who attend the vestry.

"The act of her late majesty hath directed competent sums of money to be raised for (*inter alia*) the placing out of children to be apprentices, thereby expressing, and not merely implying, that parish children are not to be sold or made away with, but that expense is to be incurred in apprenticing them, including, first, the expense of preparing and clothing them for an apprenticeship; and secondly, the fee or reward that shall be paid to a proper master for receiving them and instructing them in an honest and useful trade."

To conclude, hear the serjeant.

"I hold that there is a principle of morality which pervades every part of this act; a code of jurisprudential ethics, which makes it the interest of every other individual in a parish to be useful to the poor. The act declareth to the possessors of property, 'your interest shall from henceforth be united with your duty; and the exercise of judicious and useful charity shall operate to increase the value of your possessions.' It telleth them, that to educate the young, to encourage the industrious, to restore health to the sick, and to render all their parishioners capable of being useful to themselves and to the community: these are duties enjoined by divine authority; but we will make them the conditions annexed to the improvement and enjoyment of worldly property. 'If your cottagers' children are brought up in early habits of piety and industry, they will to you be a benefit, and not a burden; and they will be useful in their own parish, or acquire a settlement in another, at a tender age. If you encourage industry among your parishioners, you and your parish shall receive the benefit of it. If you are attentive to the health of the poor, your stock of labour shall be augmented, and the expense of medical attendance shall be diminished. If you give instruction and suitable occupation to the blind, the lame, the helpless, and the ignorant, you will enable them in part, if not entirely, to maintain themselves, instead of being supported at your cost. But if you neglect all these duties, if you break these conditions annexed to the improvement and enjoyment of your property, your rental shall be reduced, your burden increased, and those possessions, which promised you rest and enjoyment, shall be the source of vexation and disappointment, when you find that, through your own default, the greater part of your worldly estate must be applied by law, as a



parish-rate, to give a wretched existence to vice and idleness."

We repeat, whether written in 1604 or 1804, is little to the purpose. As Froth says, "Here be truths;" and truths are the same in all centuries.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia: Domestic Economy. Vol. II.* By M. Donovan, Esq. M.R.I.A. Professor of Chemistry, &c. Pp. 388. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Taylor.

MR. DONOVAN'S reputation as a chemist renders any volume from his pen, on human food, a matter of general interest; and, though publications of this class must consist much of compilation (and, indeed, a dozen volumes might be made from very superior French works on the subject), we are glad to see them pointed, and rendered more practically useful by men of skill and talent. In his previous tome, having treated of fluid aliments, the writer here comes to solids, and says, "The natural distribution of food into solids and liquids, has suggested a corresponding division of this treatise into two parts; and, as it was judged that they would occupy nearly equal spaces, a volume has been allotted to each. It seemed to be a matter of little moment which of these subjects took precedence." The drink before the meat was, to be sure, a little out of the usual routine; but the present description of "the different kinds of solid food, both animal and vegetable, that are used by the various nations of the globe, as well as the processes to which they are subjected, with a view of rendering them more wholesome or agreeable—some of which, it is to be lamented, are of a nature that ought to be discontinued"—is, nevertheless, a very good horse, though put after the cart!

The author sets out with a list of all animals which are consumed as food, and gives us a sort of natural history, including lions, tigers,\* &c. as parts of these beasts are eaten by savages in various parts of the world. No wonder that cannibalism is included; and a curious dish it is.

"During the famine which prevailed amongst the crew of an English ship, burnt on sea, in 1727, they were compelled to support nature by eating parts of their dead companions, and drinking their blood, each dead body furnishing about a pint. The only part which they could relish was the heart. It is stated by Stedman, on the authority of an officer who had the curiosity to taste human flesh, cooked by some Gango negroes, that 'it was not inferior to some kinds of beef or pork.' The opinion of the ancients was, that the taste of human flesh most resembled that of pork. (*Galen*). From all these statements, it appears that human flesh is not very different from some other kinds; that to those who have got over the moral disgust of such food, it is not only not inferior, but has commendatory qualities that render it a kind of delicacy. \* \* \* Mr.

Anderson says, that one or two Battas mentioned to him 'their having partaken of human flesh repeatedly, and expressed their anxiety to enjoy a similar feast upon some of the enemy. This, they said, was their principal inducement for engaging in the service of the sultan. Another boasted of having drunk the blood as it flowed from the veins of his wife's seducer, whose head he cut off. Stedman relates that a ship's crew and their captain, being cap-

tured by the negroes of Great Drawin, about 30 miles north of the river St. Andrews, they were all cut to pieces, and salted, in order that no part of such valuable food should be lost. Cannibalism, although always calculated to excite horror, is divested of atrocity when it is resorted to in the last agonies of starvation, unless accompanied by murder. When the principle of self-preservation comes into full operation, all social relations seem to be dissolved, and there is no act which men will not commit in order to preserve existence. In almost all the instances on record, where a number of persons have been reduced to the last extremity of hunger, they, however, not only relieved the cravings of nature by feeding on their miserable companions, who had already fallen victims to the horrors of their situations, but, in order to obtain a new supply, have dispensed with adherence to the laws of God and man by committing murder, and at a time when another dawn would probably call them before their Maker, to answer for an offence badly disguised by the fairness of the process by which the fatal lot was drawn. It is not the province of man to pronounce judgment on the ethics of his fellow-creature, in the last extremities of starvation, when the feelings are rendered obtuse, and the intellect feeble, by a situation which, perhaps, none can appreciate but those who have felt its influence. The history of shipwrecks, sieges, and famine, affords ample testimony that the repugnance of civilised man to human flesh is generally overcome by the cravings of nature. An exhibition of this fact, on a lamentable scale of magnitude, is to be found in the fatal expedition of the French into Russia, under Napoleon. \* \* \*

"During the siege of Paris by Henry IV. 30,000 persons died of famine in one month. The miserable citizens attempted to make a kind of nourishment from the bones of the dead, which, being bruised and boiled, afforded a sort of jelly. But this unnatural diet occasioned even a more speedy death. It is related and attested by the most authentic testimony, that one woman actually murdered and devoured her own child. The same tragedy was enacted at the siege of Jerusalem; such was the famine, that human flesh was commonly eaten, and mothers ate their children. In the year 945, during a famine at Bagdad, even punishment could not restrain persons from devouring children. During the famine of Samaria, B.C. 893, mothers ate their children. An appalling account of feeding on human flesh is given by the poet Spenser, in his description of one of the famines of Ireland. We have heard of the feasting of jackals and hyænas on the putrid remains of corpses which they scratch out of their graves; but this was actually done by the miserable Irish, urged by irresistible necessity. The following is his pathetic statement. Speaking of the people of Munster, he says, 'They were brought to such wretchedness, as that any stony heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes, they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eate the dead carrions—happy were they who could finde them; yea, and one another some after, inso-much as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time.' But, perhaps, the most extraordinary instance on record of cannibalism, arising from starvation, is that

of the Indian captives, related by Petrus de Osma (1558), who, for want of other food, actually cut off the calves of their own legs, and having broiled them, devoured them. Cannibalism, from a vindictive motive, once so general amongst savage nations, still exists, notwithstanding the progress of Christianity. Perhaps, nowhere was it practised with more cold-blooded, and, as may be said, curious barbarity, than amongst the Brazilian savages in time of war. After a sanguinary fight, conducted with amazing animosity and fury, the prisoners were carried away, and subjected to extraordinary treatment, apparently kind, but instigated by a diabolical motive. When the prisoner arrived at the village, his captors made him cry out 'Here I am, come to be your meat.' Out came the whole population. He was delivered over to the women, who beat him with their fists, pulled his beard, naming at each blow some slain friend, and then half strangled him with cords. A woman then approached, and with a bit of broken glass scraped off his eyebrows, and, if she could, his beard. They then compelled him to dance to their singing. They next made preparations for the feast; but while these were going on, the prisoner was fed with the most delicate viands: nay, the captor gave his sister or his daughter to him for a wife. Should there be any progeny resulting from this marriage, it was considered entirely with reference to the father, and sooner or later it was murdered and devoured. \* \* \* Some of the chief atrocities of the Brazilians have been noticed by other travellers in South America. Pedro de Cieca declares that it was a practice to eat the children born to them by their female captives, and also to give wives to the male captives, in order that the progeny might be fattened and eaten. He further affirms that human flesh was exposed in the shambles for sale. The following account is from the 'North American Review,' April 1827, p. 372:—'There is a horrible institution among some Indian tribes, which furnishes a powerful illustration of their never-tiring love of vengeance. It is called the man-eating society, and it is the duty of its associates to devour such prisoners as are preserved and delivered to them for that purpose. The members of this society belong to a particular family, and the dreadful inheritance descends to all their children, male and female. Its duties cannot be dispensed with, and the sanctions of religion are added to the obligations of immemorial usage. The feast is considered a solemn ceremony, at which the whole tribe is collected as actors or spectators. The miserable victim is fastened to a stake and burned at a slow fire, with all the refinements of cruelty which savage ingenuity can invent. There is a traditionary ritual which regulates, with revolting precision, the whole course of procedure at these ceremonies. The institution has latterly declined; but we know those who have seen and related to us the incidents which occurred on these occasions, when white men were sacrificed and consumed.'

But we leave these not very appetising details for a brief passage on cruelty to animals, in killing them for human use:—

"Throughout London, at certain seasons, are to be seen the impaled bodies of thousands of larks—those pretty warblers, whose aerial frolics divert as much as the sweetness of their song delights. Is the miserable half-ounce of flesh on the body of this pride of songsters of greater relish than its contributions to the more refined pleasures of man, to the imagery of the poet, or to the embellishment of the rural

\* Mr. D. is not just to this beautiful and ferocious animal. He says, 'he slaughters every creature in his way that he can master, and there are few that he cannot easily overcome; yet he is a coward, and prefers an ambush to an open attack.' Now, he is not a coward for following his natural habits.—Ed. L. G.

some? Elsewhere appetite is invited by the spectacle of cages closely crowded with live quails, where there is just room for their enlarged and glutted bodies; and where, in fruitless efforts to extricate themselves from their prison, they await the hour that consigns them to the stew-pan. But the glutton will defend himself by the flimsy argument, that it is necessary to thin the species. Amidst the myriads of the smaller birds, his destroying efforts are of little avail; and the fact may as well stand confessed, that a depraved appetite is the incentive. It is so common in some streets of London, as to excite little emotion, to see hundreds of live eels exposed for sale, in boxes stratified with sand, giving appalling evidence of vitality by their writhings; and still more exquisitely, when the skin is torn from the quivering flesh, and the struggling creature is slowly relieved from its tortures by being broiled on the gridiron. There is no excuse for such practices; for, although the tenacity of life evinced by the eel has been pleaded, the real and concealed object is flavour: there is nothing easier than to kill this fish; it is done in a moment, by piercing the spinal marrow with a sharp bodkin, close to the back part of the skull."

Upon the first paragraph we would call attention to the singular fact, that it seems to be no matter, and makes no perceptible difference, whether birds are pursued, and hunted, and destroyed in thousands, or left altogether undisturbed. Robins are not killed, but there is always about the same average number of robins: larks, on the contrary, are killed in myriads, but there is, also, always about the same supply of larks. What is it that keeps the balance in either case so even?

One of the most valuable chapters in the volume, however, is the fifth, on the "loss of weight which animal food sustains in roasting and boiling." The whole information on this subject is worthy of the attention of housekeepers, &c., for whose use we select some samples.

"It has been already shewn, that in whatever manner meat is cooked, there is a considerable diminution of substance, the loss consisting chiefly of water, juices, soluble matter, and fat. In an economical point of view, a comparison of the loss incurred in the two most usually employed processes, roasting and boiling, is interesting, yet has not occupied the attention of the public as much as the importance of the subject seems to demand. Professor Wallace, of Edinburgh, has given us the results of some experiments made to determine the loss which meat undergoes in cooking. It is to be regretted that it is not more in detail, and that the weight of the bone in each joint was not ascertained; but still it is of great value. The results, reduced to 100 pounds of meat, are as follow:—

100 pounds of beef lost in boiling	25½
100 pounds of beef lost in roasting	32
100 pounds of beef lost in baking	30
100 pounds of legs of mutton, averaging about 9½ pounds each, lost in boiling	21½
100 pounds of shoulders of mutton, averaging 10 pounds each, lost in roasting	31½
100 pounds of loins of mutton, averaging 8 pounds 12 ounces each, lost in roasting	35½
100 pounds of necks of mutton, averaging 10 pounds each, lost in roasting	32½

Thus, the loss in boiling beef or mutton was less than in roasting. And it appears that meat loses by the cooking about one-fifth to one-third. A few years since, I undertook the superintendence of some experiments of the same tendency, with the view of inserting the results in this volume. These trials were made

on several parts of the different animals, with as much attention to accuracy as the nature of the subject permitted. They were made on different qualities of the same kind of meat, at various seasons, both in England and Ireland. Such experiments are exceedingly troublesome, and occasion no small inconvenience; it is, therefore, the less surprising that the subject has been so little investigated; and the following results, in the absence of any others so particularly detailed, will, perhaps, prove interesting. Allowance must be made for the nature of such processes, as the difficulty of fixing an average price of meat, fish, and poultry, owing to variations occasioned by the supply and the season, the want of uniformity in the prices of the city, and by the exorbitant demands of some vendors of these articles. The degree of fatness was in all cases brought to a standard by cutting off all excess, and leaving the meat in a proper state for housekeepers' use. The meat was in all cases cooked as nearly as possible to the same degree, and the weights were determined with exactness: avoidripous weight throughout is intended. The bones were entirely stripped of their meat previously to their being weighed. The only cost taken into account is that of the meat, leaving out fuel, &c.

"Experiment 1.—A piece of beef, roasted. It consisted of four of the longest ribs, and was not remarkably fat; its weight was 11½ lbs. During the process of roasting it lost 2 lbs. 6 oz., of which 10 oz. were fat, and 28 oz. were water dissipated by evaporation. When the meat was dissected off with the utmost care, the bones weighed 16 oz. Hence, the weight of meat, properly roasted and fit for the table, was but 7 lbs. 11 oz., out of 11½ lbs. originally submitted to experiment. This beef would cost in London 8½d. per lb. The roasted beef cost, therefore, 12½d. per lb. In another trial, a piece of beef of the same description, the tops of the ribs having been rejected with their meat, was submitted to the same mode of trial; the weight of bone in 10½ lbs. was 16 oz., and the fat 11 oz., which agrees with the former estimate."

Other parts are submitted to similar tests, and we learn, of mutton:—

"Experiment 17.—A leg of mutton, weighing 9½ lbs. when boiled gave 1 lb. of bone, shank included; it lost in the boiling 1 lb. 2 oz.: the meat weighed 7 lbs. 2 oz. If the butcher's price was 8d. per lb. the meat cost about 10½d. per lb.

"Experiment 18.—A similar leg, weighing 9 lbs. 6 oz. afforded 15 oz. of bone, and lost 12 oz. in the boiling: the meat weighed 7 lbs. 11 oz. At 8d. per lb. butcher's price, the boiled meat would cost 9½d. per lb.

"Experiment 19.—A leg of small Scotch mutton, weighing 6 lbs., afforded 10½ oz. of bone, lost 5½ oz. in the boiling, and the meat weighed 5 lbs.: cost 9½d. per lb. if butcher's price be 8d."

The following are miscellaneous:—

"Experiment 28.—A fore-quarter of lamb, weighing 9 lbs., afforded, when roasted, 20 oz. of bone, and lost 1½ lb. in the roasting: the meat weighed 6 lbs. If the butcher's price be 8½d. per lb. the roasted lamb costs 12½d. per lb.

"Experiment 31.—A hand of salt pork, weighing 4 lbs. 5 oz., lost in boiling 11 oz. The bone weighed 9 oz.: the meat was 8 lbs. 1 oz. If the first cost of the pork was 7½d. per lb. the meat, when duly boiled, cost 10½d. per lb.

"Experiment 34.—A knuckle of veal, weighing 6 lbs., when duly boiled, lost half a pound. Its bones, perfectly cleared of meat, weighed

2 lbs. 6 oz.; the meat weighed 3 lbs. 2 oz. Hence, if the butcher's price was 5½d., the boiled meat cost 10½d. per lb.

"Experiment 35.—A goose, properly trussed, weighed 4½ lbs.: in this state it was roasted, and, when sufficiently done, was found to have lost 18 oz. The skeleton weighed 12 oz.; the meat weighed 3 lbs. This goose would cost, in London, 4s. 6d. Hence, the roasted meat amounted to 1s. 8½d. per lb.

"Experiment 41.—A turkey, with its liver and gizzard, weighing 4 lbs. 14 oz., was boiled; it lost 12 oz. The skeleton weighed 13½ oz.; the meat 3 lb. 4½ oz. If this turkey cost 3s. 6d., the boiled meat amounted to 1s. 1d. per lb.

"Experiment 43.—A young duck, weighing 20 oz., lost 5½ oz. in roasting. Its bones weighed 2½ oz.: the meat was 12½ oz. It cost 2s. 6d.: hence, the flesh amounted to 3s. 3½d. per lb.

"Experiment 46.—A fowl, with its liver and gizzard, weighing 1½ lb., was roasted. It lost 3 oz.: the skeleton weighed 4½ oz., and the flesh, 16½ oz. If such a fowl cost 2s. 6d., its meat, when roasted, would cost 2s. 4½d. per lb.

"Experiment 47.—A chicken, weighing 1 lb. 4½ oz., when roasted, lost 3½ oz. The bones weighed 3 oz.; the flesh, 13½ oz. If the chicken cost 2s. 4d., the meat, roasted, was worth 2s. 8d. per lb.

"Experiment 56.—A fine mackerel, which, when trimmed, and ready for boiling, weighed 23½ oz. (including the weight of the roe, 2½ oz.) It cost 10d. It lost 1½ oz. in the boiling. The skeleton, carefully collected, along with the gills, fins, and tail, weighed 4½ oz. Hence, the cost of the eatable parts of the boiled fish was 9½d. per lb.

"It will now be necessary to collect the results of all these experiments into a kind of conspectus, for the sake of more easy comparison: and it is to be understood, that, in the following estimates, when the butcher's price is mentioned, it of course comprises meat and bone in the usual manner. But, when the ultimate cost of the cooked meat is specified, it refers to the price cost of the meat only, the bone being considered valueless: and it is supposed that the fatness of the meat was such as good meat is expected to have, without any redundancy being left on it. From an average of the first five experiments, it appears that, when the butcher's price of ribs of beef is 8½d. per lb., the cost of the meat, when duly roasted and fit for the table, is 11½d. per lb., and that the average loss of weight arising from the liquefaction of the fat, and the evaporation of water from the juices, is 18 per cent. From an average of the next six experiments, it appears that, when the butcher's price of sirloins of beef is 8½d. per lb., the cost of the meat, when duly roasted and fit for the table, is 1s. 1½d. per lb., and that the average weight lost during the roasting is 20½ per cent. From an average of experiments 11, 12, and 13, it appears that, when the butcher's price of salted briskets of beef is 6d. per lb., the cost of the meat, when duly boiled and fit for the table, is 8½d. per lb., and the loss incurred in boiling, arising from the extraction of fat and juices, is 18 per cent. From an average of experiments 14 and 15, it appears that, when the butcher's price of salted flanks of beef is 6d. per lb., the cost of the meat, when duly boiled, is 7½d. per lb., and the loss in boiling is 13½ per cent. From experiment 16, it appears that, when the butcher's price of salted tail-ends of beef is 7d. per lb., the cost of the meat, duly boiled, is 8½d. per lb., and the loss in boiling is 13½ per cent. From an average of experiments 17, 18, 19, 20,

and 21, it appears that, when the butcher's price of legs of mutton is 8d. per lb., the cost of the meat, when duly boiled and fit for the table, is 10d. per lb., and that the average weight lost during the boiling is 10 per cent. From an average of experiments 23 and 24, it appears that, when the butcher's price of legs of mutton is 8d. per lb., the cost of the meat, when duly roasted, is 1s. per lb., and the loss incurred by roasting is 21½ per cent. No account is here taken of experiment 22, because the meat, being over-roasted, amounted to 1s. 2d. per lb., and this result would have rendered the average above what it ought to be. The loss incurred by roasting was 27½ per cent. From an average of experiments 25, 26, and 27, it appears that, when the butcher's price of shoulders of mutton is 7d. per lb., the cost of the meat, duly roasted, is 11d. per lb., and the loss incurred by roasting is 28 per cent. From an average of experiments 28 and 29, it appears that, when the butcher's price of the fore-quarter of lamb is 8½d. per lb., the cost of the meat, duly roasted, is 1s. 1½d. per lb., and the loss by roasting is 22½ per cent. From experiment 30, it appears that, if the first cost of hams be 10d. per lb., the meat, duly boiled, skinned, and browned, will amount to 1s. 1½d. per lb., and the loss by boiling is 12½ per cent. From experiments 31 and 32, it appears that, when the hand and leg of salt-pork average 8d. per lb., the boiled meat amounts to 10½d. per lb., and the loss in boiling is 13½ per cent. From experiment 33, it appears that, if the first cost of bacon is 8d. per lb., the meat, when duly boiled, skinned, and browned, amounts to 10½d. per lb., the loss in boiling alone being 6½ per cent. From experiment 34, it appears that, when the butcher's price of knuckle of veal is 5½d. per lb., the meat, duly boiled, costs 10½d. per lb., the loss in boiling being 8½ per cent. From an average of experiments 35, 36, 37, it appears that, at the prices of geese quoted, which average 12½d. per lb. for the raw flesh, the cost of the roasted flesh is 1s. 7d. per lb., and the loss, per cent, 19½. From an average of experiments 38, 39, and 40, it appears that, at the prices of turkeys quoted, which average 10d. per lb., the cost of the roasted flesh is 1s. 2½d. per lb., and the loss, per cent, is 20½. From an average of experiments 41 and 42, it appears that, when turkeys are sold at the last-mentioned price, the cost of the boiled flesh is 1s. 1½d. per lb., and the loss, per cent, is 16. It appears, also, that the roasted flesh of turkeys sometimes amounts to 4s. 2d. per lb. From experiments 43, 44, and 45, it appears that, at the prices of ducks quoted, which average 1s. 1½d. per lb. in the raw state, the cost of the roasted flesh is 2s. 8d. per lb., and the loss, per cent, is 27½. From experiments 46, 47, and 48, it appears that, at the prices of chickens quoted, which average 1s. 6½d. per lb. in the raw state, the roasted flesh amounts to 2s. 7d. per lb., and the loss, per cent, is 14½. From an average of experiments 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, and 54, it appears that, at the prices of chickens last quoted, the average cost of the boiled flesh is 2s. 8d. per lb., and the average loss is 13½ per cent. From experiment 55, it appears that, when turbot in the raw state is sold at 9½d. per lb., the boiled fish costs 11½d. per lb.; the loss in boiling is 5½ per cent. From experiment 56, it appears that, when mackerel sells in the raw state at 6½d. per lb., the boiled fish costs 9½d. per lb., the loss in boiling being 7½ per cent. From experiment 57, it appears that the roasted flesh of a woodcock sometimes costs 16s. per lb., and sometimes 2s. But the flesh of the quail is still more expensive. This bird, when fattened,

is sold at the enormous price of 3s.; and, when allowance is made for the loss in cooking and the bones, the meat may be estimated at 2 oz., which brings the cost of the cooked flesh to 1½d. per lb.! Those to whom such morsels are necessary are not to be envied. A haunch of venison, weighing 26 lbs., will cost 3½ guineas. The meat of this, when roasted and detached from the bone, will amount to about 3s. 10d. per lb.; and, if the animal was more than usually fat, to 4s. The following statement gives the results in a still more abstract form; but the prices apply to London only. The articles are arranged in the order of their costliness in the London market:—

Names of the Articles of Food estimated.	Cost per pound, raw.	Cost per pound, cooked.	Loss per cent in cooking.
Salted flank of beef, boiled .....	4.	4.	13½
Salted tail-end of beef, boiled .....	6	7½	13½
Salted brisket of beef, boiled .....	6	8½	18
Mackerel, boiled .....	6½	9½	7½
Legs of mutton, boiled .....	8	10	10
Bacon, best part, boiled .....	8	10½	6½
Hand and leg of salt-pork, boiled .....	8	10½	13½
Knuckle of veal, boiled .....	5½	10½	8½
Shoulders of mutton, roasted .....	7	11	28
Ribs of beef, roasted .....	8½	11½	18
Turbot, boiled .....	9½	11½	5½
Legs of mutton, roasted .....	8	12	21½
Turkeys, boiled .....	10	13½	16
Sirloin of beef, roasted .....	8½	13½	20½
Fore-quarter of lamb, roasted .....	8½	13½	22½
Hams, boiled .....	10½	13½	12½
Legs of mutton, over-roasted .....	8	14	27½
Turkeys, roasted .....	10	14½	20½
Hamburg hung-beef, ribs .....	12	18	9½
Geese, roasted .....	12½	19	19½
Woodcocks, roasted, cheap season .....	—	24	—
Chickens, roasted .....	18½	31	14½
Chickens, boiled .....	18½	32	13½
Ducks, roasted .....	13½	32	27½
Haunch of venison, roasted .....	—	46	—
Turkeys, large, crammed .....	—	50	—
Woodcocks, scarce season .....	—	192	—
Quails, fattened .....	—	288	—

It appears from the experiments, that

The loss per cent on roasting beef, viz. sirloins and ribs together, is .....	19½
The loss per cent on roasting mutton, viz. legs and shoulders together, is .....	24½
The loss per cent on roasting lamb, viz. the fore-quarter, is .....	22½
The loss per cent on roasting geese is .....	19½
The loss per cent on roasting turkeys is .....	20½
The loss per cent on roasting ducks is .....	27½
The loss per cent on roasting chickens is .....	14½

Thus, the loss on roasting varies from 14½ to nearly double that rate. The average loss on roasting butchers' meat is 22 per cent, and on roasting domestic poultry is 20½.

The loss per cent on boiling mutton, viz. legs, is .....	10
The loss per cent on boiling hams is .....	12½
The loss per cent on boiling salt-beef is .....	18
The loss per cent on boiling salt-pork is .....	13½
The loss per cent on boiling bacon is .....	6½
The loss per cent on boiling knuckles of veal is .....	8½
The loss per cent on boiling turkeys is .....	16
The loss per cent on boiling chickens is .....	13½

Thus, the loss on boiling varies from 6½ to 16. The average loss on boiling butchers' meat, pork, hams, and bacon, is 12, and on boiling domestic poultry is 14½. These estimates of butchers' meat do not agree with those of Professor Wallace. I shall select for contrast all those cases that can be compared.

100 pounds of beef lost in boiling .....	Wallace. My trial.
100 pounds of beef lost in roasting .....	26½ 15
100 pounds of legs of mutton lost in boiling .....	32 19½
100 pounds of shoulders of mutton lost in roasting .....	21½ 10
100 pounds of shoulders of mutton lost in roasting .....	31½ 28

The average loss in boiling and roasting together is, according to Professor Wallace, 28 per cent; according to my trials, it is but 18. I know not how to reconcile these results otherwise than by supposing a difference in the meat, or its fatness, or in the duration of the

heat. I used meat of sufficient, but not unprofitable fatness, such as is preferred in families; the meat was in all cases a little rare at its centre, and the results were determined with the utmost care. In great public institutions, where economy is studied and every thing is regulated by weight and measure, tables of this kind do not afford a guide that is to be implicitly relied on. It is obvious that another element must be taken into the calculation to ensure true results,—the ratio in which each article of food satisfies the appetite, which varies with almost every individual."

On vegetables, the experiments are equally curious:—

"We may safely assume that one quarter only of the weight of potatoes is solid vegetable nutriment. According to Vauquelin and Percy, 1 lb. of good bread is equal, in nutritive power, to 2½ lbs. of potatoes; and 75 lbs. of bread and 30 of meat, are equal to 300 lbs. of potatoes. Cabbage has been examined by Schrader, and found to contain, in every hundred parts, by weight, but 6½ of solid matter: that is, 1 lb. contains less than 1 oz. of matter that can contribute nourishment. This agrees pretty nearly with the estimate of Sir H. Davy. Greens, according to Vauquelin, contain 8 per cent of solid matter capable of nourishing, or 1½ oz. in the pound. Turnips, according to Sir H. Davy, contain but 4½ per cent of solid nutritive matter; that is, 1 lb. contains less than three-quarters of an ounce. Vauquelin, however, represents the quantity at 8 per cent; and he found that 3 lbs. of turnips and 4 lbs. of cabbage are equal, in nutritive effect, only to 1 lb. of potato. Carrots, according to Sir H. Davy, contain 9½ per cent of solid matter capable of nourishing; but Vauquelin's estimate is 14. Adopting a mean, therefore, we find that 1 lb. of carrots supplies nearly 2 oz. of solid nutriment. Green peas may be inferred, from the analysis of Einhoff, to contain about 70 per cent of solid matter; but how much of this is nutritive it is hard to determine. Vauquelin says, they contain 93 per cent. Sir H. Davy estimates the solid matter of dried peas at but 57 per cent; and if this be correct, it is not possible that green peas can contain any thing like the quantity stated by Vauquelin, or even Einhoff. It is evident, however, that peas are rich in nutriment, and possess this peculiar quality, that about one-fifth of the solid matter estimated in the analysis of Einhoff, partakes somewhat of the nature of animal matter. Beans also contain his partly animal, partly vegetable, substance. The solid nutritious matter contained in beans, according to Davy, is 57 per cent, the same as in peas. The beans examined by Einhoff, contained about 75 per cent of matter which might be supposed capable of nourishing. According to Vauquelin, French beans contain 92 per cent of nutriment; and, modifying Einhoff's analysis of kidney beans, it would appear that they contain much about the same proportion. The other vegetables used at table have not been examined by chemists as to the quantity of solid matter in them; but the examples adduced, which, of course, can only be admitted as approximations to an estimate of nutritive power, prove that the vegetable esculents most commonly made use of, contain but a small ratio of real vegetable matter; and even the whole of that may not possess the power of nourishing. This is a most important consideration to be taken into account. Butchers' meat, taking one kind with another, averages 35 per cent of real nutritive matter; at least, such was the esti-

mate presented by MM. Vanquelin and Percy to the French minister of the interior. Adopting this determination, we are prepared to appreciate the quantity of real nutritive matter received into the stomach, when a meal of plain meat and vegetables has been eaten: it is not practicable to come to any conclusion when made dishes are used. It is a subject of interest, and particularly so to the inhabitants of the British isles, who are said by foreigners to make use of more animal food than is necessary or wholesome. In order to set the inquiry in an intelligible point of view, some homely subjects must be brought before the reader, and some calculations on matters that are not generally made questions of arithmetic; the results will, perhaps, be such as he had not anticipated, and will probably repay him for the scrutiny that is made into the secrets of his dinner-table. In the following estimates, it is supposed that the animal food made use of is mutton, and that no other is ever resorted to: a supposition adopted to avoid confusion, and easily modified into the assumption of any other meat, by reference to the preceding chapter. Some persons may smile at the apparently whimsical turn which a subject of this kind must assume; but should they chance to recollect, amidst their pleasantries, that, perhaps, curtailment of life is concerned, they may find something in these speculations of a graver character.

"In order, then, to equalise the animal and vegetable matter, and to increase the total quantity, the ratio should be  $8\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of boiled mutton, 10 oz. of potato, and the same of turnip; the total amount of food swallowed will be  $28\frac{1}{2}$  oz., but the quantity of real nutriment will be but 6 oz., half being animal, and half vegetable matter. This is, certainly, a sufficient meal for most persons who have but little laborious occupation; for, if a pint of liquid be drank at the same time, the load on the stomach will weigh 3 lbs.; and this will be increased to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. if a pint of wine be swallowed. Now, the difference between  $8\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of boiled meat and 10 oz. appears very trivial; but, if the greater of the two quantities be persevered in regularly every day for the term of a man's adult life of half a century, it may excite a little surprise in the person who practices it, to learn that he will have consumed a flock of sheep, consisting of about fifty-three head, in excess above what he ought to have made use of. In a life of sixty-five years, allowing  $8\frac{1}{2}$  oz. per day for fifty years, two-thirds of that quantity for ten years, and 3 oz. a day for three years of childhood, the total animal food amounts to 350 sheep. If to this be added the excess above mentioned, the number of sheep, the cooked meat of which is devoured by one man during a life of sixty-five years, is about 400; along with five tons of potatoes, about the same of turnips or other vegetable, nine tons weight of common drink, and six tons weight of wine, at one pint per day for thirty years only; thus, for dinner alone, above thirty tons weight of solids and liquids must have passed through the stomach. Inordinate work will wear out any machinery before its time, especially if the work performed be of a peculiarly wearing character. Whether it is advisable to add the fifty-three unnecessary sheep to one's dinner, is a question which every reader will answer to himself as he thinks proper. The food of old Parr, who died at 153 years of age, consisted of cheese, coarse bread, milk, and small beer. Would it have made no difference in the duration of his life if he had swallowed 1050 sheep, for about this

number would have been his share at the usual rate, along with his twenty tons of wine? It may assist in drawing a conclusion, to recollect that when he was brought to London and lived in splendour, 'fed high, and drank plentifully of the best wines,' he soon died; and his death was generally attributed to that cause, for he had vigour of body 'to have lived a good while longer,' as the reporter says."

We conclude with one remark, only observing that the author's recipe for making coffee is the best extant:—

"An article of food which is safe and nutritious in one country, may be even poisonous in another; for there are national as well as individual idiosyncrasies; or the nature of such an article of food may vary with the climate, and of this instances are common. To live according to the dogmas of dietic writers is not a little troublesome; and, in the course of some medical experience and intercourse with valetudinarians, I have witnessed very bad effects from the study of books, filled with fastidious criticisms on food, and fanciful distinctions of qualities, which, in truth, apply but to a small portion of mankind, yet are calculated to excite doubts and apprehensions amongst the weak-minded and hypochondriacal to an injurious extent. Indeed, it seems a question which would admit of controversy, whether too little or too much care in diet is more injurious. After all, perhaps, Pliny was the best adviser when he said, that in the selection of particular kinds of food we should not be too precise; that we should accustom ourselves indifferently to all kinds of diet, and nourish the body from a variety of sources."

*The Historical Antiquities of the Greeks with reference to their Political Institutions.* By William Wachsmuth, Professor of History in the University of Leipzig. Translated from the German, by Edward Woolrych, Esq. 2 vols. Oxford, 1837. Talboys.

THIS is a translation of a work which, for some time, has obtained a deserved celebrity in the literary world. It has been observed by one of the greatest of our modern scholars, Dr. Arnold, that "with all the characteristic learning and ingenuity of his countrymen, Wachsmuth unites a sounder judgment, and a more chaste and reasonable scepticism than their works often exhibit." From the peculiarities of his style, and the complicated nature of the subject of his disquisitions, he is an author whose meaning is, occasionally, extremely difficult of comprehension even to those who are no small proficient in the German language; and, if we may believe Mr. Woolrych, it is now and then not easily intelligible to his countrymen themselves. Any attempt, therefore, to place a work of this importance in a position which may be accessible to the general reader, is worthy of encouragement, especially when conducted, as in the present instance, by a gentleman who is perfectly master of the views and intentions of the original. The obscurity which is frequently found in the text is not always removed in the translation, but there are few difficulties yet remaining, and those of comparative insignificance. The second part of the work, which is unpublished, will also consist of two volumes. The general index, which is promised with their appearance, is much wanted in the present publication, and will be of the utmost service in directing the attention to the valuable and miscellaneous information which is spread over these archaeological pages. When the remainder of the translation is completed,

we may, perhaps, devote a column to a slight sketch and examination of the nature and contents of this monument of the industry and talents of our German fellow-labourers. In the mean time we advise our readers to avail themselves of the advantages already before them.

*The Comedies of Aristophanes, translated into familiar Blank Verse; with Notes, &c.* By C. A. Wheelwright, M.A., formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge. To which is added, A Dissertation of the old Greek Comedy, from the German of Wachsmuth. 2 vols. Oxford, 1837. Talboys.

THERE seems to be a determination among the scholars of the present century to indemnify this great comedian for the silence, approaching to neglect, which he so long experienced from the learned. His works are now before us in every variety of shape; essay follows essay, and one translation is but the herald of another. Having so lately twice had occasion to examine the nature and character of the productions of Aristophanes, there is no need at present for any dilution upon his merits. We think, however, they were brilliant enough to entitle him to a better translator than Mr. Wheelwright. This gentleman, perhaps, after the excellent performance of Mr. Mitchell, comes before the public under a disadvantage, and we fear that the trouble and attention which he has evidently unsparingly bestowed upon his author, have been somewhat misapplied. His notes and preliminary observations, though nothing is left for discovery on the subject which he has selected, are accurate and useful, and his chronological table valuable in its details; but the version of the comedies themselves is, in many places, any thing but rhythmical, and possesses throughout a tameness and sobriety very different from the spirited, witty, and extravagant flashes of his original. We hope, however, before long to see Mr. Wheelwright's talents and application directed to some more fitting channel, and exercised in a more congenial occupation.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Don Juan.* By Lord Byron. 2 vols. Vol. I. London, 1837. Murray.

AN amusing forty-odd pages of an *Olla Podrida* of the opinions of a host of critics, reviewers, and other various writers upon this celebrated production, is prefixed to this small, new, and neat edition. Notes for almost every page add much to its interest, and illustrate the poem in the most apposite and agreeable manner.

*Appendix to Elements of Architectural Criticism, in a short Notice of the Foreign Quarterly Reviewer.* By Joseph Gwilt. Pp. 23. London, 1837. Williams.

LIKE all Mr. Gwilt's writing, able and pungent. As an architect he is master of his subject; and the soundness of his judgment in questions of this kind is on a par with the correctness of his taste. Though we are not quite so Palladian as he is, and prefer the Tudor to all other styles for building in England, be the edifice cottage, villa, house, church, or palace, we are not the less sensible to the justness of his remarks upon every point he handles, whether directly or incidentally.

*An Introduction to Hospital Practice, in various Complaints, &c.* By C. J. B. Aldis, M.D. 8vo. pp. 150. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

To this very meritorious and useful work we offered the testimony of our approbation when it was originally published. Dr. Aldis has now

improved it by the addition of a valuable appendix, in which cerebral congestion, apoplexy, palsy, epilepsy, and other diseases are mentioned, with many cases of their successful treatment.

*Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. XV. Part II. Edinburgh, Black; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Whitaker and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

PROFESSOR NAPIER is proceeding rapidly, and not according to the proverb, with the more haste the less speed; but truly and ably towards the completion of this great work. 'This Part contains from "Money" to "Navigation," and has some excellent remarks on human mortality. The article Napoleon is sufficiently favourable. His ambition is called a "glorious fault;" alas! how much "human mortality" did it cost! and his apology is quoted in the dramatic words of Mahomed:—

"Je fus ambitieux;  
Mais jamais roi, pontife, ou chef, ou citoyen,  
Ne conçut un projet aussi grand que le mien."

*Standard Novels*, Vol. LIX: *Philip Augustus*. By G. P. R. James. London, 1837. Bentley.

MR. JAMES candidly says, that he esteems *Philip Augustus* to be the best work he has written; but we are such admirers of all his productions, that we are unwilling to allow this pre-eminence. It must, nevertheless, be admitted, that among the foremost historical novels of the day, this story, now handsomely done into a single volume, must take a very high rank for verisimilitude, research, and interest.

*Narrative of the Melancholy Shipwreck of the Charles Eaton*, &c., by T. Wemyss. Pp. 49. (London, Groombridge; Edinburgh, Patterson; Stockton, Robinson.)—The wreck of this vessel, and the massacre of the passengers and crew, by the savages in Torres Straits, are facts familiar to every newspaper reader. The details here given are, we presume, in accordance with other statements; though we regret to observe considerable clashing and contradiction in accounts of this kind. Here, as only a boy, Ireland, and the child of Capt. and Mrs. D'Oyly, were saved, there was little room for diversity of relation. The narrative is a distressing one; but as the attention of ministers has been turned to the circumstance, it is to be hoped that the best means will be adopted to guard against such disasters in future. In the midst of our horror we could hardly refrain from laughing at some of the writer's religious phraseology; such, for instance, page 46, as his exclamations, "how mysterious are the ways of Providence, and how circuitous his method of dealing!"

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*British Association for 1838*.—We observe it announced, that the town authorities and inhabitants of Birmingham, as well as those of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, have resolved to put in their claim to the distinction of entertaining the British Association next year.

#### LIVERPOOL MEETING.

THE Sections at the Liverpool Meeting are appointed to be held—

A. Mathematics and Physics .....	In the Mechanics' Institute, Mount Street: where, also, the Model Room.
B. Chemistry .....	
C. Geology .....	
G. Mechanics .....	
D. Zoology and Botany .....	Royal Institution, Colquitt Street.
E. Medicine .....	Medical Inst. Mount Pleasant.
F. Statistics .....	Savings Bank, Colquitt Street.
Evening Meetings ..	Two Promenades, &c. Town Hall.
Ordinary .....	Four Secretaries' Reports.
	Lectures, &c. Amphitheatre.
	Lucas's Rooms.

All these places lie most conveniently contiguous, and are capable of furnishing ample accommodations.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, June 14, Rev. Wm. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A letter was read, addressed to C. Lyell, Esq. from Dr. McClelland, who had been associated with Mr. Griffith in the scientific expedition sent by

the Indian Government, under the direction of Dr. Wallich, to investigate the natural history of the country, and the circumstances under which the tea-plant is found wild in Upper Assam. Some high land was seen between the channels of the Ganges and Burrampooter rivers; at the foot of the Kossiah Mountains, or that portion called the Garrow Hills, rounded knolls are interspersed throughout the partially inundated plain; and are composed of layers of sands, clays, gravels, and boulders, appearing to be the remains of a talus of great extent, which had been partially swept away by the great hill-streams. The foot of the mountains is composed of a rock in which *nummulites* are found. On ascending the mountain acclivity, over limestone and sandstone rocks, to Cherra Ponji (a station established at an elevation of above 5000 feet), and reaching a height of 1500 feet above the level of the sea, the author discovered a stratum filled up with shells and marine exuvie, two feet thick, reposing upon sandstone, and covered by soil which resembled a well-defined marine beach. Several hundred specimens were, and many thousands might have been, obtained. The species were about a hundred in number; and when compared with about an equal number from the Paris basin, no less than twenty species were found to be identical in the two collections. The sandstone higher up the mountains than this deposit, contained the impressions of shells and other organic remains. On this sandstone reposes a deposit of compact limestone, from which thirty-seven species of shells were extracted; consisting of species of *trochites*, *cerithia*, *modiola*, and of *Pileolus plicatus* of Sowerby. On this formation reposes a bed of coal to the depth of about twenty or thirty feet, in which remains of an exogenous plant were found. On crossing the mountain towards the centre of the group, the sandstone on which the limestone and coal-rest at Cherra Ponji was found for fifteen or eighteen miles, forming, in horizontal strata, lofty undulating lands. Beyond this the strata displayed marks of confusion; and in the first deep-river valley, a mass of greenstone was found with the adjoining sandstone, tilted up in highly inclined tabular masses, and compact and glassy, in the neighbourhood of the greenstone. Beyond this (the Boga-pani) all traces of sandstone disappear, and the centre of the mountains, from Mufong to the highest ridges, is composed of syenite. Granular quartz, in slaty and vertical strata, is found in contact with this, and displaying progressive changes to the sandstone. The northern side of the mountains from Mufong into Assam, is composed of granular, foliated felspar, penetrated by quartz veins. Extensive beds of syenite and central nuclei of granite are found as far as the valley of Lower Assam. Hot and salt-springs were met with. It was at the base of the mountains that fossil bones were observed by the late Mr. Scott. The author also collected about a hundred and sixty species of the animals, chiefly birds of the forest of Assam, as well as a hundred and twenty species of the fishes of the Burrampooter. A paper was then read on the remains of a fossil monkey from the tertiary strata of the Sewalik Hills, in the north of Hindoostan, by Capt. P. T. Cautley, F.G.S., Bengal Artillery, and Hugh Falconer, M.D., Bengal Medical Service. In this communication, the authors minutely describe, and compare with that of the *Semnopithecus entellus*, an astralagus which had been found in the fossil state, as already mentioned in the letter

from Capt. Cautley to Dr. Royle. Though they have for some time possessed this specimen, they were unwilling to risk the announcement on any thing less characteristic than the cranium and teeth. Messrs. Baker and Dura, of the Bengal Engineers, have since found a considerable portion of the face, and the whole series of molars, of a quadrumanous animal, belonging to a much larger species than theirs. The fossil astralagus is that of the right-hand leg; and was sent, as well as that of a recent *S. entellus*, with the paper. The former was completely mineralised, having a specific gravity of about 2.8, and appearing to be impregnated with hydrate of iron. Although only a solitary bone of the foot, the relations of structure are so fixed, that the identity of the fossil is as certain as if the entire skeleton had been found. This astralagus closely resembles, in size and general form, that of the recent *Semnopithecus entellus*; but the points of difference are sufficient to leave no doubt about a difference of species. In the debris, or different beds of the formation which yielded the quadrumanous fossil astralagus, the authors have also discovered the remains of a species of *Anoplotherium*; also of the crocodile and garial, which now inhabit the Ganges. The camel, antelope, and anoplotherium, have been exhumed from the same bed. The elephant, mastodon, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, hog, and horse, have been found in the same formation with the *Sivatherium giganteum*, armed with four enormous sheathed horns. With these have been found several carnivora. Of the feathered tribe, there are huge grallæ; of reptiles, besides those already mentioned, there are other crocodiles and testudinata, both of enormous size.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting was held on Thursday afternoon, W. S. Macleay, Esq. in the chair:—A great number of fellows were elected into the Society. Balance carried to account on the first of September, 862*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* In pursuance of a resolution of council on May 3, the sum of 320*l.*, being the amount received from compounders, from January to June last, has been invested, in the Society's name, in the reduced 3 per cents. Many valuable donations were announced. The visitors to the garden and museum, in July and August, amounted to nearly 56,000. The stock, to the 31st of August, comprised 293 mammalia, 731 birds, and 21 reptiles; total, 1045. A communication from Viscount Melbourne was made; it stated that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to signify her consent to become the patroness of the Society. Amongst the donations was a red lobster (unboiled!). The remarkable difference in colour may be considered analogous to a variety in the plumage of birds, and as arising from unhealthy secretions: there is one in the museum of a collector, in Cambridge, which is half red, half blue.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### EGYPT AND INDIA.

*Notes from Suggestions to Travellers via Egypt to England, in the "Bengal Hurkaru."*

"*Alexandria*.—The first Egyptians who will present themselves to his view on landing, indeed, before he is fairly landed, are a number of ragged urchins, shoving miserable donkeys into the water towards your boat, displaying their whole knowledge of our language in bawling out, 'very good jackass, very fine jackass!' Upon one of these said very fine



animals, I recommend him to take a seat, as there is no other mode of conveyance, unless he prefers walking through the dusty streets. There is a hotel in the middle of the town, kept by an Italian, which is somewhat hot from its situation; and another by Mrs. Hume, in a pleasant enough quarter, though dust exists in abundance in all parts of Alexandria. The accommodation in Mrs. Hume's house is not good, the food worse, and one is absolutely devoured by flies. I have seen the food black from them. The charges, too, are high; two and a half dollars, or five rupees a day, per head, for food and lodging, wine and beer extra. Little need be said of Alexandria; there are only two streets, that can be so called, in the modern town. The remains of the ancient city consist of vast mounds of rubbish; and fragments of walls are visible to the depth of thirty feet, where people have been digging for bricks and stones. I should think there was great scope for antiquarian researches in Alexandria, by digging deep enough. From Alexandria the traveller goes by the canal to Atfee, on the bank of the Nile. The canal, at present, is separated from the river by an embankment, to prevent its being choked by the mud and sand of the Nile, which would otherwise rush into it; so one must move into another boat in order to proceed up the Nile to Cairo. I was just twenty-four hours from Alexandria to Atfee. I started next morning, and arrived at Cairo on the third day, though we did not sail at night. The dress of the boatmen consists of a coarse blue shirt, with immense wide sleeves, which are kept out of the way by a string round the shoulders; but whenever there is any particular work to do, they claw off with one hand this solitary garment, and, without hesitation, appear in a state of primitive simplicity. Fine, sturdy, powerful fellows they are, although they live upon the most poor and scanty fare, and, after seeing them, one does not think Michael Angelo's designs exaggerated. Sometimes, by way of fun, they make a waistband of reeds, or grass, or the slender branch of a tree, after the fashion of Ulysses, as described in the 'Odyssey,' appearing before the princess. From what I had read and heard of the Egyptian architecture, I had formed an idea that it was a sort of dumpy monstrosity, a black dwarf to the rest of its kind; but I was most agreeably disappointed. The beautiful proportions of the columns, their majestic height and size, excited admiration. The painting of some of the roofs was the most exquisite thing I ever saw—of the richest blue, studded with yellow stars, the idea and execution alike lovely. The noble portals which stand before the temples and palaces are far superior to any Roman triumphal arch; in fact, no comparison can be made. The tombs of the kings are on the western side of the Nile, five or six miles from Luxor."

The following are among brief but interesting notes as a guide up the Nile:—

"The great pyramid of Saccarah contains a small chamber, with a few hieroglyphics, differing, in this respect, from all others. The arched tomb (now nearly destroyed), proving the pre-augustan existence of the masonic arch, is of the time of Psammetichus II. about B.C. 604. Mit Raheny, a large Colossus of Rameses II., the supposed Sesostris. Mounds and indistinct remains of Memphis. On the right bank are the quarries from which a portion of the stones for the pyramids were drawn. In one part oxen are represented drawing a block placed on a sledge. A little to the south of the modern village is an inclined plane, leading from the

quarries to the river. Right bank.—Beni Hassan; remarkably interesting grottoes of the time of Osortisen, (about B.C. 1740), in whose reign it is calculated that Joseph arrived in Egypt. To see them well, the surface must be slightly oiled; and the paintings explanatory of the trades, amusements, domestic arrangements, &c., of the ancient Egyptians, merit particular attention. In the columns of the best grotto we recognize the origin of the Doric order. In the entablature over the doorway, observe that the ends of rafters are sculptured, instead of mutules and triglyphs. About a mile and a half south is another grotto, a temple of Psahit Bubastis, or Diana, the *Speos Artemidos* (date, Thothmer 3d, 15th century B.C.) The Speos is known by the name of *Stable Antar*. Near it are deposited cat mummies. The pasha's sugar factory, at E'Rosmoon, merits a visit. Left bank.—Ibayda, at corner of mountain: crude brick walls and some grottoes, not very remarkable. After Shekh Said, the mountains go off to the eastward, leaving the river. A little beyond is Til el Amama, to the south of which are the ruins of an ancient town, of which only the brick houses remain. Wilkinson supposes this place to be Alabastron, but, perhaps, without sufficient reason. To the south are grottoes in the mountain, with curious sculpture, and, upon the mountain, is an alabaster quarry. The sculptures represent a king and queen offering and praying to the sun, which shoots forth rays, terminating in human hands, one of which gives the emblem of life to the king. Procession of soldiers, &c. Six miles before Maufaloat, at el Hareh, are ruins of an old town, in a ravine, in which are dog and cat mummies. Near Maabdel, opposite Maufaloat, are crocodile mummy-pits, difficult of access, and dangerous. E'Siout, the capital of the Said, and standing on the site of Lycopolis, merits a visit. The gardens are celebrated. Visit the grottoes in the mountain, if it only be to enjoy the beautiful view, which is, perhaps, unequalled in Egypt. The mummies of the wolf are occasionally found. The remains of the splendid temple of Antaopolis have been sapped and carried away by the stream. A few stones only serve to point out its site at Gau, right bank. Right bank.—Shekh Ered; where a Moslem saint, transformed into the form of a serpent, still performs very wonderful cures upon those who can pay. To the north of the Memnonium is the small temple of Osiris, built, or at least finished, by Rameses II., and remarkable for having had a sanctuary made of alabaster, and for containing the famous tablet of the kings, which, next to the Rosetta stone, has been of the greatest assistance to the students of hieroglyphics. The Necropolis has been robbed to form the collections of Salt, Drouetti, and others.

"*Medeenet Habor*.—A temple-palace, a private palace or harem, and a temple. The harem is very interesting, but partly destroyed. It consists principally of a pavilion in advance of the palace, and in it are some curious sculptures, among which the king is represented playing chess with his ladies. A ladder is necessary. The great temple-palace is remarkable, not only for its architecture, but for the sculptures representing the conquests of Rameses III. (about the 13th century B.C.) These are particularly remarkable in the hypethral court, where there is exhibited, in the northern side, a magnificent pageant, the coronation of the Pharaoh. The whole exterior of the northern side of the building is covered with battle scenes. Among the heaps of hands poured out before the conqueror

are lions' paws. There are also heaps of Phalia. The great lake for the ceremonies of the dead (the hippodrome of the French *savans*) will be best distinguished from the top of the pavilion or harem. There are several other remains, and tombs without number. The distance from Thebes to Kossair is about one hundred and ten miles, which journey we performed in six marches. The road looks like a river of sand, winding between bare rocky hills, which come down abruptly into it. The sand is intermixed with small stones, which make it hard and firm. A buggy may be driven the whole way. Bungalos are procurable, either to Jambo, or Jedda, and sometimes to Moeha; the Keis, however, gives nothing but fire and water. The cabins of these boats are comfortable in one respect—they are free from vermin; some of them you can even stand upright in, and they sail well. At Jambo and Jedda excellent water is procurable; but one cannot calculate upon other supplies than rice, flour, and a few fowls. Passages, in good vessels, are always procurable at Jedda, from March to July, either to Bombay or Calcutta."

The writer takes a discouraging view of Egypt and its government, and then adds:—

"Much is talked of Egypt being the high road to India, and its vicinity to our eastern possessions; all which I regard not, as, let it be in whose hands it may, our fleet in the Mediterranean, and a few ships in the Red Sea, and Straits of Babel Mandel, will always enable us to dictate to Egypt, or ruin it. The French have Algiers; the Russians lord it in the Black Sea and at Constantinople, are paramount in Persia; and we ought either to have Egypt for ourselves, or let it fairly be under its own ruler. If it gets into the hands of the Russians, we shall soon discover that these Christians hate us worse than any Turks can do. Muhummud Allee merely obtained and retained his power by being the only person awake in his kingdom. He never commits what he considers useless cruelties, though it is observed, that people who stand in his way are not long-lived. In religion, he is, I believe, a latitudinarian; he does not consider it necessary to follow the principles of his faith, in the matter of strong liquors, nor, indeed, do any of his subjects, as, whenever they can get it, they drink most furiously; in fact, travellers will find pint bottles of brandy and wine most acceptable presents; also, beer for the scrupulous: there can hardly be a better circulating medium for Egypt. The old gentleman made rather a witty speech to some of his genial companions, telling them he wished they would 'only drink like Christians.' He limits himself to four or five bottles of the best French claret daily. Though with one foot in the grave, he has immense harems; and, old as he is, the most agreeable present that can be made to him is a handsome female slave. His daughter, aware of his weakness on this head, frequently gratifies her father by gifts of the kind."

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*On the Beautiful, the Picturesque, and the Sublime.* By the Rev. J. G. Macvicar, M.A. London, 1837. Scott and Co.

THIS is an able dissertation on a theme that has given rise to essays so numerous. After an eloquent opening chapter on the importance of the subject, Mr. Macvicar cleverly distinguishes between the definition applied to the term beautiful by philosophers, and that given by people in general. We quote his words:—

"It is maintained, on the one hand, that beauty is merely an emotion of the mind; on the other, that it is an external object of regard. This difference of opinion arises partly from the confusion in which our minds naturally are about such matters; partly from the influence of the law of imputation, of which I shall presently have occasion to speak; and partly from the insufficiency of language, which, being framed in relation to the confusion alluded to, proves inadequate to express, without occasional obscurity and seeming paradoxes, the views and ideas which result from philosophical analysis."

The author's classification of beauty is, at the same time, lucid and interesting. We should have much pleasure in extracting from it, but to do so with justice is impossible; we must refer the reader to the whole chapter. The following is a fair specimen of the author's style: he is illustrating the assertion, that the greater the scale of the lines of beauty in the contour of a beautiful object, the greater the energy and grandeur:—

"Look up to the canopy, does it not owe very much of its grandeur to the vast continuous sweep which it takes of the infinite heavens? Suppose that, instead of being one immense dome spanning the universe, the sky were composed of a multitude of little hemispherical domes united together, so as to form a curious system of pavilions, would it not, in being so compounded, lose almost all its present grandeur—at least, until the mind lost sight of the little curves which constituted it, and resumed its sweep of the heavens? Look at a majestic ship, becalmed on the face of the deep, her sails all motionless and hanging vertically downwards on her idle masts: how grand, how solemn, how fitful her expression, compared with what it is when the breeze springs up and bends her sails and makes her stoop? Look at the judge standing upright in his columnar wig and robe: how severe, how judicial, his aspect, compared with what it is when he appears in the drawing-room, figuring in all the waving lines of attitude, back, neck, head, and whole figure! Look at the preacher, robed in the simple drapery and hanging folds of a black gown: how apostolic and commanding his appearance, compared with what it is when he mounts the pulpit, habited in all the particular cuts and curve lines of a dress-coat! The same principle will be found to hold universally."

This volume, on the whole, proves Mr. Macvicar to be an elegant and refined scholar, and a writer of research and thought. We were particularly interested in his book from the recollection of having perused, a few years ago, with much pleasure, a work on the same subject, though differently handled, by Monsieur Bertrand, the learned professor of rhetoric in the Royal College of Caen.

*Engravings from the Works of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Part IV. Hodgson and Graves.*

Of the different graphic publications periodically laid upon our table, there is no one the appearance of which we hail with more satisfaction than this. Whatever may be our occupation at the time, we cannot resist the temptation of suspending it, for the purpose of enjoying the treat which we know awaits us. From this pleasure there is but one drawback; we are at a loss to vary our terms of admiration. The present part contains the portraits of "the Emperor of Austria," "the Countess of Blessington," and "Lord Ashburton." They are all fine; but the first-mentioned (a

whole-length) is the most remarkable, as shewing the great skill with which Sir Thomas communicated to his representations of but very indifferent subjects, qualities which render them exceedingly attractive to the eye of taste. The face and figure of Francis are on a small scale, and the uniform in which he is dressed is almost grotesque; yet, by a happy selection of attitude, and a judicious breadth of effect, the portrait and its accompaniments have an air of magnificence truly regal. Of graceful and voluptuous female beauty, the late president was the chosen painter: need we say how successful he was in his portrait of Lady Blessington? His half-length of Lord Ashburton exhibits the simple and unaffected, but dignified English gentleman. G. H. Phillips, S. Cousins, A.R.A., and C. E. Wagstaffe, are entitled to the highest praise for the manner in which they have executed these charming plates.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

Having received the permission of the anonymous writer of the following (who tells us he is "a young, uneducated, and inexperienced scribbler"), to make the very few verbal alterations we requested, it affords us no small pleasure to introduce E. C. to the readers of the *Literary Gazette*, by two short poems; the first, in our opinion, breathing the nature and sweetness of Burns; and the last, a spirit unsurpassed in naval song. In justice to the poet, we should say, that the whole of our alterations consist of just the change of one word, and the addition of one syllable omitted in the MS.—*Ed. L. G.*

#### BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I NEVER see a young hand hold  
The starry bunch of white and gold,  
But something warm and fresh will start  
About the region of my heart.  
My smile expires into a sigh;  
I feel a struggling in the eye,  
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,  
Till rolling tears have won their way;  
For soul and brain will travel back  
Through memory's chequer'd mazes,  
To days when I but trod life's track,  
For Buttercups and Daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,  
With sober speech and silver hair,  
Who carry counsel, wise and sage,  
With all the gravity of age;  
Oh! say, do ye not like to hear  
The accents ringing in your ear,  
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,  
Tossing those precious flowers about,  
Springing, with bold and gleesome bound,  
Proclaiming joy that crazes,  
And chousing the magic sound  
Of Buttercups and Daisies?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky,  
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie  
With childhood's love? Can any please,  
Or light the infant eye like these?  
No, no, there's not a bud on earth,  
Of richest tint or warmest birth,  
Can ever fling such zeal and zest  
Into the tiny hand and breast.

Who does not recollect the hours  
When burning words and praises  
Were lavish'd on those shining flowers,  
Buttercups and Daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell  
About their very names to dwell;  
And, though old Time has mark'd my brow  
With care and thought, I love them now.  
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings  
Are closest linked to simplest things—  
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,  
Till love, and life, and all be past:

And then the only wish I have  
Is, that the one who raises  
The turf sod o'er me, plant my grave  
With Buttercups and Daisies.

E. C.

#### THIS IS THE HOUR FOR ME.

I'LL sail upon the mighty main—but this is  
not the hour, [in lady's bower:  
There's not enough of wind to move the bloom  
Oh! this is ne'er the time for me: our pretty  
bark would take [lake;  
Her place upon the ocean like a rose-leaf on a  
There's not a murmur on the ear, no shade to  
meet the eye; [the sky:  
The ripple sleeps; the sun is up, all cloudless in  
I do not like the gentle calm of such a torpid sea;  
I will not greet the glassy sheet—'tis not the  
hour for me.

Now, now the night-breeze freshens fast, the  
green waves gather strength,  
The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennon  
shews its length,  
Our boat is jumping in the tide—quick, let her  
hawser slip; [giant ship.  
Though but a tiny thing, she'll live beside a  
Away, away! what nectar spray she flings about  
her bow, [upon my brow:  
What diamonds flash in every splash that drips  
She knows she bears a soul that dares, and loves  
the dark rough sea.  
More sail! I cry; let, let her fly!—this is the  
hour for me.

E. C.

#### SKETCHES.

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Russegg, Director of the Austro-Egyptian Mineralogical Expedition.*

Gartoum, in Sennaar, March 17.

HERE I sit, in Sennaar, forming plans, and thinking, at intervals, of my own dear country, which, however, is very far off, Cairo being but just halfway. When I left Cairo, I was finally resolved not to lose sight of an enterprise from which great gain might accrue to the viceroy and honour to myself, and by which I might likewise succeed in stopping many a wicked tongue; I mean the working of the rich gold mines in the interior of Africa. My journey to this place was very interesting, but fatiguing. I passed through all Egypt, stood on the ruins of Tentyra, Karnac, Luxor, Kenne, &c.—the remains of vanished incomprehensible grandeur and magnificence; visited the Cataracts, and the granite rocks of Syene, and proceeded on my journey through Nubia. I went on the Nile as far as Korosko, but from that place proceeded directly across the Great Nubian Desert to Abou Hamed, by a route never yet trodden by any European whose travels had a scientific object. Every desert has its terrors, but this especially, from its extraordinary scarcity of water. Our beverage, for the latter days of our journey, was a dirty, brackish, warm lye, to which the skins had communicated an intolerable stench; yet we frequently drank of it, for we were riding in a temperature of 37° to 38° by Reaumur's thermometer (115 to 117 Fahrenheit). He only has an idea of the desert who travels through it; and he only knows the truly heavenly pleasure with which the traveller, fainting with thirst and heat, makes his dromedary kneel, when, instead of the delusion of the devilish "Fata Morgana," he beholds the real waves of the stream before him. We were near losing some of our blacks, who can bear but very little fatigue, but happily lost only some camels. From Abou Hamed, we rode through the whole land of the Berberes; but

from El Mekeheiref, I again navigated the Nile to Gartoum, in Sennaar. With respect to mining affairs, little has been done. I proposed to the viceroy to bore for water in the desert, which would certainly be attended with success. My geological and physical observations are very interesting. I have collected data for geological maps of Upper Egypt and all Nubia (the latter, a land wholly unknown in this respect). I shall add to these data on my return along the Nile, and am already anticipating the pleasure which I one day shall have in arranging them. The results of the physical observations were no less interesting, and, especially, the conclusions from the observations on the pressure of the atmosphere and the aerial currents indicate a fixed order, and a regularity in these phenomena, of which there is no example out of the torrid zone. After the rainy season, I shall go up the White Nile, proceed to Kordofan, and visit the gold mines of Gebbel-Nubah, near Schechun, and shall then wait during the rainy season here, in Gartoum; and after that proceed southwards on the Blue Nile, visit the rich gold mines of Fas-ogin, and advance as far to the south as I possibly can. With God's protection, I shall see you again in a year, as I shall go to Cairo before I set out for Arabia. My assistant, Ruckner, the bearer of this, is going back to Mount Taurus, in Asia Minor, in order to prepare, meantime, the melting of the lead ore in Gulek.

*Notes on Dr. Spry's India.\**—The existence of the *Kokis* was known from forty to fifty years since, and, by official reports, to the government of the day; but their living in trees is a mere amplification, true only of scouts, hunters, or accidental wanderers, but not of permanent habitations. The fact is, that this race, being wholly uncivilised, have a great objection to being eaten, either by their brethren, or by other wild beasts; they select, therefore, mountainous and difficult situations for their established residence, fortifying the entrances with a kind of stockade, and keeping watch, day and night, to guard against surprise from hungry visitors, biped or quadruped. The houses, or huts, are built on a rude scaffolding, at some height above the ground, as is practised in other parts of the country by the *Thugs*, &c.: sometimes as a precaution against floods. These savages seem as rude and helpless as the old Scythian Anthropophagi, whose descendants they probably are, for it would be difficult to find any part of the world where the remains of the Scythic tongues are so well preserved as throughout Further India; take, for instance, the names Chittagong, or Che-Tagong; Rakkam, Roshan, Burmah, &c. &c. If the Indian women never read or write, how came seven of them to write the code, or kitab of Kuslum-Nameh, quoted in this very passage, within a dozen lines? to say nothing of Indian history, which would be tolerable authority on the subject. But is the author not aware that this code, or kitab, so gravely quoted, is only a satire?

The existence of wild men, or *jungle-kee admee*, involves a difficult point. The Dr.'s opinion seems formed upon accounts of European savages, like Peter the Wild Boy, and the Savage of Aveyron; but along the wild frontier of Hindoostan, similar cases have occurred; and, however easy it may be to set them down as idiots, and disregard

the accounts of the keepers, who may, it is true, exaggerate, no one questions the fact, that such unhappy beings are found at times, in societies of two or three, and in the state of degradation described. Science, no less than humanity, would claim for them a removal from dens or forests, and an investigation into their real condition. They are said to possess a certain portion of intelligence, equal, or superior to that of brutes; and since these last have, in different degrees, the powers of memory, combination, and reasoning, or judgment, i. e. to a certain limit; it might be worth examining whether isolation, rather than idleness, be not the cause of the degradation referred to, and how far this is remediable.

## OWEN REES, ESQ.

WE had written the notice which follows this, when accounts were received in town of the death of Owen Rees, Esq., late, and for a long period of years, one of the principal partners in the extensive house of Messrs. Longman and Co. It was only at Midsummer that Mr. Rees, after a period of more than forty years of great responsibility, retired from the cares and anxieties of business, with the prospect of enjoying his remaining years in repose, at his beautiful residence in Wales, where he had done much, not only to improve his own estate, but to introduce valuable improvements into the surrounding country. Previous to his leaving town, an entertainment was given to him, as a tribute to his integrity and gentlemanly conduct; and above forty of his oldest friends and associates assembled to pay this gratifying compliment. And few men in the metropolis, perhaps, ever had larger opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance and intimacy of men distinguished in all the walks of literature. Moore's Works, Scott's Works, and, indeed, a number of the works of the principal authors of the age, bear testimony to the important share Mr. Rees had in bringing forward their productions, and of the friendly intercourse which subsisted between them and him. Mr. Rees was a warm patron of the drama, and an acute and excellent dramatic critic. He had, we believe, been unwell for a few weeks, and thought his native air might restore him to health and strength. But, alas, for human hopes! he gradually declined, and at last yielded to fate, on Tuesday, the 5th. Mr. Rees was about 66 or 67 years of age, and unmarried.

## MR. SHERWOOD.

MR. WILLIAM SHERWOOD, well known as an old and respectable publisher, died at his house, at Holloway, on Wednesday, the 6th. He was a man of kindly dispositions, and ever ready to do a good turn to those within his sphere of action. Lately he had been doing a large share of business, of which the burden, perhaps, led to his premature death, for he was not past the age of 60 or 61. About a fortnight ago he was struck with apoplexy, and lingered to the day we have specified. His loss will be felt by many with whom he was connected in trade, as well as by his numerous family.

## WILLIAM DANIELL, ESQ. R.A.

In our 1074th Number, we mentioned the death of Mr. Daniell, and briefly adverted to his many excellent qualities, both as an artist and as a man. We have been favoured with the following interesting little memoir of Mr. Daniell, from an authentic source.

It is with sincere regret that we have to record the death of Mr. William Daniell, R.A., which took place on the 16th of August, after

four months of the most dreadful suffering. The lovers of art will, doubtless, read with interest the following brief sketch of his professional life; a life dedicated, with the most unremitting perseverance, to that profession of which he was so bright an ornament. Mr. Daniell's career began when he was quite a youth, for at the age of fourteen, he accompanied his uncle, who is still living, to India, for the express purpose of assisting him in depicting the scenery, costume, and every thing connected with that interesting country; his early drawings and sketches are so admirable, that it would almost seem as if drawing had been with him an intuition. During the ten years of their absence from England, the uncle and nephew travelled many thousand miles, commencing their arduous journey at Cape Comorin, and closing it at Serinagur, in the Himalaya Mountains; in the course of their progress, traversing many hundred miles of country before untrodden by Europeans, and bringing home an immense mass of information of every kind. Immediately on their return, the large work, entitled "Oriental Scenery," in six folio volumes, was commenced and continued with the most persevering ardour until its completion, in 1808. Amongst the works engraved and published by Mr. Daniell, from 1801 to 1814, were, "A Picturesque Voyage to India;" a work entitled "Zoography," in conjunction with Mr. William Wood, F.S.A. and F.L.S.; two volumes of "Animated Nature;" the series of views of "The Docks;" the story of "Hunchback," engraved from pictures painted by Mr. Smirke, R.A.; together with a vast variety of unconnected subjects, besides very many pictures and drawings. In 1814, Mr. Daniell commenced the "Voyage round Great Britain"—a most gigantic undertaking for one unassisted individual. Two or three months in each summer were devoted to collecting drawings and notes. The work was finished in 1825. Few are aware of the dangers and difficulties which Mr. Daniell experienced during his solitary journeys round our rock-bound coast. Immense fatigue, exposure to weather of all kinds, wretched fare, and still more wretched accommodation, were his constant attendants; and had it not been that he was occasionally cheered by the hospitality he received from those to whom he had letters of introduction, the task would have been almost impossible. In 1832, Mr. Daniell, and his highly gifted friend, Mr. Parris, executed the Panorama of Madras; and subsequently, Mr. Daniell painted two others, entirely without assistance, namely, the City of Lucnow, and the Mode of hunting Wild Elephants. This lamented artist was particularly successful in the fidelity with which he depicted the mighty ocean, in all its aspects of turbulence or of calm. This is sufficiently attested by the series of storms, under a variety of circumstances, which he engraved and published, and by his numerous paintings and drawings. It is, however, impossible, in the small space which we have allotted to ourselves, to notice all the works of this excellent artist; but we cannot help adding our hope that Mr. Daniell has left drawings for the continuation of the "Oriental Annual," a work deservedly ranking high among that class of periodicals to which it belongs, whether we consider the beauty and fidelity of the drawings, the admirable manner in which the gentlemen engaged have transferred the subjects to steel, or the interesting information conveyed in the text.

That Mr. Daniell had not declined in his art, will be acknowledged by those who recall

\* We owe these notes to a gentleman well read in Indian matters; and insert them as a pendant to our review of Dr. Spry's work.—Ed. L. G.

the beautiful pictures he sent to the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Always chaste and elegant in design and feeling, he had, during the last few years, added a richer tone of colouring, which rendered his works much more attractive; indeed, never did his energies exhibit more vigour than when he was attacked by the disease which has terminated so fatally.

Mr. Daniell was honoured with the friendship of his majesty, King Louis Philippe, and received several flattering marks of his majesty's regard. One of his best pictures, "A View of the Long Walk at Windsor," is in his majesty's private collection.

By Mr. Daniell's family his loss will be long and severely felt: he was possessed of a contented disposition, and, with the feeling that suffering was the lot of all, he bore his disappointments, troubles, and losses (of which he had many), with fortitude and resignation. His great aim was to make all around him happy; and the fearful blank which his absence creates, proves that his aim was realised. Respected and beloved by his friends, his animated manners, cheerful conversation, and vast fund of anecdote and information, will long be missed; and he has left none who can convey to the public, in an equal degree, the glowing representations of eastern scenery and character.

#### MUSIC.

*The Bright, Bright Wine; The Warrior's Home; The Rose, the Queen of Flowers, a Ballad; A Wealthy Old Man a Wooing did Go.* The Poetry by Percival Farren, Esq.; the Music by T. German Reed. Purday.

We liked these songs much when we heard them sung at the Haymarket Theatre, where frequent encores shewed the public in general were of the same opinion. We have only to say that, for the drawing-room, they will be found great acquisitions. *The Bright, Bright Wine*, is one of the most agreeable and spirited compositions we have of late met with. *The Warrior's Home* is also very sweet.

*Prelude and Fugue in A Major, for the Organ, with a Part for the Pedal Obligato.* By Egerton Webster. Novello.

A STERLING piece of composition. Harmonious, and one that will take a first place amid the best sacred music of the age. Some passages are exceedingly beautiful. A feeling dedication to a dear father is shewn, to our minds, as musical as the crotchets and quavers; but this is a matter of taste, and, to our organ-playing friends, we dare say the latter will be found the most acceptable.

*First Set of Fashionable Quadrilles.* By Frances Amelia Diball. Boosey and Co.

An easy and pleasant set of quadrilles. The second and last are particularly good; but they scarcely need our praise, as we perceive they have already reached a third edition. Still, though perhaps a little late, we may be permitted to give our word of commendation and recommendation to Diball's first, and we hope not last, set of quadrilles.

*The Jim Crow, or Columbian Quadrilles.* By J. T. Craven. Purday.

A most lively collection of well, too well, known airs, scarcely solemn enough for the present style of "quadrilling it," as those who dance to this set must assuredly "jump Jim Crow." For parties, and young and merry folks, we could scarcely recommend a better selection.

#### DRAMA.

*Haymarket.*—Mr. Farren's benefit, on Mon-

day, we are happy to say, was a bumper. No actor on the stage is more deserving of public favour than this gentleman. Mr. Power's comedy, *St. Patrick's Eve*, has been successfully revived, himself sustaining the principal character.

*English Opera.*—*The Exile of Genoa*, a short opera, was produced at this theatre on Monday. It, or, at least, something very like it, has, we think, been played elsewhere. Some pleasing music will, probably, cause it to grow in favour, and two sweet national airs particularly pleased us. A fine chorus of Weber's was sung in a superior manner, and most justly encored. Mr. E. Seguin sang an air, *à la* Phillips, with good effect. Mr. Fraser, also, executed some sweet music with much taste. Miss Rainforth both played and sung delightfully. We would suggest, if it could be easily managed, the introduction of another, or two simple ballads or songs, and the curtailment of some of the rather long scenes of Miss Rainforth. We should mention a sweet trio between Miss Rainforth, Fraser, and Seguin: it was beautifully done.

*Strand.*—A new farce, called *No Followers*, was produced on Monday. Its success was ensured by the clever acting of Miss Daly, as a servant; and of Mr. Hammond, as a black footman.

*Colosseum.*—The evening entertainments at the Colosseum terminated last night. The season has, we believe, been prosperous, though the weather was not very favourable at its commencement. Mr. Braham will, of course, be making preparations for the ensuing campaign at the St. James's Theatre.

#### VARIETIES.

*Cariotures.*—No fewer than six H.B.'s have flushed upon the town this week (Nos. 496 to 501), chiefly bearing on the recent elections. The first is a whole-length of Dr. Bowring, as "the rejected of Kilmarnock;" a laughable personation. The next is "an extraordinary likeness," viz. Sir H. Vivian on the easel of Sir H. Hardinge, with the Duke of Wellington praising the execution; "there he is to the life! turning his back on his old friends." The third is "an awful scene from Tom Thumb;" the King of Hanover throwing a cushion at the apparition of Gaffer Thumb! i.e. the late king holding up "the Constitution of 1833" on a pitchfork. The fourth is much better, and represents O'Connell as agent for the Great Western Booking-office, having sent Hume off to Kilkenny, but telling Roebuck, Buxton, Bowring, &c. &c., that he is full, but if they wait the next train he will try to accommodate them all with seats. Sir J. Graham and Mr. Tennent (the latter not like) are seen on one side. The last two are devoted to Mr. Hume and Kilkenny. In the first he is tumbling out of the Middlesex balloon in a Cocking parachute, and calling for some friendly dunghill to receive him; in the last, O'Connell, as an Irish hodman, is shooting him out of a cart, as "rubbish," into Kilkenny.

*Geology.*—Some opinion has gone abroad that the marks in sandstone, known by the name of horses and colts' hoofs, kelpies' feet, &c. resemble impressions left by Medusæ on the sands of the sea-shore; but the best geologists do not think that these are sufficient to account for the remains in question.

*New Houses of Parliament.*—On Monday next, the three navigable arches of Westminster Bridge, on the Middlesex side of the river, will be stopped, for the purpose of build-

ing the embankment wall for the New Houses of Parliament.

*Mount Todi*, in the Canton of Glaris, the summit of which has hitherto been deemed inaccessible, was lately ascended by three peasants of the neighbourhood.

*Weather-Wisdom.*—The prognostications have been half right and half wrong since our last. "The aspects on the 11th bespeak cloudy and not very settled weather. On the 14th changes again; windy weather prevails. Moist and misty air, with high winds, about the middle of the month."

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Bowles is preparing for publication a number of his Selected Poems, with "Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed;" and also some Sermons preached in Salisbury Cathedral, Bowood Chapel, and elsewhere. Those at Bowood, we have heard, were on subjects from the Cartoons of Raphael, in the windows of the chapel, presented to Lord Lansdowne by the late king—subjects admirably suited to the poetry and the piety of the preacher.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie is revising for press a posthumous MS. work, entitled "Memoirs of a Man of Genius."

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Young Scholar's Latin-English Dictionary, being an Abridgement of the Complete Latin-English Dictionary, by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A., square, 7s. 6d.—A Traveller's Thoughts, suggested by a Tour on the Continent, post 8vo. 4s.—Rogers's Law and Practice of Elections and Election Committees, 5th edit. 12mo. 3s.—My Book; or the Anatomy of Conduct, by J. H. Skelton, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Hunters of the Prairie, or the Hawk Chief, by J. T. Irving, Jun., 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.—The Taurus; or Doings and Undoings, by C. N. Inledon, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Schiller's Don Carlos, translated by J. W. Bruce, 12mo. 7s.—Quain's Anatomical Plates of the Vessels, folio, 2l. 14s. plain; 3l. 18s. coloured.—Buquet's Guide to French Pronunciation, 12mo. 3s.—Reid's Introductory Atlas of Modern Geography, 8vo. 7s.—Rev. W. Tiler's Natural History, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Select Passages from the Sermons of a Clergyman, 4th edit. 7s. 6d.—Interesting Tales by J. H. Stilling, translated by T. Jackson, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice, abridged from Dr. Brevint, by J. N. Pearson, M.A., 32mo. 1s.—Boileau's Linguist, German and English, new edit. 12mo. 7s.—Letters of the Martry, with a Preface by Miles Coverdale, 1564. Edited by the Rev. E. Bicknell, post 8vo. 10s. large paper, 8vo. 14s.—A System of Mineralogy, by J. D. Dana, A.M., royal 8vo. 21s.—D. Gavin Scott's History of Joint Stock Banks in England, 8vo. 4s.—Oriental Key to the Sacred Scriptures, by M. De Corbett, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Prayers and Chants, by W. Farman, 8vo. 4s.—Some Recollections of the Last Days of King William IV., 12mo. 1s.—Rev. J. Buchanan's Comfort in Affliction, 2d edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Two Brothers, a Narrative on the Effects of Education, 12mo. 3s.—Kingly Vale and other Poems, by C. Crocker, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—D. Falkner's Apostolic Church, 12mo. 5s.—C. H. Minchin's Eighteen Sermons, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—J. Rowbotham's Dutches Leebuch: or Lessons in German Literature, 2d edit. 12mo. 8s.—Autumn, by A. Wode, royal 12mo. 5s.—Lyrics, by J. L. Stevens, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Ellis's British Tariff for 1838, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—The Vicar of Wrexhill, by Mrs. Trollope, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Dr. Peithman's Practical Introduction to the French Language, 12mo. 3s.—T. Martin's Conveyancing, with Forms of Assurance, Vol. II. Part 2, royal 8vo. 25s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 31	From 34 to 61	29.42 to 29.38
September .. 1	.... 35 .. 61	29.34 .. 29.38
Friday .. 2	.... 37 .. 63	29.38 .. 29.43
Saturday .. 3	.... 36 .. 62	29.33 .. 29.48
Sunday .. 4	.... 30 .. 59	29.78 .. 29.45
Monday .. 5	.... 30 .. 63	29.77 .. 29.40
Tuesday .. 6	.... 32 .. 63	29.74 stationary.

Prevailing wind, N.E.

Except the 31st ult., afternoon of the 2d and 6th inst. generally cloudy, with frequent rain; thunder at times during the afternoon of the 1st, and vivid lightning in the evening.

Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude.....51° 37' 33" N.  
Longitude.... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. C. will find a letter at the *Literary Gazette* Office. We are much obliged to our Maidstone correspondent for the trouble he has been so good as to take, to prove that the simple principles which we asserted, in the case to which he refers, are correct. There cannot be the slightest departure from them, unaccompanied by error. But we must decline proceeding further with the subject.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## WILL BE SHORTLY CLOSED.—

**DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by J. Chevalier Brouton.  
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## ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, MEDICAL SCHOOL.

Session 1887-8.  
The following Courses of Lectures will be delivered in this School, commencing October 5, 1887.  
Theory and Practice of Physic—Dr. Macleod and Dr. Seymour.  
Theory and Practice of Surgery—Mr. Cesar Hawkins and Mr. J. Babinington.

Clinical Medicine—Dr. Macleod and Dr. Seymour.  
Clinical Surgery—Sir B. C. Braide, Bart., Mr. Cesar Hawkins, and Mr. G. Babinington.  
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The Introductory Address on the Opening of the Hospital School for the Session, will be delivered on Monday, October 2d, at One o'clock, p.m. in the Theatre of the Hospital.

The Anatomical Lectures and Demonstrations are delivered in the Anatomical Theatre in Kinnerton Street, Wilton Place.  
Further Particulars and Prospectuses may be obtained by applying to the Porter of the Hospital, to the Porter of the Hospital Museum, or at the Anatomical School in Kinnerton Street.

## CAUTION TO BOOKSELLERS AND THE PUBLIC.

**W. KIDD** hereby, for the sixth time, cautions the Public generally, Collectors, and Persons residing in the Country more particularly, against crediting the answers now invariably given by a large establishment in the immediate vicinity of Paternoster Row, to inquiries for his various Publications, such as "Out of Print," "No such Book," &c. &c. In self-defence, W. K. is compelled thus publicly to expose the nefarious "system," which has been shamelessly practised for the last twelve months, and of which complaints from the country are arriving almost daily.  
7 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, Sept. 9, 1887.

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## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

SEVENTH MEETING: LIVERPOOL.

As this is the seventh year of our apprenticeship to the British Association, we shall commence with Journey-work, and supply our readers with a general view of the whole; as well as with detailed Reports of those proceedings which, either from their novelty or importance, are most worthy of record. A minute notice of every thing would be a tiresome repetition of well-known facts—a discovery of *mares' nests*, which could neither edify the world of science nor inform the ordinary observer. Selection, amid the bustle and confusion of so many discussions going on at the same time, is the greatest difficulty; but even omissions would, in our opinion, be better than the indiscriminate collection of the entire heterogeneous mass, blending trifles with valuable communications, pseudo with original inventions, and the fancies of ignorance and whims of vanity with the well-founded speculations of enlightened minds and the mighty truths of comprehensive intelligence.

It is no disparagement to say, that such a mixture is inseparable from such a meeting; and that neither wisdom nor care can guard against the intrusion of a certain quantity of the useless and the foolish into the bubbling caldron of physics, chemistry, geology, statistics, mechanics, dinners, sights, soirées, and entertainments. It is well that the predominance of good is so obvious, as to render these re-unions not only delightful as regards social intercourse, but extremely serviceable in the diffusion of scientific knowledge. The localities stimulated and benefited by them, and the interchange of national courtesies with foreigners (though more limited than could be wished), are excellent features in the plan, and would alone recommend it to the success and popularity which has grown with its growth and strengthened with its age.

As we are not disposed to confine ourselves exactly within the dry rules of reporting, we hope our readers will pardon our beginning with some reflections suggested by

### THE RAILROAD.

The bridge in the Vision of Mirza is not so close a picture of human life as the transit by a railroad.

A power unseen starts the traveller on his journey, and onward he proceeds, with a fearful and unceasing rapidity. The beauties of nature are spread on his right hand and on his left, and he catches glimpses of them as he passes along; but there is no time to pluck the flower, to taste the refreshing stream, to enjoy the delicious landscape.

The magnificent palace rises on the view. He sees its colonnades and towers, and knows that grandeur is revelling there, but is hurried on, even before he can admire the fleeting pageant. On the other side stands the lowly cabin, with its laborious occupants; but they are detained no longer on the course than the splendid mansion with its listless inmates.

There is a beautiful creature on the path beside! One glance of love is interchanged, and in a few moments you are separated for

ever! The heart yearns to prolong the happiness, but it may not be: the journey is never-resting movement, never-stopping change.

Every object in turn becomes a vision, and nothing but the onward flight is a reality.

Here and there the passengers are dropped on the road—at the first station of infancy; the second, of youth; the third, mid-route: while some are borne further, to the end. How small the difference between their various journeys!

Fatigue usurps the dominion over sense; the eye tires of gazing, the ear of listening, the mind of receiving impressions; and the wish arises, that the vapour-fed and vapour-clouded peregrination were done.

Scenes of pleasure, scenes of sorrow, the distant prospect and the nearest objects, vanish, with hardly a momentary regard; and still, still you are hurried on, with increasing speed, for now all is the "declination" of art and nature.

There is a jar, a lock, a crash, which seems to dislocate the machine! A dimness creeps over the sunny world!—it grows darker and darker, and the shadows of death are upon you. The drag-chain of Fate has dragged you into the murky tunnel, and the close is the grave!

But, adieu to allegory! What has the Brummagem Railway to do with such suggestions? It is enough to have traversed the distance—ninety-seven miles in four hours; and, though about ten minutes of dark tunnelling were superadded, surely there was a resurrection into the daylight at Liverpool; and an omnibus to the Adelphi Hotel soon convinced us that we were alive and well in the breathing world: nor did a capital dinner relish the less from our having been so long in previous training. And, talking of dinners, it may be as well to mention here, that the turtle, which was *not* at Bristol last year, seems at this period to abound in its more enterprising competitor; and, we have little doubt, will afford considerable gratification to Section D, Natural History, whatever Section E (Medicine, to wit) may say to it.

On Saturday, the first business of the Association was the meeting of the General Committee, the parliament of the meetings. It was held in the handsome library of the Athenæum, which has been placed at their disposal for that purpose by the subscribers of the institution, with a promptitude which does them infinite credit; and from a member who attended, we have been favoured with the following sketch of the proceedings:—

The chair was taken at twelve o'clock by the Marquess of Northampton, acting in the absence of Lord Lansdowne, as president for the year.

The object of this meeting was, as on all former years, to arrange, by preliminary proceedings, the manner in which business was to be transacted during the week; and for this purpose, one of the two general secretaries read the intended programme, setting forth, first, the arrangements which the local committee, with the assistance and co-operation of their fellow-townsmen, had made for the accommodation of the members on their arrival at Liver-

pool; and, secondly, the order in which the proceedings of the Association would be conducted during the ensuing week.

The reading of this programme occupied considerable time, during which no observation was elicited. It was adopted, finally, by the members present, who were very numerous, amounting to nearly a hundred.

The programme was ordered to be printed, and circulated among the members of the Association, without loss of time. The Secretary then adverted to the usual Report of the Council of the Association residing in London, which was always presented at this meeting, and which, in the present instance, would be read to the members by Mr. Yates, in the name of the council. In alluding to the said report, Professor Phillips mentioned, that the council had deemed it necessary to embody in that document a number of recommendations, which, he trusted, would be adopted, as there was no doubt they would be found to be *improvements*. He left it to the honourable member, Mr. Yates, to explain and support the said recommendations; but he himself could not forbear stating, in regard to one of them, that it was absolutely necessary, and was called for by the extreme difficulty which the secretaries had hitherto experienced in transacting the many, heavy, and multifarious duties, that devolved on them at the last and concluding general meeting. On that occasion it has been customary, besides reading the reports of the sections, &c., to proceed to the consideration of all the recommendations for setting inquiries on foot, and for voting the necessary sum of money towards those inquiries, sent in by the Committee of Recommendation. As if these two great and important branches of duty had not been sufficient for the two general secretaries to attend to, a third was imposed on them, which generally gave rise to infinite discussion, and arose out of the appointment of the place of meeting for the ensuing year, and the nomination of the new president, vice-president, and secretaries, by the general committee.

The consequence of so much occupation at this general meeting was, that the thing had always been done imperfectly, or in such a hurried manner that he (Professor P.), for one, would not undertake to assert, that what he had written down in the minutes on the day in question was always correct, or to be depended upon as such. All the members of the council, who had given their mature consideration to this question, had come, like himself, to the conclusion, that a change was positively called for; as he could not, nor could any secretary, under circumstances of so much pressure, perform duties so onerous in a satisfactory manner. The change which he should recommend was, to divide the business to be transacted at the conclusion of the week of meeting, so that the appointment of the place of meeting, and the nomination of the officers, should take place on the Saturday as hitherto; but that the consideration of the recommendations for grants of money from the sections, should be deferred to the following Monday.

Professor Whewell corroborated what had fallen from Mr. Phillips, and testified to the

great attention bestowed on the question by the council, who had consequently recommended the adoption of the plan alluded to by the honourable secretary. The noble chairman, and one or two other members, seemed to concur in the plan; and the motion for its adoption was about to be put, when Dr. Granville rose and pointed out the necessity of not legislating so precipitately on a question involving so great a modification and change of the original constitution of the Association. He would only call the attention of the meeting to one striking, glaring, and, in his opinion, fatal objection to the plan proposed—that it extended the time of meeting by two days, one of which, being a Sunday, and consequently a *dies non*, could be of no service for the purpose of the Association; although, in conjunction with another day (Monday), it would prove of the utmost inconvenience to two-thirds of the members, who were either professional men, like himself, or otherwise engaged in business, and unable to absent themselves for a longer period than a week from their homes. The effect of such a measure would inevitably be that of restricting to a comparatively small portion of the members present, who could afford to remain behind for that object alone, after the real labours of the Association had terminated, and after every one else had left the place, the voting away of the money of the Society, and its application for particular requisites. These were two of the most important acts of deliberation which devolved on, and especially appertained to, the British Association. Besides, had the council reflected that there were other parties to be consulted before such a change could possibly be proposed and adopted by the members of the general committee, supposing, even, that they were prepared to pass over the formidable objection just stated? Were the council also prepared to say, that it would always be convenient to those public bodies, which liberally gave the Association the use of their rooms, threw open all their institutions, suspended their rules of restriction, and afforded often very splendid hospitality to their guests, to prolong all those acts of kindness and courtesy for two days beyond a week? And unless a certainty existed on that point, he (Dr. Granville) contended that the general committee were not in a condition to come to a resolution on the recommendation of the council, notwithstanding the emphatical defence of it by the learned secretary. For both these reasons, Dr. Granville observed that, being unwilling to meet the council by any counter resolution or amendment, which would come with an ill grace from him, he hoped that the original resolution would not be persevered in. If the business of the concluding Saturday meeting were found to be too heavy for the secretaries, why, let it be divided—let a part of it be done on a previous day.

Mr. Murchison, the other general secretary, who has succeeded the Rev. Mr. Harcourt, in consequence of that gentleman's lamented resignation on account of ill health, admitted that Dr. Granville's argument had great weight, and that the view he had therein taken had not occurred to the council, though he apprehended that it must now be entertained. He therefore suggested that the part of the business of the Saturday which related to the appointment of the place of meeting and the nomination of the officers, should take place on the Thursday, and that the recommendation for the grant of money should, as hitherto, be taken into consideration on Saturday; thus leaving things, as far as the duration of the meeting of the Association was

concerned, in the same state as before. This suggestion having been agreed to, a resolution was framed and passed to that effect.

The next recommendation of the council, read by Dr. Yates, involved likewise a change, or changes, which gave rise to considerable and lengthened discussion. It related to the qualifications which would hereafter be required of a member of the Association to become a member of the general committee. At present the rule stands—

“*General Committee.*—The general committee shall sit during the time of the meeting, or longer, to transact the business of the Association. It shall consist of all members present, who have communicated any scientific paper to a philosophical society, which paper has been printed in its transactions, or with its concurrence.”

“Members of philosophical institutions, being members of this Association, who may be sent as deputies to any meeting of the Association, shall be members of the committee for that meeting, the number being limited to two from each institution.”

This rule and the next are abrogated, and others substituted instead, some of which did not appear to meet universal approbation. The most important point of discussion, however, was the propriety of admitting, as members of the general committee, and as a matter of right—as in the case of several other scientific non-incorporated societies, which had been selected by the council, and adopted—the members of the Statistical Society of London, who had written and published papers in the transactions of that society. Professor Whewell strenuously opposed the proposition, and contended that the Statistical Society had no claim to such a privilege, inasmuch as statistics were scarcely an object of science, and that the committee might as well admit grammarians, philologists, and politicians, all of which are, by the rules of the Association, excluded from becoming *ex officio* members of the general committee. He entertained a strong opinion on the subject, and should certainly take the sense of the meeting upon the question if it were proposed.

Colonel Sykes made a few observations, tending to prove that statistics had a right to the privileges he claimed for them, and should insist on his motion, viz. that the Statistical Society of London should be added to the council-list of the favoured societies.

Another member said, that if Colonel Sykes carried his motion, he should move that the Statistical Society of Manchester should be also added.

Dr. Granville expressed his great surprise at the sentiments uttered by the learned professor of Cambridge, respecting the alleged non-scientific nature of statistics, and the absence of all claim on the part of them to be considered as a science by the Association, when their very name actually stood before him, printed in large letters, in the programme just adopted, and was to be found in the book of contributions of the Association, as part and parcel of that Society; as, in fact, constituting one of its sections. Now, if there was a section for Statistics, as there was one for Astronomy and Mathematics, and one for the Medical Sciences; and if these latter were admitted to the honour of being represented in the general committee by members taken from societies purely devoted to these branches of knowledge, he, for one (Dr. Granville), could not perceive by what operation of reasoning the learned professor came to the conclusion that statistics should, and ought, not to be so represented. It was

too late to revert, as the learned professor had done, to an old alleged fact, that the section of Statistics had got inserted by a rule usual among the other sections; that it was an illegitimate portion of the Association; that it was, in fact, what the poor-law commissioners would call a *bastardy case*. The section was there; it was fully acknowledged, and was, therefore, fully entitled to the immunities and privileges of the other sections. With regard to the argument that statistics was not strictly of the domain of sciences; that it merely bordered on that domain, but was not of it, Dr. Granville felt convinced that the learned professor would come to a different conclusion, if he would take the trouble of perusing the many valuable works that had in recent years appeared on the Continent, on “Physical and on Medical Statistics.” He agreed with the professor, that all that was purely literary or political in statistics, had no business with the purport of the Association; and he, for one, would agree to restrict the privilege of representation in the general committee to those members of the Statistical Society, either of London or of Manchester, or of both, who had published papers on “Physical Statistics” only. It was a pity, indeed, that the title of *Physical Statistics* had not been assigned to the section; for then the Association would have had it in their power to reject, most legitimately, all memoirs on moral and political statistics, such as concerned education, for instance, crime, imprisonment, &c. He hoped, therefore, that a proper concession, with a suitable distinction of grades, would be made in favour of the gallant colonel's motion.

Ultimately, Professor Whewell agreed to propose himself, that the superior office-bearers alone of the Statistical Societies of London and Manchester should be *ex-officio* members of the general committee; a motion which was seconded by Dr. Granville, and carried.

The remainder of the recommendations of the council were adopted *sub silentio, nem. dis.* The meeting then proceeded, *seriatim*, to name the president, two, and in some instances three, vice-presidents, with two secretaries, of each section; and the meeting adjourned at four o'clock.

The idea of altogether excluding literature from science is whimsical enough; but Science has always some crotchets which common-sense people cannot comprehend. According to some of these authorities, “philosophy” may consist in dissecting a nettle-leaf, or skinning a flea; but the investigations of Plato were not philosophy; nor would Plato himself have been entitled to a seat in the general committee!! These fantastic distinctions have, we regret to notice, estranged men of high intellectual powers from the Association; but we think they ought rather to disregard them, and especially if they had opportunities of observing how inconvenient any thing of a literary caste or character must be to a considerable number of associates who have no notion whatever of the matter.

On Saturday, the mayor gave a grand dinner-entertainment to many eminent persons whose arrival had been ascertained; and in the evening the fine suite of rooms were opened to the members generally, and ladies.

On Monday, the influx of strangers continued without intermission; and their reception, furnishing cards, lodgings, &c. &c., gave ample employment to the gentlemen who had undertaken these necessary duties. In the meantime, at 10 o'clock, the sectional committees met, elected their officers, and arranged the

order of business. The sections, accordingly met soon after eleven, and under the following auspices.

**Section A.—Mathematics and Physics,  
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Thus constituted, the various sections proceeded to hold their sittings; and though an exceedingly wet forenoon threw somewhat of a damp over the locomotive, the arrangements were all in such good order, that even the usual confusion of beginning operations so various and complicated, was entirely avoided.

The Mechanics' Institute had been rapidly restored from the effects of the recent disastrous fire, and excellent accommodations (though the numbers appear to form a bustle in the lobbies) made for the four Sections located under its roof; as well as for rooms where the ordinary tickets were issued, and other useful purposes connected with the assembly. The other three Sections were also very conveniently lodged within very short distances from these head quarters.

The Geological and Natural History Sections had galleries for ladies; and both were graced by the beauty of Liverpool, with its Lancashire witches, and of the strangers who were now their visitors.

In our report for the present week, we must, to a certain extent, be guided by circumstances; for, if possible, it would be unadvisable to go on with a regular series of the papers and discussions. We shall select such as are most suitable for local and popular purposes—such as can be most clearly explained—and reserve others for the very brief notices which their nature demands, or the more perfect illustration which time may enable us to supply.

Section A commenced with a paper by Professor Powell, on the dispersion of light, in which he stated the results obtained from an examination of different highly refractive media, and the concurrence of these results with the theory of Mr. Kelland.

After which was read a paper by Col. Gold, on the possibility of establishing regular telegraphic communications by night and day. It touched upon the practicability of communicating by sounds; which mode was objectionable on account of the alarm to which it might give rise. Communications by means of projectiles were liable to still more serious objections. The most eligible mode which suggested itself was that of intercommunication by means of electricity. Several calculations were entered into; but we fear that they were only suggested by the writer's not being aware of old and much more extensive experiments having led to certain results of far greater application.

Mr. Cunningham sent a communication on the construction of magnets. It recommended the formation by casting of the magnets into the ordinary horse-shoe form, previously to their being converted into steel. Mr. Christie suggested that such communications as the one just read should contain some numerical results on the subject. The importance of the present subject rendered this the more imperative, inasmuch as government was now making inquiries as to the best material for the construction of magnetic needles. Mr. Holden observed, that, in his experience, the best refined steel took the most strongly the magnetic power, and retained it longest. The chairman observed, that drawn steel-wire, in his opinion, took most strongly and permanently the magnetic influence. Another gentleman informed the company that he had actually found by experiment, that cast iron did not retain its magnetic influence as long as steel.

Mr. Lubbock proceeded to give an account of the manner in which the money placed at his disposal, for the purpose of making observations on the tides, had been expended, and to detail the results which were obtained. It appeared, that the fluctuations in the tides were not entirely owing to the barometrical variations, though these, with other accidental circumstances, must necessarily produce some disturbance. In every case, the results obtained were carefully compared with the theo-

ries which have recently obtained popular credit. Various calculations were entered into to illustrate the theory which Mr. Lubbock had adopted, the formulae of which would require half a volume of philosophical transactions to lay down and explain. The observations made corresponded very exactly with the theory of Bernoulli, the actual results coinciding with a degree of exactness approximating to absolute identity. The curves exhibited on the diagrams which were produced before the meeting, in very few cases showed any considerable variations; and those between the observations made during the year at Liverpool and London, though accompanied by phenomena not yet accounted for, also coincided nearly in other respects. Mr. Lubbock spoke in terms of high commendation of the accuracy with which Mr. Russell had conducted the experiments at Liverpool, and had discussed the observations of 19 years at the London Docks. The variation between Liverpool and London for the moon's parallax amounted (as we understood him) to about four minutes; and this was so certain, from the vast number of observations made, that the cause was well deserving of inquiry.

The diagrams exhibited fully demonstrated the report; and we have only to regret that a subject of such vast interest cannot be even faintly explained in a popular manner. The main conclusion is, making allowances for the casual disturbances of atmospheric pressure in the experiments, that Bernoulli's equilibrium theory nearly satisfies the phenomena in every respect. Mr. Lubbock concluded by alluding to the irregularities produced by atmospheric pressure on the height of the tides, which rendered it necessary to consider the barometrical indications, in making any calculations from the average of observations.

Mr. Whewell made several remarks in corroboration of the theory of Mr. Lubbock, and likewise several interesting observations on the singular phenomena exhibited in the progress of the diurnal tide-wave on the coasts and in the rivers of England.

A member dwelt on the utility of devoting the funds of the Association for the purpose of collecting such a mass of information as that furnished to Mr. Lubbock, and on the advantage of co-operation in carrying on such investigations.

Professor Staveley said, that the captain of the vessel in which he came from Ireland observed that the diurnal wave was frequently augmented by the reflux of the semi-diurnal wave; and, in some instances, the effect produced was so considerable, as to cause a difference of several feet in the height of the tide, in places within a very short distance of each other.

Professor Christie noticed, that in several of the ports on the coast of England there were actually two high waters, produced, it was suggested, by the arrival of a tidal wave from two different directions. The instances of Southampton and Poole were mentioned, in the former of which there are two periods of high water at each tide, within an interval of an hour and a half; and, in the latter case, the same phenomena take place within an interval of three hours.

The Chairman suggested that the phenomena might be accounted for by supposing the ebb tide to be arrested by the influx of the flood tide, and thus augment the tidal wave.

Mr. Whewell next proceeded to read a communication on the subject of his anemometer, exhibited at two preceding meetings. His

object in bringing the subject before the Section at present was to shew the results of the observations made with it at Cambridge, and elsewhere. Mr. Whewell also alluded to another instrument, constructed by Mr. Osler, which had been constructed for determining the whole course of the wind, and its intensity at any particular moment.

Mr. Osler proceeded to describe the instrument constructed by him, and to detail the results obtained during the last year. This instrument also shewed the quantity of rain which fell during the same period, and the length of time which it occupied in falling. It also shewed the state of the thermometer; thus giving a comparative view of all the changes which take place in the atmosphere.

Mr. Whewell complimented Mr. Osler on the perfection of the instrument constructed by him, especially as a registering instrument of all the atmospherical phenomena.

Section B. In this Section, little was done; and the committee did not seem to be prepared with papers to last above an hour.

Professor Johnston opened the proceedings, by stating that it was customary, in the first place, for those individuals who had undertaken researches at the suggestion of the Association, to communicate the result of their labours during the past year. Owing, however, to the lamented death of Dr. Henry, the serious indisposition of Dr. Dalton, as well as the absence of Mr. Faraday, to whom these duties had been confided, no additional information was obtained.

Mr. Crane, of Yriscledwyn Iron-works, near Swansea, read a paper on his successful introduction of anthracite coal, by the combination of heated air, to the purpose of smelting iron ore. The reduction of the quantity of fuel expended to less than a third of that before required of the bituminous kinds for the production of the ton of pig-iron—the increase of from 40 to 50 per cent upon the former make by the process—and the greatly increased strength of the metal, when compared with that previously obtained by him from the native ores of the South Welsh basin, with the use of the coke of the bituminous veins and cold blast, were the leading points of the paper. This is a subject of great interest in a commercial point of view, as, if perfectly successful—and, from the experiments of Mr. Crane, on a large scale (noticed in a former *Literary Gazette*), there seems to be strong grounds for supposing it may be so—it is a question whether the discovery will prove more beneficial or injurious to the prosperity of this country. On the one hand, it was urged by Mr. Crane, that at least one-third of the immense coal-field of South Wales is composed of anthracite coal, which will thus, for the first time, be brought into extensive use for the purposes of smelting; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that this description of coal exists, together with iron ore, in great abundance in the United States of America,\* as well as in various parts of the Continent, the inhabitants of which would, if the theory hold good, be enabled to rival our works at a cheap rate. Mr. Crane stated that he had smelted a ton of iron, on an average, with less than 27 cwt. of anthracite coal; and, in regard to quality, the result was perfectly satisfactory. His works had long been noted for producing iron, equal, if not superior, to others in South Wales; and, by means of an-

thracite coal, he had been able to improve its quality. Anthracite coal being almost entirely composed of carbon, it was his opinion that he would be able, at no distant period, to produce, by its means, an iron not inferior to that formerly smelted by charcoal. Having beds of bituminous coal, as well as anthracite, in his possession, he had instituted comparisons as to the amount of iron which could be produced by the most economical application of each, and he found that there was a very considerable saving in the use of the latter. Mr. Crane then gave a highly descriptive account of the manner in which he had first discovered the means of applying his discovery to the combustion of the coal. The mode in which he now conducted the smelting was by means of a cupola furnace, into which he urged a stream of air, heated to such a degree as to be able to melt lead; the effect of this hot blast being all that was necessary to produce that combustion of the coal requisite for the reduction of the ore.

Dr. Kane proceeded to explain the nature of pyroacetic spirit. If acetate of barytes be exposed to a certain temperature, there will remain in the vessel containing it carbonate of barytes; whilst a peculiar fluid, somewhat resembling alcohol, is separated. This fluid has been long known by the name of pyroacetic spirit. Its composition and properties have been examined by many chemists, several of whom have noticed its power of combining with other bodies. In order to understand the alteration which it undergoes, we must take its formation, and consider it as being C 6, H 6, 62. He conceived that pyroacetic spirit was constituted very similarly to alcohol. At present, there are two alcoholic compounds known—the common wine alcohol, and the common pyroacetic spirit. Dr. Kane then described the various combinations which the spirit enters into with acids and other substances, illustrating the whole by means of diagrams, shewing the atomic proportions of each simple element.

A paper of Mr. Golding Bird, on the crystallisation of metals by voltaic agency, was then read.

In the Chemical Section, the following paper by Mr. Black (whose work on *Brewing*, &c. has received our warm praise) was read; and it is one of those so generally and practically useful, as well as new and ingenious, that we go out of our routine to insert, in our first No. of these reports, the *Observations on the injurious influence which Electricity exerts in Brewing and Distilling*.

I trust (says Mr. Black) I may be excused in drawing the attention of the meeting of the British Association to a short notice of the injurious influence which electricity exerts on the fermentation of the worts of the brewer and the wash of the distiller. The powerful and injurious effects produced by this agent in the manufacture of beer, I endeavoured to point out in a little work, lately published, on *Brewing*; which, although it has excited some notice among a few practical men, yet the subject has not received that due attention which its great importance deserves. But I entertain a hope, that this matter will stimulate some members of the Association minutely to examine the nature and extent of the electrical agency, and, by well-devised experiments (towards which, if required, I should most willingly give any information or assistance), succeed in convincing brewers and distillers of the necessity of studying the laws which regulate this all-powerful agent, in order that they may avoid its injurious effects in the manufacture of beer or spirits. Beer, to the industrious

classes in this country, may be considered a necessary of life; and its wholesomeness and purity must, therefore, be of vital importance. The quality varies exceedingly in different parts of the kingdom, and what is considered good beer in one district, may in other parts be pronounced *excellent*. One great cause of the inferiority of beer and ales in the country, and the great diversity of flavour, arises from the want of competition; it being only in the large towns that strong competition exists. In the country districts there is little or none. The brewers have been long in the habit of purchasing up all the public-houses in their neighbourhood, and these houses being limited in number, the labouring classes are prevented from selecting their own beverage, and have no choice but to drink that of the proprietors of the public-houses, and who are also the brewers. Most of such beers are very imperfectly manufactured, and are usually foul and yeast-bitten, and have a very disagreeable, rank bitter, derived from the yeast left in the beer, instead of its being thrown out by a proper process. This bitter, although often mistaken for, is very different from, the agreeable and aromatic flavour of the hop. Yeast-bitten beer is particularly injurious to wet-nurses in the suckling of infants. In some districts, unsound, stale beer, is the favourite beverage; so that, from long usage, good, sound beer, would not be appreciated, but rejected. A frequent cause of such inferior beers proceeds from want of proper attention being paid to cleanliness, and the soundness of the worts, accompanied with imperfect fermentation. I suspect, however, that it very often proceeds from electric or galvanic agency; the fermenting vessels being very frequently sunk in the ground, are particularly liable to be affected by all electrical and atmospherical changes, as I have had many opportunities of observing. It is to the latter that I wish to direct the attention of the meeting. It has long been familiarly known, that thunder sours beer; but, though generally known, but few brewers have inquired into the cause, or adopted means to prevent this atmospheric, or other action, affecting beer during thunder-storms, or in the different electric states of the earth and atmosphere. The extreme rapidity with which the electricity is evolved during a thunder-storm, is strikingly exhibited in a distiller's fermenting back. These fermenting backs are often made of cast-iron, and either fixed in the earth, or connected with it by an intermediate iron vessel, employed in regulating the temperature. A very short time after a thunder-storm begins, or when the atmosphere is highly charged with electric matter, the appearance in the back altogether changes. The usual healthy appearance of the fermentation disappears; and it is now attended with a hissing noise and frothy head: and when samples are drawn and examined, is found to have risen, instead of fallen, in gravity many degrees, and to contain 5 per cent, or more, of acid. Under these circumstances, the distiller has no alternative but to run off his wash into the stills, although they may be as high as 10 or 12 degrees above water, or occasionally of much higher gravity.

But the chemical agency a highly electrical state of the atmosphere possesses is not confined solely to the fermentation of vegetable substances; it affects even the smelting of iron. It is well known to iron-masters and smelters, that in certain conditions of the atmosphere, and particularly during sultry summer weather, that they can never with certainty calculate upon producing good, soft, tenacious iron,

\* The American journals, in their usual jocular manner, settled this question in another way. "It has been found," said the editor, "that anthracite agrees with coal in all its elements, its carbon, its nitrogen, &c. &c. The only difference is, that coal will burn, and anthracite won't."



technically called No. 1: it is much more generally the white, hard, inferior kind, called No. 3, or a mixture of Nos. 2 and 3. Now, in such circumstances, it will be found that the iron was melted during a thunder-storm, or when the air was highly charged with electricity. In these cases the ore shall be of the best quality, and all the other manipulations attending the melting carefully looked after, and even a much greater charge of coke be employed (the *dernier resort* of the melter), when apprehensive of hard, inferior iron, yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, the yield of iron is of the No. 3 quality. The operating cause we attribute to electricity. The result of my observations, in different parts of the kingdom (and they have been pretty widely extended), is, that where the fermenting tuns have been placed upon baked wooden bearers, and supported upon brick or wooden piers, or columns, and every other precaution used to insulate the vessels as much as possible, the fermentations proceed regularly and progressively, and the beers turn out good, bright, and sound, and will keep so; but that when placed on, or imbedded in the earth, and when electric action is induced by a chain of copper or metal pipes, making a complete galvanic circle, the fermentations are very irregular, and do not go through their changes in any thing like order, and shewing only extremely high, light, puffy heads. Frequently the attenuation or decrease of specific gravity altogether stops; and the beer becomes sour, or partially unsound, before leaving the fermenting tun. A rather singular attendant on this galvanic action in the fermentation is, that the temperature of the worts in the fermenting tun will rise, in the course of one night, 10 or 12 degrees, or more, and without a corresponding attenuation; while, in all healthy fermentations, there is a regular and proportional decrease of gravity for increase of temperature. This is a point (although at present very little known or attended to) of the utmost consequence in regulating the proper quantities of yeast to be employed as a ferment, according to the specific gravity of the worts, and quality of the beer to be produced. A great deal of attention has of late years been bestowed on the mechanical construction of the utensils employed in breweries, in order to diminish manual labour and waste of beer, and in making them quite *automatic*. In these improvements, unfortunately, too little attention has been paid to the injurious action of galvanism, or electricity. We know of one exception. An extensive establishment in London, well aware of the action induced by electricity, took the wise precaution, a few years since, when erecting fermenting tuns, containing 1400 barrels each, and supported by iron columns, to have them insulated, from which they have derived great benefit. The same house, sensible of the importance of observing the atmospheric changes, has kept a meteorological journal for the last ten years; the observations being made three times a day, at four o'clock, A.M., at nine o'clock, A.M., and at three o'clock, P.M. In order to prevent the electric action in the fermentations of beer or wash, the vessels should be thoroughly insulated, and the mains, or pipes, leading to or from these vessels, should be thoroughly disconnected from them, by means of unions, screws, or perhaps still better, by a short hose of leather, or caoutchouc, or Indian rubber. By these simple means, the galvanic circle otherwise formed by the metal pipes and cocks, &c. employed in removing the worts, refrigerating, or cleansing, will be broken, and a uni-

form, regular, and healthy fermentation be produced. I have often been inclined to think, that the great difference in the quality of wines we read of, produced from vineyards within a short distance of each other, may as often be traced to some electrical action, caused by a bad arrangement of the fermenting vessels, as to any difference in the soil or quality of the grapes. I hope these few observations, brief as they may be, will draw the attention of men of science, and also of the manufacturer, to the subject, believing it one of primary importance in this branch of the chemical arts.

Mr. Faraday and Dr. T. Thomson highly complimented Mr. Black on the suggestions in this paper; and considered them particularly worthy of the attention of brewers and distillers.

Section C.—In the following we have also anticipated our daily report, on account of the great interest of the subject.

*Major Sabine's Report on the Variations in the Intensity of Terrestrial Magnetism at different parts of the Earth's surface.*—This report was to have been printed in the last year's volume of the Reports of the British Association. The author explained that the delay had been occasioned by the influx of new and very valuable materials, with which he had been unexpectedly furnished when engaged in completing the report. Amongst these, he specified a series of observations made by Captain Fitzroy, and the officers of H. M. S. Beagle, during her five years' voyage of survey and circumnavigation, by which the value of the terrestrial intensity had been determined at between thirty and forty widely scattered stations, principally in the southern hemisphere, where such determination had been previously a great desideratum. The deduction of the results of these and other observations, which were put into the author's hands in the state in which they were made, was a work of much time and labour; but he considers their accession to the report an increase of its value, which far more than counterbalances the inconvenience of the delays. The report is now complete. Major Sabine stated that his object in this report had been to collect and present, in a condensed and arranged form, the results of all the observations on this subject which have been made, by observers of all nations, from the close of the last century, when these researches commenced, to the present time. The greater part of these existed previously, dispersed in the transactions of scientific societies, and in scientific journals, chiefly in the German language, and very rarely to be met with in this country. The number of separate determinations collected in this report exceeds 600; and the number of different stations distributed over the earth's surface, at which the terrestrial intensity has been observed, falls a little short of 600. The observers are twenty-one in number, of which the observations of seven are previously unpublished. The author gave some short details of the arrangement of the tables in which the results are comprised; and of the manner in which the values of the intensity are expressed; also on the degree of accord in the results of different observers who have visited the same station, from chance, some estimate may be formed of the degree of accuracy of each single determination. The report is accompanied by maps, in which the several determinations are also entered, and the lines of equal magnetic intensity traced, for the purpose of enabling a more ready apprehension of the systematic distribution of the intensity on the earth's surface, which the facts now collected establish. Major

Sabine discusses the general inferences with regard to the distribution of the intensity, which are pointed out by the concurrent and consistent testimony of so large a body of results; and concludes by pointing out the parts of the earth where further observations are most desirable, and noticing the practical suggestions, in regard to instruments, and the methods of observation, which are either expressly mentioned, or may be gathered from the experience of the observers whose observations he has discussed.

Section D.—Dr. Traill exhibited and gave a brief notice of the *Argus Persicus*, or the Poisonous Bug of Minnaeh, in Persia. The specimen which the learned doctor produced had been procured from Persia by a friend of his, who favoured him with a short statement relative to the nature of the insect. The bite of it was exceedingly dangerous, producing a violent fever, resembling our typhus fever, and, in many instances, occasioning death. In some villages it was considered almost certain death to sleep.

Mr. J. E. Gray brought forward the new genus, allied to the water-lily, and called *Victoria Regina*, which was discovered by Mr. R. H. Schomburgk, last January, in the river Berbice. At the meeting of the Botanical Society, last Thursday, the following letter (which has appeared in all the London newspapers) was read from him, dated New Amsterdam, Berbice, May 11th, 1837, on a new genus allied to the water-lily, named *Victoria Regina*, by permission of her majesty. The communication was accompanied by magnificent drawings of the plant, one half the natural size. The following account is extracted from Mr. Schomburgk's paper:—"It was on the 1st of January this year, while contending with the difficulties nature opposed in different forms to our progress up the River Berbice (in British Guiana), that we arrived at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin. Some object on the southern extremity of this basin attracted my attention; it was impossible to form any idea what it could be, and animating the crew to increase the rate of paddling, shortly afterwards we were opposite the object which had raised my curiosity. A vegetable wonder! All calamities were forgotten; I felt as a botanist, and felt myself rewarded; a gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim, of a light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with them, and I rowed from one to another, and observed always something new to admire. The leaf, on its surface, is of a bright green; in form orbiculate, with this exception—opposite its axis, where it is slightly bent in, its diameter measured from five to six feet. Around the margin extended a rim, about three to five inches high; on the inside light green, like the surface of the leaf; on the outside, like the leaf's lower part, of a bright crimson. The stem of the flower is an inch thick near the calyx, and is studded with sharp elastic prickles about three quarters of an inch in length. The calyx is four-leaved, each upwards of seven inches in length, and three in breadth at the base; they are thick white inside, reddish brown and prickly outside. The diameter of the calyx is twelve to thirteen inches; on it rests the magnificent flower, which, when fully developed, covers completely the calyx with its

hundred petals. When it first opens, it is white with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age, and it is generally found the next day of a pink colour. As if to enhance its beauty, it is sweet scented. Like others of its tribe, it possesses a fleshy disc, and petals and stamens pass gradually into each other, and many petaloid leaves may be observed, which have vestiges of an anther. We met them afterwards frequently; and the higher we advanced the more gigantic they became. We measured a leaf which was six feet five inches in diameter; its rim five and a half inches high, and the flower across fifteen inches. The flower is much injured by a beetle, *Thrinacia* species, which destroys completely the inner part. We have counted from twenty to thirty in one flower.\* A fine drawing of the plant was hung behind the chair.

A discussion of much interest ensued on Mr. Cross's experiments, in which that gentleman had supposed the existence of certain insects in flints. Mr. Gray informed the meeting of the results of Mr. Children's repetition of Mr. Cross's experiment on the reproduction of insects from the solution of silicia, and that they did not confirm the opinions of Mr. Cross. On the contrary, Mr. C. shews that the insects found are such as occur in the dust of rooms; and had no doubt but that accident had led to their appearance amidst Mr. Cross's apparatus.\* It was suggested, however, that eggs might exist. A very animated discussion took place on the subject.

The Rev. T. W. Hope read a communication from Sir Thomas Phillips, on the best method of destroying the insects which attack books and manuscripts.

The last paper presented was one by Mr. Ball, on *Erica Machaina*, with an exhibition of living specimens.

Section E.—In this section two papers of considerable importance were communicated. First, Dr. Williams, of London, read a second report of the London sub-committee of the British Association, to investigate the motions and sounds of the heart. With regard to the abnormal sounds of the heart, the first, or systolic sound of the heart was caused by the sudden tightening of the ventricles as they acted. The fifth class of experiments, relating to the production of sound, had been tried by means of a caoutchouc tube, fastened into a stop-cock at the bottom of a cistern, and by means of this they had been enabled to produce all the sounds heard by the medium of the stethoscope in the heart. When the water was permitted to flow, so as to distend the India-rubber tube, and the atmosphere had been completely expelled from it, a slight indenting pressure in the tube, produced the murmuring sound so often heard, which was increased in volume by increasing the force of the water. By inserting a pin through the tube, the whistling noise often heard was produced, and by sticking a broader piece of quill through, it produced the blowing noise. By these means, by variety of pressure, and by tightening a ligature round the tube, and causing angular obstructions in it, all the sounds of whizzing, grasping, blowing, murmuring, purring, and cooing, heard in the heart and arteries, by means of the stethoscope could be distinctly heard. When the walls of the tube became flaccid, a fremitus sound was

caused. From all these results it was sufficient to say, a certain obstruction in the physical was the cause of all the murmurs or sounds in the tube. The sounds produced by water in the tube by obstructions, were so similar to those produced in tubes by air, that it might be imagined the same cause produced the one as the other. Dr. Williams then proceeded to detail several experiments in the production of murmurs in the arteries of the living body. About two inches of the carotid artery of a dog was laid bare, and different degrees of pressure upon it produced the different murmurs of blowing, whizzing, &c. heard through the medium of the stethoscope in the arteries and in the heart. The artery was then made to contract by slightly scraping it with a scalpel, and applying salt to the part. This produced a gradual constriction, but the stethoscope detected no murmur. A small pressure, however, immediately caused a murmur. Near the constriction the pulse was harder and sharper than above or below. It was then found that a murmur could be produced by pressure on the sub-clavian, carotid, or femoral arteries, in the human subject, which might be heard through a stethoscope, which was sometimes like the singing of a kettle, or the cooing of a dove, &c. The carotid of the dog was afterwards slightly punctured, and a jet of blood followed about six yards high, which, in a few minutes, caused the death of the dog by hemorrhage. After respiration had ceased, it was found that the heart continued to beat for about two minutes. It was proved that the murmuring might be produced in a healthy subject, by moderate pressure on a principal artery, and that, therefore, this sound did not indicate disease in the artery. Accidental pressure, it was found, would also produce what the French have termed the *bruit de diable*.

A long discussion ensued between Drs. Copeland, Grinfield, Johnson, and others. The heart was said to be the *ultimo moriens*; would continue its action though no blood was there; that respiration first ceased its action, then the brain, and lastly the heart, a fact which Dr. Grinfield had verified from experiment by poison, chiefly prussic acid. After the lungs had discontinued breathing, he found the heart beating, and the bowels proceeding with their peristaltic action simultaneously. Dr. Johnson differed from the report, which would seem to prove that all sounds of the heart and arteries were symptomatic of disease. This was erroneous; for, on himself and others, he found, by excitement, and after taking food, he could distinguish some sounds, though he and others were healthy; and would therefore recommend that increased motion from excitement should be more particularly examined; but Dr. Williams stated that it was found that various velocities in perfect irregular tubes did not create sound, and would recommend medical gentlemen not to try experiments upon themselves. It was concluded that Dr. Williams should repeat the experiment in the laboratory of the Medical Institution, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning (this day).

Second, Mr. Brett, surgeon, now read a most elaborate paper, replete with novelty and ingenuity, on the chemistry of expectorated matters, and their diagnostic relations with diseases of the lungs, especially consumption. After enumerating the state of albumen in blood, he proceeded to shew the composition of spitte and the sputa from the lungs. The latter kind of matter varied in its physical and chemical qualities according to the stage of the disease and its nature. In the latter stage, when consump-

tion was established, globules existed shewn by the microscope, and chemistry detected much albumen, and even iron. Analysis also found the matter of broken down tubercles was the same as pus, and that perfect puriform matter consisted of water, albumen, animal matter, soluble in spirit of wine, as fat, osmazone, &c.; animal matter, soluble in water; salts, chiefly chlorates, phosphates, sulphates, &c.; soda. In the last stage, oxide of iron. The paper contained many tables, fully bearing out the writer's propositions; and it underwent a long examination by Mr. Bird, the President, Drs. Roget, Williams, Johnson, &c.

Section F.—A paper of importance, viz. a statement of the British trade with America during a long series of years, by Mr. Porter, was read. "In this place, and especially at the present time, it cannot be necessary to offer an apology to the Statistical Section of the British Association, for presenting to its notice a brief record of the growth, progress, and present extent of the trade carried on between the United Kingdom and that portion of the New World which now constitutes the United States of America. There is, however, some necessity for bespeaking the indulgence of the Section towards the execution of an attempt, which is necessarily incomplete, because the commercial records relating to the earlier periods of our history are exceedingly scanty, and, besides, are too frequently without the stamp of authenticity; so that their value is to be estimated rather from their agreement with other known facts, than from any confidence we should otherwise place in the records themselves. Until comparatively a very recent period, the importance of statistical labours was not understood in this country. It was not seen in what manner, nor in how great a degree, the knowledge of facts applying to former years, and systematically arranged, could assist the legislature and public functionaries in conducting the business of government, and providing for the prosperity of future years. This indifference to what is now recognised as a work of high necessity, was formerly not confined to commercial details. It might, perhaps, be thought that the record of those details would be best preserved by commercial men, who were most interested in the subject; but the deficiency of which we now complain was exhibited in a matter of much more obvious importance to the government and the nation at large, namely, the financial accounts of the country. In these days of watchfulness and severe scrutiny into every branch of the public expenditure, it will hardly be credited that there is not a trace to be found in the Journals of the House of Commons of any account of the produce of the taxes having been called for by parliament during the whole course of the American war,—a fact attested by the late Mr. George Rose, who, having been for many years a cabinet minister, knew well the importance of such returns. As might naturally be expected, the carelessness thus evinced by the members of the legislature was not confined to them, but was shewn also by the public accountants. In the published report of the Finance Committee, which sat in 1782, it is stated that 'the committee thought it right to call for an account of the net produce of all the taxes from 1774 to 1782, distinguishing each year; but as that account consisted of more than one hundred and fifty items, put together in a confused manner, not totalled by the officer of the exchequer, the result could not be stated.' Of late years we have begun to do that for our successors, which it is so much to be wished our predecessors had done

\* On further inquiry, we are told that the insect described in Mr. Children's experiments is an *Acarus*; and that, as it was not exhibited, some gentlemen only supposed that it was the common *acarus*.

for us. The body of facts now systematically collected in this country at the period of their actual occurrence, and attested by the signatures of public functionaries, whose fidelity and accuracy cannot be doubted, are every day becoming more and more valuable through their accumulation; and will at length provide so steady and so bright a light, by which to read the pages of economical science, that it will be hardly possible to misinterpret the lessons they convey. Happily, too, the collection of statistical data is not confined to our own country; so that by this means we shall not only obtain records of various classes of facts which belong to dissimilar climates, and which are called forth by different circumstances, but we shall also be able to judge of the manner and degree in which the same facts and measures are capable of being modified by the force of circumstances,—a kind of knowledge calculated to exercise a powerful and most beneficial influence upon the welfare and happiness of mankind. Those persons only, who have given their attention to the collection of statistical information, can form an adequate idea of the advantage that may at some time or other be drawn from the record of even an insulated and apparently an unimportant fact, which may throw light upon matters, and render them pregnant with instruction, which, without this help, would have continued unintelligible, if even they should not be misunderstood, and thence perverted to mischievous ends. It is this conviction which emboldens me to offer to the Section the following imperfect sketch: the facts which it embodies, few and insufficient as they may be considered, are drawn from sources, some of which are not generally accessible, and are fast passing into oblivion. The British colonies, which now form part of the United States of America, were, with the exception of Georgia, all founded in the seventeenth century. The date of the first settlement of each individual colony was as follows:

Virginia .....	1607	Maryland .....	1633
New York .....	1614	Connecticut .....	1635
Massachusetts .....	1620	Rhode Island .....	1636
New Hampshire .....	1623	North Carolina .....	1650
New Jersey .....	1624	South Carolina .....	1670
Delaware .....	1627	Pennsylvania .....	1682
Maine .....	1630	Georgia .....	1733

The earliest of these settlements resulted from the persecutions on account of religious opinions then prevalent in England, and had no view to the extension of our commerce. The success of the colonists, however, naturally gave rise to a brisk commercial intercourse with the mother country; and we are told by Sir Joshua Childs, in his 'New Discourse of Trade,' published about 1670, that at that time 'the trade to our American plantations employed nearly two-thirds of all our English shipping, and thereby gave constant sustenance to, it may be, 200,000 persons here at home.' It is most probable that the West India colonies were included in this estimate, because, thirty years later, the whole imports and exports from and to the North American provinces did not amount to 700,000*l*. In a work entitled, 'The Trade and Navigation of England Considered,' first published in 1728, by Joshua Gee, we find the following notice of the trade of those provinces:—'The tobacco plantations take from England their clothing, household goods, and utensils of all kinds; and England takes from them tobacco, for use and for re-exportation. Carolina lies in a happy climate, producing the best rice in the world. Pennsylvania, within forty years, has made wonderful improvements, which have very much enlarged their demands upon us for broad-cloths, druggets, serges, stuffs, and

manufactures of all sorts. They supply the sugar plantations with lumber, pipe-staves, &c.' A tract was published in London, in 1731, under the title of 'The Importance of the British Plantations in America to this Kingdom;' and in this tract it is stated that Virginia and Maryland together then sent annually to Great Britain 60,000 hogsheads of tobacco, each weighing 600 lbs., which, at 2*d*. per lb., amounted to 375,000*l*.: that the shipping employed to bring home this tobacco, amounted to 24,000 tons; the freight, at 30*s*. per hogshead, was 90,000*l*.; other charges, and commission, 60,000*l*. The author adds, 'In the same ships are brought lumber, 15,000*l*., and skins and furs, 60,000*l*.' The trade of Maryland and Virginia was then almost wholly confined to the mother country; that to all places other than Great Britain having been carried on in shipping, the aggregate measurement of which did not exceed 1000 tons annually. The export trade of Pennsylvania, at that time, consisted of agricultural produce, which was sent principally to Spain and Portugal, and the proceeds remitted to England in payment for manufactures, to the amount of 150,000*l*. The produce of the New England fisheries, amounting to 172,600*l*., was also remitted to Great Britain for the same purpose: besides which, masts for the navy, and other naval stores, were sent here, to the annual value of 400,000*l*., in exchange for British manufactures and East India goods. About the time just alluded to, the foreign trade of this country experienced a considerable increase. In Smith's 'Memoirs of Wool,' a work of much authority, published in 1747, it is stated, that 'before the year 1718, our foreign trade was chiefly confined to London, Bristol, and Liverpool; but it is now become so general, that not one seaport, and scarce an inland town in the kingdom, is without adventurers, who export considerably, and correspond directly with most of the trading countries of Europe and America.' The early growth of our cotton manufacture is thus alluded to in these memoirs:—'The manufacture of cotton, mixed and plain, is arrived at so great a perfection within these twenty years, that we do not only make enough for our own consumption, but supply our colonies, and many of the nations of Europe. The benefits arising from this branch are such as to enable the manufacturers of Manchester alone to lay out above 30,000*l*. a-year, for many years past, on additional buildings. It is computed that 2000 new houses have been built in that industrious town within these twenty years.' It was not until half a century had elapsed, from the period referred to in the foregoing extract, and when they had secured their independence, that any part of the raw material employed in the cotton manufacture was received from the British plantations in America. A few bags of cotton, received in 1785 and 1786, were apparently of foreign growth, and had been received in America from the Spanish main. Cotton was raised in gardens in the United States before 1786; but that was the first year in which it was cultivated by planters as a crop; and 1787 was the earliest year in which any of the growth of the country was exported. Before the separation of the British provinces from the mother country, the statements which were given concerning their trade exhibited that of each province separately. For a long period, prior to the independence of America being recognised, the operation of the navigation laws had given to this country a monopoly of the trade with its colonies; and, it is worthy of remark, that so long as the American provinces continued thus connected with

England, the increase of the commercial intercourse bore a very inadequate proportion to their increasing population. In 1749, the number of inhabitants in the provinces was stated to be 1,046,000; and the official value of exports and imports, was 2,117,845*l*. Assuming that the population, between 1749 and 1774, increased steadily at the rate afterwards exhibited by the census of 1790, the number of inhabitants in 1774 must have been 2,803,625. If the trade had increased in an equal ratio, the imports and exports in 1774 would have amounted to 5,676,523*l*.; whereas the actual amount was only 3,964,288*l*., shewing a deficiency of 30 per cent. It is probable that the estimate of the population in 1740 may have been below the truth; but we can scarcely imagine that it would be wrong to any thing approaching so great an extent as would render the trade of the two periods proportional; and it is impossible to believe otherwise than that there had been a virtual diminution of trade between England and the North American provinces in the twenty-five years that preceded the war of independence. The earliest census for the United States was taken in 1790, when the population was found to be 3,929,328. The official value of our trade with the United States, in that year, was 4,622,851*l*. In 1800, the population was found to have increased to 5,309,758. At the same rate of increase, the trade in that year should have been 6,246,925*l*.; but, as it actually amounted to 9,243,432*l*., the increase was greater than that of the population by 48 per cent. In 1810, the population was 7,239,003, and the trade 10,427,732*l*. If the proportion of 1790 had been preserved, the amount would have been 8,517,739*l*. The excess, after allowing for the increased population, was, therefore, 22 per cent; but if the comparison is made with 1800, it appears that the increased trade is not quite 13 per cent, while the population was augmented at the rate of 36 per cent: there is, therefore, a virtual deficiency of 23 per cent, which is, without doubt, to be ascribed to the operation of the orders in council issued in retaliation of the Milan and Berlin decrees of Napoleon. Pursuing the comparison to 1820, we find that the population was then 9,638,166, shewing an increase, over 1810, of 33½ per cent; on the other hand, there is a falling off in the official value of the trade between the two countries at the rate of 27 per cent. This circumstance must be attributed to causes of a temporary nature, and which are capable of easy explanation. On the renewal of the intercourse between England and America, after the peace in 1815, our merchants and manufacturers, stimulated doubly by the deficiency of British goods in the American market, and their superabundance, and consequent low price at home, made such large shipments of manufactures to the United States, that a glut was there produced; and, as this occurred simultaneously with a considerable derangement of the currency in the commercial cities of America, English goods were sacrificed at ruinous prices. In the meantime, the commercial distress which had visited our own country was passing away, and an effective demand for our products had arisen from other quarters, as appears from the fact, that although the real value of British goods exported to the United States, which, on the average of the five preceding years, was near 9,000,000*l*., fell, in 1820, to 3,875,286*l*., the general exports from the United Kingdom to foreign countries were greater in 1820 than they had been in the preceding year. In 1830, the date of the last census, the popu-

lation of the United States was 12,856,165, and the official value of the trade with this country, 16,292,639 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The increase, as compared with 1790, was 227 per cent on the population, and 252 per cent on the amount of trade. If the comparison is made with the remaining decennary periods, it will be found that the increase in 1830 was as follows:—

Compared with 1800	Population.	Trade.
1810 .. 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ .. 56	142	76
1820 .. 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ .. 115	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	56

The increase of population in the United States, between 1820 and 1830, was at the rate of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent per annum. If we assume that the increase has since gone forward at the rate of 3 per cent in each year, the number of American citizens in 1835 must have been 14,784,589. The official value of their trade with this country in that year was 25,671,602 $\frac{1}{2}$ . A comparison of this amount with the value of the trade in the years of the different enumerations, exhibits the following results:—

Compared with 1790	Population.	Trade.
1800 .. 178 .. 177	276	455
1810 .. 104 .. 145	178	177
1820 .. 53 .. 239	104	145
1830 .. 15 .. 57	53	239

It is not simply with reference to the numerical increase of the citizens of the United States that we should consider this question of the increase of our trade. During the forty-seven years that have elapsed since the first census was taken, in 1790, at least 11,000,000 of inhabitants have been added to their number, being equal to an increase of 276 per cent. But during that time we are fully warranted in believing that the wealth of the country has been augmented in a much greater proportion; and it may be fairly presumed that, but for the untoward interference of wars, and of that which is scarcely less inimical to national prosperity than war—commercial jealousy, the dealings between the two countries must have become far more considerable than they are. During the period in question, America has added materially to her means of consuming foreign products, by the extent to which she has carried the cultivation of exportable products. In 1791, the whole export of cotton from the United States was under 200,000 lbs.; and the average annual importation of American cotton into this country, during the last ten years, has exceeded 225,000,000 lbs., the value of which cannot have been less than 7,600,000 $\frac{1}{2}$  per annum. In 1836 our importation was 289,615,692 lbs., which, at the average price of the year, probably produced more than 10,000,000 $\frac{1}{2}$  sterling. Under the system of restriction acted upon in this country (how wisely it is not our present purpose to inquire), with the declared object of favouring the produce of our own soil, and of loading with discriminating duties such articles, the produce of other countries, as come into competition with the productions of our colonies and dependencies, the trade between us and the United States must have dwindled away to perfect insignificance, but for the adoption and great encouragement that has been there afforded to the cultivation of cotton. On the other hand, it may fairly be doubted whether, but for the resource that has been so unexpectedly found in the fertile valleys of the Mississippi, our cotton manufacture, so far from having attained its now gigantic growth, could ever have ranked among the staple productions of England. The intercourse between this country and the United States is important, not only to our merchants

and manufacturers, but also to our ship-owners, and that in a continually augmenting degree. The tonnage of vessels which entered the ports of the United States from foreign countries, in each year, from 1821 to 1836, distinguishing American and British from other shipping, was as follows:—

Years ending 30th September.	American.	British.	Other Foreign Vessels.	Total.	Centesimal Proportion of British to American Tonnage.
1821	765,098	55,188	26,338	846,624	7-21
1822	787,061	70,699	29,872	887,632	8-97
1823	775,271	89,553	29,915	894,739	11-55
1824	850,033	67,351	35,016	952,400	7-92
1825	890,754	63,036	29,891	973,681	7-15
1826	948,206	69,296	36,329	1,047,860	7-35
1827	918,361	99,114	38,475	1,055,950	10-79
1828	866,381	104,167	40,056	1,010,604	11-89
1829	872,949	86,577	44,366	1,003,892	9-69
1830	967,527	87,531	44,689	1,099,747	9-02
1831	922,853	215,987	66,061	1,204,900	22-30
1832	949,822	236,841	100,197	1,346,860	30-41
1833	1,111,441	283,487	113,218	1,608,146	34-50
1834	1,074,670	453,496	114,557	1,642,723	42-19
1835	1,352,653	529,922	111,388	1,993,963	39-18
1836	1,255,384	547,606	132,607	1,935,597	43-62

These figures do not in any way justify the complaints of those persons who can see nothing but ruin to the shipping interest of this country from the relaxation of our navigation laws, introduced by the late Mr. Huskisson, and adopted and carried out by his successors in office. The most interesting part by far of our trade with America consists in our exports of manufactured goods. The extent of the shipments in 1815 is evidently the result of the renewal of commercial intercourse after the war, but the years 1805, 1806, and 1807, 1835 and 1836, followed long periods of friendly intercourse. The serious falling off that occurred in 1808 and 1809 must, as already stated, be attributed to the effect of our celebrated orders in council, issued in retaliation for Napoleon's Milan and Berlin decrees. Nearly one-third of our foreign export trade in 1805, 1806, and 1807, was carried on with the United States. Our trade with the continental nations was destroyed as far as the power of France could destroy it, and under these circumstances it was of peculiar importance that we should preserve, as far as possible, a branch of trade which gave so much and such constant employment to our merchants and manufacturers. It is difficult to account for the blindness and infatuation of the government, which could adopt a course by which what was so important to the nation, both commercially and politically, was put to hazard. The great political advantage of this trade may be thus explained. The merchants of the United States were accustomed to send American produce to the continent of Europe, to a much greater value than the goods they took in return. In their dealings with this country, their practice was directly the contrary; their purchases from us being always much greater than the American produce taken off by the English markets. The means for liquidating the balance thus raised against the American merchants were found in the circumstances of their trade with the remaining portion of Europe. The funds which those merchants had provided there in excess, furnished what was wanting to pay for the balance of their purchases from us, and a safe and most convenient mode of transmitting the funds for this purpose was offered in bills on the English treasury; the specie wherewith these were purchased being applied to pay subsidies and military charges on the Continent, for which this government was answerable, and for which it was difficult otherwise to provide. It cannot be necessary in this place to dwell upon the failure

which so signally attended the retaliatory orders in council of the English government. Our enemy had shut up every channel within his power through which our commerce could flow, and we, instead of looking out for new channels, or making the most of those which were beyond the control of our opponent, most unwisely aided him in his scheme, by putting a stop to all trade that was not conducted through those old accustomed channels. As might have been expected, the regulations of the belligerents were not such as the government of the United States would adopt for the prosecution of their trade with Europe. Finding that their flag was excluded from the ports of the Continent, except upon terms which they considered degrading, all commercial intercourse with either of the belligerents was interdicted; and the result, as it affected our manufactures, is apparent in the diminished amount of our exports. This system of non-intercourse was followed, as will be remembered, by a declaration of war against this country on the part of America, affording, it is to be hoped, the last instance in which two powerful countries, whose interests are so nearly identical in every pursuit that can increase the happiness and advance the true dignity of human nature, will suffer themselves to be dragged into hostility for the gratification of mistaken ideas of honour. The high degree of importance to each country of the trade which it carries on with the other, needs no further exemplification than is offered by the tables appended to this memoir.\* The proportions which that trade bears to the entire foreign trade of each country are there given. In this point of view, it would appear as if the intercourse were of more importance to America than it is to this country, inasmuch as the trade with the United Kingdom bears a larger proportion to the whole trade of the United States than our trade with those States bears to the whole foreign trade of this country. But, on the other hand, it may be truly said, that this densely peopled country is necessarily more dependent for prosperity upon its trade than America, and would suffer more from the loss of the smaller proportional amount of its commerce, which is involved in the intercourse we have been considering, than the United States would suffer from the loss of the much larger proportional amount of its trade which depends upon England.

\* Centesimal Proportion which the Trade between the United Kingdom and the United States of America bore to the whole Foreign Trade of each Country respectively, in each year, from 1821 to 1835.

Years.	Centesimal Proportion which the Trade with England bore to the whole Foreign Trade of the United States.	Centesimal Proportion which the Trade with the United States bore to the whole Foreign Export Trade of England.
1821	35-95	16-95
1822	38-16	18-57
1823	32-70	15-41
1824	31-75	15-86
1825	37-67	18-31
1826	29-00	14-77
1827	33-03	18-67
1828	34-75	15-78
1829	33-75	13-45
1830	33-13	16-02
1831	41-78	24-36
1832	35-99	15-00
1833	35-41	19-26
1834	39-61	16-43
1835	41-76	22-31

The proportion which our export trade with the United States bore to our whole export trade, was —

\* Several interesting Tables are given in the Report of this Section, confirmatory of the statements contained in it, which were found impracticable to be given in the *Literary Gazette*; and for which we must refer our readers to the Report itself.

In 1805 .....	28-01
1806 .....	30-31
1807 .....	31-80
1836 .....	23-28

"In the foregoing pages, all remarks upon the state of convulsion into which this most important branch of our foreign trade has lately been thrown have been avoided, partly because its occurrence is too recent to allow of a sufficiently calm estimate being made of the cause or causes which led to the catastrophe, but chiefly because it would be difficult, if not impossible, to enter upon the subject without departing from that line of strict statistical research which it is so desirable to preserve in the proceedings of this Section of the British Association. It is with much hesitation that I venture, in conclusion, to offer one remark, which, however, falls sufficiently within the limit thus drawn. The shipments of British produce and manufactures, in the year 1836, amounted, according to the value declared by the shippers, to 53,368,571l.; of which sum, America took 12,425,605l., or 23-28 per cent. The total shipments in 1835 amounted to 47,372,270l.; of which America took 10,568,455l., or 22-31 per cent; the difference between the two years being, on the total shipments, 5,996,301l.; and on the shipments to America, 1,857,150l. Without admitting or denying that these figures give evidence of over-trading, I would venture to call your attention to the circumstances of the two people—namely, that the means of obtaining the comforts of life are enjoyed by a larger proportion of them, than is the case with any other people; that the habits and predilections of the citizens of the United States lead them to give a preference to British goods; that ours is the cheapest market in which they can procure many articles necessary to them; and that we are, out of all proportion, their best customers for the raw produce of their soil; and I would then ask whether, if the trade of the two countries were put upon a proper footing, and conducted upon enlightened principles, that amount of traffic should be considered excessive which gives annually to every citizen of the United States articles of British growth and manufacture to the value of sixteen shillings and ninepence three farthings?"

Mr. Ashworth read a paper on the state of education at Bolton, prepared by the Manchester Statistical Society. It shewed that, out of a population of 50,000 individuals, there were 2665 children educated in day schools, 6983 in Sunday schools; making a total of 11,094 scholars, including the dame and infant schools. The proportion of children educated between the ages of 5 and 15 was only one-sixth, whilst in Prussia it is one-third of the whole population. Some striking facts were mentioned as to the incompetency of the teachers in the day schools generally. They were kept in cellars, and other unsuitable places; and in many the neighbours were accustomed to come in, smoke their pipes over the fire, and talk with the master. One schoolmaster, on being questioned about his system of instruction, said he followed "the *gravidley ould fashioned road*." One said that he had become a schoolmaster because he had lamed his foot. Another, a female, because she had "got poor, and *wur* a widow;" whilst several others said it was because they could not get a living by weaving.

From a discussion which ensued, it appeared that the greater part of the population was employed in the factories. A singular anomaly in the factory act was pointed out. That act provides that the children shall be allowed two hours a-day for school instruction, but makes no provision for a school being held. The con-

sequence is that the children are sent into a room, which is called the school-room, for two hours a-day, and then furnished with a certificate of their attendance at school. Several members expressed a strong opinion as to the necessity of legislative interference, both at Bolton at elsewhere; there being too much reason to believe that Bolton only affords a specimen of the general deficiency of the means of education.

*Education in the United States.*—Dr. Taylor read an abstract of a report, as presented to the legislature of New York by the regents of the university in that state. The statements proved that our transatlantic brethren are fully alive to the importance of national education, and are adopting the means most likely to secure its general dissemination.

Section G.—Dr. Lardner read a paper, by Mr. G. Remington, on the railway balance lock.

Mr. Williams next read a paper on what is called a treffos-pump, which led to a long discussion; and it may be observed that many of the questions raised in this section, such as those respecting railroads, iron-smelting and strength, steam vessels, the quantum of generation of steam from coal, mining engines, &c. &c. are of a nature to affect the fortunes of so many commercial men and manufacturers, that they generally gave rise to very conflicting opinions, and to close and anxious investigation and debate. The present question involved such considerations; and the actions and powers of a variety of pumps were diligently canvassed. In this case the alleged improvement was, that the pump would allow the water to flow in a continuous stream, while the well, or spring, might be at a considerable distance from the operation. By the diagram exhibited, it appeared that an air-tight tank, called a treffos, was placed near or over the well into which the water flowed through a pipe, at the top of which was a valve to prevent its descent again into the well. From the tank, or treffos, another pipe communicated with the pump. As the piston worked, the water arose through the valve into the treffos, which formed a reservoir; it then flowed through the communicating pipe into the pump, where the water was poured out in a continuous stream. The inventor stated, in his paper, that he had had three of these pumps at work for some time. One of them had the pump at the distance of ninety yards from the treffos. Against this, Mr. Evans said the continuous stream had already been obtained by more simple means; while Mr. Adams characterised the treffos as nothing more than a continuation and enlargement of the supply pipe.

Mr. Henwood of Penzance described a series of experiments which he had made with the indicator, on the expansion of steam in the cylinders of some of the large pumping engines on the Cornish mines. The instruments employed consist of a small cylinder, of which the piston is kept in its place by a helical spring, and on the top of the piston-rod a pencil is placed on the cylinder's stand; a frame of wood, in which a board slides horizontally, being moved by a string connected with the radius rod of the steam-engine's parallel motion, and returned by a counterpoise, suspended from the slider, over a small pulley. On this board a piece of paper is fixed, and the pencil on the piston-rod of the indicator describes on it a curved line which denotes the pressure of steam in the cylinder of the steam engine (and which elevates the piston of the indicator on its entrance from the boiler) at successive pe-

riods of the stroke. The first part of the curve thus generated by the composition of the motions of the slider and the piston is very irregular, and varies very much in different engines. This Mr. Henwood shewed to depend on the load of the engine, the pressure and quantity of steam in the boiler, and the size of the valve which admits it into the cylinder. The pressures of steam in the boilers varied from 15 to 65 lbs. on the square inch, above the atmosphere; and, owing to the peculiar construction of the Cornish boilers, there seems to be perfect safety in using such high pressures. The engines submitted to examination were at Huel Towan, Binner Downs, and East Crennismines: their cylinders respectively 80, 70, and 76 inches in diameter; and the length of stroke 10 feet. The duty performed 53, 73, and 74 millions of lbs., lifted one foot high by the consumption of one bushel of coal; and 1085, 1006, and 870 tons, lifted one foot high for the expense of one farthing.

A long and animated discussion followed, in which J. J. Guest, Esq., M.P., Dr. Lardner, Mr. Webster, Mr. Adams, and many other gentlemen, took a part. In this it seemed to be stated the best, and indeed at present the only pumping-engines used in Cornwall, are Watt's single engines; and that those of this construction, which are employed to give rotatory motion, although in some places they have been long in use, and do much better duty than the double-acting engines employed for similar purposes, do not come up to the duty of the pumping-engines. It was said by Mr. Henwood, that those engines which work with a load varying not very greatly from 10 lbs. on the square inch, and working from 6 to 8 strokes per minute, appeared to perform more work with a given quantity of fuel, than similar engines under other circumstances.

Mr. John Isaac Hawkins exhibited a small marble bust, sculptured entirely by machinery invented by him, and improved by Mr. Cheverton. Mr. Hawkins stated that the machine, by which this exquisite work of art was copied from the antique, without a single touch from the artist, is a species of engine lathe, in which the bust to be copied, and the block of marble to be sculptured, are placed in a frame, capable of almost universal motion, so that the block to be cut may be applied in all directions to a cutter in the lathe, while all the parts of the model are brought successively in contact with an index, fixed at such a distance from the cutter, as are the corresponding parts of the model and of the block.

Mr. Russell, whose admirable observations on the resistance of waves in inland navigation have, during the last two years, excited so much attention, and supplied such a mass of new and useful information, explained the practical results of some of his later experiments, in a manner highly suitable to the character of this section, reserving more theoretical remarks for the Section of Physics on the following day. The title of his paper, he said, ought properly to have been "The mechanism of waves, in relation to steam vessels in shallow water;" and his present communication might be considered a supplement to those which he had before made. Mr. Robinson and himself had been requested to make a series of experiments on the subject; but in this section he should only have to deal with the practical application. The previous investigations which he had made related only to the manner in which the resistance of bodies moving in the water was affected by the waves which they created. It had been found that several species of waves were gene-



rated in shallow water. He called the first of these the great wave of translation, as it differed from all others in not being a proper wave, but a translation of one great body of water taking place with an equal velocity throughout the whole depth. This was generated by the motion of a body through the water. This part of his discourse Mr. Russell illustrated by the exhibition of several drawings. The first was of a vessel at rest, placed at a given degree of immersion in a fluid of certain depth. The next shewed that, by a motion of four miles per hour, an anterior wave was generated, the water accumulating before the bows and at the sides of the vessel. This wave, Mr. Russell said, consisted of the fluid which she displaced by her motion. If this motion were increased, the anterior wave was increased. One of the drawings represented an extreme case which he had witnessed, where, in a depth of five feet, the anterior wave had so accumulated by increased speed, that the posterior portion of the vessel was left in so little water, that her rudder was knocked off against the bottom. The effect of the anterior wave, which carried with it the whole body of the water at equal velocity to the greatest depth, was to raise the prow, which was more deeply immersed, and to depress the stern as it were into a hollow: thus she had the same difficulty to contend with as if pressing up an inclined plane, besides the pressure of water at the bows to get through. It was found, also, that this wave moved with a given velocity, which was in proportion to the depth of the fluid. When in a rectangular channel, four feet deep, the velocity of this wave had been found to be as much as eight miles an hour. The boat being stopped altogether, the wave continued to go on with a velocity of eight miles an hour; and he had himself followed a wave of this description for a mile and a half, and had seen no diminution of its velocity. It had been found that, if the vessel could be so propelled as to be placed through or on the top of this anterior wave, then, if she were so constructed as to balance herself in this position, the immersion of the stern was diminished, the sinking of the stern corrected, the resistance which was offered before was overcome, and she was borne along at greater speed. There were places where steam navigation, to a great extent, took place in shallow water: such were the Thames and the Clyde—and he might mention the Mersey; but he thought the water was generally rather deep there. Various methods had lately been suggested for the improvement of rivers; and it had struck him that he could not apply his investigation to better purpose than to the discovery of how far they might bear on that improvement.

The remainder of this exposition, however, is so connected with later explanations from the same able source, that we are induced to postpone them, in the hope of being able to lay them before our readers altogether.

Mr. Fairbairn, called on by Dr. Lardner, said his experiments had been of a similar character to those of Mr. Russell. He had found with respect to the anterior wave, and those which were found in the wake of the vessel, that they were precisely similar to those described in Mr. Russell's diagrams. In one experiment which he had tried in the Union canal, which was five feet deep, they got to the speed of seven miles per hour, when the prow was raised as if the vessel were on an inclined plane, and the stern dragged against the bottom. There were many other curious phenomena attending his experiments. His experiments were made with a view to practical utility, and

his notions agreed with those of Mr. Russell. He had thought that the width of the stream had something to do with the matter, but he was glad the experiments of Mr. Russell had set that at rest.

A question was put by Mr. Herapath, as to whether Mr. Russell thought there was any advantage in letting vessels fall away with a long sweep towards the stern, which led to a long discussion on the best form of vessels, but did not lead to any definite conclusion.

Mr. George Webb Hall said, he had observed that in walls which had been built sloping to resist the action of the waves, the waves from steam-boats had had a tendency to hollow them or restore them to a rectangular form; thus the waves themselves confirmed the accuracy of Mr. Russell's observation, that rectangular banks or walls possessed all the advantages he had described in navigation.

Mr. Kingly exhibited a model of a new description of drawing-board, which, as it contains most of the implements and instruments used in geometrical drawing, is calculated to facilitate work.

At five o'clock, about five hundred members sat down to a sumptuous and well-arranged dinner in Lucas's Rooms. At the close of which, the Marquess of Northampton (chairman) gave "the Queen," and other loyal toasts, which were drunk with great applause. On proposing the health of the Earl of Burlington and prosperity to the British Association, the noble marquess alluded very happily to the close of his own reign, and the distinguished merits of his successor. The king never dies! Live the king! His noble friend, who bore the name of Cavendish and the title of Burlington, and inherits and represents the honours connected with them in the annals of science, he felt assured would discharge the duties he was now about to undertake in a manner which would be most advantageous to the Association. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and Lord Burlington returned his acknowledgments in a manner which amply justified the encomiums bestowed upon him, and the anticipation expressed of his reflecting credit upon the chair he was now called upon to fill.

The health of the Marquess of Northampton was also given with every demonstration of grateful regard for his past services; and his lordship, in return, with much good humour alluded to his approaching demise, and invited the company to the Amphitheatre to see him turned off.

#### General Evening Meeting.

At eight o'clock, the amphitheatre was crowded from floor to roof, and presented a very brilliant *coup d'œil*, both of *spectans* on the stage, and fair spectators in the audience part.

The Marquess of Northampton said, in opening the business of the evening, that the members of the British Association entertained no fears as to the reception they would meet with in the town of Liverpool—a town whose very existence depended in a great measure on science—connected as it was with almost every branch of commercial pursuits—a town whose vessels navigated the ocean to every quarter of the globe—a town which beheld science giving wings to carriages, and propelling them with a speed rivalling that of the courser in the race, or the eagle in the clouds—a town which could not but feel the importance of science, not only to the world at large, but to itself in particular. The members of the British Association came here, not as Conservatives—not as Reformers—not as Episcopals or as Dissenters—not as

members of the Church of England, or of any other persuasion; but they came bringing with them the olive-branch of peace: they came to teach one single lesson alone in a religious and political sense, and a most important lesson it was, which was contained in two words of sacred origin, which were, "Love one another." Science had three great objects in view; the first was the exercise and improvement of those intellectual faculties which were given to man by his Maker; the second, was the praise and glory of that Creator, arising from the numerous—he should rather say, innumerable—proofs of his wisdom and beneficence, which were scattered all around; the third, was the duty which they owed to their fellow-creatures,—that of promoting their happiness and welfare in every possible way. It had been said by some persons that the Society held up science as a sort of idol to be worshipped; but the members entertained no such idea. They certainly believed science to be worthy of the noblest faculties of man, but they did not deny that other subjects had superior claims to their consideration. Though they had nothing to do with politics, they did not deny the importance of the science of government, which concerned the welfare of all—and God forbid that they should deny the superior importance of that knowledge which was to make them happy for ever. They excluded religion for two reasons—the first of which was, that their time and attention were so fully occupied, that they really were not able to take other matters into consideration. Of course, they entertained their individual opinions on these subjects—some were of one opinion, some of another; but in science they united on a neutral ground. As a neutral ground, he thought it most important, both politically and religiously, for he hoped it might be the means of softening those asperities which unfortunately prevailed both in politics and religion. It was, alas! too true, that the name of religion had been used by those who abused it for purposes to which it ought never to be applied, whilst, on the other hand, faction had usurped the sacred name of patriotism. His noble friend, who was about to relieve him from the arduous, but honourable, situation which he held as president of the Society, had said pretty nearly the same thing to-day; but he (the Marquess of Northampton) could not retire from his arduous post without acknowledging his great gratification at the kindness with which his humble efforts to promote the objects and welfare of the Association had been rewarded. He was about to be succeeded by one who was by family descent a philosopher, and who in early youth had exhibited a strong bias towards scientific pursuit. The visit to Liverpool would be a fresh era in the existence of the Society. This was the second great commercial town they had visited. Bristol being the first. The British Association felt extremely gratified by the kindness with which they had been received. He was extremely happy to see so large an assemblage of ladies, as well as gentlemen; and he could not refrain from expressing the satisfaction with which the British Association received the influence derived from the presence of the fairer portion of the creation, as they could not but be certain that fair eyes were the harbingers of fair deeds.

The Earl of Burlington, president elect, then took the chair, and was received with the warmest plaudits of the meeting. His lordship said it was impossible for him to enter on the duties of the situation, without endeavouring to acknowledge his deep sense of the honour

which had been conferred upon him,—both to the highly valued friends who had proposed him, and to the members of the Association in general, for acquiescing in their proposal. It was as high a distinction as was in the power of men of science, and, therefore, in the power of any body of men whatever, to bestow. But, however highly he estimated the honour of presiding over the assembled science of Great Britain, there was another consideration,—for if it were a post of honour, it was, at the same time, a post of difficulty and anxiety. They were now assembled in one of the great commercial cities of the empire; and both the theoretical cultivators of science, and those who had benefited so largely from its practice, would derive material pleasure and advantage from this meeting. When he found enrolled amongst the members of this Association, and saw around him all the most distinguished cultivators of science in this country, and was called upon to preside over men whom he had been accustomed to reverence as the highly gifted interpreters of nature, he could not but feel that he had great reason to ask for their liberal indulgence. He regretted to see that some distinguished members of the Association were absent. For the first time they were deprived of the presence of Mr. Parker, to whom, more than to any other individual, the Association was indebted. To him they owed the vigorous and powerful address, explaining the necessity and objects of the Association; to him they owed the health and vigour which it had now obtained. He regretted to add, that Mr. Parker was no longer officially connected with the Association. Another member was also absent—a distinguished philosopher, whose career of discovery had earned him a reputation second to none of the present day—he alluded to Dr. Dalton, whom they had congratulated at Cambridge, four years ago, in the distinction conferred upon him by his sovereign. He deeply regretted that the infirmities of increasing age no longer permitted Dr. Dalton to honour them with his presence. Some of the vice-presidents were also absent; but Mr. Whewell, to whom the Association owed a deep debt of gratitude, was here. The Association had commenced its seventh session that morning; and it could not be amiss to inquire what had been the fruits of the last six years, and how far the Association had answered the objects for which it was intended. Had this Association, or had it not, given a stronger impulse and direction to the progress of scientific inquiry? If they surveyed the whole circle of the sciences, they would find none which stood undebted to this Association. It had afforded valuable assistance both to the past history and future progress of every department of science. To whatever quarter they turned, they found that not only had specific objects been pointed out, but that several were in the course of attainment. Astronomy; the most perfect of the sciences, in which was bestowed, almost exclusively, the specific inquiries of the last century, might be supposed to stand in no need of any assistance from the resources of the Association; but even in astronomy, at the instigation of this Association, government had undertaken to reduce the observations at Greenwich, which hitherto had remained perfectly useless in science. The subject of the tides had lately been taken up by two of the most distinguished philosophers of the present day, Mr. Whewell and Mr. Lubbock. This was a most inviting field for operations of the Association; and accordingly, they found that, by the aid of sums of money

voted by the Association, valuable discussions on tidal observations had been effected, the result of which had already been made known to the Association. If they turned to other sciences, still struggling in their infancy, they found the Association actively engaged in the task for which it was peculiarly calculated, that of calling forth the energies of each. In meteorology and magnetism, much had been effected; from the valuable barometrical observations made at Plymouth, under the superintendence of Mr. Snow Harris, very valuable results had been obtained. The Association had also procured Professor Lloyd's and Captain Sabine's valuable thermometrical observations on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland. If they turned to geology, to natural history, or medical science, they found that in all, an activity, rightly directed, had been infused; and when such were the results of the last six years, they had good reason to believe that their prospects were highly encouraging. Such meetings as this were calculated to diffuse information more widely; but this was not the primary object of the Association, which was rather the progress and advancement of science than its dissemination. All found that they could minister something towards this great end, whilst the few leading minds which could aspire to become discoverers of the laws of nature, would here find assistance from the co-operative spirit of the Association. If they looked to the vast fields of nature, compared the small extent subject to the inquiries of man, with the vast dominion of which he was yet unable to grasp the laws, and considered the many powerful minds which were now endeavouring to unravel those laws,—they must be strongly convinced that the human mind was destined to acquire a far deeper insight into the laws of nature, than it at present possessed. But whatever the progress which science was destined to make in future generations, it was both his ardent hope, and his confident belief, that it would never engender high conceit in the mind of man as to his own faculties, but would lead all men to acknowledge submissively, the power and the goodness of the Almighty.

Dr. Traill then proceeded to read the report at great length, which, being finished, Mr. Taylor, the treasurer, read the report of the accounts for the last year ending the 31st July. The balance brought forward, was 607*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.*: received in the year compensation from 209 life members, 985*l.*; Subscriptions for 1836 of 1121 annual members, 1121*l.*; for the year 1837, 26*l.*; for the year 1838, 24*l.* making the amount of subscriptions for the last year, 2126*l.* They had received dividends on 4735*l.* stock, 135*l.* for the sale of different volumes of the Association, 416*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*; making the amount received on account of the Association, 3313*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* The expenditure consisted:—Expenses various, 265*l.*; for the local treasurer's sundry disbursements, 135*l.* 14*s.*; purchase of 1000*l.* bonds 3 per cent, 800*l.*; salary of assistant secretary and accountant, 234*l.*; grants for scientific researches to the discussion committee on temperature, 97*l.* 10*s.*; for the present year, 186*l.* 11*s.*; tidal observations at Bristol, 150*l.*; for researches in lunar observations, 70*l.*; for the committee for meteorological observations, 93*l.* 10*s.*; researches on the form of waves, 100*l.* 12*s.*; experiments on the sounds and motions of the head, 8*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; researches with respect to atmospherical air, 11*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; for barometrical observations, 50*l.*; thermometrical observations, 150*l.*; chemical experiments, 24*l.*; making various payments, 372*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.*; for printing reports of fourth

volume, 536*l.* 11*s.*; abridging reports, 52*l.*; sundry printing and advertising, 41*l.*; balance in the hands of the treasurer, 248*l.*; making up 3313*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* which, altogether, would leave the present prosperity of the Society previous to the meeting at Liverpool, at about 5000*l.* He begged to mention, that, at the close of the meeting at Bristol, the number of tickets issued, was 1305. When he left the Townhall that day at twelve o'clock, the number then issued, was 1412. That number seemed likely to be largely increased, and the funds of the Society seemed likely to receive here a large addition.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Liverpool, Thursday Evening.

HAVING, with the exception of two or three papers, and Dr. Traill's Report (which, we presume, will be published at length), given the principal details of the meeting, not only to the conclusion of the first day's proceedings, but with several interesting additions from after days, we shall subjoin a few particulars and observations which have occurred to the above date.

The principal subject which seems to have attracted the greatest notice and discussion, during the week, has been the manufacture of iron, in which many of the commercial, as well as of the philosophical, portion of the Association appear to have considerable interest. In one Section, the Mechanical, this topic has been investigated in various mechanical relations; and, to-day, the Chemical Section has been entirely occupied with it, after a very able report from Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, in which he detailed a variety of experiments conducted with admirable skill and accuracy. This investigation of the same matter in different Sections is not a little perplexing to the reporter; and we feel that it will not be in our power, till the whole is closed, to take any thing like a complete view of any of the leading and most important questions. The same remark applies to the theories of tides and experiments on the resistance of fluids, &c.; also of much consequence to a vast number of the Association. These have been expounded in the Physical and Mechanical Sections; and it is as yet impossible to understand the results, which are, indeed, still undergoing examination. The same may be said of the fertile theme of education and other statistical inquiries, where the field is so vast, that volumes could not contain the accumulated data.

To-day the Zoological Section has flown on an excursion to the Earl of Derby's fine zoological collection at Knowsley, after having yesterday pretty well exhausted the interesting subject of Mr. Ward's preservation of plants under glasses, nearly, or altogether excluded from the air. This curious discovery, renders it easy to transport the plants of every climate to other regions. They exist by their own action in expiring oxygen and moisture, which they again and again re-absorb, and thus live for months or years without water or culture. Dampness, as Mr. Lindley, who read Mr. Ward's memoir, observed, was more dangerous than even excessive dryness; and instances were quoted, of many plants flourishing, flowering, and seeding, under these circumstances. It seems probable that the colouring matter in them does not reach perfection; but, in other respects, they are equal or superior to plants in the open air. The lower orders thrive best, but even vascular specimens succeed in growth and health.

A young gentleman in this Section gave an

account of one of three swallows taken out of solid ice (in November, in Germany), and restored to life by the heat of the hand. This accident led to a long conversation; but nothing transpired to induce an opinion, that the laws of nature were inverted as regards the swallow tribe, or to confirm the vulgar notion, that these birds continue to exist and hibernate under water.

It is not easy to afford an idea of the Geological Section. A young science, and always developing new features, its proceedings would of themselves be sufficient to bring together the more idle and curious of the assembly;\* but when we add, that the gallery is appropriated to, and filled by ladies; and that the chair is occupied by Mr. Sedgwick, we have intimated to all acquainted with the subject, that the combination, or aggregation, of attractions is irresistible. The wit and humour with which the president gilds the graver labours of science, are of the very essence of popularity. This morning, for instance, for the common cry of "*places aux dames*," he made a laughable appeal to such gentlemen as happened to occupy some of their front seats; which drove the intruders back, amid bursts of mirth, in which every person in the theatre joined. The tolerated nuisance being abated, a brief paper, by Sir D. Brewster, was read by Sir Philip Egerton, in which a new property of the diamond was not merely indicated, but almost demonstrated.

The fact connected with this is the most striking and original we have heard during the week. Whilst pursuing some of his beautiful experiments on light with diamond lenses, this acute observer found that the stone was variegated with lines of unequal structure and refraction. These lines appeared on the drawing to be parallel, and running quite across the disc; and, from this appearance, Sir David immediately suggested that the diamond was a vegetable substance. Indeed, there is very little doubt but that, as coal is vegetable, so is also this pure crystal of carbon. Nothing but the process of its crystallisation can explain the property here noticed and described.

The coal fields of Lancashire filled the rest of the day.

In the Mechanics, yesterday, the debates were rather stormy, and some of Dr. Lardner's remarks touching steam navigation, provoked warm opposition. This will, no doubt, be revived, as opinions are much diversified on the question of fuel, &c. necessary for the accomplishment of distant voyages.

At three o'clock the general committee meet to determine on the place of assembling next year; and we shall keep our packet open to communicate the determination, if in time, without troubling the public with the discussion, which is expected to be somewhat complicated.

Birmingham and Newcastle are the competitors, and the latter looks like the favourite; but we hear there is a little perplexity in consequence of two presidents having been spoken of: to wit, the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Durham. Either of these are most eligible, and, perhaps, it may be arranged (if Newcastle be selected) to enrol them both, the duke as president, and the noble earl as vice-president, to take an active part at the head of the proceedings. We shall, however, know in a few hours; and we have only to repeat that, to the present moment, every thing has gone off most liberally and satisfactorily.

\* The Statistics Section is, in some respects, also, the resort of the more general body of inquirers.

To maintain the high character of Liverpool for spirit and hospitality, the corporation, after some debate as to legal forms, granted 200*l.* to Mr. Earl, the mayor, for expenses in entertaining the Association. A voluntary subscription, amounting to about 1100*l.*, was raised in furtherance of the same object, in various ways and places; and at the same time the hospitality of private individuals, particularly the local secretaries, treasurer, council, &c. &c. has been unlimited. Above 600 members belonging to Liverpool have also been enrolled, and on Wednesday afternoon the total number amounted to above 1720, or 400 more than ever met on any former occasion.

Among the other beneficial effects of these meetings, we may mention that a Statistical Society is likely to be formed in Liverpool under the auspices of Lord Sandon; and an ordinance map of Scotland, similar to the splendid one of Ireland, is to be begun next year by order of government.

Among the other civilities so largely shewn to the members of the British Association at Liverpool, the following places and objects have been thrown open to them for inspection or relaxation:—

*Institutions.*—Royal Institution; Athenæum Library and News-room; Lyceum Library and News-room; Exchange News-room; Union News-room; School for the Blind; School for the Deaf and Dumb; Blue-Coat Hospital; Workhouse; and the Infirmary.

*Public Commercial Buildings.*—New Custom-house; Tobacco Warehouse, King's Dock; Telegraph Station; Chain-Cable Testing Machine.

*Churches and Monuments.*—St. George's—Stained Glass Window; St. James's Cemetery, with Chapel and Huskisson's Monument.

*Painting and Sculpture.*—Statuary at Charles Blundell's, Esq., Inc., on application to Samuel Turner, Esq., the local treasurer, and one who has shewn abundant hospitality to very many of the members.

*Gardens.*—Botanic Garden; Mr. R. Harrison's Collection of Plants.

*Manufactories.*—Liverpool and Manchester Railway Stations and Work-shops; Gas Works; Fawcett and Preston's Foundry and Steam Engine Manufactory; G. Forrester and Co.'s Foundry and Engine Manufactory; Bury and Branker's Clarence Foundry and Locomotive Engine Manufactory; Logan's Chain-Cable Manufactory; Lyon's Stained Glass Manufactory, and Wax Busts; Union Crown-Glass Company's Works; Muspratt's Chemical Works, at Newton and Liverpool.

*Ship-Building Yards.*—Messrs. Humble and Milchreest's Steam Ship; Mr. Laird's large Iron Steam-vessel.

*Excursions.*—Earl of Derby's Zoological Collection and Picture Gallery, Knowsley; Salt Mines, Northwich; Rock Lighthouse and Fort; Worsley Collieries and Tunnels; and, through the kindness of the Rock Ferry Company, a swift steam-boat has been placed at the disposal of the meeting for the purpose of an excursion.

Also, the Town Hall, with Chantry's Statue of Caning, and View from the Dome; Nelson's Monument, Exchange; St. John's Market; the Docks; American Packet Ships; Necropolis; Zoological Gardens (admission, one shilling); Annual Exhibition of Pictures (admission, one shilling); Remains of the Submarine Forest and Embankment, Leasowes; Remains of Submarine Forest, Crosby.

The president and members of the Liverpool Academy also liberally offered to light up their exhibition rooms on Friday evening, and to admit members and their ladies at seven o'clock on shewing their tickets; and an invitation from manufacturers at Manchester offered their works, &c. to be seen by any members of the Association. We did not hear that the railroad directors had offered any facilities for transit, which rather surprised us.

#### General Committee.

*Five o'clock.*—The minutes of the preceding meeting having been read by Mr. Phillips and confirmed:

The applications from Newcastle, the Corporation, Coal-owners, Literary and Philosophical Societies, the Bishop of Durham, &c. &c. were read by Mr. Murchison.

2d. From Birmingham.

3d. From Sheffield.

4th. A verbal communication from Man-

chester, requesting that the application from that town should be kept on the books.

5th. From Cheltenham.

The claims of Newcastle were urged by Professors Johnstone of Durham, and other gentlemen; those of Birmingham by the low bailiff and Mr. Corrie (the latter in a very impressive address), and the other places by other deputies, when it was moved and carried that the next meeting should be at Newcastle.

It was afterwards moved and carried, that the

Duke of Northumberland should be President.

Lord Durham, the Rev. Vernon Harcourt, and Prideaux Selby, Esq. of Twiser (the distinguished naturalist) Vice-Presidents.

J. Adamson, W. Hutton, Esq. and Professor Johnstone, Local Secretaries.

Rev. W. Turner and J. Bigge, Esq., Local Treasurers.

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Vicar of Wrexhill.* By Mrs. Trollope, author of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," "Tremordyn Cliff," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

THIS is certainly the best novel that Mrs. Trollope has produced, as regards dramatic execution or development of character. It is the history of a modern *tartuffe*, and shews how the highest and best feelings of our nature may be turned to evil by evil guidance, and by misdirected enthusiasm. The more deeply we are impressed by the great truths of Christianity; the more that we feel they are the safeguard of life, and the hope of death; the more should we guard against the delusions of fanaticism, for the fanatic and the hypocrite are inseparable companions. We firmly believe that the exaggerating and self-righteous saint does more harm to the cause of religion than even the infidel. The falsehood and coldness of disbelief must, sooner or later, find their own insufficiency; but the small vanities, shrouded under the sweeping condemnation of others; the horror wasted on trifles, which should be kept for graver offence; and the severity so contrary to the Gospel,—all these are so calculated to excite disgust and ridicule, that religion is confounded with, and injured by, those who indeed take its name in vain. Mrs. Trollope has drawn a picture of such a state, with much force and point—our only objection is, that there are some portions too coarsely coloured. For example, the scene which leads to Helen's leaving her mother's house, is decidedly objectionable. No taste can be too fastidious when we consider the class of readers among whom works like the present chiefly circulate. We now proceed to give a scene among the "regenerated," which, however mistaken and absurd, is only too faithful.

"A few minutes more brought them to the door of Mrs. Simpson's. Their inquiry for the lady was answered by the information that she 'was schooling Miss; but if they would be pleased to walk in, she would come down directly.' They accordingly entered the drawing-room, where they were kept waiting for some time, which was, indeed, pretty generally the fate of morning visitors to Mrs. Simpson. The interval was employed as the collectors of albums and annuals intend all intervals should be, namely, in the examination of all the morocco-bound volumes deposited on the grand round table in the middle of the room, and on all the square, oblong, octagon, and oval minor tables, in the various nooks and corners of it. On the present occasion, they

seemed to promise more amusement than usual to the party, who had most of them been frequently there before,—for they were nearly all new. Poor little Fanny, though she knew that not one of those with her were capable of enjoying the intellectual and edifying feast that almost the first glance of her eye shewed her was set before them, could not restrain an exclamation of ‘Oh! how heavenly minded!’ The whole collection, indeed, which, though recently and hastily formed, had evidently been brought together by the hand of a master of such matters, was not only most strictly evangelical, but most evangelically ingenious. Helen, however, appeared to find food neither for pleasantry nor edification there; for having opened one or two slender volumes, and as many heavy pamphlets, she abandoned the occupation with a sigh, that spoke sadness and vexation. Miss Cartwright, who had seated herself on the same sofa, finished her examination still more quickly, saying, in a low voice, as she settled herself in a well-pillowed corner, ‘Surfeit is the father of much fast.’

Miss Torrington and young Mowbray got hold of by far the finest volume of all, whose gilt leaves and silken linings shewed that it was intended as the repository of the most precious gifts that, according to the frontispiece, genius could offer to friendship. Having given a glance at its contents, Charles drew out his pencil, and on the blank side of a letter wrote the following catalogue of them, which, though imperfect as not naming them all, was most scrupulously correct as far as it went:—

‘Saint Paul’s head sketched in pen and ink;  
‘Here’s the bower,’ to words of grace;  
The death-bed talk of Master Blink;  
Lines on a fallen maiden’s case;  
Sonnet upon heavenly love;  
A pencil drawing of Saint Peter;  
Emblems—the pigeon and the dove;  
Gray’s Odes, turned to psalm-tune metre.  
A Christian ode in praise of tea,  
Freely translated from Redi.’

He had just presented the scrap to Rosalind when Mrs. Simpson entered, leading her little girl in her hand; but the young lady had leisure to convey it unnoticed to her pocket, as the mistress of the house had for the first few minutes eyes only for Fanny. In fact, she literally ran to her the instant she perceived her little bonnet; and folding her arms round her, exclaimed—‘My dear, dear child! My dear, dear sister! This is providential! It is a blessing I shall remember always! Our minister told me I should read at a glance the blessed change wrought upon you: I do read it, and I will praise the Lord therefore! I beg your pardon, ladies. Mr. Mowbray, pray sit down—I beg your pardon: I rejoice to see you, though as yet—’ Her eyes fixed themselves on the bonnet of Rosalind, which, besides being large, had the abomination of sundry bows, not to mention a bunch of laburnum blossoms. ‘Ah! my dear Miss Helen! The time will come—I will supplicate the Lord always that it may—when you too, like your precious sister, shall become a sign and ensample to all men. How the seed grows, my sweet Miss Fanny!’ she continued, turning to the only one of her guests whom, strictly speaking, she considered it right to converse with. ‘How it grows and spreads under the dew of faith and the sunshine of righteousness! It is just three months, three little blessed months, since the beam first fell upon my heart, Miss Fanny; and look at me, look at my child, look at my albums, look at my books, look at my card-racks, look at my missionary’s box on one side, and my London Lord-days’ society box on the other. Is not this a ripening and preparing for the harvest,

Miss Fanny?’ Fanny coloured, partly, perhaps, from pride and pleasure; but partly, certainly, from shyness at being so distinguished, and only murmured the word ‘Beautiful!’ in reply. Miss Mowbray felt equally provoked and disgusted; but, while inwardly resolving that she would never again put herself in the way of witnessing what she so greatly condemned, she deemed it best to stay, if possible, the torrent of nonsense which was thus overwhelming her sister, by giving another turn to the conversation. ‘Have you seen Mrs. Richards lately, Mrs. Simpson?’ said she. ‘Mrs. Richards and I very rarely meet now, Miss Mowbray,’ was the reply. ‘The three young ladies, indeed, I am happy to say, have wholly separated themselves from their mother in spirit, and are all of them becoming shining lights. Oh, Miss Fanny! how sweetly pious are those lines written between you and little Mary!’ Fanny suddenly became as red as scarlet. ‘The alternate verses, I mean, in praise and glory of our excellent minister. He brought them to me himself, and we read them together, and we almost shed tears of tender blessing on you both, dear children!’ Charles, who thought, and with great satisfaction, that whatever stuff his poor little sister might have written, she was now very heartily ashamed of it, wishing to relieve her from the embarrassment which, nevertheless, he rejoiced to see, rose from his chair, and, approaching a window, said, ‘What a very pleasant room you have here, Mrs. Simpson; it is almost due east, is it not? If the room over it be your apartment, I should think the sun must pay you too early a visit there unless your windows are well curtained.’

‘Oh, Mr. Mowbray! Sunrise is such a time of praise and blessing, that, even though the curtains are drawn, I always try, if I am awake, to think how heavenly it is looking outside.’ ‘Are you an early riser, Mrs. Simpson?’ said Helen. ‘Not very,—at least, not always; but since my election I have been endeavouring to get down to prayers by about half-past eight. It is so delightful to think how many people are coming down-stairs to prayers just at half-past eight!’ ‘Your little girl is very much grown, Mrs. Simpson,’ said Miss Torrington, willing to try another opening by which to escape from under the heels of the lady’s hobby; but it did not answer. ‘Hold up your head, Minima, dear,’ said the mamma; ‘and tell these ladies what you have been learning lately. She is still rather shy; but it is going off, I hope. Precious child! she has grown such a prayerful thing, Miss Fanny, you can’t imagine. Minima, why did you not eat up all your currant-pudding yesterday? tell Miss Fanny Mowbray.’ ‘Because it is wicked to love currant-pudding,’ answered the child, folding her little hands one over the other upon the bosom of her plain frock, no longer protruding in all directions its sumptuous *cheveux-de-frise* of lace and embroidery. ‘Darling angel! And why, my precious! is it wicked?’ ‘Because it is a sin to care for our vile bodies, and because we ought to love nothing but the Lord.’

*A Blunder in furnishing a Religious Library.*—‘But we were once very near getting a book, which, I have been told, is of the most exquisite interest and pathos of any in the language, by a pleasant blunder of Mrs. Mowbray’s. I chanced to be in the room with her one day, when she read aloud an old advertisement which she happened to glance her eye upon, stitched up in a Review of some dozen years’ standing, I believe. ‘Some Passages in the Life of Mr. Adam Blair, Minister of the

Gospel.’ ‘That’s a book we ought to have,’ said she, very solemnly; ‘Rosalind, give me that list for Hatchard’s, I will add this.’ I took up the advertisement as she laid it down, and, not having it before her eyes, I suspect that she made some blunder about the title; for, when the box came down, I took care to be present at the opening of it; and, to my great amusement, instead of the little volume that I was hoping to see, I beheld all Blair’s works, with a scrap of paper from one of the shopmen, on which was written, ‘Mrs. Mowbray is respectfully informed, that the whole of Blair’s works are herewith forwarded; but that J. P. is not aware of any other life of Adam than that written by Moses.’”

There is a very lively sketch of a “serious fancy-fair;” but we must content ourselves with a brief description of the *serious pincushions*:—

“By far the greater half of these articles were pincushions, and, for the most part, they packed and unpacked well and safely; but, amidst the vast variety of forms into which this favourite vehicle of charity was turned, some among them were equally ingenious in design, delicate in execution, and difficult of carriage. There were harps, of which the strings were actually musical, and the foot a pincushion. Old women of pasteboard, washing their feet in a pasteboard tub; but with knees stuffed for pincushions. Pasteboard hunchbacks, the hunches being pincushions. Babies dressed with the nicest taste and care, their plump little necks and shoulders forming pincushions. Pretty silken volumes, lettered ‘pointed satires,’ and their yellow edges stuffed for pincushions. Ladies very fashionably dressed, with the crowns of their bonnets, and their graceful backs, prepared as pincushions. These, and ten thousand more, of which a prolonged description might probably prove tedious, formed the staple commodity of the elegant booths, which stretched themselves in two long rows from one extremity of the beautiful lawn to the other.”

These are but follies for laughter; but Mrs. Trollope has drawn a grave and sad picture of how doubt springs up from hypocrisy; and of the fatal disunion among friends and families engendered by this self-seeking spirit of oversanctity. Henrietta Cartwright is a vigorous and original sketch; but about true religion there can be no mistake—by its fruits shall ye know it. The spirit of Christianity is kindness, and its basis is charity.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### RETURN OF CAPTAIN BACK.

THE welcome intelligence of the safe return of Captain Back and his crew, after an absence of fifteen months; during which they were exposed to hardships and dangers almost unparalleled; and the deep interest felt by the public in the fate of this gallant officer and his intrepid crew, will cause the following authentic account of the voyage, which we have the gratification to lay before our readers, to be received with great interest.

We need hardly premise, that H. M. S. Terror, strengthened and prepared in every way for encountering the ice, sailed from England in June 1836, with the intention of proceeding to Repulse Bay, or Wager Inlet, on the north-western shore of Hudson’s Bay;—thence an exploring party was to cross over the supposed isthmus to the Arctic Sea, with the hope of coasting along, and determining the outline of the northern shores of America. The following letter will shew that the physical obstacles

that opposed themselves to this undertaking were utterly insurmountable.

*To the Secretary of the Geographical Society.*  
September 11, 1837.

Sir,—As the expedition, from which I have just returned, originated with the Geographical Society, and at its recommendation, was most liberally carried into effect by his majesty's government, I feel it incumbent on me to offer to the Society an outline of the principal events which occurred, from the time of my quitting England, in June 1836, till my return to Lough Swilly, on the night of Sunday, the 2d instant.

In a statement of this description, it would be impossible to enter into the detail of all the extraordinary, and I may say unparalleled, circumstances which have marked the course of the whole of our proceedings: such details I trust I may shortly be enabled to afford to the Society and to the public in a more complete form, but, in the mean time, it is due to those who took so warm an interest in the expedition, to furnish them with an authentic narrative of the voyage, which must, however, necessarily be very brief, and will consist of extracts selected from my daily journal, as better calculated to convey a correct impression of the singular occurrences to which we were witnesses.

June 23. We took our departure from Papa Westra, and steered across the Atlantic: the weather stormy.—July 20. We fell in with the ice, and, on the following day, we first saw the coast of Labrador, near Cape Chudleigh.—Aug. 1. Passed through Hudson's Straits; and, on the 5th, saw some of the company's ships, apparently beset with ice, off the North Bluff. By keeping close in with the land, we got a-head, and lost sight of them; and, on the following day, we were ourselves hampered. The ice was compact, and covered the horizon towards Hudson's Bay, as far as could be seen from the mast-head, while to the north-west it presented a contrary appearance. I had, therefore, no hesitation in proceeding in that direction.—Aug. 16. We got a run of forty miles from Trinity Isles; yet did not get sight of Baffin Island till the 23d, when we also saw Southampton Island to the S.W. Two days of westerly wind at this crisis would have enabled us to reach Repulse Bay; but easterly winds prevailed, and packed the whole body of ice in such a manner, that all hope of retracing our steps to pass to the southward of Southampton Island, and up Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, was out of the question. On the 29th we were drifted by the ice to lat.  $65^{\circ} 50' N.$ , long.  $82^{\circ} 7' W.$ : this was our extreme north point, and here we were within about forty miles of Winter Island, where the Hecla and Fury passed the winter of 1821. By dint of wearing, the ship was worked to the southward towards Southampton Island, whither we were attracted by the flattering appearance of lanes of open water.—Sept. 4. We were only 136 miles from Repulse Bay, and two days of strong breeze would have led us through Frozen Strait to our destination. During the next fortnight we continued drifting slowly to the westward, passing within three miles of Cape Comfort, a bluff headland, rising about 1000 feet above the sea.—Sept. 20. We were seriously nipped by the ice; so much so as to start some of the ship's fastenings. On the 22d, being within twenty-five miles of the Duke of York's Bay, we tried to cut through the ice, but found it impracticable, as it closed immediately. From this date the ship was no longer under our own guidance; but, being closely beset, was carried to and fro, according to the wind and tide.—Sept. 26. We were drifted into lat.  $65^{\circ} 48'$ ,

long.  $83^{\circ} 40'$ , our extreme western point, and ninety miles from Repulse Bay.—Sept. 27. A rush of ice from the eastward lifted the ship's stern  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet out of the water. Constant easterly winds.—Oct. 9. A clear channel in shore as far as Cape Bylot, for the space of twelve hours, and again on the 27th; but we were so completely frozen up, we could not take advantage of it; although, to effect so important an object, the ice-saws, axes, and every other implement, so liberally supplied by government, were put in requisition, and all the energy of both officers and crew was strained to the utmost.—Oct. 17. The thermometer fell to  $9^{\circ}$  below zero of Fahrenheit. In the beginning of November, the ship was housed in, and every arrangement made for meeting the rigour of winter. Snow walls were raised round the ship; and in this manner we drifted to and fro off the high land of Cape Comfort, at times carried so close to the rocks as to excite alarm for the safety of the ship.—Dec. 21. A furious gale from the westward drove us off shore, fourteen miles to the eastward of Cape Comfort, from which point the coast, not before laid down on our chart, was surveyed as we drifted to the south-eastward, for the distance of about 120 miles, as far as Seahorse Point, the eastern extreme of Southampton Island. The general character of the coast, barren hills and cliffs, varying from 750 to 1000 feet above the sea. On Christmas-day, the first symptoms of scurvy shewed themselves, which gradually extended itself to all hands. At one time twenty-five men were suffering severely from it; but, eventually, only three persons fell victims to this dreadful disease; viz. the gunner and two seamen. In the beginning of January, during a calm, our floe of ice split with a fearful crash; and this was the commencement of a series of shocks, that nothing but the great strength of the mass of timber and iron employed in fortifying the ship could have withstood: as it was, the vessel strained in every direction.—Feb. 18. Early in the morning, thermometer at  $33^{\circ}$  below zero, a disruption of the ice took place; and waves of thirty feet high were rolled towards the ship, which complained much. The decks were separated, the beams raised off the shelf-pieces. lashings and shores, used for supporters, gave way; iron-bolts partially drawn; and the whole frame of the ship trembled so violently, as to throw some of the men down.

Yet this was not our worst disaster. On the 15th March, while drifting to the south-eastward, off a low point, since appropriately named "Terror Point," a tremendous rush of ice from the north-west took the ship astern; and although buried to the flukes of the anchor in a dock of ice, such was the pressure, that she was forced upon it, and at the same time thrown over to starboard. The sternpost was carried away, and the stern lifted seven feet out of the water. The same night a second rush of ice tore up the remnants of our floe, forced the ship on the ice, so that her forefoot was quite out of water. Her sunken stern was threatened by an overhanging wave of ice full thirty feet high; but which providentially stopped as it touched the quarter of the ship. The water poured in through the stern-frame, and the ship creaked and strained in every direction. Provisions were got on deck, the boats lowered, and every preparation made for the worst extremity; and in the darkness and silence of night, we calmly awaited the anticipated coming of another shock, which, to all human appearances, must have been the last. Heaven ordained it otherwise; and in this novel cradle of ice, we were drifted without

further injury to Seahorse Point. The ice that bore us was ascertained to be seventy-feet thick; and it was not until we had saved through long lines of twenty-five feet thick, at a future day, that the ship was freed from this situation. The position of Seahorse Point was determined to be  $63^{\circ} 43'$ , long.  $80^{\circ} 10' W.$ ; variation  $49^{\circ}$  westerly. The lowest temperature was  $53^{\circ}$  below zero, when both mercury and brandy were frozen.

On the 1st of May the ship, still on the ice, was drifted near Mill Island; thence to the southward of Nottingham Island, between it and Cape Wolstenholme, a perpendicular cliff of 1000 feet high; thence to the northward of Charles' Island, which we reached on the 21st of June. The ice now shewed symptoms of disruption, and we set all hands to work, with a 35-foot ice-saw worked by shears; and on the 11th of July, having sawed to within three feet, the ice split in a fore and aft direction, and liberated the larboard side. We immediately made sail on the ship, but found we could not extricate her from an iceberg between the fore and main chains. We again had recourse to saws and purchases, when the lump of ice, still fast to the ship, rose to the surface of the water, and threw the vessel on her beam ends, the water rushing in with frightful rapidity. All hands were instantly set to work again, and laboured day and night, unremittingly, at the fatiguing but indispensable operation of sawing; till, exhausted by their exertions, I was obliged to call them in from the ice for rest and refreshment. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed from quitting the work, when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass crashed with terrific violence against the ship's side, snapping, apparently without effort, the lashings and spars that had been placed fearing this occurrence; and, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, all would inevitably have been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been labouring. As the ice separated the ship righted, and drifted along. Finding it impossible to hang the old rudder, a spare one was fitted, and sail made on the ship. It was an anxious moment, as we waited to see if she would answer her helm; and as she bore up before the wind, with her head towards England, a cheer of gratitude burst from all on board.

I had cherished, to the last moment, the hope that the damages sustained might not be so great as to prevent my pushing for Wager Inlet by Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, and there to beach the ship and repair damages, while some in boats carried into effect the object of our expedition; but when I found that she required two pumps constantly going to keep her free, that both outer and inner sternposts were gone, the keel seriously damaged, besides various other casualties, I felt it became my duty, however reluctantly, to make the best of our way homewards. Fortunately, the early part of our passage across the Atlantic was favourable; but, subsequently, the weather became boisterous, and the leaks increased very much, so that we could barely keep her free with incessant pumping: to secure the ship, also, we were obliged to frap her together with the stream chain-cable.

On the 6th of August, we again passed through Hudson's Straits; and on the 3d of September arrived in Lough Swilly, not having let go our anchor since June 1836. The north-eastern stem of Southampton Island has been now surveyed, for the first time, by Lieut. Owen Stanley, who has also made various views of the coast, and a chart shewing



the track of the ship. The remarkable positions in which the ship was placed among the ice, are admirably illustrated by Lieut. Smyth, in a series of spirited and characteristic drawings. I cannot conclude this brief account without hearing testimony to the great assistance I have invariably received from Lieut. Smyth, and all the officers and crew employed under my command, in this expedition; to the cheerful obedience with which all orders were obeyed; and to the steadiness of behaviour evinced in circumstances of no common trial. To speculate on what might have been the result of this expedition, had ever I reached either Repulse Bay or Wager River, would now be idle; but I cannot resist the opportunity of recording my unaltered opinion as to the practicability of the service when once a party should have reached either of the before-mentioned starting places.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE BACK.

TO CAPTAIN WASHINGTON, R.N.  
Secretary R.G.S.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Portrait of Her Majesty.* By A. E. Chalon, Esq. R.A.

WE have so frequently had occasion to express our admiration of Mr. Chalon's taste and talents, that when we say we consider the work under our notice as, in every sense of the expression, his crowning effort, our readers will easily conceive that it must be a very attractive performance. It is a whole-length portrait, in water-colours, *debout*, of our youthful, gracious, and beloved sovereign, attired in the regal robes and jewels in which she appeared on dissolving the Parliament, and it presents a charming union of queenly dignity, and feminine delicacy and beauty. The countenance is exceedingly animated; the sparkling eyes, and the "lips apart," conveying the impression that her Majesty is in the act of speaking. Without any actual increase of the height of the figure, Mr. Chalon has contrived to give an appearance of additional stature, by placing the queen on an elevated platform, covered with white drapery; round the steps that ascend which the massy folds of the crimson-and-gold royal train gracefully wind, seeming to afford a firm and extended basis for the light and elegant structure above. The broad blue riband which crosses the breast, and to which the George is suspended, by the contrast of its cool colour, imparts additional splendour to the warm and rich tones of the robes and jewels. All the accessories of the picture are well introduced; especially the British lion, in bas-relief; the sculptured *fascies* partially veiled, in happy allusion to the amiable clemency of her Majesty's character; and some white roses peeping over a magnificent balustrade, emblematic of the spotless purity of a "virgin queen." This fine picture, which was painted expressly by royal command, is now in the possession of Mr. Moon, of Threadneedle Street; but we understand that it will be immediately placed in the hands of Mr. Cousins, whose skill as a mezzotinto engraver is well known; and who, no doubt, will exert himself to the utmost to render the plate his *chef-d'œuvre*.

#### DRAMA.

*Haymarket.*—Since our last, Mr. Phelps has attempted to play the part of *Hamlet*,—we regret to say the attempt has been an utter failure; incorrect as to reading—misconceived, and some words mispronounced. We feel sure this gentleman will yet take his place on the

London boards as a most respectable and useful actor; but it is in the mean time painful to behold him struggling to maintain himself in a position he is totally incapable of filling.

On Thursday, in *Othello*, Mr. Phelps was far more successful. In the early parts of the play, the soft and gentle passages, his truly fine voice and quiet style of acting were seen to more advantage than they have before been; but towards the end, the want of energy which we have already noticed was evident; and, consequently, in the last scene, every character seemed of more importance than *Othello*. Mr. Elton played *Iago* exceedingly well for Mr. Elton, who is certainly not quite first-rate. Miss Allison was a sweet and gentle *Desdemona*, and Miss Huddart one of the very best *Emilias* on the stage. Power continues to play to full houses.

*English Opera.*—An extravaganza, called *The Spitfire*, was produced at this house on Wednesday. After a bad opening scene, in which the waiter of an hotel speaks as no waiter ever did speak, and which, or, at least, part of which, scene might be omitted with advantage, the piece becomes more lively and bustling. There are many *quaintnesses*, and some good scenery in it, which, joined to the clever acting, may, when properly curtailed, render this trifle amusing for half an hour.

#### VARIETIES.

*Count Borolowski*, the celebrated Polish dwarf, died a few days since near Durham, where he had resided many years. He was a little under three feet in height, and within a little of a hundred years of age. Upon the principle of proportion, a man of six feet should live to be near two hundred years old; but length of days is not accorded according to length of legs. The count was exceedingly well made, and of an agreeable countenance. He married, we believe, a lady of the usual size, and, indeed, we remember to have heard, in our early days, of her setting him on the chimney-piece, in cases of conjugal dispute, till he promised greater obedience, was kissed, and lifted down.

*Weather-Wisdom.*—The weather during the past week has verified the prediction. We proceed: "The 18th and 19th unsettled—showers at times, with gusts of wind. The air colder as the sun draws near the aspect of Saturn. The 22d cold, with rain and heavy atmosphere."

*Mr. Macrone.*—In our last we noticed the deaths of two publishers of eminence, and have now to record the decease of Mr. Macrone, another enterprising individual of the same class, at the early age of twenty-eight. Mr. Macrone's health had rapidly declined during the last few months, and a fine-looking and apparently healthy man, was thus prematurely hurried to the grave.

*Vauxhall* has closed its ballooning season, and, if it has not been a monstrous profitable one, it has not been the fault of the monster balloon. Shakespeare tells us that the air has its bubbles, and this is the biggest bubble of them all.

*Hurricane in the West Indies.*—Another dreadful hurricane has devastated Barbadoes and other West India islands. For several days after the 26th of July, the wreck of vessels and the destruction of life and property on shore, have been appalling.

*Tempests.*—Among the violent storms which have this season visited various parts of the continent, late accounts from Moldavia and Wallachia state that a frightful tempest had ravaged these provinces. In Wallachia, a train

of sixty-four carts of salt had been swallowed up, and a hundred persons destroyed.

*The Thames Tunnel.*—It gives us pleasure to hear, that the breach lately made in the tunnel has been closed, that the water has been expelled, that it appears the shield has suffered no injury, and that there is every prospect of the works being speedily resumed.

*Conservatory.*—An immense conservatory, which, when completed, will be the largest in the world, is at present in progress, under the direction of Mr. Decimus Burton, at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

*The Duke of Wellington.*—The subscription for the "National Memorial" to our illustrious hero, is proceeding with great rapidity, and promises to amount to a sum worthy of the object.

*March of Gentility.*—In front of a hotel in an obscure lane leading to Skinner's Street, Somers Town, a showy board is displayed with the following announcement in large yellow letters,—"Saint Pancras Establishment for cats' meat and dogs' meat."

*Ink.*—It is said that a strong decoction of coffee, is the best material for diluting ink that has become too thick for use.

*The Tea-Plant.*—The tea-plant has, for some years, been cultivated, with great success, in the neighbourhood of Angers, in France.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Miss Landon's novel, *Ethel Churchill*; or, *The Two Brides*, so long delayed on account of her health, is on the point of publication. The scene is laid in the time of George II.

Thomas Erskine, Esq. Advocate, author of "An Essay on Faith," "The Brazen Serpent," &c. &c., has a new work for the press, which will appear in a few weeks.

In the Press.

The Book of Gems, 1838: the Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain, edited by S. C. Hall.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Questions on the History of Europe; a Sequel to Miss Mangnall's Historical Questions, by Julian Corner, 18mo. 5s.—Words of Wisdom for my Child, 23mo. 2s.—A Pilgrimage by Sea and Land, by J. C. Stahlachmidt, translated from the German, by J. Jackson, 18mo. 6s.—The New Excitement, for 1838, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—The Family at Heatherdale, by Mrs. Mackay, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—A Sketch of English History, by G. M. Gilbert, 12mo. 2s.—Conversations on the Human Frame and the Fine Senses, square 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Peter Parley's Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky, square 10mo. 5s.—Lectures on Entomology, by J. B. Barton, 12mo. 1s.—Gleanings, Historical and Literary, crown 8vo. 10s.—The Lyre; Select Extracts from Poets, by A. and C. T. Gauntlett, 3d edition, 18mo. 4s.—Warran's (E. A.) Botanical Chart for Schools, canvass and roller, 1l. 5s.—Rev. W. Thistlewaite's Expository Sermons on the Pentateuch, Vol. I. 12mo. 6s.—W. Eagle's Act for Commutation of Tithes, 12mo. 6s.—Lord Holt's Judgments on the Privilege of Parliament, royal 8vo. 6s.—Mechanics for Practical Men, by A. Jamieson, LL.D. 8vo. 12s.—The Life and Reign of William the Fourth, by the Rev. G. N. Wright, 9 vols. 8vo. 18s.—The Gods of Homer and Virgil; Mythology for Children, square, 3s.—Life and Memoirs of Hannah More, by Miss Julia Corner, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 7	From 36 to 65	29.90 to 29.77
Friday .... 8	... 43 .. 64	29.90 .. 29.84
Saturday ... 9	... 42 .. 67	29.81 .. 29.63
Sunday .... 10	... 42 .. 69	29.76 .. 29.66
Monday .... 11	... 43 .. 70	29.76 .. 29.60
Tuesday ... 12	... 39 .. 61	29.68 .. 29.42
Wednesday 13	... 39 .. 65	29.25 .. 29.09

Wind S.W.

Except the 7th and 8th, generally clear.

Rain fallen, .525 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the extent of our Report of the proceedings of the British Association, at Liverpool, we are compelled to postpone several Reviews and Advertisements.

J. H. declined with thanks.

Q. "The Shadow of the Heart" is published for the composer, at 27 Lombard Street, and may be had of any music-seller.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**WILL BE SHORTLY CLOSED.**—**DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. Open daily, from Ten till Five.

**MEDICAL PUPIL.**—A Gentleman, in full Practice, in the South of Hants, has a Vacancy for a Pupil. Premium is not the first object of the Advertiser. For particulars, apply personally, or by letter, to Flader and Elliott, Chemists, &c., 96 Oxford Street, London; or to Messrs. Randall, Chemists, &c., Southampton.

**AN OUT-DOOR APPRENTICE** Wanted to the Designing, Engraving on Wood, and Printing in Colours. No Person need apply but those who have a taste for drawing. Address, Mr. Baxter, 3 Charterhouse Square.

**PRINCE NAPOLEON LOUIS.**—An authentic and interesting Portrait of the Nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, whose extraordinary attempt at Strasbourg has so recently riveted public attention; engraved by H. B. Ball, from a drawing by Stewart, in his Military Uniform. Price 5s., is now ready for delivery, at F. Graves, and Co., late Colnaghi and Co., 23 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

**SOUTHGATES' ROOMS.**  
**Books in Quires, Boards, and Bound.**  
By MESSRS. SOUTHGATE and SON,  
AT THEIR WEEKLY SALE-ROOMS,  
22 FLEET STREET,  
THIS DAY.

Including Turner's Southern Coast, 5 vols.; Turner's Views in Yorkshire, proofs; Martin's Illustrations to Milton, proofs; Views in London; Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, by Dalway, 6 vols.; Martin's Colonies, 5 vols.; Jeremy Taylor's Works, 3 vols.; Walker's Dictionary; Modern Novels; Fifty Reams of Printing Paper, &c., &c.

## Books in Quires, Boards, and Bound.

The last Week in September, the entire remaining Stock, Copyright, and Stereotype Plates, together with the Eighty Engravings on Steel, and Sixteen Maps of the Interesting and Intrinsically Valuable Work, entitled the History and Topography of the United States of America, edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M., 5 vols. etc. (published at 6s. 6d., large paper, 10s. 10s.); also the Entire Remaining Stock of Bouche's British Dominions in North America, a Topographical and Statistical Description of Upper and Lower Canada, with a Topographical Dictionary of Lower Canada, plates &c. (published at 4s. 4s.). Valuations of every Description of Property for the Payment of the Legacy Duty, &c.

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## AND

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No. 1079.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1837.

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#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. SEVENTH MEETING: LIVERPOOL.

[Second notice.]

WAITING at the close of the meeting (though still within its vortex), we are better enabled to look at its general features and effects; to consider the circumstances of the anniversary altogether, and to glance towards the future, with the expectations that may be formed of the progress of this rapidly increasing, and now nationally important institution.

The number of members enrolled at Liverpool has been 1840; the sum of money contributed to the funds (with some deduction for expenses at this meeting), 2633*l*. Thus, there are large elements in the lower or financial strata for producing results of great value to science; and when we see these elements directed by such men as are at the head of the Association, in each of its Sections, it is impossible not to anticipate growing powers, and yet more beneficial consequences. Superior organisation, the fruits of experience, must contribute to the *desiderata* hereafter to be hoped for; and improvements in those respects where there have been defects,—defects and imperfections inseparable from the earlier periods of any great design.

With regard to the reception given to the meeting at Liverpool, we may repeat, that to the very close, it augmented in sumptuous hospitality and friendly kindness. Every one seemed to vie with his neighbour in paying to visitors all the courteous attentions for which the occasion afforded an opportunity: private accommodations and entertainments abounded, and the public assemblages were provided with a superfluity of luxuries, lavished with an unsparing hand. At the last ordinary on Saturday, we hear the dinner went off with an *éclat* beyond even the appointed "field-days" of Monday and Wednesday.

The proceedings of the Sections have also been, on the whole, satisfactory. We trust there is no one who entertains so mistaken a notion of these anniversaries, as to suppose that any wonderful discoveries in science will or can be promulgated at them. Their advantages are of a different, but, perhaps, not less important character. They are calculated to diffuse a more universal love for scientific pursuits, to soften asperities, and cultivate good feelings, and to stimulate new minds to enter into the arduous, and, if successful, honour-crowned race. They pretty accurately mark the advance of science up to their own date; and if they do not *add* much to the building, they must unquestionably *suggest* additions, and (what is in our opinion equally useful), they knock down past blunders in the superstructure, and clear away a vast quantity of the fanciful projects and rubbish which encumber and prevent improvement. Knowledge is as much promoted by the dissipation of Error as by the establishment of Truth.

We proceed, in continuation of our last *Gazette*, to some of the details. In SECTION A, the papers appointed for TUESDAY were,—

1. Dr. Robertson—Report on Nutations.
2. Mr. Russell—Report on Waves.
3. Mr. Blackburne—On Geometrical Theorems:

4. Professor Powell—On Absorption of Light.
5. Sir W. R. Hamilton—On Abel's Theorem.
6. Mr. Henwood—On Temperatures of Slate and Granite.

Of many of the proceedings of this Section, it is (as we have already stated) impossible to give any report that would be generally intelligible. Accurate diagrams, and figures to a great extent (not ridiculous and partial pretences), are requisite to illustrate the demonstrations; and, after all, perhaps, in some instances,

"Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise."

Dr. Robertson's 'Report on Nutation' complimented Bradley on the astronomical calculations he had established a hundred years ago, and explained the subsequent improvements to the present time. Elaborate calculations on the aberrations in the relative motions of stars, and a statement of the accuracy of the observations on sidereal disturbances, with comparisons founded upon them, were the principal points in this paper. Mr. Baily noticed how closely Dr. Robertson's views were confirmed by the previous labours of Bradley, with which they so entirely agreed.

Mr. Russell read his 'Report on the Waves'—a continuation of the subject and experiments mentioned in our last, which we reserve for a future Number.

Mr. Blackburne's paper 'On Geometrical Theorems' was the next communication; and Professor Powell proceeded to the consideration of the Absorption of Light, and particularly the capricious phenomena exhibited in the absorption of the rays. Various theories had been advanced to account for these phenomena. Amongst others, that of Von Redi, which supposed that different rays might be retarded in their passage through certain media, and come out superposed upon other rays, and thus form complex rays. This theory appeared to Professor Powell highly satisfactory: the only defect to be supplied in it was some numerical law for the facts. The chairman, however, held the theory of Von Redi to be quite untenable; and Professor Lloyd agreed in this opinion.

Sir W. R. Hamilton read a paper 'On the Possibility of resolving Equations of the Fifth Degree.' He took the theory of Abel as a text in discussing the subject; which, though not altogether satisfactory, had not been proved to be an impossible mode of solution.

Mr. Henwood presented to the Section the results of a long-continued and extensive series of observations, 'On the Lower Temperature which prevails in the Granite than in the Slate of Cornwall.' The experiments were made in running streams of water immediately on their issuing from the unbroken rock; a mode which he considers less liable to objection than when made on the air, standing pools of water, or in the rock: the former being affected by the presence of workmen and their lights; the second and last by the temperature of the air and by evaporation from their surfaces. The difference at all depths he finds to be about 3° 9'. It also appears that the elevation of temperature taking place in descending is one degree for every 6·5 fathoms in slate, and for every 6·9 fathoms in granite. The experiments from

which these deductions are drawn were about 150 in number.

#### SECTION B.

Mr. J. J. Griffin opened the business by exhibiting and explaining many Specimens of Chemical Apparatus which he had constructed. The models seemed to be held up as if for sale, and we thought the time spent in describing them much thrown away, though Mr. Faraday kindly complimented Mr. Griffin on their cheapness, ingenuity, and utility.

A discussion ensued upon Mr. Golding Bird's paper 'On the Crystallisation of Metals, by Voltaic Action,' hurriedly read yesterday, which incidentally brought up the subject of Mr. Crosse's experiments. The chairman, Dr. Faraday, observed that it was one of intense interest, as they all must remember the excitement which prevailed at the last meeting of the Association, on discovering that artificial crystals could be produced by means which were previously supposed only to be active agents in the mechanism of the earth. The experiments of M. Becquerel, Mr. Crosse, and Mr. Fox, were of the greatest importance to science; but all that they had been able to state of the mineral veins which were found in the earth was, that they were, in all probability, formed by chemical or electrical currents. The difficulty had been to understand how a current running round the earth should cause the crystals to be deposited in particular and very limited places, the currents themselves being general. It came to this,—that supposing they sent a current round in a certain direction, and brought it to a given situation in the earth, they should find crystals where the current made the juncture. This was as far as the experiments of the above-named gentleman went. Mr. Bird said that he obtained crystals not only at the extremities of the current, but in the interval between; and it was of the utmost consequence to ascertain whether such were really the case.

Mr. Golding Bird said it had been long considered, and the experiments of Mr. Fox had proved it, that electric currents fermented the earth in a variety of veins; but it was difficult to understand how metals had been deposited in veins where none had previously existed. It was supposed that metals were formed at the termination of veins already in existence, but they had to look to the first formation of those veins. He was not presumptuous enough to suppose that his experiments were conclusive on that point, but they would perhaps throw some light upon it, and add another fact to the experiments published by Dr. Faraday in the "Philosophical Transactions." The experiments were simple, and succeeded so uniformly, that any gentleman might try them with a certainty of success. Mr. Bird then exhibited specimens of the copper he had produced by means of voltaic agency, and proceeded to detail other experiments which he had made in connexion with the formation and crystallisation of the protoxide and carbonate of copper. The oxide had been previously obtained by M. Becquerel, by means of a tedious process, but Mr. Bird obtained it in a very perfect crystal by the following arrangement:—A piece of glass tube, four inches in length, was closed at one end,

by means of a plug of plaster of Paris, and immersed in a glass cylinder, filled with a solution of copper, the tube being filled with a solution of potash: on immersing an arc formed of zinc and copper into the fluids in such a manner that the zinc leg of the arc may dip into the alkaline solution, whilst the copper may dip into the solution of that metal contained in the exterior cylinder. Under these circumstances an exceedingly weak electric current is developed, not, however, sufficiently energetic to reduce all the copper present in solution to the metallic state, but of sufficient intensity to cause the decomposition of the perisalt of copper, and its reduction to the state of protoxide crystals, which, after a few days, became deposited on the plate of copper which served for the negative electrode. These crystals resembled so closely the native forms of oxide of copper, the ruby copper of miners, that they could scarcely be distinguished from them by the most experienced eye. Some specimens of the kind exhibited by Mr. Bird, vied in transparency with the native ruby.

Dr. Faraday stated, in addition to Mr. Bird's explanation, that the great point which he insisted upon was, the importance of getting a first action out of contact with the electrode. When a portion of copper was first deposited, the action would go on increasing. It was not the growth of the crystal when once formed, but the striking circumstance of the origination of the atom out of contact with the extremities of the electrodes. At the same time chemists were very cautious men. He had no doubt that Mr. Bird would try to find out whether copper, in some shape, might not have been accidentally mingled with the plaster of Paris, and so began the operation.

Mr. Bird replied that he had made experiments at least fifty times, in a variety of methods; he had used surgeon's lint over bladder, as well as common pipeclay, with the same results.

Dr. Faraday was jealous, for the honour of his section, that there should be no mistake; heat might decompose copper. If the crystals formed otherwise than by the current, there was an end of the discovery—otherwise it was very great.

Some farther conversation ensued, which the chairman concluded by observing, that if it were possible to demonstrate the fact by any tangible experiment, that crystals can originate independent of the extremities of the current, there being no nucleus formed, such proof would be opening the door to a very large addition to chemical science.\*

Dr. Faraday then called upon Mr. John B. Hartley to read his paper 'On Preventing the Corrosion of Cast and Wrought-Iron in Salt Water.' When they considered the manner in which cast and wrought-iron was introduced into the construction of vessels, as was the case at this port to a great extent, it would be highly important to hear any means by which it could be rendered capable of resisting the corrosive action which it sustained from salt water.

Mr. Hartley stated, that upon clearing away the soil from Jackson's Dam, in the port of Liverpool, an iron sluice was discovered, which had been immersed in salt water for the space of twenty-five years. Upon taking it up it was found incrustated with barnacles, shells, and sea-weed. Some of the iron was in an excellent state of preservation, whilst the rest of it was entirely decomposed. The lid of the sluice was fastened by means of a brass bolt, two and a-half inches in diameter. In connexion with this pin it was that the iron was in a preserved state. By some inadvertence all the iron-work was broken up and taken to the foundry. In 1825, another valve was taken up, which had been in the water the same time. The top joint of the valve was similar to the one previously found, having an iron pin working in a brass socket, which was again enclosed in an iron case. All the iron in connexion with the brass was in excellent preservation, whilst that removed from it was corroded. Mr. Hartley exhibited part of an iron chain, which had been so corroded in eighteen months as to be quite useless, as well as a piece of iron from the keel of the John Bull, which had been in the water nearly twenty years: it was as light as a piece of fir, and could be cut with a knife like plumbago. In consequence of this discovery, all the iron-work employed beneath the level of the tide at dock-gates, &c. had been placed in connexion with brass, either by having brass plugs fastened into it, or by being somehow worked up with it, and the result had been the preservation of the iron. A long discussion took place upon this subject, which concluded in the acknowledgment that the iron, where conjoined with copper, was preserved from corrosion by that juxtaposition of the metals.

Dr. Andrews then read his paper 'On some singular Modification of the ordinary Action of Nitric Acid on certain metals;' shewing that, by introducing a piece of platina wire in connexion with the metal whilst it was violently acted upon by nitric acid, the action of this acid almost entirely ceased, but that the metal, in most instances, changed colour. This he accounted for by supposing that the platina caused a current of nitrous acid gas to play round the metal, and by this means preserved it from the action of the acid.

Dr. Faraday said, it was most useful to science to shew how metals could be saved from oxidation. It might have been the same influence which had been incidental in protecting the cast-iron from the action of the sea-water. It was a great thing to see a substance like iron, which Englishmen might be said to live upon, liable as it was to the corrosive action of sea-water, or nitric acid, protected from their influence by being brought into contact with other substances. They were much obliged to Dr. Andrews for drawing their attention to the subject. It was in this way, by observing causes, that they were enabled to get at laws.

#### SECTION C.—Papers on the List.

1. Mr. H. E. Strickland—On the Formations of Gravel.
2. Mr. R. Mallet—On the Mechanism of the Motion of Glaciers.
3. Marquis Spinetta—Stratification of Deserts between Suex and Algiers.
4. Mr. Horner—A notice from Mr. Lyall respecting Christiansa.
5. Dr. Traill—On the Geology of Spain.

Professor Sedgwick, in the chair, before proceeding with the business of the day, read two invitations, one from Lord F. Egerton, in the Bridgewater Office at Manchester, inviting the Association to visit the tunnels of the collieries near Worsley; and the other from Mr. Frith,

inviting a party, of not more than thirty, to visit the salt mines at Northwich.

A considerable party of members went to the salt mines, and were, both scientifically and gastronomically, splendidly entertained.\* Many hundred lights illuminated these vast works, and a sumptuous collation was spread for their refreshment. The day was, however, exceedingly unfavourable.

We are not aware whether an excursion was made to the collieries; but on other days parties were highly gratified by visits to Lord Derby's extensive zoological collections; as were others by the inspection of Mr. Laird's iron vessel, now building, the Zoological Gardens of Liverpool, and other places of interest in the town and neighbourhood.

Mr. Strickland's paper 'On the Formation of Gravel' was not only in itself important to geologists, but, in the discussion which followed, it raised the whole question of the silurian system, and the greywacke formations in Wales and North Devon. He considered that the various kinds of gravel ought to be divided into classes. Some were stratified, as if by the action of waves; others, thrown together or deposited in heterogeneous masses, as if borne down by rivers. Some contained mammalia, and other organic and marine remains, of which others were destitute. He also endeavoured to distinguish beds which were mixed with flints, from beds in which no flints occurred. On these grounds, he contended that two periods must be assigned to these formations, viz. that of marine drift, and that of fluvial deposits. The district between the Mersey and Avon, bordered on the one side by the rocks of Hereford and the mountains of Wales, and on the other by the oolite formation of the midland counties, formed the most important part of this formation in England. It appeared probable that there might have been a current running north and south between those rivers, either like the Pentland Firth of Scotland, or, perhaps, of a more violent description. There existed no data to determine the regular age of the gravel, but the deposition of the marine had evidently taken place when England was below the level of the sea, and the fluvial was caused by the action of rivers and lakes now no longer existing. He believed that Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, being very low, had, at some period, admitted the sea into the interior; and that those parts of England had been submerged, marine shells being common in the gravel. His general conclusions were, first, that great beds of erratic gravel, found in various parts, were produced by a northerly current passing over many counties, which lay under the sea, and in which no terrestrial fossils or remains are found; and that the bones of mammalia, &c. found in deposits of rivers and lakes, when England became dry land, formed the second. After enumerating several specialities, Mr. Strickland concluded by recommending the subject as one worthy of further investigation, being attended with the highest interest to geologists.

Sir Philip Egerton remarked, that the remains of mammalia had been found on the plain of Cheshire. In the progress of cutting for the Grand Junction Railway, two grinders of the elephant had been discovered in a bed of gravel replete with marine shells.

Professor Phillips acknowledged the highly interesting nature of the subject, and remarked that it would be a desirable object if the gravel could be traced to its origin. The distinction

\* Another party is engaged for Tuesday the 19th.

\* Bearing on this interesting question, Dr. Faraday was not, perhaps, aware of Mr. Fox's remarkable experiment, stated in the Cornwall Polytechnic Report, which seems strongly to corroborate Mr. Bird's opinions. Mr. Fox tells us, that on immersing a bladder containing acidulated water and zinc in a solution of sulphate of copper, the copper was deposited in a pure state on the surface of the bladder. Hence it appears that the sulphate of copper must have acted as an electric pole, and been electro-negative with respect to the zinc from which it was separated by the bladder. We have heard also, that Mr. Croese has subsequently observed silver deposited on the outside of an unglazed vessel, the zinc being in the inside, and the other metallic pole on the outside, which would confirm the dislocation of the poles.

pointed out by Mr. Strickland with regard to the nature of the deposits (fresh or salt water) was highly important. It was probable that in former times the district between the Mersey and Bristol Channel was covered by the ocean.

After some observations made by Captain Denham, Mr. Smith, of Jordanhall, Mr. de la Beche, and other members,—

Professor Sedgwick bore testimony to the highly important nature of the subject to geologists. Innumerable facts must be collected before a probable theory could be advanced, but the observations which had been made tended greatly to confirm the doctrine of elevation. He believed Wales was of very recent formation, perhaps of only a few thousand years; the configuration of its mountains evidently shewing that the fissures and openings were not caused by the ordinary action of running water, or of any operation now going on, but must have been produced by an upheaving process at a late geological era. The filling up of the lakes, the alteration of the form of the mountains and valleys, by the degrading process now in action, could not have been of long continuance; and he was quite convinced, from personal observation, that the surface could not have been long subject to the present external influences: on the contrary, the phenomena of the boulder stones, traced in every radiation southward from Cumberland, proved that part of the island to have been the older land.

At the close of a discussion of two hours, and of extreme interest, we do not know whether the decision was that Wales, or the North of England, emerged first from the bottom of the ocean; or whether certain deposits were made when the Atlantic was a vast continent, and Britain, perhaps, one sea. The meeting seemed to be carried by the eloquently expressed opinions of the learned professor.

The next paper read was by Mr. Mallet, 'On the Motion of the Glaciers,' attributed to the mechanical pressure of the atmosphere, in which we discovered little or nothing of novelty.

The Marquis Spinetta also read a paper 'On the Sinking of some Wells between Suez and Cairo,' which requires no detailed notice.

Professor Sedgwick, whilst the following paper was getting ready, begged to call the attention of the gentlemen present to some beautiful specimens of Limestone Formation, belonging to Mr. Gilbertson.

Mr. Horner next read a notice from Mr. Lyell, on the fact of a bed of true granite in Norway, lying on a strata of limestone containing organic remains. Professor Sedgwick remarked, that twenty years ago they might have been surprised at the present circumstance, but as it was well known that granite was of igneous formation, he firmly believed the thing was possible, but that the granite must have been driven into its present state when in a state of fluidity intensely heated.

Dr. Traill next treated on the geology of Spain. Mentioning Montserrat, he said that it was not an isolated mountain, as generally supposed, but the last of a mountain chain extending to the Pyrenees;—that the upper part of the mountain was composed of conglomerate, and this rested on clay slate. He likewise noticed, that in those parts of Spain wherever water was plentiful, there the peasants were most industrious. Speaking of the salt mines at Cordova, he said that the salt was so pure, that it had only to be ground in mills similar to our corn-mills before it was fit for use: that the salt, as was generally supposed, was not formed into a rock, but lay in a valley, which

extended three leagues in circumference; that the vast precipice of salt was 400 feet in height, standing on a floor of salt. It was a royal monopoly, guarded by the military; that once, from his ignorance of the Catalanian language, a sentry had levelled his piece at his breast, and was on the point of taking his life, no one being permitted to approach the place unless under the guidance of a miner. He supposed that the quantity of salt was so great as to furnish Spain for several ages. In several places the salt is channelled by water; the edges of these channels are extremely sharp, which proves the extreme dryness of the climate, no moisture being found in the salt.

#### SECTION D.—List of Subjects.

1. Mr. Macleay—A letter from Captain Ducane On the subject of the Metamorphoses of Species of Crustacea allied to *Palæmon*.
2. Mr. Babington—Notice and Results of a Botanical Excursion to Guernsey and Jersey.
3. Dr. Allis—On the Sclerotic Bones of Birds and Reptiles.
4. Rev. J. Reads—On the Chemical Composition of Vegetable Membrane and Fibre.
5. Rev. F. W. Hope—Remarks on the genus *Filaria*.
6. Mr. Bowman—On the Internal Anatomy of the Palm Tribe.
7. Mr. Niven—On Vegetable Physiology.

Mr. Macleay read a very curious letter from Captain Ducane, 'On the Metamorphoses of certain Species of Crustaceous Animals allied to the *Palæmons*, or Prawns and Shrimps.' According to these, the ova of prawns produced minute diaphanous creatures, quite different from the parent prawn. They lived only two or three days. Mr. Macleay thought these phenomena might be referred to different stages of development; Dr. Richardson supposed it possible that some parasitic animal might have intruded itself, and been mistaken for the offspring of the prawn; and Mr. Hope thought the animal (found as it was in brackish ditch-water) belonged to the shrimp, and not to the prawn family, as was the case in similar localities in Norfolk and Suffolk. A grant, it will be seen, has since been made to pursue these curious inquiries; and, perhaps, it may turn out after all, that

*Fleas are lobsters! &—a their souls!*

Mr. Haliday exhibited a figure of the *Argas Persicus*, the poisonous insect which excited some discussion at the meeting yesterday. It appeared that these were of two different species, the *axodes* and *argos*, each of which have a serrated proboscis, the teeth being turned outside. The *axodes* are very common in the West Indies, and in Mexico they are considered quite a pest, as they no sooner make their appearance than the clothes of every individual are covered with them. The President also stated, that in Cuba he had seen the hides of oxen so closely covered with them, that no part of the hide was to be seen. The insect often falls to the ground by the rostrum breaking off from the mouth, when a remarkable phenomenon is exhibited. They eject from the mouth in this condition some thousands of eggs, until the skin is empty, and all the inside appears to have been voided.

Mr. Bowman read some remarks from Mr. Gardner, on Vegetable Physiology, illustrative of an extensive series of experiments on the Wood of Palms.

Mr. Gray described several rare and interesting mammalia, which were the property of the Royal Institution of Liverpool. The first he noticed was a Sea-Otter from the Brazils, and also inhabiting several parts of the Pacific Ocean, which differed much from the ordinary otter of our rivers, in the much more largely developed feet. No specimen of the kind was

contained in the museums of London, Paris, Berlin, or, indeed, any part of the continent. There was, also, a curious animal from New South Wales, extremely rare in the collections of this country, and of the genus *Phyllosaures*, having teeth like seals. There were, also, although not new to science, two antelopes from the western coast of Africa, which were little known in this country. He likewise described the *Lelis gracilis* from India, which was first delineated by Dr. Horsfield, from the collection made by General Hardwicke; as, also, a gigantic seal, which had only been known before by description. These were circumstances which must necessarily lead to the appreciation of such local exhibitions, containing, as they did very frequently, such objects of rare and novel interest. He was happy to observe, that the increased facilities afforded to the public for viewing this, as well as other public exhibitions, was not productive of the slightest injury to the specimens.

In a conversation which ensued, high compliments were paid to the Museum of the Institution; and it was noticed to be well worthy of being better known than it seemed yet to be to the inhabitants of Liverpool. Mr. Allis's paper, 'On the Sclerotic Bones of various Birds and Reptiles,' was one of much value to comparative anatomy. He referred to the works of many of the most celebrated naturalists on the subject, and, exhibiting the bones of eagles, vultures, owls, hens, pigeons, &c. &c., as well as of many reptiles, pointed out their uses for the defences of the eye, and other purposes admirably adapted to their habits.

Mr. Read's paper, 'On Vegetable Membrane and Fibre,' was a chemical investigation of equal interest; and the analysis of several plants led to rather novel conclusions regarding the produce of nitrogen, and the difference between fibre and membrane.

Mr. Henslow thought the writer mistaken upon the latter point.

Mr. Hope read a paper, 'On a Genus of Parasite Worms, named *Filaria*, which infested Human Beings as well as Insects.'

Mr. Nevan detailed some very interesting experiments, illustrated by specimens, on the Effects of Cutting the Bark off Elm Trees, in rings of six or eight inches in breadth. In some cases the upper rim of the bark had shot out roots; whilst, from the lower part of the section, twigs and branches shot up. From these he concluded that the life of trees does not depend on the bark; that the sap descends before leaves are developed; and that new substance ascends from the root. Mr. Lindley doubted the latter part; but the experiments generally confirmed Du Petit Thouar's theory on the structure of wood.

#### SECTION E. The papers on the lists were—

1. Dr. G. C. Holland—Cause of Death from a Blow on the Stomach, with remarks on the means calculated to restore animation suspended by such accident.
2. Dr. H. Carille—On the Formation of the Sacrum in Man, and some of the Lower Animals.
3. Dr. John Reid—On the Functions of the Eighth Pair of Nerves—Experimental Inquiry.
4. Dr. J. Black—Account of the late Influenza at Bolton, January, February, and March, 1837.

Dr. Holland, after discussing various opinions on the cause of death from a blow on the stomach, explained his theory to be, that the blow was generally given from below upwards; the blood was thereby forced back on the left ventricle, when, compressed by the shock, death ensued. The best remedy, when insensibility was produced by injury to the heart, was galvanism. Galvanism applied to the heart, when its action had ceased, might cause its contraction. No method was so likely to restore ani-



mation as inflation of the lungs by artificial means, and galvanism applied to the heart, which might restore its wonted action. In all such cases exertions should be made to restore animation, as the symptoms appeared to be those exhibited by drowned persons, who were frequently restored to animation; and life was not lightly to be sacrificed.

Dr. Copland, and Dr. James Johnston of London, Mr. James Murray, and Dr. Williams, doubted the accuracy of Dr. Holland's conclusions; and he replied to their arguments. The other three papers were then read, and the Section adjourned.

#### SECTION F.

All the papers of this day related to Education, and as follows:

1. Mr. W. R. Gregg—Report on the State of Education in York.
2. Mr. Morrill—Remarks on the "Report on Education in Liverpool."
3. Mr. W. Tate—Remarks on the "Report on Education in Liverpool."
4. Rev. Francis de Soyres—Account of the Educational Statistics of Siddleham, in Sussex.

The data collected by these gentlemen are no doubt of great importance, but they are also in great detail, and so extensive, that their application to any useful purpose, as they could be reported in a limited periodical, would be impossible.

The same topic has also been largely treated of at other meetings, here and elsewhere, during the week, under the zealous exertions of Mr. Wyse. Central societies of education have formed, and met in considerable numbers; and publications are to emanate from these sources, fully explanatory of their data and their views. We will, therefore, content ourselves with classing together a few of the most striking statements which have occurred to us. In 1836 the population of York was estimated at 28,000, of whom 7000, or one-fourth, were calculated to be between the ages of 5 and 15; and of these, 4700, or 67 per cent, were under a course of nominal instruction in the day and Sunday schools, and 2300, or 33 per cent, were under no course of instruction at all.

In Liverpool, of the whole population of the parliamentary borough in 1835-6, estimated at 230,000, one-fourth, or 57,500, consisted of persons between the ages of 5 and 15, who ought to be under some course of instruction; 31,300 attended no schools whatever. Mr. Merritt entered into several statements, for the purpose of shewing that the proportion of persons between the ages mentioned was one-sixth or one-seventh only, and not one-fourth of the whole; that the number of children to whom education should be furnished, according to this rule, was only 36,516, instead of 57,500, leaving a deficiency of only 9400 without instruction; and from this number he made a deduction on account of children educated elsewhere, leaving the total 8500 only. As to the quality of the instruction furnished, the report gave some disgusting details, and presented a very degraded picture, presenting what he believed to be the exception only, as the rule. There was, however, quite enough of truth in the report to fill the mind of every sensible inhabitant with regret, and he admitted that much had been done since the examination to remove the evil complained of.

Mr. Tate still more severely impugned the Manchester report, and defended Liverpool from the charges it contained. He concluded, It remains, then, with the public to judge whether the society, in their "painful and humiliating conclusions," have conveyed a correct idea of the state of education in this town; or whether, rather, in their excessive zeal for

the cause of scholastic reform, and also in their belief that it can be effected in no other manner than by the active agency of the government, they have not indelicately laboured to stamp the impression of "hopeless insignificance" on "the efforts of private benevolence" throughout this country, and that of utter worthlessness on the exertions of conscientious assiduity on behalf of the rising generation of Liverpool.

Colonel Sykes suggested the propriety of establishing a statistical society in Liverpool.

Lord Sandon thought that Liverpool possessed peculiar facilities for the attainment of statistical information from all parts of the world, and he should be exceedingly happy if what had passed that morning should lead to the foundation of such a society. Liverpool might thus become a great centre and focus of light to the whole country. With respect to education, there was no town with which he was at all acquainted, in which there was not great room for improvement, both in the quantity and quality of education. As the Manchester Statistical Society had made it an attack of inferences and inductions, Mr. Tate should have been allowed more latitude in reply than to have his statements confined to mere figures, especially as there were so many conclusions in the report, which were thus left unanswered.

Mr. M. Martin, author of "The History of the British Colonies," stated, that when preparing his history, he came down to Liverpool, and got more information here connected with the colonies than he could obtain in many of the colonies themselves. He had also got better information respecting London, in Liverpool, than he could get in London itself.

Lord Sandon said he had never known a good object to languish in Liverpool for want of funds.

In regard to Sussex, the result was, that out of a population of 1002, 231 children were receiving some sort of education.

#### SECTION G.

Mr. Hawkins's bust by machinery.—See last *Gazette*.

Mr. Fairbairn communicated 'On the Result of his Experiments on Hot and Cold Blasts in the Smelting of Iron.' At the request of the Association, he and his colleague had made a series of experiments on the relative strength of hot and cold blast-iron. The investigation had been conducted with much care, and after a great variety of methods. They had varied the form of the metal, and had subjected it to every description of strain. Casts of four feet six inches long, and one square inch in thickness, had been subjected to a strain from weights. Wishing to ascertain whether the iron, having given way to the pressure, only required time to break, they found that one bar of hot blast broke in fifty-seven days, with a pressure of 448 lbs. The first iron which they experimented upon was from the Carron works, hot and cold blast. They found that the Carron cold blasts broke with a pressure of from 394 lbs. to 484 lbs., which gave a mean of 439 lbs. The hot blasts 407.4 to 402.1, which gave a mean of 404.7. Their next experiment was with the cast, 1½ inch in thickness, but with the bar planed down to an inch. The object was to try if the skin or outward surface offered any material resistance. The result was, with the hot blast, 478.6 to 429.3,—mean, 452.3. With the cold blast, 448.6 to 456.6,—mean, 452.6. The next experiments were made on bars cast in the form annexed. They first broke it with the flange upwards, and then downwards. With the flange up-

wards, it took a weight of 1050 lbs. before it broke, and there was a considerable deflexion. The ratio was 933.3. When they reversed it, with the flange downwards, and with the same distance between the supporters, it broke with 266 lbs. This was with the cold blast. With the hot blast, 980 and 280. It appeared, from this experiment, that they should be particular as to the form and position of beams. The next experiment was upon castings of a triangular form. From the whole figure the apex broke with a pressure of 980 on the hot blast, 952 on the cold blast. When the apex was off, the frustrum broke with a pressure of 812 hot blast; 742 cold blast: ratio of strength, 913.8. The next experiment was on rectangular bars, one inch thick and three inches long. The result was, that it took 3750 lbs. to break the hot blast, and 3843 the cold blast. Mr. Fairbairn went on to detail his experiments on the different sorts of iron which he had received from Scotland, Wales, Staffordshire, &c. He had, likewise, tested iron at various degrees of temperature, from the freezing point up to a red heat. Welsh iron, at the freezing point, broke at a pressure of 949.6 lbs., at a slightly red heat at 723 lbs. The relation, however, from the result of these experiments was 1000 to 1039 in favour of the hot blast. Cast-iron, when exposed to increased temperature, loses a considerable portion of its strength, and its deflexions are also considerable. A series of interesting experiments had been tried, also, with a view to observing the nature and extent of deflexion in cast-iron. Bars, four feet six inches in length were used, loaded with a weight of 392 lbs. The deflexion was found to be 1786 in the cold blast, 1891 in the hot blast. The breaking weight had been 488 lbs. in the cold blast, in 108 days,—one bar, however, having broken at 35 days. A great number of questions were asked by various individuals in the room, most of them connected with the iron trade; and, as we have remarked, a very strong interest was manifested on this subject. Mr. Fairbairn's results seemed ultimately to refer themselves to the original qualities of the iron, one kind being stronger when smelted by the hot blast, and another when manufactured from the cold. Dr. Thomson's report on the same subject, in the Chemical Section, on Thursday, confirmed these opinions; and it will be seen from the proceedings of the General Committee, that the question was not considered to be settled, since a farther sum was voted to continue and multiply the experiments.

Mr. Ettrick described an artificial horizon which he had invented for the purpose of taking observations at sea, when the natural horizon was obscured, but the heavenly bodies visible.

Professor Henry presented the Section with a set of maps of the canals, railroads, &c. of the United States. In these States, he said, there were about 2000 miles of canal, and 1500 miles of railway. About 3000 miles more of railway were in progress, but had been partially suspended in consequence of the recent commercial embarrassments. Some questions were put relative to the speed of steam-vessels in America. The professor said he was a professor of physics, and not a practical engineer; but he had himself gone on the Hudson at the rate of fifteen miles per hour.

Dr. Lardner entered into an elucidation of the question of the possibility of steam intercourse between this country and India and America, against the practicability of the former of which the doctor declares himself. He supported his reasoning during this and the ensuing

meeting, by the comparison of the logs of government vessels and other data, which provoked a warm debate, in which his facts were impugned, his references challenged, as belonging to notoriously an inferior class of steamers, and himself almost abused by some of his opponents. As the question, however, was left *sub judice*, we shall not enter upon any report of the discussion.

In the evening a gay and crowded *soirée* was opened by the Mayor, in the Town-Hall, which kept people alive till near midnight.

#### GENERAL COMMITTEE. SATURDAY.

The minutes of the meeting of Thursday were read and confirmed; and the officers for the ensuing year appointed—viz. the Rev. G. Peacock and R. I. Murchison, Esq., General Secretaries; Treasurer, John Taylor, Esq.; and Assistant-General Secretary, John Phillips, Esq. Some changes were made in the Council which sits permanently in London, and is the organ of administration throughout the year, and conjointly with the General Committee during the meetings.

Mr. Murchison stated that he had received a letter from the Earl of Durham, declining the vice-presidency. His lordship had accepted the presidency at the request of the local authorities, and the *contretemps* mentioned in our last, we presume, led to this refusal of the inferior station. The Bishop of Durham was proposed in his lordship's stead, and elected, after some playful remarks from Professor Sedgwick and the Marquess of Northampton.

It was then agreed that the next meeting should be in August; and it was understood to be the sense of the Committee, that it should take place as early in the month as the Council could appoint consistently with circumstances.

The grants of money recommended by the Committee of Recommendation were brought forward by Mr. Phillips; and, after some discussion on some of them, agreed to as follows:

#### IN SECTION A.

- 500*l.* (renewed) for the Reduction of Observations on Stars 1780-90, from the "Histoire Celeste." Mr. Baily, Mr. Airy, and Professor Robinson.
- 75*l.* For the Continuation of the Discussion of the Tides at Bristol, confided to Mr. Whewell.
- 50*l.* Hourly Observations on Meteorology at Plymouth. Mr. Snow Harris.
- 10*l.* For Repairs of the Anemometer at Plymouth. *Idem.*
- 500*l.* To extend the Catalogue of the Astronomical Society, and Stars in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, to 1850. Mr. Baily, Airy, and Robinson.
- 100*l.* To continue the Experiments on Waves. Mr. Russell, &c.
- 100*l.* To ascertain the Action of Gases on the Solar Spectrum. Sir D. Brewster.
- 40*l.* For the Construction of an Anemometer on the Plan of Mr. Osler, to be employed in Observations at Plymouth.
- 100*l.* To the Meteorological Committee, to be expended on the Purposes expressed in their Appointment.
- 80*l.* A Renewal for Experiments with Lenses of Rock-salt.

#### SECTION B.

- 20*l.* For Experiments on the Composition of Atmospheric Air. Mr. West of Leeds.
- 30*l.* Chemical Constants. Professor Johnston.
- 20*l.* For a Series of Experiments, on a great scale, on the Effects of Sea and River Water on Cast and Wrought Iron. To be tried at Dublin, &c.
- 10*l.* To Mr. Mallet, to continue Experiments of Heat at 212°, on Organised and Inorganised bodies.

#### SECTION C.

- 272*l.* To ascertain the relative Land and Sea; balance of 500*l.* last year, not expended.†

\* It was mentioned, that government would be solicited for 200*l.*, to co-operate in effecting this great astronomical object.

† Captain Pollock made a complaint of the conduct of the committee in not calling for the assistance of all its members in this inquiry, which was explained by Mr. Whewell.

- 105*l.* To M. Agassiz, to complete the Publication of his Fossil Ichthyology, the 9th and 10th Livraisons of which had appeared, and referred chiefly to Great Britain.

- 50*l.* A Renewal of the Grant for Investigating the Peat Mosses in Ireland.

- 20*l.* The same, for Investigating the Deposit of Mud in Rivers.

447*l.*

#### SECTION D.

- 50*l.* Experiments on the Growth of Plants under Glass, excluded from the air (Mr. Ward's).

- 25*l.* For the Preservation of Animal and Vegetable Substances.

75*l.*

#### SECTION E.

- 50*l.* For the Investigation of the Anatomical Relations of the Absorbent and Venous Systems.

- 25*l.* For the Effects of Poisons on the Animal Economy.

- 25*l.* Chemical Analysis of Animal Secretions.

- 50*l.* London and Dublin Committees to continue Observations on Sounds of the Heart.

- 25*l.* Sub-Committee of the Medical Section to Investigate Diseases of the Lungs in Lower Animals.

- 25*l.* Pathology of the Brain and Nervous System—Liverpool and Manchester.

200*l.*

#### SECTION F.

- 150*l.* For Inquiring into the State of Schools in England.

- 100*l.* Inquiry into the Condition of the Working Population—to be given in Numerical Tables.

450*l.*

#### SECTION G.

- 100*l.* To continue Experiments on the Strength of Cast-Iron, and extended to Wrought-Iron, smelted by Hot and Cold Blasts.

- 50*l.* To ascertain the Duty performed by Pumping Engines in Cornwall.

- 100*l.* To ascertain the Amount of Duty performed by one Bushel of Coals, &c., not in the Cornish Districts.

- 50*l.* Experiments on the Mean Value of Railway Constants.

- 100*l.* Series of Observations on the Average Locomotive Duty of a Ton of Coals; and

- 50*l.* to extend the same to the other side of the Atlantic, if deemed necessary.

450*l.*

The total of grants, 3057*l.*

Mr. Phillips having stated that Reports and Researches recommended by the committee, were the other two matters which now came under consideration, the following were agreed to:—

In A. Mr. Wheatstone, a Report on Vision. Sir W. Hamilton, on his Dynamics applied to the Moon.

In B. Professor Leibig, on the present State of Isomeric bodies; and also on Organic Chemistry and Analysis. Professor Johnston, on Inorganic Chemistry.

In C. Mr. Owen, on the present State of Knowledge of the Fossil Reptiles of Great Britain. On the Effects of Voltaic and Electricity on the production of Crystals.

In D. A continuation of Mr. Hooker's Report. Sir W. Jardine, on Salmonide; Mr. Gould, on Caprimulgi; and Mr. Hope, on Fossil Insects.

RESEARCHES.—To procure tide observations at Liverpool. Astronomical observations, *ibid.* Empirical tables of the moon, and reduce the Greenwich observations.

For these considerable sums and influence are requisite, and Mr. Whewell, Mr. Lubbock, and Dr. Traill, were named a committee to apply to government, and take other measures needful to effect them.

Thanks were given to the Trustees of the Clyde Navigation, for the facilities they had afforded to Mr. Russell; and it was resolved to ask the Dock Committee of Liverpool to allow similar assistance to meteorological observation at the lighthouses, &c.

To invite engineers on railways to collect fossils, and send them to the Geological Society in London, distinguishing the beds in which they were found, &c.

In Botany, a committee to collect materials for a Fauna of Ireland. Mr. Vigors, secretary.

In Zoology, to ascertain the modes by which mollusc excavate rocks. Capt. Ducane, for inquiry into the metamorphoses of crustacea, Southampton.

In Medicine, a committee on the physiology of the lungs and bronchia.

That a record of the proceedings of each Section should be entered on books provided for that purpose.

That Statistical information respecting India should be sought by the examination of records in the India House: the condition of the mining population of Cornwall and Wales; and the state of education in Manchester to be ascertained.

A committee, with Sir D. Brewster at its head, was appointed to get together an exhibition of models, &c. at the next meeting (the design having completely failed this year); and, on the motion of Dr. Granville, some useful regulations for the more convenient reception of members were adopted.

After some other discussions, which led to no results, the meeting adjourned, having been engaged during four hours.

In making up our report of the proceedings of Monday, we deferred several papers, viz. 1. Capt. Denham's 'Observations on the Deposits

of the Mersey,'—a subject of such vital importance to the trade and navigation of Liverpool; 2. A portion of the earlier papers and proceedings in the same Section (C), of Geology; 3. Col. Sykes's Report, in the Statistical Section, 'On the Deccan'; 4. Dr. Taylor's 'Details respecting Education at New York'; and, 5. Dr. Traill's Annual Address in the Amphitheatre. In order to make our *résumé* more complete, we now revert to these subjects.

After its formation, and a brief introduction from Professor Sedgwick, Professor Whewell addressed the Geological Section on the proceedings for ascertaining the relative levels of land and sea; or, rather, for establishing data by which to test their future alterations. He was sorry that the report which he had to make was neither complete nor long. Large surfaces of land, it was well known, were gradually becoming lower; but the opinion in question was to know which parts were undergoing these changes. In the Baltic, where there are no tides, it was easy to make marks in the various rocks, and, after a lapse of time, observe the alterations which had taken place; but on our own shores more complicated means were requisite. He then described the levelling of two lines by Mr. Blount and himself, which, when finished and corrected, together with additional data, would enable us to judge of the subject.

Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, made some remarks on a collection of shells found round the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, forty feet above the level of the sea, and eight or ten species of which were new. It would give him pleasure to present specimens to the Society.

#### SECTION F.

Col. Sykes, being called upon for his special 'Report on the Statistics of the Deccan,' divided the subject into the following sections and sub-sections, with preliminary observations of much general interest.

*Extent and Physical Features: Geology.*—Area, elevations, rivers, roads, bridges, mountains, &c., ghats, valleys, tenures, encampments, columnar basalt, schistose structure, basalt en boules, dykes, ferruginous clay, pulverulent limestone, nodular limestone, loose stones, rocky heaps, sheets of rock, structure and mineral composition of rocks, minerals, ores, natural salts, no organic remains, thermal springs, extent of trap region, laterite, granite, sedimentary rocks. *Climate.*—Barometer, atmospheric tides, temperature, monthly means, diurnal range, mean temperature, moisture, rain, winds, hot winds, whirlwinds, hail, dew, fogs, salubrity of the climate. *Botany.*—Cultivated fruits, wild fruits, agricultural products, wet season harvest, dry or spring season harvest, garden produce, edible roots, grasses, wild oil, tanning and medicinal plants, European fruits, flowering plants, timber trees. *Zoology.*—Quadrumania, cheiroptera, plantigrada, digitigrada, insessores, rasores, grallatores, natatores, ichthyology, reptilia, crustacea, testacea, entomology. *Civil Divisions.*—Poona collectorate, pergunnahs, towns, hill-forts, &c.; Ahmednuggur collectorate, talooks, pergunnahs, towns, forts, &c.; Khandeish collectorate, pergunnahs, towns, &c., rivers, Boodh cave-temples; Dharwar collectorate, talooks, pergunnahs, towns, rivers, hill-forts, &c. *Population.*—Proportion of the sexes, constituents of population, castes, births, deaths, and marriages; proportion engaged in agriculture; proportion to the square mile, to a house,

\* Want of room compels us further to postpone this interesting document until next week.

to villages, to towns; population of southern jagheerders and Rajah of Sattarah's territories. *Abstract of the Population of the late Peshwa's Territories: Education.*—Proportion of schools in the different collectorates, different kinds of. *Irrigation.*—Quantity of water supplied by well-bucket, &c.; general observations. *Agriculture.*—Agriculture of the wet-season crop (hilly tracts), wet-season crop (desh), ploughing, treading-out, farm-yard, winnowing, preserving grain; preparing grain for food, pounding, grinding, sugar-mill, oil mill, average size of farms, proportion of yoke cattle, milch cattle, ploughs, &c. *Land and other Tenures.*—Estates, hereditary and freehold, meeras tenure, kowl istawa oward, tenures marking alienation of lands, jagheer, enam, surinjam, doomalla, easaphut, deahmook and desae, desh-pandeh, pateel, koolkurnee; mahr's tenure, bara bullooth, militia, chowgulla, havildar, tulwar, ramoosee, bheels, sheeth: sharers in village revenues. *Revenue.*—Amount and account of, per centage of, branches of, viewed as a capitation tax, average village; sources of revenue, land, shops, excise, transit duties, tabular view of expenses and charges upon the revenue; number of cultivators, land revenue in the different collectorates. *Assessments.*—General observations, various names applied to different portions of land for assessment; chief assessment upon land; sootee, or permanent assessment; varieties of assessment, bhagaet, or garden; zerhaet, or field, &c.; average per begah, garden, and field; extra cesses, names of; shop taxes; evils of extra cesses; description of village accounts and documents. *Wages.*—Agricultural labourers', artificers', &c. in kind or money; table of rates of all classes of servants, artificers, &c. *Manufactures.*—Names and prices of the few remaining. *Transit Duties.*—Transit duties, how paid. *Coins.*—Silver and copper. *Weights and Measures.*—Of capacity, grain, oil, milk, and spirit; weights, goldsmiths', itinerary and long, superficial; weights and measures, how derived. *Army.*—Constitution, stations. *Justice.*—Administration of; police, return of committals, trials, &c. for four years.

The following were some of the details with which the subject was illustrated.

The four collectorates of the Deccan, within the province of Bombay, contain a population of 3,266,985 souls, and 48,987 square miles, or about sixty-seven inhabitants to the square mile; lying on an elevated plateau, formed by the ghats, and descending by a succession of steps to the Coromandel coast. The Poona collectorate contains 8281 square miles; 550,313 inhabitants; 1827 towns and villages; and 114,887 houses, averaging four and a fraction inhabitants to a house, and 247 to a village, exclusive of the city of Poona, which contains a population of 81,000. The rivers in the Deccan, during the monsoons, present magnificent streams of water; but, in the dry season, either a broad sandy plain, or a mere thread of water. The roads, with the exception of two great military roads, are untouched by art; and few of the rivers can boast of a bridge. With respect to geology, there are no organic remains, and probably no region in the world, in which the trap-formation prevails to so great an extent. In the Deccan there are 200,000 square miles, without the intervention of any other rock whatever. This is succeeded by granite and other rocks of igneous origin; so that, from the twenty-fifth degree of latitude, down to the coast of Coromandel, including

Ceylon, there are about 700,000 square miles of rocks originating in fire, probably without any of that succession which is found in Europe of rocks belonging to a newer formation, or to a middle formation. The tides of the atmosphere are one of the principal features connected with the climate of the Deccan. These tides, like those of the ocean, rise and fall twice within the twenty-four hours, at stated periods; and this in so marked and defined a manner, that the results can be determined previously almost with perfect certainty. During observations of four years' continuance, made with different instruments, there was no variation in the order of the rise and fall, though there was occasionally some little variation in the degree. The atmospheric tides prevail from the equator to the poles, and are observable to the sixty-fourth degree of latitude, the maximum being at the equator, the minimum at that degree. Although they exist in our own latitudes, it requires the mean of many observations to determine their amount. In the Deccan, as throughout the world, the barometer ranges highest in cold weather, and diminishes during the monsoon. The temperature at half-past nine in the morning is the mean temperature of the year; so that a register kept at that hour gives the mean temperature of the year. With regard to the quantity of rain, the clouds containing the water drawn from the ocean, by the action of the sun, heat against the ghats, and the rain which falls there is three or fourfold the proportion of that which falls 30 or 40 miles to the eastward. At Poona, which is not 100 miles east from Bombay, the annual fall of rain is only 25 inches, whilst in Bombay it is 82. Hail only falls at the very hottest season, with the temperature from 85 to 100. The air is perfectly clear; suddenly the horizon is overcast, the dust is blown up in dense masses; in the midst of this comes claps of thunder, perfectly astounding, and down comes a shower of hail, some of the stones excessively large, and doing a great deal of mischief. This is followed by a deluge of rain for an hour or two. Dews are very copious,—fogs little known. The climate is very salubrious. In his (Col. Sykes's) camp, consisting of 100 persons, not a single death occurred in six years; and there was only one case of sickness which he did not cure without medical aid. In 1828, the deaths were 1·82 per cent, or one in 55 persons, not including cholera, or one in 40, including cholera; so that even in India, where this frightful disease originated, it appears to be much less serious than was supposed. Dr. Lawrence had medical charge of a regiment of natives 1000 strong for several years, and lost only 0·85 per cent, or less than one per cent per annum. With respect to botanical and agricultural productions, there are 45 cultivated fruits, including six or seven species of the grape; and 22 wild fruits, including the mangosteen, the date, &c. &c. Col. Sykes has introduced five or six varieties of the grape into this country, and some of them are now flourishing in Lord Powis's gardens at Walcott, and others in the gardens of the Agricultural Society. There are two harvests in the Deccan, one called the wet-season harvest, the other, the cold or dry-season harvest; and both of distinct kinds of grain and pulse—the wet, in the hilly tracts, principally of rice. The productions of some of the grains is perfectly astonishing. Four species were mentioned—one producing 33 stalks, and 61,380 grains from one seed; another, 16,960; a third, 2985; and a fourth, 1850. One spe-

cies of wheat, taken out of a field at random, and now in his possession, contained 25 stalks and 1450 grains from one seed, the average on tolerable land being 8 stalks to each plant. There are 46 articles of garden culture; and, in mentioning those used for culinary purposes, Col. Sykes stated, that the natives are quite as carnivorous as the inhabitants of Europe, so far, at least, as mutton is concerned. The grasses are innumerable, some of them useful for cordage. There are few ferns, no heaths, and no oaks, elms, or hazels. The zoology of the Deccan exhibits specimens of most of the different orders. The wild dog is a native of the ghats. The domestic poultry of this country is supposed to have originated in India, the two species being identical. Most of the wading and swimming birds are identical with those of Europe. With respect to population, the proportion of male to female births, which in England is 100 to 93—in the Deccan is 100 to 87; and this difference obtains, with very little variation, throughout India, modified by the singular fact exhibited in the excess of grown up women over men. Sir Stamford Raffles, in his account of the island of Java, states that the proportion of births was 100 males to 82 females; but that the same disproportion did not exist between grown up people. In the Deccan, the preponderance of male over female children is very strongly marked; but a greater mortality amongst the males at a subsequent period makes the females outnumber the males. The same law, therefore, appears to prevail both within and without the tropics. The average number of deaths in 32 pergunnahs of the collectorate of Poona, was one in 37; but that was in an exceedingly bad season, when the cholera prevailed. The proportion of marriages is very nearly the same as in England and France,—it being one in 125 in Poona, one in 128 in England, and one in 130 in France. In speaking of the castes, or tribes, Col. Sykes stated, that the Mussulmans, who for so many centuries had the government of India, never amounted to one fifteenth part of the whole population of the empire; but being in various places in the proportion of 4, 6, or 8, or more, per cent to the rest of the population. With respect to education—in one province there is only one school to 2452 inhabitants; in another, one to 4639; in a third, one to 3337. The tenures of land are exceedingly numerous; but the chief part is freehold, which has been acknowledged by the native governments: and there are many descendants of those amongst whom the land was originally divided now in actual possession. Artisans of various kinds do the work of the farmers in their respective branches, and are paid by allotments of land, and a per centage on the produce. The revenue derived by the government is 82 per cent in the aggregate from land, and altogether averaged 8s. per annum for each individual, viewed as a capitation tax. The native manufacture of silk and cotton has been almost totally suppressed by the machinery of England. There are few other manufacturing products of any value, and these are not produced in the Company's territories, with one or two slight exceptions. The transit duties on the conveyance of goods are exceedingly onerous, and form a great impediment to commerce.

At the conclusion of the paper, a vote of thanks was given to Col. Sykes; and, in the course of a discussion which took place at a later period in the day, several questions were put to him, in reply to some of which he stated, that the wages of a head carpenter, as compared

with the price of grain, were from 25s. to 30s. a month; a common carpenter, 21s. to 25s.; a smith, the same; field labourers, 14s. a month for a man; from 7s. to 14s. for a woman; and 6s. for a boy; finding themselves in every thing, and working from sunrise to sunset. He was afraid that the loss of the two principal manufactures was not made up or compensated by any increase of raw produce for exportation. The cultivation of various articles for export might be greatly increased, to the advantage both of the natives and of the people of this country. It was an especial object of the Agricultural Committee of the Royal Asiatic Society in London to point out these articles, many of which were not even known in this country; as, for example, several kinds of oils, and many species of fibrous plants, suitable for cordage. The breadth of land under cultivation has not been increased of late years. The instruments were so rude and simple, that, were not the returns naturally so great, and the cost of production so trifling, the people could not live. The condition of the labouring classes is little better than that of the people in many parts of Ireland. The system of transit duties was under the serious consideration of government. Until within the last 20 years there had been constant intestine wars, which were now put an end to, under the influence of the British government.

'Abstract of the Report on Education at New York,' read by Dr. W. C. Taylor, on Monday, at the Statistical Section, and only briefly referred to in our last.

The regents of the university in the state of New York are required by law to make an annual report to the legislature on the state of education in the several colleges and academies subject to their visitation. Accurate forms of returns are sent to these institutions, and, though they have not all been filled as completely as could be desired, they enable us to form a pretty accurate view of the present condition of education in that state, and its tendency to progressive improvement, especially as regards the instruction of the higher and middle classes. In the report itself facts and opinions are blended together; but, for the purpose of bringing the results before the notice of the Statistical Section of the British Association, it has been deemed advisable to abstract the most striking facts which can be numerically expressed, and to avoid all inferential deductions; for, though statistical science is pre-eminently suggestive, experience has shewn that the passage from the figures of arithmetic to the figures of speech is more agreeable than useful. Under the direction of the regents, departments have been added to the collegiate systems for the instruction of common school teachers. The whole number of students in these departments is 228—an increase of 110 in the year. The inadequate compensation paid to teachers has hitherto deterred many from entering the profession; but, since these departments were instituted, the standard of common schools has been greatly raised, and ordinary members of them obtain from 50 to 75 per cent more than was paid to the best teachers six years ago. The average was below twelve dollars per month; but some of the instructed teachers now obtain more than eighteen dollars. The whole number of students belonging to academies under the control of the university is 6056. The number of students claimed by the trustees to have pursued classical studies, or the higher branches of English education, or both, for four months of said

year, is 4590. The amount of money apportioned by the regents from the income of the literature fund is 12,000 dollars.

	Dollars.
Value of land and buildings belonging to academies	460,503
Value of other real estate	44,232
Value of philosophical apparatus and library	32,927
Value of other personal property	154,719
Tuition money for year ending March 1, 1837	96,431
Interest on income from permanent funds	12,806
Salary of teachers	93,062
Number of books in libraries of academies	10,324
Number of teachers	261

whence it follows that the average income of each teacher is about \$356½.

The number of academies reporting to the university, including male and female seminaries, is 69; the subjects of study are thus enumerated:—

Arithmetic is taught in all the academies; Algebra, do.; Architecture, in 1; Astronomy, in 56; Botany, in 30; Bookkeeping, in 45; Biblical Antiquities, in 2; Biography, in 1; Chemistry, in all; Composition, as often as once a fortnight, in all; Conic Sections, in 4; Constitution of the United States, in 15; Do. of the State of New York, in 5; Elements of Criticism, in 8; Declamation, in all but the female schools; Drawing, in 14; Dialling, in 1; English Grammar, in all; Evidences of Christianity, in 7; Embroidery, in 1—Ladies' Institution; Civil Engineering, in 4; Extemporaneous Speaking, in 3; French Language, in 51; Geography, in all; Physical Geography, in 4; Geology, in 5; Plane Geometry, in all; Analytic Geometry, in 4; Greek Language, in all but 5; Grecian Antiquities, in 4; German Language, in 1; General History, in all; History of the United States, in 50; History of New York, in 3; Hebrew Language, in 4; Italian Language, in 3; Latin, in all but 3; Criminal and Mercantile Law, in 2; Logic, in 28; Levelling, in 2; Logarithms, in 2; Vocal and Instrumental Music, in 5; Vocal alone, in 2; Instrumental alone, in 6; Mapping, in 5; Mensuration, in 12; Mineralogy, in 4; Mythology, in 3; Natural History, in 17; Navigation, in 9; Nautical Astronomy, in 1; Natural Theology, in 13; Orthography, in all; Natural Philosophy, in all; Moral Philosophy, in 37; Intellectual Philosophy, in 30; Penmanship, in all; Political Economy, in 1; Painting, in 6; Perspective, in 1; Physiology, in 3; English Pronunciation, in 1; Reading, in all; Rhetoric, in all but 6; Roman Antiquities, in 10; Stenography, in 2; Statistics, in 1; Surveying, in 49; Spanish Language, in 5; Trigonometry, in 23; Topography, in 1; Technology, in 4; Principles of Teaching, in 14.

It would be very desirable to obtain similar returns respecting the branches of study open to youth of the middle and upper classes in England, but such information could not be obtained by individual enterprise; the person making the inquiries would probably receive, in most instances, a sharp rebuke for his impertinent curiosity, and would assuredly be refused the means of verifying the accuracy of the returns. Were such an inquiry instituted by authority, it would probably be found a valuable addition to the American form—to have columns for the number of students in each branch, and the length of time devoted to its study. In the American report there is no notice of any provision for physical training; should similar inquiries be made here, it would be well to have returns of the size of playgrounds and the supply of gymnastic exercises. The American report contains the names of the various books used in the academies: the only remark that need be made on this return is, that a preference seems generally to be given to the works of American authors. Meteorological observations, on the plan recommended by Sir John Herschel, have been recorded at fifty-three academies: some of these are open to suspicion of inaccuracy, but the regents have a plan under their consideration for rendering them more perfect and complete in future. The charges to students vary considerably in the different academies. Elementary instruction is generally rated from \$2½ to \$4 per quarter; and the higher instruction varies from \$5 to \$12. The Albany Female Academy, which appears to be of the highest rank, charges \$225 annually for board and tuition

in all branches. In some of the academies emulation has been discouraged, as a dangerous stimulant of action; in others, it is still deemed advisable to offer premiums for exertion. Both parties affirm that experience has proved the correctness of their views, but neither have supported their assertions by a reference to appreciable facts. In this year's report, the latitude and longitude of the different academies are given, their elevation above the level of the sea, and such topographical remarks as best elucidate the salubrity of their situation. These are the chief statistical results of the report: the remarks on the effect of moral discipline, and on new elucidations of the science of education, though very valuable, could not be noticed in this section.

Dr. Traill, after an apologetic exordium, said the British Association was undoubtedly suggested by the successful efforts of the philosophers of Germany, within the last few years. The obstacles to the free intercourse between scientific men, in that part of Europe, had always been felt as a great bar to the advance of science. Under such a system, those who, in sequestered regions, had long pursued laborious investigations, had often the mortification to discover that they were following paths trodden by others, or in which they had been completely anticipated by more fortunate inquirers. To obviate such grave inconveniences, and to promote social intercourse among men of science, scattered over wide regions, separated by physical and political obstacles, though connected by one common tongue, were the objects of that great Continental Association; and that these have been, to a considerable extent, realised by the annual assemblages of the illustrious sons of Germany, is generally admitted. In our more united and highly favoured land, the facilities of intercourse between its most distant points, the less isolated position of our philosophers, undoubtedly render the progress of science less dependent on such general associations of its cultivators than in Germany; yet it has never been doubted that the personal intercourse of men engaged in similar pursuits is favourable to the progress of philosophical investigations, by the direct assistance derived from the experience and suggestions of others, and by fostering that generous emulation in the search after truth which imparts a wholesome stimulus to mental exertion, while it tends to smooth the asperities occasionally engendered by controversy, even in the abstract sciences. Men accustomed to meet and act together for one great end, naturally and insensibly imbibe the social spirit—scientific jealousy and personal rivalry are softened by mutual approximations; and individuals composing the Association, like members of the same family, learn to temper the pursuit of personal distinction by an honest exultation in whatever redounds to the honour and celebrity of the body to which they belong. These advantages the British Association shares in common with many other societies; but it possesses characteristics peculiarly its own. It can scarcely reckon a period of infancy: it sprung at once from the conception of its founders, like Pallas from the head of Jove, in the perfection of youthful vigour; secure in the panoply of rectitude of purpose against open or secret hostility. It quickly numbered in its ranks the *élite* of the philosophy of the United Kingdom; and, strengthened by the accession of foreign associates of distinguished reputation, it has extended its views beyond its original horizon, and has attained a colossal magnitude that distinguishes it above every other scientific association in the

British empire. This Institution ought not to be considered as the rival of any of the previously existing philosophical establishments which give lustre to these kingdoms. It, indeed, receives communications on every branch of scientific inquiry; but it professes to publish none of the numerous contributions which have given rise to the interesting and animated discussions in its different Sections: a short abstract of these papers is all that it attempts to promulgate; but the distinguishing features of its publications are those invaluable reports on the progress of science which the Association has confided to some of its members, especially selected for that important duty. The advantages thus conferred on general science will be best appreciated by persons whose studies are directed to any of the subjects discussed in the reports, and who have once felt the want of an accurate analysis of what had been recently added to our previous stock of knowledge; but it would be impossible to calculate in how many instances those abstracts of precise and useful information have saved the time, and abridged the labour, of the retired student, in tracks already explored by other philosophers. Another peculiarity in the publications of the Association consists in the circulation of desiderata in different branches of science. The attention of their cultivators, thus drawn to the principal deficiencies in each, has already filled up various chasms in the paths of intellectual exertion, and stimulated to inquiries that cannot fail to lead to important results. It soon became apparent that the British Association must exercise a powerful influence on the general diffusion of science, and could undertake, or materially promote, investigations to which individual research and unaided exertion are utterly inadequate. Its annual migrations, and the comparative ease of admission into its ranks, have unquestionably increased the taste for scientific disquisition; and, although it would be absurd to suppose that all who seek for enrolment in the Association are destined to extend the boundaries of science, who can believe that familiarising large masses of the community with such investigations, and exhibiting how the highest branches of philosophy may be made available to the purposes of life, will fail to promote the avowed purpose of our meetings? Who will venture to deny, that the contemplation of the galaxy of illustrious men, mustered on occasions similar to the present, has often proved the first impulse to the secret aspirant after honourable distinction—has afforded the Promethean spark that kindled the sacred flame in the breast of slumbering genius? The Association has not failed to use its influence in stimulating our rulers to aid the progress of science. At its instigation, the British government has taken up the task of the reduction of the enormous mass of observations on the heavenly bodies, accumulated since 1750, at the Greenwich Observatory—which, though collected at a great expense to the nation, and by the exertion of consummate skill in the observers—which, though pronounced by the highest authorities in Europe to be of the utmost moment to the future progress of astronomy,—have been permitted to remain a rich, but unexplored, mine of facts. The voice of our petition has been heard—the work has been auspiciously begun; and 500*l.* have been assigned by the Treasury for the commencement of this great national work. The subject of the tides, so strangely neglected in this great maritime country, from the period of the promulgation of the Newtonian theory to our own times, has engaged the attention of the Asso-

ciation from its commencement. The advances which have recently been made on this subject, and which have greatly altered the aspect of that branch of science, had chiefly for their original basis the very valuable tide observations made in this port, many years ago, by Mr. Hutchinson, a dock-master, embracing an interval of above thirty years. The originals are preserved in the Lyceum Library of Liverpool; and, by the liberality of the proprietors, have been confided to the hands of Mr. Lubbock, under whose direction the discussion of them, ordered by the Association, has thrown a new light on the laws of tidal phenomena. Since that time, the earnest representations of a distinguished associate, whom this county claims as a native, have given rise to a most important set of observations on the tides. Mr. Whewell, by personal application to the chief of the coast-guard service, and solicitation to the Admiralty, has procured the completion of a continuous series of observations, at upwards of five hundred stations, along the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. They were continued for a fortnight in June 1834, and again in June 1835, when they were extended from the mouths of the Mississippi to the northern extremity of Europe. These observations have been discussed at the expense of the Admiralty; but, as I shall presently mention, the Association has voted a large sum to be applied by Mr. Lubbock to the same subject. These discussions have, within the last few years, led to very curious results: for instance, to the fact of the rise of the mean level of the tides, in proportion to the fall of the barometer, and the existence of a diurnal tide—*i. e.* the difference between the morning and evening tides of the same day. This diurnal tide, it may be interesting for the inhabitants of Liverpool to know, was first marked in the tide tables constructed by a young ingenious townsman, Mr. Bywater, jun., who has, unfortunately for science, died since the last meeting of the Association. The importance of the subject, and the success already obtained, have encouraged the Association to direct the discussion of the tidal observations recorded at the port of Bristol, and at the London Docks; and to supply the means of defraying the necessary expense. The influence of researches on tidal waters to navigation and to commerce are too obvious to require illustration: but perhaps it may not be unsuitable, in this place, to refer to the deductions of our eminent associate, Capt. Denham, on the capability of the Mersey “to command a navigable avenue to the ocean, so long as its guardians preserve the high-water boundaries from artificial contraction.” It may also be stated that, in our Transactions, this gentleman has recorded his most important general inference (drawn from a connected series of observations on the tides, which the liberality of the Dock Trustees of Liverpool enabled him to carry on)—*that there is one invariable mean height, common to neap and spring tides*—the half-tide mark—a point from which engineers, geologists, and navigators, will henceforward commence their calculations, and adjust their standards of comparison. The Association made application soon after the meeting at Edinburgh for the resumption of the Trigonometrical Survey of Scotland; a work imperiously demanded by the imperfect state of our best maps and charts of that part of the island, either for the purposes of geology or navigation. It is needless to give further proof, than that parts of several of the large islands at the mouth of the Clyde are laid down several miles out of their true position. The magnificent scale on which the survey of Ireland is

now carrying on, emboldened various scientific societies of Scotland this year to memorialise the government on the subject. I am happy to add, that the applications have been successful, and the triangulation of Scotland will recommence early in 1838. The British Association may also boast, that at its instigation our illustrious associate, Arago, moved the Bureau des Longitudes to solicit from the French government the publication of the series of observations on the tides at Brest, and a reduction of the astronomical observations made at the Ecole Militaire. The Brest observations have been printed, and a copy of the valuable documents put in the hands of one well able to appreciate them. At the Dublin meeting, a committee was appointed for representing to our own government two objects important to science, which can only be accomplished in a satisfactory manner by the rulers of a powerful nation, or by an union of governments in the cause of philosophy. The first related to the establishment of Magnetical and Meteorological Observatories, in different parts of the earth, furnished with proper instruments, and in which the observations should be conducted on acknowledged and uniform principles. The extent, and the variety of climate, of the British possessions, indicate them as favourable points for such establishments, which have already been commenced in France and its dependencies; and may hereafter, by the co-operation of the several governments of Europe, and of our transatlantic brethren, be extended over a large portion of the civilised world. The second suggestion was the importance of an Antarctic Expedition, for prosecuting discoveries and observations in Geography, Hydrography, Natural History, and, above all, Magnetism, with a view to determine the positive southern magnetic pole or poles, and the direction and intensity of the magnetic force in antarctic regions. The East India Company was likewise to be requested to favour the same objects, especially at their establishment at Madras. The General Committee some time ago made application to the authorities, both in France and this country, respecting some mode of instituting a reciprocal protection to literary property. Might I venture here to allude to a recommendation which I hope the Association will not fail to leave in Liverpool, for the promotion of a scientific object of immense consequence to this port—the establishment of an observatory in or near Liverpool. The adoption of such suggestions, while conferring an incalculable benefit on science, would rear a proud, unperishable, and bloodless monument to national greatness. These statements might be a sufficient answer to a question, sometimes put in tones of captious sarcasm. What has the Association directly contributed to the progress of useful knowledge? Without again appealing to the very admirable reports on the progress of science published in our Transactions; without again claiming merit for the suggestions and efforts already noticed,—I should fearlessly answer such cavillers, by an appeal to the value and number of the communications which have occupied the different Sections, at each annual meeting, and which contain the application of pure science to important questions in Physics, or of experimental investigation to numerous branches of knowledge. I would point to the valuable researches which have been undertaken and completed at the request of the Association, among which it may be permitted to indicate the following memoirs:—The comparison of the standards of Linear Measure, made by the late Mr. Troughton, for



the town of Aberdeen, and the Astronomical Society of London, which were confided to Mr. Baily—a comparison of much consequence, as the *standard yard*, by the same eminent artist, was lost in the fire which consumed both houses of parliament; On the Investigation of the Impact upon Beams, when struck by bodies of different weight, hardness, and elasticity, by Mr. Hodgkinson; On the Direction and Intensity of the Magnetic Force in England, Ireland, and Scotland, by Professor Lloyd, Major Sabine, and Captain James Ross; On the influence of Height above the Sea on Magnetic Intensity, by Professor Forbes—from which it appears that the horizontal intensity diminishes <sup>1/1000</sup> of the whole, for every 3000 feet of vertical ascent; On the quantity of Rain falling at different heights above the surface of the ground, made at York, by Professor Phillips and Mr. Gray; On the determination of the mass of the planet Jupiter, by the Astronomer Royal; On the Horary Variations of the Barometer, Thermometer, Hygrometer, and Whewell's Anemometer, by Mr. Snow Harris, part of which has already appeared, and of which the sequel will be laid before this annual Meeting; On the Duty performed by Cornish Steam Engines, by Mr. Enys; On the Ratio of the Resistance of Fluids to the Velocity of Waves, by Mr. Russell and Mr. Robison, of which we expect to receive an account on this occasion. We may also be permitted here to allude to some highly interesting investigations, still in progress, under the auspices of the Association, such as—Observations on the Temperature of Springs and Deep Mines, by Instruments procured and verified by the Meteorological Council, which are already placed in various districts of Great Britain and Ireland, and also in Peru, under the direction of our scientific associate, Mr. Pentland, and from which results most interesting to Geology are anticipated; On the Temperature of the strata at different depths near Edinburgh, by Professor Forbes, for ascertaining the rate of the transmission of Solar Heat downwards; A continuation of Mr. Vernon Harcourt's experiments on the effects of long-continued Heat on Rocks and other bodies; Experimental Investigations into the Fabrication of Glass, by the same gentleman and Dr. Faraday; A Systematic Catalogue of all the Organised Fossils of the British Islands, by Professor Phillips; An Experimental Determination of the Strength and other Mechanical Properties of Iron obtained by the Hot and Cold Blasts, undertaken by Messrs. Hodgkinson and Fairbairn; Analysis of Iron in the different stages of its Manufacture, and an Extension of the Tables of Chemical Constants, by Professor Johnston; Statistical Returns of the State of Education in our great Towns; An Examination of the Statistical documents preserved in the India House, by Professor Jones; besides the discussion of numerous very interesting contested points in Natural History and in Medicine. These are satisfactory evidences of the activity of the Association; but it has not scrupled also to afford pecuniary assistance, when such aid appeared requisite to ensure success. It is true, that the moderate sum, payable on admission into the Society, seems more suited

to the finances of the majority of philosophers, than to the support of extensive enterprises; yet the numbers, annually desirous of admission, supply funds, adequate to important undertakings; and the power thus given to the General Committee is acknowledged to have been exercised with a sound discretion.

Dr. Traill then recapitulated the principal grants already recorded in our pages, and commented on the handsome use made of them by the parties to whom they were entrusted, several contributing their own labour, and all employing the most economical means to accomplish the ends in view. He also gave a critical analysis of the volume containing last year's reports and notices, which it seems to us unnecessary to recapitulate, as we have given the entire substance in our own preceding Numbers, and the details are to be found by those who require them in the volume itself.

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Ernest Maltravers*. By the author of "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

YEARS have passed since we first offered our warm and hopeful praise to the young writer whose promise was of that high and creative order which belongs to genius and to genius alone. Since then, what changes have passed over the earth! opinions have altered as much as tastes;—a more earnest and examining spirit has entered into even the lightest branches of literature, and no writer now could take a high stand who aimed only at amusing the reader. Mr. Bulwer has given a character which, until he came, was unknown to the novel in England. Gifted with first-rate powers of exciting sympathy—possessed of even architectural skill in the conduct of his narrative—able to fling over his pages the flashing lights of wit, and the picturesque graces of description—he has made his talents always subservient to his principles. He has never lost sight of a great whole, and a noble result. Those who read for the sake of the dramatic story, or the exquisite style, do Mr. Bulwer but half justice. Every work of his is another step in the progress of his own and his time's mind. His stories are the solutions of some moral question, and every character is a curious analysis of that "mysterious thing, the heart of man." The ideal of the good is for ever before him. The crime and the folly, the weakness and the vanity, are dissected with an unsparing hand; but faith in his kind, and an almost religious entering into its noblest hopes, are inseparable from his elevated and generous standard. Genius must turn infidel to itself, ere it disbelieve in the beautiful which is the true. The work before us appears a choice of subject peculiarly adapted to Mr. Bulwer's powers; it is the history of a mind, and a mind of genius. Who can understand its workings better than he whose mind is cast in the very mould that he draws? Not but that we enter our protest against confounding the writer and the written together. The author's impulses and experiences are cast upon his pages rather than himself: it lowers all criticism taking this personal tone, and narrows most unjustly the world of poetical conception. If one character be supposed to be the shadowing forth of its inventor, why not another? Mr. Bulwer may as well be Lumley Ferrers as Ernest Maltravers—both are drawn to the very life. Indeed, the subtle investigation into character is very remarkable; every individual is real, apart, and seems to put us in mind of some one that we have known; but each portrait, with all its strong likeness of

humanity, is not the less a type of that inward world which produces such results from causes which are the pulses of the machine. One great merit of Mr. Bulwer is, that he never confounds the social and the natural world—he sees society what it is, base, hollow, false; all that is bad, or rather, perhaps, what is mean in us, floating on the surface—but he also knows that there is another and a better world even within ourselves. To call forth its diviner glimpses; to bring into more constant operation our more kindly feelings and our more lofty thoughts; to awaken the light which should be at the heart, is a writer's highest duty; and who has fulfilled this duty more gloriously than Mr. Bulwer has done? The present volumes are written to develop the poetical character in *Ernest Maltravers*; but we will give his object in his own words.

"He is a man with the weaknesses derived from humanity, with the strength that we inherit from the soul; not often obstinate in error, more often irresolute in virtue; sometimes too aspiring, sometimes too despondent; influenced by the circumstances to which he yet struggles to be superior, and changing in character with the changes of time and fate; but never wantonly rejecting those great principles by which alone we can work out the science of life—a desire for the good, a passion for the honest, a yearning after the true. From such principles, experience, that severe teacher, learns us at length, the safe and practical philosophy which consists of fortitude to bear, serenity to enjoy, and faith to look beyond! It would have led, perhaps, to more striking incidents, and have furnished an interest more intense, if I had cast Maltravers, the man of genius, amidst those fierce but ennobling struggles with poverty and want, to which genius is so often condemned. But wealth and lassitude have their temptations as well as penury and toil."

The story begins with a dream of poetry and love—a dream soon and rudely broken, yet exercising its influence to the last: and herein is finely wrought the true moral of punishment. Ernest begins his career with an error, and its consequences endure. The feverish happiness contrasts with all that follows: memory always exaggerates, and the first step is taken in suffering, when there is that in the past to which we perpetually refer in the present. The whole history of Alice is terribly touching, because terribly true. We might shudder even while standing in the sunshine, to think of the fearful suffering by which we are surrounded; but hard as physical anguish is to bear, harsh as is the lot of poverty, with its cold and its hunger, yet pain takes no shape so utter in its torture, as when it makes its ministers of the affections. No evil is like the evil within ourselves. In perpetual contrast with each other, the ideal and the real standing side by side, are the two principal characters. Ernest Maltravers imaginative, therefore, high-minded, actuated by a consciousness of power, and the responsibility that power owes to its kind; Lumley Ferrers, shrewd, calculating, selfish, and referring all things to his own miserable interest: such are the two that in these pages work out their most opposite destinies. Ernest Maltravers is only the beginning of life; the lesson of the close remains to be given—we trust that Mr. Bulwer will not pause till it be complete. We shall now proceed to take some specimens from these pages, which, however, require to be read entire; "here a little, and there a little," will do them but scant justice.

*A Character*.—"His name was Lumley Fer-

\* Referring to the paper 'On the Construction of Magnets,' in page 587, middle column, we are informed that Mr. Holden maintained that cast-iron palisades became magnets, by standing a few days in an upright position; but whether they would retain the magnetic power, if reversed, he thought very questionable. In answer to Mr. Christie, he stated that, in his practice, he had found that good steel, hardened and tempered to a spring temper, about that of a good sword, both received and retained the magnetism,—as he had needles which had retained it more than twenty years.

ers, his age about twenty-six, his fortune about eight hundred a-year: he followed no profession. Lumley Ferrers had not what is usually called genius, that is, he had no enthusiasm; and if the word talent be properly interpreted, as meaning the talent of doing something better than others, Ferrers had not much to boast of on that score. He had no talent for writing, nor for public speaking, nor for music nor painting, nor the ordinary round of accomplishments; neither at present had he displayed much of the hard and useful talent for action and business. But Ferrers had what is often better than either genius or talent; he had a powerful and most acute mind. He had, moreover, great animation of manner, high physical spirits, a witty, odd, racy vein of conversation, determined assurance, and profound confidence in his own resources. He was fond of schemes, stratagems, and plots—they amused and excited him; his power of sarcasm and of argument, too, was great, and he usually obtained an astonishing influence over those with whom he was brought in contact. His high spirits, and a most happy frankness of bearing, carried off and disguised his leading vices of character, which were an extraordinary calousness of affection, and an insensibility to moral principles. Though less learned than Maltravers, he was, on the whole, a very instructed man. He mastered the surface of many sciences, became satisfied of their general principles, and threw the study aside, never to be forgotten (for his memory was like a vice), but never to be prosecuted any further. To this he added a general acquaintance with whatever is most generally acknowledged as standard in extant or modern literature. What is admired only by a few, Lumley never took the trouble to read. Living amongst trifles, he made them interesting and novel by his mode of viewing and treating them. And here indeed was a talent—it was the talent of social life—the talent of enjoyment to the utmost with the least degree of trouble to himself. Lumley Ferrers was thus exactly one of those men whom every body calls exceedingly clever, and yet it would puzzle one to say in what he was so clever. It was, indeed, that nameless power which belongs to ability, and which makes one man superior, on the whole, to another, though in many details by no means remarkable. I think it is Goethe who says, somewhere, that in reading the life of the greatest genius, we always find that he was acquainted with some men superior to himself, who yet never attained to general distinction. To the class of these mystical superior men, Lumley Ferrers might have belonged; for though an ordinary journalist would have beaten him in the arts of composition, few men of genius, however eminent, could have felt themselves above Ferrers in the ready grasp and plastic vigour of natural intellect."

*Beginning to write.*—"Maltravers was not much gnawed by the desire of fame—perhaps few men of real genius are, until artificially worked up to it. There is, in a sound and correct intellect, with all its gifts fairly balanced, a calm consciousness of power, a certainty that when its strength is fairly put out, it must be to realise the usual result of strength. Men of second-rate genius, on the contrary, are fretful and nervous, fidgeting after a celebrity which they do not estimate by their own talents, but by the talents of some one else. They see a tower, but are occupied only with measuring its shadow, and think their own height (which they never calculate) is to cast as broad a one over the earth. It is the short man who is always throw-

ing up his chin, and is as erect as a dart. The tall man stoops, and the strong man is not always using the dumb-bells. Maltravers had not yet, then, the keen and sharp yearning for reputation; he had not, as yet, tasted its sweets and bitters—fatal draught, which, once tasted, begets too often an insatiable thirst!—neither had he enemies and decriers whom he was desirous of abashing by merit. And that is a very ordinary cause for exertion in proud minds. He was, it is true, generally reputed clever, and fools were afraid of him; but as he actively interfered with no man's pretensions, so no man thought it necessary to call him a blockhead. At present, therefore, it was quietly and naturally that his mind was working its legitimate way to its destiny of exertion. He began idly and carelessly to note down his thoughts and impressions; what was once put on the paper begot new matter; his ideas became more lucid to himself; and the page grew a looking-glass, which presented the likeness of his own features. He began with writing with rapidity, and without method. He had no object but to please himself, and to find a vent for an over-charged spirit; and, like most writings of the young, the matter was egotistical. We commence with the small nucleus of passion and experience, to widen the circle afterwards; and, perhaps, the most extensive and universal masters of life and character have begun by being egotists. For there is, in a man that has much in him, a wonderfully acute and sensitive perception of his own existence. An imaginative and susceptible person has, indeed, ten times as much life as a dull fellow, 'an he be Hercules.' He multiplies himself in a thousand objects, associates each with his own identity, lives in each, and almost looks upon the world, with its infinite objects, as a part of his individual being. Afterwards, as he tames down, he withdraws his forces into the citadel; but he still has a knowledge of, and an interest in, the land they once covered. He understands other people, for he has lived in other people—the dead and the living;—fancied himself now Brutus and now Caesar, and thought how he should act in almost every imaginable circumstance of life. Thus, when he begins to paint human characters, essentially different from his own, his knowledge comes to him almost intuitively. It is as if he were describing the mansions in which he himself has formerly lodged, though for a short time. Hence, in great writers of History, of Romance, of the Drama, the *gusto* with which they paint their personages; their creations are flesh and blood, not shadows or machines. I ought, perhaps, to apologise for these reflections; but, if I do so, I must apologise often in this narrative. For, after all, it will mix much of the essay with the novel; and I have abstained enough from the didactic, in my later fictions, to make me hope I may have my own way in this. Maltravers was at first, then, an egotist in the matter of his rude and desultory sketches—in the manner, as I said before, he was careless and negligent, as men will be who have not yet found that expression is an art. Still, those wild and valueless essays—those rapt and secret confessions of his own heart—were a delight to him. He began to taste the transport, the intoxication of an author. And oh, what a luxury is there in the first love of the Muse! that process by which we give a palpable form to the long-intangible visions which have fitted across us;—the beautiful ghost of the Ideal within us, which we invoke in the Gardara of our still closets, with the wand of the simple pen!"

We close with one of those touches of poetry

—that yearning after the ideal—which sheds over Mr. Bulwer's pages "golden exhalations from the dawn."

"That serene heaven, those lovely stars," said Maltravers, at last, "do they not preach to us the philosophy of peace? Do they not tell us how much of calm belongs to the dignity of man, and the sublime essence of the soul? Petty distractions and self-wrought cares are not congenial to our real nature; their very disturbance is a proof that they are at war with our natures. Ah! sweet Florence, let us learn from yon skies, over which the old Greek poetry believed brooded the wings of primæval and serene love, what earthly loves should be—a thing pure as light, and peaceful as immortality, watching over the stormy world that it shall survive, and high above the clouds and vapours that roll below. Let little minds introduce into the holiest of affections all the bitterness and tumult of common life! Let us love as beings who will one day be inhabitants of the stars!"

We feel that we have not, that we cannot do justice to these thoughtful, these beautiful pages. *Ernest Maltravers* is one of those books over which we should be glad to linger, "making more full acquaintance with its depths." As it is, we can only dismiss it with cordial admiration, and feel that it is at least pleasant to be among the first who praise.

*Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs, the Roads leading thereto, and the Doings thereat.* By Peregrine Prolix. 18mo. pp. 248. 2d Edition. Philadelphia, 1837. Tanner.

WE noticed the first edition of this little book, which, probably, procured us the compliment of an early copy of the second from Philadelphia, and containing eight letters, in addition to the twelve originally published. In these the author tells us, that, having "*loco-moved*," *viâ* Baltimore, up the Chesapeake to James' River, and so to Richmond, at the expense of seventeen dollars, he thence pursued his course to Lexington, and thereafter visited the country and the springs here described. As few of our readers, perhaps, on this side of the Atlantic, are likely to want a guide to these salutary waters, and those on the other side can have ready access to the original, we shall be content to exemplify it by a few selections which illustrate the style of the writer, and some features of Old Virginny. After crossing the Blue Ridge, it is stated:—

"Every body in this vicinity will tell you that the distance from Lexington to the Natural Bridge is twelve miles; but the shortest route is fourteen miles, six of which being supposed to be impassable, in consequence of the superabundance of rain, the driver of my hack, by name Oliver (a melanthrope of great skill in his art), pursued a route three miles longer. Not being aware of the inconceivable badness of the road, and being naturally averse to early rising, I did not leave Lexington until nine o'clock. Oliver soon horrified me by turning into the road we travelled last evening, and informing me we must pursue it for six miles, and then take a cross road for three miles to get into the direct route. This was bad news, for, in a region of bad roads, the cross roads are the worst, and are as bad as the cross women. And, indeed, until within two miles of the bridge, the road is so pre-eminently abominable, that it has won to itself the title of purgatory, and, like that uncomfortable place, when once in, it requires much whipping to get you out. Notwithstanding the difficulties of mud and mire, rut and rock, hill and hollow, the skilful

Oliver landed me safe at the house near the bridge at two P.M. A melanchropic guide conducted me immediately down a winding rocky path to the bottom of the deep chasm, in which flows the little stream called Cedar Creek, and across the top of which, from brink to brink, there still extends an enormous rocky stratum, that time and gravity have moulded into a graceful arch. The bed of Cedar Creek is more than two hundred feet below the surface of the plain; and the sides of the enormous chasm, at the bottom of which the water flows, are composed of solid rock, maintaining a position almost perpendicular. These adamantine walls did not seem to me to be water-worn, but suggested the idea of an enormous cavern, that in remote ages may have been covered for miles by the continuation of that stratum, of which all that now remains is the arch of the Natural Bridge. I do verily believe that this stupendous object is the ruin of a cave, one of those antres vast in which our limestone regions abound, and which, perhaps, existed previous to the upheaving of our continent, and was tenanted by naiads, tritons, and other worthies of the deep. The first sensation of the beholder is one of *double astonishment*; first, at the absolute sublimity of the scene; next, at the total inadequacy of the descriptions he has read, and the pictures he has seen, to produce in his mind the faintest idea of the reality. The great height gives the arch an air of grace and lightness that must be seen to be felt, and the power of speech is for a moment lost in contemplating the immense dimensions of the surrounding objects. The middle of the arch is forty-five feet in perpendicular thickness, which increases to sixty at its junctions with the vast abutments. Its top, which is covered with soil, supporting shrubs of various sizes, is two hundred and ten feet high. It is sixty feet wide, and its span is almost ninety feet. Across the top passes a public road; and, being in the same plane with the neighbouring country, you may cross it in a coach without being aware of the interesting pass. There are several forest-trees, of large dimensions, growing near the edge of the creek directly under the arch, which do not nearly reach its lowest part. The most imposing view is from about sixty yards below the bridge, close to the edge of the creek; from that position the arch appears thinner, lighter, and loftier. From the edge of the creek, at some distance above the bridge, you look at the thicker side of the arch, which, from this point of view, approaches somewhat to the Gothic. A little above the bridge, on the western side of the creek, the wall of rock is broken into buttress-like masses, which rise almost perpendicularly to a height of nearly two hundred and fifty feet, terminating in separate pinnacles which overlook the bridge. It requires a strong head (perchance a thick skull) to stand on one of these narrow eminences, and look into the yawning gulf below. When you are exactly under the arch, and cast your glances upwards, the space appears immense; and the symmetry of the ellipsoidal concave formed by the arch and the gigantic walls from which it springs, is wonderfully pleasing. From this position the views in both directions are sublime and striking, from the immense height of the rocky walls stretching away in various curves, covered in some places by the drapery of the forest, green and graceful, and in others without a blemish or a bush, bare and blue. I gazed upon this wondrous scene for an hour and a quarter, a period ten times too short to realise its grandeur; but having before my

eyes (my mind's eyes, Horatio) the fear of a bad road and a moonless night, I forced my reluctant footsteps up the hill, swallowed my mush and milk (too hot) with haste, and at half-past three began my toilsome travel back to Lexington.

"Reader, do not allow the coolness of the neighbours, or the heat of the weather, or the badness of the roads, or the goodness of your equipage, or the inertia of your disposition, or the gravity of your baggage, or the levity of your purse, or the *notion* of your womankind, or any other creature of any other kind, to prevent you from going to see the Natural Bridge; you never saw its like before, and never will you look upon its like again."

The effects of the adjacent White Sulphur Springs are graphically painted:—"It is (observes the author) pleasant to perceive the gradual change which takes place in the countenances of your valetudinary acquaintances: how, during the first week, the hypochondriac aspect begins to cheer; during the second, the sallow southern hue begins to shade off into a healthy white and red; during the third, the tongue from white to red begins to turn, and, finally, in the fourth week, the elasticity of the step, and the keenness of the appetite, are a double witness that the man is well. \* \* \* From five to eight glasses a day are enough; but the water should be taken for three or four weeks; and the diet should be light, and little in quantity, and digestible in quality. Some people erroneously suppose, that if a little is good, more is better; the Hibernian did not err more, when, being told if he used a stove he would save half his fuel, exclaimed, 'Och! then, I will use two and save it all.'" At another spring the tap is kept by a Captain Lange—speaking of whom, we are told of a new mode of promotion to military rank in the U. S.—

"During the last war, Monsieur Lange led a company of patriotic volunteers to the seaboard to repel the invading Briton, and ever since he has retained the title of captain, not having been fortunate enough to kill a rattlesnake, and thereby to reach the rank of major."

With the writer's departure from this, we shall conclude our specimens:—

"It rained potentially all night, and, therefore, I discharged my hack, opining it were better to confide in the greater strength of the stage-coach, and in the superior skill of the driver thereof. The Staunton coach did not arrive until 11 A.M. having suffered a runaway, from the driver having been jolted off the box; and there being but three passengers, we took possession of the back seat, which was politely yielded to us, on account of my elderly and convalescent aspect. The copious rain had converted the naturally bad road into one great quaggy mass of mud and stones, which made our rate of motion less than four miles an hour. Our fellow-passengers were an army officer, a Harrisonburger, and an Arkansawyer. The last was a rough, unkempt, good-looking, manly fellow, six feet two inches high, a Virginian by birth, who had left his native state six and twenty years ago, to seek his fortune in the boundless west. His parents were still living in Virginia, and he was on his way to make them his first visit. This was the first journey he had ever taken in a stage-coach, and the confinement and risk of bones were very irksome to him. We got a dinner at New Market, not worth the time we lost in waiting for it, and arrived at Mount Jackson at half past five, P.M. We changed horses at the Swan, kept by Mrs. Stewart, who has enlarged her house, which exhibits every in-

dication of comfort and plenty. About sunset it began to rain, and soon became pitchy dark, and before the lamps were lighted, our Arkansawyer expressed his unhappiness in the following outpouring or *quasi soliloquy*: 'It was the first time, and it should be the last he would ever get into such a fix; shut up in a dark box, tumbling about every which way, and every minute liable to break one's neck, without being able to see how to help it; give him a Bowie knife, and he had rather fight a bear. His mother used to say, 'my son, never go into any place blindfold; always have your eyes about you.' That was good advice, and he had always kept it until that night, and he always will keep it hereafter. Nobody shall ever catch him in such another fix.' This gentleman was full of sense, mother-wit, kindness, heartedness, and good-humour; well versed in the politics of his locality; and his wild appearance the quaintness of his western idiom, and the raciness of his observations, made him quite an interesting character."

*The Old Commodore.* By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

THE ocean has now a literature of its own, with its own wild character imprinted upon it. We cannot imagine a time when such works will cease to be popular in England; they embody much that belongs to no other country in the world; their adventure and their humour are essentially national. Now, Mr. Howard is among the best of his class; his scenes are dramatic; they are not like

"A painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean;"

but alive, stirring, and keeping their readers alive as well. It is a curious thing that this whole school of what we may call marine painting, only excels on its own peculiar element. The moment the writers look out for material on land, they at once become exaggerated, improbable, and go back upon the relics that remain "long lingering by the shores of old romance." It is the case with the present work; the land part of the story is diffuse, extreme, and unlikely; but once with "a wet sail and a flowing sheet," and the author is at home. We know nothing better than the portrait of the Old Commodore, both in his first harsh recklessness, or after "a deep distress has humanised his soul." Perhaps there is nothing so deeply touching as the episode of the Creole girl in "Rattlin the Reefer," but the salt-water interest is kept fresh to the last. As, however, Sir Octavius is of the roughest sort, we had better take him at feeding-time, giving our readers the benefit of his speech beforehand. We must premise that provisions have for some time run short among his crew.

*The Commodore's speech.*—"My men, I have served his majesty before most of you were born—(the hat lifted as usual at 'majesty')—and at a time when British seamen gloried in their hardships, and could live upon their glory, for they had very often little else to eat; but you—you are a fallen race, a set of gormandising rascals, who are only thinking of how much living fat you can turn his sacred majesty's, God bless him!—(hat higher than usual)—pork and pease into. It is of no use telling such ravenous eaters as you are, how, when I sailed in the *Weazel*, in the Dutch war, the men were put upon an ounce of bullock's hide, taken off the main yard, per day per man, and when this failed us, we tried what kind of wood, when reduced to sawdust, would make the best substitute for flour. After several trials, we found

that the hard wood we got from the Spanish main answered the purpose best; and, ever after, it was called *lignum vitæ*, or the log of life, just in the same way as we call bread of wheat or barley meal the staff of life; and then the little round wooden wheels in our blocks began to get the name of sheaves, for really they were as sheaves of corn to us. Now, you lubbers! I can tell you, that this log-of-life bread was very nutritious, when you had digested it, though I confess that it was rather hard for the teeth; the only two imperfect grinders that I have in my head, I broke in gnawing it; but, you dogs! I should have bolted it, as the Derbyshire clodhoppers do fat bacon. Oh! I see I am making your hungry chups water at the bare idea of the greasy delicacy. I was wrong; I must 'bout ship, and stand on the other tack. Now, my men, ever since I have had command of this ship and squadron, I have been like a father to you all. 'Ay,' said the full-faced chaplain, who had placed himself close to the orator's elbow, 'you have always imitated the divine example; you have chastened those whom you have loved.' 'Give us none of your jaw till church time,' said his amiable communicant, twisting his spiritual adviser out of the way by means of his iron hook: he continued, 'So, my men, d'ye see, I love you like my own children; and, bating that I have spared the rod, I have proved myself to you a wise and indulgent parent—a little too indulgent, mayhap—allowed a little too much for lee-way in my dead reckoning with you all, but I hope none of you will take advantage of my weakness. Now, for the good of his majesty's service, God bless him, and may he never see a banyan day!—(hat lifted)—you have all been placed six upon four; and hot weather and long keeping will make salt pork and beef shrink like a lawyer in his shroud. I know all this, and I likewise know that ye are not like the men I sailed with in the Dutch war; in those days four of them would eat up an ox at a meal, or live upon his hoofs for a fortnight, as the case might be, according to orders, and as was most fitting for the good of the service. Ah! there were giants in those days; and sages, too, who made their giants' strength still stronger by their wisdom; and it was those sages who taught the seamen, when provisions ran short, how to make devil's dumplings. Now, my men, as I wish you to make the most of your rations, and as I do not think that any considerations could induce me to allow you to eat the hides of the yards, or grind up the blocks for flour, you had better listen attentively;—and then the Commodore, taking out of his pocket a well-thumbed volume of Roderick Random, which he generally carried about with him, holding the book in his right hand, commenced very deliberately turning over the leaves with his iron left, as if to discover the right place, and then, pretending to read, went on, with a look sour enough to pickle cabbage without vinegar, as follows: 'Page the 75th, chapter the 14th. 'How to make devil's dumplings. Let the cook of the mess take a four-and-twenty-pound shot, or a shot of any other weight, the heavier the better, and clean it well with spittle and fresh oakum.' Here, three midshipmen burst out into indecorous laughter, and were immediately sent to the three respective mast-heads, for their unmannerly interruption of the solemnity of the proceedings; and, after the Commodore had eyed them half up the rigging, he continued to appear to read—'Spittle and fresh oakum \_\_\_\_.' 'And then gut it and skin it 'ill come next,' said Stubbs, *sotto voce*, to his

neighbour on the line; 'and what will the gunner say?' 'And fresh oakum; then take all the bones you can get, whether of pork or of beef it matters not, and pound them into a pulp, of the consistency of damp flour. You must then return the shot to the shot-rack, and take for every handful of said pulp three handfuls of oatmeal, mix carefully with cold water, and knead all together into dough, and then tie up into dumplings of half a pound each, boil three hours in salt water, season them with gunpowder, and serve up hot as hell. The above dish will be found the most wholesome and savoury that you can put upon the mess-table, when no better can be procured.' 'I arn't a morsal o' doubt of it, Sir Hocktious,' said a grim old quarter-master, one of the instructed.' 'Nor I either, nor any reasonable man,' said the Commodore, in continuation. 'But here is a note at the end of the recipe, which I feel bound to read to you. 'If any sea-faring man, whether sailor or marine (the cook having left any splinters of the said bones unpounded), should, enticed by the reliah, swallow portions of these dumplings too greedily, and the said bones, or any of them, stick in his throat, he may relieve himself, either by thrusting them down with a greased monkey's tail, or have them forced upwards, by requesting his messmates to pummel him between the shoulders, to do either of which he may use his pleasure; and then the cook may be suitably clobbered afterwards.' "

This is followed by the dinner:—

"For the first course, there was at one end of the table a soup made of the ship's pease—gray-coated gentlemen that scorned to be split, and endowed with a surprising hardness of heart, considering the boiling to which they had been subjected; but this preparation was made unctuous, and consequently nutritious, by gobbets of fat and rancid salt-pork, floating amongst the impervious pease; and at the other end there stood a superb tureen of lobscouse. Everybody knows what lobscouse is; it is a dish fit for the gods, and of that satisfying nature, that a spoonful is sufficient for a whole year for a mere mortal, when he can get any thing else to eat. There were two dishes of fish in the centre; a shark had been caught the day before, and these dishes were parts of one of them—strips of the tail fried in Florence oil, and the other strips of the said tail boiled *au naturel*.

"The third course made its appearance: under the nose of the Commodore smoked an apple plum-duff, baked. The centre dish was a failure, being nothing better than ship's biscuit baked, so that if you ate it, you did not eat the insect tribes that it contained alive. There should have been there a superb dish of twice-laid, only the rats had eaten up all the salt-fish, and the Commodore and his friends had eaten up all the potatoes; but there were ample amends made for this disappointment in the noble dish of dough-boys, that fumed up odoriferously at the lower end of the table, with its accompanying rich sauce of Florence oil, cinnamon, and sugar. The Commodore peered his one eye over at them; the first lieutenant ogled them with both his; the second lieutenant stared at them; the chaplain mentally blessed them, and had a great mind to do them honour, by resaying over them the grace before meat; the purser was singling out the largest; and the midshipman had already one hand upon the sauce-boat in blissful anticipation. Now, the Commodore's dough-boys were famous throughout the fleet; the dough-boy of nautical eating is generally

nothing more than a mixture of flour and water, boiled unleavened bread, so tenacious and hard, that you might use them for a bowl for skittles; or, on an emergency, fire off for round shot, and with good hopes of doing considerable execution. But the Commodore's dough-boys were *toute-autre-chose*. The cook of the generous giver of dough-boys was a Palermeritan, and he had a secret entirely his own, of making these little puddings almost as light as a *vol-au-vent*; and the process he used for their fermentation left after it neither the bitter taste of yeast, nor the sour one of the common French leaven. The Commodore had always a few barrels of the finest American flour devoted to the sole purpose of manufacturing these delicacies. They are on the table, exactly six of them, looking rich in the brown sauce with which they are covered, and corresponding to the number of guests at the table. The Commodore having a design upon two of them for his own share, commences with an insinuating smile to his first-lieutenant, 'Shall I help you to a slice of this plum-duff? it looks very good.' But the artifice was seen through. 'I thank you, Sir Octavius—no; a dough-boy, if you please.' To the same hypocritical question all around, he received no other answer than that of, 'A dough-boy, if you please, sir.' At length, each is happy at having one of the coveted globes smoking on his plate, and swimming in a fresh supply of sauce. Almost simultaneously, a piece, not remarkable for its diminutive size, is conveyed into the mouth of each, and with a crash spat out again by four of the party—the midshipman and the parson had bolted theirs in their epicurean eagerness; then followed execrations and curses, and the calling for water, to wash away the taste of the abominations from their mouths. In the first paroxysms of his rage the Commodore sent for his steward, his cook, and his cook's-mate, fully resolving to make them eat up the horrible compound, and then to procure them a good digestion for it, by giving them six dozen a-piece. As the astonished accused stood trembling and protesting their ignorance, the purser commenced a more minute examination of his dough-boy, which he had taken care should be the largest. Upon forcing it open with his knife and fork, he discovered in the centre a slip of paper, upon which was written legibly, 'A devil's dumpling, respectfully presented to Sir Hocktious Backy Squirt. N.B. Greased monkeys' tails can be had of the gunner, upon application.' "

A dinner often leads to important results: it does in this case. We regret that we have not room for the capture of *La Magnifique*: we can now only commend to our readers the remaining exploits of "the Old Commodore."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Duncombe's Acting Edition of the British Theatre: No. CCLX. The Cavalier.*—From a list on the wrapper, we perceive that this cheap edition of the drama comprises most of the pieces acted at our various minor theatres; and a goodly number they are, seeing that the present publication is above 200. *The Cavalier*, as brought out at the Haymarket, displayed considerable powers, but was altered, in consequence of the catastrophe being thought by some to be too deep for domestic tragedy. It is here printed in its softened form, though we cannot say that we agree with those who seem to wish the tragic muse, before she quits the stage, to drop all her tears, and exit in smiles. We have only to repeat that the author, in either case, displays much dramatic talent.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

SEPTEMBER 7th. J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S., president, in the chair.—A paper was read on a new species of *Loranthus*, accompanied

by a highly finished drawing, named by Mr. Schomburgk, *Loranthus Smythii*, in honour of Lady Jane Carmichael Smith, a great admirer of botany, which created much interest. The thanks of the Society having been ordered to be returned to Mr. Schomburgk for his kind assistance, he was unanimously elected a foreign member.\* Donations of many hundred plants were announced, and the president, previous to adjourning the meeting, begged to impress upon the members the necessity of speedily sending in such duplicates of plants to the Herbarium as they could spare, in order that the general distribution of the Society's duplicates might take place in the months of December and January. The meeting then adjourned until the 5th of October.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

THE following gentlemen of the University of Oxford were admitted into holy orders on the 6th of August, at an ordination held in the Cathedral Church of Ripon by the bishop of that diocese:—

*Deacons*.—F. W. Faber, B.A., University College; A. Gatty, B.A., Exeter College; J. Boustead, M.A., Queen's College; E. Roberts, B.A., Jesus College; G. A. Wright, B.A., Worcester College; G. T. C. Lamotte, B.A., Balliol College.

*Priests*.—F. F. Langston, M.A., St. John's College; R. F. Taylor, M.A., Brasenose College; W. J. E. Rooke, M.A., Brasenose College.

#### FINE ARTS. NEW PUBLICATIONS. ANAGLYPTOGRAPHY.

*Portrait of the Duke of Wellington.*  
Jennings.

AMONG the latest of the beautiful productions of Mr. Bate's patent machine for engraving from reliefs—to which he has given a high sounding, but good classical name, Anaglyptograph—is this capital portrait of the Duke of Wellington, from a medal after a model by P. Rouw. This is, in our opinion, the most striking production of this curious art that we have seen: its beautiful execution, bold relief, and perfect truth, justify all the conclusions to which we came in our *Literary Gazette* for Feb. 11, 1837.

It is stupid blindness not to see the difference in the spirit, the brilliancy, and accuracy of representation, between such productions of Bate's patent machine and those by the French process. We certainly marvelled much that the party interested in publishing the French print of his late Majesty William IV. should have given to the world the letter of Sir Francis Chantrey, admitting, as it does, the distortion of the representation: perhaps we marvelled a little at his writing it; but before this distinguished artist is again coaxed into any praise of such a work, we hope he will look well at some of the accessories in the Frenchified exuberance of ornament around the head: if any regular form be ruled there, he will instantly detect a greater amount of distortion than he may think exists in the work. Let him and the world look at the crown above the head in the print of the late king, and they will instantly perceive the distortion which exists throughout the entire work in the same proportion: it is only less offensive where the relief is lower. In a head, which is an irregular object, this is not so obvious, except to an artist. No artist would have placed the ear so far forward, or squabbed the features so monstrously. This is the distortion produced by the French machine in the heads of Louis Philippe and William IV.; the

result of the necessity of crowding the remaining lines and form between the ear and the outline of the face. Wherever there is a rim to any medal which the French have engraved—even in their prospectus specimen circulated for the Napoleon medals—let the light side and the dark side be compared, the former is as much broader as the elevation of the rim is above the field of the medal; and this proportionate distortion exists in every part of the figure raised above the field. Yet, that this may not be mistaken for perspective, let it be observed, that the rim and the field are, in the engraving, both circles; but they are not concentric. Compare such specimens with this head of Wellington, engraved by Freebairn, with Bate's machine, wherein every point in the model is truly placed. Yet, when the medal, from which this was engraved, was shewn to one interested in foisting the French process as perfection upon the public, he asserted to the publisher of this print, that it could not be engraved by Bate's instrument, but *must be sent to France!* The unmeasured impudence of this assertion is proved by this print, which we challenge the French party to imitate by their machine with the entire relief and the same accuracy; or let them, if they can, engrave so simple a form as a cone upon a square base, like our former specimen, or any other regular figure in relief, without betraying the imperfection of their machine; they cannot, unless by adopting the principle of Bate's Anaglyptograph, when they will expose themselves to prosecution for a violation of his patent.

The hint may not be wasted which also suggests a little more truth and fairness in those who describe what the English can do in this art as contemptible,—a practice which the party, who asserted that it was necessary to send this head of Wellington to be engraved in France, too much indulges in. Sneers and innuendos will neither make Bate's productions false, nor those of the French true. The injuries of such misrepresentation has always recoiled upon the party; and all the exposure they have lately received from us has been provoked by their efforts to vilify English art and artists. There is room enough for their productions and ours; since it has been observed of quacks, that they are employed by those who do not think or judge, whilst the regulars are encouraged by those who do. Upon this principle, the ignorant will be served with the imperfect productions of the French; and those who have taste and judgment, with the beautiful and accurate productions of Bate.

Since we investigated this subject, we have felt warmly for the success of the British invention and patentee. If our neighbours can excel us in a fair competition, they shall have our praise; but, until they can do this, we shall not let the assertions and assumption of interested persons pass without exposure.

*Illustrations of the Landscape Annual, for 1838.* Jennings and Co.

WE have before us the *Illustrations* of the volume of the *Landscape Annual*, which will be published next month. This volume, we regret to say, will complete the series of views in Spain. We regret this, because we know it will be difficult to select any other country so abounding with magnificent and picturesque subjects, both of nature and of art. An agreeable variety is communicated to the volume, by its containing "several views of the most striking objects in the adjoining (?) kingdom of Morocco." The whole of the plates are exquisitely engraved, by Messrs. Adlard,

Allen, Brandard, Carter, Challis, Cousen, Fisher, Goodall, Higham, Jeavons, Karnot, Stephenson, Wallis, and Willmore, from drawings by David Roberts, Esq., made, many of them, after sketches by himself, the remainder after sketches by Colonel Harding, and Lieutenants Edridge and Smith, of the Royal Engineers, and Richard Ford, Esq. The views are full of romantic character. Of those in Spain, some of the most striking are, "Interior of the Cathedral of Seville," "Gate of the Serranos, Valencia," "Leaning Tower at Saragossa," "Segovia," and "Placencia,"—"General View of Morocco," "Great Square at Tetuan, from the Jews' Town," "Citadel of Tangiers," "Rabatt and Sales," and "The Town of Constantina," are distinguished among the Morocco subjects for their beauty. The last-mentioned, circumstances have rendered especially interesting. It will not surprise those who look at it, that the French were foiled in their attempt to obtain possession of a place, which, except by a narrow bridge over a deep abyss, that might be destroyed in a few minutes, appears to be absolutely inaccessible. We must not omit to mention the happy manner in which Mr. Roberts has enriched the various scenes, by groups of animated and picturesquely habited figures.

*The Wife.* Painted by E. Prentis; engraved by J. C. Bromley. Graves.

A FINE personification of the apostrophe in Sir Walter Scott's admirable and well-known contrast between the several qualities of the female character:—

"A ministering angel thou!"

It represents a tender wife, anxiously watching the midnight slumbers of a beloved husband laid in the bed of sickness; and, like all Mr. Prentis's works, evinces great talent, while it assists in the inculcation of those domestic charities and affections that can alone render existence a blessing.

*Thirty-four Subjects of Cattle, &c.: Designs for Pictures.* By T. S. Cooper. Printed at A. Ducôte's Lithographic Establishment. M'Lean.

THE finest work of the kind that has ever come under our review. Mr. Cooper's well-known skill in the delineation of animal nature renders it unnecessary for us to expatiate on the attractive character of these designs, further than to observe, that they are as full of variety as they are of truth and beauty; and that they form an almost inexhaustible store, from which the landscape-painter, be he artist or be he amateur, may derive materials for enriching his productions. Nor ought we to omit to notice the admirable quality of the lithographic execution. The shadows are distinguished by a happy union of tenderness and spirit, and the lights are more powerfully imparted than we ever before saw them in that rapidly improving style of art.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE STARS.

THREE happy those who still, with faithful eye

Gaze on the stars, and read in them their fate;  
Who stoop not to the earth, and dimly guess  
The future from frail reason, but upturn  
Their soaring thoughts, and in the glittering skies

View with unerring glance man's destiny.  
The student musing in the midnight hour,  
As, through the open casement, on his page  
Beams the bright orb that claims him for its own,

\* For Mr. Schomburgk's paper on the discovery of a new plant, the "Victoria Regina," also read, see our Report of the proceedings of the British Association, p. 583.



Receives new vigour, feels his soul expand,  
And in the rays that centre on his brow  
Traces his distant glory. In the eve,  
The anxious mother and her circling flock,  
Thinking in silence on the absent one,  
Hail with delight the messenger of peace.  
The wand'rer's star, as from the dusky wood  
It slowly rises, silvering o'er the trees  
'Neath which his boyhood sported. In the camp,  
The watchful soldier at his lonely post  
Feels his heart bound, and ev'ry pulse beats high  
When flashes forth his fortune's arbiter  
In proud career, and heralds with its fires  
The morrow's victory. The maiden's breast  
Ceases to doubt the love and constancy  
Of him who, by her side, is floating o'er  
The lake's dark waters, as she sees his star  
Mingling its softened radiance with her own,  
And resting on the bosom of the waves  
In long, unbroken union. The pale  
And careworn widow, mourning for the lost,  
Finds consolation as she nightly views  
The orb, to which is linked her destiny,  
Decline in glory, and, with swift decrease,  
Point to a speedy meeting in the tomb.

August 9, 1837.

RIGEL.

## BIOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR RITCHIE.

WE are concerned to hear that Dr. Ritchie, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy at University College, and of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the Royal Institution, died at Portobello, on the 15th inst., of fever, after a fortnight's illness.

DR. FREDERICK ROSEN.

THIS amiable and accomplished Sanscrit scholar, who was engaged on the MSS. at the British Museum, died rather suddenly. His death was caused, we believe, by an injury received while lifting a quantity of books at the East India House. He was educated at Leipsic, and studied also at Bonn. Professor Rosen was a man of very great acquirements, and did honour to the literature of the age. A native of Germany, he had resided some years in London; and, in connexion with the London University, was extensively known and highly esteemed. He was the friend of Gesenius, and loved by all who knew him. Dr. Rosen died at the early age of thirty-two.

## DRAMA.

**Covent Garden.**—Mr. Macready commences his first season on the 30th of the present month; *The Winter's Tale* is to be the opening piece, and is very highly cast.

**Haymarket.**—Power has been playing every night since our last, and we need hardly add, to bumper houses. He appeared on Wednesday, for the second time, in a new comedy written by himself, and called *Etiquette, or a Wife for a Blunder*, in which, as one of the daily papers says, Mr. Power the author is greatly indebted to Mr. Power the actor! There are several other good parts in this piece, which were intrusted to Strickland, Webster, and Mrs. Humby, but *Captain Denis O'More* is, of course, the most prominent; it was enacted by Power himself, with his usual ability, and was infinitely droll. A further novelty, under the name of the *Queen of the Beggars*, from the pen of Mr. Serle, has, also, been played with success.

**English Opera.**—On Thursday week an excellent little melodrama, entitled *The Highland Cateran*, was transplanted from the Edinburgh theatre, where it has had a considerable run

under the name of *Gilderoy*, to this house, in which we venture to predict it will be equally, if not more, successful. The different parts were admirably played; the *Cateran*, by Brindal, and *Jock Muir*, a Highland herd, by M'Jan, were quite perfect. A broad-sword combat between the latter and Mr. Goadby was much applauded.

Mr. Peake holds out a tempting bill for his benefit, which will wind up, we hope, a prosperous season. On this occasion Mr. Power gives his valuable assistance.

## VARIETIES.

**Anecdote of the late John Constable, Esq. R.A.**—Mr. Constable exhibited, in his general department, the same originality and independence of character which marked the productions of his vigorous pencil, and never permitted the conventional usages of society to restrain him from the free expression of his opinions and feelings. During one of his lectures on the Fine Arts at the Royal Institution, he spoke in very disparaging terms of Berghem. After the lecture, some of the company clustered about the lecturer, for the purpose of having a little conversation with him. "Mr. Constable," observed a nobleman, distinguished by his virtue, "I am sorry you think so meanly of Berghem; for I possess three or four of the finest Berghems in the world. Would you advise me to sell them?" "By no means, my lord," said Mr. Constable, "it would be a dishonest act to sell them." "Well, but what would you advise me to do with them?" asked the peer. "Burn them, my lord," was the painter's prompt reply.

**Extreme Delicacy.**—Mademoiselle Mars was born on the 7th of February, 1779; so that she is now —; but it is invidious to calculate a lady's age.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

**Contrast of the past Season.**—The new Royal Academy Exhibition, in Trafalgar Square, contains 530 feet in length of wall devoted to Oil Pictures; and the number exhibited was 541 Oil Pictures. The Gallery of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, contains 575 feet in length of wall devoted to Oil Pictures; and the total number exhibited was 576 Oil Pictures. Thus, the Suffolk Street Gallery contained 35 Oil Pictures more than the new rooms at the Royal Academy. The height of the rooms being similar or nearly so, the average size of the pictures must have been larger in Suffolk Street, since the number of pictures about equal the number of feet of line of wall, whilst those in the Academy exceed the number of feet on their line of wall. The members of the Royal Academy have their galleries given by the nation, and have the royal patronage extended to them in the most exclusive manner, together with all artistical honours, but their rooms are not a mart for pictures for the support and encouragement of art. The Suffolk Street Society built their galleries at their own expense, and are entirely dependant on the patronage of the public: whilst they sell more pictures for the great body of artists than any society in the united kingdom. But it has had no shelter or protection either from royalty or from the government! Is this as it should be?—[*A Correspondent.*]

**Weather-Wisdom.**—We have had improved weather during the week; and yesterday, instead of being cold and rainy, was a beautiful summer's day. The coming week: "The 23d and 24th changeable. The 25th has contradictory testimonies; fair at times, yet cool and changeable. The 27th may bring fair

weather, which, I think, prevails a few days. The end of the month has tokens of high winds—stormy."

**South Pole.**—A French expedition has sailed from Toulon to explore the antarctic regions; and proceed, if possible, beyond the limits of Cook and Weddell.

**Ancient Theatre at Catania.**—From some interesting excavations recently made by M. Sebastian Ittar, there is every reason to believe that this was originally a Greek theatre, rebuilt, with some differences of plan, by the Romans. It is also obvious that marine pieces were performed on real water, as the means for inundation are obvious, and the places for the entrances and exits of the boats, &c. still remain. The pit was a mosaic of marble, granite, and Rosso-antico; and the torso of a faun, part of a dolphin, and other sculptures, were found.

**Indian Coal.**—New mines of coal have recently been discovered at Hanareebang and at Bidgegur, in the south-eastern corner of the Mirzapore district, said to be superior to the coal of Burdwan. This discovery will probably form an important era in the history of steam navigation in India.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We understand that Messrs. Hodgson and Graves are about to commence the publication of twelve of the finest of the Cartoons and Tapestries of Raphael, engraved in Basso Relievo, with Bate's patent Anaglyphograph, by A. R. Freebairn, accompanied by a history of those magnificent works.

A new volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Henry Woodward of Ireland, author of a volume entitled "Essays, Thoughts, and Reflections, and Sermons, on various subjects," is expected to appear shortly.

A Statistical Journal, and Record of Useful Knowledge, is announced for monthly publication, beginning in October.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Rudiments of Physiology, by the late J. Fletcher, M.D. &c.: edited by R. Lewins, M.D. &c. 8vo. 19s.—*Phys. Thesis*, on the Presence of Air in the Organs of Circulation, by J. R. Cormack, M.D. 8vo. 1s. 6d.—*Dr. Bennett on the Physiology and Pathology of the Brain*, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—*Charge*, by the Rev. F. Hodgson, Archdeacon of Derby, 1837; 4to. 2s.—*The Old Commodore*, by the Author of "Ratlin the Reefer," 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—*First Principles of Medicine*, by A. Billing, M.D. 3d. ed. 8vo. 6s.—*The Naturalist's Library*, vol. XIX. (Swainson's Birds of Africa. Vol. II.) 18mo. 6s.—*The Dispatches*, &c. of the Marquis de Wellesley, Vol. V. 8vo. 11s. 5s. (completing the work).—*Simpson's Plea for Religion*, a New Edition, edited by his Son, with the Life, by Sir J. B. Williams, f. cap 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*The Book of Psalms*, a New Translation, by W. Walford, 8vo. 15s.—*St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, Explained in Simple Language, by G. B. 12mo. 3s.—*Wyld's Map of the London and Birmingham Railroad*, folded, 2s. 6d.—*A German Grammar*, by the Rev. J. G. Tietze, 12mo. 6s.—*Cassella's Italian and French Conversation*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*F. W. Simms on the Principal Mathematical Drawing Instruments Employed by the Engineer, Architect, and Surveyor*, with Wood Cuts, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 14	From 40 to 60	29.23 to 29.50
Friday 15	33 .. 60	29.50 .. 29.67
Saturday 16	39 .. 60	29.69 .. 29.94
Sunday 17	29 .. 71	29.94 .. 30.00
Monday 18	52 .. 67	29.96 .. 30.04
Tuesday 19	48 .. 69	30.05 .. 30.01
Wednesday 20	40 .. 69	29.94 .. 29.67

Wind S.W.  
Generally cloudy, except the 15th, 17th, and 20th; a little rain on the 14th, 16th, and 18th.

Rain fallen, .625 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude... 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. D. is probably right; and we hope in due time to lift the bushel off the light. In the mean time it shines very fairly from its dark corner.

We surmise that J. B.'s "Touch on the Times" is rather too political for our pages.

ERRATA.—In our last week's Gazette, p. 580, col. 1, par. 2, for *Cross*, read *Croose*; and in p. 593, col. 2, l. 57, and col. 3, l. 25, for *Adams*, read *Addams*.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**WILL BE SHORTLY CLOSED.**—**DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. Open daily, from Ten till Five.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.**—The Classes in Theology, the Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, and History, under the superintendence of the Principal and Professors, the Rev. T. G. Hall, R. W. Browne, and T. Dale, will be Re-opened on Tuesday, the 3d October.

The Classes for Private Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental and other Foreign Languages, will recommence on the same day.

**JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**—The Classes in the School were Re-opened on Tuesday, the 13th instant.

August 26. H. J. ROBE, B.D., President.  
N.B. Chambers are provided for such Students in the Senior or Medical Department, as are desirous of residing in the College.

Albemarle Street, Sept. 1, 1837.

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The extended and practical Course of Chemical Lectures and Demonstrations, for Medical and General Students, delivered in the Laboratories of this Institution, by Mr. Brande and Mr. Faraday, will commence on Tuesday, the 3d of October, at Nine in the Morning, and be continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at the same Hour.

Two Courses are given during the Season, which will terminate in May.

For a Prospectus of the Lectures, and Terms of Admission, application may be made to Mr. Brande or Mr. Fincher, at the Royal Institution.

JOSEPH FINCHER, Assistant Secretary.

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**ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.** Session 1837.

The following Courses of Lectures will be delivered in this School, commencing October 3, 1837.

Theory and Practice of Physic—Dr. Macleod and Dr. Seymour.  
Theory and Practice of Surgery—Mr. Cesar Hawkins and Mr. G. Babington.

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Chemistry at the Royal Institution—Mr. Brande and Mr. Faraday.

The Introductory Address on the Opening of the Hospital School for the Session, will be delivered on Monday, October 3d, at One o'Clock, p.m. in the Theatre of the Hospital.

The Anatomical Lectures and Demonstrations are delivered in the Anatomical Theatre in Kinnerton Street, Wilton Place.

Further Particulars and Prospectuses may be obtained by applying to the Porter of the Hospital, to the Porter of the Hospital Museum, or at the Anatomical School in Kinnerton Street.

**TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.**—A

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**THE PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.**

At various meetings of Publishers, held at the Chapter Coffee House, it was resolved to publish, on the 1st and 15th of each month, a royal 8vo. Sheet (entitled "the Publishers' Circular," to contain Advertisements connected with Literature, Music, and the Fine Arts. Being liable to the duties charged on a newspaper, it will be stamped, and will circulate free through the Post Office. This List will be sent gratis to a selected (and limited) number of persons, viz. Booksellers, Secretaries of Book Societies, and Private Gentlemen, from whom early applications are requested, the number to be delivered gratis being limited to 3000, after which the price will be 6d. each or 4s. annually. A more detailed Prospectus may be had at any Bookseller's in Town or Country. Any gentleman wishing to receive the List is requested to write to that effect (post-paid) to the Editor, Mr. Sampson Low, care of Wilson and Smith, 25 Skinner Street, London; where Advertisements are received.

The First No. will be published on Monday, October 3.

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## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

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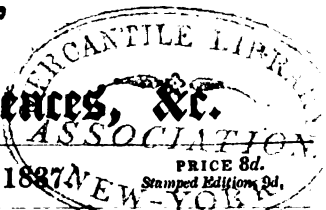
# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

No. 1080.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1837



### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence of the Marquess of Wellesley, K.G., during his Administration in India.* Edited by Montgomery Martin. Vol. V. London, 1837. Allen and Co.

THIS supplementary volume completes one of the most valuable and remarkable works of our time. It is remarkable as the history of a most remarkable period, and of a most remarkable man. Ordinary events and ordinary men seem to go together; they act from precedent, and for a little while every thing proceeds with the most quiet regularity. Suddenly unlooked-for events alter the whole face of affairs; nothing is as it was; change becomes indispensable; yet no one is prepared for that change; all is hesitation and fear, for there is the emergency; but who is to meet it? It is at such an epoch that the full value of a man like the Marquess of Wellesley is felt. The history of his rule in India is the history of a master mind, commanding and foreseeing, ready for every difficulty, and encountering obstacles only to overcome them. How accurate was his estimate of the crooked policy of Tippoo Sultan! how borne out by the correspondence now before us! One thing cannot but strike even the most careless reader of these pages, which is, that let the subject be what it will, how entire and comprehensive is the view taken of it by the Marquess of Wellesley; at once profound in its analysis and extensive in its bearings. Another merit, one which a literary journal cannot but appreciate, is the admirable style: any one of these letters might be taken for a model in composition. Many of the subjects which these despatches illustrate require far more space than our columns can give to their discussion. We, however, select one which bears immediately upon a subject now the matter of public discussion, namely, the communication with the Red Sea.

“Previously to the mission of Captain Wilson from Bombay, no intercourse of a political nature extending beyond the interchange of complimentary letters, had subsisted between the British government in India and the Arabian states. The extent of the trade between Arabia and the ports of India has for many years been inconsiderable. The British government in India being thus entirely unconnected with the states of Arabia, has possessed no opportunity of acquiring an intimate knowledge of the political relations, or of the commercial interests, of those states: I am not, therefore, prepared to enter into a detail of the particular concessions, either of a political or of a commercial nature, which any of the states of Arabia would be disposed to receive, or which I should be inclined to afford, in return for the important advantages which it is our object to attain. The information which you will acquire after your return to the Red Sea, will enable you to ascertain in what manner a political connexion with the British government in India may be rendered conducive to the interests of any or of all the Arabian states, and what engagements of a commercial nature would be calculated to ensure any essential advantages to the commercial interests of those countries. At present I must content myself

with soliciting your attention to the general considerations which appear to me to affect this part of the question. The promise of our protection against any attempt on the part of France to violate the independence of the Arab states might be deemed an advantage, for which those states would be disposed to pay a valuable consideration. But if the British arms should be completely successful in effecting the expulsion of the French from Egypt, any apprehension which the Arab chiefs may hitherto have entertained of the future attempts of France may have ceased. It may, therefore, be advisable that you should endeavour to remove any such sentiments of false security, and to excite in the Arab chiefs a solicitude to obtain the protection of the British power against France. Such an offer on our part may lead to correspondent concessions on the part of the Arabs. It may be suggested that, although the favourite project of France to effect a permanent establishment in Egypt, and to extend her dominion over the countries adjacent to the Arabian Gulf, has been happily frustrated by the power and skill of the British army, the French will not, therefore, be induced to abandon this primary object of their ambition. Frustrated in their attempts to maintain themselves in Egypt, they may hereafter resume the enterprise which they have frequently formed of making a descent on the coasts of the Red Sea; in this event, that part of the coast which is under the dominion of the Imaum of Senna will probably become the first point of attack. It is, therefore, the interest of the Imaum to provide, in the most effectual manner, for the possibility of this event, by cultivating a connexion with the British power, and by securing the co-operation of the British arms. While the British power shall hold Egypt, although no immediate danger may be apprehended by the Arab chiefs from any designs of France, it must be an object of the policy of those chiefs to cultivate the favour of a power which has possessed itself of Egypt, under every circumstance calculated to inspire confidence in its good faith, and respect for its vigour, energy, and military skill. Even after the British army shall have evacuated Egypt, and shall have delivered it over to the porte (if such an adjustment shall be the termination of the war in Egypt), it may be expected that the fame and character of the British empire will be so elevated in that quarter of the globe, as to render the chiefs of Arabia and all the neighbouring states desirous of improving their relations with our government, and of entering with us into political and commercial engagements, founded on liberal and just principles of mutual interest and security. Should the political situation of the government of Senna, or the condition of its internal affairs, or that of any Arab state in the gulf, be such as to expose the Imaum or chief to the hazard of external attack or internal commotion, this state of circumstances will afford an additional ground for the conclusion of defensive engagements. Whatever exigency may induce the Imaum or chief to desire the protection of the British power, will facilitate the attainment of the primary objects of your mis-

sion. In offering these suggestions, however, it is proper to state my decided opinion, that we should abstain from any mixture in such political intrigues as may be connected with any design of subverting the established government, of effecting revolutions in the state, or of endangering the life or power of any reigning chieftain. The symptoms of such a disposition on our part, would tend to create jealousies and suspicions, of which the effect might be felt beyond the limits of any interest which we might hope to establish in Arabia, while all our views in that quarter would certainly be defeated by the unjustifiable means employed to accomplish them. This observation applies peculiarly to Mecca, where the state of the present shereef's power renders it more especially necessary to use every degree of caution with regard to any interference in the internal affairs of the country. The co-operation of a British force, or of any public officer of the British government, in any revolution at Mecca, would undoubtedly create the strongest sentiments of indignation and disgust in the mind of the grand signior, and would irritate every mussulman state in India. You will observe from the preceding remarks, that in my judgment the first general proposition from the offer of which we may expect to derive concessions of the nature desired by the secret committee, from the chiefs of Arabia, is the engagement to afford the protection and countenance of the British power to the established governments of those countries. The nature and extent of the protection to be offered to those chiefs from the government of India, must be left to your discretion, subjecting any engagement which you may conclude to the ratification of the governor-general in council. In concluding any treaty of a subsidiary or defensive nature, you will endeavour to limit the guarantee to the case of an attack from France, and in no case will you enter into engagements to protect any Arab state against the authority of the Ottoman porte. The particular concessions of a commercial nature, which it may be the wish of the Imaum of Senna or of any Arab chief to obtain, and which it may be consistent with the commercial interests of the Company to grant, cannot be precisely ascertained, without a more perfect knowledge than we at present possess of the nature and extent of the trade between Senna, the Arabian Gulf generally, and the ports of India. I am disposed to grant considerable privileges and immunities in favour of Arabian ships and merchants frequenting the British ports in India; to abate or relinquish the duties upon imports from that country; and to engage to take a certain quantity of coffee, the staple commodity of Senna, annually; to allow the Arabian merchants to export from the ports of India to Arabia, to a certain extent, any of the articles, the produce of the British empire in India, of which the export from India is now prohibited; to supply the Imaum, or any other Arab power, with broad cloth, iron, &c. the produce or manufacture of Europe, and with military and naval stores; to supply the Arab powers with ship-builders, or to construct ships for them in our docks, the

imaum or chief defraying the actual cost. You will be guided by your own judgment and discretion, and by the actual state of circumstances, in applying these general suggestions, which are applicable not only to Senna, but to all other Arab states on the coasts of the Red Sea. Whatever commercial engagements you may contract with the Imaum of Senna, or with any other of the Arab states, will be subject to the ratification of the governor-general in council. Whatever be the relation which the states of Arabia may bear towards the porte, I deem it highly expedient that his majesty's ambassador at the court of Constantinople should be enabled eventually to communicate to the grand signior the object, extent, and progress of your negotiations with the chiefs of Arabia; I shall, therefore, transmit a copy of this despatch to the Earl of Elgin, by the present overland despatch, and I request that you will avail yourself of every opportunity to communicate to his lordship the progress of your negotiation. With regard to the mode of conducting the negotiations intrusted to your charge, I am of opinion that you should be careful to impress the minds of the several chiefs of Arabia with due respect for the dignity of your situation, as the representative of the British nation; a character which, in my judgment, entitles you to claim the privilege of negotiating upon terms of equality with the Imaum of Senna, the Sherreef of Mecca, or any of the Arab chiefs. I am apprehensive that your proceeding in person to Senna, or to the residence of any chief in Arabia, situated in the interior of the country, might tend to lessen the importance of your character in the opinion of the Arabs, and might, therefore, prove injurious to the success of the negotiation. My judgment on this question arises from the knowledge that the several chieftains of Arabia, however independent with respect to power and authority, are considered to be officers of the Turkish empire, and to derive their rank and appointments from the grand signior. They are not, therefore, to be acknowledged as sovereign princes; any such acknowledgment on your part (according to the uniform disposition and character of every Eastern court), would infallibly weaken your influence, and increase the insolence and arrogance of the power with which you are to negotiate. Unless, therefore, the Imaum of Senna, or his minister, should proceed to Mocha, or unless a personal meeting with the Imaum should appear to you to be expedient—in which case you might require that the Imaum should leave his capital, and should advance a considerable way for the purpose of meeting you—I would recommend it to you to conduct your negotiation through the channel of a secretary to your mission. The Eastern nations are so much influenced by exterior forms, that the greatest attention is requisite to points of ceremony and appearance. Any concessions in points of that nature on the part of an ambassador to an Eastern court, tend to degrade his consequence and to impede the progress of his negotiation. It appears to me, therefore, to be extremely desirable that one of the Company's civil servants, whose talents and general knowledge, especially of the Arabic and Persian languages, may qualify him for the situation of secretary to your embassy, should accompany you in that capacity; and I have accordingly written to the vice-president on that subject, to whom I have the honour to refer you for further details relative to the selection of your secretary. If you should deem the services of Mr. Robertson, whom you have appointed to act as your secre-

tary, to be necessary to the despatch of the affairs of your mission, he may be employed in the capacity of assistant to the secretary to your mission, the latter being a civil servant of the Company. I hereby confirm the temporary appointment of Mr. Robertson in the office in which you have employed him, referring you to the vice-president in council for the scale on which his allowances are to be paid on account of the services which he has already performed, as well as for that by which his future salary is to be regulated, if you shall find it necessary to employ him in the capacity of assistant to your secretary."

Great changes have taken place since the above instructions were penned, but the staple of their truth remains. There has been so much popular misunderstanding about Lord Clive, and so *avant* a measure of justice awarded to his singular and distinguished career, that we cannot but quote the following noble letter:

*Lord Clive to the Marquess Wellesley.*

"Fort St. George, 3d September, 1803.

[Received 25th September.]

"My dear Lord, — The generous and affectionate expressions conveyed to me in your lordship's letter of the 4th ultimo, upon subjects intimately connected with my reputation, and nearly touching the feelings of my mind, have penetrated me with sentiments of the sincerest regard, gratitude, and respect. Had not your lordship's former communications, the consideration of the important crisis of affairs, both in India and in Europe, and my own judgment, confirmed by the whole course of my observation upon events and proceedings at this place, anticipated in my mind the indispensable necessity of my continuing in the exercise of the authority of the government of Fort St. George, under any circumstances that might have occurred, until the arrival of Lord William Bentinck should enable me to relieve myself from that arduous and important charge; the decided expression of your lordship's judgment and wishes contained in your despatch of the fourth ultimo, could have left no doubt of the determination which it would have become me to adopt and pursue; I feel, therefore, great satisfaction in having afforded this last proof of my obedience to your lordship's commands, and I congratulate your lordship with sincere pleasure on the opportunities at length afforded me of transferring the charge of this government to the honourable hands appointed to receive that trust. Your lordship's intention of passing your solemn and public judgment in council upon the subject of my administration, is matter of much consolation to the feelings of my mind; and I am truly grateful for the great kindness of your lordship in desiring me to point out the mode of fulfilling that intention which may be most satisfactory to me. The circumstances in which I have been placed by the extraordinary procedure of the Court of Directors have compelled me to discussions relative to the administration of the internal affairs of this presidency, which have completely laid open to that honourable court, and to your excellency, the motives, progress, execution, and result, of all the principal acts of my government. These details are minutely described in my several despatches to the honourable court; and, feeling a well-grounded confidence that the judgments recently pronounced by that body, under the impression of a passionate view of my administration, will yield to the evidence of my success in the improvement of the affairs of the East India Company on the Peninsula: my anxiety on this subject is entirely relieved by a just assurance that your lordship, in pass-

ing a formal judgment on my government, will pursue that course which, under a more general view of this important question than I am competent to form, may be best calculated to secure the stability, prosperity, and honour, of the empire in India, on principles of enlarged and national policy. On your lordship's superior judgment, therefore, on your intimate knowledge of the acts of my government, and of the principles which have guided the conduct of my administration, and on the dignified and fervent friendship of your lordship, the result of our cordial union and co-operation for the attainment of the most important public objects, I entirely wish to rely, not only for the fairest and most enlightened decision on the merits and character of my administration, which it may be capable of receiving, but also for the mode which may render that decision most impressive and convincing. In order to complete the documents in your lordship's possession respecting my administration, I do myself the honour to enclose the concluding minute by which I formally resigned the government of Fort St. George into the hands of Lord William Bentinck; and I trust that the points which I have endeavoured to impress on the attention of my successor will be deemed by your excellency to be conformable to the system of your lordship's policy for this presidency in the actual situation of its affairs. I have the satisfaction to add, that I think it of importance to state, that the public accounts completed since the date of my minute, exhibit a material improvement of the public revenue beyond the amount at which it has been stated and estimated in the documents officially submitted to your excellency in council, in the past as well as in the current revenue. I am extremely sensible to the kindness of your lordship's invitation to Bengal. The contemplation of the personal satisfaction and advantage which I should derive from the society of your lordship, and from the communication of your sentiments upon the important objects which have so long engaged our joint attention, as well as the peculiar interest with which the scenes and improvements in Bengal could not fail to affect my mind, would hold out inducements not to be resisted, did not the extraordinary circumstances in which I have been placed, and the length of time during which I have deferred my departure for the avowed and sole purpose, now accomplished, of resigning into the hands of my successor the government of Fort St. George, render it most consistent and necessary that I should embrace the earliest means after the accomplishment of that event, of repairing to England. It is, accordingly, my intention to embark the moment the ships are ready for sea, which cannot, I believe, now exceed four or five days. It is impossible for me to contemplate my approaching separation from your lordship's labours, without reviving in my mind all those sentiments of gratitude and attachment which have been excited by your lordship's uniform friendship, support, and advice; nor without renewing to your lordship the assurance of my most fervent esteem, respect, and affection. I look not without anxiety, but with a confident expectation of success, to the termination of your lordship's present contest with the Mah-ratta chieftains; and when your lordship shall have added that trophy to the brilliant career of your achievements, I trust that the national policy will have been sufficiently matured to call upon your lordship for the only means of preserving, by the wisdom and firmness of your councils at home, the great empire which has been extended and consolidated by the vigour



and success of your lordship's administration abroad.—I have the honour to be, &c.

"CLIVE."

We cannot conclude without a brief tribute to the merits of the editor, Mr. Montgomery Martin. His industry and his research are unrivalled: he has brought forward subjects long and wonderfully neglected; and no writer has contributed so much to the public stock of most requisite and important knowledge.

*An Essay on the Roman Denarius and English Silver Penny, shewing their Derivation from the Greek Drachma of Ægina, &c. &c.* By W. Till, Medallist. 12mo. pp. 230. London, 1837. Till.

THIS desultory volume, without any of the craft of authorship, contains much practical information on the subject of which it treats. The medal collector will find it a very useful guide; and even the general reader may gather amusement and intelligence from its varied pages. As a sample of this, we may quote a few passages which bear on interesting historical points.

"Contemporary with the coins struck by the Saxon monarchs, are those found in Ireland, having for a legend straight strokes, instead of letters. A very considerable number of these coins have recently been discovered, and the major part of them brought to London, being all of one type; presenting, on the obverse, a very rude head with a cross; and, on the reverse, a cross. They are evidently prelatial, and though heretofore known, are still unpublished. Pennies of the kings of Dublin are also found, with the superscribed title and the name added. We meet with those of Sithric, Dymnroe, Idnidrid, Stired, &c. Our Saxon kings, Eadgar, Ethelred, Edred, and Anlaf, struck pennies in Ireland, the first of these monarchs having conquered that country. The pennies, as before stated, were the chief coins circulated by the aforesaid sovereigns and prelates; the sees of Canterbury and of York having the privilege of striking them. Coins, also, of the penny size, are sometimes seen bearing what indicates neither an English or Irish origin, while their locality identifies them with the British Isles; and it is presumed that these coins are either Danish, or were struck by sovereigns whose sway extended to the Isle of Man, being frequently found there. They bear, on the obverse, a rude head; reverse, a cross, &c. very similar to our early English pennies at the commencement of the twelfth century. William, the usurper and conqueror of England, A. D. 1066, fearing the consequences of too frequently reminding his new subjects of their degradation and fallen state, took especial care to strike his penny on the model of that of his predecessor, Harold II. The Conqueror's portrait, however, as far as the inferior work can perpetuate it, is faithfully delineated, being that of a merciless and rapacious tyrant. On some of his coins he appears in profile, and on others full faced, with and without a sceptre, or a cross ornamented. The pennies of the Conqueror are all rare, if we except the Pax type, which, from being extremely scarce, have now become very common, from the circumstance of an abundance of them being found at Beaworth, near Winchester. This discovery has furnished us with a new type, before unknown—that of having the portrait in profile to the left, instead of full faced, as heretofore, with Pax on the reverse. The canopy type of the sovereign still continues very scarce."

Mr. Till goes on describing the pennies of

the succeeding reigns, and we come to one of considerable interest.

"Richard I., A.D. 1189. We now come to a break in the English series. Of this monarch we obtain no English coins. Richard Cœur de Lion was only eight months in Britain during his reign: to this circumstance, probably, we may attribute the want of his coinage. Snelling, an admirable writer on English coins, but unfortunately for his credit as a judge of medals, has engraved two, as being found with others near Leeds, in Yorkshire. But he was deceived. A person of his day fabricated them, and thereby gained a disgraceful notoriety by his trickery. Folkes and Ruding have perpetuated this blunder, by likewise engraving them. The latter, indeed, is excused, as he not only alludes to them as being false, but was obliged to publish them, having the loan of the original plates of Folkes, in order to embellish his own work. Rapin gives a penny of Edward the Confessor, struck at York, as one of this sovereign, and by some unaccountable mistake, has made it read 'RICARD,' instead of 'EADPARD.' Another penny, assigned by the same author to Richard I., and engraved in page 258, is not of this king. Speed has made the same blunder, by assigning the same coins to Richard. That the heavy sum paid by his subjects for his ransom (to the eternal disgrace of the emperor, Henry VI.) should have taken all his coins out of the country, had there been any, is a truly ridiculous supposition. For had the monarch in question issued even but a few coins, no human power could have so traced them, as to leave none in the kingdom for future discovery. And there are those in every age whose curiosity nothing can repress. I will, therefore, fearlessly assert, that the absence of all English coins of a sovereign so much beloved as Richard Cœur de Lion, can only be attributed to one cause—namely, their primitive non-existence. Nor was this ransom paid in coin, but with one hundred and fifty thousand marks in weight of fine silver. If, therefore, the reader is desirous of possessing a coin of Richard I., he must procure one struck in that monarch's paternal dominions of Aquitaine and Poitou, a coin nearly the size of the English penny, but of base silver, and without portrait. Such coins are termed Anglo-Gallic: they are extremely rare. John, A.D. 1199, struck no coins in England (at least none have been discovered). This circumstance is the more singular, as, according to the records, we find he had various places of mintage in this country. He struck his pennies and other coins in Ireland: the former alone I allude to. His portrait on the obverse, is full faced within a triangle, surrounded by his name and title, and in his right hand is a sceptre. On the reverse is a similar triangle enclosing a crescent and a star. The pennies of this king are rather scarce."

These extracts will shew the character of this part of the volume. Mr. Till then gives us a good list of books of reference on coinage, &c.; some remarks on Queen Anne's farthings; a Report of the proceedings of the Numismatic Society, recently formed; and a sketch of the Battle of Barnet.

With regard to the Numismatic Society, though the *Literary Gazette* has contained notices of its sittings, we shall copy two more detailed reports of the author on subjects of curious value. At one of the meetings, he says, "I embraced the opportunity of placing before the members, a cast from an unique gold medal, or pattern-piece of Charles the First. This extraordinary piece is in the possession of Lieut-

Colonel John Drummond; indeed, it was at my suggestion that he recently purchased it of the Rev. Mr. Commeline, Senior Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. This gentleman is a collateral descendant of Bishop Juxon, who attended the unfortunate monarch in his last moments. It appears that at that eventful period, the king possessed the jewel of the order of the garter, and another diamond, and two seals; and previously, or at the time just referred to, this identical medal, which his majesty presented to Bishop Juxon, as a mark of regard for the attention and attachment the bishop had shewn him. There appears to be a tradition in Mr. Commeline's family, that it was given by the king to the bishop while the monarch was on the scaffold; but this statement may be doubtful. Sir George Chetwynd, Bart. is descended from Elizabeth Juxon, a niece of the bishop, and who possessed the original jewel of the order of the garter, which all authorities acknowledge was given by the king only a few moments previous to his death; and Sir George informs me, that he has heard his father likewise state, from tradition, that the garter alone was given on the scaffold. Be that as it may, it cannot increase or diminish the value and interest attached to this medallion memorial. That it came from the king is certain, and that it was given to the bishop is likewise certain, for he by will bequeathed it to Mrs. Rachel Gayters, who gave it to her granddaughter, the wife of the Rev. James Commeline, who was father of the present rector of Red Marley, Worcestershire, of whom Colonel Drummond purchased it. This curious medal bears on the obverse the bust of the king, with his name and title, and with the rose as a mint mark; the likeness is very good, but it cannot compete with the likenesses executed by Briot, from the original portraits of that sovereign by Vandye: that on the coin in question is doubtless the work of Rawlins, an artist who followed the fortunes of his royal master, and was subsequently employed by Charles the Second. He executed that very rare crown-piece, struck at Oxford, and having that city represented under the horse on which the king is seated. If the medal under consideration, be compared with this coin, the portrait of Charles will be found to be exactly similar on both pieces, though a slight difference is perceptible in the costume; still, the workmanship of both is evidently traceable to the same hand. On the reverse are the arms of England, crowned with C. R. &c., and accompanied by the legend, 'Florent Concordiæ Regna,' (kingdoms flourish by concord), doubtless, in admonitory allusion to the unsettled state of the times: this side likewise bears a mint-mark. It may be asked for what purpose was it struck; was it intended for a coin or a medal? I reply, without fear of contradiction, that it was meant as a pattern for a coin, or else, for what reason are the mint marks? The coin weighs 733 grains, and has what is termed an engraved edge, but it is not milled. There is a twenty-shilling piece in gold, very similar in appearance, having for the mint-mark an anchor, and the king's titles more abbreviated."

At a subsequent meeting, "the secretary read a very curious and interesting letter on certain ancient coins of the Chinese empire, called knife coins, from the pen of a member of the society, Mr. Samuel Birch, a gentleman who, it appears, has paid the greatest attention to the currency of the celestial empire; and, if we may judge from the abstruse nature of his communication, it will be long before he finds

a compeer in the field which he has made his own, and has so successfully explored. The following is the substance of his communication, "which," says Mr. Till, "I gathered from taking notes at the time :—

"The sulphur impression, now offered to the gentlemen present, is from a fragment of a *taou*, or knife-coin of the Chinese, in the British Museum. It is of brass, or bell-metal, exhibiting a light brown bronze appearance on the exterior, and an iron-coloured granulation at the edge of the fracture, consisting of a perforated ring, and the upper portion of a fluted blade. Knives appear at an early epoch to have been worn by the various Tartar hordes, who thus characterise themselves, in the language of the tragedian—'The wild chase is our trade, battle and conquest our chief occupation.' They were worn attached to the girdle; for, in a juvenile Chinese Encyclopædia, a stanza of the *Kooloo-foo* poem is quoted, in which a wife thus deplores the absence of her husband :—

'Oh, my husband! where art thou  
Beyond yon hills, which tower o'er each other?  
Shall I hear the head of your great knife,  
When the moon, like a rent mirror, ascends the heaven?'

The commentary explains the head of the great knife, as the ring by which this instrument was attached to the girdle, producing a clinking noise, and forewarning the approach of the wearer. The 'Istoria Relazione del gran Regna della Cina' of P. Alvaro Semedo, in its narration, mentions, among the presents made by the Mahomedan ambassadors to the Chinese throne, '600 knives and as many files; and the narrator continues, 'this last present appearing to me very extraordinary to offer to a monarch, I inquired what use the king made of them, and found none who could tell me; but a certain captain alone said, 'That it was a very ancient custom, and so strictly observed, that no substitution was allowed.' The use of knives as coins is of a far earlier epoch, and the reason of this feudal right being demanded in the seventeenth century, probably had reference to that haughty arrogance of the Chinese court, which regards all other monarchs as its vassals. 'The 'Chin-paou,' a tract upon precious things embodied in the *San-tsao-too-hwuy*, contains an account of the early currency. It appears from this tract, that the knife-coin was the actual adaptation of this shape to the currency, and its accounts relative to these coins are as follow :— Ancient knives used under the former monarchs in the same way as silks and gems. Gold knife of the emperor Wangmang, A.D. 10 : perpendicular inscription on the seal character, 'one knife equal to 5000.' Knife of unnamed material, coined by the same monarch : perpendicular inscription in the seal character, 'legal knife 500.' Knife found in the fifth year of Suenho, in a field near Kinheén, a village of Munching, with a perpendicular inscription in an old court hand, 'heart-shaped spoon currency 500.' Silver knife, with an illegible inscription, found by Wangkung, a high literary officer in Kinchown : uncertain whether cast under the Kewfoo. Hagar, in his 'Numismatique Chinoise,' gives a drawing of a Chinese knife-coin quite perfect, belonging to the French Museum, probably remitted by P. Amiot from Peking; and the great rarity of these coins may be inferred from the fact of none belonging to the collection of Mr. Marsden, who had every facility for acquiring them.' Probably no coins in the world are less intellectual or interesting than those issued by the Chinese, who, notwithstanding the insulting presumption for which they are notorious, are immeasurably behind all other civilised nations in the art of mintage."

*Illustrations of Jerusalem and Mount Sinai; including the most interesting Sites between Grand Cairo and Beirout.* From Drawings by F. Arundale, Architect. With a descriptive Account of his Tour and Residence in those remarkable Countries, 4to. pp. 116. London, 1837. Colburn.

"THE circumstance of Syria being under the dominion of the Turks," observes Mr. Arundale, "the little facility or accommodation afforded to the European traveller—the want of those luxuries which (forgetting the difference of climate) the English stranger fancies necessities, and the fatiguing slowness of the travelling, over a mountainous country, where the roads are not improved by art, demand great moral, as well as physical courage, to endure the constant vexations and privations that await the traveller. But so numerous are the reasons by which many might be deterred who anxiously wish to visit this interesting country, that it would be needless to cite them; to such I beg to submit the following views, as facsimiles of sketches taken on the spot. The eye of the painter will doubtless see in them much that might be improved; as, in the descriptions, the poet might embellish many of the scenes. The simple narrative of the events of each day, with the opinions of various celebrated travellers on the objects and places connected with sacred history, interspersed with a few historical data, interesting to every reader who peruses the description of a country and city 'once the joy of the whole earth,' but deprived of all its former splendour, with now 'not one stone left upon another,' is all that is offered to the reader in these pages. This, it is to be hoped, may give interest to the views; and the views may serve, in their turn, to illustrate more clearly, and make amends for any deficiency in the description."

The views, which are above twenty in number, are pleasingly executed in lithography, and have the simplicity and truth by which all topographical drawings should be distinguished. It is not in such works that we wish to see fidelity of representation sacrificed (as it too frequently is sacrificed) to picturesque effect. This remark is peculiarly applicable to scenes which associations, derived from our earliest youth, invest with a sanctity, that makes us feel any attempt to disguise or alter their actual features to be a kind of profanation.

With respect to the descriptive portion of the volume, although certainly, as Mr. Arundale himself modestly admits, it does not add much "to the treasures of information already accumulated respecting what may be called the scholastic, or antiquarian views of this wonderful and sacred land," we have no doubt that, as he asserts, it will prove "serviceable as a guide to the future traveller, who, the author trusts, after passing the same route, will be enabled to bear witness to its correctness." We will quote two or three of the most interesting passages from Mr. Arundale's narrative. And first, his account of the Dead Sea :—

"After remaining here (the banks of the Jordan) an hour, we proceeded towards the Dead Sea. Our path lay over loose ground, strongly impregnated with salt; so rotten, indeed, was the soil, that the horses sank nearly up to their knees at every step. After toiling slowly along for an hour and a half, we arrived at the shore of the Dead Sea. An immense quantity of timber of various sizes encumbered the space between the water's edge and the line of a previous inundation. Our first impulse was to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the innumerable and wonderful peculiarities which

we had heard these waters possessed; we immediately waded in, and were delighted to find the marvellous relations respecting the unusual power of buoyancy completely verified. This was sufficient entirely to support our weight, without the slightest exertion of strength or skill. The peculiarity of these waters has been much exaggerated, both in ancient and comparatively modern times. Pliny asserts that living bodies could not sink in it; and Strabo affirms that it supports a man as high as the middle. Vespasian, according to Josephus, caused some persons who were unable to swim to be thrown in with their hands tied, but they all floated. Maundrell tried it; and confirms the fact of the extraordinary buoyancy, but, of course, not the extent asserted by the ancients. Pococke adds his testimony to the power with which he was supported, though, as he says, he remained in the shallow parts near the bank, without venturing far into the deeps, where, in all probability, the effect would be still more powerful. There is a vulgar notion among the Arabs, that the water would consume the body of any person rash enough to attempt to swim across; nor is this supposed burning property obnoxious to human flesh alone, but to wood and iron; for they say, that the same would happen to boats, of which there is not one on the lake. The only traveller of any late period who does not confirm the extreme buoyancy of the water, is Mr. Jolliffe, who describes it as but little more dense than that of the sea generally. That gentleman, however, was prevented, by the impatience of the Arabs, from going any distance from the shore; and the beach slopes so gradually, that it is necessary to wade an hundred yards and upwards to go out of one's depth. We found the water as bitter, and as painful to the eyes, as it is generally reported to be. Numerous chemists have analysed this water, and have given different, and, in some cases, inconsistent proportions of its ingredient parts. The investigation, however, carried on by the accurate Dr. Marcet, is, I believe, published in the Philosophical Transactions of 1807. He determines the specific gravity of this fluid to be 1211, which bears to the specific gravity of water the proportion of 1211 : 1000. This density is greater than that of any water which is produced by natural means. His analysis is as follows. The proportions are taken to 100 grains of the water :—

	Grains.
Muriate of Lime .....	3.42
Muriate of Magnesia .....	10.246
Muriate of Soda .....	10.35
Sulphate of Lime .....	.054
Sum .....	24.08

Thus, this singular water contains nearly one-fourth of its weight in salt. The conjectures made for the purpose of reconciling the present appearance and singular peculiarities of this wonderful collection of water, with the scriptural account of its origin, are many and ingenious. No reason can be given for the excess of saline matter in its composition, but that which refers to this account. Chateaubriand deprecates, and with apparent reason, the supposition that this basin is the crater of an extinct volcano. This, he says, has none of the distinctive and universal peculiarities which he had observed in Vesuvius, Solfaterra, Monte Nuovo, the Peak of the Azores, the Mamalif, opposite to Carthage, &c., in all of which 'I observed,' he says, 'the same characters, that is to say, mountains excavated in the form of a funnel, lava, and ashes, which exhibited incontestable proofs of the agency of fire.' This traveller seems inclined to agree in the ingenious conjecture of Michaelis, who supposes

that Sodom and Gomorrah were built on a mine of bitumen, into which, when blazing from the effect of lightning, the fated cities sank. There is another most acute conjecture of a French philosopher, M. Malte Brun, I believe, that the walls of these cities were themselves constructed with bituminous stone, and ignited by fire from heaven. The Mosaic account, too, Gen. xiv. 3, 10—'All these were joined together in the vale of Siddim, which is the salt sea.' 'Now the vale of Siddim was full of slime pits.' This bitumen is found in great abundance in the lake, from the bottom of which it rises in large masses to the surface, where it explodes with a great deal of smoke. The black fetid limestone, of which there is doubtless an immense stratum, gives, on burning, the true bituminous smell. The fetor of it is to be attributed to an impregnation of sulphureted hydrogen. The bitumen of the lake, which is more plentiful after high winds, is collected by the Arabs, and from the most ancient periods has been sold for medical purposes. The monks of the Latin Convent at Jerusalem keep quantities of the water and the bitumen of the Dead Sea in jars, and highly esteem it as an article of pharmacy. Pliny's assertion, that it was used by the Egyptians in the preparation of their mummies, has been repeatedly confirmed by the subsequent examination of those singular remains. It being dangerous, however, and heterodox, to sit down satisfied with a natural explanation of a phenomenon which we are expressly told, Gen. xix. 24, was produced by miraculous agency, we may easily suppose that the 'shower of brimstone and fire from heaven' was accompanied by a volcanic or bituminous eruption from the vast storehouse of inflammable and explosive matter which is undoubtedly accumulated beneath the soil. In fact, to add confirmation to this supposition, all travellers have united in describing the immense quantity of nitre in the neighbouring hills, which, by the aid of a thunder-storm, might readily be conceived the instruments of the terrible vengeance of Heaven."

Mr. Arundale's description of the town of Nazareth (now pronounced Nazzara) contains some curious matter:—

"Immediately on our arrival at this memorable town, we proceeded to the Latin Convent, which is situated on the eastern side. On presenting ourselves, we were received by one of the fathers with great distrust and dislike, as he took us for 'Turks'; nor were his suspicions destroyed by our assurances of our real character of English travellers. An interview, however, with the superior set all right again, and from him we received every attention. The continuance of the bad weather, and the state of the roads, which were impassable from the swollen streams, gave us full leisure to examine Nazareth, by confining us for three days,—a period for investigating the antiquities, rather too long for the interest believed to be attached to them. The great curiosity (with the usual miraculous legend attached to it) are two granite columns, standing in front of the altar of the church, which the monks assert occupy the identical spots which the Virgin and the angel occupied at the Annunciation. The column of the Virgin has been broken away at the bottom, in such a manner that the shaft remains suspended from the roof. This is deemed miraculous, and, of course, undeniably proves the authenticity of the holy spot; for you are told that the pillar cannot be supported in any way. There can, however, be no doubt as to the nature of its attachment to the roof. On inquir-

ing how long the column had so remained, we received the characteristic answer, 'Ever since the time of the Annunciation!' This broken column bears the reputation of healing all kinds of diseases, though a railing which surrounds it proves that the fear of infection has been stronger than superstitious reverence. The Latin Convent is a spacious and convenient building, which has been repaired about a century ago. The ancient structure is supposed to have been the work of the Empress Helena, to whom may be ascribed so many of the convents and churches in the Holy Land. A good number of fragments of columns, capitals, &c., shew tolerably well the style of architecture, which differed but little from other structures of the same date. Within the convent we were shewn the house of Joseph and Mary, and a cavern, divided into several compartments, to which are attached the titles of the parlour, bed-room, and kitchen of the Mother of Jesus; and here the greatest miracle was related, namely, the flight of the Holy House to Loreto; to confirm my belief in which, the monks shewed me the place from which it was removed. From the apparent sincerity of the monks, the openness of their manners, and the simplicity with which they related their miracles, I have no doubt that these good fathers most implicitly believed the truth of what they related. This impression was agreeable, after having witnessed the knavery of so many friars, in relating, without a blush, miraculous accounts, of which it was quite impossible they could believe a single syllable. The house of Joseph and Mary occupies, in length, nearly the breadth of the church, the interior of which, as well as the columns, are tapestried with rich silk, which produces a glowing and almost gorgeous effect. The broken column is probably the effect of Turkish avarice, which has, at some time, committed this injury in a search for treasure, supposed to be buried beneath it. In the convent is an establishment of fifteen monks, who are mostly either Spaniards, or of Spanish extraction. The interior of the building is kept extremely clean and neat; the monks appearing industrious and orderly. The convent is, in some degree, supported from some houses in the village which it possesses; but by far the most important portion of its revenue is supplied by the brethren at Jerusalem. Near the convent I was conducted to a small church, which I was informed was built over Joseph's workshop. It has been repaired since Maundrell's visit to this place, when he describes it as having been in ruins. No miracle, wonderful to relate, has been attached to this spot. We next visited a small chapel which preserves the most celebrated relic in Nazareth. This is the table on which Christ fed with his disciples. It is a stone slab of about twelve feet by eight, standing in the centre of the chapel. On this you are told our Saviour dined, both before and after his resurrection. It appears to be composed of the common limestone, which is plentiful over the whole Terra Santa, and is fixed firmly in the ground, with which, however, the upper surface is by no means parallel. It bears some traces of having been formerly covered with iron. Round the walls of the chapel are suspended copies of a printed certificate in Latin, asserting its authenticity:—'*Tractio continua est, et nunquam interrupta, apud omnes nationes Orientales, hanc petram, dictam "Mensa Christi," illam ipsam esse, supra quam Dominus noster Jesus Christus cum suis comedit discipulis, ante et post suam resurrectionem a mortuis. Et*

*sancta Romana Ecclesia indulgentiam concesset septem annorum et totidem quadragenarum omnibus Christi fidelibus hunc sanctum locum visitantibus, recitando saltem ibi unum Pater et Ave dummodo sit in statu gratie.*' This is a great object of reverence, not only to the Christians, but even to the Arabs, who imagine that what is looked upon with such profound respect by the other sects, must have some miraculous qualities. The synagogue where Christ preached, and exasperated the Jews by his application of the words of Isaiah to himself, was next shewn. This is a small chapel, formerly in possession of the Greeks, but which has since passed to that of the Latin fraternity. The modern town is built on the side of a hill, as described by St. Luke; it is likewise surrounded by hills, which are in many points dangerously abrupt and precipitous. This was too good an opportunity to be lost on the monks, who have, accordingly, fixed upon a spot to represent the place where our Saviour was conducted by the incensed Jews.\* To this they frequently repair for the purpose of celebrating mass. It has evidently been selected from its great height and almost inaccessible situation; and is a point on which no part of the ancient city could by any possibility have stood. It is, besides, two miles from the present town. On a large stone, in an upright position, are some indentations, which, you are told, are the marks of Christ's hands and feet, made in his struggles to resist the violence."

The celebrated Acre was in a melancholy state when visited by Mr. Arundale.

"The buildings were nearly all in ruins, from the late siege which the city had undergone from Ibrahim Pasha. They strikingly exhibited proof, both of the valour of the attack, and the desperation of the defence. After riding for two hours, we entered the walls. The fortifications appeared almost impregnable, and, if defended by another Sir Sidney Smith, would probably resist any assault. I shall never forget the scene of noise, confusion, and devastation which presented itself on our entry into the town. The streets were crowded with the troops of Mahomet Ali, the pasha of Egypt, who poured along every avenue in complete disorder, and still violently contending with each other. After many intricate windings, and a good deal of pushing and piloting among the crowd of men and animals, we succeeded in reaching the Latin convent, which seemed to have suffered less than any building we had hitherto passed. A single monk was the sole inhabitant at the time; but he received us with all the hospitality in his power, and immediately accommodated us with apartments. Our next care was to proceed to the palace of the divan effendi, for whom we had a letter of recommendation. We were not, however, fortunate enough to see him; but his place was supplied by the bey, who represented him, and managed his affairs. We found him extremely polite and attentive. He offered us every kind of assistance, and also letters to the governors of any towns we might intend to visit. After acquainting him that we wished for mules to proceed on our journey the next day, and which, without the assistance of some official person, it would be almost impossible to procure, he very kindly promised to attend to our request; and sent a janissary to accompany us round the city, and to shew us the details of that scene of ruin. We ascended the ramparts. Among the most striking ruins were the principal mosque, and the palace of

\* Luke, iv. 28.

Abdallah Pasha, which, from their commanding height, afforded the most conspicuous mark for the shells. The beauty of the latter was perfectly annihilated; every thing had been wilfully destroyed, either by the madness of the victors, or the despair of the conquered. The beautiful fountains no longer fell sparkling from their marble basins, refreshing the splendid garden where art had rivalled nature in the effort to give pleasure to a man who, by the caprice of fortune, was now reduced to the condition of the most abject slave. They were now polluted by groups of dirty, noisy soldiers. The sites of the various buildings were indistinctly marked by confused heaps of broken columns and shattered friezes; but it was quite in vain to attempt to identify any of the magnificent buildings erected by the crusaders, in whose time it was a place of the greatest importance, both from its position and strength, sustaining several sieges. I remarked that the walls were much damaged in innumerable points by the cannonade, which appeared to have been carried on with the greatest fury; but I saw no attempts at reparation, excepting in the great breach on the eastern side. There was a great profusion of artillery, some of the pieces of most beautiful workmanship, principally of French and German manufacture. At sunset I returned to the convent, with my head full of battles and sieges, and in a state of mind rendered melancholy by those reflections which the sight of a theatre of war, deprived of all the illusion and excitement of actual conflict, must naturally excite."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*My Book; or, the Anatomy of Conduct.* By J. H. Skelton. Pp. 208. London, 1837. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is a volume of multifarious maxims, &c. for the regulation of our conduct; most of them sensible, and, where they are wanted, likely to be useful. Others are quoted from sterling authors; and the whole *mélange* is unexceptionable in principle.

*Gleanings, Historical and Literary.* 8vo. pp. 400. London, 1837. Simpkin and Marshall.

THERE is much both of information and of amusement in these pages, though arranged without any very obvious purpose. The compiler has read a good deal, and set down all that appeared most striking, and thus made a very pleasant volume to lie on a table, and be taken up occasionally.

*Oriental Key to the Sacred Scriptures*, by M. de Corbet (London, Mortimer).—This is a very delightful little volume, illustrating the Scriptures by passages from various modern travellers in the East. It is curious to note how little manners and customs have changed, and how true as well as beautiful the imagery so profusely used by the inspired writers. We commend this *Oriental Key* to general use.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

## SEVENTH MEETING: LIVERPOOL.

[Third notice.]

WEDNESDAY.

## SECTION A.—List of Subjects.

1. Professor Lloyd's Description of a Magnetical Observatory at Dublin.
2. M. De la Rive—On the Interference of Electro-Magnetic Currents.
3. M. De la Rive—On an Optical Phenomenon observed at Mont Blanc.
4. Major Sabine's Report on Terrestrial Magnetism.
5. Mr. Fitzgerald—On Geometrical Theorems.
6. Mr. M'Gaughey—On an Electro-Magnetic Apparatus.
7. Mr. Holden—On the Atmosphere of the Moon.
8. Lieutenant Morrison's Instrument for Measuring the Electricity of the Atmosphere.

The business of the Section commenced by

Professor Lloyd reading a paper 'On the Subject of the Magnetic Observatory at Dublin.' He described the construction and various dimensions of the building. It had been found necessary to reject bricks, on account of the magnetic properties which they possessed, and therefore argillaceous limestone had been substituted in the erection. In order to avoid undue magnetic action, no iron had been used; but where metal was necessary, as in locks, bolts, hinges, &c., copper had been employed. The Professor next described the several astronomical and other instruments, their uses, positions, and the manner in which the various observations were made: he concluded by highly commending the liberality which Trinity College had displayed in the undertaking.

Professor Stanley said it was desirable not only to do away with the use of iron, but also of copper, or any other metal, in such buildings; and spoke of the possibility of substituting wood instead.

Monsieur De la Rive, of Geneva, and editor of the "Bibliothèque Universelle," then read, in French, a paper on electro-magnetic currents, which gave rise to a discussion in which several gentlemen took part. Monsieur De la Rive was also called upon to read a paper 'On an Optical Phenomenon observed on Mont Blanc,' which led to some conversation, in which Sir D. Brewster, Professor Lloyd, Mr. Lubbock, and Dr. Stevely, participated. The latter-mentioned gentleman observed, that whenever such an appearance is observed by the Belfast fishermen, they hasten to secure their boats, for fear of a storm. The Professor related an anecdote of a gentleman, who, having observed the phenomenon, pointed it out to a boatman, and asked him what it was. The man, however, instead of answering, ran off to spread the alarm, and shortly afterwards a violent storm came on, and almost destroyed all the vessels that had not been moored in a place of safety.

For Major Sabine's 'Report on Terrestrial Magnetism,' which succeeded, see our *Gazette* of the 16th inst.

Mr. M'Gaughey read a paper 'On Electro-Magnetic Apparatus.' He said, since the meeting of the Association in Dublin, public attention had been very much directed to the powers of electro-magnetism and electro-magnetic apparatus, and several persons had given their opinions that this power would soon be brought into extensive operation; he confessed, however, that he was not so sanguine. If the views of some could be carried into execution, they would occasion a complete revolution in mechanics, and set at rest at least one important question. But it was well known that electro-magnetic apparatus of great power became considerable in size, and troublesome in operation. He then exhibited a new electro-magnetic apparatus which he had constructed, and explained its construction and mode of operation at considerable length.

Mr. Holden, 'On the Atmosphere of the Moon,' noticed that it had been disputed (Schroeter excepted) from the days of Eugene (temp. William III.) to the work of Sir John Herschel in the "Cabinet Cyclopædia;" and the reason assigned for doubting the fact was, that there were no seas in the moon, as shown by the phenomenon of the crescent moon exhibiting, in the parts supposed to be water, inequalities instead of a perfect curve. Mr. H. maintained that the bottom and shallows reflected upwards would cause those indented appearances, and thus agree with the theory that there were seas in this planet. His other arguments were founded on observations. 1. That when our atmosphere

was equally clear, as tested by double stars, the marks upon the moon were not at all times equally clear, which proved an agitation in the atmosphere of the moon. 2. That when the moon was about two or three days old in the month of May, the whole dark orb appeared, as well as the fine bright crescent in the west; but the points of the horns of light projected beyond half the circle, and much further than a tangent from the sun would produce; he supposed to the extent of 15° of the circumference; and that nothing but an atmosphere could account for this. 3. That Herschel, Short, and others, had seen fire upon the moon; Herschel, for the space of two days, as stated by him in the "Royal Society Transactions." It was known that fire could not thus burn without air; but air was an atmosphere, and fire being seen on the moon proved that the moon had an atmosphere. 4. That viewing the occultation of a star (the star  $\mu$  2 of Cancer), when it should have gone behind the moon, it was visible, coming apparently within the periphery of the front of the moon, and remaining there for the space of two or three seconds. Others had observed the same, and published the details in the "Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society of London." This would settle the question, even were the former three arguments wanting to complete the proof.

Professor Stevely suggested that the second and third reasons were not perfectly satisfactory.

Mr. Lubbock made several remarks on the circumstance of the projection of stars on the surface of the moon, and instanced the fact, that, on one occasion, in the Observatory at Paris, this projection was observed with one telescope, and not with another. Sir James South had also noticed it repeatedly in Aldebaran.

A very interesting conversation followed, in which Mr. Holden answered objections urged against his theory by Sir D. Brewster, and others.

Lieutenant Morrison concluded the business of the Section by a description of an instrument for measuring the electricity of the atmosphere, as follows—

"The action of electricity is shewn by its causing the needle to deflect from the north towards the east, when the air is positive; and to deflect to the west, when the air is negative; as regards the earth. In the former case, the earth appears to be receiving an additional supply of the fluid, and in the latter case to be losing a portion of the fluid, which very rarely remains in a state of equilibrium for any length of time. It is, however, very seldom excited to the extent mentioned in the record. When the needle was deflected towards the east, the electricity is recorded as 'plus,' and when it was deflected to the west, as 'minus.' The 'degrees' are those of a mariner's compass, the circle being divided into 360°; so that when the record is 'plus 45°,' the needle was pointing N.E., and when 'plus 20°,' the north pole of the magnet had deflected round towards the east, and had passed the south, and pointed S.S.W. My own opinion of the action of the electricity in the air is, that it modifies the temperature, and is the chief exciting cause of wind; and I believe that whenever any of the more remarkable phenomena of the atmosphere are observed, the presence of a great degree of the electric action will be detected by its affecting the needle in this instrument.

We subjoin the results of five days' observations at Cheltenham, of the atmospheric electricity:—



No. of observations	+ 75	Mean intensity	60.3
Ditto	— 22	Ditto	12.5
Ditto	nil 13	—	—
Total	110	Mean intensity	43.6

Dr. Brewster expressed his approbation of the instrument, and requested Lieutenant Morrison to make further observations and experiments, to be reported to the Association.

#### SECTION B.—List of Subjects.

1. Mr. Black—On Electricity and on Brewing. See last Gazette.
2. Dr. Apjohn—On a new Variety of Alum—on a Compound of Iodide of Potassium—Iodine and Cinnamile.
3. Professor S. F. W. Johnstone—Report on the Present State of our Knowledge of Dimorphous Bodies.
4. Professor Graham—On the Constitution of Salts, particularly those containing Ammonia.
5. Dr. Clarke—A Simplification of the Calculations relative to Gases.
6. Mr. Mallet—On the Natural Formation of Crystallised Copper in the Mine of Cronebawn, Wicklow.

Dr. Apjohn introduced to the meeting a new description of alum which had been found in alluvial passages, in strata of great thickness, averaging thirty feet in some places. It was a true alum, the alkaline portion being replaced by protoxide of manganese, and exhibited much the appearance of satin spar. Its relation to ordinary reagents was very similar to alum. It was not soluble in caustic potash; indeed, it corresponded to alum in every particular, but it was the first instance in which the alkali had been replaced by a metallic oxide. He had attempted to form it artificially, but had never succeeded, though he had very little doubt the thing might be accomplished.—Dr. Clarke. Are the crystals octahedral?—Dr. Apjohn. No, fibral.—Dr. Clarke said, that in all other alums the crystals were octahedral, therefore, the want of analogy was distinct. All the other instances of alum were similarly constituted, though in different forms. Mr. Faraday had a little of this mineral sent to him as alum. He thought it was not alum. He did not like to use the special term alum to a salt composed of sulphate of alumina and of manganese. The name alum was a useful name; if they used it generally, they would extend it out of the class to which it belonged. Dr. Apjohn said, that though the mineral wanted the octahedral form, he did not mean to say that the salt could not be brought to the octahedral state, although he was not able to do it. There was a slight portion of magnesia, but that, he thought, might be entirely accidental. Dr. Thomson asked, whether the mineral assumed any regular form when dissolved in water? Dr. Apjohn said he had not been able to observe any alteration. Mr. Campbell said there were two reasons why the mineral should not be called alum,—because it contained no alkali, and could not be used for the purpose of dyeing. Mr. Brett wished to know whether Dr. Apjohn had noted the quantity of water of crystallisation possessed by the mineral? Dr. Apjohn stated it to be between 25 and 26 atoms. According to chemists, the known descriptions of alum contained the same quantity.

Dr. Apjohn then proceeded to lay before the meeting another communication, relative to a new 'Compound of Iodide of Potassium—Iodine and Cinnamile,' which had been accidentally obtained at Dublin, in the course of the year. The solution in which it was found contained iodide of potassium and cinnamon water. When the prescription was made up, the mixture was very much clouded; but in a few days the solution was perfectly clear, and a crystalline sediment was at the bottom, of a beautiful bronze colour. This sediment was soluble in alcohol and ether; hot water decomposed it, precipitating the iodine. The action of heat upon it was particular. It was so volatile that

it could not fuse it unless when the temperature of the atmosphere is in 32°. It melts at 68° to 70°. If you urge the heat, the substance is decomposed, and the iodine evaporates, leaving a deposit behind it, which was iodide of potassium. The best mode of producing the compound was by taking ten grains of iodine, half an ounce of iodide of potassium, and a quart of cinnamon water. Dissolve the iodide of potassium in a minimum of water, and pour the solution into the cinnamon water, which then becomes turbid. A sort of brown powder shortly is deposited at the bottom, and the chloridine of the mother liquor disappears, which latter is found to be entirely divested of every trace of the oil of cinnamon. When the compound is brought into contact with the quicksilver, it is completely deprived of the iodine, which goes over to the mercury. This is important, because cinnamine is probably left free—probably forms cinnamic acid, in combination with the potassium. These experiments had, however, not been brought to a close. He had attempted to burn it, but had not succeeded. He had, however, arrived at some results with regard to its composition, the substance being, according to his belief, composed of latom of iodide of potassium to 3.95 of iodine, or nearly 4. The number of atoms of cinnamine were 5.6. There was no doubt that cinnamine could be extracted in this manner, and it was the first combination of a negative element with a metallic base. Dr. Kane threw considerable doubts upon the results of the compound, and thought that before it was positively asserted that a negative element would combine with a metallic base, a little more confirmation would be required.

Professor Graham then read a paper 'On the Construction of Salts, particularly those containing Ammonia.' He contended that water formed the base of most of the salts, designating the salts as oxalates of water, &c., and was satisfied that where ammonia and water replaced each other, it was in atomic proportions. It was supposed that an atom of water might be replaced by half an atom of ammonia and half an atom of metal, but this was not the case: ammonia was merely a basic adjunct.

Considerable discussion arose on this paper, in which Mr. Richard Phillips, Mr. Golding Bird, Dr. Kane, Mr. Faraday, and Professor Johnstone, joined; the three first appearing to think that the Professor had unnecessarily altered the chemical nomenclature, and that the salts had other than water bases. Professors Faraday and Johnstone inclined to Professor Graham's views on the subject.

Dr. Clarke, of Aberdeen, read a paper 'On the Simplification of the Calculations relative to Gases,' in order that teachers might the better be able to explain the constitution of mixed gases, and pupils to understand them. Taking the atomic relations of gases as generally used in this district, viz. oxygen 8, hydrogen 1, and the bulk of 8 troy grains of oxygen being 23.4.10 cubic inches, hydrogen will occupy 46.8.10 cubic inches, being double that of oxygen. If we take azote on this atomic scale, it will be 14, and carbonic acid 22; the bulk of 14 grains of azote is 46.8.10 inches; 22 grains of carbonic acid will likewise occupy 46.8.10 inches. He described the use of the term volume, as it was so vague a term that a pupil could not comprehend it easily. A very great facility arose from the employment of simple quantities. Take, for instance, the metal zinc; it is quite obvious that one atom of zinc, when immersed in sulphuric acid, will give off one atom of hydrogen; and if we want to know how much

hydrogen will be given off by any thing, the mode is this: as 32 (the atomic weight of the zinc) is to 14, so is 46.8.10 to the required quantity. It is quite obvious that thus we get at the bulk at once, applying, of course, the usual corrections for the state of the thermometer and barometer.

Mr. Mallet laid before the meeting some specimens of crystallised copper found in the mine of Cronebawn, in the county of Wicklow, upon which subject he read a paper. Besides finding lodes of copper, the water at the bottom of the mine deposited crystals upon timber, which were found to be metallic copper. The question was, how the metallic crystals were formed in the water? The galvanometer was considerably deflected in the mine.

A letter was read from Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, in which he stated that he had succeeded in melting platinum in masses by means of his oxyhydrogen blowpipe.

#### SECTION C.—List of Subjects.

1. Mr. J. Henwood—On the "Heaves" of some Metalliferous Veins in Cornwall.
2. Rev. D. Williams—On Plants in Greywacke, in Devon.
3. Mr. W. L. Crook—Unity of Coal Formation in England and Wales.
4. John Ham—On the Quantity of Mud in the Tidal Waters of Severn, Usk, and Avon.
5. Mr. J. Rivers—Temperature of Subterranean Rivers.
6. Professor Sedgwick—IncurSION of the Sea into the Collieries at Workington.

Mr. Henwood read a paper 'On the Heaves of some Metalliferous Veins in Cornwall,' in which it was shewn, that at Dolcoath mine a cross-course dislocates two lodes, heaving them both to the right, and one part of one of them from the slate into an *elvan-course*, whilst the *elvan* is simply intersected, but is not at all dislocated. At but a very short distance the same cross-course is heaved by a lode. In Huel Prudence mine, an *elvan-course* and a lode, both dipping north, and a second lode dipping south, are all heaved right by the same cross-course; whilst the vein dipping north traverses and dislocates (throwing the lower part upward) of the lode underlying south. He imagined that a subsidence of the *elvan* and the two lodes on one side of the cross-course in Dolcoath, would explain their present positions approximately; but the *heave* of the cross-course by the other lode, remained unexplained on the theory. According to the hypothesis, also, one of the lodes in Huel Prudence should be heaved right and the other left; but both are, in fact, heaved the same way, and there is still unsatisfied, the throw of one vein by the other. These facts Mr. Henwood thought inconsistent with the theory of mechanical disturbance, and he was disposed to imagine them contemporaneous with the veins themselves. Some cases, however, he thought might possibly be mechanical; but whatever the origin of the phenomena, their solution was of vital consequence to the miner, as the accurately understanding their laws would prevent useless and unprofitable outlay, which, at present, is too frequently incurred from not knowing where to find the severed portions of a dislocated vein. He concluded by stating that Cornwall offered an extensive field for the verification of any theory of veins, and that the *practical miners* of that county entertained the opinions which he had advanced. Upon this an interesting discussion ensued.

Mr. Hopkins said that there could be but few worse places for observing the phenomena of the intersections of veins than in Cornwall, for the angles at which they met, and which, for theoretical purposes, must be most accurately determined, could seldom or never be accomplished in that district. The positions



directions of the veins in Cornwall, he thought accurately coincided with the of the mechanical theory, which that veins must have been originally (not however open ones), and in these instances of the lodes were deposited. The contemporaneous theory, if it deserved the name, was an inconceivable process, for it would not account for the occurrence of the substances now found in lodes, which the hypothesis of fissures permitted the accumulation of by infiltration, and by divers other means. The mineral matter of veins continually occurred in determinate planes, and in no irregular masses. He thought the mechanical theory would readily solve every case of dislocation in Cornwall.

Mr. De la Beche said, that excepting in "a few unhappy cases," which his friend Mr. Henwood had selected, the mechanical theory was strictly applicable. Wherever dissimilar rocks occurred near the veins, motion could most indubitably be proved to have taken place; many, indeed most, of the veins of Cornwall, were "faults;" for example, in Dolcoath, Harriette's lode was incontestably a "fault." Indeed, incontrovertible geological evidence, for instance, the occurrence of organic remains in some of the slates, shewed the physical impossibility that the veins could have been contemporaneous. He would go so far as to say, *he could solve every case of a heave found in Cornwall, even to the small strings of tin ore and schist in Carolaxe mine, of every one of which he could prove the mechanical origin.*

Professor Phillips said that Mr. Henwood had before submitted these curious intersections to him, and he had calculated their displacements according to the mechanical theory, and he thought that he could explain them all, excepting the case at Dolcoath, where the lode heaved the cross-course; and here, perhaps, this lode was of more recent origin than the others, and the throw of one vein by the other at Huel Prudence: this last, indeed, he did not think the theory could explain. The contemporaneous theory literally taken, he did not think could stand; but still there were cases which the other theory could not explain; and surely no one would say that it was perfect, whilst it left one single condition unsatisfied. The jointed structure of rocks, and the approximation to conformity between the directions of the veins and joints, had unquestionably a great influence on the question under consideration. So far, however, he had no doubt that he and Mr. Henwood agreed, that wherever the jointed structure originated, he thought the consolidation of the rocks in that form, and of the veins in them, was simultaneous, and the difference between them, he thought, more in word than in reality. The case submitted was one of the greatest importance. Practical men applied to scientific men for assistance in the due direction of their labours, and surely their request should have immediate and most considerate attention.

Mr. John Taylor, junior, described many interesting features of metalliferous formations in Flintshire, in Clare, and in Carolina. In Coniston mine, he said, the mere joints in the rock shifted the vein, and Mr. Hopkins, he supposed, would call these cases of unquestionable mechanical disturbance. If the eminent men who had spoken so certainly of being able to point inevitably to the dislocated portions of lodes, they would confer a favour of no ordinary value on the miner, whose time and money were too often wasted in "driving" in a wrong direction in pursuit of a "heaved" vein.

Professor Sedgwick said, Mr. Henwood has here laid before the Section but a very few of the numerous important results he had obtained during the years and years in which he had been digging, delving, climbing up, down, to and fro, sometimes in mud on hands and knees, and, in the most tedious manner imaginable, had travelled fathoms by hundreds and thousands; miles, ay, *not less than two thousand miles underground.* Such results, obtained with such labour and trouble, could not be too highly valued. He could neither agree with Mr. Henwood, in considering all veins contemporaneous, nor could he go with his friends, Mr. Hopkins and Mr. De la Beche, making every thing mechanical. He was nearer to Professor Phillips, and indeed thought that they and Mr. Henwood were more nearly agreed in fact than appeared in word. He thought contemporaneous consolidation, or solidification, would suit both parties, and then he thought there was little difference left to be explained. Many of the veins had incontestably been formed, or got together, whilst both they and the rocks were unconsolidated: these solidified together, and thus gave a contemporaneity to their present form, although it by no means followed that they had all in a moment assumed this condition. Ages and ages might pass, and doubtless had passed, in the interval. He thought their best thanks should be given to the author of the communication.

Mr. Henwood rose to reply; but the President (Professor Sedgwick) stopped him, and called for the next paper.

Dr. W. H. Crook 'On the Unity of the Coal Deposits of England and Wales.' The object of this communication was to shew that the coal-fields of England and Wales were not distinct basins, but that the supposed basins were merely portions, which had been detached and elevated by the agency of siltic and trap rocks of a much larger deposit, spread over the districts now covered by rocks of the new red sandstone series. Dr. C. conceived that this view may be extended to the coal of Belgium, of the North of France, and the North-West of Germany; the carboniferous beds of those countries, as well in our own, having originated, in his opinion, in a drift of vegetable substances from countries lying to the East and E.S.E. of them; and he also stated, that the richness and extent of the English coal-fields, especially those of the midland counties, arose, in a considerable degree, from the impediments offered to the transit of the drifted matter by the slate and other ancient formations of Wales and Cumberland. The President, in presenting the thanks of the Section for the communication, stated, that there was much probability in these views in respect to England; but he was very doubtful whether they would apply to the coal-basins of Wales.

Mr. Sedgwick now addressed the meeting, and drew a vivid picture of the irruption of the sea into the colliery at Workington. His account of the escape of a miner of the name of Brenner, who scaled 3000 yards, and burnt out three candles in effecting this miraculous retreat, had so potent an effect on his audience, that a voluntary contribution was raised for him, and a subscription of 34l. 4s. collected on the spot.

Mr. Ham next read an able paper 'On the Quantity of Mud in the Tidal Waters of the Severn,' &c.

Before vacating the chair, Professor Sedgwick thanked the ladies and gentlemen present for their kind donations in support of his Irish friend, the miner.

## SECTION D.—List of Subjects.

1. Dr. D. Williams—Notice of a Species of *Liman* voided by a Patient.
2. Mr. Bellingham—On the frequent occurrence of *Puitchcephalus dispar* in the Human Intestines.
3. Dr. Daubeny's Report on the Cultivation of Plants under Glass, and without Ventilation.
4. Mr. R. B. Ward's Report on the same.
5. Mr. Pooley—Case of a Bird remaining torpid under water.
6. Mr. Gould—Exhibition of Drawings of new Birds from Australia.
7. Mr. E. Forbes—On some rare forms of British Birds and Animals.
8. Mr. J. Smith—On some undescribed Shells.

The first two papers need only be alluded to; Dr. Daubeny's and Mr. Ward's reports on the cultivation of plants, we have sufficiently anticipated; as we have also Mr. Pooley's story of the swallow incrustated in ice. Mr. Gould's drawings were, like all his other productions, superb, and the novelty of some of the subjects added greatly to the interest of the exhibition. The other papers were short, and without the specimens, *ir-reportable*.

## SECTION E.—List of Subjects.

1. Dr. J. Macintosh—Demonstrations and Exhibitions of Morbid Preparations of Dysmenorrhoea.
2. Sir James Murray—Upon Urinary Salts.
3. Dr. J. G. Simpson—Cases illustrative of the occasional Propagation of Malignant Cholera, &c.
4. Dr. W. H. Madden—Experiments on the Connection between Nerves and Muscles—communicated by Professor Alison.
5. Dr. G. C. Holland—Inquiry into the Influence of the Pain of the Heart, and other Organs, in health and disease.
6. Dr. Hugh Carlisle—On a Malformation of the Cerebellum of an Infant.

The first of these was a very important medical exposition, and will, we trust, be given to the public in a proper channel. The other communications were also of a valuable character, though the details are not quite calculated for popular reading. In the conclusion

A paper was read by the Secretary from Dr. Hancock, of London, 'On Leprosy.' Dr. Macintosh said it was hardly a paper for the British Association. It was too lengthened, too controversial, and too prosy. The Association wanted experiments and facts, and not a history of cures, and a controversial discussion. This was more a paper for a magazine. They wanted information as to improvements in medicine. The President said these observations applied more to the committee who had admitted the paper. But, as the author was absent, it would be better if Dr. Macintosh confined himself to a medical view of the subject. Papers should be as much as possible on the fundamental principles of medicine, and relate to controversial facts, or detail cures. They should carefully exclude any thing which would tend to make their Section a puffing Section. Dr. Macintosh said something really ought to be done in order to keep up their character as a part of the Association. The descriptions of disease in the paper were very good.

[We take this opportunity to remark on the very great importance of the matter here alluded to. The sectional committees are either ill-constituted, or they often leave their duties to be performed at random. Many papers were brought forward in every department of science, so *puerile* and *aged*, that they ought never to have been seen by the Association. This also led to some disagreeable scenes, in which individuals, presenting themselves under the sanction of committees, were abruptly checked and put down by the presidents, as unworthy to be heard, in the face of the assembled sections. Surely, a more careful previous examination of the papers offered is possible; and as surely the members of the committees must be competent to decide whether they are worthy of publicity, or such trash as too frequently finds its way into these pro-

ceedings, occupying time that might be much better employed, and throwing a slur over the general transactions.]

SECTION F.—Lord SANDON in the Chair.

Mr. Gregg read a report on the condition of the working classes in Manchester, Salford, Bury, Duckinfield, Staly-bridge, and Ashton. The result of the inquiry was, that a population of 322,800 persons of the working classes had been visited, from house to house, during a period of seventeen months, in the years 1835-6, at an expense of 175*l*. The estimated population of the different places at the time of the inquiry was—Manchester, 200,000; Salford, 55,000; Bury, 20,000; Ashton, 22,000; Staly-bridge, 17,200; and Duckinfield, 8600. The number of houses and dwellings examined were—in Manchester, 28,186; Salford, 9538; Bury, 2755; Duckinfield, 1690; Staly-bridge, 3313; Ashton, 3835. Of these there were:—

	Man- chester.	Salford.	Duckin- field.	Staly- bridge.	Ashton.	Bury.
Houses .....	21,453	7584	1434	2547	3149	3641
Single Rooms .....	3,162	1108	224	670	637	46
Cellars .....	3,571	846	32	56	59	68
Licence Victu. ....	..	..	7	29	69	117
Beer-houses ..	..	..	25	50	89	..

The houses were also classified, as well-furnished (chairs, tables, a clock, chest of drawers, &c.); not well-furnished; comfortable, and uncomfortable. Tables of the average rents, of the number of persons in each family, their occupations, creeds, country, &c., were given; but these were so exceedingly voluminous, and extended to such minute particulars, that we cannot pretend to give even an abstract. The following extracts will perhaps suffice:—

	Man.	Salf.	Bury.	Duc.	St.B.	Asht.
No. of persons inhabiting houses .....	94,250	31,693	..	6886	19,345	14,604
Ditto rooms .....	9,351	3,132	..	224	670	637
Ditto boarding .....	9,671	3,551	..	..	..	..
Ditto cellars .....	14,794	3,310	..	32	56	59
Do. who can read .....	60,185	21,853	..	..	..	..
or write .....	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ditto read & write .....	..	3009	2380	4,494	4,723	..
Ditto read only .....	..	4579	2112	4,188	4,834	..

Persons belonging to the Church of England:—  
Heads of Families 14,517 5,525 1924 415 789 1,517  
Lodgers, &c. .... 4,730 1,638 215 94 85 213

Protestant Dissenters:—  
Heads of Families 7,240 1,963 893 545 917 634  
Lodgers ..... 2,146 | 442 | 72 | 99 | 169 | 139 |

Roman Catholics:—  
Heads of Families 4,569 695 105 50 455 399  
Lodgers ..... 1,712 | 260 | 34 | 46 | 436 | 290 |

Jews:—  
Heads of Families 26 5 .. ..  
Lodgers ..... 16 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. |

No religious profession:—  
Heads of Families 1,834 1,350 79 680 1174 1295  
Lodgers ..... 967 | 330 | 41 | 269 | 588 | 584 |

Average number of each family was rather more than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in the four latter boroughs, and in many there were three, four, five, and, in some instances, six persons to each bed. The houses examined were all under 25*l*. a-year. From these tables it appeared that the number of persons living in cellars in Manchester was  $11\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the whole population; in Salford, 8 per cent. At the suggestion of Mr. Gregg,

Mr. Langton, of Manchester, read a statement respecting Liverpool; from which it appeared, that in the parish, or old borough, there were 6506 cellars, 1964 courts, and 25,732 dwelling-houses, for a population of 190,000: in the outskirts, 6364 houses, 987 cellars, and 307 courts; population, 40,000. Few of the courts possess any outlets, and of the cellars, the greater proportion are dark, damp, and without ventilation. The average was four persons to each cellar, giving a total of 30,000 occupants of cellars out of a population of 230,000; and it was estimated that two-thirds of the population belonged to the working classes.

Mr. Gregg stated, that in Manchester 64 per cent belonged to the working population; in Salford, 74 per cent; in Bury, 71 per cent; in Duckinfield, 94 per cent; in Staly-bridge, 90 per cent; and in Ashton, 81 per cent. He concluded by expressing a hope that this sort of inquiry should be extended throughout the country, as nothing for the permanent improvement of the condition of the poor could be done without it.

Mr. Wyse expressed a similar hope, and concluded by moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Gregg, which was seconded by Mr. Falkner, and carried unanimously.

A very long and animated discussion ensued. The first point on which a question was raised, was the number of persons set down as making no religious profession, Mr. Adam Hodgson and Mr. Rathbone both doubting its accuracy. From the explanations given, it appeared that most of the persons so classified had not described themselves as having no religion, but had declined giving any answers to the agents on that point.

Dr. Carpenter ascribed the superior condition of the working classes in Birmingham to the fact that they had proper dwelling-houses—no inhabited cellars, and no courts of the description mentioned as existing in Liverpool.

Colonel Sykes thought it exceedingly desirable that tables of the comparative mortality in cellars should be prepared. In Birmingham, the rate of mortality was one in fifty-five; in Liverpool, it was considerably more: and this might arise from there being inhabited cellars in the one place and none in the other.

Mr. H. Ashworth stated, that the condition of the working population in the neighbourhood of Bolton had been considerably improved, in consequence of houses of a better sort having been erected for their accommodation. So great was the desire to obtain houses of this sort, that, whenever one fell vacant, there were twenty applications for it.

Mr. Wood mentioned a plan adopted by a factory owner of his, in the neighbourhood of Bolton, with the best effects. It was this:—The gentleman built houses for his workmen, who agreed that a certain sum should be stopped out of their earnings; and thus, ultimately, the houses became their own property.

Mr. Ashton, of Hyde, stated that he had built three hundred houses for his workpeople, calculated for their proper accommodation, on something like the same plan. The result was, that the people formed local attachments, and, during a period of thirty-seven years, they had only one turn-out of a week's duration. The cost of the deed of conveyance, which was ordinarily 50*l*. on a house not worth more than that sum, was mentioned as an objection to this plan; and the hardship was represented as the greater, inasmuch as property of another description might be transferred, to the value of 1000*l*., by simple endorsement, without any cost whatever. Several gentlemen, amongst whom was Mr. Slaney, strongly urged the necessity of legislative interference.

Mr. Shuttleworth stated, that the agent for the Duke of Norfolk's property at Glossop-dale had informed him, that the houses were almost entirely occupied by operatives, who were the owners of their own dwellings. The agent had also stated, that the facilities in this respect had not only greatly improved the moral and intellectual character of the community, but also been the most efficient means to increase the value of the property that could be adopted.

Mr. Ashworth mentioned a singular fact, in corroboration of these views. Several years

ago, a fire broke out in a mill belonging to Mr. Kirkman Finlay, in Ayrshire. It was put out by the zealous exertions of the people employed at the mill, who had comfortable dwellings in the immediate neighbourhood. Trusting to this local attachment, Mr. Finlay had since discontinued the insurance of his mill.

Mr. Simpson thought the habitation of cellars a proper subject for legislative interference, as a matter of medical police. These cellars were generally the very hot-beds of infection and disease. He had been informed that the cellars were generally very damp, and that in one instance, where a man was lying ill of typhus fever, the water had to be baled out of the cellar before the doctor could enter.

Mr. John Finch stated that he had visited cellars in Liverpool which contained from twelve to seventeen inhabitants each. He stated that, at the last Kirkdale sessions, out of fifty-nine persons for trial, only two could read; and he contended, that ignorance was the great cause of crime, and drunkenness of ignorance.

Mr. Slaney, M.P. stated, that in some districts building clubs were established, the members contributing funds to raise houses, and, when erected, casting lots for the possession and occupation.

Mr. Birmingham, agent for the estates of Lord Clonbrock, in the county Galway, stated that houses comparatively comfortable had been provided for most of the tenants, at an expense of 5*l*. each to the landlord, and 10*l*. to the tenant. The mere furnishing of windows alone, by letting in light and air, promoted health and comfort, and produced habits of cleanliness, as the sight of the dirt generally produced a wish to remove it.

Mr. Wyse thought that a taste for proper dwellings would soon be introduced amongst the working classes, and that a course of industrial education, such as that pursued at Mr. Fellenberg's school, in Switzerland, would greatly promote the object in view.

Mr. John Smith thought that nothing could be of greater importance than to give the poor man a motive to be the holder of his own dwelling—a motive to be a little house-proud. This would greatly advance the cause of temperance, and improve both the moral and physical condition of the lower classes. He begged to call the attention of the Section to the neglect of humble domestic architecture, and recommended that means should be taken to devise a plan for obtaining the greatest possible amount of comfort and accommodation for a given sum. He had known the most lamentable effects to result from the want of proper divisions in houses; and also instances in which houses, containing all necessary accommodations had been built for the same sum as others which contained no proper accommodations whatever.

Mr. Slaney then read a long and valuable paper on the condition of the poor in large towns, founded on parliamentary returns and other official documents. From the amount of taxes on various articles in use by the rich and middling classes, which he enumerated, he concluded, that, within the last fifty years, a very great improvement had taken place in the condition of these classes, and also that considerable improvements had been effected in the condition of the agricultural population, in the twenty-six counties in which allowances had been made out of the poor-rates. He had returns from twelve of these counties, shewing that a reduction of 41 per cent had been effected in the rates, whilst, at the same time, the

condition of the peasantry had been most materially improved. He divided the working population of large towns into two classes, the skilled and unskilled artificer. The latter part of the population had increased in a most surprising manner as compared with the rest. Within a period of ten years, according to the returns of 1831, the increase in the whole kingdom was 16 per cent; in London, 20 per cent; and in Manchester, 47 per cent; in Glasgow, 38 per cent; Birmingham, 33 per cent; Leeds, 47 per cent; Liverpool, 44 per cent; being nearly 42 per cent on the five principal towns, or three times the increase in the whole kingdom, and four times that of many of the agricultural districts. He then read various returns as to the number of persons charged with offences, and committed in England and Wales, at various periods; shewing that, whilst the population had only increased 18 or 19 per cent in twelve years, crime had increased in the proportion of 90 per cent, or five times the rate of increase in the population. In 1835, the number of persons charged with offences was, in England and Wales, one in 619; in Bristol, one in 290; in Middlesex, one in 336; in Lancashire, one in 481; in Cheshire, one in 492; in Anglesey, one in 8000. The quantity of ardent spirits consumed in the United Kingdom, in the year 1817, was 9,200,000 gallons; in 1827, 18,200,000; in 1836, 26,745,000 gallons. In other words, whilst the population had only increased 33 per cent in twenty years, the consumption of ardent spirits had been trebled within the same period. Ardent spirits were consumed principally, if not entirely, by the inhabitants of the densely populated towns. The increase was, therefore, of a most alarming nature. Taking the whole kingdom, the proportion of spirits consumed was, in 1820, one gallon to each inhabitant annually; in 1833, one gallon and a half. This was referable to the whole kingdom; but, when it was considered that the drinking population was condensed in the large towns, the increase was, indeed, alarming. From all these facts, Mr. Slaney inferred the absolute necessity of doing something towards the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and improving their character.

Mr. Felkins, of Nottingham, also read a long and valuable paper respecting the condition of persons employed in the lace and hosiery trades in that town; of whom 4407 were thrown out of employment during the late commercial crisis. One most important fact detailed in the report was, that, out of 1043 persons who had never received parochial relief, and whose circumstances had been particularly inquired into, only one in four belonged to any benefit society. The inference drawn by Mr. Felkins was, that no increase in the rate of wages would permanently benefit the working classes, unless the proper appropriation as well as the rate of wages were attended to.

Several gentlemen spoke highly of the value of this paper, and suggested that it ought to be published for general circulation amongst the working classes. It was observed, that this might readily be accomplished by subscription; and, before the meeting broke up, it was announced that one thousand copies had been subscribed for.

Mr. Langton stated, that in Manchester large sums had been drawn out of the Savings' Banks during the late pressure,—a convincing proof that those institutions had answered; whilst a great majority of the Friendly Societies did not come within the rules prescribed by act of parliament, and were, in fact, mere

impositions on the working classes; many of them, by their regulations, expressly contemplating bankruptcy.

#### SECTION G.—List of Subjects.

1. Mr. West—Ventilation of Tunnels.
2. Mr. Musket—On Iron for Railways.
3. Mr. Willis—On the Teeth of Wheels.
4. Mr. Currie—On Safety Railways.
5. Dr. Lardner—On Steam Navigation.

Mr. Russell commenced the proceedings with further observations 'On Tide-Waves, &c. in rivers.' Having once determined that the tidal wave was propagated according to the laws which regulate the propagation of other waves, it was in our power to modify the propagation of the tidal wave in rivers, so as to make it conduce to the better navigation of those rivers. The tide might be made to reach an inland port earlier; it might be made to extend to a much greater length towards the source of a river; it might be brought in in a larger volume, and retained for a longer period in the channel. These were effects of the highest commercial value, and of great importance to the welfare of the community, and he should now describe the means by which they were to be accomplished.

Mr. West read the paper 'On the Ventilation of Tunnels.' Mr. West had, it appears, made a series of experiments within the tunnel at the terminus of the Leeds and Selby Railway. The result of these experiments is an opinion, that when a number of shafts are carried down into a tunnel, the current of air escapes up the first of them; and that, even on days when there is no perceptible motion in the atmosphere, there is decidedly a current of air through tunnels, quite from the end into which this slight draught is directed.

Mr. Marshall gave the result of his experiments on railway iron. He described the several methods of refining and puddling iron now in use. His experiments had been directed to the ascertainment of the best method of preparing iron so as to resist the vibratory action on railroads, which causes the iron to exfoliate and lathinate. He gave it as his opinion, that crystallised iron was improper; and that the iron used in railways should contain as great a quantity of fibre as possible. With this view he recommended the use of iron manufactured immediately from the pig-iron by rolling. Various specimens were produced, which were to be laid in the model-room for examination.

Mr. Willis communicated 'A New Mode of adapting the Teeth of Wheels, so as to cause Wheels of various Diameters to work truly.'

Mr. Currie made some remarks on a safety railway. His plan seemed to be to carry the rails over unequal surfaces on wooden platforms, instead of by embankments; but Dr. Robinson, the chairman, would not permit him to finish his explanations.

Dr. Lardner resumed his discourse 'On Steam Navigation to India and to the United States,' as noticed in our report of yesterday.

The ordinary was again excellently provided, Lord Sandon in the chair, who did its duty in a most agreeable style. Several entertaining addresses introduced the toasts; and M. de la Rive delivered a very eloquent tribute of thanks and compliments in return for the health of the distinguished foreigners present.

Mr. Snow Harris, at the Amphitheatre, delivered a most appropriate and striking lecture on the effects of lightning on shipping. It was greatly applauded.

#### MONDAY.—SECTION A.

Sir David Brewster gave an 'Account of a new Property of Light.' In this extempore

communication, the author shewed that, when light, separated into its elements by refraction, was made to interfere and produce fringes by the retardation of a part of the pencil, the interference took place only when the least refrangible side of the retarded ray was next the most refrangible side of the direct ray. When the most refrangible side of the retarded ray was next the least refrangible side of the direct ray no interference took place. Various other phenomena, connected with this remarkable phenomenon, were described by the author; all of which tended to shew that they could only have their origin in a new property of light decomposed by refraction.

Mr. Whewell made some observations upon this communication, as if he conceived that the leading phenomenon could be explained by the doctrine of interference; but, in consequence of Sir David Brewster pointing out his misconception of the experiment, he withdrew his observations. Professor Steeley and Professor Lloyd regarded the new facts as inexplicable by the undulatory theory.

Sir David Brewster's paper 'On the Cause of the Structure developed in the Crystalline Lens by the Absorption of Distilled Water.' At the meeting of the Association at Bristol, the author had communicated an account of certain remarkable changes in the doubly refracting structure of the crystalline lens, which take place when it is immersed in distilled water. The lens expands by the absorption of the water, and the various structures of the lens are not only modified, but a new negative structure springs up in the dark neutral line between two positive structures. It seemed very strange that the mere absorption of water should create a new structure in a dead crystalline lens; but the author found that all the phenomena were owing to the production of a negative doubly refracting structure in each side of the capsule of the lens, in consequence of its being expanded by the absorbed water. This negative structure, of course, appeared in the dark neutral line unmodified, while it diminished the positive doubly refracting structure of the lens. The author proved, by direct experiment, that the extension of each face of the capsule was capable of producing a negative tint, equal in value to that developed in the experiments; and he shewed, how to produce the whole of the phenomena by combining the negative tints of a piece of circular glass with the crystalline lens. The author also pointed out to the Section, how these experiments led to a rational mode of curing cataract or opacity of the lens, whether it is the soft or the hard one.

Captain Denham exhibited to the Section an improvement in lighthouses. It consisted in using a coloured glass chimney for the Argand burner, in place of a large sheet of coloured glass placed on the mouth of the reflector. This contrivance seems to have been submitted to Mr. Faraday (as scientific adviser to the Trinity Board), who had pronounced an unfavourable opinion of it. Captain Denham's object in submitting it to the Section, seems to have been to obtain a more favourable judgment. Mr. Faraday stated very briefly to the meeting the objection which he had to the contrivance.

Sir David Brewster expressed his entire concurrence in the opinion of Mr. Faraday, and stated several additional objections to Captain Denham's contrivance. He remarked that, if the chimney of coloured glass should break, an accident to which it was peculiarly liable, from being close to the burner, the distinctive character of the light would be lost, and life and

property exposed to danger. In the experiment exhibited to the meeting, the red coloured glass chimney obviously gave a brighter light than when the mouth of the reflector was covered with a plate of red coloured glass, but Sir David Brewster shewed that the experiment was fallacious unless the chimney and the large plate were made of the very same glass, for if this was not done it was easy for the experimenter to throw the balance in favour of either one or other contrivance. When the large plate is used, the light is transmitted through it almost perpendicularly; whereas in the case of the red glass chimney, the light falls upon its inner surface at great obliquities, so that a great deal of it is thrown up the chimney by reflection, or utterly lost. Sir David Brewster called the attention of the Section to the fact that different red glasses absorbed different parts of the spectrum, some absorbing the orange, and others certain portions of the red space, and shewed that it requires a thorough knowledge of the absorptive action of different media upon light, to be able to select the proper coloured glass as the most suitable media for giving a distinctive character to our lighthouses. A person who did not possess this knowledge might use coloured glass which absorbed the most luminous and effective rays, and render it necessary to use twice or even thrice the number of red lights in order to give them the same range as the white ones. He states, also, that the atmosphere absorbs certain parts of the spectrum, and rendered white light red; and maintained that the best red glass for distinguishing lights, is that which derives its redness from absorbing the same rays as the atmosphere does, because its light being that which the atmosphere absorbs the least, will pass through it with the least loss. On the other hand, if we could put a glass which transmits only those rays which the atmosphere absorbs, all its red light would be obstructed by passing through the atmosphere.

## SECTION C.

Captain H. M. Denham, R.N., Resident Marine Surveyor at the port of Liverpool, read a report, illustrated by plans, diagrams, and sections, and elucidated by verbal argument, 'On the Vertical and Horizontal Capacity of the Mersey'; shewing the quantity of insoluble matter in suspension during each flood and ebb, with the predominant portion on the ebb, and consequent deposit in the bay of Liverpool; and shewing the curious coincidence of matter detected in transit, and measured at its lodgment. The trigonometrical plan embraced the two great estuaries, Mersey and Dee, with all the sands and channels in Liverpool, ranging over 105 square miles; i.e. as far out as where the cross set of the Irish Channel limits the deposit or under-shelf of the banks. The diagram and section shewed the relative levels of high and low-water springs and heaps, the constant level applicable to both tides, the half-tide level, and the inclined plane of high-water surface between the head of the tidal water and at the embouchure. The several differences of high-water times every five miles from seaward, its hourly velocity, its whole transit and differences in vertical range, were minutely marked and explained; whilst the plan as minutely delineated the areas of each contracting or expanding section of the estuary. Thus, the Mersey, between its orifice at the Rock Lighthouse and Warrington Bridge, presents an area of 113,171,200 square yards, containing, at the full and change of the moon, 779,174,880, and, at her quarter-

ing, 292,653,200; or the average quantum of 535,914,040 cubic yards of tidal water, which circulates to and fro four times every 24 hours, the flood occupying 5<sup>h</sup> 20<sup>m</sup> in rushing through the straits (or neck of the bottle which the entrance straits is to the expansive space within), at a maximum rate of 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour, equal to 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  transitu; the ebb occupying 6<sup>h</sup> 30<sup>m</sup> in disgorging itself, and the freshes, at a maximum rate of 7 miles per hour, equal to 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  transitu; the greatest impetus of flood attained at 3 hours' flow; that of the ebb at 2 hours' egress. The various courses of these tides were distinctly delineated, exhibiting at one view the points of deflexion, consequent eddies and deposit, and the channels created by incidence and reflection of its set. Had Captain Denham's communication been confined to the results of such close and elaborate observations on so formidable a column of tidal action as 32 feet affords, it would have been a valuable treat to the Association; but he proceeded to shew how possible it is to detect the amount of silt, &c. held in solution during each tidal journey. He presented for inspection his simple and effective "valve-bucket," which enables him to bring up a sample of the rushing water at any given depth from the surface, without its mixing with any of the intermediate water. And by extensive series of such at every half-hour, flood and ebb, and at depths from 6 to 30 feet below the surface, each series being carefully analysed, so as to produce not only the quantity but the quality, or component part of sediment, amounting to 29 cubic inches on the flood, and 33 inches on the ebb, in every cubic yard of tidal water,—equal to 330,989 cubic yards on each flood, and 379,054 upon each ebb, evincing a preponderance of matter, and left in the bay, upon each ebb, equal to 48,065. A diurnal deposit, that, in tidal rotation of 730 refluxes, amounts to the vast bulk of 35,087,450 cubic yards, which, if equally disseminated over the first ebb-range (64 square miles), would produce an annual layer of 21 inches thick. It, however, is not wholly detained over the first region; for the succeeding ebb sweeps one-third off before it adheres over the secondary range of 41 square miles, in the water of which a proportion of one-third is found suspended; and, as that which adheres as a substratum in the primary region, diminishes one half in bulk under consolidation, the actual bulk measurable is 11,695,817 cubic yards annually,—equal to a layer, if equally spread, of 7 inches. But it is not equally disposed of; certain knovls, margins, and spits of the banks are fed, and these intercepting protuberances elongate after attaining a certain height, thus forming fresh underlays for succeeding banks; and hence the sportive disposition of the channels; an instance of which was remarkably evidenced on the author's developement of the new channel, it being found at right angles to the natural and actual course of tide; which course had been so impeded towards the last part of ebb, by the deposit of matter where the first impetus became slackened, that the vast column, not having power, as it were, to leap the growing banks, turned short off through the most pervious part of the bank, hitherto forming a lateral margin to the main channel, but actually secured, between 1822 and 1832, a new channel of 22 feet depth, of half a mile wide, and one mile long, through sands which, in the interim, had been above water. It is to watching changes that may alike interrupt as facilitate the avenues to this vast commercial port, that Captain

Denham's attention is devoted. This is what we call, in a naval officer, being essentially useful in peace as well as war. How far he blends practical results with scientific research and arrangement, will be manifest in the satisfactory coincidence of results which no longer allows the analysis of passing streams to be hypothetical; for, whilst he shewed in detail that the cubical accumulation and increase of the banks in Liverpool Bay, in the last 14 years, amounted to 160,170,988 yards, he proves the matter detected in transit to be, in the same interval, 151,741,438, leaving 8,429,558 cubic yards as the undetectable portion resulting from the chance deposits of rubbish, unusual freshes, and what the Helbre Smack branch of the Dee sends forth into the Mersey range of the bay, but not through its embouchure. Thus may embouchure observations of every river anticipate the amount of matter transferred from inland valleys to the maritime avenues; but how it is actually disposed of, remains for the marine surveyor to ascertain and portray; and Captain Denham has so mapped it, and arranged his 17 shore and floating lights, landmarks, and beacons, with 58 buoys, that, out of 29,000 vessels entering the port in the last two years, but 19 got into difficulties. And such is the navigable facility now, compared with that of 1832, that her Majesty's packets (whose time of sailing is precisely at low water spring-tides) have gone direct to sea with passengers and mail, with less than thirty instances of transfer by smaller vessels; which delay and miserable inconvenience to passengers amounted to 236 cases in a year. The liberal assistance which Captain Denham acknowledges, so much to the honour of the dock trustees of the port, which has enabled him to render every avenue available at earliest tide,—the new channel having passed 8208 vessels in 1836, 4077 of which would otherwise have been detained six hours at the back of the sands,—carry a requital to the members of the committee; exceeded, however, in pillowed gratification, by the successful duties of the life-boat establishments, under the gallant captain's directions, from Point of Air to Formby, to which is appropriated nearly 1000*l.* per annum by the dock trust, in addition to the 12,000*l.* a-year expended on the pilot waters of their great port, whereby, out of the combined crews of 72 persons, 66 were rescued by the life-boats in the last two years; thus uniting, as it should, humane solicitude with mercantile anxiety. We have given, in the foregoing, as much verbatim report as possible of Captain Denham's address and statement, sparing our readers those detailed calculations and reference to local ground, so highly essential on the spot. He concluded by anticipating an exclamation that, if the deposit went on at the rate quoted, a period might be predicted when the Mersey could not command a ship channel with the ocean. It therefore behoved him to state that, although man could not command the descent of rain, and consequent scouring of valleys and turbidness of the river, yet, on his powers of limiting the tidal boundaries of the estuary, depended the existence of that reflux-impetus at its orifice, which will force the under-water shelves, and a channel through them some where, even to the 14 miles cross linear set of the Irish Sea. But, diminish the back water of the estuary by the slightest displacement of tidal reception which, for want of conservancy guardianship, has been going on, and the port is ruined. Surely, as the noble president, the Marquess of Northampton, Professor Sedgwick, M. De la Beche, Mr. Griffiths, and Mr. Greenough, exclaimed—

"No one will now dispute an appointment of Mersey conservators after this."

#### SECTION G.

In Mr. Russell's first communication, after the explanations of the theoretical principles, and the experiments which formed the basis of his deductions, he proceeded to explain the means by which the navigation of rivers might be facilitated. These means were, the dimensions and form of the channel, and the form of the vessel. To remove the impediment arising from the resistance of the great anterior wave, the depth of the channel should be, as far as possible, increased; this was far more important than any increase of width, no greater width being necessary than would allow the vessels to pass each other with ease and security. Next in point of importance to facilitating the progress of the vessel through the water, was the prevention of the injury done to the banks of the channel by the great posterior breaking surge which follows a vessel and tears down the embankments. This would be diminished, to a certain extent, by the increase of depth, but the evil would be still further remedied by giving to the sides of the channel a proper form. Now, it appeared from the experimental investigations that had been instituted for the determination of this point, that sides, as nearly vertical as possible, were much better than the sloping sides generally adopted, so that a channel as nearly rectangular as possible, would not only remedy these evils, but coincide with the principle of greatest depth previously recommended. A third phenomenon attending the motion of steam vessels, was the wave of excessive displacement. It was this which might be observed rising with a crest of foam at the bow of the vessel when moving with considerable velocity, and, passing outwards past the projecting angle of the paddle-box, might be traced by the eye extending in two straight lines divergent from the bow at a determinate angle. This wave extended its action to a very great distance, and travelled with a velocity of not more than six miles an hour; its effect on small vessels was very considerable, frequently swamping them; upon the shore, it formed a sharp cutting wave, highly destructive to the banks. This wave could be altogether removed. It took its origin in the form of the vessel, and might be removed by proper means applied to that purpose. It arose from the circumstance of the form of the vessel imparting motion to a greater volume of water than was absolutely required for permitting the passage of the vessel. Mr. Russell had seen the wave very much diminished by adopting a certain course in the formation of the vessel, which he described. In two cases, one that of a steam vessel, and the other that of a vessel not moved by steam, he had found that, by the adoption of that course, this injurious result had been entirely removed. Thus, he had shewn the means by which the impediments to the acceleration of the motion of steam vessels in confined channels might be removed, and the evils resulting from their use considerably alleviated or completely removed.

#### TUESDAY.—SECTION A.

The communication of Mr. Russell consisted of 'a Report from the Committee on Waves,' which had been appointed at the last meeting of the Association, and consisted of Mr. Robinson, the secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and himself. Their duties had been to continue an investigation into the 'Laws of Motion of Waves, and the Nature of the Mechanism of their

Propagation,' in which Mr. Russell had previously been extensively engaged; and, also, to extend their investigation to the 'Principles of Propagation of the Tidal Waves, and the manner in which it is affected by the Dimensions and Form of the Channel, and examine the Effect of the Wind upon the Velocity and Height of the Tide.' An extensive series of experiments had been made upon the mechanism of waves, and the laws of their propagation in channels of different forms. These waves had been generated by different means; by addition of a fluid, by addition of a solid, by protrusion and by impulsion; and it was found that the velocity of the wave, was independent of the mode of generation. This was the great primary wave of translation. Its velocity was that done by gravity, half the depth of the fluid. Its mechanism was peculiar; it affected, simultaneously, the whole breadth of the fluid; its effects were equal throughout the whole depth; the velocity of translation was totally different from the velocity of the wave itself that produced the translation. Its velocity in a given form of channel was determined by a simple process of integration, from considering each element of breadth as moving with the velocity due to half its depth; and this simple law enabled us to determine the velocity of the wave in any channel however irregular. Now, it was found by the observations, that the velocity of the tidal wave, when it became affected by the shores and elements of shallow water, followed exactly the same law. An extensive series of observations had been attained on the river Dee, near Chester, and on the application of Sir Thomas Brisbane, a former president of the Association, privileges had been obtained from the trustees of the river Clyde, which enabled a series of observations most valuable to commerce and to science to be obtained on that river. These led to most satisfactory results. The effect of the wind on the tide had been satisfactorily determined. These had been doubted by M. Daussy, but the results obtained by Mr. Lubbock had been confirmed.

#### SECTION C.

Mr. Faraday occupied the twenty minutes allowed him for the report of what had been done by the annual notices, first, in reading the titles of the communications in the order in which they had been taken; and, after presenting the book of proceedings to the president, next in making a few observations on some of the papers; not so much for the purpose of marking the communications of highest value, as to shew to those members of the Association, not conversant in chemical science, that all parts of that extensive branch of knowledge had been brought before the section. Then, with regard to the means of experimenting, he referred to the display of improved and cheap apparatus made by Mr. Griffin, of Glasgow, and spoke highly of the value of such means for facilitating chemical research. With respect to the investigation of the analogies of bodies, and their right place in any philosophical order of arrangement, he referred to the report on the constitution of salts, made by Professor Graham, in which the new view taken of the nature and action of water, and the analogies of saline bases, one with another, were clearly set forth. As an illustration of the practical results which had come before the section, he quoted Dr. Thomson's report on the analysis of iron obtained by the hot and the cold blast; and also the results obtained by Mr. Hartley, of the preservation of cast and wrought iron when exposed to sea water. He finally re-

marked upon the communication made to the Section by Leeling, in which that philosopher described the means by which he had been able to produce, by artificial methods, a body (al-laritoine) which heretofore had been found only in organic processes, and by the living being; this being the second substance only which, amongst the many formed by the powers of life, has been now produced by artificial means. He concluded by a strong exhortation, in the words of Leeling, to British chemists to pursue organic analysis, a branch of the science hitherto much neglected in this country.

#### EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

WE regret to have received, too late for notice this week, the *Copy of Instructions to Colonel Chesney, &c.*, printed by order of the House of Commons. We observe that it contains the most satisfactory report that has yet been presented to the public, of the progress and labours of that expedition which has suffered so much for want of publicity; and we propose to ourselves, next week, to give some lengthened details concerning an enterprise we have always felt so much interest in.

#### FINE ARTS. NEW PIGMENT.

THE following is the substance of a communication made by Mr. Brockedon, on a new pigment, to the Society of Arts. The author states that for many years he had been in the practice of using as a pigment the black oxide of manganese; which possesses some most advantageous qualities, particularly those of great body, and an extraordinary readiness to dry. It was originally obtained from the mammillated ore; subsequently it was procured from an oil and colour-house: it is a dark iron gray. A very small quantity will stain a large volume of white; and alone, even when very thin, it will completely obscure light objects beneath it. But its most valuable quality to the artist is its rapid tendency to dry; even when ground in cold-drawn linseed oil, only a few hours are necessary for its hardening. Within these two or three years, however, a new variety of this colour has been introduced from Ireland, being found at Cappah, near Cork, on the estates of Lord Audley; this colour is composed of peat (the material of Vandyke brown) and manganese; the presence of the former greatly enriches the colour. In water-colour it is more intense and beautiful than Vandyke brown, and differs from it in having a greenish brown cast of great richness. For facility of working on paper it is unmatched; but in oil it is still more valuable, because it has the brilliancy and depth of asphaltum, with the quality of drying in a few hours, an advantage of great importance to an artist when he is painting a deep-toned picture, and pressed for time. Both in oil and in water these colours are so essential to Mr. Brockedon, that he says he would now rather discard any single colour that he is acquainted with. But it is not for these finer purposes that the Cappah brown is particularly useful; the West Cork Mining Company have introduced it in large quantities. The consumption of it for art is a mere trifle; for shipping and house painting, however, no colour equal to it has yet been found in depth, richness, and durability. In some cases attempts have been made, by washing it over, to obtain from it two or three different colours, which have been brought into the market under the name of eucrome. To these the remarks in this communication do



not apply, but to the entire substance, without any preparation, except that of grinding.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Kay's Works; chiefly Edinburgh Portraits: being Original Engravings of about four hundred various Personages.* By John Kay. With Biographical Sketches. In Monthly Parts. Part I. Paton, Edinburgh; Smith, Elder, and Co. London.

KAY, although, technically and professionally speaking, he had little claim to the name of an artist, possessed a very happy facility in discovering the various peculiarities of character, as evinced in the human face and figure, and in transmitting them to paper in so faithful and forcible a manner, that it was impossible to mistake the individuals on whom he exercised this his native and original talent. Kay lived at a fortunate period. To use the words of an able northern contemporary,—"It was an age of transition. Refinement was struggling to gain the ascendancy in a society hitherto composed of feudal barbarism and rude slovenliness, such as we find depicted in the cottagers of Glenburnie, or in Matthew Bramble's account of Edinburgh. The Scottish capital was, moreover, a point to which many noble, and wealthy, and learned, were attracted; but which, having ceased to be the seat of government, had become a rich soil for the growth of humorists. Literature and science were then in their first luxuriant burst; there were Cullen, and Black, and Adam Smith, and Robertson, and Monboddo, and Kames, and Gregory. Along with these sprouted up a plentiful supply of quacks, such as Brown and Graham. The beggars and idiots of those days had an originality of character, and an independence of demeanour which has vanished beneath the influence of mendicancy societies. Lastly, all classes of society were then in a manner closely packed up in the Old Town, not diffused through the wide expanse of the New. Edinburgh was one great carnival from one end of the year to the other; and almost all the characters were supported with the unction of genius. This strange masquerade has been immortalised in three hundred and fifty-six engravings by the kindred genius of Kay." The present number comprehends nine highly amusing plates; most of them containing several portraits. Those of Lord Monboddo, Lord Kames, and Lord Gardenstone, are especially interesting. We will take an early opportunity of advertizing to the "Biographical Sketches" in another part of our publication.

*Portrait of the Right Hon. Joseph Planta, G.C.H. and M.P.* Drawn by J. R. Lane, from a Sketch by J. Slater. Arundale. SLIGHT, but tasteful.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE QUEEN!

*Written on seeing Chalon's magnificent Portrait of her Majesty.*

BRAVE banners of England, your garlands revealing,

Wave high in the sunlight of freedom serene;  
And come, every heart, with the warm spring of feeling,

Bid Loyalty's voice glad the throne of your  
That brow which the crown of Britannia enwreaths,

Shines pure as the day-star of beauty and  
And where is the form that such dignity breathes,  
So blended with grace and the sweetness of youth?

\* Scottish Monthly Magazine.

Then, maidens of England, shed roses around;  
Bring laurels, ye brave, let your spirit be seen;  
Whilst the song of a nation ascends from the ground—

Victoria for England, and God bless the Queen!

May Wisdom sit firm in her councils—and still  
May the Angel of Mercy descend on her laws:  
Whilst the bold sword of Britain springs forth at her will,

In defence of the right, and for Liberty's  
Oh! ne'er may a shadow her destiny dim;  
But the wing of the dove with the eagle extend;

And defeat, and the world's execration on him  
Who a pang to that breast for a moment would lend!

Then, maidens of England, shed roses around;  
Bring laurels, ye brave, let your spirit be seen;  
Whilst the song of a nation ascends from the ground—

Victoria for England, and God bless the Queen!

C. SWAIN.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## DR. RITCHIE.

It was with much regret that in our last No. we announced the death of this able and distinguished individual at Portobello, on the 15th, after a short illness. It was but a few weeks ago that, in perfect health, he promised a meeting at the British Association in Liverpool: and upon the last day of its active operations he was a lifeless corpse. For real and practical knowledge, Dr. Ritchie had no superior in that assemblage. In various sciences he was intimately skilled, and his general intelligence very nearly embraced the whole circle of the ingenious and useful. As a professor of the London University, and a lecturer at the Royal Institution, he was highly appreciated, for few men had more information to communicate. His reading and writing on scientific subjects, were extensive; and we remember at the Dublin and Bristol Meetings, how impossible it was, in his presence, to bring forward any of those *novelties* which happened to have been previously made known either at home or abroad. Dr. Ritchie was in the prime of life; and his loss will not readily be supplied by equal industry, activity, zeal, and talent.

## DR. UWINS.

ON Friday, the 22d instant, this gentleman died, in his 57th year. He was decidedly a man of talent and originality; but his manner and address were very singular, and, indeed, bordered closely on eccentricity. His pen first brought him into notice, as a contributor to several of the magazines and reviews. He afterwards published treatises on Indigestion, on the Brain, and Nervous System, and on the Theory and Practice of Medicine. His last work was a pamphlet on Homeopathy, in which he defended the doctrines of Hahnemann. This did him considerable injury, both with the public and with the members of the medical profession. Dr. Uwins held many peculiar opinions; for some of which he endured undeserved ridicule: among them, that all mankind had a touch of madness, although the propensity remained latent until any circumstance occurred to bring it forth; when it exhibited itself in some one of its various melancholy shapes.

## SKETCHES.

## A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

"Go it, ye cripples!"—*Slang Vade mecum.*

ONE *dolce fur niente* day, such a one as at this present writing, I sat at a window of

the North and South American Coffee-house, in Threadneedle Street—the sorta, as it were, springing from the ever-pulsating heart of London; the two ventricles of which may not be inapely considered the Royal Exchange, with its daily buzz, and the Bank of England, with its bullion and bags of pelf. Sitting as above, I was struck by the appearance of three poor cripple gentlemen, who were following each other in the throng. I sympathised with them, and resolved to sit still where I was for two or three hours, and note the halt and maimed who passed that way. I did so from noon till three o'clock, P. M.—the busiest part of the day, doubtless, and this the busiest part of the metropolis. The number was frightfully large. No one but a cripple has the least idea of the vast numbers of persons so afflicted in this great town. There is the gun-shot wound, with his ridiculous walk—something between a jerk and a hop, or rather a succession of both:—a fine looking fellow still, and one who, at this season of the year, never failed to go to the moors. His femoral artery was seriously injured by canister-shot; and, though eminent surgeons believe that such an accident, even where the bone is untouched, demands amputation, the vessel above and below the wound was tied, and the leg saved. There! see that poor fellow, undulating like an S, still trying to look big and *dégaqué*; he slipped on a piece of orange-rind and fractured the neck of his thigh-bone! All cripples fraternise. Suppose that two meet, with only a left leg left a-piece—(though literally correct, it would be cruel to say that they had lost the *right* one)—they will look at each other, nod, then smile; and, if suffering have not chilled the genial current of the soul, a tankard of ale, at the next tavern, is quaffed to the memory of absent members. Nor are these *agréments* confined to the poorer or middling ranks of cripples: "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Actuated thus, I sometimes take a "ride" up the river to Chelsea, and sometimes down to Greenwich Hospital, to have a gossip with the placemen and pensioned cripples there. My ancient friend, Tom Bowles, of the latter, at one fell swoop, by a chain-shot, lost his nether extremities, mid-thigh, thirty years ago. Some men, we learn from the "Principles of Military Surgery," will have a limb carried off, or shattered to pieces, by a cannon-ball, without exhibiting the slightest symptoms of mental or corporeal agitation; nay, even without being conscious of the occurrence; and, when they are, they will quietly argue on the probable result of the injury. Cool as a cucumber, this was Tom Bowles' case; but he never hears of "hunting in couples" (alluding to the chain-shot) without a shriek. Tom lost sight of his precious limbs, as he calls them, in the hurly-burly of the battle—very likely they were kicked overboard; but, though he and his legs have parted fellowship so long ago, on every change of the weather he complains of a pain in his toes! Tell us, ye sons of *Æsculapius*! why is this? Does it arise from sympathy, or nervous irritation, or both? Tom was not treated bunglingly after the operation, as he facetiously alludes to the chain-shot; but amputation at that time was followed by the painful process of searing the severed nerves and arteries, which frequently left post-mortem pain, if the phrase be allowed in the present case. I have heard that *tic douloureux*, which occasions a noble and gallant soldier so much annoyance, is, in some degree, to be attributed to his having lost a leg at the last of England's battles. From a mass of scientific memoranda

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I have obtained during past years, at sources not generally open to the public, I find that the acetate of morphine, in minute quantities, applied to the superficies of the neighbouring parts, produces instant and—(I think I have a mark on my notes for the word)—*permanent* relief in cases of this painful class; but, as I am not a professor of the healing art, I do no more here than quote my memorandum. At Chelsea, once, I saw a cripple beggarman; he was not a military cripple; but the brotherly feeling to which I have already alluded, frequently made him go a-begging about Chelsea. The day was nipping cold; Chelsea, too, is always cold; its name importeth cold, being derived from the old Saxon word *Chelchyth*; in addition to this, an easterly wind—that terror of cripples—was blowing violently. With pitiable looks he drew himself up to the open window of a little shop; behind the aperture sat a she-dragon, and, though the apples she cared for were not those of Hesperides, yet were they guarded as vigilantly. The beggar had been in the habit of getting a few *oboli* from the pensioners; he had not, however, that day; poverty and the east wind were piercing him to the bones. With looks full of meaning, and which, though mute, spoke eloquently, he tried to propitiate the savage. He succeeded; for I saw her long and tawny arm reach forward to a basket. Already had the cripple's parched lip, in idea, been refreshed by the scanty juices of the shrivelled dainties before him—alas, no! With a community of feeling, she laid her hand upon a tray containing pieces of flint, and presented the beggar with a shiver of it! It was too small to strike a light; it was destitute even of the pseudo-nourishment of a bit of lead thrown into the mouth. I thought I heard the beggar exclaim, "I asked for bread, and ye gave me a stone." One evening, at the opera house, I sat behind a party of ladies; one of them was exceedingly beautiful—if she were not too pale and interesting. Until that evening I had never seen her. She paid great attention to the opera, and appeared to be perfectly delighted. When the ballet came, she averted her head. The graceful attitudinising of Elslar, the cachouca of Duvernay, and the merry *pas* of little Montessu, to say nothing of Saxon, and the other male dancers, never once made her turn a look to the stage. As she was retiring, at the close, I saw she was—"a cripple."

## DRAMA.

BENEFITS have been the order of the day—night—during the week. Miss Rainforth's on Monday, and Mr. Peake's on Thursday, drew bumpers to the *English Opera House*; and Miss Allison was equally successful at the *Haymarket*, on the latter evening.

The *Adelphi*, *Olympic*, and *St. James's*, commenced their season last night, and *Covent Garden* opens this evening. Each and all of these theatres retain most of the old favourites, but many new faces have been added to the different companies. At the *Adelphi*, Power is a first appearance; Mr. Farren and Mrs. Keeley make their first bows to an *Olympic* audience; at the *St. James's*, a gentleman of the name of Leoni, of whom report speaks lightly, makes his *début* shortly; and the additions at *Covent Garden* are many and judicious.

## VARIETIES.

*Going the whole Hog*.—In the midst of a crowd of persons, slowly making their way into a place of public entertainment, a remarkably

corpulent gentleman, who was closely following a fine girl, amused himself by certain tender squeezes, and amatory whispers, which, at length, so annoyed the fair one, that, turning her head round as far as the circumstances of the case would admit, she exclaimed, with great sharpness of tone, "Be quiet, sir! I wish you would leave me alone." "Very well, my dear," said her plump persecutor; "but, pray, don't eat me." "You are in no danger," replied the nymph; "I am a Jewess."

*Triumvirate of Booksellers*.—Three individuals at this moment have almost monopolised the bookselling trade in Germany. The most powerful of these is Baron Cotta, the proprietor of the "Allgemeine Zeitung." Baron Cotta is likewise the proprietor of six literary periodicals, of a high standing, and of several others of an inferior rank, and is said to have from 300 to 400 editors in his pay. He is proprietor of the copyright of all the works of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Uhland. The second of these literary grandees is Reimer, of Berlin, who owns the copyright of all the works of Jean Paul, Tieck, Kleist, Johannes Von Müller, Novalis, and Schlegel. The third is Brockhaus, of Leipzig, proprietor of the "Conversations Lexicon," which alone occupies more than 100 literary men. Brockhaus is likewise the publisher of a most colossal encyclopedia, which, when finished, will consist of at least 200 volumes; and he is now on the point of undertaking the publication of a new daily paper.—*German Journals*.

*Weather Wisdom*.—The predictions for the past week have not been very successful: we try again. "This month opens with a number of aspects, which shew there will be much heavy rain, with storms of wind, hail, and thunder. About the 3d and 4th, we may expect flooding rains. The 5th and 6th stormy."

*Professor Müller*.—We understand that this distinguished physiologist of Berlin, is at present in London, on a visit of scientific research; and that a portrait of him will shortly appear from the pencil of the artist to whom the public are indebted for the spirited and faithful likeness of Tiedemann.

*Egyptian Antiquities*.—Col. Vyse, who has been for some time employed in exploring the antiquities of Egypt, at the pyramids, and the surrounding country, is stated to be on his return home, with an accumulation of very novel and valuable acquisitions.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A French Translation of Mrs. Somerville's admirable work "On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences," has just appeared in Paris, by a Madame Mullen, a Parisian lady devoted to the same pursuits as the accomplished authoress. That the task of translating what Madame Mullen justly calls, in her preface, "la belle et noble production d'une femme que ses talens placent d'une manière si remarquable au-dessus de son sexe, et dont la juste célébrité honore l'Angleterre," has been ably executed, the name of M. Arago, under whose auspices is the work appears, and by whom the whole was revised, is a sufficient guarantee: while this latter circumstance shews the high estimation in which the original is held by the French philosopher.

A new weekly publication is about to make its appearance in London, entitled, "La Mosaïque Française; Recueil Hebdomadaire de Littérature, Sciences, Beaux Arts, &c." We wish it the success which, if the expectations held out in the prospectus be fulfilled, it will no doubt experience.

## In the Press.

An Analytical View of all Religions, by Josiah Conder, Esq.—Holy Scripture Verified; or the Divine Authority of the Bible confirmed by an Appeal to Facts of Science, History, and Human Consciousness. By the Rev. G. Redford, LL.D. (being the Fifth Series of the Congressional Lecture).

A Treatise on Operative Surgery, by W. P. Cocks, Esq. 14s., with 12 Plates.—Dr. W. Kramer on the Nature and Treatment of Diseases of the Ear, translated by J. R. Bennet, M.D., 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, 2 vols. post 8vo. 30s.—Journal of a Residence in Norway during the Years 1834, 1835, and 1836, by S. Laing, Esq., 2d edition, 8vo. 14s.—History of England, continued from Sir Jas. Mackintosh's, vol. VII. (forming vol. XCV. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia), f. cap 8vo. 6s.—Ernest Maltravers, by the Author of "Pelham," &c., 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—F. W. Krummacher's Glance into the Kingdom of Greece, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—H. Stalman's Treatise on the Law of Copyhold Property, 8vo. 8s.—W. Herbert's History of the Twelve Livery Companies, vol. II. 8vo. 11. 8s.; ditto, large paper, 21. 2s.—Pastoral Recollections, by a Presbyter, 18mo. 2s.—Jairus; or the Home Missionary, by the Rev. J. Young, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—A Winter at De Courcy Lodge, by Mrs. Bourne, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Philosophy of Health, by Southwood Smith, M.D., vol. II., 12mo. 7s.—The Works of Jacob Abbott, Complete, in 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.—H. Clutterbuck on Pyrexia, or Symptomatic Fever, 8vo. 5s.—R. D. Grabner on the Structure and Functions of the Spinal Cord, 8vo. 7s.—Letters to Brother John on Life, Health, and Disease, by Edward Johnson, 8vo. 7s.—Lodge's Genealogy of the Peerage, 6th edition, 8vo. 14. 1s.—Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott, vol. V., post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—The Earlom Restored, by E. Lakeley, Gent., 2 vols. 12mo. 15s.—A Church of England Psalter, compiled by the Rev. H. Parish, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—An Exact Reprint of the Roman Index Expurgatorius, edited, with a Preface, by R. Gibbins, 18mo. 12s. 6d.—Rev. John Keble's Visitation Sermon, on Tradition, 3d edition, with additions, 8vo. 6s.—The Chemical Decompositions of the London Pharmacopæia, by J. Steggall, M.D. 12mo. 3s.—Celsi de Medicina Opera, edente et curante J. Steggall, M.D. 12mo. 7s.—Peter Parley's Short Stories for Long Nights, square 16mo. 3s.—Affection's Keepsake, 1838, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Ethel Churchill; or, the Two Brides, by Miss Landon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 14. 11s. 6d.—Roscoe's South Wales, royal 8vo. 48 Plates, 11. 8s. 6d.; Morocco, 11. 15s.—Stories of Spanish Life, from the German of Huber, edited by Lieut.-Col. Craufurd, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s.—The Life of Sir Edward Coke, by C. W. Johnson, 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 8s.—Proceedings of the Zoological Society, part IV., 1836, 8vo. 6s.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 21	From 39 to 68	29.94 to 29.96
Friday .. 22	.... 39 .. 67	29.97 .. 29.99
Saturday .. 23	.... 41 .. 61	30.02 .. 30.07
Sunday .. 24	.... 35 .. 60	30.12 .. 30.19
Monday .. 25	.... 31 .. 60	30.21 .. 30.24
Tuesday .. 26	.... 30 .. 60	30.20 .. 30.12
Wednesday 27	.... 29 .. 60	30.06 .. 30.01

Wind, N.E.  
 Except the 27th, generally clear; a little rain on the 26th.  
 Rain fallen, .0125 of an inch.  
 Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
 Latitude... 51° 37' 39" N.  
 Longitude.. 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society, August 1837.

Thermometer—Highest .....	82.00 .. the 17th.
Lowest .....	37.50 .. 29th.
Mean .....	57.20/61
Barometer—Highest .....	30.13 .. 8th.
Lowest .....	29.14 .. 30th and 31st.
Mean .....	29.7203

Number of days of rain, 11.  
 Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 3.15.  
 Winds.—4 North-East—3 East—3 South-East—4 South—6 South-West—4 West—3 North-West—4 North.

*General Observations*.—A greater quantity of rain fell during the month than in any August in the preceding seven years, and it all fell in eleven days; the quantities on the 26th and 29th were unusually great. The mean of the barometer was lower than in the same months in 1835 and 1836; but the maximum was higher than any in the last four years, and the range was small. The thermometer was higher than last year, as to the maximum and mean, although it did not reach the elevation of the corresponding months in 1834 and 1835. Lightning was seen on the 19th, and thunder heard on the 30th. On the 26th there was a heavy storm of thunder and lightning, from 11 A.M. until noon; one flash at half-past eleven was extremely vivid, and was followed by a tremendous clap of thunder; after which the storm abated.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. is not sufficiently finished.  
 Mr. Fennell's paper is under consideration.  
 We will make use of R. E. J. hereafter.  
 Agnes is right.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Ethel Churchill; or, the Two Brides.* By the Authoress of "The Improvisatrice," "Francesca Carrara," "Traits and Trials of Early Life," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

QUALITY is every thing in novel-writing. Unless there be acute perception, fine feeling, sound judgment, powers of illustration, and originality, we may have a tale, it is true, like *Salisbury Plain*, not unpleasant, though wonderfully long, flat, wide, and undiversified; but at the end of our travel, we shall not be able to remember one distinct feature, nor recall one grateful emotion. Not so when superior talent conceives and embodies human character; peoples the scene with beings so natural and so remarkable that they must live for ever; paints the landscape with all a poet's truth and beauty; and enchains the mind by transitions of fortune, or involutions of circumstances, which are fate, whilst they seem to be only unimportant accidents in the grand petty drama of mortal life. If history be philosophy teaching by example, the skilfully constructed fiction is not less so; nay, being more familiar and domestic, its lessons come more nearly home to the heart; and those who cannot entertain a sympathy with monarchs, heroes, and legislators, readily participate in all the woes and triumphs of individuals moving in their own sphere, and subject to the same casualties which they have themselves experienced. No wonder, then, that this species of literature is so popular; and, we are much mistaken if the present work be not destined to prove one of the most popular of its class, and also to take a rank far higher than mere popularity. The progress of Miss Landon's mind is more distinctly marked in her prose than in her poetical writings. Poetry always appears with her an impulse and an inspiration, luxuriant in imagery, impassioned, and carried away by her subjects: the character of her lyrical writings is singularly distinct from her prose fictions. Her novels are marked by analysis and by purpose. In "*Francesca Carrara*," the end was kept in view from the first; it was obvious that the writer had certain opinions and certain principles to be worked out. The picture was the result of moral investigation. This is even more the case with *Ethel Churchill*; and the narrative is linked with great skill. Every act has its consequence, and that consequence is the moral. The historic picture is carefully drawn; the character of the age colours the character of the individual, while each individual reflects the true abstract of a class. We are at a loss to point to a more finished portraiture than that of Sir Robert Walpole. In Lord Northbourne, we see the worldly, acute, and hardened statesman; yet still, with the strong undercurrent of affections swaying him beneath a smooth and unruffled surface. There is, too, the light, lively, yet sarcastic wit, so exactly that of its time. Nor has Miss Landon, while portraying with exquisite touches the peculiar features of the noble, the learned, and the wealthy, forgotten to call up, in all their vivid reality, the wants and the sufferings of the

poor. These appeals are conveyed with all the force of contrast. We select the highly dramatic scene at Pope's villa.

"It was a very bit of Arcadia, the scene that the lawn presented. A few late flowers lingered among the shrubs, and the rich colouring on the autumnal foliage supplied the place of bloom. The garden was laid out with exquisite taste, and the groups scattered around seemed animated with the spirit of the place; for they placed themselves in little knots, just where they were calculated to produce the best effect. There was an elegant collation ready; and, while Pope talked of

'His humble roof, and poet's fare,'

he had neglected nothing that could please his assembled guests. To Lady Marchmont he was the most interesting object of all, though all his *petite soins* were addressed to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who received them with that encouraging coquetry born of flattered vanity. Flattery is like champagne, it soon gets into the head; but in Pope's flattery there was too much of the heart. Long after hours of neglect and mortification dearly atoned for that morning's pleasant delusion. There is something in genius for which Fate demands severe atonement. In some things Pope's was an exception to the general lot. He dwelt in that 'lettered ease,' to which his own taste gave refinement; his talents pined in no long obscurity, but early reached their just appreciation; his friends were those whose friendship is honour; and he lived in a very court of personal homage and flattery. But fortune only neglected to do what nature had already done. Dwarfed from his birth, that slender frame was tenanted by acute physical ills; which, acting upon a mind even more sensitive than his body, made life one long scene of irritation and suffering. The fingers were contracted by pain that yet gave the sweetest music to their page: satire was at once his power (and the sense of power is sweet to us all) and his refuge. The passion and melancholy of one or two poems just suffice to shew what a world of affection and sentiment was checked and subdued, because their indulgence had been only too painful; but to-day was to be as flowing as his own verses: he was at her side on whom he lavished so much passionate and graceful flattery; and Lady Mary paid him back,—not in kind, for his heart went with his words, but hers was 'only sweet lip-service.' There is a cruelty in feminine coquetry, which is one of nature's contradictions. Formed of the softest materials—of the gentle smile and the soothing word, yet nothing can exceed its utter hardness. Its element is vanity, of the coldest, harshest, and most selfish order: it sacrifices all sense of right, all kindly feelings, all pity, for the sake of a transient triumph. Lady Mary knew—for when has woman not known?—her power. She knew that she was wholly beloved by a heart, proud, sensitive, and desponding. She herself had warmed fear into hope—had made passion seem possible to one who felt, keenly felt, how much nature had set him apart. If genius for one moment believed that it could create love, as it could

create all else, hers was the fault; she nursed the delusion: it was a worthy tribute to her self-love. 'Truly, her ladyship,' said the Duke of Wharton, 'parades Parnassus a little too much. Does she suppose nobody is to be flattered but herself? Come, Harvey, let us try a little wholesome neglect.' Forthwith they devoted themselves exclusively to Lady Marchmont. Lady Mary's smiles were unmarked, and her witticisms fell dead-weights so far as they were concerned. This was too much for a wit and a beauty to endure. Of what avail was flattery that she only heard herself? She grew impatient till the collation was over, and was the first to step out upon the lawn. Pope did the honours of his garden, which was a poem in itself. He shewed them his favourite willow—fittest tree for such a soil—so pale and tender in its green, so delicate a lining within the leaves; so fragile and so drooping, with so mournful a murmur when the wind stirs its slender branches. The whole scene was marked by that air of refined and tranquil beauty which is the charm of an English landscape. The fields had that glossy green, both refreshing and cheerful; the slight ascents were clothed with trees—some retaining their verdure, others wearing those warm and passionate colours that, like all things coloured by passion, so soon exhaust themselves. Yet what a gorgeous splendour is on an autumnal landscape! The horse-chestnut, with its rich mixture of orange and brown—the sycamore, with its warrior scarlet—the coral red of the small leaves of the hawthorn, mixed together with an oriental pomp; as if the year died, like the Assyrian monarch, on a pyre of all precious things. Winding its way in broken silver, the sunshine dancing on every ripple, the Thames lay at the edge of the grassy sweep. The blue sky, with the light clouds floating on its surface, was mirrored in the depths of the river; but, as if it lost somewhat of its high tranquillity under the influence of our sphere, the reflection was agitated and tremulous, while the reality was calm and still. It is but the type of our restless world, and the serene one to which we aspire: we look up, and the heavens are above, holy and tranquil; we look down on their mirror below, and they are varying and troubled. But few flowers, and those pale and faint, lingered in the garden: these Pope gathered and offered to his fair guests. Lady Marchmont placed hers carefully in her girle. 'I shall keep even the withered leaves as a relic,' said she, with a smile even more flattering than her words. It was well that she engrossed the attention of her host from the dialogue going on between Lord Hervey and Lady Mary. 'You learned the language of flowers in the East,' said he; 'but I thought dwarfs were only the messengers.' 'And such they are now,' replied his listener: 'here is one flower for you,

'The rest the gods dispensed on empty air,' and she flung the blossoms carelessly from her. Pope did not see the action, for he was pointing out a beautiful break in the view. 'I have,' said he, 'long had a favourite project—that of planting an old Gothic cathedral in trees. Tall



poplars, with their white stems, the lower branches cut away, would serve for the pillars; while different heights would form the aisles. The thick green boughs would shed 'a dim religious light,' and some stately old tree would have a fine effect as the tower.' 'A charming idea!' cried Wharton; 'and we all know

'That sweet saint whose name the shrine would bear.' But, while we are waiting for the temple, can you not shew us the altar?—we want to see your grotto.' Pope desired nothing better than to shew his new toy, and led the way to the pretty and fanciful cave, which was but just finished. It was duly admired; but, while looking around, Wharton observed some verses lying on the seat. 'A treasure for the public good,' exclaimed he; 'I volunteer reading them aloud.' 'Nay, nay, that is very unfair,' cried Pope, 'who, nevertheless, did not secretly dislike the proposal.' 'Oh,' replied the duke, 'we will allow for your modesty's sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;' but read them I must and shall.' Then, turning towards Lady Mary, he read the following lines:—

'Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know,  
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;  
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scene  
Of hanging woodlands, and of sloping green:  
Joy lives not here: to happier seats it flies,  
And only lives where Worley casts her eyes.'

'Pray, fair inspirer of the tender strains,' let me lay the offering at your feet.' 'Under them, if you please,' said she, her fine features expressing the most utter contempt; and, trampling the luckless compliment in the dust, she took Lord Hervey's hand, and, exclaiming, 'The atmosphere of this place is too oppressive for me,' left the grotto: but part of her whisper to her companion was meant to be audible,—

'A sign-post likeness of the human race,  
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.'

Lady Marchmont was left alone in the grotto with its ill-fated master, and every kindly feeling in her nature was in arms. Affecting not to have noticed what passed, she approached where Pope stood,—speechless, pale with anger, and a yet deeper emotion: she said, in a voice whose usual sweetness was sweeter than ever, with its soothing and conciliating tone,— 'There is one part of your garden, Mr. Pope, which I must entreat you to shew me. I have a dear, kind old uncle at home, who owes you many a delightful evening. He will never forgive me unless I write him word that I have seen

'The grapes long lingering on the sunny wall.'

Pope took her hand mechanically, and led her forth; but the effort at self-control was too much for his weak frame. The drops stood on that pale high brow which was the poetry of his face, and he leant against the railing. 'No!' exclaimed he, passionately, after a few minutes' silence, 'your courtesy, lady, cannot disguise from me that you, too, heard the insult of that heartless woman. Let me speak—I know I may trust your kindness; and, even if you turned into after ridicule the bitter outpouring of this moment's misery, you would but do as others, in whom I trusted, have done. My God! how madly I have loved her—madly indeed, since it made me forget the gulf that nature has set between us—she so beautiful, and I, as she has just said, who only resemble my kind to disgrace it! Yet she sought me first, she led me on, she taught me to think that the utter prostration of the heart was something in her eyes—that a mind like hers could appreciate mind. Fool, fool, that I have been! What have I done, that I should be thus

set apart from my kind,—disfigured, disgraced, immeasurably wretched? Oh! that I might lay my weary head on my mother earth, and die!' 'We could not spare you,' exclaimed Lady Marchmont, taking his hand affectionately,—the tears starting in her eyes; 'but not for this moment's mortification must you forget your other friends—how much even strangers love and admire you. Think of your own glorious genius, and on the happiness which it bestows. I have but one relative in the world: he is an old solitary man; and I think of him with cheerfulness, whenever I send him a new page of yours. I speak but as one of many who never name you but with admiration and with gratitude.' Pope pressed the hand that yet remained in his own. 'God bless you, my dear, kind child! I thank you for calling my power to my mind. She shall learn that the worm on which she trod has a sting.' They loitered a little while, till the irritated host was equal to joining his guests. The boat was ready; and the whole party joined in laughing at Lady Marchmont for her long *tête-à-tête* with Pope. 'I am not jealous,' cried Lady Mary:

'Ye meander beauties, I permit ye shine—  
Go triumph in a heart that once was mine!'

'I think,' said Lady Marchmont, pointedly, 'there has been a little heart in the matter as possible; but you shall none of you laugh me out of my cordial admiration of a man of first-rate genius, and whose personal infirmities call upon us for the kindest sympathy.' 'By Jove! you are right,' cried the Duke of Wharton: 'how much vanity may be pardoned in one who has such cause for just pride! He is building up a noble monument in his language, which will last when we, with our small hopes and influences, are as much forgotten as if we had never been.' 'I see no great good in being remembered,' retorted Lady Mary: 'I would fain concentrate existence in the present. I would forget in order to enjoy. As to memory, it only reminds me that I am growing older every day; and, as to hope, it only puts one out of conceit with possession.' 'All this is very true of our commonplace existences,' replied Lady Marchmont; 'but the gifted mind has a diviner element.'

'How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose.'

exclaimed Lord Hervey with a sneer. 'With the single exception of Lady Marchmont,' said Wharton, 'we have all behaved shamefully to-day. How I will admire the next thing that Pope writes! and, what is more, I will ride over to Twickenham to tell him so; and, having made this compromise with his conscience, the conversation dropped. From that day, however, all friendship was at an end between Lady Mary and Pope. How he revenged himself is well known. His lines yet remain, stamped with all the bitterness of wounded vanity and mortified affection. Strange the process by which love turns into hate. I pity it even more than I blame it. What unutterable wretchedness must the heart have undergone! what scorn and what sorrow must have been endured before revenge could become a refuge and a resource!'

*Sketch of Sir Robert Walpole and his Time.*—'It was a small, but luxurious room, the open windows of which looked to a garden sloping down to the river, clear and sunny, as if the metropolis had been a hundred miles away. Pots, crowded with rare and fragrant exotics, were on the terrace, and filled the apartment with their odours, and the walls around were hung with some of the choicest productions of the Italian school of art: the eye could not be

raised but it must look on a flower or a picture. In the midst stood a table, covered with papers tied up with red tape, books of accounts, and open letters. At one end, that facing the window, sat England's all-powerful minister, wrapped in a loose morning-gown of purple cloth. He was a man of large size, in an indolent attitude, and with that flushed complexion which usually accompanies excess. At the first glance, you only saw one who appeared the idle and good-humoured voluptuary, whose chief attention was given to decide on the merit of rival claret, and whose chief care was to ward off an attack of gout. Not such was the impression produced by a second and more scrutinising look, or when the face before you was lighted by expression. There was decision on the firmly compressed lip, whose subtle smile spoke a world of sarcasm; there was thought on the bold, high forehead; and the mind kindled the depths of those piercing gray eyes. Sir Robert Walpole was essentially the man of his time: no other minister could have maintained the House of Hanover on its then tottering throne. It was opposed to the principles of the many, and entwined with the picturesque prejudices of none. The two first Georges were not men either to dazzle or to interest a people. They were narrow-minded foreign soldiers, fettered by the small etiquettes of small courts; and looked on their accession to the British throne rather as coming to a large property, than as entering on a high and responsible office. Sir Robert Walpole saw at once that loyalty and enthusiasm must be put out of the question; the appeal must be made to common sense, and to self-interest. A man with less worldly shrewdness would never have seen how things really stood; a man with less pliability could never have adapted himself to them. It must always be remembered, that his whole administration was one long struggle: he had to maintain his master on the throne, and himself in the ministry; and this was done by sheer force of talent. He had no alliance among the great nobility on the one hand; and, at all events at first, was no personal favourite with the sovereign on the other; yet he kept his high post through one of the longest and most prosperous administrations that England has ever known. His faults were those of his day, a day singularly deficient in all high moral attributes. Disbelief in excellence is the worst soil in which the mind can work; we must believe, before we can hope. The political creed, of which expediency is the alpha and the omega, can never know the generous purpose or the high result. It sees events through a microscope: the detail is accurate, but the magnificent combination, and the glorious distance, are wholly lost. His age looked not beyond to-day; it forgot what it had received from the past, and what it owed to the future. Rochefoucauld says, and most truly, that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue; now, in Walpole's time, it was not worth vice's while to pay even the poor homage of hypocrisy. Political virtue was laughed at; or, at best, considered a sort of Utopian dream that no one was bound to realise. Human interest will always mingle with human motive. To this hour, the great science and duty of politics is lowered by the petty leaven of small and personal advantage: still, no one can deny the vast advance that has been made. Our views are loftier, because more general; and individual selfishness is corrected by the knowledge that good is only to be worked out on a large scale. The many have taken the place of the

few; and a great principle gives something of its own strength to the mind that entertains it. The union of philanthropy and of political science belongs to our own age: every hour the conviction is gaining ground, that happiness should be the object of legislation; and that power is given for responsibility, not for enjoyment. Power is a debt to the people: but as yet we walk with the leading-strings of prejudice, strong to confine the steps, which they never should attempt to guide. Let the child and the nation alike feel their own way; the very stumbles will teach not only caution, but their own strength to recover from them. There is a long path yet before us; but the goal, though distant, is glorious. The time may come, when that intelligence, which is the sunshine of the moral world, will, like the sunshine of the physical world, kindle for all. There will be no tax on the window-lights of the mind. Ignorance, far more than idleness, is the mother of all the vices; and how recent has been the admission, that knowledge should be the portion of all? The destinies of the future lie in judicious education; an education that must be universal to be beneficial. The state of the poor in our country is frightful; and ask any one in the habit of coming in contact with the lower classes, to what is this distress mainly attributable? The answer will always be the same—the improvidence of the poor. But, in what has this improvidence originated?—in the neglect of their superiors. The poor have been left in that state of wretched ignorance, which neither looks forward nor back; to them, as to the savages, the actual moment is every thing: they have never been humanised by enjoyment, nor subdued by culture. The habits of age are hopeless, but how much may be done with the children? Labour, and severe labour, is, in some shape or other, the inevitable portion of mankind; but there is no grade that has not its moments of mental relaxation, if it but know how to use them. Give the children of the poor that portion of education which will enable them to know their own resources; which will cultivate in them an onward-looking hope, and give them rational amusement in their leisure hours: this, and this only, will work out that moral revolution which is the legislator's noblest purpose. One great evil of highly civilised society is, the immense distance between the rich and the poor; it leads, on either side, to a hardened selfishness. Where we know little, we care little; but the fact once admitted, that there can be neither politically nor morally a good which is not universal, that we cannot reform for a time, or for a class, but for all and for the whole, and our very interests will draw us together in one wide bond of sympathy. A mighty change, and, I believe, improvement, is at this moment going on in the world; but the revolution, to work out its great and best end, must be even more moral than political, though the one inevitably leads to the other. Nothing can be permitted to the few; rights and advantages were sent for all: but the few were at the fountain-head in Sir Robert Walpole's time. It is but justice to him to note how much he was in its advance. Nothing could be more enlightened than the encouragement he gave to our manufactories and colonies. Look, also, at his steady preservation of peace; what rest and what prosperity he gave to England. The great want of his administration was, as we have said before, the want of high principle: it was the ideal of common sense, but it was nothing more. Now, mere common sense never does any thing great: the noblest

works of our nature, its exertions, its sacrifices, need some diviner prompting: the best efforts of humanity belong to enthusiasm; but Sir Robert's was not the age of enthusiasm. The revolution, and the exile of the Stuarts, seemed to have exhausted that ardour, and that poetry, which are essentially the characteristics of English history: the chivalric, the picturesque, and the romantic, were put aside for a time to awaken into the higher hope, and more general enthusiasm, of the present. The best proof of their exalting presence among us is, that we believe and hope, where our grandfathers ridiculed and doubted."

"*The Author and the Actress.*—'How beautiful she looked! but how pale!' exclaimed Walter Maynard, who had seen Miss Churchill, the night before, at the theatre; 'and she is not married yet! Is it possible that she can know what it is to have the heart feed upon itself?—to dream, but not to hope? Has she found out the bitter mockery of this weary life, whose craving for happiness is only given that it may end in disappointment? But what is that to me? I must be gay—be witty: the points are not yet thrown into the dialogue in the second act. I wish I could remember some of the things I said last night; but, alas! the epigrams uttered over champagne are like the wreaths the Egyptians flung on the Nile,—they float away, the gods alone know whither. Nevertheless, I must be very brilliant this morning—brilliant! with this pain in my head, and this weight at my heart,' and he drew a sheet of paper towards him. At first, he wrote slowly and languidly; but what had been a passion was now a power, and he soon obtained mastery over his subject. The light flashed in his eyes, the crimson deepened in his cheek; and, tearing the first page, he now began to write rapidly and earnestly. Strange the contrast between the writer's actual situation, and that which he creates! I have been writing all my life, and even now I do not understand the faculty of composition; but this I do know, that the history of the circumstances under which most books are written would be a frightful picture of human suffering. How often is the pen taken up when the hand is unsteady with recent sickness, and bodily pain is struggled against, and sometimes in vain! How often is the page written hurriedly and anxiously,—the mind fevered the while by the consciousness that it is not doing justice to its powers! and yet a certain quantity of work must be completed, to meet the exigencies of that poverty which has no other resource. But there is an evil beyond all this. When the iron of some settled sorrow has entered into the soul,—when some actual image is predominant even in the world of imagination, and the thoughts, do what you will, run in one only channel,—composition is then a perpetual struggle, broken by the one recurring cry, 'Hast thou found me, oh! mine enemy?' Something or other is for ever bringing up the one idea: it colours every day more and more the creations which were conjured up in the vain hope to escape from it. 'I cannot write to-day,' becomes more and more the frequent exclamation. It is, I believe, one of those shadows which deepen on the mind as it approaches to its close. It is a new and a dreadful sensation to the poet when he first finds that 'his spirits do not come when he does call to them' or that they will only come in one which makes him cry, 'take any shape but that.' It is a new sensation to be glad of any little return of power, and a most painful one. Walter now rejoiced whenever he did a morn-

ing's work. Alas! the real was struggling with the ideal. After writing a few pages, he suddenly paused; and, pushing the papers aside, exclaimed, 'What a mockery this is! I do not know myself what I write for. Money!—why should I make more than will hold this miserable alliance firm—just keep body and soul together? and sometimes I ask, is it worth even doing that? Fame!—alas! what would I now give to hope, to believe in it, as I used to do! but it is far off, and cold: it lies beyond the grave. And love—it is a bitter thing to love in vain!—to feel that none will ever know the deep tenderness, the desire for sympathy, the sweet wealth of thought that is garnered in your heart. How passionately I wish to be beloved again! to pour out my whole soul, were it but for a day, and then die!' The emotion exhausted him; for Walter had tried a frame, naturally delicate, too severely. The vigil and the revel, the hour of social excitement, and that of solitary suffering, were alike doing their work. Bodily weakness mastered for a time the mind. The tears filled his eyes, and he closed them; a few moments more, and he was asleep. He had slept for about half an hour when there came a low rap at the door; this did not disturb him: and the applicant, who had a key that fitted the lock, opened, and came in without further ceremony. It was Lavinia Fenton, gaily but richly dressed; the world had gone well with her. She took off her mask and laid it on the table, together with a small basket; and, looking around, saw Walter asleep on the sofa. She bent over him for a few minutes with an expression of anxiety and tenderness, which, for the time, quite subdued the expression of her bold, though fine features. Sleep shewed the change that a few minutes had wrought. The soft brown hair was damp, and the dew stood on the white forehead, where the blue veins were azure as a woman's. You saw the pulses beat in the clear temples, and the chest heaved with the quick throbbing of the heart. The cheek was flushed with rich unnatural crimson; but both around the mouth and eyes hung a faint dark shadow, the surest herald of disease. The hand, too, how white and emaciated it was! yet with a feverish pink inside. The girl leaned over him—vain, coquettish, selfish; the degradation inevitable from her position lowering even more a nature not originally of fine material; yet one spot in her heart was generous, and even pure. She loved him. Had she been beloved again, her whole being would have changed; for his sake she would have done any thing, and could have become any thing. Lavinia was clever—a coarse, shrewd kind of cleverness, quick to perceive its own interest, and unscrupulous in pursuing it. She had no delicacy, no keen feelings that got in her way. She had made great progress on the stage, was a favourite with the public, and, if not happy, was, at all events, often very well amused. Still her heart clung to Walter: she knew that he loved another, that the connexion between themselves was rather endured than solicited on his part; still she had for him a careful and disinterested tenderness, that half redeemed her faults—at least, it shewed that all of good and feminine kindness was not quite extinct within her. She leaned over him, while her eyes filled with tears. 'He is dying,' muttered she, in a low whisper; 'he has too little of this world in him to last long in it,' and she buried her face in her hand. But it was no part of Lavinia's system to fret long over any thing: she was too selfish, perhaps we should say, too thoughtless, for prolonged sorrow. Life

appeared to her too short to be wasted in unavailing regret. It is the creed of many beside our young actress. She rose softly from her knees, flung back the hair that had fallen over her face, dashed aside the tears, and muttered, 'It is that he has not been in bed all night.' She then began to make preparations for breakfast, took the fruit and cream from her basket; and it was the fragrant smoke of the coffee that roused Walter from his sleep. It was curious to note the difference between the two whom circumstances had so thrown together; those circumstances, all that was in common to them. Lavinia—shrewd, careless, clever; ready to meet any difficulty, however humiliating, that might occur; utterly without principle; confident in that good fortune which she scrupled at no means of attaining—was the very type of the real. Walter was the ideal—generous, high-minded, clear in perception; but sensitive, even weak, in action: or, rather, too apt to imagine a world full of lofty aims and noble impulses, and then fancying that was the world in which he had to live."

We had marked many other passages for quotation, but we have already exceeded our limits. The above, however, are specimens of the various talent displayed in these pages. The most finished character is that of Walter Maynard, in whose career is traced the usual fate of genius; poor, depressed, but supported to the last by the glorious consciousness within. There is also some beautiful description of London, though we must remind our author that Northumberland House is not of Gothic architecture. We must conclude by saying, that whether for dramatic interest of story, knowledge of character, wit, or thought, *Ethel Churchill* is far superior to any of Miss Landon's former works.

*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*  
Vol. Fifth. Edinburgh, 1837, Cadell; London, Murray, and Whittaker.

THIS is one of the most interesting volumes; for though, as the editor says, "the muffled drum" will soon be heard, it has not been heard—and these pages present a delightful picture of Scott's daily and domestic life. The part we like best is Captain Hall's journal. We do not at all agree with the extreme eulogium passed by the editor, that "Sir Walter Scott was never subjected to sharper observation." For all the mental analysis contained in this journal, Sir Walter, if never exposed to more, had not much to be "subjected" to in the way of "observation." We must also add a doubt of the propriety, to say nothing of the delicacy, of keeping such record of any private society in which you may happen to be introduced. But Captain Hall obviously considers that God created the world to have an account published of it afterwards; and go where he will, do what he will, the result is a book. But a work like the present calls chiefly for extract; and we shall make forthwith our miscellaneous selection.

*Scott and Davy together.*—"His host and he delighted in each other; and the modesty of their mutual admiration was a memorable spectacle. Davy was by nature a poet; and Scott, though any thing but a philosopher in the modern sense of that term, might, I think it very likely, have pursued the study of physical science with zeal and success, had he happened to fall in with such an instructor as Sir Humphry would have been to him, in his early life. Each strove to make the other talk; and they did so, in turn, more charmingly than I ever heard either on any other occasion whatsoever. Scott,

in his romantic narratives, touched a deeper chord of feeling than usual, when he had such a listener as Davy; and Davy, when induced to open his views upon any question of scientific interest in Scott's presence, did so with a degree of clear energetic eloquence, and with a flow of imagery and illustration, of which neither his habitual tone of table-talk (least of all in London), nor any of his prose writings (except, indeed, the posthumous 'Consolations of Travel'), could suggest an adequate notion. I say his prose writings; for who that has read his sublime quatrains on the doctrine of Spinoza can doubt that he might have united, if he had pleased, in some great didactic poem, the vigorous ratiocination of Dryden and the moral majesty of Wordsworth? I remember William Laidlaw whispering to me, one night, when their 'rapt talk' had kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bedtime of Abbotsford, 'Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs!' he added, cocking his eye like a bird, 'I wonder if Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?'"

*The Abbotsford Hunt.*—"The other 'superior occasion' came later in the season; the 28th of October, the birthday of Sir Walter's eldest son, was, I think, that usually selected for the Abbotsford Hunt. This was a coursing-field on a large scale, including, with as many of the young gentry as pleased to attend, all Scott's personal favourites among the yeomen and farmers of the surrounding country. The sheriff always took the field, but latterly devolved the command upon his good friend, Mr. John Usher, the ex-laird of Toffield; and he could not have had a more skilful or a better-humoured lieutenant. The hunt took place either on the moors above the Cauld-Shiels Loch, or over some of the hills on the estate of Gala; and we had commonly, ere we returned, hares enough to supply the wife of every farmer that attended with soup for a week following. The whole then dined at Abbotsford, the sheriff in the chair, Adam Ferguson croupier, and Dominie Thomson, of course, chaplain. George, by the way, was himself an eager partaker in the preliminary sport; and now he would favour us with a grace, in Burns's phrase, 'as long as my arm,' beginning with thanks to the Almighty, who had given man dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, and expatiating on this text with so luculent a commentary, that Scott, who had been fumbling with his spoon long before he reached his Amen, could not help exclaiming as he sat down, 'Well done, Mr. George! I think we've had every thing but the view holla!' The company, whose onset had been thus deferred, were seldom, I think, under thirty in number; and sometimes they exceeded forty. The feast was such as suited the occasion—a baron of beef, roasted, at the foot of the table; a salted round at the head; while tureens of hare-soup, hotch-potch, and cockeyeekie, extended down the centre; and such light articles as geese, turkeys, entire sucking pigs, a singed sheep's head, and the unfailing haggis, were set forth by way of side-dishes. Blackcock and moor-fowl, bushels of snipe, black puddings, white puddings, and pyramids of pancakes, formed the second course. Ale was the favourite beverage during dinner, but there was plenty of port and sherry for those whose stomachs they suited. The quaghs of Glenlivet were filled brimful, and tossed off as if they held water. The wine decanters made a few rounds of the table, but the hints for hot punch and toddy

soon became clamorous. Two or three bowls were introduced, and placed under the supervision of experienced manufacturers (one of these being usually the Ettrick Shepherd), and then the business of the evening commenced in good earnest. The faces shone and glowed like those at Camacho's wedding: the chairman told his richest stories of old rural life, Lowland or Highland; Ferguson and humbler heroes fought their peninsular battles o'er again; the stalwart Dandie Dinmonts lugged out their last winter's snow-storm, the parish scandal, perhaps, or the dexterous bargain of the Northumberland *tryste*; and every man was knocked down for the song that he sung best, or took most pleasure in singing. Sheriff-substitute Shortreed—(a cheerful, hearty, little man, with a sparkling eye and a most infectious laugh)—gave us 'Dick o' the Cow,' or, 'Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid'; a weather-beaten, stiff-bearded veteran, Captain Ormiston, as he was called (though I doubt if his rank was recognised at the Horse Guards), had the primitive pastoral of 'Cowdenknowes' in sweet perfection; Hogg produced 'The Women folk,' or, 'The Kye comes hame,' and, in spite of many grinding notes, contrived to make every body delighted, whether with the fun or the pathos of his ballad; the Melrose doctor sang, in spirited style, some of Moore's masterpieces; a couple of retired sailors joined in 'Bould Admiral Duncan upon the high sea'; and the gallant croupier crowned the last bowl with 'Ale, good ale, thou art my darling!' Imagine some smart Parisian *savant*—some dreamy pedant of Halle or Heidelberg—a brace of stray young lords from Oxford or Cambridge, or, perhaps, their prim college tutors, planted here and there amidst these rustic wassailers—this being their first vision of the author of 'Marmion' and 'Ivanhoe,' and he appearing as heartily at home in the scene as if he had been a veritable Dandie himself—his face radiant, his laugh gay as childhood, his chorus always ready. And so it proceeded until some worthy, who had fifteen or twenty miles to ride home, began to insinuate that his wife and bairns would be getting sorely anxious about the fords, and the Dumbles and Hoddins were at last heard neighing at the gate, and it was voted that the hour had come for *doch an dorraeh*—the stirrup-cup—to wit, a bumper all round of the unmitigated mountain dew. How they all contrived to get home in safety, Heaven only knows! but I never heard of any serious accident, except upon one occasion, when James Hogg made a bet at starting that he would leap over his wall-eyed pony as the stood, and broke his nose in this experiment of 'o'ervauling ambition.' One comely good-wife, far off among the hills, amused Sir Walter by telling him, the next time he passed her homestead after one of these jolly doings, what her husband's first words were when he alighted at his own door—'Aillie, my woman, I'm ready for my bed! And oh, lass (he gallantly added), I wish I could sleep for a tow-mont; for there's only ae thing in this world worth living for, and that's the Abbotsford hunt!'"

*Business, and Messrs. Constable.*—"Sir Walter concluded, before he went to town in November, another negotiation of importance with this house. They agreed to give for the remaining copyright of the four novels published between December 1819 and January 1821—to wit, 'Ivanhoe,' the 'Monastery,' the 'Abbot,' and 'Kenilworth'—the sum of five thousand guineas. The stipulation about not revealing the author's name, under a penalty of

2000*l.* was repeated. By these four novels, the fruits of scarcely more than twelve months' labour, he had already cleared at least 10,000*l.* before this bargain was completed. They, like their predecessors, were now issued in a collective shape, under the title of 'Historical Romances, by the Author of Waverley.' I cannot pretend to guess what the actual state of Scott's pecuniary affairs was at the time when John Ballantyne's death relieved them from one great source of complication and difficulty. But I have said enough to satisfy every reader, that, when he began the second, and far the larger, division of his building at Abbotsford, he must have contemplated the utmost sum it could cost him as a mere trifle in relation to the resources at his command. He must have reckoned on clearing 30,000*l.*, at least, in the course of a couple of years, by the novels written within such a period. The publisher of his Tales, who best knew how they were produced, and what they brought of gross profit, and who must have had the strongest interest in keeping the author's name untarnished by any risk or reputation of failure, would willingly, as we have seen, have given him 6000*l.* more, within a space of two years, for works of a less serious sort, likely to be despatched at leisure hours, without at all interfering with the main manufacture. But, alas! even this was not all. Messrs. Constable had such faith in the prospective fertility of his imagination, that they were by this time quite ready to sign bargains and grant bills for novels and romances to be produced hereafter, but of which the subjects and the names were alike unknown to them and to the man from whose pen they were to proceed. A forgotten satirist well says,

'The active principle within  
Works on some brains the effect of gin';

but in his case, every external influence combined to stir the flame, and swell the intoxication of restless exuberant energy. His allies knew, indeed, what he did not, that the sale of his novels was rather less than it had been in the days of 'Ivanhoe'; and hints had sometimes been dropped to him, that it might be well to try the effects of a pause. But he always thought—and James Ballantyne had decidedly the same opinion—that his best things were those which he threw off the most easily and swiftly; and it was no wonder that his booksellers, seeing how immeasurably even his worst excelled in popularity, as in merit, any other person's best, should have shrunk from the experiment of a decisive damper. On the contrary, they might be excused for from time to time flattering themselves that if the books sold at a less rate, this might be counterpoised by still greater rapidity of production. They could not make up their minds to cast the peerless vessel adrift; and, in short, after every little whisper of prudential misgiving, echoed the unflinching burden of Ballantyne's song—to push on, hoisting more and more sail as the wind lulled. He was as eager to do as they could be to suggest—and this I well knew at the time. I had, however, no notion, until all his correspondence lay before me, of the extent to which he had permitted himself thus early to build on the chances of life, health, and continued popularity. Before the 'Fortunes of Nigel' issued from the press, Scott had exchanged instruments, and received his booksellers' bills, for no less than 'four works of fiction'—not one of them otherwise described in the deeds of agreement—to be produced in unbroken succession, each of them to fill at least three volumes, but with proper saving

clauses as to increase of copy-money, in case any of them should run to four. And within two years all this anticipation had been wiped off by 'Peveril of the Peak,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'St. Ronan's Well,' and 'Redgauntlet'; and the new castle was by that time complete, and overflowing with all its splendour; but by that time the end also was approaching!"

*The Use of Gas.*—"The effect of the new apparatus in the dining-room at Abbotsford was at first superb. In sitting down to table, in autumn, no one observed that in each of three chandeliers (one of them being of very great dimensions) there lurked a little tiny bead of red light. Dinner passed off, and the sun went down; and suddenly, at the turning of a screw, the room was filled with a gush of splendour worthy of the palace of Aladdin; but, as in the case of Aladdin, the old lamp would have been better in the upshot. Jewellery sparkled, but cheeks and lips looked cold and wan in this fierce illumination; and the eye was wearied, and the brow ached, if the sitting was at all protracted. I confess, however, that my chief enmity to the whole affair arises from my conviction that Sir Walter's own health was damaged, in his latter years, in consequence of his habitually working at night under the intense and burning glare of a broad star of gas, which hung, as it were, in the air, immediately over his writing-table."

*The Pleasures of Planting.*—"You can have no idea of the exquisite delight of a planter; he is like a painter laying on his colours,—at every moment he sees his effects coming out. There is no art or occupation comparable to this; it is full of past, present, and future enjoyment. I look back to the time when there was not a tree here, only bare heath: I look round and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which, I may say almost each of which, have received my personal attention. I remember five years ago looking forward, with the most delighted expectation, to this very hour, and as each year has passed the expectation has gone on increasing. I do the same now; I anticipate what this plantation and that one will presently be, if only taken care of, and there is not a spot of which I do not watch the progress. Unlike building, or even painting, or indeed any other kind of pursuit, this has no end, and is never interrupted, but goes on from day to day, and from year to year, with a perpetually augmenting interest. Farming I hate. What have I to do with fattening and killing beasts, or raising corn only to cut it down, and to wrangle with farmers about prices, and to be constantly at the mercy of the seasons? There can be no such disappointments or annoyances in planting trees."

What a subject for one of Scott's own ballads in the following legend!

"There was," said he, "a very merry party collected in a town in France, and amongst all the gay lords and ladies there assembled, there was none who caused so great a sensation as a beautiful young lady, who danced, played, and sang in the most exquisite style. There were only two unaccountable circumstances belonging to her: one was that she never went to church nor attended family prayers; the other, that she always wore a slender black velvet band or girdle round her waist. She was often asked about these peculiarities, but she always evaded the interrogatories, and still by her amiable manners and beauty won all hearts. One evening, in a dance, her partner saw an opportunity of pulling the loop of her little black girdle behind. It fell to the ground, and immediately the lady became pale as a sheet—then gradual-

ly shrunk and shrunk—till at length nothing was to be seen in her place but a small heap of gray ashes!"

Gratitude for an unexpected benefit, or a marriage under very peculiar circumstances:

"My cousin, Watty Scott," said he, "was a midshipman some forty years ago in a ship at Portsmouth; he and two other companions had gone on shore, and had overstaid their leave, spent all their money, and run up an immense bill at a tavern on the Point. The ship made the signal for sailing; but their landlady said, 'No, gentlemen, you shall not escape without paying your reckoning:' and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the tender keeping of a sufficient party of bailiffs. They felt that they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released. 'No, no,' said Mrs. Quickly, 'I must be satisfied one way or t'other: you must be well aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time.' They made long faces, and confessed that it was but too true. 'Well,' said she, 'I'll give you one chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband—or, at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate; and, therefore, the only terms on which you shall all three have leave to go on board to-morrow morning is, that one of you consent to marry me. I don't care a d—n which it is; but, by all that's holy, one of you I will have, or else you all three go to jail, and your ship sails without you!' The virago was not to be pacified; and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was lost, and off they marched to church, and my poor relative was forthwith spliced. The bride, on returning, gave them a good substantial dinner and several bottles of wine a-piece, and, having tumbled them into a wherry, sent them off. The ship sailed, and the young men religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had taken previous to drawing lots. The bride, I should have said, merely wanted to be married, and was the first to propose an eternal separation. Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipmen's berth; and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them carelessly, reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, in his ecstasy forgot his obligation of secrecy, and cried out, 'Thanks be to God, my wife is hanged!'

*Romantic Story of a projected Robbery at Birmingham.*—"I like Bolton," continued Sir Walter; 'he is a brave man; and who can dislike the brave? He shewed this on a remarkable occasion. He had engaged to coin, for some foreign prince, a large quantity of gold. This was found out by some desperadoes, who resolved to rob the premises; and, as a preliminary step, tried to bribe the porter. The porter was an honest fellow: he told Bolton that he was offered a hundred pounds to be blind and deaf next night. 'Take the money, was the answer, and I shall protect the place. Midnight came: the gates opened as if by magic; the interior doors, secured with patent locks, opened as of their own accord; and three men, with dark lanterns, entered, and went straight to the gold. Bolton had prepared some flax steeped in turpentine: he dropped fire upon it; a sudden light filled all the place, and, with his assistants, he rushed forward on the robbers. The leader saw in a moment he was betrayed, turned on the porter, and, shooting him dead, burst through all

obstruction; and, with an ingot of gold in his hand, scaled the wall and escaped.' ”

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

Copy of Instructions to Colonel Chesney, together with Abstract of Correspondence, and Accounts of Expenditure relative to that Enterprise. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th July, 1837.

THE present Report contains much valuable and authentic matter concerning an expedition in which we have always taken the greatest interest, and of which we gladly avail ourselves, to ascertain the causes of the breaking up of the enterprise, and of the general feeling that has gone abroad of its failure in accomplishing its proposed object.

The letter of instructions from the Duke of Wellington to Colonel Chesney, is of a general nature; that from Lord Ellenborough appears only to notice a *descent* of the river Euphrates, in the event of which, and the season being favourable, the steam-boats were to proceed to Bombay. The original grant for the expedition amounted to 20,000*l.* and this subsequently was, by the purchase made of the two iron steam-boats by the East India Company, increased by 5000*l.* The difficulties which were met with by the expedition at the outset—from the opposition of the government in Syria, by which a hastened transit of the vessels, engines, and their *matériel*, across the land from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates at Bir, was converted into a laborious and expensive undertaking—which occupied nearly one year's incessant exertion, is well known to the readers of the *Literary Gazette*. Sympathising with these trials, and more especially with the serious illness of Colonel Chesney, and of many of his officers and men, a further grant of 5000*l.* was made by his majesty's government early in the ensuing year. The expedition had not, however, yet taken its departure; and, wearied with such long procrastination, an accumulation of expense, and an erroneous report that the descent would not commence till May; ministers, whose patience had been so long tried, withdrew from the responsibility, and such measures were directed to be taken as might be practicable to terminate the expedition by the 31st of July, 1836.

At this anxious moment fortune favoured the expedition; the steam-vessels were floating down the river by the 17th of March, the commander's letters once more breathed hope and confidence, and Sir John Hobhouse, in a letter full of feeling (1st June, 1836), authorised the objects of the mission to be pursued until the end of January, 1837. The ascent of the Euphrates was now also contemplated by his majesty's ministers, and despatches were to be sent out by the Tartarus steam-vessel, by the period calculated for the return of the steamers.

It was under these auspicious circumstances that Providence visited the expedition with the melancholy loss of the Tigris steam-boat, and of so many valuable lives. By this event the enterprise was deprived of the only vessel upon which it could rely for a reascent of the Euphrates river during the low season, should the time already elapsed drive it to that period before the Indian mail should be received. The condolences of his late majesty upon the sad bereavement, as recorded in the report before us, do honour to his head and heart.

The Euphrates steamer reached Basra on the 19th of June, without any further accident, passing through the redoubtable Lemloom marshes, where the channel was, by many, sup-

posed to be lost, every where (with one or more trifling exceptions) meeting with kindness and good feeling on the part of the natives, having received tokens of submission from intelligent agricultural tribes, made peaceful alliances with the restless Bedouins, and bartered goods with the residents in communities. The prospects of the navigation of the river Euphrates stood, indeed, in a very different light to what they had been a year ago!

We gather from a letter of Colonel Chesney's, dated so far back as March the 18th, that he proposed to commence the ascent of the river with an Indian mail by the 9th of July, and we find this intention reiterated in his letter of May 20th, on the occasion of the loss of the Tigris, and again on his arrival at Basra, on the 19th of June.

The anticipated absence at Basra of all facilities for ship construction, so strongly urged by the commander against those who advocated the putting together the steamers at that end of the river, had too plainly manifested itself where repairs, we believe, had become actually necessary; and under these circumstances, although the Euphrates was not, by her construction, adapted for the sea, as the weather was yet fine, Colonel Chesney determined upon crossing the head of the Persian Gulf to Bushire, and there obtain his refitting, and a supply of provisions, now exhausted. We mention this, because, in a letter, dated 30th November, 1836, Sir John Hobhouse expresses, in the most candid manner, how much he will be disappointed if, by waiting for the despatches, the opportunity should be lost of performing “that which is generally, although, perhaps, unjustly, considered as being the most important, and the most difficult part of the enterprise,” viz. the reascent of the river.

The mail from India did not make its appearance in Bushire at the time that was expected by Colonel Chesney, which was somewhere about the 11th of July. The water, as we learn from his letter of June 19th, had been falling ever since the expedition left Beles, and fearful lest the continued delay of the mail from Bombay might prevent the ascent until the water should be too low for the vessel (letter of July 24th), the commander proceeded across the Gulf to Graine, in order to provide means to bring down the London mail for India from Aleppo.

At length the Sir Henry Compton, having made the passage during the south-west monsoon in twenty-four days, arrived, bringing the intelligence that the Shannon schooner had left Bombay with despatches on the 5th of July, eleven days before the transport. Colonel Chesney lost no time in finishing the preparations of the steamer, and she was ultimately taken in tow by the Hon. East India Company's sloop of war, *Elphinstone*, as far as to the mouth of the river, where, the steam being put on, she sailed up to Mohammera, at the mouth of the Karoon.

Never idle when an opportunity afforded itself of completing the various objects connected with the expedition, and which included the survey of the rivers connected with the Euphrates, and the countries adjacent thereto, Colonel Chesney turned the period of waiting for the Shannon to account by attempting an ascent of the Karoon, which was effected to a considerable distance, and, subsequently, an exploration of the Bahamsheer was made.

On Thursday, September 13th, the Shannon anchored off the mouth of the Mohammera channel, having a home mail, with despatches

for the expedition and for the Baghdad Residency, and which brought word that a further mail might be expected by the end of the month. Under these circumstances, the Shannon was despatched to Graine, to take up the London mail, for which arrangements had been made to be conveyed to that spot, but which were unfortunately thwarted with regard to time, by the dromedary falling sick; while Col. Chesney, buoyed up with the hope of conveying the letters to be brought by the Hugh Lyndsay up the line of the Euphrates,—“an important matter,” he observes, in his letter of the 15th August, 1836, on which “I feel some doubt with reference to the decrease of water,”—and guided by private intelligence received of the state of the upper countries, having no reference to the Arabs (see “General Statement of the Labours and Proceedings,” &c.), resolved upon attempting the ascent of the yet unexplored Tigris to Baghdad, with the Shannon mail, which was to be transmitted from that city, and the descent in time for the mail expected by the Hugh Lyndsay. This was accomplished; but, unfortunately, the death of the engineer, and the Arabs sent from Baghdad to cut wood having failed, the time was prolonged. On the return, the coal-boats having got into disputes with the Arabs, were forced to retrace their steps to Korna; and, by these untoward events, which could only happen in a first and experimental navigation, the Euphrates only arrived at Korna by the 16th of October, the Hugh Lyndsay having preceded her by twelve days.

The river was now at her very lowest. Nothing daunted, however, Col. Chesney took on board two passengers, cleaned the engine, shipped his coals, and started up the river Euphrates the ensuing day. Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding which had taken place between the Arabs and the Hugh Lyndsay, on account of her having brought up with her, as passenger, a person well known in these districts for his religious ardour, and upon which subject we observe some judicious observations in the letter of Major Estcourt to Colonel Chesney, p. 48, a visit to the Sheikh of Montefide was necessitated; but it did not delay the steamer long. By the letter dated 28th Oct., we find the vessel engaged in the Lemloom marshes, where her paddles were obliged to be unhipped, and herself warped through the narrow channel, until the 30th, when a serious crack in the cross-head of the larboard air-pump took place, occasioned by some gravel, which, having been sucked in at the bottom of the air-pump, had obstructed its free working.

Under these circumstances, it was necessary to abandon the attempt at an ascent at so late and unfavourable a season of the year. Mr. Fitzjames was sent on with the mail in a native boat, and the two passengers took the same opportunity of proceeding onwards on their journey. The party was subjected, however, to a “systematic pillage” by the Arabs of Lemloom (letter of Mr. Fitzjames, to Sir John Hobhouse, 14th January, 1837), and a loss of money, jewels, and curiosities from India, estimated at about 400*l.*, was sustained. The mails were not opened, and ultimately Mr. Fitzjames arrived in safety with them at Malta, from whence they were forwarded to England.

The Euphrates returned along side the Hugh Lyndsay to get her repairs made; and still apparently anxious that time and opportunity might be given for an ascent of the river during the approaching high season, Colonel Chesney resolved upon proceeding to Bombay, leaving the steamer under the command of Major



Estcourt, with instructions, by following which important services might be rendered to geography, to history, and to the general objects of the expedition, previous to the time which would be most appropriate for an ascent of the river Euphrates.

On the 14th of November, Colonel Chesney left the Euphrates steamer to go on board the *Hugh Lyndsay*, and the former sailed for Mohammera. Here she was detained five days waiting for coal from Basra, when she commenced the ascent of the Karoon, while another party proceeded by the Dorack canal to Felahia, the seat of the Sheik of Dorack, and from thence by land across to Hawaz, which they reached on the 23d November, and found the steamer already anchored beneath several formidable ledges of rock, which cross the river at this place, and form an almost insuperable bar to steam navigation.

The party prepared then to proceed up the river in a native boat, which they did by Weiss to Bendekill, at the junction of the Des river and the Karoon, when, according to the letter of Major Estcourt to Sir John Hobhouse, of 20th December, 1836, tribute was demanded and refused; and, after a scuffle to bring the anchor on board, the boat was allowed to return without having accomplished the great object of the mission, which, according to the instructions, we find to be the very important determination of the true position of Sus, and the clearing up the many doubts which hang upon the different rivers of Susiana. Many points of great interest to historical and to descriptive geography were, however, obtained by this interrupted expedition.

On the 3d of December, the steamer left Hawaz, arrived at Mohammera the 5th, explored the Bahamaheer the 6th and 7th, and sailed up to Basra the 9th. It appears from Major Estcourt's letters, that the steamer left Korna on the 13th of the same month for the Tigris, and on the first day's journey overtook a coal-boat, which had been stopped by the Arabs, and an hour afterwards a second boat in the same predicament. Both boats were taken in tow, a scene which excited the wonder of the Arabs beyond all description, and the steamer arrived in safety at Baghdad the 26th December.

Little intelligence has yet been communicated to the public regarding the latest proceedings of the expedition, and what occurred subsequently to its breaking up. As we have much interesting matter upon these subjects, we shall defer their further notice until next week, when we shall, also, take up some practical points, as the consumption of coals, the formation of dépôts, and their security, and the opinions formed upon the practicability of the navigation of the Euphrates by the different officers, compared with other routes.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

##### SEVENTH MEETING: LIVERPOOL.

(Fourth notice.)

On Thursday, all the Sections continued their labours with unremitting activity, not, perhaps, excepting the Natural History body, which went to Lord Derby's, and, in spite of a wet day, not only enjoyed the sight of his lordship's fine collection, but, also, of his fine collation.

#### SECTION A.

Mr. Lubbock read a report of the committee appointed at the last annual meeting, for the purpose of preparing empirical tables of the moon. The report complained of the very few

observations of the moon which had been reduced and were available for the purpose of forming the required tables, and suggested the expediency of encouraging such observations for the future. Sir W. Hamilton thought the object contemplated by the committee was one which might very properly be urged on the attention of government.

Professor Henry then read an interesting paper 'On the Lateral Discharge in Common Electricity.' He observed, that when a discharge took place from the Leyden jar by a perfect conductor, there was at the same time a slight lateral discharge from the jar itself; and entered into a variety of details to shew the different phenomena to which this lateral discharge gave rise.

Professor Stevaley remarked that this subject was of the greatest importance, as affording a clue to the connexion of certain phenomena in galvanic electricity, with others pertaining to common electricity.

The learned Professor then read a paper by Sir D. Brewster, 'On the Crystalline Lens.'

Dr. Reade read a paper 'On the Production of a Permanent Soap-bubble, for shewing Newton's Rings.' Dr. Reade's plan was, to take a small phial with about two ounces of a solution of Castilian soap, in distilled water, and, after inserting the phial in boiling water, until a vapour was generated which filled the bottle, he then closed the mouth of the bottle, and immediately condensed the vapour, which left a perfect vacuum in the upper part. Then, by a certain manipulation, bubbles might be created in the bottle, which would remain sufficiently long for the purpose of being submitted to investigation.

Professor Christie read a paper 'On the Aurora Borealis, in Summer.' It was a singular phenomenon that the aurora borealis should have made its appearance in summer, as it did last year; respecting which, he related a variety of curious particulars. It was remarkable that there had not been a single month during the year which had not afforded an aurora. One very extraordinary circumstance took place on one of these occasions, when certain dark arches seemed to break through, and cause the disruption of the luminous arches. Allusion was also made to the disturbance of the magnetic influence, which took place simultaneously with the appearance of the aurora, and which had been observed, in one case, both by Professor Christie in England, and Professor Henry in Albany, America, at the very same time. It was suggested, as an object worthy of investigation, by the members of the association, that observations should be made on the appearance of the dark and luminous arches in the aurora borealis, with a view to determine the connexion of the phenomena with those of magnetism.

Mr. Snow Harris read a report on the subject of meteorological observations made by him at Greenwich, during the last five years. Dr. Lloyd announced that similar observations would be shortly undertaken in Ireland, under the superintendence of the officers of the survey.

Mr. Southwood read a report of the observations made by him at Plymouth, on Mr. Whewell's anemometer; in the course of which, he suggested a variety of improvements in the construction of the machine.

Sir D. Brewster read a paper 'On a New Property in Light discovered by him.'

Professor Lloyd produced a report on simultaneous observations on the horizontal needle.

Captain Denham, R.N., then proceeded to exhibit his improved mode of producing a red

light in light-houses. This gave rise to considerable discussion, in which Professor Faraday and Sir David Brewster took part. They could not question the fact of a brighter light being produced, but they seemed to doubt the optical principles upon which it was endeavoured to be accounted for.

#### SECTION B.

Mr. Faraday, in the chair, directed the attention to the importance of the paper about to be read; viz., the 'Report by Dr. T. Thomson, of Glasgow, on the comparative Analysis of Iron as manufactured by the hot and by the cold blast.' Our readers will observe that this subject, of so much interest to iron-masters, as well as to every manufacturer who uses machinery, was also discussed at great length in the Section of Mechanics, where it was ably brought forward by Mr. Fairbairn. The details, in both cases, are minute and complicated; and, though, after all the experiments being made, on iron of different kinds, and of different component parts, it was obvious that no certain determination could be come to on the subject, still the approximation towards practical results, and the accumulation of data for future experiments, are among the valuable contributions to useful science made at this meeting; and the further grant of a sum of money for the continuance of the inquiry shews, at once, that it still needs to be prosecuted, and has not arrived at a more satisfactory conclusion than this, that much depends upon the quality of the iron. One sort does better under the hot blast, and another under the cold. Mr. Fairbairn's experiments were tried on Welsh iron; Dr. Thomson's, on Scotch.

Dr. Thomson said this analysis had been undertaken in consequence of the difference of opinion which had prevailed at Bristol, at the last meeting of the Association, upon the comparative advantages of these blasts. He did not know what had been done by Drs. Dalton and Henry (named on the committee with him), for, living at a great distance from these gentlemen, he took it for granted that it was intended that each individual should make separate experiments. A great quantity of cast iron was made near Glasgow, amounting annually to 200,000 tons. Glasgow was surrounded by one of the richest coal fields, and the iron ore near was of chloride quality. Of this ore he had analysed more than 30 different specimens, selected with great care. In general, some notion might be formed of the goodness of ore by its specific gravity,—the higher the gravity the better the ore; but this rule was not without exceptions, as the heaviest ore he met with was alloyed with a mixture of coal, by which its value was depreciated. The heaviest iron-stone he had met with in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, had a specific gravity of 3.880; but the richest ore in that neighbourhood was 3.056. It contained the following substances:—

Carbonate of Iron .....	85.44
Lime .....	5.54
Coal .....	3.03
Ferrous oxide of iron .....	0.22
Carbonated Magnesia .....	3.71
Silicium .....	1.40
Aluminium .....	0.63

or nearly 85½ per cent of iron. The quantity of silicium and aluminium was peculiarly small, amounting only to two per cent, although, in some specimens of iron-stone, it existed to the extent of 45 per cent. In a bed of iron-stone found near Johnstone, there was 85 per cent of iron, and 12½ per cent of aluminium and silicium. The lightest specimen of iron-stone he had met with, was 2.285, and contained no more than 39 per cent of iron. Before the ore is put into

the furnace, it is always roasted to drive off the carbonic acid, which reduced it 35 per cent. Lime is then introduced with it in the furnace as a fluid. The purest limestone used contained 24½ per cent of calcium. The coal used for fuel gave 10 per cent of ashes. Coal was seldom quite free from pyrites, which accounted for the quantities of sulphur formed in cast iron. When iron was smelted in former times, 10 tons of coal were required for the reduction of one ton of iron. In 1823, when the mode of heating the air was brought into operation, and blasts sufficiently hot to melt lead were introduced into the furnace, 2 tons 19 cwt. were only required for the same purpose, 19 cwt. of which were consumed in heating the air, and in heating the boilers of the steam-engine used. He considered that coals were used with more economy in the hot than in the cold blast, because by the cold blast the heat was carried up the chimney and dispersed, whilst in the hot the heat was instantaneously communicated to the iron-stone. This greater concentration of combustion must melt the iron in a greater degree; this accounts for the smaller quantity of lime required for fusing the clay, and thence the greater quantity of cast iron obtained from a furnace in a given time. The Carron iron-works supplied him with specimens of No. 1 iron, made from hot and cold furnaces. The Carron Company had the reputation of making cast iron of very good quality. The specific gravity of cast iron, smelted by cold blasts, is less than that smelted by hot blasts. The following was the gravity of a number of specimens of No. 1 cast iron, smelted by the cold blast, obtained from different furnaces: 5 from Muirkirk, of the following specific gravity: 6·410—6·435—6·493—6·579—6·775. Pyrites, 6·9944. From the Carron foundry, 6·9888. Clyde works, 7·008. In all these specimens of cast iron, other ingredients were found besides iron. Manganese was pretty generally present, in minute quantities. In one specimen it, however, amounted to 7 per cent, but the average was 2 per cent. Silicon was never wanting, its average being 1½ per cent, though some iron contained as much as 3½, whilst others contained only ½ per cent. Aluminium averaged 2 per cent, sometimes, however, reaching 4½ per cent, whilst in other cases it only amounted to 1000th part. Calcium and magnesium likewise were found in minute quantities; they were not quite free from common pyrites. The following table will shew the proportions in which those substances existed in the different specimens analysed:—

	Muirk.	Do.	Pyrit.	Carr.	Clyde	Mean.
Iron .....	90·98	90·2	91·38	89·4	94·01	90·82
Copper .....	..	..	..	0·28	..	..
Manganese ..	..	7·14	2·00	..	0·635	2·46
Sulphur .....	..	..	..	..	0·04	..
Carbon .....	7·40	1·71	4·88	3·6	3·1	3·855
Silicium .....	0·46	0·8	1·1	3·2	1·0	0·45
Aluminium ..	0·48	0·16	..	3·77	1·03	4·6
Calcium .....	..	0·01	0·2	..	..	..
Magnesium ..	..	..	..	..	0·34	..

Nothing was more astonishing than the differences in the quantity of carbon, which existed in various proportions even when smelted at the same place. He had examined some hot iron said to have been Swedish, the specific gravity of which was 7·663, but which, owing to the presence of sulphur, which did not occur in Swedish, he did not believe to be such. Mr. Tennent had examined a specimen of cold-blast iron, No. 2, which contained 90½ per cent of iron. He had analysed five specimens of hot-blast iron, two of which were the Carron, and three from the Clyde iron-works, where the hot blast was first used, the specific gravity of which were, 7·0028—7·0721—1·1022—1·622—

while 7·0623 was the mean. The following table shews their constitution:—

	Clyde.	Carr.	Carr.	Clyde.	Clyde.
Iron .....	97·09	90·42	96·09	94·96	94·340
Manganese ..	0·332	0·336	0·41	0·16	3·12
Carbon .....	2·46	2·4	2·48	1·56	1·416
Silicium .....	0·28	1·82	1·42	1·32	0·52
Aluminium ..	0·38	0·48	0·26	1·37	0·599
Magnesium ..	..	..	..	0·79	..

This shews an average mean of 95½ per cent of iron. Hot-blast iron is thus obviously purer than cold-blast iron. The manufacture of the iron from the hot blast was not so tough as from the cold blast; but he did not know what they meant, as the two descriptions of iron took the same force to break them. The best steel produced at Glasgow, was made by Mr. Tennent, and found to be constituted as follows:—iron, 99·88; manganese, 0·190; carbon, 0·388. They never could get the exact 100 parts by analysis, and wherever they found them they might be certain it was an analysis made on paper. He considered that the goodness of the steel was owing to the absence of foreign substances. If they used the same quantities of coal with a hot blast as with a cold blast, they would not get iron at all; they must only use half the quantity of coal to the hot blast. Professor Thomson then exhibited specimens of iron No. 1, smelted by the hot and cold blast, from the same ore. The force required to break them was the same, being 2040 lbs., the iron being 9·8 thick. He also exhibited a chain forged of malleable round iron, ½th thick, which had stood the test of 22 tons 7 cwt. or more than twelve tons above the Liverpool chain cable test. This iron had been forged from hot-blast iron.

A member asked whether half of the coal was saved by using the hot blast. Dr. Thomson said that two-thirds were saved. Mr. Guest asked whether any phosphorus had been found in the iron analysed by Dr. Thomson. Dr. Thomson said it was carefully looked for, but not found. Mr. Guest wished to know whether the wrought iron had been manufactured. Dr. Thomson said it was not, but prepared in the usual way. Mr. Tennent said that one bar was made by the single process, and the other by the double process. Mr. Guest said, that the specimens being iron of different qualities, it was rather deceiving them by comparing them together. Mr. Tennent said that the specimens were both hot-blast irons. Mr. Guest inquired whether the iron of which those specimens was prepared was refined. Mr. Tennent said it had merely been through the puddling furnace. Mr. Mushett inquired how Dr. Thomson accounted for the low specific gravity of the Muirkirk iron. Dr. Thomson replied that he did not account for it at all; he had only stated the fact. Mr. Mushett had no doubt that the quantity of carbon introduced into the crucible made iron rich. It was seen that the best iron contained four per cent of carbon. Mr. Guest wished to call the attention of Dr. Thomson to the hot short and cold short Staffordshire iron. When cold it was very tough, but would not bend when hot. Dr. Thomson begged to remind Mr. Guest that it was Mr. Tennent who had analysed the malleable iron, and not himself. Mr. Tennent had tried the iron produced, both hot and cold, and it was perfectly tough at all temperatures. Mr. Guest inquired whether he had tried it at a blood-red heat. Mr. Tennent said, that, as it was tried in every possible way, it would be singular if it had not been tried at that temperature. Mr. Faraday inquired whether the tests were made at different times with the same specimens, or different specimens of iron from the same mines used. Mr. Tennent replied, with different spe-

cimens. Mr. Guest wished to know whether any experiments had been made upon the loss in converting the hot-blast pig iron into malleable. A general impression prevailed that a much larger portion of hot-blast iron was lost in converting it into bars than of cold-blast pig iron: was any attention paid to this circumstance so as to ascertain the fact? Mr. Tennent said that no attention had been paid to the loss of weight; all that they had endeavoured to ascertain was the strength of the iron. Dr. Clarke spoke warmly against the cold blast, which led to some debate. Mr. Guest was in the habit of smelting 300 tons a-week of hot-blast iron; he had nine furnaces at work with cold blasts; and, from his experience, had found that a much larger portion of hot-blast iron is lost in converting it into malleable iron than of the cold blast. The impression on his mind was, that the character of the iron was not so good. He thought that the increased temperature of the first mode gave more silver and aluminium, which was prejudicial to the iron. Dr. Thomson said, that in Scotland all the iron was made from the ore, but in England it was the custom, besides the ore, to add a quantity of cinders. It was not fair to compare iron made with a mixture of iron and cinders with pure ore. Mr. Guest stated, that the two sorts of iron compared were similar in every respect. The hot-blast iron was made under the circumstances out of ore. It was well known that in converting pig iron into bar iron, a great quantity of oxide of iron was produced, and, if the progress were carried on long enough, all the iron would be converted into oxide of iron. If they made iron from cinders, a larger portion of the iron oxidated in the furnace than of the common iron. He wished to know how that arose? Mr. Mushett said, that specimens had been exhibited at the adjoining Section made from hot and cold; both of which had been smelted on a larger scale than in their experiments, and there could be no doubt that hot-blast iron made as good iron as cold-blast iron. If the iron be put through the refinery, there would be a greater loss, but not if boiled. The loss in puddling runs 2½ cwt. to the ton. Professor Johnson said, that in the report read by Dr. Thomson, something had been established. From a comparison of the tables it would be seen that the quantity of iron in the case of hot blasts runs five per cent more than the cold blasts. Then another extraordinary fact was established, that in no case was there a trace of phosphoric acid. This was the more extraordinary, as in certain districts, more particularly at Newcastle, iron ores contain a great quantity of it; and the fact was likewise established,—there were two bars prepared in precisely the same way, one of the cold and the other hot, 9·8 thick; and both of them had broken with 2040 lbs. They had broken with precisely the same weight. Therefore it appeared that iron might be prepared from the same ores of precisely the same strength. There was one other point of great interest, if the white or black iron be analysed, you get the same quantities of carbon. Mr. Faraday said the time for cooling iron made no difference in its chemical properties. The white and black iron, although differing in toughness, were not different in chemical analysis. Mr. Guest had tried the experiment some time ago. He had cooled iron quickly, and produced white iron, and cemented it afterwards, and the Jersey iron was afterwards produced of as good quality as possible. Professor Johnson inquired whether it was not proved that white iron did not make good malleable iron. Mr. Guest said,

that that iron which shewed a few gray specks of carbon, but not too much, made the best malleable iron. He suggested to Dr. Thomson, that if he should continue his inquiries, it was very important that he should analyse the oxides produced from either of these processes. He should be very happy to furnish him with bars, both of hot and cold, as well as with the oxides of each. Dr. Thomson said, that what Mr. Guest called oxide was a combination of oxide and silicium. There were three or four different cinders, all of different compositions. Notwithstanding that Professor Johnson had said that the mechanical department of smelting was superior to the chemical, he knew that if phosphorus was put into iron it deteriorates it. The reason why the Swedish iron was better than ours, was because it was purer. We could not expect iron equal to the Swedish from our ore, seeing that it contained so much impurity. The iron about Newcastle, to which Professor Johnson had alluded, was an exception to the general rule; as the iron ore of England did not contain much phosphorus. Mr. Faraday, in conclusion, said it was very evident that hot-blast iron was cheaper for some purposes than the cold blast. He should, therefore, propose a vote of thanks to Dr. Thomson, for the care he had taken in preparing his report. Any one aware of the great extent of knowledge and care required to enable Dr. Thomson and Mr. Tennent to come before this meeting, would fully appreciate the worth of the report.

Dr. Traill then read a paper 'Upon a New Compound of Antimony as a Pigment,' which he had discovered last winter, when adding a solution of ferropussiate of potash to muriate antimony, by which he had produced very beautiful blue prussiate, somewhat resembling ultramarine.

Dr. Arnott read a paper 'On a New Safety Lamp for Mines.' His idea was to supply lamps at fixed stations in the mines, with air from the surface, by means of cheap wooden pitched pipes, into which the air should be injected by a steam-engine. Hose might be attached to these pipes where it might be requisite to move the light.

Mr. Pearsall, of Hull, read a paper 'Upon the Action of Rain Water upon Lead.' He instanced a number of cases in which persons had been poisoned by lead contained in water, and gave as his opinion, that the water contained lead in solution as well as in precipitation.

Professor Davy introduced a new gaseous carbo-hydrogen, which he had prepared by repeatedly passing the electric spark through bicarburetted hydrogen. He was pursuing further experiments, which he would lay before the Association next year. It appeared that the gas was deprived of one atom of carbon by the electric current, which formed a black crust on the endiometer.

Professor Johnstone likewise laid before the meeting a paper 'Upon the Composition and Properties of a description of Hatcheline,' a substance composed of carbon and hydrogen found in the coal measure.

Professor Miller read a paper 'On the Expansions of Crystals in different directions,' by which it appeared that if sulphate of lime, and various other crystalline substances were heated, they would expand in different proportions in different directions.

#### SECTION C.

Mr. Hutton read a letter from Dr. Jeffreys, of Liverpool, describing a quantity of fossil bones found on the estate of Mr. Lloyd, on the banks of the river Mersey, three miles

from St. Asaph. It contained not only specimens of the smaller animals, such as rats, mice, and cats, but also many of the larger animals, amongst which were hyenas, tigers, and wolves. Dr. Jeffreys also stated, that the collection would be open for public inspection.

Sir David Brewster's letter on the diamond was read (See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1078).

Mr. J. P. Heywood next read an elaborate paper 'On the Great Coal Fields of South Lancashire.' He stated that the coal fields of South Lancashire covered a space of nearly 400 square miles, and that the largest bed was 250 square miles—that the Earl of Balcarras gave employment to 800 persons in the collieries about Vigan, and that Lord Francis Egerton gave employment to 1700 persons in the mines near Worsley. The coal used in Manchester in 1836, was valued at 500,000*l*. Mr. H. proceeded to refer to a geological map of South Lancashire, with the coal fields and their positions, as respects the great sand-stone formation, by which, in some places, they are intersected. He stated that he was not a coal-owner himself, but in the construction of his map had received every assistance from the proprietors. Every geologist present must be aware of the immense amount of labour taken to construct that map, and that no individual, were the term of his life quadrupled, could hope singly to accomplish it. He, therefore, called on them to take notice of all peculiarities that might exist in their immediate neighbourhoods, and to note their observations. It would be seen, that in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, the map had not so many marks of labour bestowed on it as appeared in other places; in fact, some portions of it were colourless. This arose from, he was sorry to say, the want of observers in this particular district. There was, therefore, a wide field yet open, and he should be most happy to add the results of any future observations to complete his map.

Professor Sedgwick, in moving for the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Heywood, remarked that proprietors of land could not be too thankful to such men as Mr. Heywood; for it was a proverbial fact, that thousands of pounds had been spent in mining speculations, which would never have been entered into had a geological map been in existence, similar to the one just exhibited. He would also say, that a man like Mr. Heywood, who was not an owner nor a dweller in one particular district, was best fitted to construct such maps, and to give the best information on the subject.

Mr. Williamson next read a long and extremely interesting paper 'On Sections of the same District.' He produced drawings of fossils discovered in a peculiar limestone; and, also, one of a fish he styled (from the nature of the scales) a salmon, which he had found in the coal fields. The circumstance of the fish being a salmon was refuted by Sir Philip Egerton, who stated that he had himself found a similar fish, which belonged to a separate family, the genus salmon never being found in coal strata.

Mr. Peace read a report on the dislocations and other phenomena of the coal-fields of Wigan; and Mr. Logan on the coal-beds of South Wales.

Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, near Glasgow, read an interesting paper 'On the Changes of the Levels of Sea and Land, bearing on the Statements made by Mr. Strickland, on Monday.' His observations had been carried on throughout the coasts of Ireland and Scotland; and the shells (which he liberally distributed among the members) were found, in many instances, forty feet above the level of the sea. The

specimens we examined were truly said to be "amongst the most interesting, because, being common, they become characteristic of the marine beds in which they occur; the Tellina resembles the Tenuis, but has a brown epidermis, of which the remains are readily observable. The Natica is supposed by Sowerby to be the *Natica glaucinoides* of the English crag; the Fusus was also supposed by him to be the *F. lamellorus* of the Straits of Magellan, but this is doubtful; the Turbo resembles the *Nerita littoralis*, but has a pointed spine. In these beds, which Mr. Lyall would call newer pliocene, Mr. Smith has found 166 species of shells; of these, fourteen differ from any which are known."

Captain Portlock read a paper 'On the Analogy between the Irish and English Red Sandstone, by the circumstance that shells, &c. of a similar cast had been found in each.'

#### SECTION E.

The proceedings of this Section, though of interest to medical science, were not of interest to general readers; and if they were so, we do not think them adapted to the columns of a journal with readers of both sexes and of tender age. What follows is *quant. suff*.

Mr. James Carson read 'A Report of a provisional Committee of the Medical Section appointed to investigate the Compositions of the various Animal Secretions, and the Organs that secrete them.' Another similar by Dr. Rees.

Dr. Holland then read 'An Inquiry into the Influence of the Mind on the Heart, and other Organs, in Health and Disease.'

Sir James Murray exhibited an ingenious contrivance, something like a slipper-bath, which had an air-pump for exhausting the air applied to it. The patient was placed in it, and it was then made air-tight, leaving him a breathing communication with the external atmosphere. The air was then exhausted from the interior, and atmospheric pressure removed from the pressure of the body. About a pound of atmosphere being exhausted, took off a ton of atmospheric pressure. The consequence was, where the body was before cold and collapsed, the vessels were immediately filled up and rendered turgid, while it did not at all interfere with the process of respiration. There were several other ingenious contrivances and applications of the same invention.

Some discussion followed this, in the course of which Dr. Macartney named a very valuable discovery to anatomists, viz. saturating the hands, and other parts exposed to the noxious influence of dissection, with a solution of alum, which completely prevented any ill effects.

Dr. Carlisle offered some remarks on two remarkable malformations of the cerebellum of the human subject.

#### SECTION F.

Mr. Henry Ashworth, of Molton, read a paper 'On the Statistical Results of the late Strike at Preston.' From this report it appeared, that in Preston and the vicinity there are forty-two cotton-mills, giving employment to 8500 hands, and requiring 1200 horse-power to work them. The estimated value of the buildings and machinery is 550,000*l*; the amount of capital required to work them, 250,000*l*. The beginning of the year 1836 was marked by great activity in the cotton trade; the master spinners were supposed to be making considerable profits, whilst the operative spinners, with some appearance of truth, supposed their wages were not commensurate with those profits. In October 1836, the average net earnings of the cotton-spinners of Preston, after paying piecers, &c., were 22*s*. 6*d*. per week, whilst at Bolton

and some of the neighbouring places spinners were receiving, on an average, 25s. per week. There was, however, this difference—the Preston masters had adopted a uniform rate of wages, varying little, if any, with the fluctuating state of trade; whilst at Bolton and other places, wages were raised when trade was favourable, and lowered in times of depression—a plan which, in consequence of the want of economy and foresight on the part of the operatives, only exposed them to greater temptations, to excess in times of prosperity, whilst it occasioned the greatest misery in times of depression. It also appeared that house-rent and provisions were considerably cheaper in Preston than in Bolton. There existed a spinners' trade union in Preston, which, at that time, consisted of from 150 to 200 persons, or considerably less than half of the number of spinners employed. Meetings of this body, attended by delegates from other towns, were held. On the 13th of October a council was formed, and communications took place with the masters, who offered an advance of ten per cent on the rate of wages, stipulating that every man employed should sign an agreement not to belong to any trades' union or combination whatever. These terms were refused by the council of spinners; and, on the 7th of November, the men struck work, all the factories were closed, and 8500 individuals were thrown wholly out of employment. Of these 660 were spinners, having pieces and others under them, 1320 pieces, 8100 weavers, &c., and 420 overlookers, porters, &c. Of these it was stated, that the 660 spinners, or the greater portion of them, were the only persons with whom the turn-out was a voluntary act. The report then detailed the straits and misery to which the working classes were reduced; until, at length, the funds of the union were exhausted, and, on the 5th of February, the men came into the terms originally proposed by the masters, and work was resumed at all the mills, 200 of the spinners who had been the most active leaders in the turn-out having their places supplied partly by self-acting spinning mules, then introduced into Preston for the first time, and partly by men procured from other places. Amongst the consequences of the turn-out were mentioned the following facts:—150 persons were taken before the magistrates, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct; 75 were committed for assaults and intimidation of workmen; 20 young females became prostitutes; three persons died of starvation; 5000 must have suffered extreme privations; the men sold or pawned the greater part of their clothing and household furniture; most of them were in arrears for rent; and great losses were sustained by shopkeepers and others. The total losses were thus estimated:—

600 spinners' wages for 13 weeks, at 25s. 6d. ....	£9,850
1320 pieces, ditto ditto at 5s. 6d. ....	4,719
8500 weavers, &c. ditto ditto at 5s. 10d. ....	38,140
Estimated loss of hand-loom weavers .....	9,500
Ditto of clerks, warehouse-keepers, &c. ....	8,000
<b>Deduct —</b> .....	<b>£70,130</b>
Estimated amount earned between the 9th of January, when work was partially resumed, and the 5th of February .....	<b>£3013</b>
Relief given by masters .....	1000
Private charity .....	2800
Allowance to spinners and pieces from the Trades' Union .....	4390
<b>—</b> .....	<b>12,793</b>
<b>Nett loss to operative spinners .....</b>	<b>57,290</b>
Three months' interest on 800,000s. sunk in machinery, &c. lying useless, loss to the town at large, &c. ....	45,000
Shopkeepers' loss of business and bad debts .....	4,986
<b>Total loss .....</b>	<b>£107,306</b>

Mr. Wyse, in moving the thanks of the Section to Mr. Ashworth, said that these inquiries were of great interest and importance, as tending to enlighten the minds of the operatives themselves, who almost universally entered into these turn-outs at the instigation of a few designing individuals; whilst they not only failed in obtaining the objects they proposed to themselves, but at the end of the struggle were in a worse situation than they were before, besides the misery and privation which they brought upon themselves and their families in the interim.

In the course of an interesting discussion which ensued, several gentlemen expressed their regret that a better understanding did not prevail between the masters and the men; and certain societies, established in some of the manufacturing districts of France for the consideration of matters relating to trade—consisting of six of the masters, six of the men, the chairman being a master—were mentioned as worthy of imitation in this country. Several instances were mentioned in which extensive mischief had been done, both to places and individuals, by these turn-outs, especially the removal of Mr. Heathcote's bobbin-net manufactory into Devonshire; whereby 2000 hands were thrown out of employment in the district from which he removed. Mr. Merritt mentioned the turn-out at Liverpool, four years ago, of all the workmen connected with the building trades, estimated to be 16,000 in number. The objects they proposed to themselves were principally three: first, to put an end to building by contract; secondly, to obtain the same wages for a smaller quantity of work; and thirdly, to include all workmen in the union; in all which objects they signally and completely failed. Several other striking facts were mentioned, all tending to show that in every struggle of this kind the men have always been, and must always be, ultimately the losers.

**Cellars in Liverpool.**—Lord Sandon stated that, as the document laid before the Section on the previous day relative to the cellars and courts of Liverpool was much disputed, their worthy chief constable, Mr. Whitty, had been consulted on the subject, who promised to make such inquiry thereupon as would set the matter at rest. He had done so, and with the permission of the Section the letter from Mr. Whitty would be read. The following is the statement alluded to:—"In the parish, or old borough, there were 6506 cellars, 1984 courts, and 25,732 dwelling-houses, for a population of 190,000; in the outskirts, 6364 houses, 987 cellars, and 307 courts, population 40,000. Few of the courts possess any outlets, and of the cellars the greater proportion are dark, damp, and without ventilation. The average was four persons to each cellar, giving a total of 30,000 occupants of cellars, out of a population of 230,000, and it was estimated that two-thirds of the population belong to the working classes." By Mr. Whitty's letter, it appeared that the number of cellars were 7662, and the inmates thereof 41,338. That it was not from poverty that a great number of them were thus occupied, but for convenience of carrying on little trades and keeping mangles; together with the wish that some had of not paying rent, knowing that cellars had a separate entrance, and were almost independent of the landlord, who, when the tenants did not pay, had much difficulty in removing them in consequence.

His lordship hoped that this circumstance would be another stimulant towards the formation of a Statistical Society in Liverpool, and

spoke highly of the comfortable state in which he had seen some cellars in Liverpool.

Mr. George Webb Hall read a paper, 'On the Improvements effected in Agriculture during the last Century.' These he traced, principally, to the introduction of the potato and turnips, and enumerated the different modes of culture, draining, feeding, breeding, &c. &c.; describing the effects produced, giving due merit to individuals generally, for the good which they had effected. He regretted that, whilst so much had been effected for the improvement of agriculture, so little had been done for the improvement of agricultural labourers. Amongst the measures which he strongly recommended, was the cottage allotment system, to the excellence of which several gentlemen bore strong testimony, and mentioned many striking facts, illustrative of its advantages, not only in improving the condition and character of the labourers, but in improving the value of the land.

A long and very animated discussion took place on this subject, and several noblemen and gentlemen advanced their opinions in favour of spade husbandry, amongst whom were Lord Sandon, Lord Nugent, Mr. Wyse, and a number of extensive landowners throughout the united kingdom. The state of the agricultural labourers was brought under consideration, and a number of instances were adduced to show that spade husbandry would remove every difficulty and trouble under which they laboured. Not only so, but that the land would be greatly improved, and that, as was said in conclusion, by introducing spade husbandry throughout the kingdom, agriculture would become what horticulture now was—a branch of science; and that mechanics would become hand work, while agriculture would be found to be head work. That the spade would supersede poor laws in the agricultural districts, and much improve the condition of agricultural labourers throughout the united kingdom; prevent their removal and breaking up of their little establishments; and that giving them little gardens of about a quarter of an acre, a large body of evidence could be brought to prove, would also be highly beneficial to them, and profitable to the landowner. That the piece of land on which the report was drawn was so very successful, that the gentlemen to whom it belonged had taken 100 acres, which was now undergoing cultivation by the spade, with every prospect of being as successful and as profitable in proportion as the smaller quantity upon which the report was founded.

Mr. Hall contended there were a great many vagaries attached to the notion of spade husbandry, and that it was a fallacy to think it would answer throughout the country. In some parts land might be found which spade husbandry would improve, but it was not generally the case; besides, that which Dr. Yelowly had reported on was of a peculiar nature, and any one knowing any thing of the question must know such land was very different in quality to the generality, and it was no criterion whatever to shew that spade husbandry would be at all beneficial either to the soil, landlord, or labourer. A small piece of land being profitable under such a system, was no guidance for a large establishment.

Several gentlemen remarked on the benefit of allotting small portions of land to labourers, and instanced how much their condition was improved thereby, and their morale and health promoted.

Lord Sandon said, he had 330 such allotments, which he let out at about 2s. to 3s. per

acre, of about a quarter of an acre each, and which returned to the occupier about 3*l*. per quarter.

Lord Nugent made a similar statement, and bore testimony to the good it had done in the neighbourhood in which he resided.

Mr Fripp then read his paper 'On the state of the Working Classes in one of the Parishes of Bristol,' in which their condition was described to be beyond belief miserable.

Dr. Yellowly read a paper 'On Spade Husbandry in Norfolk.' A farm of 317 acres, belonging to Mr. Mitobell, was cultivated with 8 horses and 20 men, under a system of spade husbandry, which had required 12 horses and 20 men with the plough, and the general results were, better wages to the workmen, and an increase of one-third in the produce of the farm. Mr. Mitchell attached a garden, of a quarter of an acre, to each of the men, from which they derived a profit of 3*l*. 3*s*. a year. Sir Edward Kerrison, in Suffolk, had made 200 such allotments, which were sought after with avidity. The rents were paid with great regularity, and the improvement in the condition and character of the cotters was very manifest.

#### SECTION G.

Mr. Lang gave an interesting history on certain improvements in ship-building, adapted to the merchant service. They originated many years ago, when, in Plymouth dock-yard, he saw the number of vessels sent in from blockading the enemy, for repairs, in consequence of the insufficient structure of their keels. He referred to a number of well-known cases, especially the *Pique* and the *Lightning* steamer, to shew that his plan saved them from destruction, when other vessels perished, and that a vessel could lose her keel and continue months on duty. His plan was now adopted by her majesty's navy and three foreign powers, and was rapidly extending. Mr. Lang described his plan in technical terms, with the assistance of drawings and models, very fully. He said it did not increase the cost of ships of war, but did a little that of merchant ships. It was like giving a ship "three back bones, instead of one." Mr. L. fills up the floor perfectly solid, puts in a keelson and a keel in the usual way, and bolting them well together and caulking all up. On each side of this keel he fixes another broad and flat one, and over these another, all secured in a peculiar way, by dovetailing, but so as one may come off without bringing off the other, and the whole without damaging the floor; over all he puts a false keel. In the model he shewed, the depth from the inside of the floor to the bottom of the false keel is about twice the depth of the keelson, and the breadth of the three keels under the floor a little more than the depth from the top of the keelson to the bottom of the false keel. He caulked with Borrodalle's felt, observing that, when the seam is caulked the usual way outside and inside, the oakum does not reach the centre, but leaves a hollow, where damp lodges, to the destruction of the timbers. He also explained technically the mode of securing the gripe and the fore foot, so as to leave the stem independent of the keels, and also to secure the stern-post, which Mr. L. observed, in the ordinary build of merchantmen, was very indifferently secured.

*Strength of Iron, Hot and Cold Blast.*—Mr. Fairbairn read a paper, in continuation of that of the preceding day, to ascertain the strength of iron for resistance, and the best form for resistance. With reference to the latter, they found, by loading bars of different sections with weights, that Emerson's rule, that the strength of bars

and beams with rectangular sections was as the breadth multiplied by the square of the depth, did not always hold good. The report then went on into a variety of important experiments on the powers of different kinds and forms of iron, in supporting weights when used as pillars. This power of iron was generally as its sectional area when the height was the same, but different kinds of iron varied considerably. For instance, on the square inch, pillars of equal height of Carron iron (cold) supported 13,882*lbs*.; of Devon (hot), 20,907*lbs*.; of Buffery (hot), 14,436*lbs*.; Buffery (cold), 17,466*lbs*.; Cortallian (hot), 16,279*lbs*.; Cortallian (cold), 17,374*lbs*.

*Resistance on Railways.*—Dr. Lardner addressed the section on this subject. He detailed the nature of the resistance to tractive force on railroads, and went over the well-known principles expounded by Vince, Colomb, and other writers on physics. He pointed out the difficulties of obtaining the truth by direct experiment, either by a dynamometer or by measuring velocities on inclined planes. He amended some algebraic formulæ, which he contended were erroneous, the gyration of the wheels not being taken among the elements of the calculation. A very long and unproductive discussion ensued.

Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, explained a contrivance which he had formerly made for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of friction. He had found that a trifling diminution of friction took place when the speed was much increased. Mr. Roberts mentioned a curious circumstance which occurred to him once on the Liverpool and Manchester railroad. It was blowing a hurricane, and the wind was almost parallel with the railroad, in the direction of Manchester. He was directed to take an engine and follow a train which it was feared might not be able to contend with the violent wind that was blowing. He did so, and on his return he found that the wind, which was blowing about eighty miles an hour, was sufficient to carry them along without the smallest assistance from steam. In this manner they went at such a speed as completely to neutralise the effect of the hurricane. Sometimes they had a puff of air in their faces, and sometimes they felt a slight effect from the wind at their back, but generally the effect was that of a calm still air. He would mention another matter illustrative of the effect of the air. At one time of his life he used to amuse himself by making spinning-tops. He had made a top which spun forty-two minutes. A friend requested him to make a top for him, and with this top he took particular pains, and to make it look more handsome he put on it a thin coat of the finest lacquer. He found that it would not spin longer than seventeen minutes. He removed the lacquer, and the top then spun thirty-seven minutes. From this he was of opinion that lacquer should not be put on clock pendulums.

Professor Robinson observed, that without any practical knowledge of the subject, he could not consent to leaving the air out of the calculation. Astronomers had to contend with every natural power, and among the rest, the pendulums of their clocks had to contend with two effects of the atmospheric air. The first was the resistance of the air, which was of little importance; the other was the "sticking" of the air to the pendulum in passing through it, which sometimes amounted to ten seconds a-day. If such were the effect of the adhesion of the air on a motion so minute and slow as that of a pendulum, what must it be, to say

nothing of the direct resistance, on long trains forced through at high velocities? He merely threw out the hint for practical men.

Mr. Leethead's Safety Lamp was explained. This lamp is a brass cylinder, with a glazed aperture about two inches diameter before the lamp. To dispense with the wire gauze, it is furnished with a ball about four inches in diameter, fitted with a stop-cock. The ball is to be filled with condensed oxygen gas to feed the lamp. There is no air admitted below; and, as the inventor observed, it can only fire an explosive gas at the top.

*Telegraphs.*—Dr. Clauuny produced a model of a new telegraph, which he explained. It is on the principle of a dial and index, with a corresponding arm above.

Dr. Lardner hoped that they would soon know the result of Professor Wheatstone's invention of electric telegraph. He fully expected that it would establish communications independent of light, place, and almost of time.

Lieut. Watson, of the Liverpool telegraph office, read part of a paper 'On the Advantages of Night and Day Telegraphic Communications connected with Railways, and for general purposes.' Amongst the great attainments accomplished by science in promoting a rapidity of transit by steam, the still more rapid means of conveying intelligence by symbols or telegraphs has been comparatively lost sight of; but, latterly, the importance of attaching a perfect system of night and day telegraphs to the purpose of railway travelling, has engaged serious attention; and the question is rapidly gaining ground, that some such project is indispensable, in order to insure punctuality, prevent and remedy accidents, relieve anxiety, and promote public confidence in railway travelling. The means of securing these advantages have been ascertained and acted upon, so as to leave no doubt upon the mind of the projector of the full efficiency of his plans, but he is precluded from entering into the minutiae of the system, and of the successful night experiments which have been made, both by the space it would occupy, and by the intention of making his invention the subject of patent right. Assuming that an efficient line of telegraph communication by night and day be formed upon the line of railway from London to Liverpool and Manchester, such as has been recently proposed by the writer from an actual survey made, the effect of such an establishment would be,—that every yard of the rails (with little exception, besides tunnels) would be in view from one station or another, the average distance of each being less than five miles; that, consequently, no train upon the line could at any time be out of sight; that, by night or day, each train would be watched throughout its whole progress; that a complete line of intercourse would be formed from one extremity to the other, embracing every locomotive or passenger station, every junction branch or road, not only affording a means of communication throughout from station to station, but between any station and any train upon the rails, and *vice versa*; being, in fact, a power occupying the whole extent of the line, capable of affording an almost simultaneous knowledge at one point of what was doing at any other. For instance, a superintendent, placed at the central or any other station, should have such information laid before him as would enable him at any hour, by night or day, to point out, upon a plan, the position of every train travelling upon the rails, the rate of speed of each, the amount of spare power, proximity to each other, if 'all's well,' or if labouring under any defect or diffi-



culty; and with this knowledge he could issue his orders and directions as circumstances required, and be enabled to place responsibility where it ought to rest, and detect, at once, the misconduct or carelessness of any person connected with the travelling department. Should an engine become defective and proceed with difficulty, on communication made to the nearest depot, another engine would be sent at once to bring in the train; and this defect must continue to occur from a variety of contingencies beyond control. In the event of a break down, or an engine getting off the rails, a communication would be immediately made, by the guard or conductor of the train, to the nearest locomotive station; the cause and extent of the accident being known, the required assistance would be at once supplied, and all speculative anxiety avoided; but such an event, without the means of communicating, would be attended with the inconvenience of delay, until assistance may happen to arrive, and which, when it arrives, is, perhaps, not that required. In the mean time the most intense anxiety prevails with those who have friends in the expected train; and what may eventually turn out to be a mere casual delay, is magnified by fear into a dreadful accident, with loss of life or limb. Witness a late accident upon a railway when the last train broke down, and the passengers were detained upon the rails the whole night. Where the travelling of one line depends in a certain degree upon that of another, it is most essential to insure punctuality; this point may be strikingly exemplified in the Great Junction, at Birmingham. A train from either end is expected to arrive there at eleven o'clock, and another forward is advertised at half-past eleven o'clock — this time arrives, but the expected train not — in the total absence of all knowledge of the cause or probable extent of the delay, whether the train may arrive in five minutes, or one, or two hours, the forward train starts without reference to its arrival, taking with it the positive information that something has occurred to delay the train; consequently, persons at the terminus expecting their friends, though they witness the arrival of a train that ought to bring them, have but the disappointment to learn that, from some cause or other, which no one can speak to beyond conjecture, the train to Birmingham was delayed. The passengers by the delayed train, whenever it arrives, naturally expect to proceed forthwith; consequently, an extra train must be furnished, or they must wait the departure of the succeeding one, which may be an hour or more hence. On the other hand, the telegraph would immediately, upon the occurrence of the accident, announce its extent, and measures would be taken accordingly, and thus all unnecessary anxiety avoided. Another very important point is, that an accident may cause an accumulation of trains upon the same spot, none of which can pass to the opposite line, not knowing what may be approaching in that direction; but by means of the telegraph, with the knowledge of the position of all the trains upon the rails, intimation might be afforded to those trains capable of proceeding, as to what spot they may safely cross from one line to the other without the risk of collision, which attempt cannot be even contemplated without the means of knowing the situation of approaching trains. It is manifest that to provide against, and remedy these casualties, a perfect intercourse must be effected, not only from trains to stations, but from stations to trains when in the act of motion. For instance, in a dark night, there is an impediment

in the way of which it is necessary to warn approaching trains, travelling at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour. Nothing but a visual telegraph can effect this object. The theory of electro-magnetism has been proposed to be used for the purpose of making these communications. Little doubt can be entertained that, if brought to bear, this powerful agent would prove an instantaneous and effectual means of communicating from station to station, and may be a most valuable adjunct to a visual telegraph, which, for railroad purposes, it cannot supersede the necessity of, unless capable of effecting communications to and fro between stations and trains when the latter are in motion. Doubtless, the electro-magnetism would possess a great advantage over the visual telegraph for general purposes of communication in foggy weather. On the subject of climate generally, as connected with telegraphic communications by day, the official returns of Paris and Liverpool in November and December 1836, the worst months in the year, exhibit, in the case of the French telegraph, only one-seventh of the communications received on the day of their date, and in that of Liverpool, only one-ninth defective by influence of weather. The French lines are certainly of greater length than ours; but the average and extreme distance of some of our stations, I believe, greatly exceed theirs, and in most cases more than doubly exceed those proposed upon the railway. With regard to speed of communication, I have, with the present inefficient telegraph, under the most favourable circumstance, passed a distinct question from Liverpool to Holyhead, and received an answer within twenty seconds, a distance of 144 miles. This, with only one man at each station, emboldens me to say, that I have no doubt, with the additional manual power I should have in my project from Liverpool to London, that I could pass a distinct question, and receive an answer in Liverpool, within a minute and a half, allowing the distance to be 400 miles. The night apparatus I propose to use equals in power the present admirably telegraph; but the day semaphore is capable of making any amount in numbers at one simultaneous movement. Communications may be effected through the line with secrecy so impenetrable, that no person connected with the telegraph, or who may actually transmit the signals, can by any possibility become acquainted with their purport. For commercial and government purposes, also, it will be found to be of great utility, and, when considered in its three-fold capacity, as promoting convenience, insuring punctuality in business, and much economy in the distribution of steam power, it will, no doubt, become valuable both to the public at large, as well as to all who are interested in railroad traffic. As a patent is about to be taken out for this invention, it was not further illustrated.

Mr. Curtis sent a model of an inflexible iron bridge.

Among the practically useful papers for daily convenience, was a paper read by Mr. J. J. Hawkins 'On Measuring the Eyes for suiting them with Spectacles.'

Mr. H. said, that he had measured the width of the eyes of many persons, and found in some a pair of eyes three inches and a quarter apart, from centre to centre, and in others only two inches and an eighth: now, it must be obvious that, if a pair of spectacle-frames, made of the proper width for the narrow eyes, were applied to the wide eyes, the sides of the frame would completely obstruct vision: yet it was a la-

mentable fact, that multitudes of spectacle vendors never paid any attention to the width of the eyes of their customers; and hence numerous persons had their sight ruined by looking through the sides of their glasses, instead of through their middles, where alone vision is the most perfect. More than ten years ago, Mr. H. called the attention of opticians to this subject, in a paper, published in the "Repository of Patents," for December, and in the Supplement, for 1826; to which, to save the time of the Section, he referred the members for much useful information on the eyes. Mr. H. exhibited to the Section an instrument for measuring the width of the eyes, consisting of two arms revolving on a common centre; one of the arms carrying an index, the other a plate, graduated to represent the actual distance of two holes, one-thirtieth of an inch diameter, near the extremities of the two arms; one hole in each arm. By moving the arms until both eyes can see the same object through the two holes at the same time, and referring to the index, the exact width of the eyes would be ascertained, and, consequently, the proper width of the required spectacle-frame obtained. For measuring the focus of the eyes, and in substitution of the plans recommended in his paper alluded to, Mr. H. produced a card, on which were drawn twenty-four fine, equidistant, radial lines, corresponding with the angular positions of the hour hand of a clock at every half hour; and he recommended that the person should cover one eye, without pressing on it, and look with the other eye on the card, placed against an illuminated wall, holding the eye so near that all the lines shall appear indistinct; he should then slowly retire from the card until one of the lines appears well defined, measure the distance of the card from the eye, and note it down as the shortest focus of that eye; retiring still further, if, at any point, all the lines appear distinct, note the shortest distance of that occurrence as the best focus for long-sighted persons, and the longest distance for short-sighted persons; again retire until all the lines, except one, appear indistinct, then note that distance as the longest focus; repeat the operation with the other eye, and, if there be any distance where all the lines are clear, the nearest point where that happens in the long sight, and the furthest in the short sight, may be taken as the best focus; but if, as is frequently the case, there is no distance where all the lines appear clear; then the best focus will generally be an arithmetical mean between the longest and shortest distance. Mr. H. stated, that, with his right eye, through spectacles of twelve-inch focus, he could only see clearly at the distance of

16 inches, the line corresponding with.....	1 o'clock, or 7 o'clock.
At 30 .....	12, 13, 1 .. 6, 6½, 7
At 25 .....	12 .....
At 35 .....	3 .....

And, with his left eye —

At 12 inches, the line corresponding with.....	3 o'clock, or 9 o'clock.
At 17 .....	2, 2½, 3 .. 8, 8½, 9
At 24 .....	all the lines clear
At 34 .....	12, 3 .....
All the other lines being indistinct, generally double.	

Mr. H. added, that the examination of the real state of the eyes, by these or by equivalent means, ought to precede the attempt to select spectacles for them.

The proceedings of the General Committee we have already noticed.

At the Promenade in the Town-hall, on Tuesday, we heard there were 2800 persons: to-night there were not quite so many; but still, there was a very crowded assemblage.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting, on Thursday afternoon, did not take place, there not being a sufficient number of members present. The dromedaries, in the gardens at the Regent's Park, have presented the Society with a fine, lively, and likely to-do-well young one. This is the first instance of the kind, it is believed, in England.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE POET.

JOVE said, one day, he should like to know  
What would part the child of song from his  
lyre;

And he summoned his minions, and bade them go,  
With all their bribes and powers below,  
Nor return till they wrought his desire.

The agents departed, Jove's will must be done;  
They vow'd to perform the deed full soon:  
Vainly they search'd in the crowd and the sun,  
But at last they found a high soul'd one,  
Alone with his harp and the moon.

Fortune first tempted: she scatter'd her gold,  
And placed on his temples a gem-bright rim;  
But he scarcely glanced on the wealth as it rolled;  
He said the circlet was heavy and cold,  
And only a burden to him.

Venus came next, and she whisper'd rare things,  
And praised him for scorning the bauble and pelf;

She promised him Peris, in all but the wings;  
But he laughed, and told her, with those soft  
strings

He could win such creatures himself.

Oppression and Poverty tried their spell,  
Nigh sure he would quail at such stern behest;  
His pittance was scant, in a dark dank cell,  
Where the foam-spitting toad would not choose  
to dwell,

But he still hugg'd the harp to his breast.

They debated what effort the next should be,  
When Death strode forth with his ponderous  
dart;

He held it aloft—ye should know, cried he,  
This work can only be done by me,  
So, at once, my barb to his heart!

It struck; but the last faint flash of his eye  
Wasthrown on the lyreas it fell from his hand:  
The trophy was seized, and they sped to the sky,  
Where the Thunderer flamed in his throne on  
high,

And told how they did his command.

Jove heard, and he scowl'd with a gloomier  
frown— [unseen]

'Twas the cloud Pride lends to keep Sorrow  
He put by his sceptre and flung his bolt down,  
And snatched from the glory that haloed his  
crown,

The rays of most burning sheen.

He hasten'd to earth, by the minstrel he knelt,  
And fashion'd the beams round his brow in a  
wreath;

He ordain'd it immortal, to dazzle, to melt,  
And a portion of godhead since then has still  
dwelt

On the Poet that slumbers in death.

E. C.

## DRAMA.

Covent Garden opened on Saturday, with Shakespeare's play of *The Winter's Tale*, with the female portion of the characters "cast" in such a manner as bids defiance to rivalry of any kind, or at any place; but, before we notice the performances, we should state some of the im-

provements that have been made. The whole of the theatre has been *cleaned*, freshly painted, and decorated with great taste; lobbies have been formed round the boxes, thus separating them from the saloons, and doing away with a portion of the audience that was a disgrace, as well as an annoyance. The chandelier has been renovated, and glitters like a large cluster of diamonds, adding greatly to the effect of the roof, which has been thickly studded with stars, and which, with the chandelier, forms a beautiful *coup-d'œil*. A handsome new drop-scene adds greatly to the effect of the interior: but to proceed with the performances. After a well-played overture the curtain rose, and Mr. Macready came forward; if the plaudits he then received be a guarantee of future success, Mr. Macready must succeed. The house, which was full to the ceiling, rose to a man; and we never, to our knowledge, heard such a tumult of applause as welcomed Mr. Macready and the legitimate drama. He spoke a manly and promising address, and was again most cordially greeted at its conclusion. The whole of the company sang "God save the Queen," and the *The Winter's Tale* proceeded. We need hardly say that the *Leontes* of Macready was, both in conception and delineation, a master-piece; so we pass on. Diddead played *Polixenes* with great taste and judgment; Bartley was a merry *Autolycus*, Bennett, a good *Antigonus*, and Meadows, a capital *Clown*. The other male parts were fairly sustained, and do not require separate notice, with the exception of Mr. Anderson, who made his *début* before a London audience in the part of *Florizel*. This gentleman is a most valuable acquisition to the London boards: he has a good person and a very fine voice, and displayed much taste in his delineation of the short part allotted to him. We hope we shall see him in a more prominent character before long; he is the very form, and all that can be desired, for *Romeo*, *Orlando*, and that line of business; he gives great promise of future excellence, and will fill a place that has been too long vacant in his profession. But, to return to the female portion: Miss Faucit deservedly gained new laurels by her performance of *Hermione*, which was sweetly feminine and graceful. The *Paulina* of Miss Huddart, and the *Perdita* of Miss Taylor, were admirable; as were Mrs. W. Clifford's *Emilia*, Miss P. Horton's *Mopsa*, and Miss Vincent's *Dorcas*. The play was followed by *A Roland for an Oliver*, and the whole concluded by midnight.

On Wednesday, Messrs. Leffler and W. J. Hammond made their first appearances at this house in Bickerstaff's opera, *Love in a Village*, and were very warmly received. Sterling plays have drawn good houses since the opening of this theatre.

*Haymarket*.—Mr. Phelps proceeds, but not very happily, in leading parts; when he takes his proper station, he will be an ornament to the stage; as it is, comparisons are forced on us which are by no means advantageous to this gentleman.

An operetta called *Swiss Swains*, full of delightful ballads composed by Alexander Lee, was played on Thursday; our notice of it must be postponed till next week, only saying now that Mrs. Waylett's singing is quite a treat.

*Adelphi*.—Re-embellished, and the company numbering nearly all the old favourites, this pretty little theatre opened on Friday week with two novelties; the first, called *Rory O'More*, is from the pen of Mr. Lover, and is founded on his own novel of the same name; he has, however, made many alterations, and given a

series of highly dramatic incidents; the *dramatis personæ* being ably supported by the different actors to whom they were intrusted. Mr. Power played the hero with great spirit, and added, if that be possible, to his already high reputation by his capital acting of *Rory*; in which character, we venture to predict, he will be even more popular than he has been in any other. Yates was perfectly in his element as *De Welskein*, and murdered the Queen's English most famously. O. Smith had a suitable part in *Shan Dhu*, the rival of *Rory* for the affections of *Kathleen*, Mrs. Yates, who gave much sweetness to her short part. *Mary O'More*, *Rory's* sister, was played by Miss Agnes Taylor, a *débutante*. This young lady has a very sweet voice, and warbled a couple of Lover's charming lyrics in an excellent manner. When she becomes more accustomed to the stage, and overcomes that nervousness always attending the commencement of her profession, she will add another to the already numerous favourites at the Adelphi. The second piece, *The Pocket Book*, is one of those domestic dramas quite peculiar to this house, in which Mrs. Yates's touching acting is quite unrivalled. It was perfectly successful, and has been repeated nightly to overflowing audiences. Wilkinson has a part well suited to his style in this burletta, and is very happy in his delineation of it.

*Olympic*.—Madame Vestris commenced her campaign on the same evening, with Mr. Dance's comedy of the *Country Squire*, introducing Mr. Farren to an Olympic audience. We need not say he succeeded here, for he must succeed any where. Two new burlettas, for that is the name by which the amusing trifles produced at this theatre are known, were played on the same evening; the first, *The New Servant*, introduced Mr. and Mrs. Keeley for the first time since their return from America; it was successful more from the excellent acting of this gentleman and his wife, than from its own merit, which is not very great. The second novelty, *Advice Gratis*, was better, and exhibited Farren in an extremely amusing character, a *Mr. Oddbody*; he has a knack of advising every one exactly as they wish to be advised, and, consequently, his advice is much sought and always followed. There are many good incidents in this piece; and Farren was ably supported by Mr. F. Matthews and Mrs. Orger, who had also good parts. Both pieces have been played every evening since to capital houses.

*St. James's Theatre*.—This elegant place of amusement likewise opened on Friday, with a new piece, called *The Assignment*; it is extremely entertaining, and will, doubtless, become a favourite with the public. Mr. Braham has retained all the favourites of last season, and added established favourites from other theatres to his very efficient company. Among them we should notice Mr. Wright, a comedian of the Wrench school, and Mrs. Stirling, both of whom are seen to great advantage in *The Young Widow*. A new operatic burletta, entitled the *Cornet*, was produced on Thursday. We shall delay a more detailed notice till next week, by which time the *Cornet* will be established at the St. James's.

## VARIETIES.

*Singular Horse-cloth*.—A morning paper, in describing a recent inspection of some of the household troops by the Queen, says:—"Her majesty was mounted on a gray charger, richly caparisoned, and dressed in the Windsor uniform!"

*Caricature*.—Another excellent hit, in like-

nesses of Lord Melbourne and O'Connell, from the pencil of H. B., is before us, being No. 502, in his series of caricatures. It is a copy, in H. B.'s freest manner, of "Retzsch's extraordinary design of Satan playing at Chess with Man for his Soul," and is very happy in every respect.

**General Phipps.**—We read, with sincere regret, in the journals, an announcement of the death of this kind and amiable gentleman, at Venice, in his 77th year. General Phipps was an excellent judge of works of art, and an accomplished critic of the drama. Few men were more universally esteemed and beloved in society.

**Sir Egerton Brydges** has also paid the great debt of nature, in Switzerland, where he has resided a long time, in, we fear, very straitened and adverse circumstances. A scholar of very general attainments, there is hardly a branch of polite literature to which he has not largely devoted himself, and his productions, probably, exceed in extent those of any author since the days of Lopez de Vega.

**Weather-Wisdom.**—Not quite right nor quite wrong since our last, but too incorrect for us to repose our trust in the weather-wise: the week to come has "The air still cool, and rainy at the first quarter, on the 7th. A change on the 10th, but still cold and unsettled air about the 13th, the sun being then in aspect to Herschel."

**Cards.**—We have received a pack of cards from Messrs. Reynold, the pips of which are filled with grotesque faces; though too diverting for whist-players, they would be capital for a child's party, or a game of fright.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The late Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.—It is understood that the deceased baronet has by his will bequeathed the copyright of his works to his second son, the Rev. Egerton Brydges, M.A., by whom is contemplated the immediate publication of a new and uniform edition of the late poet's works, a large portion of which has never been before the public.

In the Press.

The Author's Advocate; and Young Publisher's Friend, by the Author of "The Perils of Authorship," &c.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Principles of Midwifery, including the Diseases of Women and Children, by John Burns, M.D., F.R.S., 9th edition enlarged, 18s.—Berkeley's British Fungi, Fasciculus III., 4to. 1l.—Drake's Road Book of the Grand Junction Railway from Birmingham to Liverpool and Manchester, with a Map of the Entire Route, &c. &c., 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Sermons on Various Subjects, by the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, M.A., &c. 8vo. 6d.—Dr. James Müller's Elements of Physiology, translated by William Baily, Part I., 8vo. 9s.—The Altar Service, by the Rev. S. Isaacson, A.M. 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Select Prayers, by ditto, ditto, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Latin Homonyms, for Schools, by T. S. Carr, fcap. 3s.—Pratt's Statutes relating to the Office of a Justice of the Peace, 8vo. 6s.—Frogs of Aristophanes, with English Notes, by the Rev. H. P. Cookeley, 8vo. 7s.—Hone's Lives of Eminent Christians, Vol. III., fcap. 4s. 6d.—T. S. Carr's Latin Selections, fcap. 3s. 6d.—Dictionary of the Arts of Antiquity, by Julius Sillig, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—The Student's Companion to Apothecaries Hall, by E. Oliver, 32mo. 4s.—The Philosophy of Marriage, by M. Ryan, M.D., fcap. 6s.—Lochelev, and other Poems, by M. Bruce, with Life by Mackelvie, 12mo. 5s.—Chemistry of Nature, by Hugh Reid, 12mo. 5s.—Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book, 1838, by Agnes Strickland and B. Barton, 8s.—The Christian Keepsake, 1838, 15s.—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, 1838, 4to. 1l. 1s.—Maddocks's Practice of Chancery, 3d edit., 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. 13s. 6d.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ERRATA.**—Our copy of the Proceedings of the British Association having been despatched from the country on *maize*, an error was committed in the arrangement of last week's *Gazette*, by the insertion of Mr. Faraday's General Report of the Section, delivered at the amphitheatre on Friday night, among the miscellaneous papers of preceding dates. This portion, therefore, marked Section C. p. 628, cols. 2 and 3, ought to be read with the other Reports of Friday Evening, in winding up the Transactions. And, in No. 1079, p. 628, middle col., in the Reports, &c. recommended in Section B, for Professor Leibig on the Present State of Isomeric bodies, read Isomeric bodies.

### ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**WILL BE CLOSED ON SATURDAY, the 14th October.**—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK. New Exhibition, representing the interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. Open daily, from Ten till Five.

### ARTISTS' and AMATEURS' CON- VERSATION, FRERES' TAVERN.

The Members of the Society are respectfully informed that the first Meeting will take place on the first Wednesday in November: the Subscriptions to be paid by October 11th, before which day the Names of new Candidates must be sent to the Hon. Sec., Henry Graves, 6 Pall Mall.

### ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

Professor Duncan Forbes will deliver his Introductory Lecture on Thursday, the 12th inst., at Three o'Clock precisely in the Afternoon. Any Gentleman presenting his card will be admitted to this Lecture. H. J. ROSE, B.D., Principal. King's College, London, Oct. 9, 1837.

### TO ARTISTS, TOURISTS, AND ADMIRERS OF THE FINE ARTS.

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Life of Sir Edward Coke; with Memoirs of his Contemporaries.* By C. W. Johnson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

THIS is a very valuable work, illustrating one of the most important periods in our history, and written in a candid spirit, whose judgment is based on materials collected with great industry. It was a remarkable time, fertile in remarkable men; and Coke was of the first order, whether with reference to his talents or to the part that he played. As, however, our columns are no place for political discussion, we shall rather choose our extracts from portions whose interest is of a more general order.

*Diary of a Canvassing Member.*—"About the year 1640, in a private manuscript, J. Harrington, Esq. of Kelston, Somersetshire, thus described his canvass, in the December of that year.

"*A Note of my Bathe Business about the Parliament.*

"Saturday, December 26. Went to Bathe and dined with the maior and citizens; conferred about my election to serve in parliament, as my father was helpless, and ill able to go any more. Went to the George Inn at night; met the bailiffs, and desired to be dismissed from serving; drank strong beer and metheglin (mead); expended about three shillings; went home late; but could not get excused, as they entertained a good opinion of my father.—Monday, December 28. Went to Bathe; met Sir John Horner; we were chosen by the citizens to serve for the city; the maior and citizens conferred about parliamentary business. The maior promised Sir John Horner and myself a horse a piece, when we went to London to the parliament, which we accepted off; and we talked about the synod and ecclesiastical dismissions. I am to go again on Thursday and meet the citizens about all such matters, and take advice thereon.—Thursday, 31. Went to Bathe; Mr. Ashe preached; dined at the George Inn with the maior and four citizens: spent at dinner six shillings in wine. Laid out in victuals, at the George Inn, xix. 4d.; laid out in drinking, viis.; laid out in tobacco and drinking vessels, iiii. 4d.—January 1. My father gave me 4l. to bear my expenses to Bathe. Mr. Chapman, the maior, came to Kelston, and returned thanks for my being chosen to serve in parliament, to my father, in the name of all the citizens. My father gave me good advice touching my speaking in parliament as the city should direct. Came home late at night from Bathe: much troubled heretofore concerning my proceeding, truly for men's good report and mine own safety.—Note. I gave the city messenger iis. for bearing the maior's note to me: laid out in all viiis. for victuals, drink, and horsehire, together with divers gifts."

The marriage of his daughter, hoping by that means to regain the court favour lost by his upright conduct as judge, is a strange picture of the times, and ends most miserably.

"The Reverend George Garrad, in a letter to Lord Deputy Wentworth, dated March 17, 1637, remarked,—'Here is a new business revived; your lordship hath heard of a strong

friendship heretofore betwixt Sir Robert Howard and the Lady Purbeck, for which she was called into the high commission, and there sentenced to stand in a white sheet in the Savoy church, which she avoided then by flight, and hath not been much looked after since, having lived much out of town, and, constantly these last two years with her father, at Stoke, until he died; but this winter she lodged herself on the water side, over against Lambeth, I fear too near the road of the Archbishop Barge, whereof some complaint being made, she had a sergeant-at-arms sent with a warrant from the lords of the council to send her to the gatehouse, whence she will hardly get out until she have done her penance. The same night was a warrant sealed, signed by the lords, to the warden of the Fleet, to take Sir Robert Howard, at Suffolk House, and to carry him to the Fleet; but there was never any proceeding against him, for he refused to take the oath *ex-officio*, and had then the parliament to back him out, but I fear he will not escape now.' Two months afterwards, Mr. Garrad, in addressing the lord deputy, May 19, 1635, reported,—'No news yet of the Lady Purbeck, since her escape out of the gatehouse; but Sir Robert Howard lies before it still a close prisoner in the Fleet; being so committed from the High Commission Court, until he shall bring her forth, who, being there, cannot do it, for he sees nobody; and, if he were out, would not do it. So that he is like miserable and like to pay dear for his unlawful pleasures.' And on the 24th of June, 1635, he writes,—'Sir Robert Howard, after one month's close confinement in the Fleet, obtained his liberty, giving two thousand pounds bond, never more to come at the Lady Purbeck, wherein he stands bound alone; but for his appearance within thirty days, if he be called, two of his brothers stand bound with him in fifteen hundred pounds; so I hope there is an end of that business. The lady, I hear, passed in man's clothes, first into Jersey, since, she is gone to France, and there means to continue.' And finally, the Reverend George Garrad, when writing to the Lord Deputy Wentworth, July 30, 1637, told him,—'The Lady Purbeck is heard of. It seems she went first into the Isle of Guernsey, disguised in man's apparel. You know who is governor there, her kinsman, the Earl of Danby; but he knew nothing of it. Thence she went to St. Maloe's, and is still in one part of France, where I wish she might stay, but it seems not good so to the higher powers, for there is of late an express messenger sent to seek her, with a privy seal from his majesty, to summons her into England, within six months from the receipt thereof, which, if she does not obey, she is to be proceeded against according to the laws of this kingdom.'

*Coke's Monument.*—"Tittleshall church contains his monument, as well as his grave. The tombstone was erected, according to Walpole, by Nicholas Stone, master mason, at the cost of four hundred pounds. It is of polished marble; on the top are his armorial bearings, with the four cardinal virtues. On this tomb is also a full-length effigy, with an inscription,

which I subjoin in Latin and in English. The motto is affixed, '*Prudens qui Patiens.*'

*Comparison between Coke and Bacon.*—It begins with Bacon's eloquent letter published in "The Cabala," and adds—"Such were the angry, though half friendly, admonitions of the great Bacon to his talented rival. He could find in Coke's character but two causes of accusation—he was avaricious, he was talkative. The man who, with an immense professional income, buried himself in his chambers, could have had but few sources of expenditure. Coke's income, from his studious habits, would of necessity largely exceed his expenditure; and, if he did talk occasionally at too great a length, it is a crime which other great judges have committed with perfect impunity; and their sovereigns, far greater monarchs than James the First, never thought they ought, in consequence, to be removed from the bench. And if Coke did not always write or talk in the language of a philosopher, neither did he use to his sovereign the language of the convicted betrayer of justice, or write receipts for the wages of his corruptions. It is little surprising, that if these were Coke's greatest crimes, that it should be said of him by his master, King James, 'Whatever way that man falls, he will alight upon his legs.' Sir Edmund Coke and Francis Lord Bacon were by far the most extraordinary men of their age. England had never before seen two such legal rivals in her courts, and time has not since produced any two lawyers who can be compared to these great opponents in her Augustan age. Widely differing, however, as these two great men did, in character, they yet resembled each other in many circumstances of their splendid career. They were both elevated by the smiles of the court; they were both, in some measure, sacrificed to propitiate the clamours of a party. They both trusted too much to the friendship of the regal favourite; both courted the favour of Villiers, duke of Buck-

\* "Nicholas Stone, who erected this fine monument, was the most celebrated person in his day for tombstones, and other memorials of the dead: he appears to have been very extensively employed, and to have obtained very great prices, when the value of money and other circumstances are taken into consideration. He kept an account in a pocket-book of the work he performed, the prices he obtained, and the treatment he received from his employers. The book was in the possession of Virtue, and employed by Horace Walpole in his '*Anecdotes of Painting*,' who has given several extracts. Thus he tells us, that he erected the monument of Coke, at the church of Tittleshall, in Norfolk, for which he was paid four hundred pounds; he had before been employed on a statue of Sir Edward Coke,—for in the account of the various sums of money paid to his workmen for wages, is this entry:—1629. John Hargrave made a statue from Sir Edward Coke for 15l. For the Paston family, from whom Coke had his first wife, he was exclusively employed, he tells us:—And in 1629, I made a tomb for my Lady Paston, of Norfolk, and set it up at Paston; and was very extraordinarily entertained there, and paid for it 340l. And in 1632, I made a chimney-piece for Mr. Paston, set up at Oxnett, in Norfolk, and for the which I had 80l.; and one statue of Venus and Cupid, and had 30l. for it; and one statue of Jupiter, 25l.; and the three-headed dog Cerberus, with a pedestal, 14l.; and Ceres, and Hercules, and Mercury, 50l.; and a tomb of my Lady Catherine, his dear wife, 200l.; and a little chimney-piece in a banquetting-house, 30l.; and one range marble table with a foot, 15l.; and divers other things sent down from time to time, as painting of arms, &c.; and in May 1641, sent to him three statues, the one Apollo, Diana, Juno,—agreed for 25l. a piece, with pedestals. The statues of Ceres, Hercules, and Mercury, according to Walpole, were, upon the extinction of the Paston family, transferred to Lord Buckingham's seat, at Blickling."

ingham, with an earnestness equally intense and disgraceful. They had each dark shades in their character. If Coke was proud and avaricious, Bacon was meanly subservient; and unblushingly took bribes, mis-called presents, from the suitors in his court. If Coke was economical, and even parsimonious, he died rich; if Bacon was generous and liberal, he died in debt. They differed, too, in the nature of their attainments. Bacon excelled in general knowledge—was profound in the highest walks of philosophy. Coke had paid little attention to these noble researches; his philosophy made him believe in witches, conjurers, and in the promises of the alchemist; but in history, in all the deep readings of the common and statute law, he left his great opponent at an immeasurable distance. Bacon had the greater genius; Coke the most industry and application: the first had a mind the most comprehensive, and capable of the highest flights; the last had the greater power of application and of exclusive attention. The mind of the one was as utterly incapable of producing the *Novum Organum*, as the other was to luxuriate among the dry immortal sections of the Commentaries upon Littleton. Queen Elizabeth decided in this spirit, when Essex so perseveringly advocated Bacon's interests for the vacant solicitor-generalship; she admitted his philosophy when she doubted the depth of his law. Their rivalry, too, was remarkable both for its intenseness and its long duration. They were rivals as pleaders; competitors for the same law offices under the crown; and even struggled to obtain the same lady in marriage. Both of these two great men attained the highest legal situations. Bacon became the head of the court of equity; Coke held the highest common law office in the gift of the crown. Both were charged with malversation in the administration of their official duties: one with the unsoundness of his law, the other with the badness of his equity. The king removed his chief justice; the parliament impeached and disqualified the chancellor. Both died in disgrace, though they had partially recovered the smiles of royalty. Bacon was at the house of a stranger, in which he had taken refuge, when he was suddenly attacked with his mortal malady; and Coke had hardly a more peaceful death, for, in his last hour, his house was searched, and his papers seized by the officers of the crown. Coke was ten years of age, when Bacon was born; they had both the advantage of powerful connexions; both married well. Bacon had the most brilliant, Coke the most lengthened career, for he survived his great opponent about eight years. Time, which sobers the contentions of political parties, has assigned to each their respective meed of praise and of condemnation. The general reader has long since yielded to both their equal mixture of praise and reprobation. The name of Coke to such students of England's history, brings to mind his immortal Comments, his Reports, and the way in which he bullied poor Raleigh at Winchester. Bacon's name he associates with all that is triumphant in modern experimental philosophy, and disgraceful in the conduct of a chief judge in equity. They were both great men; both had their weak points; and are both entitled to the grateful plaudits of posterity."

*The Peerage in the Coke Family.*—"Sir Edward Coke died a commoner; his name was not enrolled amongst the peers, and his descendants are still numbered with the great and leading commoners of England. It is true that one branch of his descendants was for a generation elevated to the peerage; that they

have had one Earl of Leicester in the family, but it was for one generation only, the holder of the title long outliving his talented and only son. To the family, the name of Coke is sufficiently honourable, for, amongst lawyers and legislators, the name would derive no additional lustre from his being created a peer. It is true that William Pitt, 'the boy minister of England,' was willing to wipe away the reproach that the peers of England did not have a Coke amongst their number; it is true that he tendered a peerage to the present Mr. Coke; an offer which was certainly declined. A vague rumour is prevalent in the east of England, that the reason for the refusal arose from the hesitation of Mr. Pitt to grant the title of Leicester. But this report I know to be erroneous. Mr. Coke himself told me, that he refused a peerage from William Pitt, because he could not support the minister who proffered him the honour. That he should in such case have had to oppose the man who gave him his seat in the upper house. The feelings of these two great men were equally honourable; they felt, as men of their minds should feel, above the little paltry calculations of every day life. Pitt through life had but one great object, the greatness and glory of his country; for this he laboured the lifelong day: for England he pleaded by the light of the midnight lamp before her assembled commoners: for her he was a martyr. Coke has had a more limited sphere, it is true, but what he had to do he did well. He refused his peerage rather than incur any suspicion of political ingratitude. And principally through his noble exertions, the agriculturists of England have taken a rank among the scientific cultivators of the earth, which they never before attained. Yet, I confess, I would rather witness the representative of the Coke family sitting in the same house, which numbers amongst its members the descendants of so many other great lawyers, and that the Fortescues, Littletons, Somers, Kings, Mansfields, Hardwicks, and a host of other great names, should derive still greater honour by the addition to their number of the descendants of the greatest lawyer which their country ever produced."

There are slight, but well-written memoirs of various persons connected with the period. Mr. Johnson has neglected nothing that could make his work complete; and it does equal honour to his intelligence and his industry.

#### *Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1838.*

With poetical illustrations by L. E. L. 4to. pp. 54. London, Fisher and Co.: Germany, Black and Armstrong, and Asher.

THE best criticism on this established favourite with the public will be to quote it; and the following poems will speak for themselves, especially the touching stanzas which illustrate the portrait of Mrs. Hemans:—

#### "*Felicia Hemans.*"

No more, no more—oh! never more returning,  
Will thy beloved presence gladden earth;  
No more wilt thou, with sad yet anxious yearning,  
Cling to those hopes which have no mortal birth.  
Thou art gone from us, and with thee departed,  
How many lovely things have vanished too:  
Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,  
And feelings, teaching us our own were true!  
Thou hast been round us, like a viewless spirit,  
Known only by the music on the air;  
The leaf or flowers which thou hast named inherit  
A beauty known but from thy breathing there;  
For thou didst on them fling thy strong emotion,  
The likeness from itself the fond heart gave;  
As planets from afar look down on ocean,  
And give their own sweet image to the wave.  
And thou didst bring from foreign lands their treasures,  
As floats thy various melody along;  
We know the softness of Italian measures,  
And the grave cadence of Castilian song.

A general bond of union is the poet,  
By its immortal verse is language known,  
And for the sake of song do others know it—  
One glorious poet makes the world his own.  
And thou—how far thy gentle sway extended!  
The heart's sweet empire over land and sea;  
Many a stranger and far flower was blended  
In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.  
The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters  
Paused in the pine-woods words of thine to hear;  
And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters  
Thy name was lovely, and thy song was dear.  
Was not this purchased all too dearly?—never  
Can fame atone for all that fame hath cost.  
We see the goal, but know not the endeavour,  
Nor what fond hopes have on the way been lost;  
What do we know of the unquiet pillow,  
By the worn cheek and tearful eyelid prest,  
When thoughts chase thoughts, like the tumultuous  
billow.

Whose very light and foam reveals unrest?  
We say, the song is sorrowful, but know not  
What may have left that sorrow on the song;  
However mournful words may be, they shew not  
The whole extent of wretchedness and wrong.  
They cannot paint the long sad hours, passed only  
In vain regrets o'er what we feel we are.  
Alas! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—  
Cold is the worship coming from afar.  
Yet what is mind in woman, but revealing  
In sweet clear light the hidden world below,  
By quicker fancies and a keener feeling  
Than those around, the cold and careless, know?  
What is to feed such feeling, but to culture  
A soil whence pain will never more depart?  
The fable of Prometheus and the vulture  
Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.  
Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated—  
By careless tongues and by ungenerous words;  
While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,  
Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.  
Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing numbers  
Gave other lips the joy thine own had not?  
Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slumbers  
Which closed around thy mourning human lot?  
What, on this earth, could answer thy requiring,  
For earnest faith—for love, the deep and true,  
The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,  
But only from thyself its being drew.  
How is the warm and loving heart requited  
In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell!  
Its best affections wronged, betrayed, and slighted—  
Such is the doom of those who love too well.  
Better the weary dove should close its pinion,  
Fold up its golden wings and be at peace.  
Enter, O lady, that serene dominion,  
Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease.  
Fame's troubled hour has cleared, and now replying,  
A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.  
Sleep with a light the lovely and undying  
Around thy grave—a grave which is a shrine."

#### "*The Tombs of the Kings of Golconda.*"

Morning is round the shining palace,  
Mirrored on the tide,  
Where the lily lifts her chalice.  
With its gold inside,  
Like an offering from the waves.  
Early wakened from their slumbers,  
Stand the glittering ranks;  
Who is there shall count the numbers  
On the river's banks?  
Forth the household pours the slaves  
Of the kings of fair Golconda,  
Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Wherefore to the crimson morning  
Are the banners spread,  
Daybreak's early colours scorned  
With a livelier red?  
Pearls are wrought on each silk fold.  
Summer flowers are flung to wither  
On the common way.  
Is some royal bride brought hither  
With this festival array,  
To the city's mountain-hold  
Of the kings of old Golconda,  
Of Golconda's ancient kings.

From the gates the slow procession,  
Troops and nobles come.  
This hour takes the king possession  
Of an ancient home—  
One he never leaves again.  
Musk, and sandal-wood, and amber,  
Flung around their breath:  
They will fill the murky chamber  
Where the bride is death.  
Where the worm hath sole domain  
O'er the kings of old Golconda,  
O'er Golconda's ancient kings.

Now the monarch must surrender  
All his golden state,  
Yet the mockeries of splendour  
On the pageant wait  
That attends him to the tomb.  
Music on the air is swelling,  
'Tis the funeral song,  
As to his ancestral dwelling,  
Is he borne along.

They must share life's common doom,  
The kings of fair Golconda,  
Golconda's ancient kings.

What are now the chiefs that gather?  
What their diamond mines?  
What the heron's snowy feather  
On their crest that shines?

What their valleys of the rose?  
For another is their glory,  
And their state, and gold;  
They are a forgotten story,  
Faint and feebly told—

Breaking not the still repose  
Of the kings of fair Golconda,  
Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Glorious is their place of sleeping,  
Gold with azure wrought,  
And embroidered silk is sweeping,  
Silk from Persia brought.

Round the carved marble walls,  
Not the less the night-owl's pinion  
Stirs the dusky air;  
Not the less is the dominion  
Of the earth-worm there.

Not less deep the shadow falls  
O'er the kings of fair Golconda,  
O'er Golconda's ancient kings.

Not on such vain aids relying,  
Can the human heart  
Triumph o'er the dead and dying;  
It must know its part

In the glorious hopes that wait  
The bright openings of the portal,  
Far beyond the sky—  
Faith, whose promise is immortal,  
Life, that cannot die.

These, and stronger than the state  
Of the kings of fair Golconda,  
Of Golconda's ancient kings."

#### The Pirate.

"Down, 'mid the waves, accursed bark,  
Down, down before the wind;  
Thou canst not sink to doom more dark  
Than that thou leav'st behind.

Down, down for his accursed sake  
Whose hand is on thy helm.  
Above the heaving billows break—  
Will they not overwhelm?

The blood is red upon the deck,  
Of murder, not of strife;  
Now, Ocean, let the hour of wreck  
Atone for that of life!

Many a brave heart has grown cold,  
Though battle has been done;  
And shrieks have risen from the hold,  
When human help was none.

We've sailed amid the Spanish lines,  
The black flag at the mast,  
And burning towns and rifled shrines  
Proclaimed where we had past.

The captive's low and latest cry  
Has risen on the night,  
While night-carousals mocked the sky  
With their unholy light.

The captain he is young and fair—  
How can he look so young?  
His locks of youth, his golden hair,  
Are o'er his shoulders flung.

Of all the deeds that he has done,  
Not one has left a trace:  
The midnight cup, the noontide sun,  
Have darkened not his face.

His voice is low—his smile is sweet—  
He has a girl's blue eyes;  
And yet I would far rather meet  
The storm in yonder skies.

The fiercest of our pirate band  
Holds at his waist the breath;  
For there is blood on his right hand,  
And in his heart is death.

He knows he rides above his grave,  
Yet careless is his eye;  
He looks with scorn upon the wave,  
With scorn upon the sky.

Great God! the sights that I have seen,  
When far upon the main!  
I'd rather that my death had been  
Than see those sights again.

Pale faces glimmer, and are gone,  
Wild voices rise from shore;  
I see one giant wave sweep on—  
It breaks!—we rise no more."

The binding is very pretty this year—dark green embossed with gold; indeed, the whole volume is got up with exquisite taste.

*Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.* 2 vols.  
Longman and Co. 1837.

THIS is one of those singular productions which never could have been produced in any

country but Germany; and it is one of which an English reader will have great difficulty in forming a judgment. There is a simplicity foreign to our manners—a sentimentality, which only appears to us ridiculous—and we have no sympathy with the unquestioning admiration which made Goethe an object of almost religious veneration with the German people: a child of some thirteen or fourteen years of age forming, on hearsay, a romantic passion for a gray-haired poet of some sixty or seventy, and carrying on a correspondence, exaggerated and wild to a degree, is an exotic that would find no growth on our quiet and cold soil; and we must frankly confess, we see no reason to wish that it should. There is a great deal in these letters open to ridicule; and yet ridicule is not a test to which we feel the least inclined to submit them. Still less are we inclined to judge them more harshly. Bettine is obviously a clever and enthusiastic child, whose imagination has been excited by long conversations with Goethe's mother, who made, completely, an idol of her son. Goethe, himself, takes the matter quietly enough: the young German girl's romantic passion is merely one of many shapes taken by the admiration of his followers—he is neither flattered nor touched; but the trying love of the young and eager heart, full of follies, fancies, and excitement, is rather a curious and amusing study. The following passages will give some slight idea of the spirit of these letters.

*Original Simile of a Lover.*—"In the night, he is the blanket in which I wrap myself."

*Metaphysics.*—"Talent strikes conviction, but genius does not convince: to whom it is imparted, it gives forebodings of the immeasurable and infinite; while talent sets certain limits, and so, because it is understood, is also maintained. The infinite in the finite; genius in every art is music. In itself it is the soul, when it touches tenderly; but when it masters this affection, then it is spirit which warms, nourishes, hears, and reproduces the own soul—and, therefore, we perceive music; otherwise, the sensual ear would not hear it, but only the spiritual: and thus, every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art. And so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its working; for it is the contact of divine with human, and, once for all, the divine is the passion which consumes the human. Love expresses nothing through itself, but that it is sunk in harmony."

*Another curious Simile.*—"I write to you in crystal midnight; black basaltic country, dipped in moonlight! The town forms a complete cat's back, with its ducking houses, and is quite furred with bristling points of rock and mountain ruins; and there, opposite, it shines and flickers in the shade, as when one rubs the cat's back."

*Sketch of Jacobi.*—"Jacobi is tender as a Psyche waked too early: touching! were it possible, one might learn something of him, but impossibility is a peculiar demon, which, cunningly, knows how to baffle all to which one feels oneself entitled: thus I always think when I see Jacobi surrounded by literati and philosophers, it would be better for him to be alone with me. I am persuaded my unaffected questions, in order to learn of him, would cause more life-warmth within him, than all those who conceive it necessary to be something in his presence. Communication is his highest enjoyment: he appeals in all to his springtime; each full-blown rose reminds him forcibly of those which once bloomed for his enjoyment; as he softly wanders through the groves, he

relates how once friends twined their arms in his amid delightful converse, which lasted till late in the warm summer night. And he still remembers something of each tree of Pempelfort; of the harbour by the water, upon which the swans circled; on which side the moon broke through upon the neat flints; where the wagtails strutted: all this comes forth from him, like the tone of a solitary flute; it shows that the spirit still abides here, but in its peaceful melodies the yearning after the infinite is expressed. His remarkably noble figure is fragile; it is as if the case could easily be destroyed, to set the spirit at liberty."

The account of Beethoven, and his own conversation, are written in the full sweep of German idealism:—

"To you I may confess, that I believe in a divine magic, which is the element of mental nature. This magic does Beethoven exercise in his art; all relating to it, which he can teach you, is pure magic; each combination is the organisation of a higher existence, and thus, too, does Beethoven feel himself to be the founder of a new sensual basis in spiritual life. You will understand what I mean to say by this, and what is true. Who could replace this spirit? From whom could we expect an equivalent? The whole business of mankind passes to and fro before him like clock-work. He alone produces freely from out himself the unforeseen, the uncreated. What is intercourse with the world to him, who, ere the sun rise, is already at his sacred work; and who, after sunset, scarcely looks around him; who forgets to nourish his body, and is borne in his flight on the stream of inspiration, far beyond the shores of flat, every day life? He says, himself, 'when I open my eyes, I cannot but sigh, for what I see is against my religion, and I am compelled to despise the world, which has no presentiment that music is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy: music is the wine, which inspires new creations, and I am the Bacchus, who presses out this noble wine for mankind, and makes them spirit-drunk; and, then, when they are sober again,—what have they not fished up to bring with them to dry land? I have no friend: I must live with myself alone; but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others; I commune with Him without dread; I have ever acknowledged and understood him. Neither have I any fear for my music; it can meet no evil fate: he to whom it makes itself intelligible, must become freed from all the wretchedness which others drag about with them.'

"I found him upon the third floor; unannounced, I entered. He was seated at the piano. I mentioned my name; he was very friendly, and asked if I would hear a song that he had just composed? Then he sung, shrill and piercing, so that the plaintiveness reacted upon the hearer, 'Know'st thou the Land.' 'It's beautiful, is it not,' said he, inspired, 'most beautiful! I will sing it again.' He was delighted at my cheerful praise. 'Most men,' said he, 'are touched by something good, but they are no artist-natures: artists are ardent, they do not weep.' Then he sung another of your songs, to which he had, a few days ago, composed music, 'Dry not the tears of eternal love.' He accompanied me home, and it was upon the way that he said so many beautiful things upon art. Withal, he spoke so loud, stood still so often upon the street, that some courage was necessary to listen: he spoke passionately, and much too startlingly, for me not also to forget that we were in the street. They

were much surprised to see me enter with him in a large company assembled to dine with us. After dinner, he placed himself, unasked, at the instrument, and played long and wonderfully: his pride and genius were both in ferment. Under such excitement his spirit creates the inconceivable, and his fingers perform the impossible.

"Yesterday, I walked with him in a splendid garden, in full blossom, all the hot-houses open: the scent was overpowering. Beethoven stood still in the burning sun, and said, 'Goethe's poems maintain a powerful sway over me, not only by their matter, but also their rhythm; I am disposed and excited to compose by this language, which ever forms itself, as through spirits to more exalted order, already carrying within itself the mystery of harmonies. Then, from the focus of inspiration, I feel myself compelled to let the melody stream forth on all sides—I follow it—passionately overtake it again—I see it escape me—vanish amidst the crowd of varied excitements—soon I seize upon it again with renewed passion; I cannot part from it,—with quick rapture I multiply it in every form of modulation, and, at the last moment, I triumph over the first musical thought,—see now—that's a symphony:—yes, music is indeed the mediator between the spiritual and sensual life. I should like to speak with Goethe upon this, if he would understand me. Melody is the sensual life of poetry. Do not the spiritual contents of a poem become sensual feeling through melody? do we not, in Mignon's song, perceive its entire sensual frame of mind through melody? and does not this perception excite again to new productions?—There, the spirit extends itself to unbounded universality, where all in all forms itself into a bed for the stream of feelings, which take their rise in the simple musical thought, and which else would die unperceived away: *this* is harmony—this is expressed in my symphonies; the blending of various forms rolls on, as in a bed, to its goal. Then one feels, that an eternal, an infinite, never quite to be embraced, lies in all that is spiritual; and although, in my works, I have always a feeling of success, yet I have an eternal hunger,—that what seemed exhausted with the last stroke of the drum, with which I drive my enjoyment, my musical convictions into the hearers,—to begin again like a child. \* \* \*

"We do not know what grants us knowledge; the firmly enclosed seed needs the moist, warm, electric soil to grow, think, express itself. Music is the electric soil in which the spirit lives, thinks, invents. Philosophy is the precipitation of its electric spirit, and its necessity, which will ground every thing upon a first principle, is supplied by music; and, although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet is it blessed in this creation: in this manner, too, is every creation of art, independent, mightier than the artist himself, and returns, by its appearance, back to the divine, and is only connected with men in so much as it bears witness to the divine mediation in him. Music gives to the spirit relation to harmony. A thought abstracted, has still the feeling of communion, of affinity in the spirit: thus each thought in music is in the most intimate, inseparable affinity with the communion of harmony, which is unity."

The reminiscences of Goethe's childhood are curious.

"He did not like playing with little children, unless they were very pretty. Once he began suddenly to cry and shriek, 'the black child shall get out, I can't bear it; neither did he come crying till he got home, when his mother

asked him how he could be so naughty; he could not console himself for the child's ugliness. He was then three years old. \* \* \*

"For his little sister Cornelia, while she was yet in the cradle, he had the strongest affection; he brought her every thing, and wanted to feed and nurse her alone, and was jealous when any one took her out of the cradle, in which he was her ruler: his anger then knew no bounds; and, indeed, he was much easier brought to anger than to tears."

It is curious, too, to note how much, to use a familiar phrase, he was made of from the very beginning. Witness two slight anecdotes told by his mother of his youth:—

*The Pebbles*.—"In his dress he was most terribly particular, I was obliged to arrange three suits daily for him; upon one chair I hung a great-coat, long trousers, ordinary waistcoat, and added a pair of boots; upon a second, a dress-coat, silk stockings which he had already worn, shoes, &c. &c.; upon the third was every thing of the finest, together with sword and hair-bag: the first he wore in the house; the second, when visiting his common acquaintances; the third, as full dress. When I entered the next day, I had everything to bring to order: there stood the boots upon his fine ruffs and collars, the shoes thrown east and west, one thing lay here, the other there: then I shook the dust out of his clothes, placed clean linen for him, brought everything again into the right track. Shaking a waistcoat once at the open window rather strongly, a quantity of pebbles suddenly flew into my face: upon this I began to curse; he came up, and I scolded him, for the pebbles might have struck out my eye. 'Well,' said he, 'but your eye is not out; where are the pebbles? I must have them again, help me to look for them;—now he must have received them from his sweet-heart, for he took so much trouble about the stones, which were common flint and sand; he was so vexed, that he could not collect them any more; all that was still there, he wrapped up carefully in paper and carried away. The day before he had been at Offenbach—there was an inn called the *Rose Inn*, the daughter was called the pretty *Grizel*; he liked her very much, she was the first that I know with whom he was in love."

*The Cloak*.—"On a bright winter's day, when your mother had company, you proposed to her a drive with the strangers along the Maine. 'She has not yet seen me skate, and the weather is so fine, &c.' 'I put on my scarlet fur-cloak, to which was a long train, and down the front fastened with gold clasps, and so we drove out. My son was shooting like an arrow between the other skaters, the air had made his cheeks red, and the powder had flown out of his brown hair: as soon as he saw the scarlet cloak, he came up to the coach and smiled quite kindly at me. 'Now, what do you want?' said I. 'Come, mother, you are not cold in the carriage, give me your velvet cloak.' 'Why, you won't put it on?' 'But I will though.' I pulled off my beautiful warm cloak, he put it on, swung the train over his arm, and away he sailed like the son of a divinity along the ice;—had you but seen him, Bettine! Anything so beautiful is not to be seen again: I clapped my hands with joy! I always have him before my eyes, how he glided out of one arch and under the other, and how the wind upheld the long train behind him."

This work has been published that its profits may go towards forming a monument for Goethe; and both translation and printing have been done in Germany. There are editions

of Goethe and his mother, together with a view of the room where he wrote Werter. We doubt its ever obtaining wide circulation among ourselves; still it is worth the reading, as a wild, original, and very nationally characteristic work.

*Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath: a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1838.* 18mo. pp. 384. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE is nothing very striking in the volume before us; it is graceful and level. The two best stories are by ladies—"Charlotte de Montmorenci," by Miss Strickland, and "The Blacksmith of Liege," by Miss Roberts: both are interesting and lively historical pictures. What does the editor mean by his having the good fortune to bring forward Mr. Cornelius Webbe in the character of a poet? Mr. Webbe has already published a slight volume of poems, many of which are established favourites. "The Dying Poet to his Sister" was among them; full of pathos and tenderness. We select "The Desolate Hall," by Thomas Miller, the basket-maker, for quotation.

"A lonely hall upon a lonelier moor,—  
For many a mile no other dwelling near;  
Northward an ancient wood, whose tall trees roar,  
When the loud winds their huge broad branches tear.  
A large old hall—a servant deaf and gray,  
On me in silence waits, throughout the dreary day.  
Before my threshold waves the long white grass,  
That like a living desolation stands,  
Nodding its withered head whene'er I pass,  
The last sad heir of these broad barren lands,—  
The last within the old vault to repose;  
Then its dark marble door upon our race will close.  
The whining wind sweeps o'er the matted floors,  
And makes a weary noise, a wailing moan;  
I hear all night the clap of broken doors,  
That on their rusty hinges grate and groan;  
And then loud voices seem to call behind,  
The worn and wormy wainscot flapping in the wind.  
Along the roof the dark moss thickly spreads,  
A dampness o'er the creaken rafters throwing;  
A chilly moisture settles on the beds,  
Where lichens 'mid decay are slowly growing.  
Covering the curtains, and the damask eyes  
Of angels, there enwrought in rainbow-fading dye.  
The toothless mastiff-bitch howls all night long,  
And in her kennel sleeth all the day;  
I heard the old man say, 'There's something wrong,  
She was not wont to yell, and howl that way—  
There's something wrong. Oh! ill, and wo betide  
The leech's hand by which my Lady Ellen died.'  
Sometimes I hear—or fancy—o'er my head  
A trampling noise—like that of human feet;  
In hollow high-heeled shoes they seem to tread,  
And to the sound of solemn music beat:  
Then with a crash the window-shutters close,  
Shaking the crazy walls, and breaking my repose.  
The silver-moth within the wardrobe feeds;  
The turned keys are rusted in the locks;  
Upon my hearth the brown mouse safely breeds;  
By the old fountain fearless sleeps the fox;  
The white owl in my chamber dreams all day,  
For there is no one cares to frighten him away.  
The high-piled books with cobwebs are o'ergrown,  
Their gaudy bindings now look dull and dead;  
Last night the mazy Bible tumbled down,  
And it laid open where my Ellen read.  
The night she died: I knew the place again,  
For she shed many a tear, and each had left its stain.  
Oh! how I shun the room in which she died,  
The books, the flowers, the harp she well could sound;  
The flowers are dead, the books are thrown aside,  
The harp is mute, and dust has gathered round  
Her lovely drawings—covering o'er the chair  
Where she so oft has sat, to braid her long brown hair.  
What hollow gusts through broken casements stream,  
Moving the ancient portraits on the wall!  
I see them stirring by the moon's pale beam.  
Their floating costumes seem to rise and fall;  
And as I come or go, move where I will,  
Their dull white deadly eyes, turning, pursue me still.  
And when a dreamy slumber o'er me creeps,  
The old house-clock rings out its measured sound,  
I hear a warning in the march it keeps:  
Anon the rusty vane turns round and round:  
These are sad tones, for desolation calls,  
And ruin loudly roars around my father's halls.  
The fish-ponds now are mantled o'er with green,  
The rooks have left their old ancestral trees;  
Their silent nests are all that now is seen;  
No oxen low along the winding leas;

No steed neighs out, no flocks bleat from the fold ;  
Upland, and hill, and vale, are empty, brown, and cold.  
And dance, and song, within these walls have sounded,  
And breathing music rolled in dulcet strains;  
And lovely feet have o'er these gray stones bounded,  
In snowy kirtles and embroidered trains :  
Such things have been, and now are gliding past,  
And then our race is done :—I live, and die,—the last !”

And the “Forsaken Friend,” by Miss Stickney :—

“At early morn these fragile flowers were blowing,  
All sweet and fair ;  
On the wild breeze their odorous burden throwing,  
Scenting the air.  
At early morn with buoyant step I sought thee,  
Friend of my youth !  
A blooming garland from the fields I brought thee,  
With my soul's truth.  
I knew not then thy fickle heart was altered,  
Nor read thine eye ;  
I thought the welcome of thy sweet voice faltered,  
But asked not why.  
And now I keep these fair but slighted flowers,  
Unfaded yet ;  
Have they not taught me, in a few short hours,  
How to forget ?  
There wanted but one fatal word to sever  
Our hearts in twain ;  
That word thy lips had spoken, and we never  
Can trust again.  
Thou wilt go forth on summer's fragrant morning,  
Once more to see  
Her radiant smile the purple hills adorning,  
But not with me.  
I shall be where no household memories waken  
Thoughts of the past ;  
I shall forget. The lonely and forsaken  
Forget at last.  
I shall forget thee ; many a deeper sorrow  
Has been forgot ;  
But yet I dare not look into the morrow  
Where thou art not.  
I dare not think how oft my fond heart's yearning  
Will wake again ;  
How I shall watch to see thy smile returning,  
And watch in vain ;  
For thou couldst teach what nothing else had taught me  
From early youth ;  
Not all the wisdom of the world had brought me  
So deep a truth :—  
That human love, however pure its fountain,  
May waste away,  
Like the fresh dew upon the verdant mountain,  
At dawn of day :—  
That this fair earth, with all its gorgeous beauty,  
Its fruits and flowers,  
Forms not the scope of human love or duty,  
Though once of ours.”

We regret that we have not space for either of the spirited stories contributed by “the Old Sailor.”

*Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales ; including the Scenery of the River Wye.* By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. 8vo. pp. 268. London, 1837. Tilt.

THIS picturesque and beautiful publication has been repeatedly noticed by us in the course of its progress. It is now completed ; forms a remarkably handsome volume ; illustrated by forty-eight admirable engravings by Radclyffe, from drawings by Cox, Harding, Fielding, Cresswick, Watson, &c. ; and is an appropriate companion to the similar work on North Wales, by the same author. We have heretofore made several quotations from the text : the following description of a land-storm will afford an additional proof of Mr. Roscoe's descriptive powers :

“Craig-y-Dinas rises at a short distance from Pont Neath Vaughan to the north-eastward ; and is a bold precipitous limestone rock of great elevation, backed by the still higher land of Cilhepate-cerig. From the summit of this lofty crag I enjoyed a splendid prospect, looking down the lovely vale of Neath ; comprehending, in the nearer view to the right and left, the wooded mountain hollows of Cwm Melte and Cwm Carngrist, sleeping in their solitary rock-environed retreats. Immediately below me flowed the small streamlet of the Sychrhid, or

dry ford, as it is sometimes termed, which, for a short space, divides the counties of Brecknock and Glamorgan, and hurries by the foot of Craig-y-Dinas to join the Melte. Eventide was now slowly approaching, and the distant prospects had already become dim and obscure, when I retraced my steps towards Pont Neath Vaughan. I lingered not to catch the little vignettes of natural beauty which every outlet offered to my sight ; for the shadowy clouds, which had been chasing each other with rapid motion through the day, were gathering into broader masses. One cloud, of a more ominous character than the rest, had for some time hung its dark shroud in the north-east, on the top of the lofty Cefn Cadlan. The wind sighed long and heavily through the mountain chasm, or swept in fitful gusts along the high ridges and openings. Before I reached my home at the little inn, however, it had dropped into a treacherous calm. I was almost repining at the unnecessary haste with which I had quitted my prospect-ground on the hill, and abruptly interrupted that calm train of thought which takes possession of the mind as the fading landscape becomes less and less, when I was startled by the flickering, restless motion of the leaves, which indicated that secret agitation of the air that almost always precedes a storm. The dark cloud of the Cefn Cadlan, which had been for some time stationary, appeared to be disrupted from its pinnacle, and rolling its surcharged body rapidly towards the village. I had scarcely entered, and bespoke the attentions of mine host to supply the wants which my long walk had created, when the elemental strife began :—the thunder, which had sounded at a distance, approached fearfully near— it no longer maintained that majestic roll which fills the mind with awe and reverence, but burst with a crackling explosion, that, by its proximity, inspired terror and alarm. The forked lightnings quivered in the welkin with awful velocity, and in almost unremitting succession, and seemed to light up all Nature with an unearthly and spectral glow by its ‘sulph’rous and thought-executing fires.’ The wind, which at the commencement of the storm had been uncertain and gusty, now increased to a wild hurricane ; and the rain, which had only before fallen in large single drops, soon descended in torrents.

‘ Since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard.’

It was some time before the storm abated, and then only gradually ; at length, the wind, which before had swept along with such reckless fury, sighed itself, like a fretful and worn-out child, to rest. The thunder, ‘Heaven's artillery,’ ceased to roar, and was only heard reverberating amongst the hills, awakening their distant echoes. The lightning, no longer darting with a scorpion tongue, through the wide air, gently played, as if in sport, over the loftiest pinnacles of Bryndu, or along the enormous ridge of Y Fan Dringarth : the huge drops of torrent-rain, that had been falling like a deluge, subsided into a gentle refreshing shower. The tempest had continued so long, that it was near midnight ere I retired to rest : I threw open the casement of my window to enjoy for a moment the calm, clear scene, that had succeeded to the tumultuous storm. The stars shone with a brightness and intensity which is only to be observed in these altitudes ; the clouds lay in fleecy brightness, ‘like a flock at rest,’ or, if they gently moved, and obscured for a while the moon's quiet saintly face, it

was only to part again before her renewed splendours,

‘ As though a silv'ry veil were rent  
From the jewell'd brow of a queen.’

A gentle, settled, and holy stillness seemed to rest on all the face of Nature ; and I closed my window, to seek, with a deeply touched heart, the tranquil slumbers of my humble pallet.”

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual, for 1838.* Edited by the Rev. William Ellis. 8vo. pp. 206. London, Paris, and New York, Fisher and Co.

THIS elegant volume continues to be well adapted to the class of readers to whom it is addressed. What we like least is the memoir of Mrs. Fletcher ; it is rapid, without the true comprehension of the character it delineates : still we cordially agree with the praise. There is some graceful poetry ; among which we must particularise that of James Montgomery.

*Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, 1838.* By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton. 8vo. pp. 86. London, Paris, and New York, Fisher and Co.

THIS is the prettiest annual for the use of young people that we have seen ; and the literary contents are of an unusually high character. “The Captive Princess” is a charming poem.

*The English Annual, for 1838.* 8vo. pp. 360. London, Churton.

THIS is only a reprint of the “Court Magazine ;” and, excepting a very handsome binding, has nothing that calls for notice.

*Naturalist's Library. Vol. VIII.* Conducted by Sir W. Jardine. Ornithology : Birds of Western Africa. By W. Swainson. Edinburgh, 1837. W. Lizars.

ANOTHER beautiful volume of a beautiful series. The engravings are quite splendid ; such birds more than realise Moore's description of the bright wings that

“Fluttered round the sunny stems  
Like winged flowers, and flying gems.”

Mr. Swainson has added all that scientific research could give of information, and a well-written memoir of La Vaillant.

*The Life and Reign of William IV.* By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Fisher and Co.

A VERY opportune and useful performance ; collecting all the important events of the late reign, and enlivening them with a great collection of anecdote. The present work is one required at the moment, and yet valuable hereafter as embodying that immediate detail which would otherwise be lost, and which is so valuable to the future historian. Mr. Wright is very loyal, and a little grandiloquent ; but we give him credit for not omitting anything that would bear upon his subject. One very attractive feature in these volumes, is the numerous likenesses with which they are embellished ; they contain a complete portrait-gallery of the royal and distinguished personages of our time, also a very graceful engraving of the Queen Victoria. The work is elegantly got up, and does credit to the taste and activity of its publishers.

*Kirkstead ; or, the Pleasures of Shooting : a Poem.* Pp. 56. (London, Painter.)—We have not examined far into the merits of this little book, as it is intended for a charitable purpose, and disarms criticism. It is dedicated “to the Ladies patronesses of the Fancy Fair, to be held in aid of the Lincoln County Hospital,” at which it is to be sold, and the profits arising from its sale are to be devoted to the funds of the above-named charity.



*Memorietta Italiana a l'usage des Jeunes Demeuilles*, par Madame A. Cassella. (Londres, Souter.)—A neat and useful selection of dialogue well calculated to be useful to the young Italian scholar.

*A Letter to the Right Hon. T. S. Rice, &c. containing a New Principle of Currency and Plan for a National System of Banking*, by a Liverpool Merchant. Pp. 28. (London, Wilson.)—The writer, Mr. John Hall, takes a clear and able view of what he deems the great errors in the Bank of England; those of considering the deposits as if they were bank notes and in circulation; and the principle of diminishing notes in equal, instead of relative proportion to the diminution of bullion, after the standard of full currency is departed from. Upon these and other very important points, his remarks are extremely interesting; and, together with the system by which he proposes to remedy the evils demonstrated, and such fatal attacks as lately fell upon our commercial credit in consequence of the operations of the Bank to bring back some of its bullion, embrace matters of vital consequence to the country, its trade, and manufactures.

*A Traveller's Thoughts*. 2d edition. 12mo. pp. 100. (London, Longman and Co.)—One of the many descriptive poems to which "Childe Harold" has given birth; the versification is smooth and flowing.

*The Tour of Sir Godfrey Doodle Doo*, by an Oxford Man. 8vo. (London, Hurst and Co.)—Printing and publishing are wonderful things, but their greatest wonder is, how they could ever have been bestowed on such utter trash.

*Stilling's Tales*. Translated from the German by S. Jackson. 12mo. pp. 194. (London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—Simple and interesting stories, but not translated with much judgment: a little omission would have made them more suitable to the class of juvenile readers for whom they are intended.

*Bethlehem, a Poem*, by W. Benett. 2d edition, 8vo. pp. 47. (London, Rivington.)—Some graceful versification, and an elevated tone of piety, will recommend this volume to the religious public.

*Cicero, a Tragedy*. 12mo. pp. 140. (London, Henshaw.)—It ought rather to be called a farce.

*Bolton's Linguist: a complete Course of Instruction in the German Language*. (London, Wacey.)—This is an excellent work, and we most cordially commend it to the student of that important language, German.

*Questions on the History of Europe: a Sequel to Miss Mangnall's Historical Questions*, by Julia Corner. 12mo. pp. 404. (London, Longman and Co.)—The value of Miss Mangnall's elementary works is universally acknowledged, and we cannot give the present neat and useful volume higher praise, than to say, that Miss Corner is a worthy successor. An immense quantity of information is condensed in these pages.

*Kingly Vale and other Poems*, by C. Crocker. 12mo. pp. 88. (Chichester, Mason.)—A love for the beauties of nature is shewn in this slight volume; and criticism would be an unnecessary harshness after so modest and deprecating a preface.

*The Two Brothers*. 12mo. pp. 90. (London, Groombridge; Edinburgh, Sutherland; Dublin, Robertson and Co.)—A well-meant fiction, but deficient in narrative talent.

*Sketches of English History*, by G. M. Gilbert. (London, Darton and Clark.)—We do not see the advantage of crowding children's memory with names and dates; now, this little volume does nothing more. The estimates of character too, are singularly mistaken: what does the writer mean by calling Elizabeth "amiable"? It is about the last qualification that would have been assigned to "the lion-hearted princess."

*A few Arguments against Phrenology*, by A. R. Smith. 12mo. pp. 26. (Chertsey, Wetton.)—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" We certainly will not attempt it; and shall only say, that the present writer is very much in earnest.

*Lectures on Entomology*, by John Barlow Burton. 8vo. pp. 48. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A great deal of information very pleasantly conveyed. The contents of this prettily illustrated volume will give interest to many a summer walk; and the lovers of this interesting science owe much to Mr. Burton's intelligent and agreeable lectures.

*The Prayer of a Solitaire for her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria*, by L. H. R. Contier, author of "Hours of Reverie." Pp. 26. (London, Whittaker.)—A graceful production, written with much sweetness and truth; and interesting, as the expression of general feeling, to its illustrious object.

*Gods of Homer and Virgil: or, Mythology for Children*. Pp. 210. (London, Thomas; Simpkin and Marshall.)—A beautiful little volume, well adapted to its purpose, and giving the youthful reader an excellent introduction to "the throng'd divinities of old Olympus."

*The New Excitement*. 18mo. pp. 34. (Edinburgh, Innes; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—A pleasant selection of miscellaneous reading. It is neatly got up, and likely to give the juvenile public, for whose use it is especially compiled, many an agreeable hour. *The New Excitement* proceeds on the old principle, that "much would have more;" and the taste for reading once given, the most important step in education has been obtained.

*Letters to Brother John on Life, Health, and Disease*, by Edward Johnson, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 312. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—There is not only medical knowledge, but a great deal of plain and excellent sense, in those pages. To read one of these letters every morning would be a good way of beginning the day. Half our illnesses originate in bad habits and indulgence. Want of knowledge is the source of half the evils that vex humanity; and, in this work, much plain and practical in-

formation is communicated; and in a manner to make it available to the general reader. Mr. Johnson is, as his work plainly shews, a straightforward and clever practitioner. We have great faith in him.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

*Copy of Instructions to Colonel Chesney, &c.*  
[Second notice.]

The history of this interesting and truly national expedition, as detailed in our last, affords much matter for reflection. With all the feeling that was individually shewn for the sufferings and misfortunes of those engaged in it, there was an apathy and an indifference towards the success of the objects of the enterprise, that is quite inconceivable, and certainly unprecedented. In vain do we look over the correspondence now before us, for a single word of encouragement—a sympathy, not for misfortune, but for hope and success; it is not to be met with. Lord Ellenborough writes, "get down to Basra and we have done with you." And Sir John Hobhouse seems always to have considered the expedition as a most unpopular one,—one for which, notwithstanding the unforeseen events which had led to an expenditure exceeding the original grant, nothing could be said in favour, or in support of, before a certainly not hostile house. It did, however, meet with some encouragement; a further grant was made; and after being ordered to terminate on the 31st of July, 1836, the breaking up was postponed until January 31st, 1837; a term which, notwithstanding the real and unaffected interest of his late majesty, and the friendly expressions of the present President of the Board of Control, was closely adhered to; and at the appointed period, the expedition was broken up, without any reference to the then existing condition of the steamer, the efficacy of the crew, the state of the water, the torpor or activity of the parties engaged, or even the giving to the commander the chance of redeeming his misfortunes by an ultimate success.

Whether these adverse circumstances under which the expedition laboured from the outset, were attributable to the public feeling not being sufficiently roused in its favour, or to the lack of support on the part of government, combined with the partial failure of the expedition, is a questionable matter. We do not think that the means for publicity, which would have done bare justice to the expedition, were duly taken advantage of. We do not allude to the mere blast of an anticipatory trumpet to awaken the public mind to scenes of oriental enterprise and discoveries in relief: we mean that when the expedition was labouring daily and hourly, one party toiling at the transport of boilers and sections of steamers—officers with jack-screws in their unaccustomed hands—engineers with pickaxes, hewing a new road to Antioch—and seamen spurred and booted, impelling Taurian mules to their duty; while others were ascending mountains, exploring antique sites, and mapping the countries around—that some idea of these labours, such, for example, as is contained in the general statement appended to the present report, should have been from time to time laid before the public; and it is impossible, we aver, that any well-informed person could have regretted the mite that it would have cost, to have continued and to have completed a work which cannot but redound so much to the credit of the country, by the additions which it brings to geographical, to natural, and to historical science.

It is needless to connect ministers or parties with the cause of failure: one great and solid advantage which the expedition ever enjoyed

was, that it had no politics nor clique. Its objects were the opening of a new route—labour, enterprise, and science; its materials were most varied, and party feeling unknown from the commencement to the termination.\* Ministers are influenced by the feeling of the majority in the House of Commons; and that majority is to be gained, like a preponderating feeling in the country at large, by an early dissemination of accurate information, as to what is being accomplished, and how far an expedition is worthy of the confidence reposed in its commanders. But no such steps were taken: it is only now that the thing has been brought to a close, that we are made aware of the vast mass of matter which has been accumulated, of the opening that is offered by these countries to commerce, of the friendly disposition of the often calumniated Arabs; and we live to regret that, if the line was to be abandoned ultimately, the whole of the antique geography of these interesting countries was not completed. Has Susa, where Daniel lies entombed, where Alexander held his last festivities, by which flows

"Choesper' amber stream,  
The drink of none but kings,"

no interest but to the learned? yet its position, and that of the Ulai of Scriptures, is scarcely determined. Where is Terebinth, Nebuchadnezzar's colony, when the Chaldeans "took pride in their ships," trading from the Persian Gulf to Phœnicia? where the giant Pallacopas, to which Alexander dug a channel, and which, with the Nahr Malka, the royal river, bearing ships in the days of Herodotus, drained the Euphrates of its superabundant flood? And when imagination turns to the vast plains contiguous to these canals, with what interest does it ask for information on those colossal mounds which rise out of the level, or tower above the horizon:

"Chaldean beacons, over the drear sand  
Seen faintly, from thick-towered Babylon,  
Against the sunset."

The very marshes, Arrian tells us, where the Macedonian hero was led astray, were dotted with monumental remains; and where, in the present day, is Erech or Accad? where Borsippa, "the city of manufactures?" Opis, that succeeded to Babylon? Charax, once but a mile from the sea? Are they marked by the same bold monuments of a laborious and an aspiring people, or are they level with the dust? What line did that earliest of enterprising navigators, Nearchus, follow? Where the Susian, and where the Chaldean lakes? And what has been the rate of advance of the alluviums upon the sea?

The banks of the river Euphrates, and those of the Tigris, teem with objects of the deepest interest to the naturalist or the antiquarian. Alexander, Trajan, and Julian have stood by the fountain of Hit, whose inexhaustible supplies of bitumen cemented the walls of the "mother of cities." The tasteful Zenobia has left a record of her magnificence in the marble walls and houses of Zelebi. Haroun al Raschid's palace stoops low at Racca. The temple of Atergatis, plundered by Crassus, still stands, like an antique Egyptian monument in Hierapolis—the Magog of the Syrians. Neither Sura nor Cersium were always limitrophal of Roman dominion; and at every step, records

\* The unanimity which pervaded this expedition was, perhaps, one of its most remarkable features. We have heard that, on board the Euphrates, a cross word was unheard to the last moment. Well may Colonel Chesney speak in such high terms of officers whose services, like his own, have as yet met with no requital, save that most honourable one, his late majesty's unfeigned approval of their conduct.

of Greek, of Roman, of Jewish, of Sassanian and Parthian, or of Mahomedan industry, shew themselves; while every here and there, at Rehoboth, at Calne, at Nimrood, at Nineveh, at Acca-Kuf, and throughout the alluvial plain, more ancient relics attest an Assyrian or a Babylonian origin.

It is impossible to conceive, we have heard from one well capable of giving an opinion upon the subject, the inaccuracy of the most recent maps even of Syria: as to the Euphrates and the Tigris, nothing had been done, except Colonel Chesney's sketch. Is it not, then, a source of congratulation, that we have now in store a historical and geographical map of these first homes of our progenitors, and even plans of the cities of the early races of mankind?

Comparisons are invidious; but what did the exploration of the icy and snow-clad regions of the north offer to the pleasures of knowledge, compared with the rivers of Western Asia? yet how different the support given to the two enterprises! Worse—what was the difference in point of utility and of commercial advantages?

It has been argued by some, that it was shewing the way to a northern potentate—as if that country of schools and academies was ignorant of the existence of the Euphrates! And, indeed, if so, was it not best to be there first? but, if there once, is it not still more imperative that we should retain the position gained, nor retrace, in gloomy, unhoping thriftiness, and political supineness, the step that has been taken in a moment of intellectual boldness and honourable patriotic pride? Is Britain so sunk to all sense of her own dignity, and to all outward manifestation of her greatness, that, for a few thousand pounds, she will forego the advantages that 35,000*l.* and many lives have acquired for her?—a peaceful footing with four millions of tribes, the Havelites and Edomites of antiquity; the untutored, unfostered, but not irreclaimable, Arabs of the present day? This we know will not be. When Rome, occupied with domestic broils, neglected its foreign power, Rome was already in her decadence.

We do not intend to discuss the question of the Red Sea, compared with the Euphrates, more particularly as Colonel Chesney is in favour of both lines being opened; but necessity, entailed by the progress of steam navigation and modern enlightenment, has rendered imperative a different system of communication with our Indian possessions. And certainly the most strenuous advocates of the Red Sea line have never shown any of the commercial and political advantages which are held out by the Tigris and the Euphrates, nor has the former line yet been proved to be available all the year; while it appears to be the opinion of all the officers, separately and independently communicated, that the Euphrates is an eminently navigable river, although, after the loss of the Tigris, the remaining steamer was not well adapted for overcoming the difficulties presented by the low season—nor is she the kind of vessel recommended, except for the lower part of the river. The question had been at first to construct boats, which should carry several days' provision of coal, as it was not thought that the Arabs could be depended upon; and this necessitated size, and a considerable draught of water: but now that it has been ascertained that depôts of wood, bitumen, or coal, may be formed at any point, steamers may be constructed to draw the smallest quantity of water possible; and the expense of such is alone necessary to make this noble river the scene of

active commerce and communication, and the seat of new communities of men. An experimental navigation can at the best only shew how the ultimate advantages are to be reaped, and this appears to us to have been fully accomplished.

Without alluding to the land routes, as proposed by Colonel Chesney, and which present so few commercial advantages, it appears that the line by Suez and the Red Sea demands a period of 53½ days for the outward passage, and 55½ for the homeward; while by the Euphrates it is only 46 days outward, and 52 homeward-bound. But what is more important, the first will require for its maintenance, a loss of not less than 30,000*l.*; while on the Euphrates, the loss, with twelve voyages a-year, would only be about 11,000*l.*, including, in both cases, the Mediterranean.

These are subjects, we again say, well worthy of reflection; the advantages which are presented by the opening of the navigation of the river Euphrates, belong to universal civilization, as well as to an increase of national power; and we are sure that none will feel but that the most prudent economy ought not to have interfered with, nor ought in future to lie in the way of the accomplishment of an object of such real interest and importance, both to ourselves as a nation, and to our possessions in the East.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### IMPROVEMENTS: THE HIGHLANDS, IRELAND, &c.: COMPRESSION OF PEAT.

SEVERAL of our Numbers have recently adverted to practical improvements of much commercial and agricultural interest. The expedition of steam, in its appliances by land and sea, is ever opening new ways and means to wealth; a slight scientific discovery shews how readily natural productions may be transported, in perfection, from one end of the earth to another, and countries clothed with additional beauty and fertility; well-conducted experiments teach how to impart facility and safety to the port, or how to form the very wave, and ride it triumphantly with sail and merchandise;\* and other carefully calculated operations in farming demonstrate that the waste may be reclaimed with advantage, and the most useless soil be forced to contribute bountifully to the wants of man. In this latter instance, we allude to the reclamation of peat-bog in Ireland by Lord Clonbrock, confirmed and corroborated by the testimony of the several individuals who had enjoyed opportunities of trying or witnessing similar labours.

The subject is, however, more especially pressed upon our notice by the Session of the Highland Society, at Dumfries, and the various suggestions and examples for improving the country to which it tends. Among these, it has been our good fortune to be eye-witness to a very simple, but, in our opinion, immeasurably important work, which, in an earlier stage (about a year ago), was described in our columns—we refer to the compression of peat or turf, so as to render it nearly, if not quite, equal to coal, not only for domestic consumption, but for mechanical and manufacturing purposes. We are indebted to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby for persevering through them all till he has conquered the difficulties opposed to this task, and finally and fully accomplished the object at which he aimed. In the first place, the fabrication of a machine to perform the

operation was no slight obstacle, for its requisites were cheapness, ease in working, and efficiency. The two former being overcome, the latter demanded much ingenuity to discharge the moisture freely, and yet retain every particle of the combustible material. By simplifying the press, increasing its power, and wrapping the masses of peat in coarse linen, the consummation has been arrived at; and, a few days ago, we saw the wet and ragged turf, both of the surface and lower stratum, condensed in a few seconds to the hard, nearly dry, and shapely dimensions of a convenient article for firing. This sample was sent to the Highland Society; but we speak from our own observation of the process. From the first weight of eight pounds it was reduced to about 5½ lbs., by the discharge of 2½ lbs. of almost pure water, or 30 per cent. In bulk the reduction was nearly one half; and, when dropped from the press, there was a firm and compact body, fit, as we have said, for every economical and useful purpose.

It will be allowed that we do not over-rate the importance of this fact, when the circumstances attached to it are taken into account. 1st. In immense tracts of boggy country, where there is no other fuel, the very necessities of life are supplied by the common cutting of turf, and casting and drying of peat, which, after all, make but an indifferent fire. Yet it costs the labourer and his family much toil and much time. The original preparation is little to the long journeys, week after week, and in a changeable climate, to turn and sort the peats, so as to get them dry enough to burn—a desideratum not always achieved. Now, with Lord Willoughby's invention, the cotter and his family may make plenty of excellent firing, not only for their own consumption, but for sale to neighbours otherwise employed; and this of an infinitely superior material. It surely is not imaginative to foresee, from the single piece of substance now before our eyes, the capability of immense effects. Instead of the bare and imperfect supply of the absolute want for subsistence, we have that which is better, cheaper, more easily, and more abundantly made. We have a fuel which can be applied to every agricultural and manufacturing purpose; to the burning of lime, the smelting of iron, the propagation of steam; in short, to every thing which can ameliorate the condition of a population, and plant industry and activity where only idleness and wretchedness prevail. In the midst of the wild moor, the factory, with its engines and machinery, may raise its head; whilst the earth around is forced to assume the healthy forms of cultivation and productiveness. If we look at Ireland, the consequences cannot be calculated. The north of Scotland, too, offers a grand field for this improvement. In truth, it is altogether one of those happy inventions which need only to be followed up with alacrity and spirit to

"Scatter blessings o'er a smiling land."

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, October 5th, Mr. Reynolds in the chair.—After the announcement of presents of books and collections of plants, Mr. Freeman submitted to the society, a list of *Flora* observed and collected by him in the neighbourhood of Stratford, in Essex; and remarked briefly upon the importance of ascertaining the various species of different localities, as data for the establishment of geographical laws. A similar paper by Mr. Wallace, with judicious and interesting observations on the striking peculiarities of plants found near

\* Refer to Reports of the British Association, and particularly to the papers on Steam Navigation, Mr. Ward's experiments on plants under glass, and Captain Denham's and Mr. Russell's communications.

Chelmsford, was read by the secretary; who, also, read extracts, translated from the work of M. Alphonse de Candolle, on the geographical distribution of alimentary plants. Barley (*hordeum vulgare*) is cultivated furthest north, in the Orcades and Shetland Isles (61° lat. N.), and even in the Isles of Ferøe (61° to 62½°). Iceland (63½° to 66°) is deprived of it, although its industrious inhabitants have made every effort to acquire some species of cereal plant. In Lapland, its northern limit is about 70°. In Russia, barley grows between 67° and 68°, on the western side, and about 66° on the eastern. In Siberia, between 58° and 59°. Such is the sinuous curve which limits the cultivation of barley; and, consequently of the cereals. This line is the boundary of agriculture, beyond which, with the exception of a narrow, undefined line, in which certain edible lichens are procured, and where potatoes have been recently introduced, man lives upon animal products alone. As the line, beyond which barley cannot be cultivated, is so serpentine, circumstances, purely physical, must oppose the insurmountable barrier. The temperature of the seasons supplies the cause; for a certain degree of heat is evidently the physical condition of which the northern regions are deprived. A mean summer temperature of 8° centigrade is necessary for its perfection: this is proved by following the curve indicated. The Ferøe Isles have a mean temperature of the year centigrade, +7·3; of the winter, +3·9; of the summer, +10·16. Lapland corresponding temperatures, +1·0, -6·0, and +8·0; Russia, 0, -12 to 13·0, and +8·0. In the interior of America and Siberia, the limit of its possible culture is so little known, that it is better to abstain from a comparison. The lat., 58° and 59°, given for Siberia, may, probably, be advanced to the north. A mean temperature of 8° during the summer is the only indispensable condition for its cultivation. Iceland, where the cereals are not granaried, possesses a mean summer temperature of +9·7; the tempestuous rains alone prevent their growth. A map, drawn by the secretary, shewing the isothermal, isochimnal, and isothermal lines, also the limits of the various alimentary plants, rice, maize, &c., was laid upon the table. Wheat was similarly treated of. The extracts from this interesting work will be concluded at the next meeting; when, also, a paper will be read by Dr. Boessey, on the plants which have been observed to produce the ergot. Members were requested to send in such duplicates of plants as they could spare for the Society as early as possible. The meeting then adjourned to November 2d.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, OCT. 7th.—The first weekly meeting of the season was held in the theatre of the Adelaide Street Gallery, liberally granted by the council of that institution for the future meetings of the Society. Mr. Bradley exhibited a new thermo-electric apparatus, consisting of fifty-six pairs of elements, imbedded in plaster of Paris, in order, if possible, to prevent voltaic action, it being a disputed point, whether thermo-electricity be due to that agent partially, or entirely to caloric. The report of the committee was read by the assistant secretary; also, an address by Mr. Sturgeon, in which he explained the nature and objects of the Society, and advocated its cause from a full conviction that the cultivation of electricity will ultimately confer the most important benefits on mankind; and that a co-operation of experimentalists would render its data more numerous and exact than could be attained by the insu-

lated position in which they have hitherto been permitted to labour. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Sturgeon; also to the managing committee and secretary. Several new members were announced.

## ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

OCTOBER 2d. J. F. Stephens, Esq. president, in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting having been confirmed, and other ordinary business transacted, numerous donations of entomological works from various foreign societies and naturalists were announced. Mr. Saunders exhibited a small but interesting collection of specimens from Central India; and Mr. Westwood, specimens of the grub which at the present time is committing serious injury on the turnips in the inland counties. He also presented specimens of two small insects, *Apion radiolus*, and *Hallica fuscipes*, ordinarily found upon the *Malva sylvestris*, but which he had noticed to be very injurious to the holly-hock. The same member also presented highly magnified drawings of the appearance of the secretion emitted by the domestic fly, produced by a disease which causes its death, and which has been considered a kind of plethora by Mr. Kirby, but which Mr. Macleay, at the Liverpool meeting, had regarded as a parasitic fungus. The memoirs read, were, 1. Notes upon the black caterpillar of the turnips, communicated by Mr. Sells, with additional observations by the latter; 2. Observations upon the hemipterous genus *Syritys* of Fabricius, with a monograph of the genus *Macrocephalus*, by J. O. Westwood; 3. Observations upon the natural history of several species of *Estrida*, found in the bodies of horses, by Mr. Sells.

## MARYLEBONE INSTITUTION.

A SECOND lecture, 'Upon the Science of Animal Organisation' was delivered on Monday evening, by Dr. Brewer, in which muscular structure and action were the sole topics considered. In alluding to the importance of this study, the doctor impressed upon his hearers, that the muscles must be considered not only as the frame-work, or skeleton of the animal, but the active agents in the most important actions of the organic system, viz. in circulation, respiration, digestion, &c. The structure of the muscles was then explained; and the theories of the method of their nutrition were considered at considerable length. In describing the muscles, the doctor adopted the plan of Bichat, who divides them into muscles of organic life, and muscles of animal life; the former being the involuntary, and the latter the voluntary, or muscles of relation. The functions, circulation, respiration, and digestion, were dilated on, and the lecture concluded with a review of the various theories of the nature of organic life.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

## SEVENTH MEETING: LIVERPOOL.

[Fifth notice.]

On Friday, though the last day, there was still a superabundance of matter to engross all the Sections, and they all assembled at their posts with their wonted alacrity. The punctuality of the morning meetings was a good deal promoted by there being a public breakfast daily in the large room of the Adelphi Hotel, where, from nine till half-past ten, a capital breakfast was provided, and the members, without trouble or inconvenience, prepared themselves for the business before them.

## SECTION A.

Mr. Lubbock brought under the consideration of the Section a theory of M. Poisson,

'On the Constitution of the Atmosphere' (published in a French philosophical periodical), and which he submitted as the ideas of that distinguished individual—not as emanating from himself. The theory seems to be absurd enough; since, if true, we should all be living, as it were, under a crust of thin ice, like a glass-case, round the world, at a certain height in the atmosphere: it being laid down that the air is an elastic fluid, and that a vacuum of 100,000 cubic inches would be filled by one inch, if introduced into that void space. But as the air becomes more cold as we ascend, to what extent does it continue elastic? M. Poisson says, that it is impossible that it, or any other fluid, can be terminated by a surface of its own nature. He considers it, therefore, to be divided into three layers, the centre one being kept in its place by the different pressures of the other two, above and below. The air above, he thinks, loses its elasticity, and becomes a fluid: if so, it might become a solid; and if we admitted the reasoning of the air being bounded by something differing in its mechanical constitution, we could not avoid the idea of an external surface of ice, having the properties of reflecting ice. If the surface were such as to reflect like a mirror, we might expect to see objects reflected, mountains, &c. An individual in a balloon might see a reflection of a mock sun above the real sun. But if that had never been seen, it would do away with the idea. Some other optical consequences were mentioned by Mr. Lubbock, in further support of this hypothesis; and especially that of a sunset behind Mont Blanc being seen a few seconds after the disappearance of the luminary, reflected at a given angle from a superior point in the atmosphere.

Sir D. Brewster saw several objections, fatal to the theory, in the laws of reflection; and observed that even if he (M. Poisson) escaped reflection, he did not see how he was to escape refraction. The earth's refraction is small; this would require it to be ten or fifteen times greater. He considered the theory altogether untenable.

Professor Stevelly thought there were great difficulties in it. There was demonstration against the particles of the atmosphere being unlimitedly small, which this theory seemed to uphold.

Mr. Lubbock did not think these points had escaped M. Poisson: but, finally, he, as well as the other members who took part in the discussion, seemed to think Sir D. Brewster's reasoning conclusive.

Professor Phillips then read a Report from the committee, appointed last year, 'On Subterranean Temperature.' The meteorological committee had granted 100l. to institute experiments, and collect data, on the state of the earth near the surface, and also on the condition of the atmosphere. One moiety of the money only had been spent on the first object, subterranean temperature. They had given out 72 thermometers, with tables of registry to be filled up. No general statement was yet ready. It had been found that the variation of the sun's influence was not beyond a certain depth, where it was uniform; but that it augmented in some places, and in various geological strata at very different rates, more than others. At a colliery at Wigan, the surface temperature being 50°, 50 yards deep, the temperature was constant 53°; at 150 yards, temperature constant 56½°; at 250 yards, 63°; it being remarkable that 100 yards augmented 6½°, and about 1° for 16 yards in descent; while in France it was 1° for 15 yards. The Professor was authorised to say that the committee

would supply thermometers and registries to gentlemen connected with collieries. In some cases it was observed that the vicinity of water caused various results, and that different rocks were found to contain different conducting powers. It was mentioned, among other curious results, it might be twelve months before the sun's heat reached the depth of 26 feet. The learned Professor also stated that Professor Forbes had sunk thermometers in different places near Edinburgh, from February to September this year, and the variations were very great, but corresponded with similar observations at Brussels. Several excellent suggestions were thrown out; and the question between granite and superincumbent slate, in allowing moisture and heat to penetrate, was ingeniously treated, though with considerable differences of opinion.

Major Sabine reported the progress which had been made towards the completion of a Report on the Magnetical Lines of Dip and Intensity in England, similar to the report on the lines in Ireland, contained in the volume of the reports of the Association in 1835, and to that on the lines in Scotland, contained in the volume for 1836. The observations on the lines in England are already made in the portions of England undertaken by Professors Lloyd and Phillips, and by Mr. Fox. There yet remained some stations in the portions undertaken by Captain Ross and himself, which would be visited as soon as the present meeting was closed. The gentlemen who were thus engaged in this inquiry were desirous that their observations should be combined and form a single memoir, which Major Sabine had been requested to draw up; in which memoir it was also designed to review the determinations in Ireland and Scotland, considered in conjunction with those of England—to combine them together as parts of one magnetical survey—and to connect the British lines with corresponding determinations in the neighbouring parts of the continent of Europe, as far as the observations hitherto made on the continent will enable this to be done. Major Sabine reported that the observations to be included in this report were at this moment much further advanced, than was the case with the observations either of the Irish or the Scotch reports, at those meetings of the Association which respectively sanctioned their publication: and he engaged that, should it be the pleasure of the Association to sanction the printing of the report now in progress in the volume of the publications of the Association for 1837, it should be ready by the time the general secretary would require it for the press.

Dr. Robinson read an interesting paper, 'On the Parallax of  $\alpha$  Lyrae,' in which he shewed that the observations of Dr. Brinkley, which had, twenty years ago, given a parallax of  $1''$  to that star, had been differed from by the Greenwich observations; and that his own observations had also given contradictory results, varying from a mean of  $-1.28''$  in 78 observations, to  $+0.20''$  in 70 others; hence he considered the subject (one of the most important as regards our system) to be still open to astronomers. Sir W. Hamilton bore testimony of the consistency of the circle at Dublin.

Professor Powell read a short paper 'On the Radiation of Heat;' and Mr. Mackie a long one, 'On the Tides of Glasgow and Dundee.' He observed that we cannot implicitly rely on the time of high water to within half an hour, and shewed that, in the 16th century, the Clyde was so interrupted by shoals, &c., that there was water for only very small vessels.

The increase in 80 years has been from 4 to 16 feet in the height of the water at Glasgow Bridge, owing to improvements in the river.

Sir W. Hamilton then addressed the section 'On a New Application of the Calculus of Principal Relations,' a highly abstract mathematical question, and such as not one among ten thousand readers would understand, were we to attempt a report of it.

Mr. Ettrick presented a beautiful Instrument to demonstrate the Velocity of Electricity; which he conceived that he had proved to travel at the rate of 118,797 miles per second; but whether it travel at this speed, at 200,000 miles per second, as shewn, or thought to be shewn, fifty years ago (not forgetting the demonstration that it could beat the mail-coach hollow!), or at some other ratio, only inferior, in aught we know, in nature, to light, remains yet to be seen; and we hope much from the ingenious experiments of a Wheatstone (when ripe enough to be given to the world), and the masterly researches of a Faraday.

Professor Christie closed the session by remarks, 'On a Peculiar Phenomenon seen at Sunset in the Isle of Wight,' being, just after sunset, a ray of the same magnitude as the sun's diameter rising vertically  $30^\circ$  or  $40^\circ$ , of a uniform yellow tint. Various members of the Section spoke on the subject. Lieut. Morrison, R.N., had seen similar phenomena; but no definite conclusion was arrived at as to the cause: and the section, after having voted thanks to Dr. Robinson and others, finally closed its labours.

#### SECTION B.

Mr. Dick exhibited and described a Cast-iron Bottle of a new construction, for generating Oxygen Gas from Common Oxide of Manganese.

Professor Johnston then read his very able report 'On Dimorphous Bodies.' Dimorphous bodies, he stated, as far as observation has gone, are very limited; and he exhibited a table of those already known. They are bodies whose mechanical structure is different as respects the form of the crystal, but whose component parts are chemically alike; and having this further quality, that such bodies are capable of replacing each other. It would appear that sulphur crystal rises into different forms, when subjected to different degrees of temperature; the name then given is dimorphous. Carbonate of lime crystal rises into two forms; so also does the carbonate of lead. It then becomes an exceedingly important question to chemists, to ascertain what is the nature of this difference. Although he had stated that these bodies were capable of replacing each other, it was by no means to be assumed that their ultimate molecules were alike; on the contrary, we were not sure but that all bodies may have the same property. Yet, so far as he had been able to observe, a relation existed between all dimorphous bodies; and, when it was considered that they are capable of replacing each other, they must have a general analogy of constitution, although the area and base of each may be essentially different. If he might be allowed to give an opinion on the subject, he would say that the principal cause of dimorphousism was temperature. As an instance, the protoxide of lead, when heated to a certain temperature, becomes red; at a lower temperature it is yellow; and the crystals of each are essentially different. Sulphur, at a moderate temperature, becomes liquid; at a still higher one it becomes thick; and, at a still higher, it becomes again liquid. The result of the report was, that, taking into consideration these and other facts, it followed that there must be a molecular dif-

ference between the crystals of these bodies. There was no other method of accounting for the difference of appearance.

Professor Whewell, after examining the tables produced by Professor Johnston, and bearing testimony to the profound research of that gentleman, asked whether he had detected any definite optical difference between the crystals of dimorphous bodies. He also objected to the frequent use made of the term atoms; and remarked, that until we came to some definite conclusion as to what atoms really were, it was worse than useless to employ a term which suggested nothing definite.

Mr. Penning also objected to the use of the term atom.

Dr. Kane said, that although the term was used, it merely was in relation to the proportions in which matter was formed.

Mr. Faraday also objected to the term atom. He had never used it, and considered it to be an inapplicable term. He regretted much that Dr. Dalton should have applied a term to which something tangible was attached, to such a purpose. The true proportion would not lead to any misapprehension, and it was quite reasonable to suppose substances to unite in half proportions; whereas, the idea of half an atom was particularly absurd. Professor Johnston had merely used the term atom in conveying a popular idea of his experiments to the meeting; the term would not occur in his written report.

Professor Whewell said, that, at their meetings, professors should be cautious in the language they used; and if any erroneous expression were allowed to pass unnoticed, it would be imagined by those ignorant of the subject, that they were correct, and the tacit admission of the society would be construed into an authority. He considered the Association to be the guardians of the pure technology of science.

Professor Liebig was called on to read a paper, 'On the Products of the Decomposition of Organic Bodies;' but, as he feared his foreign pronunciation of the English language might cause him to be ill understood, he requested Mr. Faraday would do him the favour to be his representative. This request being acceded to, Mr. Faraday read the paper which was upon *uric acid* and *urea*. The subject is one of infinite interest to all organised beings such as man; and yet it is extraordinary how little attention has been paid to it. That we are fearfully and wonderfully made, is a truism; and what inquiry can be more important than an investigation founded on the decomposition and recombination of any portions of our animal structure, so as to lead us to the light in regard to that formation? *Allantoin* is, we believe, the only organised substance previously treated in the same manner with the present subject; and the results, in both cases, are very curious and striking, though, from the character of the experiments, they are not such as would suit any but a medical journal. Suffice it to say, that *urea* is the base of *uric acid*—a remarkable agent in our economy. We are unable to detect it in any except one branch of our system; and it seems to be composed of 10 carbon, 4 nitrogen, 4 hydrogen, and 6 oxygen.

Both in the Section, and afterwards in the Amphitheatre, it was generally acknowledged that the talents of English chemists had been directed far too little in this direction, Dr. Prout being almost if not the only individual who had written upon it; and it was strongly recommended to more especial notice. On the Continent, it has of late been more attended to; and Professor Liebig's labours were highly praised.

It will be seen that a grant of money has been voted for their further continuance; as well as a similar grant for experiments on *inorganised* bodies to Professor Johnston.

Mr. Ettrick's Paper 'On a New Mode of Bronzing Gun Barrels' was next read. It appeared that, having ineffectually attempted to elicit the secret from the gunsmiths, Mr. E. had accidentally hit upon a more simple and effectual mode himself. His recipe was to apply one part of nitric acid, diluted with one hundred parts of water, with a rag to a gun-barrel, care being taken that the liquid did not run down the barrel. This being applied six times, the barrel was dried in the sun, and afterwards coated with a solution of one grain of nitrate of silver dissolved in one hundred parts of water. The barrel is finally, when dry, to be polished with bees' wax.

A discussion then took place upon the Strength of Iron by the Hot and Cold Blast, being almost a repetition by Mr. Fairbairn, of what he had already stated to the mechanical section.

Mr. Mushett stated the result of experiments made, the preceding day, at a foundry in Liverpool, for the purpose of ascertaining the loss in remelting cast iron by the hot and cold blasts. It appeared that there was little or no difference; the loss being from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent in each case, the least loss being in the hot-blast iron. It thus (as he contended) was proven that the waste complained of in hot-blast iron was totally without foundation.

Dr. Thomson read his 'Report upon the Specific Gravity of Nitric Acid and Alcohol,' illustrated by long tabular statements.

Dr. Dalton's paper was then read by his brother, 'On the New Production of Carbonic Acid by Plants Growing in the Atmosphere.' The subject is a favourite one of the doctor's, and the title gives the result of his experiments. It is worthy of remark, that the paper was written by Dr. Dalton for the Association, since his serious attack in February last.

The proceedings of the day, and of the section, were then closed by the reading of a long paper, by Mr. Rigg, on the peculiar changes which occur during the growth of vegetables.

#### SECTION C.

Mr. Murchison read a Paper, 'On Professor Agassiz's New Genera of Fish in the Silurian Rocks.' After complimenting the learned gentleman on the many important discoveries he had made, he said that he was glad to state that the grant of 100 guineas had been renewed by the society to enable him to carry on his great work. That the 8th and 9th *livraisons*, devoted entirely to English fishes, had been sent to him (Mr. Murchison), but had, unfortunately, been mislaid. Mr. Agassiz, he continued, considered fishes as the true phenomena of the age of the rock in which they were found, and that each district of rock was known by its peculiar species of fish. As to the circumstance of a fossil fish having been found, in good preservation, in the ancient Silurian rock, he (Mr. Agassiz) had never seen such fishes in such strata; and he trembled lest they should belong to classes which he had never mentioned: but, to his joy, he found that he had not only noticed them, but accurately described them. Professor Sedgwick stated, that, in general, geologists, when giving names to new discoveries, pitched upon some barbarous and crackjaw words; but, he was happy to say, that, although Mr. Agassiz certainly composed his names of compound Greek words, they were of a truly classical nature. He also begged to draw the attention of the Section to some fossils which had been brought from New South Wales.

Mr. Griffiths said, that, at the meeting held in Dublin, he had promised to bring forth his Geological Map of Ireland; but, as some improvements were being made, he begged to shew the proof sheets of the engraving, as many people might think it was a long time coming out. The scale was that of four miles to one inch, being larger than the Map of England by Mr. Greenhough, the scale of which was six miles to the inch. He then proceeded to describe a coloured section of the carboniferous limestone of Ireland, running from east to west, from Butler's Bridge (180 feet above the level of the sea) in the county of Cavan, to the sea below Benbulbin, on the opposite coast. In describing the various strata, &c., he pointed out the valley of the Shannon at its source, 298 feet above the level of the sea; also, the mountain Benbu (1365 feet above the same level), which, he said, was composed of gray granite, the face, in most parts, studded with garnets. He begged to call the attention of the section to the geological difference between England and Ireland, the latter being nearly all limestone; the different lines of demarcation were also accurately described. Some fossils were exhibited, found in the limestone in Sligo, all of which were before known with the exception of one, called, by the inhabitants of the country, the old cow's horn; also, some marine shells, &c., found in the gray shale, in the mountain of Kuleagh.

Sir Philip Egerton remarked, that the study of organic remains was very important; that it was at the mountain of Kuleagh he, with hammer in hand, first commenced his researches, but that he had never been able to ascertain any fossils in the bed of sandstone of that mountain.

Mr. Greenhough and Professor Sedgwick here argued, whether it was possible to distinguish particular beds by particular fossils.

The Rev. D. Williams next read a paper, 'On some Specimens of Fossil Wood he had discovered in the Graywacke of Devonshire,' and wished to know the date of the peculiar deposit in which these plants had been found. A very strong argument took place, whether the Graywacke rock, in which these plants (which were of coal formation) were to be found, was of the coal formation, or Silurian. Mr. Murchison was of the former, and Messrs. Greenhough and De La Beche of the latter, opinion.

Professor Sedgwick was partly of Mr. Murchison's opinion, and said, perhaps the plants had not been clearly proved to be of coal formation; if they had, there must be a difference between the upper and lower parts of the culm measure.

Mr. Hopkinson read a paper, 'On the Refrigeration of the Earth.' He supported the theory that the earth originally existed in a state of liquid fire; and, from its form, and the nature of its crust, contended that, cooling throughout the period of many thousands of years, its present appearance fully warranted this philosophical conclusion; and that it might become solid, either from causes operating on the surface or at the centre. This theory, he remarked, was rejected by many, because, as they asserted, it did not agree with the Mosaic account of the creation; but to such persons he would say, that this account is only to be taken as regards man, and not as regards the actual age of the earth. There were some who made a bad use of the truths which geology made manifest, and made it a peg to hang their irreligion on; but these truths did not make the philosopher irreligious, but, on the contrary, made his religion rest on a firmer basis. Professors Whewell, Phillips,

and Sedgwick, testified their approbation of the paper just read, and praised the philosophic caution that had characterised the researches of Mr. Hopkinson.

#### SECTION D.

The following was the list of the last day papers.

1. Mr. R. Mallet—On the Power of Reproduction in Aged Trees from the Centre of the Trunk.
2. Mr. J. Smith—On some Undescribed Shells.
3. Mr. Macleay—On the Destruction of the Pier at Southampton by Lymnoria Terebrans.
4. Mr. Gray—On some New Shells in the Royal Institution of Liverpool.
5. Rev. J. Reade—On the Solid Matter found in the Ashes of Plants and Animals.
6. Mr. J. Sibson—On the recent Disease in Potatoes.
7. Mr. F. Taylor—An Exhibition of Gollathus Magnus.
8. Dr. Lindley—On the Affinity of Orobanche.
9. Mr. N. A. Vigors—On the Arrangement of Birds according to their Affinities.
10. Mr. W. H. Smith—On Garden Tillage as applied to Agricultural Purposes.

Thanks were voted to Lord Derby for his reception of the Section, &c. on the preceding day. Mr. Mallet's paper related some curious illustrations of his subject. Mr. Smith's shells we have elsewhere described.

Mr. Reade's experiments on the solid parts left after the combustion of animals and vegetables, upon which, also, Professor Henslow expatiated, shewed that the deposits were purely silicic; whilst on the other hand, similar experiments made on silicious structures, proved their great analogy to plants and animals.

Dr. Lindley offered some remarks on the subject of the affinities of the orobanche, to shew that it had no connexion with the natural order *Scrophularia*. By a French writer it is placed with *Gentiana*, who states that it had the flowers of the former and the fruit of the latter. Another Russian writer removed it, and placed it in a distinct order. He found upon examination, that it did differ from the *Scrophularia* in the situation of the carpels, and in this respect it becomes more clearly identified with *Gentiana*. From all circumstances, he would consider it more nearly belonging to the latter; but there was a question whether it was not connected with *Monoptera*. So far as the presence of albumen in seeds depended, it was not to be considered a specific mark of distinction, and, therefore, we must look out for some more specific mark. It will be found necessary to separate the present distinctions of monocotyledonous plants, the affinities being so often violated.

Mr. Taylor exhibited a specimen of *Gollathus magnus*, with the jaw of a shark, and oil extracted from its liver. The former differed from all specimens previously noticed, in the form of its head. With the exception of a specimen in the British Museum, this is the only one ever exhibited. The shark was taken off the ale of Manse, in the William Nash, and the liver was supposed to contain about fifty gallons of oil.

Mr. Macleay gave a description of a new fungus which he had seen the day previous in the window of a hotel in the town.

Mr. Macleay referred to a letter read from Captain Ducane, on the changes taking place in the Palæmons, and also exhibited some pieces of the wood of the pier at Southampton, which is almost destroyed by the "gentle action of soft water." The protection afforded to the port is such as is favourable to the propagation of the Lymnoria terebrans; and for this circumstance he had recommended the rebuilding of the pier with stone. The insect was first discovered by Dr. Leach, and has destroyed several piers upon the coast.

Mr. Hope suggested the use of what is called gas lime, which is very noxious to the insect, as



the foundation of piers of wood; and also the use of iron pipes, that had become corroded from the gas.

Dr. Lindley suggested that the piles should be well saturated with solution of corrosive sublimate, which would probably be a perfect protection.

Mr. Macleay considered that sea animals would attack any metal, but that the clearness of the copper protected, according to the plan of Sir Humphrey Davy, was owing to a poisonous medium on the surface, from which circumstance he recommended that the piles should be covered with copper.

Mr. Gray described several new Land Shells in the collection of the Royal Institution, remarking on the importance of such local exhibitions in the advancement of subjects of scientific inquiry, and recommending the attention of such objects to local naturalists. These were a new genus of land shell between *Helic* and *Anostoma* and some new species which he designated as *Achalma furcata*, *Coracolla filomarginata* from India, and *Paludina galeasi*, the largest and most beautiful species of the genus. He also exhibited a new land shell, being the first of the kind seen in this country, found by Mr. G. Aberazzi of Preston, a local naturalist.

Mr. Vigors postponed the reading of a paper, 'On the Affinities of Birds,' until the next meeting, on account of the shortness of time allotted to the meeting of the Section.

A member remarked on the first paper, and asked the opinion of the meeting upon whether the circumstance of trees growing within trees was not produced by natural grafting. A long conversation ensued, in which Professor Graham and others took part.

Mr. Hope described several new Species of Insects which he had found in a collection in Liverpool, possessed by Mr. Mally, containing several specimens not included in any other collection in Europe.

Mr. Macleay took a review of the proceedings of the Section during the present sitting, which he characterised as not being of less importance or interest to any other, and being equally varied.

The thanks of the Section were proposed to the chairman by Professor Graham of Edinburgh, who complimented him and the Section upon the very efficient manner in which the chair had been filled.

#### SECTION E.

Thanks were voted, on the motion of Dr. Yelloly, to Dr. Rutter and the other members of the Medical Institution for the great accommodations they had afforded the Section.

Dr. Warren (Boston, U.S.) read a paper, 'On the Skulls of Mound Indians,' i. e. the *crania* found in large mounds in the interior of North America, as compared with those of South American Indians. He stated that a considerable number of years ago, he accidentally came into possession of a cranium, which struck him as an extraordinary one; and, on examination, he found that it differed from the crania of all the well-known nations, and the individual nations composing those races. He was led by this to make some inquiry into its history, and he ascertained that it came from the banks of the Ohio river, far back in America, in what was called the Western Country, and that it was discovered in a cavern on the top of a high and almost inaccessible rock, at the distance of about forty or fifty feet from the banks of the Ohio, by some hunters who took refuge in the cave. They there found the skull and the other bones of the skull in a fine state of preservation.

The bones were so situated, that they might have been there for several ages without decomposition, the calcareous rock which formed the bottom of the cavern absorbing all moisture. From the inaccessibility of the place in which they were found, it was probable that they had remained there for centuries. It was natural to suppose that this head must have been one of the aboriginal Indians of North America; but, on examination, he ascertained that that was not the fact, its whole structure being different to the Indian crania. He suspected that it might have connexion with those races which had been discovered to be deposited in the ancient works or mounds of North America, and he soon obtained heads from that part of the country, and satisfied himself of the fact. He would presently state the particulars in which they differed from other heads. They had frequently heard of the mounds in the interior of North America. They were exceedingly curious, and were found in the wilds which had scarcely been trod by the foot of civilised man, and were covered with immense forests. They found elevations of earth which were quite extraordinary, and would be so even in any country. These mounds were covered by immense trees, and the observer was struck at once with the great antiquity which must belong to them. There were different kinds of mounds. There were some which had a great resemblance to fortifications, regularly made, and of considerable extent. There was one at Cuëum, which was more than a mile in diameter, and which was surrounded by a high kind of wall or fortification, about thirty feet in height, with regular openings in different parts of it, and these openings guarded by interior works, similar to fortifications, to defend the entrances to apertures in fortifications in the present day. These mounds were generally situated near the confluence of important rivers; there was one at the conflux of the Ohio and Muskingdom rivers; they were so situated as to command the passage of the rivers. The mounds in the interior of these fortifications were perfectly regular, flat on the summit, and frequently a sort of bowl or centre part on the top of the summit. They were, apparently, intended for the purposes of interment, and partly for places of worship; and, probably, the excavation found on the summit was a place where human sacrifices were made. Some parts of the work of these mounds were very similar to parts found in South America, in the great temple at Calumna. These works were of very great extent, extending a length of 1000 miles, from the banks of the great lakes in Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and filled all the most fruitful parts of North America. The head he had spoken of as having obtained, was taken from one of these circular mounds, and, in common with all the heads taken from those mounds, differed from the Indian and European formation. There was less extension of forehead than in the European head, but it resembled it; the elevation of the forehead being equal to the Caucasian race. The vertex also was uncommonly elevated. The seat of the organ of veneration seemed to be very much developed; and it was evident that they were a very religious nation, for there was evidence that they made many sacrifices. The formation of the skull approached to the Peruvian. But the most remarkable fact was, the flattening of the occiput, which gave the cranium a peculiarly rounded form, and some even were quite circular. The occiput also was almost always more flattened on the right side than on the left. Another pecu-

liarity in these heads was, that the *palatine fossa* was of a rounded form; this arose from its narrowness. The lower we descended in the scale of races, the nearer we approached the animal formation. They knew that in the animal formation the jaws were very elongated, which gave them greater perfection in taste and smell. There was an approximation to the African race, in a small degree, in the North American Indian; but, as we rose to the Caucasian race, the palate was shorter and smaller; so that, probably, taste and smell was inferior in the Caucasian races. So that animals, probably, had a power in discriminating noxious smells and herbs, which we had not. After he had been in possession of these heads for a number of years, he was anxious to generalise his remarks. When he was expecting contributions from the interior part of the country—for the mounds were situated very far from the part where he lived, many thousand miles; it was difficult also to obtain these bones, as many of them were found in a state of decomposition—he found one morning three heads lying on his table, the party who had left them having gone. He immediately examined them, and stated them to be skulls of the Mound Indians. But, a few days after, the gentleman who had furnished them, came to Boston, and said to him, that these heads were the heads of Peruvians, and that they were taken from an island near the city of Sibia, a place renowned amongst Peruvians, where Mango Copa was said to have descended from the sun, in order to enlighten the Peruvian race. He afterwards shewed the skulls to Dr. Spurzheim, and he said they were all precisely of the same race. He perceived that the organ of constructiveness was peculiarly developed in all these heads. This led him to inquire further into the history of the Peruvian heads, and he found three descriptions: one similar to the one he had been describing, having a flattened occiput, temples wide, and forehead particularly elevated. But there was another description, much more common, which was of an oblong form, and very much resembled an egg in shape. In this, the occiput, instead of being compressed and flattened, was very prominent indeed. Then, there was a third kind of Peruvian head, which did not exhibit any marks of compression. The first kind were all remarkably irregular, and wanting in symmetry. These heads had evidently been artificially flattened on the occipital and frontal part, and were well known to belong to the Inca race of Peruvians, as they were taken from the place where they were buried; and they also had some specimens of the people amongst them. [The lecturer here described that a whole family of the noble race of Inca had been buried with their clothes, and every part of them was in a surprising state of preservation, just as they lived before the Spanish conquest. The tomb in which they were found, was circular, like a well, lined with bricks, and near the bottom a flat stone was put down, supported at the sides like a floor, leaving a large cavity underneath. The bodies were then put into the tomb upon this stone, and loose earth thrown over them. The cavity underneath the tomb drained off the water and damp, and the bodies were thus preserved.] Having traced the exact similarity between the Mound skulls and the Peruvian skulls of the Inca race, the conclusion was irresistible, that these two people had a cognate origin. Now, they were situated at a distance of 1000 or 1500 miles from each other, and the heads of the intervening nations were entirely different from the one or the other. At

first this appeared to him very extraordinary. And here he might remark on the great importance of investigations by anatomists, to point out the history of those nations which tradition did not hand down to them. There was a race between these two races, and they had heads almost as flat as a pancake. [A Peruvian head was here exhibited, which had been subjected to artificial compression, and which was nearly square, being perfectly flat behind, and nearly so on the forehead.] He must say, for the benefit of phrenology, that so far from the intellects of these flat-headed persons being inferior, the Indians who possessed them were quite equal in intelligence to others of the same nation. He had the head of a celebrated chief who had a most extraordinarily flattened forehead, and he was known to have remarkable talent. In fact, no person was thought of any consequence in that country, unless he possessed a flat head. They then legitimately inferred, that these two nations were closely allied to each other: that was, the nations who had inhabited the Mounds, and the Peruvians, because there was no resemblance between the heads of these nations and any other heads that were known. He might conclude with just intimating that there had been observed to be a resemblance between these two sets of heads, and the heads of the Hindoo race; the same rounded form, and similar smoothness in the bones of the head and face. The conclusion drawn was, that the race of the Mound Indians was entirely dissimilar to the North American Indians; and second, that they were entirely similar to the Peruvian race, which would lead to the inference that these two were one race, which was an evidence, also, that the American Indians had emanated from two different sources, one from the south part of America, and the other from the north-west coast.

Upon this paper a phrenological discussion was got up; but it was not allowed to last very long, or at least so long as the phrenologists present seemed to desire.

Professor Evanson read an able treatise, 'On the Functions of the Brain;' which also led to phrenological opinions, &c.; the endless controversy about which was ended by the decision of Dr. Carson, in the chair.

Dr. McIntosh made a communication, 'On some Morbid Anatomical Appearances in cases of Cholera;' and Dr. Carson 'On the Circulation of Blood in the Head, and the Use of Ventricles in the Brain.'

The usual compliments and thanks being voted, the Section closed its labours, which produced several very valuable papers; some of little consequence, and the common consumption of time in elucidating medical truths (or the negative) by medical debate.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NATIONAL MONUMENTS, WORKS OF ART, ETC.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the spirit which assembled the meeting at Freemasons' Hall, for the purpose of obtaining free admission to national monuments and works of art in public edifices, is spreading into distant parts of the country. The dean and chapter of Norwich have set an example of liberality upon the subject, by ordering the venerable cathedral of that city, which contains so many monuments of successive ages, to be kept open for public inspection one hour every day, in addition to the usual periods of divine service. In Edinburgh, also, the late disgraceful scene, when the Turkish ambassador was refused a

sight of the Scottish regalia, appears to have excited so much disgust, that the Lord Provost and council have applied to have those objects of national and general curiosity henceforth exhibited to the public without charge or restriction.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### *Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann's Forget-me Not, for 1838.*

TEN very pleasing plates; headed (the place which it deserves) by a fine and expressive female portrait, engraved by Thomson, from a picture by Lawrence, and entitled "La Sevillana." Of the other specimens, our favourites are—"Rosanna;" a charming "Meditating Maid," engraved by Rolls, from a drawing by Jenkins; "The Rich and the Poor," an interesting familiar scene, engraved by Stocks, from a drawing by Parris; "The Christening Party," a brilliant sunset, engraved by Greatbach, from a picture by Knight; and "Cloisters of Santo Paolo, Rome," a magnificent exhibition of columnar architecture, engraved by Carter, from a drawing by Prout.

##### *Illustrations to Friendship's Offering, for 1838.* Smith, Elder, and Co.

A TASTEFUL and entertaining *mélange*. We would point out, as especially entitled to admiration—"The Hon. the Misses Beauclerk," two graceful and elegant portraits, engraved by F. Bacon, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; "Torcello," a singularly picturesque port, engraved by A. C. Armytage, from a picture by C. Stanfield, R.A.; "Youth and Beauty," either of which might easily be mistaken for the other, engraved by J. C. Edwards, from a picture by Miss F. Corboux; "The Forsaken," who certainly does not deserve to be so, engraved by A. Fox, from a picture by T. Harper; "The Captive's Wife," an interesting union of conjugal grief and maternal affection, engraved by W. H. Simmons, from a picture by T. M. Joy; and "Still in my Teens," whose wisest wish would be never to be out of them, engraved by H. Cook, from a picture by H. Richter.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.

THIS accomplished scholar, and extraordinary musical genius, expired without a struggle, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 11th instant, about twenty minutes past four o'clock. The following biographical sketch of him is abridged from a notice which has appeared in a morning paper.

Mr. Wesley was born on the 24th day of February, 1766; he was, consequently, in his seventy-second year. When only three years old, he could play and extemporise freely on the organ; and before he was five, had taught himself to read and write a print-hand, from his unremitting study of the oratorio of *Samson*, which he committed entirely to memory. He also learned by heart, within a month, the whole of Handel's overtures; and before he was eight years of age, he had composed and written out an oratorio, which he entitled *Ruth*. Before he reached the year of his majority, he had become an excellent classical scholar, a fine performer on the pianoforte and organ, and unquestionably the most astonishing extemporaneous player in Europe. His prospects in life were unfortunately clouded by a dreadful accident which befel him in the year 1787. Returning from spending the evening with an intimate friend, in passing through Snow-hill, he fell into a deep excavation, which had been

prepared for the foundation of a new building. Here he lay insensible, until daylight disclosed his situation, and he was conveyed home. His head had received a most serious injury, and the medical attendants wished to perform the operation of trepanning; but Wesley obstinately refused his consent, and his wound was permitted to heal. This he ever after regretted; for, it is supposed, that in consequence of some portion of the skull adhering to, or pressing upon the brain, originated those periodical states of high nervous irritability, which subsequently checked and darkened the splendour of his career. For seven years immediately following his accident, he remained in a low desponding state, refusing to cultivate his genius for music. On his recovering, he prosecuted the science with the utmost ardour, bringing to light the immortal works of Sebastian Bach, then alike unknown here and on the Continent. In 1815, when on his journey to conduct an oratorio at Norwich, he suffered a relapse of his mental despondency; and for another seven years, he retired from public life, endeavouring to find relief in the constant attendance upon public worship, and living with the austerity of a hermit. In 1823 he recovered, and up to 1830, composed many excellent pieces, and was much engaged in public performance on the organ. He then relapsed into his former state; but in August last, partially regained his health and spirits. It soon became evident, however, his constitution was undergoing a great change. When at Christchurch, Newgate Street, about three weeks ago, he rallied, passed a delightful day, and spoke in the evening of Mendelssohn, and his "wonderful mind," in terms of the strongest eulogy. On Saturday last he played extemporaneously to a friend, and composed some psalm-tunes. On Monday he endeavoured to write a long testimonial for an old pupil, but which his strength only permitted him to sign; and in the evening retired to his room, with a presentiment which has been but too accurately verified.

As a musician, Mr. Wesley's celebrity is even greater on the Continent than in his own country. His compositions are grand and masterly; his melodies sweet, varied, ever novel and unexpected; his harmonies bold, sublime, and imposing. His resources were boundless; and if called upon to extemporise for half-a-dozen tunes during an evening, each fantasia was new, fresh, and perfectly unlike the others. His execution was very great—close and neat, and free from labour or effort; and his touch on the piano-forte delicate and *cantabile* in the highest degree.

Mr. Wesley was remarkable for energy, firmness, nobleness of mind, freedom from envy, penetration, docility, approaching to an almost infantile simplicity, and unvarying adherence to truth. These characteristics were united with a credulity which exceeded, if possible, that which marked his uncle, the celebrated John Wesley. His passions were exceedingly strong; and, from a habit of always speaking his mind, and his having no idea of *management*, or the *finesse* of human life, he too often, by the brilliancy of his wit, or the bitterness of his sarcasm, unthinkingly caused estrangement, if not raised up an enemy. His conversation was rich, copious, and fascinating. No subject could be started which he could not adorn by shrewd remarks, or illustrate by some appropriate and original anecdote. For many years it had been his constant habit to study the Bible night and morning; and as no meal was taken before he had offered up his orisons to Heaven, so he never lay down without thanks-

giving. He has left a large family, nearly all of whom are distinguished for their talents and acquisitions. The younger branches, although of very tender years, display evident indications of fine intellect, and that exquisite sensibility which characterised the parent.

### DRAMA.

**Drury Lane.**—This theatre,\* still under the management of Mr. Bunn, opened on Saturday with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and a new drama by Mr. Planché, entitled *The Child of the Wreck*. The former introduced Dowton and Miss H. Cawse, and the latter Madame Celeste, whose trip to America has not at all spoiled her; she is still a sweet actress, and materially assisted the success of *The Child of the Wreck*, which is, however, a good melodrama, but rather too long.

**Covent Garden.**—A three-act play, entitled *The Novice*, was produced on Wednesday evening with considerable and, with few exceptions, well-merited success, at this house. We have not yet heard the author's name; but he appears to be well acquainted with stage business, and has thrown some highly dramatic scenes into this play, which would, however, be far more effective but for the exceptions we are about to take. In the first place, it is too long, and requires curtailing as much as any modern production we remember; indeed, whole scenes might be left out, and others shortened, with great advantage; but we do not like finding fault, so will proceed with the merits, which greatly predominate. The story is laid in Bavaria, the Elector of which place (Warde) is blessed with a jealous wife, whose whims and fancies are not, however, without foundation, as the Elector is in the habit of consoling himself with other compliant beauties, for the hen-peckings he gets at home. In his search after these he is aided by his Jew prime minister, *Baron Solomons* (Bartley), with whose assistance he is about to add another to his already numerous collection, of whose portraits, by the by, he has a celebrated gallery, known as that of the "Court Beauties." This other is *Clothilda Lilienstein* (Miss Faucit), who has been educated at a convent, where she has fallen in love with a young artist, *Herman Verstein* (Anderson), by whom her love is returned. On her way to court she is waylaid by *Herman*, who has been urged to this step by *Count Carolstadt* (Vining), who turns against him by the advice of *Solomons*, and aids in the rescue of *Clothilda*, being promised a handsome *douceur* and a colonelcy in the guards, on condition of making her his wife; this he accepts, and she proceeds to court: offended at her lover's unkindness, she is induced to sign a marriage contract with *Carolstadt*, which, after a tedious explanatory scene, he destroys, and the lovers are

made happy. Here we might conclude, as we have not space to give the underplot, which is, however, well constructed; but we must notice the acting, which was, in every respect, most excellent. Warde, Bartley, Vining, Meadows, and Mrs. W. Clifford, deserve great praise for their exertions in the author's service, as does Miss Faucit, who acted a good part with great judgment and grace; but our best acknowledgments are due to Mr. Anderson, who played the artist in a delightful manner; nothing was overdone nor left undone, and he made a trifling part quite prominent. Some of the scenery is new and beautiful, and no cost seems to have been spared in the production of the *Novice*, which, with the judicious curtailing already noticed, will become a standard piece at Covent Garden.

**Haymarket.**—Mr. Sheridan Knowles' new comedy, *The Love Chase*, was produced on Monday, and has been played every evening since with great and increasing success. It is one of the most charming productions we have witnessed for a very long time, and is acted in a style of unsurpassable excellence: we shall not give any details, as every one will go and see it; but we extract the following passages to shew the poetry scattered through the scenes.

#### The Chase.

"Well, Master Wildrake, speak you of the chase!  
To hear you one doth feel the bounding steed;  
You bring the hounds and game, and all to view—  
All scudding to the jovial huntsman's cheer!  
And yet I pity the poor crowned deer,  
And always fancy 'tis by Fortune's spite,  
That lordly head of his, he bears so high—  
Like Virtue, stately in calamity,  
And hunted by the human, worldly hound—  
Is made to fly before the pack that straight  
Burst into song at prospect of his death.  
You say their cry is harmony; and yet  
The chorus scarce is music to my ear,  
When I bethink me what it sounds to his;  
Nor deem I sweet the note that rings the knell  
Of the once merry forester!"

#### Original and Gastronomical Simile.

"Her voice  
Comes melting from her round and swelling throat,  
Reminding you of sweetest, mellowest things—  
Plums, peaches, apricots, and nectarines—  
Whose bloom is poor to paint her cheeks and lips."

#### Description of a Lady Dancing.

"Yet that's a trifle to the dance! down which  
She floats as though she were a form of air!  
The ground feels not her foot, or tells not on't;  
Her movements are the painting of the strain,  
Its swell, its fall, its mirth, its tenderness!"

#### Canoeing in Love.

"I cannot think love thrives by artifice,  
Or can disguise its mood, and shew its face.  
I would not hide one point of my heart,  
Where I did give it and did feel 'twas right,  
Nor feign a wish, to mask a wish that was,  
Howe'er to keep it. For no cause except  
Myself would I be lov'd."

#### A Hunt passing through a Country.

"To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is  
A laughing holiday!—Not a hill-top  
But 'then alive!—Footmen with horsemen vie—  
All earth's astral, roused with the revelry  
Of vigour, health, and joy!—Cheer awakes cheer,  
While echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,  
Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then  
Its neighbour's glass—where gladness sees itself,  
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!  
Breaks into tenfold mirth!—laughs like a child!  
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!  
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!  
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew  
That life was life before!"

We do not hold that the study of the olden dramatists has been of much service to Knowles: from them he gets quaintnesses—peculiar phraseology—now quite out of use; but it is in himself and his warm true feelings, that he finds the snatches of poetry that are his great and prevailing charm.

Of the actors and actresses we have naught to say, for it would be invidious to select any of them for particular praise, except Mrs. Nisbet, who plays the part of *Constance* in the most perfect manner, and draws down the most rapturous applause; for ourselves, we shall

hate to see any one else in the character, doubting if it be possible for it to be acted as it is by Mrs. Nisbet. The *Swiss Swains* likewise continue a prosperous career. We believe the dialogue is from the pen of Mr. Webster, who plays one of the swains himself; the other is sustained by Mr. Collins. The story, though exceedingly improbable, is very amusing; and *Swiss Swains* nightly follow in the wake of *The Love Chase*.

**St. James's.**—The *Cornet* has been played every evening with increased applause, but we are almost unable to redeem our last week's promise of a more detailed notice, as the plot is too intricate for us to transfer it to our pages; we can, however, state, that it is capitally acted and sung by Misses Rainforth and J. Smith, Messrs. Ginbelle and Burnet. It is full of incident and very entertaining. The public do not patronise Mr. Braham in the way he deserves, for he is really an excellent caterer: his own appearance will, we hope, draw better houses, though those that have already passed, have been far from bad. The *Assignment* also retains its place, and is well worth seeing; Harley's acting of *Pierre Dubois*, which Vernet rendered so complete, is a capital conception, in a very different style, of the same part. To our readers we sincerely recommend a pleasant evening's amusement at the St. James's, which is certainly the handsomest theatre in London, not even excepting "that jewel of a place" the

**Olympic**, where Madame Vestris is reaping a rich harvest in overflowing houses. A new farce, produced on Thursday, was completely successful. We shall speak further of it hereafter.

**Adelphi.**—Yates has transplanted *The Dumb Man of Manchester* from Astley's, where it was extremely popular, and engaged Ducrow to personate the character, which he does with great truth and interest; his acting is, in fact, quite as intelligible as speech, and the *Dumb Man* in conjunction with Power's *Rory*, has drawn bumper houses since our last.

**The Strand** concluded a prosperous season on Thursday, on which evening Mr. W. J. Hammond had an overflow for his benefit.

### VARIETIES.

**Statistics.**—The importance of obtaining full and regular statistical reports and returns, on the authenticity of which implicit reliance may be placed, has been long and generally felt. A periodical publication, devoted to the subject, has at length been commenced, under the title of "The Statistical Journal." An examination of the first Number, and our acquaintance with the talents and attainments of its editor, satisfy us that, if this work be supported as it deserves, it will be the means of diffusing "a vast mass of valuable information, digested in an available form, for statesmen, political economists, men of business, and, in short, every reader who seeks to store his mind with truly useful knowledge." One of the most interesting papers in the first Number relates to the statistics of France.

**The Elgin Marbles and the Public Taste.**—In the report of the parliamentary committee on arts and manufactures, it is recommended that casts of the best specimens of sculpture be transmitted from the metropolis to other towns, at the lowest possible cost, in order to facilitate the formation of galleries at various institutions, and thereby disseminate good taste. This object has been opportunely advanced by the request of the French government to ours, for permission to have the Elgin marbles cast for the benefit of their national exhibitions.

#### \* DRURY LANE THEATRE.

##### "To the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.'"

SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to the practice adopted by the present management of this theatre. The proprietor, when he announced the performances for the first night of the season, also announced the prices of admission as reduced; the pit, for instance, to three shillings, the half-price, one shilling and sixpence. Now, sir, on my presenting myself at the pit-door on Tuesday evening for the half-price, two shillings were demanded as the price of admission. Several persons observed to the cashier that the price advertised was one shilling and sixpence, but he coolly observed, "that he believed it was so, but there was some mistake in the announcement." This is an imposition upon the public which I am satisfied has only to be brought to your knowledge to insure your early notice of it; and thus prevent the public being exposed to a practice very annoying, though, no doubt, it has the merit of benefiting the treasury of the proprietor.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"Oct. 18, 1837."

A CONSTANT READER."

This letter requires no comment from us; it is extracted from the "Morning Chronicle" of yesterday.—*Ad. L. G.*

It was not considered advisable to trust the operation to any but the moulder usually employed by the British Museum; but, in order to meet the wishes of our enthusiastic neighbours, Mr. Sarti has received orders to cast those valuable remains of antiquity, and the recommendation of the committee on arts is to be carried into effect by the sale of those admired relics of Grecian taste at the price of the plaster and labour. This looks like encouragement to taste, and it is hoped that the managers of literary and scientific institutions will not neglect the advantage thus offered.

**Weather Wisdom.**—Quite out all the week: we hope for better success in that to come. "The 15th will be milder, as the sun has the declination of Jupiter. Changes on the 17th. The sun aspects Jupiter on the 19th, which mends the weather a little; but on the 20th the balance will turn in favour of cold."

**Clerical Duet.**—"The Queen," says a Brighton correspondent of one of the London papers, "attended at the Chapel Royal in the morning, and heard the Rev. Mr. Anderson, who preached, while the Rev. Mr. Hale read prayers."

**Fontana.**—This celebrated engraver, who was a pupil of Raphael Morghen, died at Rome, on the 18th ult. in his 74th year.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Bibliotheca Scholastica; or a Scholastic Dictionary, describing the manners, customs, institutions, &c., of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Normans, &c., by P. A. Nuthall, LL.D., translator of Juvenal, Horace, &c.

*In the Press.*

Divine Emblems, with Engravings, after the fashion of Master Francis Quarles, by Johann Abrecht.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, LL.D., Vol. I. containing Joan of Arc, fcap 8vo. 6s.—A Manual of Veterinary Pharmacy, by W. J. T. Morton, 12mo. 6s.—Mathew's Criminal Law Statutes, 12mo. 6s.—Burke's History of the Landed Gentry, Vol. II, small paper, 18s.—Quain's Anatomy, 4th edition, Part I. 8vo. 12s.—Turner's Chemistry, 6th edition, Part I. 8vo. 7s.—Peter Parley's Universal History on the Basis of Geography, 2 vols. small 4to. 12s.—The Child's Fairy Library, Series 1st, square, 2s. 6d.—Friendship's Offering, 1836, 12s.—Grammar of Modern Geography, by Peter Parley, square, 4s. 6d.—The Diocesan Statutes of the Province of Leinster, by the Rev. R. J. McGhee, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Protestant Missions vindicated, by the Rev. J. Hough, 8vo. 4s.—Rev. C. Girdlestone's Farewell Sermons at Sedgley, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Shipman's Attorney's New pocket Book, 12mo. 12s.—A Tribute of Gratitude from a Humbled Sinner, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Richardson's Fauna Americana, Part IV. (being Kirby on Insects) 4to. plain, 1l. 5s.; cold, 1l. 15s.—Oriental Annual, 1838, 1l. 12s.; Proofs, 1l. 12s. 6d.—De Porquer's French and English Versions, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Notes on Nets, &c., by the Hon. and Rev. C. Bathurst, LL.D., 12mo. 4s.—Statistics, 8vo., 7 William 4th, and 1 Victoria, 1837, 11s.—The Parterre, or Whole Art of Forming Flower Gardens, by C. F. Ferris, Esq. 12mo. 6s. 6d.—The Forget-Me-Not, for 1838, 12s.—The Flowers of Loveliness, for 1838, 1l. 11s. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 28	From 39 to 62	29.99 to 30.01
Friday... 29	... 30 ... 61	29.98 to 29.95
Saturday... 30	... 30 ... 64	29.99 to 29.99
October.		
Sunday... 1	... 49 ... 65	29.96 to 29.96
Monday... 2	... 51 ... 68	30.03 to 30.08
Tuesday... 3	... 49 ... 70	30.08 to 30.08
Wednesday... 4	... 56 ... 68	29.92 to 30.02

Prevailing wind, N.E.

Except the mornings of the 28th ultimo, and 1st instant, generally clear, with rain at times.

Rain fallen, .0625 of an inch.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 5	From 45 to 65	30.13 to 30.11
Friday... 6	... 53 ... 65	30.01 to 30.00
Saturday... 7	... 48 ... 63	30.09 to 30.13
Sunday... 8	... 45 ... 63	30.10 to 30.07
Monday... 9	... 44 ... 60	30.14 to 30.10
Tuesday... 10	... 40 ... 63	30.20 to 30.25
Wednesday... 11	... 49 ... 63	30.28 to 30.31

Wind, S.W.

Except the 8th, 10th, and 11th, generally clear; rain on the 6th and 8th.

Rain fallen .3775 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**DIORAMA.**—Will positively be closed for the Winter Season on Saturday next, the 21st instant.

TO ARTISTS, TOURISTS, AND ADMIRERS OF THE FINE ARTS.

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**EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CXXXIII.**

Advertisements for the forthcoming No. are requested to be sent to the Publishers on or before Thursday, October 19, and Bills on or before Saturday, October 21.

20 Paternoster Row, October 12, 1837.

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rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it. I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful grissette measured them one by one across my hand. It would not alter the dimensions. She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least. She held it open; my hand slipped into it at once. "It will not do," said I, shaking my head. "No," said she, doing the same thing. — *Stern's Sentimental Journey.*

A highly finished Line Engraving by George T. Dox, Historical Engraver in Ordinary to his late Majesty William the Fourth, from a Picture by G. S. Newton, R.A., of the above subject, will shortly appear.

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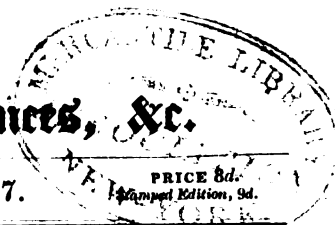
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"Now, when about to perform what, at my age, may almost be called the testamentary task of revising, in all likelihood for the last time, those works by which it was my youthful ambition 'to be for ever known,' and part whereof I dare believe has been 'so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die,' it appeared proper that this poem, through which the author had been first made known to the public, two-and-forty years ago, should lead the way; and the thought that it was once more to pass through the press under my own inspection, induced a feeling in some respects resembling that with which it had been first delivered to the printer,—and yet how different! For not in hope and ardour, nor with the impossible intention of rendering it what it might have been had it been planned and executed in middle life, did I resolve to correct it once more throughout; but for the purpose of making it more consistent with itself in diction, and less inconsistent in other things with the well-weighed opinions of my maturer years. The faults of effort, which may generally be regarded as hopeful indications in a juvenile writer, have been mostly left as they were. The faults of language, which remained from the first edition, have been removed; so that, in this respect, the whole is sufficiently in keeping. As for those which expressed the political prejudices of a young man who had too little knowledge to suspect his own ignorance, they have either been expunged, or altered, or such substitutions have been made for them as harmonise with the pervading spirit of the poem; and are, nevertheless, in accord with those opinions which the author has maintained for thirty years through good and evil report, in the maturity of his judgment as well as in the sincerity of his heart. I have thus acknowledged all the specific obligations to my elders or contemporaries in the art, of which I am distinctly conscious. The advantages arising from intimate intercourse with those who were engaged in similar pursuits cannot be in like manner specified, because in their nature they are imperceptible; but of such advantages no man has ever possessed more or greater, than at different times it has been my lot to enjoy. Personal attachment first, and family circumstances afterwards, connected me long and closely with Mr. Coleridge; and three-and-thirty years have ratified a friendship with Mr. Wordsworth which, we believe, will not terminate with this life, and which it is a pleasure for us to know will be continued and cherished as an heir-loom by those who are dearest to us

both. When I add what has been the greatest of all advantages, that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than men, constantly and unwearably engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which, upon mature consideration, seemed best to myself, I have said every thing necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, whatever they may be. It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that wherewith a person in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his worldly affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which, by the usages of this world, is permitted to us in poetry, and in poetry alone? Of the smaller pieces in this collection, there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection of the spots where many, not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer and more ambitious works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me then, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task thus to resuscitate the past! But, serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope."

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Alas, it is a cruel thing,  
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Then, come, that I may speak to thee  
Of things severely true;  
Love thou the poor, for Jesus Christ,  
He was a poor man, too!  
They told me, when I was a child,  
I was of English birth;  
They called a free-born Englishman  
The noblest man on earth.  
They bade me say my lisping prayers  
Duly both night and morn;  
And bless the Father of the world  
That I was English born.

My home it was a stately place,  
In England's history known;  
And many an old renowned deed  
Was graven on its stone.  
I saw the high-born and the poor  
Low bending, side by side,  
And the meek blabop's holy hands  
Diffuse his blessing wide.  
And round and round the sacred pile,  
My reverent fancy went,  
Till God and good King George at once  
Within my heart were blent.  
Those were my years of innocence,  
Of ignorance and mirth;  
When my wild heart leapt up in joy  
Of my pure English birth.  
Oh, England, mother England!  
Proud nurse of thriving men,  
I've learnt to look with other eyes  
On many things since then.  
I've thus been taught: I saw a man,  
An old man, bent and hoar,  
And he broke flats upon the road  
With labour long and sore.  
The day it was a day in June;  
The nightingales sang loud,  
And with their load of snowy bloom  
The hawthorn-trees were bowed.  
The very highway side was bright  
With flowers; the branches made  
Of tenderest green, above my head,  
A pleasant summer shade.  
The earth, the air, the sunlit sky,  
Of gladness they were full;  
My heart rejoiced: when there I heard  
Laborious sounds and dull.  
They were the old man's hammer-strokes  
That fell upon the stone,  
Stroke after stroke, with bootless aim;  
Yet kept he striving on.  
I watched him: coach and chariot bright  
Rolled past him in their speed;  
Horsemen and peasants to the town;  
And yet he took no heed.  
Stroke after stroke, the hammer fell  
Upon the selfsame stone;  
A child had been as strong as he,  
Yet he kept toiling on.  
Before him lay a little heap  
Of flints he had to break;  
It wearied me but to conceive  
What labour they would take.  
I watched him still; and still he toiled  
Upon the selfsame stone;  
Nor ever raised his head to me,  
But still kept working on.  
'My friend,' said I, 'your task is hard,  
And bootless seems your labour;  
The strokes you give go here and there;  
A waste of power, good neighbour!'  
Upon his tool he propped himself,  
And turned on me his eye,  
Yet did not raise, the while, his head,  
Then slowly made reply.  
'The parish metes me out my work;  
Twelve pence my daily fee;  
I'm weak, God knows, and I am old,  
Four-score, my age, and three.  
Five weeks I could not strike a stroke,  
The parish helped me then;  
Now I must pay them back the cost;  
Hard times for aged men!  
I have been palsied, agued, racked  
With pains enough to kill;  
I cannot raise my head, and yet  
I must keep working still;  
For I've the parish loan to pay;  
Yet I am weak and ill!'  
Then, slowly lifting up his tool,  
The minute-strokes went on;  
I left him as I found him first,  
At work upon that stone.  
The nightingales sang loudly forth;  
Joy through all nature ran;  
But my very soul was sick to think  
On this poor Englishman.  
Again: it was the young spring-tide,  
When natural hearts overflow  
With love, to feel the genial air,  
To see the wild flowers blow.

And near a mighty town I walked  
In meadows green and fair;  
And, as I sauntered slowly on,  
A little child came there.

A child she was of ten years old,  
Yet with no mirth of mien;  
With sunken eye and thin pale face,  
And body dry and lean.

Yet walked she on among the flowers,  
For all her pallid hue;  
And gathered them with eager hands,  
As merry children do.

Poor child! the tears were in mine eyes,  
Her thin, small hands to see,  
Grasping the healthy flowers that looked  
More full of life than she.

'You take delight in flowers,' I said,  
And looked into her face;  
'No wonder, they are beautiful;  
Dwell you a-near this place?'

'No,' said the child, 'within the town  
I live, but here I run,  
Just for a flower at dinner-time;  
And just to feel the sun.

For, oh, the factory is so hot,  
And so doth daze my brain;  
I just run here to breathe the air,  
And then run back again.

And now the fields are fresh and green,  
I could not help but stay,  
To get for Tommy's garden-plot  
These pretty flowers to-day.'

'And Tommy, who is he?' I asked.  
'My brother,' she replied;  
The factory wheels they broke his arms,  
And sorely hurt his side.

He'll be a cripple all his days,  
For him these flowers I got;  
He has a garden in the yard,  
The neighbours harm it not;  
The drunken blacksmith strides across  
Poor Tommy's garden-plot.'

As thus we talked, we neared the town,  
When, like a heavy knell,  
Was heard, amid the jarring sounds,  
A distant factory-bell.

The child she made a sudden pause,  
Like one who could not move;  
Then threw poor Tommy's flowers away,  
For fear had mastered love.

And with unnatural speed she ran  
Down alleys dense and warm;  
A frightened, toiling thing of care,  
Into the toiling swarm:

Her scattered flowers lay in the street  
To wither in the sun,  
Or to be trod by passing feet;  
They were of worth to none;

The factory-bell had cut down joy,  
And still kept ringing on!

Proud was I when I was a child,  
To be of English birth,  
For surely thought the English were  
The happiest race on earth.

That was the creed when I was young,  
It is my creed no more!  
For I know, we're men, the difference now  
Betwixt the rich and poor!"

There are some very spirited poems by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Among the prose stories, we would particularly mention Earl Warwick's "Seal Ring," by Miss Lawrence, and "Coralie," by H. F. Chorley. We regret that it is too long for quotation.

*The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain.* Edited by S. C. Hall. 8vo. pp. 304. London, 1838. Saunders and Otley. Mr. HALL has executed a difficult task with great industry and much good taste. The selections give generally an excellent idea of the poets, as far as fragments can do, still we miss one or two established favourites; for example, Lamb's old familiar faces. The following are specimens of how the biographies have been executed:—

"Robert Pollock was born in 1799, at Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire,—where his parents were occupied in agricultural pursuits. He gave early promise of the ability for which he was afterwards distinguished, and his friends determined to educate him for the church. He as, accordingly, entered at the University of Glasgow, where he applied himself with ardour

to the study of theology; but had scarcely commenced the exercise of his professional duties, when his health became so seriously impaired, that a visit to the south of Europe was recommended as the only means of preserving his life. In August 1827, he quitted Scotland, and proceeded to Southampton, with a view of emigrating for Italy. His malady, however, continued to increase; and in the September of that year he died, at Shirley Common. His early death is to be lamented; for probably a wider intercourse with mankind would not only have matured his natural talents, but would have produced a healthier state of mind as well as body. 'Retired in voluntary loveliness,' he saw only that which is cheerless in nature, and depressing in religion:—

'To pleasure deaf,  
And joys of common men, working his way  
With mighty energy, not uninspired,  
Through all the mines of thought; reckless of pain,  
And weariness, and wasted health.'

Soon after the death of the writer, his poem, 'The Course of Time,' attracted very general attention. He had previously published two stories in prose, 'Ralph Gemmet,' a tale for youth, and 'The Persecuted Family,' a narrative of the sufferings of the Presbyterians, during the reign of Charles the Second. He was, however, beyond the influence of criticism, when his book became largely the subject of it. It has been highly lauded—we think too highly; and find it difficult to account for the popularity it has obtained. The poem is in blank verse; and is nearly as long as the 'Paradise Lost.' Its aspect is, therefore, uninviting; yet that it has been extensively read cannot be doubted,—several editions having from time to time appeared. If we may not describe the author as of a sickly mind, we perceive abundant proof that he was of a diseased constitution. He arrays religion in dark robes, and considers it unnecessary to portray her features as both gentle and beautiful. 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' The poet, however, exerts himself to shew how rugged he can render the one, and how gloomy he can make the other. His volume, from beginning to end, is an awful picture of wrath and vengeance; it contains little to cheer, and nothing to gladden; and would tempt the reader to imagine that man was created only to be tormented. Such is, unhappily, too much the mode with poets who occupy themselves with the treatment of sacred subjects. Instead of striving to direct and control, they labour either to subdue or crush the natural sensations and desires of man. They, therefore, clip the wings of their own fancy; and, if they soar, it is with the painful flutter of a wounded bird. Religious poetry is, for the most part, prejudicial to the cause it professes to advocate. It may influence the head; but it rarely touches the heart. Men are drawn from low thoughts and vicious habits, far less by fear than persuasion. If religion be in 'gorgon terrors clad,' and 'circled with a vengeful band,' the effect produced must be unnatural and transitory. The poets, therefore, who so introduce, never recommend it. Such a course is to be deprecated the more, because the very opposite is so accessible. The best auxiliaries to piety are abundant throughout nature; the themes that most readily present themselves to the poet are those which, by the surest and safest way, lead the heart to virtue,—and they are all graceful, and beautiful, and cheerful. There are, undoubtedly, many glorious exceptions to the rule we have ventured to lay down; but we believe they are not to be found among writers who have exclusively devoted them-

selves to the treatment of religion, in verse. Religion, therefore, is deprived of one of its most powerful and effective advocates. It is made most influential, indeed, by those who are indirectly its supporters—who describe natural objects, and excite love as well as veneration, by leading the mind through Nature up to Nature's God: 'the meanest flower that blows' has been made to teach a lesson; and he best instructs the reason, and directs the heart, who finds

'Good in every thing.'

"Charles Dibdin, the son of a silversmith, at Southampton, was born in that town, in the year 1745. At an early age he ventured to try his fortune in the metropolis, where he at once set himself to compose songs and ballads; but was occupied chiefly in tuning piano-fortes. In 1762, he made his *début* as an actor at the Richmond theatre; and two years afterwards appeared on the London boards, as Ralph, in the 'Maid of the Mill.' He soon began to write for the stage; and, it is said, produced above one hundred dramas, of various degrees of merit. The 'Deserter,' brought out in 1772; the 'Waterman,' in 1774; and the 'Quaker,' in 1775, are still occasionally performed. Dibdin, however, did not like his profession; and took the earliest opportunity of quitting it. He opened a kind of theatre in Leicester Square, to which he gave the title of 'Sans Souci,' and had evening entertainments, at which he sung his own songs, and accompanied himself on the piano:—this simple design was amazingly successful. He is said to have written from time to time, during the period of the performances, above twelve hundred songs, to nearly all of which he composed the music. He died in indigent circumstances, in 1814. In 1803, a pension of 200*l.* a-year was granted to Charles Dibdin; after enjoying it for three years, a new administration, in order to display the economical principles upon which it designed to manage Great Britain, thought proper to deprive the aged vocalist of this resource. Other branches of his family have displayed talents of no common order, and have, we believe, also had to encounter adversity. As yet, we have manifested no desire to repay any portion of the large debt which is owing to him from a nation. The country has been recently called upon to grant annuities to professors of literature, whose claims are not half so urgent, or so just. We may hope that some part of the debt to Charles Dibdin will yet be discharged. In estimating his merit as a nautical song writer, we should not confine it to the mere gratification derived by the sailors themselves from singing his songs: we find in the sentiments expressive of the character of seamen, so much kindness of feeling, and a total absence of selfishness and worldly wisdom, that has tended, in no small degree, to raise sailors in the esteem of the country, and to render the maritime profession popular. This consideration, during a period of protracted naval war, is essential, in order to arrive at a due estimate of the services conferred by Dibdin upon the state. A sound critic, Mr. Hogarth, states, that 'Dibdin had hardly received any musical education; and his attainments in heart were so small, that he had not skill enough to put a good accompaniment to his own airs. But he possessed a gift which no education or study can bestow—an inexhaustible vein of melody.' Among the hundreds of airs which he composed, it is wonderful to observe how few are bad, or even indifferent; and how free they are from sameness and repetition: and yet, with all this variety, there is no straining after novelty.

The airs flow so naturally, that they appear to have cost him no sort of effort. In their expression, too, they are not less various than in their phrases. Whether the poetry is tender, lively, or energetic, the music never fails to speak a corresponding language. If we try the poetry of Dibdin by a severe standard, it will undoubtedly be found wanting; but if it be a triumph of genius to achieve completely the object desired, we must allot a high station to the most popular song writer of the age. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that 'a nation's ballads' have greater influence on its people than 'a nation's laws'; and it may be safely asserted, that the co-operation of Charles Dibdin has been largely effective in giving truth to the line,

'Britannia rules the waves.'

His songs come home to the uneducated minds of seamen: they are simple in language, and homely in construction. Refined and embellished, their effect would be lost. That they have had a prodigious—almost a universal—influence over our mariners, is certain: it has been as salutary as it is powerful. They teach that while courage is a noble quality, it is elevated into a virtue when exerted for our country; and that something more than brute force is necessary to make a good sailor. They not only inculcate bravery in battle, but patience under less exciting perils; and describe discipline and subordination as leading duties. They have been quoted with effect to suppress mutiny; they have, indeed, contributed largely to strengthen the great bulwarks of Britain—her 'wooden walls'—to raise the character of her best defender—the 'British tar'—and to establish that which is a substance, and not a sound—'British glory!'

"Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born in Hans Place, London. She is of the old Herefordshire family, of Tedstone-Delamere. Her father was, originally, intended for the navy, and sailed his first voyage as a midshipman, with his relative, Admiral Bowyer: he afterwards became a partner with Mr. Adair, the well-known army agent, but died while his daughter was very young. Her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Landon, is head of Worcester college, and Dean of Exeter. As we have heard her say, she cannot remember the time when composition, in some shape or other, was not a habit. She used in her earliest childhood to invent long stories, and repeat them to her brother; these soon took a metrical form, and she frequently walked about the grounds of Trevor Park, and lay awake half the night, reciting her verses aloud. The realities of life began with her at a very early period. Her father's altered circumstances induced her to direct her mind to publication: and some of her poems were transmitted to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, the first and the most constant of all her literary friends. He could scarcely believe they were written by the child who was introduced to him. 'The Improvisatrice' soon afterwards appeared, and obtained for her that reputation to which every succeeding year has largely contributed. In person Miss Landon is small, and delicately framed; her form is exquisitely moulded; and her countenance is so full of expression, that, although her features are by no means regular, she must be considered handsome. Her conversation is brilliant, and abounds in wit. Like most persons of genius, her spirits are either too high or too low: and those who have seen her only during her moments of joyousness, imagine that the sadness which too generally pervades her writings, is all unreal:

'Blame not her mirth, who was and yesterday,  
And may be sad to-morrow.'

One of her prose tales records the history of her childhood. It is but a gloomy one—and she treats it as the shadow of her after life. In a communication before us, she says, 'I write poetry with far more ease than I do prose, and with far greater rapidity. In prose, I often stop and hesitate for a word; in poetry, never. Poetry always carries me out of myself; I forget every thing in the world but the subject which has interested my imagination. It is the most subtle and insinuating of pleasures: but, like all pleasures, it is dearly bought. It is always succeeded by extreme depression of spirits, and an overpowering sense of bodily fatigue. Mine has been a successful career: and I hope I am earnestly grateful for the encouragement I have received, and the friends I have made,—but my life has convinced me that a public career must be a painful one to a woman. The envy and the notoriety carry with them a bitterness which predominates over the praise.' It has, perhaps, been her lot to encounter those best of friends—enemies—on her path through an eventful life; but she has the affection, as well as the admiration, of many; and her own generous and ardent zeal in forwarding the interests of those she regards, has not always been met with indifference or ingratitude. Miss Landon has been nearly all her life a resident in London. Her poetry, therefore, dwells more upon human passions, desires, and enjoyments—the themes and persons that history has rendered sacred—the glorious chivalries of gone-by ages, and the ruins of nations,—than upon the gentler topics, objects, and characters which those who live in the country, cherish, venerate, and love. It is to be lamented, that her intimacy with nature has been so limited and constrained, and that the scope of her genius has been therefore narrowed. The sources of her fame have, however, been numerous and productive; and her poems have obtained a popularity scarcely second to that of any British writer. She not only obtained a reputation—she has sustained it; it is acknowledged and appreciated wherever the English language is understood. When she quitted the less substantial topics in which her early youth delighted, for themes more worthy of the muse, she proved the strength of her mind; as well as the richness of her fancy; and her latter productions are unquestionably her best. The extent of her labour is absolutely startling. A large proportion of her poems remain scattered through various periodical works: we believe, if collected, they would form a greater number of volumes than those already published; and her writings in prose are records of her industry, no less than of her genius."

It is obvious that kindness, rather than criticism, must be the prevailing spirit of these memoirs. Our own literary views are totally different, on many points; but it is giving Mr. Hall the highest credit when we say that he has executed his task in the best possible feeling. As a whole, *The Book of Gems* is a delightful volume.

*Flowers of Loveliness for 1838.* Twelve Groups of Female Figures, emblematic of Flowers: designed by various Artists: with Poetical Illustrations, by L. E. L. London, 1838. Ackermann and Co.

THESE pretty and fanciful subjects have called forth all that is most fanciful and pretty in Miss Landon's style. Some of the poems are among the best that we have seen—so musical

and so touching. We give, first, the dedication to our young queen, which is a very triumph of poetical ingenuity.

"To Victoria.

Violet, grace of the vernal year!  
Offer'd be thou to this spring-like reign!  
Is not thy tint to that ladye dear,  
Whose banner of blue is the lord of the main?

Ivy we twine of changeless green,  
Constant for ever in leaf and bough;  
So may the heart of our maiden queen  
Be always verdant and fresh as now.

Garation, laced with many a streak  
Of blooming red on its leaflets bright,  
May be a type of her mantling cheek,  
Bleat with a brow of pearly white.

Tansy, though humble an herb it be,  
Look not upon it with scornful eye;  
On virtue, that lurks in low degree,  
A glance should fall kind from those on high.

Oliver, thy branch, dove-borne o'er the foam,  
Was a sign for the surges of death to cease;  
So, from the lips of our dove should come  
The soft but the sure command of peace.

Roses of England, ceasing from fight,  
Twine round her brow in whose veins are met  
The princely blood those roses unite  
'In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet.'

Iris, to thee the maid of the bow,  
That promises hope, her name has given;  
Join, then, the wreath at her feet we throw,  
Who beams as a symbol of hope from heaven.

Anemone, flower of the wind! is the last  
We call,—and our garland is now complete:  
Gentle the current, and soft be the blast,  
Which Victoria, the queen of the ocean, shall meet!"

"The Poppy.

Pale are her enchanted slumbers;  
Pale is she with many dreams;  
That white brow the turban cumbers;  
Wan, yet feverish she seems.  
Not the fountain's silvery flowing  
Lulls that haunted sleep;  
Round her are wild visions growing,  
Such as wake and weep.

Drugg'd is that impassioned sleeping,  
Sleep that is like life;  
By the unquiet pillow keeping  
Hope, and fear, and strife.  
Fast the fatal flower has bound her  
In its heavy spell;  
Strange wild phantasms surround her,  
But she knows them well.

First, there comes an hour Elysian,  
Would it might remain!  
Bringing back Love's early vision,  
But without its pain.  
Soft the myrtles of the wild wood,  
Round her path-way part;  
Happy, like a guileless childhood,  
With a woman's heart.

But a deeper shadow closes  
On those lovely hours,  
And the opening sky discloses  
Old ancestral terrors;  
There they stand—white, stately, solemn;  
While she looks, they fall!  
Round her lies the broken column,  
And the ruined wall.

Then, amid a forest lonely  
Does she seem to stray;  
One huge serpent, and one only,  
Seems to mark her way.  
Then begins her hour of terror:  
Strange shapes know their time—  
Struggling with some nameless error,  
With some unknown crime.

Phantoms crowd around, repeating  
Words that are of death;  
Loud her startled heart is beating,  
Louder than her breath.  
But a rosy lip has kissed her,  
With that kiss she wakes;  
Pale she gazes on the sister  
Who her slumber breaks.

Mighty must have been the sorrow,  
Passionate the grief,  
Which can thus a solace borrow,  
From that haunted leaf.  
Scarcely does the broken-hearted  
Draw a living breath;  
Better it were quite departed,  
Than this life in death."

"The Water-Lily.

Not 'mid the soil and the shadow of earth,  
Have we our home, or take we our birth;  
Keep ye your valleys that breathe of the rose,  
Where bndeth the myrtle: we reck not of those.

Low in the waters our palace we make,  
Where sweepeth the river, or spreadeth the lake;  
And the willow, that bends with its green hair above,  
Like a lady in grief, is the tree that we love.

At noon-tide we sleep to the music of shells,  
That we bring from the depths of the sea to our cells;  
Our cells that are roofed with the crystal, whose light  
Is like the young moon's, on her first summer night.

Strange plants are around us, whose delicate leaves  
No hue from the sunshine or moonlight receives;  
Yet, rich are the colours, as those that are given  
When the first hours of April are aëre in heaven.

There branches the coral, as red as the lip  
Of the earliest rose that the honey-bees sip;  
And above are encrusted a myriad of spars,  
With the hues of the rainbow, the light of the stars.  
Our streams are like mirrors, reflecting the ranks  
Of the wild flowers that blossom and bend on our banks;  
We give back their beauty—the face is as fair  
Of the rose in the wave, as it is on the air.

But the flower that we choose in our tresses to bind,—  
How long are those tresses when flung on the wind!—  
Is the lily, that floats on the shadowy tide,  
With a white cup that treasures its gold-stained inside.

The pearls that lie under the ocean are white,  
Like a bride's sunny weeping, whose tears are half light,  
And pure as the fall of the snow's early showers;  
But they are not more fair nor more pure than these flowers.

We float down the wave when the waters are red  
With the blushes that morning around her hath shed;  
And we wring from our long hair the damps of the night,  
The dew-drops that shine on the grass are less bright.

But alone, in the night, with the planets above,  
Or the silvery moon, is the hour that we love;  
Cold, pale is the light, and it suits with our doom,  
For our heart has no warmth, and our cheek has no bloom.

The night wind then bears our sad singing along;  
Ah! 'twixt him who shall listen the song,  
There is love in the music that floats on the air;  
But the mortal who seeks us, seeks death and despair.

The volume itself is a very handsome one. The rich scarlet binding is enough to warm a room without a fire, and to warm it in the prettiest possible manner.

*The Picturesque Annual for 1838.* By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. From Drawings by D. M'Clure, Esq. A.R.A. and T. Creswick, Esq. 8vo. pp. 264. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

*The Picturesque Annual!* what a misnomer! Why, it is a treatise on political economy! Page after page is given to workhouses, poor-laws, and all that we daily see in the "Morning Chronicle." Still there is much of truth and good feeling, throughout, of character in such a work. We shall give a few extracts of a more miscellaneous kind.

*Dreadful Fate of a Revenue Officer.*—"The establishment of the water-guard here, as elsewhere, was attended by one mistake, which, especially on a coast like this, diminished much of its efficiency. Instead of employing men who knew the coast, utter strangers were sent from England; and, for some time, smuggling went on as before. Lieutenant Leeds, however, the first chief of the guard, was a desperate fellow. He boarded smugglers of the largest class, and used his fire-arms freely. His fate was deeply tragic. One day, a fine American vessel, either not aware of the new coast police, or presuming upon its own giant strength, stood boldly into the bay, and fired two guns, either in warning or defiance. Leeds would not be warned, and determined not to be defied with impunity. He got a small smack, manned her with eleven stout fellows, armed with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses, and stood boldly out to sea. The twelfth man belonging to his force was too late to get on board; he had waited for a moment to dig a few potatoes for his wife, before embarking on the perilous enterprise; and, although the boat had only just left the quay when he reached the spot, Leeds swore that he should not be taken on board; but that, the moment he returned, he would have him broken. My informant heard the orders given by the lieutenant to his men,

which were, that they were to lie flat on the deck till they reached their prize, and then fire a volley, and board in the smoke. Onward bounded the adventurous smack, and in glided the haughty American to meet her. No strife, no struggling, no firing, told of the collision. The smack disappeared from the face of the waters, under her enemy's keel, and the smuggler continued her course into the bay, stately, and alone. Only one man rose: he was the owner of the smack, whom Leeds had tempted, with a large sum, to lend his vessel and his personal assistance. He succeeded in climbing up the chains, but his brains were immediately dashed out with a handspike. This victim's hat was found some time after on the opposite coast of Scotland, with his name inscribed in it.

*Cholera at Sligo.*—The Asiatic pestilence which raged same years ago in Europe, under the name of cholera, threatened to depopulate Sligo; and the precautions which it became necessary to observe by the surrounding country, almost deprived the inhabitants of every gleam of hope. A line was drawn round the devoted town, beyond which there was no escape; and those who attempted to fly were driven back, as if into a grave. Nothing was heard in the streets but sounds of lamentation and despair. Even the phenomena of external nature served for omens and predictions of evil. Some flashes of lightning had heralded the approach of the angel of the pestilence; but during his sojourn, a heavy cloud brooded over the town. Not a ray of sunshine was visible by day, and not a star by night. At this juncture, men naturally reverted to those feelings of religion which were before dimmed or deadened by the seductions of the world; and every hour of every day they found the refuge open for their admission, and the servants of the sanctuary at their post. Catholic, Protestant, Dissenter—were all alike the ministers of God. On this great day of judgment, there was not one priest of any denomination who shrunk from his perilous duty. Wherever their presence was required, there they took their stand; at the foot of the altar—at the bed of the dying—by the side of the new-made grave. Every heart confessed that death was not the master, but the agent of the dispensation; for, rising high above the sound of his footsteps, as he passed through the houses, came a voice from the many-portalled temple of the Lord Jesus Christ, proclaiming, 'Come to me, and I will give you life!' During the period of this visitation, only one clergyman—a Baptist minister—lost his life; while the physicians of the body were nearly all swept off. Besides these two classes, the authorities of the town did their duty well and bravely. Mr. Fausset, the provost, rode in every morning from the security of his country-house, with as great regularity as if all had been well, to visit the hospitals, bury the dead, preserve order in the street, and take his seat as president of the board of health. In spite of his unrelaxing labours, he, one morning, on reaching the town, saw the ground of the fever hospital covered with unburied corpses; and then, as he expressed it to me himself, he felt as if the end of the world were indeed come.

The board of health consisted at first of twelve members, who were rapidly diminished to seven. Nearly their whole duty, at last, was to grant coffins and tarred sheets for the dead bodies, and to see that the stock of those materials was kept up. One day, two poor little boys came to beg a coffin for their mother, and the provost, struck by their forlorn appearance, asked why their father had not come, who

would have been better able to carry it. 'We buried our father yesterday,' was the reply."

*Cause of Lord Mulgrave's Popularity.*—The agitator, in private life, is said to be a good, liberal, hospitable man. Politics are banished from his table, where men of all parties are received with the same cordial warmth: notwithstanding this, he has more personal enemies than any other man in Ireland; a circumstance which appears to me to imply a great want of that tact which should distinguish a political leader. Lord Mulgrave, on the other hand, although detested by certain party-men for his politics, is rarely passed over, even by them, without a good word. A friend of mine, whose politics ran so high that he declined being instrumental in giving the viceroy a public dinner, would cheerfully have bestowed three hundred and sixty-five dinners in the year upon Lord Mulgrave. The reason, no doubt, was, that his lordship, instead of boring the worthy provost with unwelcome topics, walked through the town with him, commenting on the numbers of pretty girls they passed. There is no doubt on my mind, that Lord Mulgrave is the best fitted for his post of all the men who ever held it."

We will, on no account, weaken the impression of his lordship's political gallantry, by any remarks of our own.

*Findens' Tableaux.* Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. Imperial 4to. pp. 56. London, 1837. Tilt.

WE cannot speak highly of the literary contents of this volume; they are of a very low order. Miss Mitford does not seem at home in such very fine society: she lacks the spirit and freshness of her own green lanes. Incomparably the best poem in the work is by an anonymous writer, with the initials E. B. B. We think that we have before seen them affixed to two exquisite ballads in the "New Monthly." We must give ourselves the pleasure of quoting it:—

"India, a Romance of the Ganges.  
They stand beneath the midnight,  
Beside the river-sea,  
Whose water sweepeth white around  
The shadow of the tree.  
The moon and earth are face to face,  
And earth is transected deep;  
The wave-voice seems the voice of dreams  
That wander through her sleep.  
The river floweth on.  
What bring they 'neath the midnight,  
Beside the river-sea?  
They bring that human heart, wherein  
No nightly calm can be—  
That droppeth never with the wind,  
Nor drieth with the dew—  
Oh, calm it, God! Thy calm is broad  
To cover spirits, too.  
The river floweth on.

The maidens lean them over  
The waters, side by side,  
And shun each other's deepening eyes,  
And gaze down the tide:  
And each within a little boat  
A little flame hath lit;  
If bright it move, the loved doth love,—  
And love doth fall with it—  
The river floweth on.

The stars are strong above us,  
To symbolize the soul:  
Whereby a tempest-wind may rush,  
Nor dim them as they roll.  
And yet the soul, by instinct sad,  
Doth stoop to symbols low—  
To that small flame, whose very name,  
Breathed o'er it, shakes it so.  
The river floweth on.

Go, little boats, go softly,  
And guard the symbol spark!  
The little boats go soft and safe  
Across the waters dark.  
And Luti's eyes have caught the fire  
They watch; and unawares,  
That blessed while, she lets a smile  
Creep silent through her prayers!  
The river floweth on.



The smile—where hath it wandered?—  
She riseth from her knee:  
She holds her dark, wet locks away—  
There is no light to see!  
She cries a quick and bitter cry—  
‘Nuleeni, launch me thine!  
We must have light abroad to-night,  
For all the wreck of mine!’  
The river floweth on.

‘I do remember watching  
A-neath this river-bed,  
When on my childish knee was laid  
My dying father’s head.\*  
I turned mine, to keep the tears  
From falling on his face—  
What doth it prove, when death and love  
Choose out the falsest place?’  
The river floweth on.

‘They say the dead are blessed,  
The death-change here receiving.  
Who say—ah, me!—do any say  
Where blessed are the living?  
Thy boat, Nuleeni!—look not sad—  
Light up the waters rather!  
I weep no faithless lover where  
I wept a loving father!’  
The river floweth on.

‘My thought was of his falsehood,  
Ere my flame had waxed dim!  
And though I closed mine eyes to dream  
That one last dream of him,  
They shall not now be wet to see  
The shining vision go.  
From earth’s cold love, I look above  
To the holy house of snow.†  
The river floweth on.

‘Come thou—thou never knewest  
A grief, that thou shouldst fear it—  
Thou wearest still the happy look  
That feels another’s near!‡  
Thy humming-bird is in the sun,‡  
Thy cuckoo in the grove;  
And all the three broad words, for thee,  
Are full of wandering love.’  
The river floweth on.

The little maiden cometh—  
She cometh shy and slow.  
I ween she seeth thro’ her lids,  
They drop a-down so low!  
Her tresses near her small feet bare—  
She stands, and speaketh nought,  
Yet blushes red, as if she said  
The name she only thought.  
The river floweth on.

She kneeled by the water—  
She lighted up the flame—  
And o’er her youthful forehead’s calm  
The trembling radiance came.  
Go, little boat! go, soft and safe,  
And guard the symbol spark!  
Soft, safe, doth float the little boat  
Across the waters dark.  
The river floweth on.

Glad tears her eyes have blinded—  
The light they cannot reach—  
She turneth with that sudden smile  
She learnt before her speech.  
‘I do not hear his voice; the tears  
Have dimmed my light away;  
But the symbol light will last to-night—  
The love will last for aye.’  
The river floweth on.

Then Luti spake behind her—  
Out spake she bitterly:  
‘By the symbol light that lasts to-night,  
Wilt vow a vow to me?’  
She gazeth upward in her face;  
Soft answer maketh she:  
‘By loves that last when lights are past,  
I vow that vow to thee.’  
The river floweth on.

An earthly look had Luti,  
Though her voice was deep as prayer.  
The rice is gathered from the plains,  
To cast upon thine hair.  
And when he comes, his marriage-band  
Around thy neck to throw;  
Toward his gaze thy bride-smile raise,  
And ask of . . . . . Luti’s wo!  
The river floweth on.

\* “The Hindoos carry their dying friends to the banks of the Ganges, believing in the after-blessedness of those who die there.”

† “The Hindoo heaven is localised on the summit of Mount Meru—one of the mountains of Himalaya, or Himmeleh, which signifies, I believe, in Sanscrit, the abode of snow, winter, or coldness.”

‡ “Hannadeva, the Indian god of love, is imagined to wander through the three worlds, accompanied by the humming-bird, cuckoo, and gentle breezes.”

§ “The casting of rice upon the head, and the fixing of the band or tali about the neck, are parts of the Hindoo marriage ceremonial.”

‘And when, in seasons after,  
Thy young bright-faced son  
Shall lean against thy knee, and ask  
What deeds his sire hath done;  
Press deep adown thy mother-smile  
Upon his ringlets long—  
View deep his pretty childish eyes—  
And tell of—Luti’s wrong!’  
The river floweth on.

She looked up in wonder,  
Yet softly answered she—  
‘By loves that last when lights are past,  
I vowed that vow to thee!  
But why glads it thee, that a bride-day be  
By a word of wo defiled—  
That a word of wrong take the cradle song  
From the ear of a senseless child?’  
‘Why!’ Luti said, and her laugh was dread,—  
Her laugh was low and wild—  
‘That the fair new love may the bridegroom prove,  
And the father shame the child!’  
The river floweth on.

‘Thou flowest still, O river!  
Thou flowest ’neath the moon—  
Thy lily hath not changed a leaf,\*  
Thy charmed lute a tune!  
He mixed his voice with thine—and his  
Was all I heard around!  
But now, beside his chosen bride,  
I hear the river’s sound!’  
The river floweth on.

‘I gaze upon her beauty,  
I feel her happy breathing:  
The light above thy wave is hers;  
And mine, the rest beneath them.  
Oh! give me back the dying look  
My father gave thy water!  
Give back! and let a little love  
O’erwatch his weary daughter!’  
The river floweth on.

‘Give back!’ she hath departed—  
The word is wandering with her,  
And the stricken maidens hear afar  
The step and cry together,  
O symbols! none are frail enow  
For mortal joys to borrow!  
While bright doth float Nuleeni’s boat,  
She weepeth, dark with sorrow!  
The river floweth on.”

The external appearance of the volume is most elegant.

*Pascal Bruno; a Sicilian Story.* Edited by Theodore Hook, Esq. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

Now, what does this mean? Edited by Theodore Hook! We scarcely suppose Mr. Hook would be at the drudgery of a translation, not over well done; he does not even imply that he has. For what purpose, then, is his name given? Why, for that most important of all, figuring in an advertisement. It is just a piece of trickery and puffery, to which we wonder that he should lend himself. It is a complete specimen of the art of book-making. There is just material enough for an excellent periodical article, which it originally was; but large type, and Mr. Hook’s name, make a volume. *Pascal Bruno* is a translation of part of M. Alexander Dumas’s “*Impressions des Voyages*,” which first appeared in the “*Révue des deux Mondes*.” It is a clever bandit story, told with an animation and a reality, which especially characterises M. Dumas’s style. We give *Pascal Bruno*’s first appearance on the stage in the character of bandit. It is the wedding of the girl once betrothed to himself.

“As soon as the dessert was put down, and when the nuptial festivity was at its height, the doors of the palace were thrown open, and Gemma, leaning on the prince’s arm, preceded by servants bearing torches, and followed by their suite, descended the steps of the terrace, and proceeded to the banquet. The country-people were rising from their seats, when the prince motioned to them not to disturb themselves, and, with Gemma still leaning on his arm, his excellency began a tour round the tables, and concluded the ‘progress,’ by stopping before the newly married couple. A servant

\* “The Ganges is represented as a white woman, with a water-lily in her right hand, and in her left, a lute.”

took a golden cup to Gaetano, who, filling it with wine, presented it to Gemma. The beautiful countess, wishing the bride and bridegroom joy, touched the brim with her ruby lips, and handed the cup to the prince, who drank off its contents, and threw into it a purse of gold, which was carried to Teresa, as her wedding present. Shouts instantly arose of ‘Long live the Prince of Carini!’ ‘Long live the Countess of Castel-Nuovo!’ The esplanade was at this moment suddenly illuminated, as if by magic, in the midst of which the illustrious visitors withdrew, leaving behind them the light and joy of some bright vision, which had too quickly faded. These noble personages had scarcely entered the castle, with their attendants, before music was heard: the young folks left the tables, and hurried to the place allotted for dancing. Gaetano, according to the established Sicilian custom in such matters, prepared to open the ball with the interesting Teresa, whose beauty and grace of manner had been the subject of general admiration throughout the day. He approached her with the finished air of third-rate gracefulness—a sort of lively caricature of the best Sicilian cavaliers, and, in the highest possible spirits, solicited the honour of her hand. At that moment, a stranger presented himself on the esplanade, and stood in the midst of the company gazing upon the scene. The looks of the whole assembly were turned towards the new comer, who was dressed in the Calabrian costume, wearing pistols and a dagger in his belt; his jacket slung over one shoulder, like a hussar’s pelisse, left open to view his other sleeve stained with blood. Teresa saw him—she gazed on him for a moment—uttered a faint cry, and remained pale and motionless, as if she had seen a spectre. It was Pascal Bruno. Every eye was fixed on the uninvited guest; a dead and awful silence reigned. Every one present felt assured of the approach of some terrible catastrophe. Pascal, apparently unmoved by the sensation he had created, walked directly up to Teresa, and, standing before her, folded his arms, and fixed his piercing eyes on her pale countenance. ‘Pascal,’ said Teresa, in a faltering voice, ‘Pascal, can it be you?’ ‘Yes, Teresa,’ said Bruno, in a deep hollow voice, ‘it is I. I heard at Bauso, where I patiently and confidently waited your return, that you were to be married at Carini; so I came hither, and I hope am in time to dance the first tarantella with you.’ ‘I beg your pardon, sir,’ said Gaetano, coming up to him with a mingled air of anger and of gaiety, ‘that is the bridegroom’s right.’ ‘It is the right of the affianced one,’ said Pascal. ‘Come, my beloved Teresa, this is the least you can do for me after all I have suffered for you.’ ‘Teresa is my wife,’ said Gaetano, stretching forth his arm toward him. ‘Teresa is my betrothed,’ said Pascal, taking her hand. ‘Help! oh, help!’ said the wretched girl. The appeal was irresistible—the effect instantaneous. Gaetano seized Bruno by the collar—they struggled for a moment—that was all: in another instant Gaetano uttered a piercing cry, and fell dead at his feet. Pascal’s dagger was buried to the hilt in his breast. Some of the men who were nearest him, on the instant, rushed towards the murderer to secure him. Bruno stood unmoved, and, drawing one of his pistols from his belt, waved it over his head as a signal to the musicians, to strike up the Tarantella. They obeyed, as it were, mechanically. The rest of the company, paralysed by the suddenness and fearfulness of what had happened, remained motionless. ‘Come, Teresa, come, let us begin,’ said Pascal. Teresa

was no longer in possession of her faculties, she had become a creature demented by fear. She unconsciously yielded to his guidance, and this horrible dance, close to the corpse of the inoffensive murdered young man, was continued by the musicians to the last strain. Incredible as it may appear, no one stirred—no one spoke—it was something too terrific—something so unnaturally horrid, that nature itself seemed palsied. The moment the music ceased, as if it had been all that had excited and sustained her, the wretched Teresa fell fainting on the body of Gaetano. ‘Thanks, Teresa,’ said Pascal, ‘that is all I wanted; and now, if any man wishes to know me here, that he may find me elsewhere, I am Pascal Bruno.’”

Horrors enough, and there are more behind, to make the fortune of a dozen melo-dramas.

*The Taunus; or, Doings and Undoinings; being a Tour in search of the Picturesque, Romantic, &c. of the Taunus and the Donnersberg.* By Charles V. Inledon. 8vo. pp. 636. Mentz, 1837, Kirchheim and Co.; London, Black and Armstrong.

THIS is a strange rig-ma-role volume, neither German nor English in substance or style; neither prose nor poetry; but an odd compound of descriptions, antiquities, legends, and observations, altogether so eccentric, that the reader must be endowed with a large share of patience to be able to get through many of its pages. Never was the dukedom of Nassau so be-written about; its springs so be-praised; its scenery so be-paradised. But let us hear the author himself.

“An ardent love of nature first induced the wish to trace its beauties in this highly favoured land; historic records, pointing to the path victorious Drusus trod, or to the spot where valiant Hermann bled, propelled my willing steps; while loved romance (the very offspring of the soil) presented treasures to my view in saws and legends fairer than ever poet told or minstrel sung, to strew the path I wished to tread. Having to gain these different objects, made a pilgrimage exceeding a thousand miles, and thereby gratified my own desire, a question somehow or other arose, whether I should or should not make the result of my observations known to the public, for their amusement or information. \* \* \* Led by an amalgamation of feelings, gentle reader, long time I argued with the dread of failure, the frost of disappointment, the world’s rude censure, and the blight of my ambition, whether to give mankind the benefit or not of what experience had given me. ‘Shall I do it?’ said Vanity and Interest: ‘Shall I leave it undone?’ said Diffidence and Fear. ‘To do it or not to do it, that is the question?’ said Prudence; but long before the argument was brought to any close, the pros and cons had furnished me with a fair title to my work, and ‘Doings and Undoinings’ was resolved upon.”

As a sample of the work itself, we copy the following:—

“The celebrated plane-tree of Frauenstein stands at no great distance from the church, and, with its spreading branches, now supported by a framework of timber, occupies a considerable space. Beneath this gigantic tree, the growth of centuries, the good old folks of Frauenstein enjoy a shelter from the mid-day sun, while, midst its branches, each adventurous youth essays his skill, and braves his comrade to some act of daring which himself performs. In the modern literature of England no species of composition, perhaps, so completely unites æsthetic beauty with authentic information, as

those biographical and rhetorical essays denominated ‘The last Dying Speech and Confession,’ &c. which not unfrequently record the said oration, and recount the circumstances attending the last moments of the culprit, long before the first is delivered and the latter completed, having, to save time, been printed the night previous, that the curious in such matters might possess genuine information on the subject. Unfortunately, I could obtain no such authentic account of the ‘birth, parentage,’ &c. of the tree in question; but such as I could collect I give to my readers. ‘In blood was the plane-tree planted,’ was the reply of a peasant to a silver-headed sage, who, leaning on his staff, stood a moment to contemplate it. The wanderer’s cheek was pale as death as, in reply to his question, ‘How in blood!’ he learned that a cruel noble had, on the spot where grew the tree, slain the lover of his daughter; and that the maiden, before retiring to a convent to weep away her residue of life, had planted the tree, and left a small estate in the possession of a faithful domestic, that for the revenue of the same he should water and cherish the tree. It is told that, in the garden of the convent to which the fair Adelbertha retired, she planted, too, a plane-tree, beneath whose branches she wept away her miserable life: it is added, long was her pilgrimage of woe:—ladies loved more fervently in those golden days of constancy than now. So planted, it was matter of wonder to all, that the tree of Frauenstein should so flourish; yet wide it spread its branches over the soil, a fair and goodly tree, nor ever drooped its lovely head, save when the thoughtless robbed it of a branch, or wounded its venerable trunk; then from the lacerated member issued forth some drops of blood, and, as the aspen trembles in the gale, each leaf was seen to vibrate beneath the pain; but what, added my informant, is the most singular part of the business, is, that although the convent, rendered celebrated by the constancy of the lovely maid, was more than a hundred miles distant from this place, yet never bled the plane of Frauenstein but sure, by sympathy, the tree of St. Zepherina wept its tears of blood. They add, so profound was the grief of the latter tree at the death of the sorrowing nun, and so profuse the loss too of its vital fluid, that, in the same night it died away, and from its trunk they formed the narrow home of Adelbertha. The profane have felt disposed to doubt this fact; but, be it true or false, the tale affected him to whom it was related much, and, wiping from his eye a starting tear, the stranger left the spot, passed through the village, and, not till after a walk of two or three hours, and as day was drawing to a close, recovered from the deep dejection which the recital had produced. Pursuing his almost wayless path, as the shades of evening were fast drawing a mantle o’er the landscape, he met a lovely boy of about eight years of age, and inquired of him the road to the nearest house of refreshment, and where he could rest his weary limbs till morning’s sun should summon him again to toil. Music was in each tone and accent of the child, as he replied, ‘There is here no inn; but if you’ll share our frugal meal, my bed I’ll willingly resign to one so old and feeble, and watch with pleasure by your couch, for you are ill, I am sure you are.’”

So much for the grotesque sentimental: here is a fragment of plainer narrative.

“Shortly before arriving at Mentz, I was much surprised, and not a little alarmed, by the temerity of a youth who was swimming near the vessel, who, as it approached him,

dived immediately under the paddle, and made his reappearance at some considerable distance, in the rear of the steamer. A similar exploit is frequently performed by the expert swimmers here, who dive, one after the other, beneath the wheels of the mills in the Rhine, of which there are seventeen stretching far out in a line across a considerable part of the stream, close by the bridge of boats.”

As Mentz has lately flourished with a fête interesting to literature, it may, perhaps, amuse the reader to see how Mr. Inledon describes the origin of that city.

“When, long after the destruction of the world by the flood, the grandchildren of Noah dispersed through the different countries to people the earth, Magog, the second son of Japhet, took his direction northward. I should not have thought it necessary, so long after the decease of my hero, to expatiate at all upon his personal charms; but as custom has established the right, on the fairer part of the reading community, to be made acquainted with such matters, I shall briefly state, that, from such sources of information as are at present attainable, I find my hero was of majestic growth (some few feet taller than the degenerate present race), of carriage noble, and of unrivalled symmetry; fair, with blue eyes, aquiline nose, and long and flowing hair, which reached half down his manly form. A leopard skin, in graceful folds (they were more skilful furriers than now), fell from his shoulders, over his person to his knees; his legs and arms were bare. With no other weapon than a knotty staff; no companion, except two favourite dogs, two stags, and two roebucks, he departed from the home of his infancy, and wandered forth, to seek, in far and unknown climes, his future resting place. Thrice had the sun in splendour gone to rest; thrice, in his evening prayer, had the beloved of Ararat (whose mountain tops had vanished from his sight) been subjects of his benediction, when Magog’s heart began to sorrow for the joys he had left behind. On all around the might and majesty of the dread judge was seen; for every where the vestige of destruction marked the vengeance of the Lord—the remnants of the flood. No human being yet had cheered the wanderer’s sight. In this depopulated land he thought that he already felt the punishment of his rash oath; the quarrel with his brothers Maida and Jubal stung him to the quick; and, as he turned a sorrowing glance towards the green fields of his forsaken home, he ejaculated,

‘The angry vow, in haste and passion made,  
Is kept in sorrow, in remorse obeyed.’

With what pleasure would he have returned to the charge of the vine and olive-trees planted by his grandfather, could he have retraced his steps; that was impossible, and, with a heavy heart, he journeyed on. Marshes, rivers, rocks, and mountains, opposed the passage of the exile. Over silvery lakes, over gliding streams, over mighty floods, his sinewy stags transported him. Each herb, each berry, was essayed to nourish life; the mountain crag, or dismal cavern, was at night the outcast’s home; the northern blast, as further in the land he toiled, his thin-clad limbs with ague shook: he thought on Ararat, and sighed,—thought on his oath, never to return, and wept. He had wandered already nearly 300 days, when he arrived at a plot of high ground, over which the waters of the flood seemed not to have spent their fury. He felt convinced, too, of this fact, when a huge bear approached, the dimensions of whose frame most clearly proved it must have lived before the flood. Growling aloud, it neared, as if dis-

posed to seize him as its prey. With his strong arm, the grandson of great Noah felled the dread monster to his feet. From nipping cold its skin soon shielded Magog's form, and taught him that, even in the wilderness, the all-seeing eye of God perceives, and his beneficent hand protects and provides for his creatures. Animals, of every kind and species, now darted over his path; all nature seemed more smiling, more inviting; and, ere many days, he reached a spot where fruit and flowering trees, where corn and lovely shrubs, proclaimed the near abode of man. Huts in the distance, too, he spied; and, as his glaring eye-ball, strained to attain the anxiously desired object, at length, overjoyed, beheld a human being, the grateful man fell prostrate to the earth. Here, with uplifted hands towards heaven, and with a heart overflowing with delight and gratitude, he hid his fast-falling tears on the bosom of the earth, and poured forth his thanks in praise and adoration. Soon as the now delighted Magog rose from the earth, he was instantly perceived, and a lovely maiden, attended by an old man, whose silver beard reached to his middle, approached him. The pair surveyed him with surprise, but neared with confidence, and, taking his hand, the sage now led him towards the colony. Instantly he was surrounded by a group of the inhabitants, who, on some words uttered by the old man, seated themselves. He then held an address to the assembled people, which seemed to Magog to be a recommendation to them to receive with kindness the stranger; and then, addressing himself to the wanderer, evidently, by his gesticulation, bade him welcome. They then conducted him to a cottage, which was that of the ancient of the community. Here, after a meal of fruits and viands, a bed of leaves was prepared for him, and he retired for a refreshing repose. On the third day of his arrival, the people congregated with great shouts and clapping of hands, and with singing and other indications of rejoicing, at the cottage of the sage. Led by him, Magog ascended a hill at the back of his hut, where, decked with garlands of wild flowers, stood a rude altar, and near to it a still far ruder figure. A fire was soon kindled on the altar, and an animal placed alive upon the burning embers, which being at length consumed to ashes, the same were carefully collected, and laid at the feet of the wooden figure, before which all prostrate bent in silent adoration. The grief of the old man seemed great when he found Magog was not to be induced to bend before the god of their idolatry. Every fifth day this religious worship was pursued, all labour ceased, and the evening of the day was devoted to pleasure. Twice made the sun revolved around its axis ere Magog thought to quit the happy home of these simple people; but ere the first six months had passed, religion's dawning light had beamed upon their minds, and the insensate god, the carved work of man's hand, the creature of his own creation, had been consumed upon the altar erected to his worship. Content is not in man; Magog again forsook a happy home; again he wandered over inhospitable tracts, mid dismal solitudes, over mountain steepes, the rock's abyss, the waters of the lake, and over the desert's plain. At length he encountered a sight new to the astonished traveller. Majestic mountains, one more lofty than another, covered with snow, or glittering in the sun from ice, struck him with wonder and delight. But, like all worldly pleasures, short was the measure of his joy. Hunger deprived him soon, in this inhospitable clime, of each com-

panion of his weary way, except an only stag; and after wandering over these regions of sterility for several weeks, and bitterly repenting his departure from his friends in the peaceful vale, he arrived one day, suffering from fatigue and hunger, at a large and beautiful water, on the banks of which he found salutary and nourishing roots. After wandering many days on the margin of this lovely lake, he arrived at a part where a stream separates itself from the parent water. Magog followed the course of this stream, and the further he proceeded, the more lovely he found became the country through which it wound its course. He had journeyed on for near a moon, when he arrived at a part of this majestic river, on the banks of which the soil, teeming with all the beauties of nature, and luxuriant in her richest gifts, determined him to tarry for awhile. Another river, far less majestic, here mingled its yellow waters with the azure of the lovely stream. Outstretched beyond a plain of matchless beauty, a distant chain of mountains, whose summits seemed as pillars to uphold the canopy of heaven, bounded the prospect. Oh! it was a sight to cheer the wanderer's heart, and fill his mind with admiration. Magog, stretched at his length upon the ground, perfumed by every herb with which the bounteous hand of nature, lavish in her gifts to this highly favoured land, has blessed it with, surveyed each beauty with a lover's glance, and vowed this was his home. Just as the sun's last beams were sinking in the west, soft music, as it were to perfect quite the measure of the exile's joy, stole gently on his ear. He sprang upon his feet to ascertain from whence the dulcet sounds proceeded—sounds such as he never had heard before; but what was his astonishment when he beheld two heavenly forms, beings seemingly of another world, so perfect were the pair, seated in a chariot drawn by five milk-white stags, whose horns appeared of burnished gold. One of the nymphs with purple reins guided the flying stags, while from the other's skill, the music, which so entranced the youth, without an effort seemed to flow. No sooner did the pair observe the awe-struck stranger, than she who had produced the heavenly strains, dropping her instrument, drew forth a silver arrow, with which she was about to take her aim at the astonished Magog, when the amazon was restrained by her companion, who, guiding her carriage towards the stream, instant its waters separated, and the fiery stags darted headlong through the bed of the river. Before Magog had recovered from his astonishment, the lovely charioteer drew up before him. Both nymphs descended from their seats, and the skillful driver thus addressed the youth:—'Stranger, who art thou? whence comest thou? what doest thou in my father's realm? and what is the object of thy sojourn?' Entranced, the youth replied: 'Fair nymph, fain would I call thee by a name that must be foreign to my poor speech, for I can find no word to speak my wonder; my native tongue is bankrupt in expression of my admiration of thy matchless charms.' With a smile the fair one encouraged him briefly to relate his history; this done, he modestly inquired with what to him yet unknown deity he spoke: he thought till now there had been but one, and that, Great Nature, 'I am Maguntia, the daughter of the thousand year old Magnus, granddaughter of the most ancient Rheinus; but come, thou grandson of famed Noah, thou must visit with us the habitation of my father, thou shalt be welcome.' Instant the youth was by her side,

but ere he had time to think, he lost perception beneath the waters of the yellow stream. It was clear poor Magog was not formed for such a home, and the fair Maguntia, enamoured of the youth, hastened her lover to the surface of the deep, and thence, on shore. Beneath the fostering care of fair Maguntia, suspended animation soon returned; and, grieved to find her favourite could not inhabit with herself her watery home, she quick resolved to supplicate her father to erect on land a home for him, if he would consent to stay and share her love. Damsels were not so shy as now, or, beneath the waters of this stream, it is main sure they have constant leap-year. The offer was embraced with joy, and the fair one hastened to her indulgent father's palace, where fairies, fays, and fishes, dwell. Sleep sealed the eyelids of the enamoured youth, and dreams, such as happy lovers know, chased in creative fancy's form, through a night of bliss, the hours away, and when he awoke, his guardian angel, fair Maguntia, hung over his couch. His was a moment of delight; he heard the liquid words stream from the mouth of the water nymph, heard the confession of her love, he knew himself beloved, and his was bliss supreme. Fathers and grandfathers are in such moments sometimes unwelcome guests; so thought, no doubt, poor Magog, when sounds of music, breathed through a hundred horns of muscle-shells (different from ours of the present day, no doubt), announced the arrival of the ancient pair. Old Rheinus, with his son Manus, accompanied by thousands of tritons, left their watery palace to attend a feast given in honour of the stranger, lover of the daughter of the stream. The son of Noah was welcomed by the sages of the deep, from which, no doubt, has originated the saying, 'a deep one,' and the nuptials of Magog and Maguntia were solemnised with unheard of splendour. On this happy occasion Magog laid the foundation-stone of his future habitation; and, in a short period, around his costly palace, a town, unrivalled in its situation, stood, the proud erection of the tritons of the deep, and built of stones raised from the bed of its parent streams. For ages the town increased in its population and in splendour, till some barbarous nations, envious of its prosperity, attacked, and totally destroyed it. Some thousand years after, the warlike Romans, under the great commander, Drusus, overrunning the whole country, came to this spot, and, enchanted by a situation which reminded him of the pure climate of Italy, built, on the ruins of the town, the fair Maguntium, from Maguntia—the inhabitants of the neighbourhood still calling the ruins of the former town by that name."

*Jam satis*: if not more.

*The Landscape Annual*. Edited by J. Roscoe. 8vo. London, 1838. Jennings.

WE have elsewhere spoken of the pictorial embellishments; and the literary portion being principally compiled, does not require any very strict criticism. Mr. Roscoe is a very industrious writer, and has brought together a great deal of information respecting Spain and Morocco, still, the very self-complacent preface might have been spared.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.—On Saturday, the 7th inst. the Rev. A. T. Gilbert, D.D. Principal of Brasenose College, having been re-nominated Vice-Chancellor of the University, took the oath of office, in full convocation, and entered upon the duties of the vice-chancellorship for the second year, with the accustomed solemnities. The following heads of houses were afterwards nominated by the new vice-chancellor to act as pro-vice-chancellors during his ab-

science from the University, viz.:—Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol College; Dr. Jones, Rector of Exeter College; Dr. Bridges, President of Corpus Christi College; Dr. Marsham, Warden of Merton College.

On Tuesday, the 10th, being the first day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. C. G. Owen, Queen's College.

*Bachelor of Arts*.—Rev. E. J. Gosling, Magdalen Hall.

CAMBRIDGE.—On Tuesday, the 10th inst. the following gentlemen were elected University Officers:—

*Proctors*.—Rev. E. Barnes, M.A. Christ's College; Rev. J. H. Evans, M.A. St. John's College.

*Moderators*.—Rev. E. Stevenson, M.A. Corpus Christi College; Rev. Professor W. H. Miller, M.A. St. John's College.

*Scrutators*.—Rev. J. Saunders, B.D. Sidney Sussex College; Rev. G. F. Nicholas, M.A. King's College.

*Tutors*.—T. B. Burcham, M.A. Trinity College; Rev. R. Birkett, M.A. Emmanuel College.

At the same congregation, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon C. George, of St. John's College.

On Thursday, the 12th, the following gentlemen were appointed the caput for the ensuing year:—The Vice-Chancellor; G. Archdall, D.D. Master of Emmanuel College, Divinity; J. W. Geldart, D.C.L. Trinity Hall, Law; J. T. Woodhouse, M.D. Caius College, Physic; H. Arlett, M.A. Pembroke College, Sen. Non Regent; E. H. Browne, M.A. Downing College, Sen. Regent.

The Fitzwilliam syndicate have just issued the following report to the senate:—"That Messrs. Robert Hicks and Son, builders, have offered to complete the whole work of building the carcass of the Fitzwilliam Museum, according to the drawings and specification of Mr. Basevi, for the sum of 33,362*l*. The syndics, having compared this tender with the others which have been sent in, beg leave to recommend the senate to accept the same on the production of proper securities."

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. SEVENTH MEETING: LIVERPOOL.

[Sixth and concluding notice.]

FRIDAY.—SECTION F.

DR. TAYLOR announced communications from the Attorney-General of New South Wales, respecting the colonisation of that country, and which would be laid before the Section at Newcastle.

*The Plague*.—Mr. Urquhart, late Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, read a paper 'On the Topography of the Plague.' He stated that, during his residence in Constantinople, in 1834, a case of plague occurred in the house in which he resided, and he was advised to leave the house, but refused. The sick person recovered, and no other individual was attacked. A native, at the time, had remarked to him that he ran no danger whatever, as his residence was in a quarter in which the plague never proved fatal; and the remark had caused him to inquire why it was that particular places were almost invariably free from, and others as almost invariably exposed to, the ravages of the plague. The result of his observations, which had been continued for three years, had led him to the conclusion that, if it did not owe its origin to, it was materially aggravated by, the proximity of the cemeteries to the towns and villages; and that its attacks were most likely to be felt in those places situated above, rather than below, the cemeteries. The plague, he had no doubt, owed its origin to atmospheric influences; for he had observed that the birds always deserted the places where it was raging. Again, wherever it existed, he had always found that a relative position between the cemetery and the spot existed. It was known that the Turks, from religious prejudices, buried their dead very near the surface; and the mephitic vapours which arose from a congregation of putrefying bodies, placed within two feet of the surface, no doubt tended to the extension, if they were not the cause, of the plague. In India, where it was the practice to burn the dead, and in Egypt, where it was the custom to embalm them, no such scourge was known. Mr. Urquhart apologised for having no data to offer to the society's notice; but he hoped that the fact of his having called their

attention to the subject, would lead to the prosecution of a more regular inquiry. The field was broad, and interesting both in a scientific and philanthropical point of view.

Mr. Wyse corroborated the statements which had been advanced by Mr. Urquhart. He himself had never passed the cemetery near the gate of Adrianople, in humid weather, without a distinct perception of effluvia. He hoped that a report on the subject would be made to government, by whom the necessary inquiries could be instituted with far greater facility and success than by any body of private individuals. It would be for them to draw up the necessary formularies, and to forward them to the secretary of state, that they might by him be sent to the various consuls. They would then have data whereon to ground an hypothesis.

Dr. Boyce observed, that this source of the disease had been overlooked by medical men; and the inquiry now proposed would be of great interest. Thanks were voted to Mr. Urquhart.

*Reclamation of Irish Bogs*.—Mr. Birmingham read a paper, 'On the Reclaiming of a Bog in the County of Galway, in Ireland, belonging to Lord Clonbrock, which had been under his management for Three Years.' He detailed the processes resorted to; gave a description of the implements employed; and shewed that, by a small outlay (amounting altogether to about 149*l*., and including 445*l*. paid in wages to some of the poorest of the neighbouring peasantry), a great portion of the bog, comprising above 100 acres, had been converted into good land, and had proved not only profitable to the landlord, but beneficial to the peasantry. Twenty small occupiers had now comfortable cottages on the tract. He observed, too, that 500 acres could be cultivated with the same machinery that they had for 100; which would, consequently, wonderfully reduce the acreable expense. When he said, it was considered that there were millions of acres of similarly reclaimable bog land in Ireland, and that there were in his country a million and a half of destitute people, it could not but be said that the subject was one which deserved some attention. He concluded by expressing a hope that such scientific gentlemen, who interested themselves in agricultural matters, would come forward with all the information they could give relative to the best description of manure to be employed on such land, as to what plants and vegetables were most suited to the soil, and what was the best method of draining it.

Mr. Wells, secretary to the Dublin society, mentioned the quantity of bog here and there reclaimed by the encroachments of the peasantry themselves, who settled on them like American squatters, and raised good crops of potatoes and oats. The owners of the bogs, however, were usually jealous of these locations, and either charged high rents or drove off the intruders. He had no doubt but immense tracts might be made profitable; and, also, much waste lands on the banks of rivers and streams, now utterly uncultivated.

Mr. Bird asked, whether, after three or four years, reclaimed bog-lands did not cease to pay their expenses?

Mr. Birmingham could only answer for the present, being the first year.

Dr. Granville stated that the question relative to manures, and the best mode of draining, had already been answered in Holland and Germany. He himself had been commissioned by a society of scientific gentlemen in London, to proceed to the Continent, to make inquiries,

and to supply all the statistical information he could procure on this subject. He had done so, and the results of his inquiries had been communicated in a report to the board of the Thames Improvement Company, in February, 1837, and ordered to be printed for circulation. In that report the answers to the questions would be found. The system pursued in Holland had been brought to such perfection, that they even reclaimed sand-hills; and, in many places, where originally there were only deserts, they had produced gardens; and in some cases the expenses had been covered by the produce of the first year.

*Commercial Products of India*.—The next paper which engaged the attention of the members, was a paper, by Colonel Sykes, 'On the Commercial Products of India.' He stated, that there existed in that country numberless articles of produce, many of which were at present used to a great extent in this country (imported from other countries), but could be procured thence at a much cheaper rate than they were now purchased at; others that could be substituted with advantage for articles of a much dearer description; and, again, countless others that were unknown and undreamed of in England, and which might enter with advantage amongst the articles of regular merchandise. The colonel mentioned the most important products, and referred commercial men, for fuller information, to a series of reports issued by the committee of agriculture and commerce of the Royal Asiatic Society. The articles which he enumerated were, Indian wool (the imports of which, we perceive from a return in one of the reports alluded to, was, in 1833, 303 cwts., and in 1836, 14,645 cwts.); a number of oil and cordage plants, of an extremely valuable character, and many of which are unnoticed in any price current; Indian rubber; wheats, which are of the very finest order; sugar, of which, he said, he had merely to observe that it could be produced to any extent that this country might require; cotton, which came from the heart of India, and which he hoped, by the formation of good roads, to see brought to the coasts in vehicles, and not, as at present, on the backs of bullocks; an article from the Deccan, which yielded an excellent dye; linseed-oil, which has been obtained from Calcutta, and is worth 15 per cent more to the crushers than that brought from Russia, hitherto our sole supplier; castor-oil, for which we formerly depended on the West Indies, but which now, instead of being confined to medicinal purposes, was used in various manufactures; mustard-seeds and rape-seeds—all of which yielded oil; cocoa-nut oil, the present price of which was 312 per cent above the cost price in Bombay; Bengal hemp, from which bags, twine, cordage, canvass, &c., were made in the east. The ropes made of this material, he added, suffered very little by immersion in water; and he stated, that all the paper in common use in the Deccan was manufactured from old and worn-out grain bags, and other articles, formed from the fibres of the Taag, or Bengal hemp. The colonel informed commercial gentlemen that they might become members of the Royal Asiatic Society by the payment of a guinea annually.

Upon this subject some very interesting conversation ensued; and the advantage of communicating with the Commercial and Agricultural Section of the Royal Asiatic Society was pointed out to the notice of Liverpool, and all commercial men.

*State of Crime in Liverpool*.—Mr. Joshua Walmaley then read a paper, 'On the State of

Crime in Liverpool.' The report gave, as the result of rigid inquiry (and underrated), a criminal population to this town of 4200 females and 4520 males; 2270 of the latter being professional thieves, and the remainder occasional thieves, living by a combination of labour and plunder; and the whole was set down at upwards of 700,000*l*. In the year 1835, there were taken into custody 13,506 persons, of whom 2138 were committed. In 1836, there were taken into custody 16,890, of whom 3343 were committed. Up to the 13th of the present month, the number taken into custody in eight months was 12,709, of whom 2849 were committed. From July 1835 to July 1836, the number of juvenile thieves, under 18 years of age apprehended was 924, of whom 378 were committed. From July 1836 up to the present day, the number of juvenile thieves taken into custody was 2339, of whom 1096 were committed. There were in custody, during the same period, upwards of 1500 well-known adult thieves. Returns of houses of evil repute were next given; and also another return, which, though not absolutely bearing on the subject, is not without interest. Of 419 individuals now in the gaol, 216 profess the religious creed of Church Protestants, 174 Roman Catholics, eight are Methodists, 17 are Presbyterians, two are Unitarians, one Baptist, and one Independent. 141 can neither read nor write, 59 read imperfectly, 38 read well, 127 read and write imperfectly, and 56 read and write well.

The report concluded thus:—"I have come forward at this time solely with the hope that the subject may be taken up by those able and willing to devise and carry into effect some means for the amelioration of the condition of so many of our fellow-creatures. The surveillance of a vigilant police unquestionably lessens the opportunities for the commission of crime, and leads to the quick detection of the offenders; but humanity requires that, while we take measures to punish, we should use means to reclaim. We should recollect that 'Of the means to do ill deeds make ill deeds done.'"

A good deal of discussion ensued; but the general accuracy of Mr. Walmaley's figures seemed to be unimpeached.

About two o'clock Lord Sandon vacated the chair, and terminated the business.

#### SECTION G.

*Printing for the Use of the Blind.*—Mr. Oliphant, of Edinburgh, spoke at considerable length in defence of an angular system of characters for the use of the blind. He quite agreed with the report, as to the inexpediency of introducing an arbitrary or stenographic character; but, in common with many gentlemen present, had felt disappointed that Mr. Taylor had not entered more fully into the merits of the systems of Mr. Alston, of Glasgow, and Mr. Gell, of Edinburgh. The former gentleman had adopted the Roman capital letters alone, which, in his opinion, were liable to very serious objections. They were all of the same height, and possessed the same general appearance—qualities which rendered them most applicable for titles and inscriptions, where diversity of form and size would be offensive, but which, in a tangible alphabet, were most of all to be avoided. Many of the distinguishing characteristics of the Roman capitals were in the centre of the letter, a position in which, when the size of the type was reduced, it was impossible for the sense of touch readily to distinguish the shape of the enclosed space. This opinion he exemplified by a comparison of various letters, such as H, N, M; X, Z; B, R; O, C, G, &c., whose

extreme points, being nearly in the same position, were alone perceptible to the finger when rapidly running along the line. Mr. O. stated various other reasons by which the Roman capital alphabet was rendered inapplicable for the blind; and expressed his conviction of the impracticability of reducing the size of the type at present in use at the Glasgow press, without impairing its tangibility. On the other hand, many of these difficulties was got over in the alphabets, as recently improved by Mr. Gell, a gentleman who, for many years past, had devoted much attention to making experiments on various characters. Most of the objections noticed in the report had reference to the angular letter in use some time back; but that they were now almost entirely obviated in the present form of the letters, which were now quite legible to the eye, without having lost any of that tangibility by which they were formerly distinguished. As a proof of the ease with which the angular modification of the small Roman alphabet could be read, he mentioned that, during the preceding week, he had witnessed the children attending the School for the Blind, in Edinburgh, reading with not less than eight and ten folds of a silk handkerchief interposed between their fingers and the embossed types; and that Mr. Gell, jun., by constant practice, had acquired such delicacy of touch, as to be able to distinguish letters cut upon a small-pica body, a size of type on which the common octavo Bible is frequently printed; and that he had little doubt but that in a short time, instead of a single Gospel in the raised letters occupying a quarto volume, that the whole New Testament would be contained within that compass. Mr. O. was proceeding to give further illustrations of the importance of introducing the small letter into any system which should receive the sanction of the British Association, by being recommended in its Report, when, at the suggestion of Dr. Carpenter, it was agreed that Mr. Oliphant should have an opportunity of communicating his remarks to Mr. Taylor, who was authorised to insert them, with any observations of his own, as an appendix to his report. Mr. Alston had the same privilege also conceded to him; and, after the thanks of the Section had been given to Mr. Taylor for his valuable report, the discussion was dropped.

Mr. Russell concluded his 'Observations on the Resistance of Waves,' &c.

*Duty of Cornish Engines.*—Mr. John Taylor, the manager of very extensive Cornish mines, and Mr. Lane, the keeper of the registers, attended by request to give further information on this highly interesting subject.

Mr. Taylor being asked if there was any doubt that the performance of a certain engine reached 125 millions, said, it was the general opinion in Cornwall, that no experiment made for so short a time was to be relied on. Their duty was taken on the average of the month. He found that, if the engine-man was warned, the flues, &c. well heated, and every thing got up in particular order, a very partial result would be obtained. The result of experiments altogether went quite to confirm Mr. Lane's estimates. Other experiments had been made for a few hours, and one had been attended by Mr. Lane; but practical men generally would not attend to those experiments, because they put no reliance on them.

Dr. Lardner said, the conclusiveness of the experiment was one thing, the fact another. Did the duty actually amount to 125 millions during it? Was Mr. Henwood right in conjecturing that the engines got up the steam

very high, and worked it out during the experiment?

Mr. Lane could fully answer in the negative for six hours before. He saw the coals cleared out; the fresh ones weighed; every thing locked up; and, though he put no reliance on the experiment, he had no doubt of its accuracy, so far as it went. He had no doubt the engine did do the duty of 125 millions. Its monthly average was below 100. The experiment continued twenty-six hours.

The conversation was protracted some time, and the experiments of Mr. Farey referred to. We have only room to state that, in answer to a question from Mr. Cliest, relative to leakage and loss of water, Mr. Taylor said that this mode of measuring the duty was proposed by Mr. Watt, merely as a standard of comparison between one engine and another, and no one supposed that the discharge amounted to the whole calculated amount. An experiment had actually been made, however, by measuring the water, and the difference did never affect the duty much. They do not say that the actual delivery is to the full amount; but they say that such is the weight of the column lifted.

*Thrust of Arches.*—The remainder of the morning was principally occupied by the reading of a paper, by Professor Mosely, on this subject.

Mr. Webster read a notice that it was intended to open classes in the new University of Durham for the education of civil engineers, which led to a *spree* between Dr. Lardner and Professor Robinson, by way of *finale*.

The Sections having broken up somewhat earlier than the accustomed hour of three o'clock, the point of attraction was soon seen to be the Botanic Garden; and thither the carriages of every description were wending their way, laden with the company invited to the *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The day seemed made expressly for the purpose; and the good folks of Liverpool were fortunate in having their handsome entertainment favoured by auspicious weather. The grounds are newly laid out on a much larger scale than the Gardens which preceded them, and offer ample room for botanical purposes. On the present occasion they were promenaded by several thousand well-dressed persons; and the effect was as striking as any thing of the kind we ever witnessed. The *déjeuner* itself, spread under an immense awning, was of a splendid description; and the profusion of the finest fruits, melons, grapes, pines, &c. left the vast numbers assembled nothing to wish for.

Indeed, like all the rest of the doings connected with the Liverpool reception of the Association, the treat was not only abundant, but magnificent, and conducted with admirable order.

*Evening Meeting at the Amphitheatre.*—In the evening, as previously arranged, a meeting took place at the Amphitheatre, at which gentlemen, appointed by the various Sections, made brief Reports of their Proceedings throughout the week. At former meetings similar reports were made every evening; or three or four times within the week; but this method of generalising the intelligence had been found to be troublesome and imperfect. In the hope of improvement, it was now endeavoured to combine the whole together, after the business was finished; but the plan, though interesting, was not eminently successful. The only way to obtain a perfect abstract and popular view of the circumstances must be to take notes of every day's work in every Section, and submit



them to the presidents for revision and correction; but even this might be in some instances faulty, in consequence of the presidents often leaving their own Sections to read papers or participate in the discussions of others; and thus breaking the thread of observation. The subject, however, will be considered before the next year, and the best machinery be applied to surmount the difficulties.

The Amphitheatre was crowded, and the *coup d'œil* extremely good; but as we have already reported every particular of the proceedings worthy of public attention, we need not follow the necessarily more meagre statements of the distinguished individuals who now appeared on the stage to perform the tasks allotted to them, but only refer to what appeared most new or interesting as coming from them.

Lord Burlington having taken the chair, Professor Peacock gave a very distinct account of the Papers, &c. in Section A., specifying those of the greatest importance. Among the latter were Mr. Lubbock's 'Observations on Tides,' respecting which Mr. P. particularly mentioned the remarkable coincidence between theory and observation; whence he confidently anticipated that the theory of the tides would soon be as accurately settled as that of any celestial phenomena. He also noticed the Report from Dr. Robinson on certain Lunar Observations, 6000 in number, and their coincidence with those of Mr. Pond, to the extent of 1-3000th part of a second. Having dwelt with just encomiums on Mr. Russell's, Sir W. Hamilton's, Professor Lloyd's, Mr. De la Rive's, and Mr. Harris's communications on Waves, Algebra, Optical Phenomena, Magnetism, and Tides respectively, he then adverted to Capt. Denham's experiments on Light-Houses more fully than we have done. Captain Denham, he said, had exhibited his proposed improvement in the construction of coloured light for light-houses. He had exhibited the red light, as produced in the usual manner; the same, as produced by a red globe; the same, as produced by a red cylinder. Many interesting and important remarks were made on the subject by Mr. Faraday and Sir D. Brewster; but, as the glasses were not identical, precisely, in structure, they could not pronounce conclusively on the merits of the invention; but, so far as appeared, the red light produced by Captain D.'s apparatus was of a very striking character. Professor Robinson, of Armagh, had sent a series of observations on the Parallax of the Fixed Star in Lyra. This, they were aware, was a most exciting and controverted subject. It was of the highest importance to astronomers—no less than to determine whether the fixed stars were within a distance, not such as could be conceived in miles—but even such as could be appreciated by philosophical instruments. Mr. Pond was against the existence of any appreciable parallax; Dr. Brinkney, a high name, thought the contrary. On the authority of Sir William Hamilton, it appeared that the observations at Dublin yet confirmed the latter. Dr. Robinson's observations were discrepant with those of Mr. Pond; and though many think the question settled, he (Professor P.) must still, under the authority of two such distinguished philosophers, consider it opened anew, but only, he trusted, to be settled for ever.

Mr. Peacock's address, which was remarkably clear, intelligent, and well delivered, having occupied thirty-five minutes, the chairman remarked on the expediency of the speakers limiting themselves, as nearly as possible,

to the time fixed (a quarter of an hour or little more), in order that the whole might be got through by a reasonable hour (it was now past nine o'clock); and called on Mr. Faraday for the Report of the Chemical Section B.

Mr. F. concluded amid great applause in eighteen minutes, and was succeeded by Professor Sedgwick for the Section of Geology, C; who, after a playful introduction, said, he would take the papers read at his section, not chronologically, but as they related to the stratifications, beginning with the superficial. First was a paper 'On the Motion of Glaciers;' then two by Mr. Yates and another gentleman, on an operation of which they unfortunately knew too much this week—the deposition of mud. Next came the paper of their distinguished townsman, Captain Denham, 'On the Navigation of the Mersey,' which shewed, as well as the records of great ports filled up by the like cause, the great importance of knowing something about mud. He had no time to go into the merits of this paper, but it did Captain Denham the highest honour. The learned professor proceeded through the subjects of gravel, fluviatile strata, and the new red sandstone; and the papers relating to those formations, until he came to the coal formation, and on that he noticed the numbers and value of the local contributions to the geology of South Lancashire, which he hoped was in some degree attributable to the influence of the Association. He alluded with much feeling to the accident at Workington, where a mighty coal-field, one of the hearts, as it were, of the country, was destroyed; but he was convinced that Providence, so kind to this country, had conferred on it coal-fields so vast, that thousands of years would not exhaust its enormous resources of fuel. He referred to the new fissures discovered by Agassiz in the Ludlow rock; and bestowed much praise on the labours of Mr. Gilbertson, of Preston. After passing through the limestone, the transition rocks, and touching on mineral veins, avowing his belief that the earth had existed for ages before man was created, the speaker wound up by a powerful vindication of the moral and religious tendency of the study of geology.

Professor Henslow gave an account of Section D. He analysed the most valuable papers, and touched on many interesting subjects. The most interesting fact he stated, was that relating to Mr. Crosse's experiments. Mr. Crosse discovered living animals in a solution of silica acted on by galvanism. Some people, not Mr. Crosse himself, said those insects were generated by galvanism; others, that they or their ova existed in the silica, and were set at liberty by the solution. Mr. Children, of the British Museum, Mr. Golden Bird, and another chemist, had all three repeated the experiment with the greatest attention to accuracy. All three came to the same conclusion—that they could produce no such animals. Further, entomologists had examined the specimens furnished by Mr. Crosse, and had decided that they were a well-known common and destructive little mite, and conjectured that the ova had been introduced in the distilled water, and developed by the galvanic action.

Dr. Roget, as president of Section E, gave an account of the successful attempt made in his section to identify the sounds given by the human heart with those produced by the percussion of fluids in common elastic tubes; and entered at length into a description of the stethoscope, which he illustrated by exhibiting forms and modes of applying the instrument. In conclusion, he observed that philosophers

were called cold and unfeeling, but from this it appeared that they had at last learned the language of the heart!

Lord Sandon (who was received with great applause) narrated the proceedings of the Statistical Section E, in one of the most concise and luminous addresses of the evening; but as we have pretty fully reported the leading papers, we shall here only speak in terms of perfect accord of the sound and judicious advice with which his lordship concluded. He noticed the near approach which the matters discussed in this Section made to prohibited topics, and earnestly exhorted its members to adhere to their past principles; to devote themselves to the elucidation of inquiries calculated to benefit their country, and their fellow-creatures; and to avoid the quicksands on which the introduction of religious opinions or political questions would infallibly wreck them.

Professor Robinson wound up the proceedings by an eloquent flourish of trumpets from Section F, Mechanics. If he were to attempt to detail all the results of the Section, morning would arise before their interest would be exhausted. The Association, first of all, had a Mathematical and Physical Section. It was not then conceived that the higher minds, which dwelt amid the sublimities of geometry, would find, not merely associates, but guides and teachers in their own science, among those on whom they looked down. But it was impossible that sound practical men could come into contact with such persons as Brewster and Whewell, without catching some portion of the fire which animated them. The seed had been sown, and the fruit had been not a hundred fold, but a thousand fold. The Section of Physics threw off that of Mechanical Science. Since then, the latter had attained a magnitude and interest which, if second to any, was second only to Geology. It had now the protection of the British Association, a Minerva, extending over it a shield, on which all the imbecile arrows of derision and mockery fell in vain. Long might the Society go on increasing in prosperity; and he who first conceived the idea of it would go down in history as a benefactor to the human race.

Professor Phillips then announced the appointments for excursions to-day, and at ½ past 11, *exeunt omnes*.

It was rather *mal-à-propos*, that the opening of the Mechanics' Institute was also appointed for this evening, as it prevented the attendance of many eminent persons. It was, nevertheless, opened in excellent style; above a thousand individuals being present, and the addresses delivered, and motions made, by men of great celebrity.

#### SATURDAY.

The only Section which met to-day was that of Geology, which sat for nearly two hours, till one o'clock, when the General Meeting was held.

Mr. Fox reported that he had obtained some slight indications of electric action in Sken's lead-mine, near Middleton, Teasdale; but that he was induced to believe, from the experiments which he had hitherto made in lead-mines, situated in limestone, and sandstone, that the electricity developed in them is much more feeble than it is in copper and some other veins, situated in the lower rocks, such as granite and killas. He also stated that he found the altered coal, or cluder, occurring contiguous to the great trap dyke in Durham, in Cockfield Fell Colliery, to be incapable of conducting Voltaic electricity; whereas common cinder is a good conductor—and so is the altered coal in ques-

tion, after exposure to heat sufficient to coke it. Hence it appears that the cinder of Cockfield Fell must have undergone some change, to deprive it of its conducting powers. He also reported the results of some experiments which had been made for him in Levant copper and tin mines, and the Consolidated Mines in Cornwall, by which it appears that thermometers, four feet long, and buried in holes three feet deep, which were filled round with clay, indicated, at the deepest parts of these mines, higher degrees of temperature than shorter thermometers, buried only one inch deep in contiguous holes. In Levant mine, at 200 fathoms below the sea level, and about 230 fathoms under the surface, the deep thermometer indicated a temperature of  $80^{\circ}$ , and the short one  $78\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . Both were in granite, and four feet from the lode. This is equal to an increase of  $1^{\circ}$  for every 46 feet, calculating from the surface. In the Consolidated Mines, situated in killas, the deep thermometer indicated a temperature of  $85\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , at 24 fathoms from the lode, and at the depth of 290 fathoms under the surface, or 237 fathoms under the sea level, half tide; which is in the ratio of  $1^{\circ}$  of increase for every 49 feet. The short thermometer, buried only one inch deep, near the same station, indicated a temperature of only  $84^{\circ}$ . At another place, only 10 fathoms from the lode, long thermometer,  $86\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , short one,  $85^{\circ}$ ; and in the lode itself, former  $92^{\circ}$ , and the latter  $88^{\circ}$ . These experiments clearly prove that, in these cases, the temperature of the earth is not increased, but the reverse, by adventitious causes. Mr. Fox considers that the anomalous results of temperature obtained in mines is in great measure to be attributed to the greater or less facility which the rocks themselves afford to the circulation of water; the warmer portions of that fluid having always a tendency to ascend, and to convey heat upwards, more or less according to the nature and fissured state of the rock; and in this way he accounted for the temperature of granite being rather inferior to that of killas, at equal depths.

Mr. Elias Hall described, very minutely, the geological formations of Derbyshire, and exhibited an indented map of the county cut by himself. It was a model with all its diversities of hill, dale, and plain. The various mineral productions were shewn, with the position and direction of the strata of the earth, rocks, &c.

Mr. Hardman Phillips read an interesting paper 'On the prodigious Field of Bituminous Coal in Pennsylvania,' which, he said, resembled the Newcastle coal in all its valuable properties.

Professor Sedgwick, in one of his eloquent bursts, closed the proceedings of the week, and had the thanks of the Section, and of its crowd of fair auditors, voted to himself by acclamation.

At the amphitheatre in the evening, Mr. Murchison, the general secretary, read the report from the general committee, relative to the appointment of officers for the ensuing year, (given in our journal of the proceedings of the committee.) Though the Society was not blessed with any very rich endowments, yet it had spared, from the contributions of its philosophers, and of the humble aspirants for scientific lore, the sum of 3000*l*.

After various appropriate speeches, thanks were voted to Sir John Tobin; to the Mayor of Liverpool; to the President, &c. of the Royal Institution; the Members of the Mechanics' Institution; the committee of the Savings' Bank; the members of the Liverpool Medical

Institution; the proprietors of the Botanic Gardens; the members of the Athenaeum, Lyceum, Lloyd's, the Exchange Rooms, &c., for the very valuable accommodation which had been afforded to the Association; to the various bodies who had placed steam-vessels at their disposal; to the Earl of Derby; Charles Blundell, Esq. of Ince; the proprietors of the Salt Mines; and others, who had kindly thrown open their works to the inspection of the Association; to the members of the Academy of Artists; to the local council; to Mr. Turner, the local secretary; to the Earl of Burlington, for the able and dignified manner in which he had presided over the meetings of the Association; and to those distinguished foreigners who had honoured the Association with their presence.

To all these well-deserved compliments, suitable thanks were returned; and one reverend gentleman (Mr. Campbell, we believe), the rector of one of the principal churches in Liverpool, in acknowledging that paid to the savings banks, delivered an address equally distinguished by eloquence, good feeling, and sound religious principles. It produced a vivid sensation on the auditory, and would be well worth preservation for the benefit of truth and science.

The Earl of Burlington said, the moment for the performance of his last duty had at length arrived, the laws of the Association wisely limiting their session to a single week. It was with a feeling of pain that he bade adieu to that assembly. The friendly intercourse of the week was now at an end, but the feelings which had been excited would not so soon pass away. He thanked the inhabitants of the town generally, for the manner in which they had been received. He wished, also, to express his sense of the kindness and hospitality which he had received from the chief magistrate of this town. This he did on behalf both of himself and Lady Burlington. He had nothing further to add, but that the meeting stood adjourned to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where they should again assemble early in August next.

On Sunday, after divine service, a small party, consisting of the Earl of Burlington, Lord Compton, Lady Compton, Sir D. Wilkie, Sir W. Hamilton, Messrs. Sedgwick, Whewell, Greenough, S. Turner, De la Beche, Wheatstone, Jerdan, Turner, jun., availed themselves of the polite invitation of its proprietor, Mr. Blundell, to visit his extraordinary collection of marbles, &c., at Ince. Our readers may not be aware that these comprise a moiety of the famous Townley collection, Mr. Blundell's ancestor being a companion in the travel; and are wonderfully rich in Grecian art and Roman antiquities. Some of the groups and statues are of the highest character, and hundreds of mausolea, cinerary urns, inscriptions, busts, basso-reliefs, &c. &c. of the utmost interest: together with the pictures, also a grand collection, and including several of the noblest of Wilson's productions, they were examined with deep curiosity; and, after partaking of a handsome collation, and enjoying the converse of the venerable owner, a superb specimen of

"The good old English gentleman,  
One of the olden time,"

the party returned to Liverpool completely gratified with their pleasant excursion.

We are not aware that we have left unnoticed any of the proceedings at this interesting meeting, or slurred over any matter which could be useful to our readers. Masses of in-

applicable detail, formula of abstruse speculations, and discussions of trivial subjects, possessing more of personal than of public value, we have curtailed, but not of their fair proportions, — preferring, in these instances, quality to quantity. Experiments and questions of importance to particular classes, such as the miner, the steam navigator, the engine-maker, the railroad engineer, and the mechanic, have had their substance condensed, where we considered the differences of opinion and the volumes of words to be rather perplexing than elucidatory: nor have we dwelt upon vague and disputed theories which were left at the close in exactly the same position of uncertainty in which they were at the beginning; and in the investigation of which, in truth, no advance had been made during the last two or three years. We had no inclination to repeat our Bristol, Dublin, or Edinburgh statements.

The higher and abstract sciences have fully maintained their station in all these meetings; and the few to whom they are intelligible will, we trust, find all they can wish to know respecting their progress in our pages — viz. the results of extraordinary mental exercises.

Of the more practical illustrations of chemistry, botany, mechanics, we have omitted nothing; though in several cases, such as iron-smelting, the preservation of plants without air, and other points of minor inquiry, the conclusions of the Sections were themselves indefinite, and much postponed to future investigation.

The three Sections which occupied the most lively attention were the Geological, the Mechanical, and the Statistical. The first, from the eloquence and talent of its leading members, from its own novelty, and from the ease with which every body can become a bit of a geologist, must always be popular. At this anniversary, its chief contributions, though valuable, presented no new features of remarkable character. The peel of the orange was not penetrated far beyond the scratch of the pin. The Mechanical Section, as we observed in the course of our report, has grown in activity and strength. It will require a very watchful and intelligent committee to render its proceedings as beneficial as they are likely to be (in continuation) various and warm. It embraces so many objects of immediate and individual concern, that the conflict of opinion must be well regulated in order to make it nationally productive of good. The Statistical Section seems to be doing all that could be expected; collecting data for useful application hereafter, amongst which there must inevitably be a considerable accumulation of *caput mortuum*. The directors, however, deserve one great praise: they have steered clear of every questionable topic; and, though, as in geology, the facility of being a smatterer is a potent recruiter of members, the discussions have generally partaken of interest and utility.

Among things connected with the meeting, we should mention the greenhouse in which a variety of plants have been kept without the admission of air, or being watered oftener than once in four or five months. It is a glass cabin eight or ten feet long, and four or five in breadth: and the various shrubs appeared to be healthy and vigorous. But as there must be a rush of air every time the doors are opened, we cannot deem the experiments so absolute as those made on a smaller scale under bell or other glasses. The trials are curious, and since every one may readily make them,

we would recommend their adoption, especially to our fair botanical friends.

With regard to the "tottle of the whole" of this anniversary, it must be viewed with unmingled satisfaction. The town and inhabitants of Liverpool discharged the duties of hospitality in a manner to do themselves the utmost honour. The harmony and sociality of the entire proceedings were also especially gratifying. There were no collisions except such as if "a brother should a brother dare;" and the very slight mistake in inviting two presidents for the ensuing year was soon admirably adjusted by the tact and judgment of Mr. Murchison, to whose great exertions, as general secretary, throughout the whole of these transactions, as well as to his good-humour and pleasantry where philosophy doft some of her attributes for relaxation, the Meeting owed much of its success. The appropriation of a large and growing annual fund to promote the cause of science, is another very important feature of this Institution; the fruits of which must soon be visible. Never was a great, wealthy, and enterprising country so destitute of public or government support either as concerns science, literature, or art, as that country which is our boast. Let us hope, therefore, that this Association may gradually acquire sufficient power to occupy the vacant sphere of patronage and encouragement. Towards this desideratum we think some very simple measures of finance might essentially contribute. For example, to facilitate the payment of annual subscriptions, where the parties do not attend every meeting; we know many persons who miss years, and would yet pay their intermediate subscriptions if they were aware where they were receivable. Again, donations might be courted for any specific objects of science. Legacies might be invited for general purposes; in short, with good management, the fund might be much increased.

But we have no right to assume the post of dictator: it is pleasure enough to be an observer, and to feel that interest in the progress of the Association which every well-wisher to the prosperity and honour of Great Britain must feel in all its operations.

#### ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, 14th.—Mr. Gouling-Bird demonstrated a new arrangement of an electro-magnetic apparatus, dispensing with manual labour to break contact. This desideratum is effected by induced magnetism. Over one of the poles of the induced magnet, fixed vertically, a small ball of soft iron depends; on its being attracted, contact is broken, by which the magnetic influence is destroyed, the ball regains its position, contact is renewed, and magnetism again induced. Thus contact is broken, and renewed rapidly and regularly, and sufficient time allowed for inertia in the reverse currents to be overcome. To the laws of inertia Mr. Bird stated the imponderables were subject, and to this he attributed the cause of the second shock being weaker than the first, when the action of the ratchet-wheel and other adopted modes is too rapid. The effects produced by this new arrangement are more powerful than by any other electro-magnetic apparatus. Mr. Bird had, and did, elicit a spark from the secondary coil, which he believed had never previously been done. Mr. Bird concluded by saying, that he was not the inventor of a new apparatus, but hoped that the arrangements he had pointed out, and the results of his experiments, would become really useful in the hands of the instrument-makers and others.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Sketcher's Manual; or, the Whole Art of Picture Making reduced to the simplest Principles; by which Amateurs may Instruct themselves without the aid of a Master.* By Frank Howard. 12mo. pp. 79. London, 1837. Darton and Clark.

THESE is something rather startling in the comprehensive title of this little work; and we confess that we do not think it is happily chosen. The whole art of picture-making in seventy-nine duodecimo pages! That would be *multum in parvo* indeed. By "picture-making," however, Mr. Howard means only the production of "pictorial effect." As he justly observes,—"The objects in a drawing may be accurately outlined, and shaded very correctly, very neatly and delicately finished, and yet it shall be less pleasing than a slight sketch, having no pretension to accuracy of outline or detail, but which possesses the charm of pictorial effect. The term picture is here used in a general sense, as meaning an agreeable object, or combination of objects, for contemplation; and pictorial effect is applied to that quality which distinguishes a picture from a diagram or map. In what does this magical power consist? Is it difficult of comprehension or attainment? The answers to these two questions will not be found in any work on the art, whether elementary or scientific. Yet there can be no doubt that the desideratum with amateurs and artists, and particularly with sketchers, is not only to represent forms, but to make pictures; to place the object or objects before the spectator under pleasing circumstances, or with what is termed "pictorial effect."

Mr. Howard proceeds to supply the deficiency with a clearness, and ability, and an evident knowledge of the subject, which must greatly increase the reputation he has already acquired by his works as an artist, especially by his "Spirit of Shakespeare," which, our readers will recollect, received high and frequent commendation from us during the course of its publication. Without the graphic illustrations, however, (which are numerous) it is quite impossible to shew the principles on which Mr. Howard proves that pictorial effect mainly depends. We must, therefore, refer to the book itself, of which every artist or amateur ought to put himself in immediate possession.

*Looking In.* Painted by H. P. Parker; engraved by W. O. Geller. Ackermann & Co. WHY will Mr. Parker thus multiply pictures painted from the same model? He seems to think that *decies repetita placebit*, but he may depend upon it that that is not the case. Mr. Parker is an artist of great talent; and we regret to see him doing himself so much injustice. We must also protest against his continued projection of the figure out of the frame. In the first instance, the novelty and surprise of the thing excused this irregularity: it now becomes offensive.

*Wyld's Map of the London and Birmingham Railway. The Distances computed by time.* INTERESTING even at present. On the completion of the railway, it will be an indispensable companion to the traveller.

*A Philosopher in search of the Wind.* Painted by Robert Farrier; drawn on stone by Thomas Fairland. Ackermann and Co.

Is the publication of this print at the present period intended to be a sly satire on some of

the recent proceedings at Liverpool? It is full of fun, and does great credit both to Mr. Farrier and to Mr. Fairland.

*His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head, Bart. K.C.H., Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, &c.* Painted by Nelson Cook, Esq.; engraved by C. Turner, A.R.A. Toronto, Upper Canada, Capreol; London, Colnaghi and Co.

A FIRMLY marked, manly countenance. The original picture was painted at the solicitation of the inhabitants of the city of Toronto.

*Studies from Nature.* By J. Inskipp. Plate X. Tilt.

THIS publication, for some time suspended, in consequence of Mr. Inskipp's absence on the Continent, has now been resumed. The present plate possesses the same vivacity of expression, squareness of drawing, and featheriness of execution, as its predecessors.

*A Genealogical Chart, with the Succession of the Kings [Sovereigns?] of England.* Darton and Son.

A small lithographic sheet, neatly mounted on canvass with roller; and shewing, in a very distinct manner, the course of the English monarchy, from the ancient Britons, to Victoria, "whom God preserve!"

*Importance of Punctuality.* C. Ingrej. ADMIRABLE as a moral lesson, if not very commendable as a work of art.

#### DRAMA.

*Covent Garden.*—After the *Provoked Husband*, on Thursday, a new melo-dramatic romance, entitled *Afrancesado*, was produced. It consists of a long series of incidents, for plot there is not, and is interspersed with some pretty music, by Alexander Lee, and a good deal of beautiful scenery. These gained some applause; but *Afrancesado* was not very successful.

*Haymarket.*—A petite comedy, entitled *The Romantic Widow*, introduced a Mr. Ranger to a London audience. He is a pleasant actor, and was more happy in his reception than the piece in which he made his *début*.

*St. James's.*—A burlesque upon Shakespeare's *King John* has succeeded in drawing down plenty of laughter at the St. James's, which has been well attended since the appearance of Mr. Braham, who is quite as popular, and who sings quite as well as ever. *Artaxerxes* is so well cast at this house, that it must fill it.

*Adelphi.*—*The Man with the Nose* has been added to the already attractive entertainments at the Adelphi. It is a clever farce, and nightly sends the audience home laughing.

*Olympic.*—*A Quiet Day* has been played every evening since our last; sufficient evidence of its success, and the clever acting of Keely and his wife.

#### VARIETIES.

*Odd Whim.*—A foreign journal states, that an Englishman, having lately obtained permission to live for a fortnight in one of the houses recently cleared at Pompeii, had it completely restored in its original style; and, with his family and servants, having assumed the ancient Roman costume, resided there during the whole period, like a citizen of the republic, making the perusal of the classics his sole amusement!

*Munich.*—An English artist, of acknowledged taste, who has lately visited Munich, is

delighted with the works of several of the German artists employed in decorating the new palace. Some of them, he declares, are quite as grand as the productions of Michael Angelo. How mortifying it is to compare the magnificent encouragement afforded to the fine arts by a petty state, with the petty encouragement afforded to them by magnificent England!

A recent New York paper gives the following as a "state of the markets:"—The operations in ashes are as *dry* as ever; coffee remains *unsettled*, as at last quotations; cotton continues *light*; drugs are not in request; fish sales for the last week have been remarkably *scanty*; flour has *rizz*, as it is well known several bakers *knead* (need) large quantities; in hides the demand continues strong, and some *tough* stories are told of some recent operations; indigo looks rather *blue*; iron goes off *hard*; lead continues *heavy*, but goes off rapidly in small quantities; sole leather is much *pressed down*; oil goes off *smoothly*; pickles are as *sharp* as ever; tar *sticks* to first hands; whalebone retains its *elasticity*; tobacco is much *puffed* by some, and *cut up* by others; the operations, however, are not to be *meessed* at.

**Archbishop Sharpe.**—The seal of the celebrated James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was recently turned up by the plough, in a field at Craigherb, near the mill of Boynadie. It is in excellent preservation, and has been deposited in the museum of the Banff Institution.

**Sea-Serpent.**—The Americans are not to have all the sea-serpents to themselves. According to the most authentic accounts, one has just appeared on the coast of Norway, some three-quarters of a mile long; but the same newspapers contain the speech of the president of the United States, which, by way of compensation, it must be owned, is equally *lengthy*.

**Mont Blanc** has been recently ascended by a party of English and Swedish tourists, but nothing of philosophical import added to former expeditions. We hope that balloon ascents may, in the course of the ensuing spring, be made available to experiments on temperature, and other atmospherical and meteorological phenomena, instead of being merely senseless shews.

**Different Construction.**—In the Statistical Section, on one of the days, the list mentioned a paper on "the Cellars of Liverpool;" which a person reading, innocently exclaimed, "I wonder if there can be any account of the wine in them?"

**Quotation.**—Lord Northampton made a very apt quotation on the reading of Captain Denham's paper "on the deposits in the Mersey." "It appears," said his lordship, "that the quality of Mersey is not strained."

**H. B.**—No. 503 of H. B.'s clever sketches is before us. We do not think it so happy as the generality of this gentleman's productions; but the likenesses of the Queen, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Palmerston, are very good.

**Organ Music.**—Some fine selections of sacred music have been played at the Music Hall, in Store Street, on a new organ, built for the Wesleyan chapel, at Leeds, by Messrs. Hill and Davison.

**Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-Book** for 1838, keeps up the character of its predecessors from Sudbury. It is in an elegant binding, and filled with useful and entertaining matter.

**Weather Wisdom.**—A week of beautiful autumnal weather has not verified the prediction of the past; we proceed with the week

to come.—"Variable until the 24th, when there are tokens of more calm and temperate air, with white (*cumuli*) clouds. The sun aspects Herschel, and the air grows cooler again towards the 28th—thermometer low, and the weather unsettled."

**Belgian Archives.**—The original correspondence of the Prince of Orange, William the Taciturn, with Margaret of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands, in the latter months of 1566, and the beginning of 1567, was lately discovered in the archives of the kingdom of Belgium.

**Acoustic Telegraph.**—It is said that an inhabitant of Austria has invented a tube, in the form of a speaking-trumpet, six feet five inches long, which conveys sound in 11 and 1-10th seconds to a distance of 12,000 feet.

**Francis M'Nab, Esq. of M'Nab.**—"The laird was a regular attendant on the Leith races, at which he usually appeared in a rather flashy-looking gig. On one of these occasions he had the misfortune to lose his horse, which suddenly dropped down dead. At the races in the following year, a wag, who had witnessed the catastrophe, rode up to him and said, 'M'Nab, is that the same horse you had last year?' 'No, py Cot!' replied the laird, 'but this is the same whip;' and he was about to apply it to the shoulders of the querist, when he saved himself by a speedy retreat."—*Kay's Edinburgh Portraits.*

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. George Doo is about to produce a highly finished engraving in line, from Newton's interesting picture of "Sternes and the Grissette;" and will in a few weeks be ready with his laborious work from Wilke's "John Knox Preaching," which latter has been in unceasing progress for nearly four years. It is the largest line print that has appeared since the days of Sharpe.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Gems of Beauty, for 1838, displayed in a series of 12 Engravings of the Passions, by E. T. Parris; with Illustrations in verse, by the Countess of Blessington, Imperial 4to. 11s. 6d.—A Conspectus of the Pharmacopoeias of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, &c., by T. Thomson, M.D. F.R.S. 3s. 6d.; Ditto, ditto, with tuck, 6s. 6d.—The new Botanist's Guide, by H. C. Watson, Vol. II. (Scotland and adjacent Isles) 12mo. 6s.—Crittwell's Housekeeper's Account-Book, &c. 1838, 4to. sewed, 2s.—Portfolio for the Publisher's Circular, royal 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Statutes, 4to. Vol. IV. Part II. (7th William IV. and 1st Victoria), 13s.—The Primitive Doctrine of Justification, by the Rev. G. S. Faber, 8vo. 3s.—Landscapes Annual, 1838, 8vo. 11s. 1s.; large paper, 2s. 12s.—Peter Parley's Universal History on the Basis of Geography, fcap, 7s. 6d.—The House I Live In; or, Illustrations of the Human Body, by T. C. Girtin, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Book of Private Prayers, by the Rev. J. A. Bolster, 32mo. 4th edition, 2s.—The English Annual, 1838, 8vo. 15s.—Pascal Bruno, a Sicilian Story, by Theodore Hook, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Finden's Tableaux, Imperial 4to., morocco, elegant, for 1838, 2l. 2s.; India Proofs, 3l. 3s.—Key to Knowledge, by the Author of "Always Happy," &c. 10th edition, 16mo. 3s. 6d.—Infant Knowledge, 5th edition, illustrated, 16mo. 3s.—Dr. Skeggall's Materia Medica, and Therapeutics, 12mo, 7s.—Dr. J. Wilson's Treatise on Simple and Medicated Vapour, Applied Locally, 8vo. 6s.—Fragments and Fancies, by Lady E. S. Worsley, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Young Christian's Sunday Evening, by Mrs. Parry, 3d series on the Gospels, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Third Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, 8vo. 4s.—The Sketcher's Manual, by F. Howard, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—The Lady Annabella, by the Authoress of "Constance," &c., 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—A Residence in Greece and Turkey, with Notes on Bulgaria, &c., by F. Hervé, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d.—State and Prospects of the World and the Church, fcap, 6s.—Memoranda on difficult Subjects in Anatomy and Surgery, by R. Cruick, 2s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 12	From 43 to 63	30.33 to 30.41
Friday 13	... 35 ... 66	30.44 ... 30.50
Saturday 14	... 38 ... 55	30.55 ... Stat.
Sunday 15	... 18* ... 56	30.52 ... 30.45
Monday 16	... 35 ... 56	30.36 ... 30.23
Tuesday 17	... 31 ... 55	30.18 ... 30.09
Wednesday 18	... 40 ... 59	30.05 ... 30.13

\* The thermometer, on the morning of the 15th, remarkably low.

Winds, N. and N. by W.

Except the mornings of the 16th and 18th, generally clear; a little rain on the morning of the 18th

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude... 51° 37' 38" N.

Longitude... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Deptford, 18th October, 1837.

SIR,—I venture to transmit you a concise description of the lunar eclipse of last week, as observed at Deptford, trusting that a communication from the residence of your late astronomical correspondent may not be unacceptable. The moon rose on Friday, 13th instant, at 5<sup>h</sup> 38<sup>m</sup>, accompanied with her usual splendour; and through the evening her disc was favourably exhibited for telescopic examination, rendered peculiarly interesting in expectation of the approaching phenomenon. About 9 o'clock, her light was partially obscured by a stratum of clouds, which, though not sufficiently dense entirely to obliterate her disc, yet, as it continued till within a few minutes of the emersion, disappointed the expected gratification of observing the entrance of the earth's shadow upon the lunar surface, and tracing its progress over her successive mountain ranges and deep caverns. It was evident, after 9<sup>h</sup> 31<sup>m</sup>, that the eclipse had commenced, as the moon's eastern edge did not penetrate the screen of clouds, when the other portions of the disc were faintly visible. The gradual approximation of the luminary to a crescentic form was observed through occasional openings in the cloudy medium; but it was impossible to ascertain either the moment of actual immersion, or whether it was visible to the point of greatest obscuration. On taking a supposed hopeless survey of the heavens about 50 minutes to 12 o'clock (which, till then, had remained hidden in intense darkness), symptoms of a clearer sky were observed in the eastern horizon; and the stratum of clouds had begun gradually to pass beneath the celestial canopy, apparently rising like a sable curtain in order to display, with greater effect, the splendid scene about to be exhibited. As the surface of the sky became gradually unveiled, the winter constellations shone forth, and enkindled many lively recollections: Orion was reclining near the horizon; above him were Aldebaran and the Pleiades, with Cassiopeia near the meridian, and Aries, Gemini, Perseus, &c., in their respective quarters. An anxious scrutiny was directed to the meridian, across which the cloudy curtain was rapidly passing, to observe whether the totally eclipsed luminary would be visible; when the moon suddenly appeared, glowing like a live coal or heated copper, the eastern edge being considerably brighter, as she was now approaching the moment of emersion. The stratum of clouds gradually passed onwards, and at length disappeared in the western horizon, leaving the star-gemmed pavement of heaven glittering with unusual brightness; while the lunar disc glowed as if about to be rekindled into unwonted lustre. About 2½ minutes past midnight, an intensely bright line on the eastern edge of the moon indicated the moment of emersion, and, in a few minutes, she presented the truly remarkable phenomenon of her crescentic phase near the meridian, with the stars shining brightly around her, instead of being bathed in the solar beams, as at morning or evening twilight. Sufficient light was now emitted from her disc to cast a distinct shadow from surrounding objects; and as the eastern limb emerged from obscuration, the western, though actually increasing in luminosity, was but dimly seen, owing to the strong contrast of brightness. The firmament was at this time eminently attractive; its choicest and most remarkable scenery was displayed; the most singular combinations of stellar phenomena were within the range of telescopic examination; while the gradual passage of the earth's shadow across the lunar surface exposed successively new regions to the solar influence. Imagination easily suggested the no less magnificent scenery from these respective tracts, as the sun glided from behind the earth's comparatively enormous breadth. About half-past twelve, a new stratum of clouds rose in the eastern quarter, and gradually concealed again those constellations that had been so beautifully unveiled; as it gradually approached the moon, still considerably obscured, it was delicately silvered by the feeble moonlight, leaving gulfs of intense blackness, through which the stars shone with considerable brilliancy. This portion of the heavens presented a similar appearance to the aurora seen occasionally during the past two or three winters; and, in fact, a few precursory clouds, from their fleecy aspect, were at first mistaken for a variety of this phenomenon. The halo formed by its approach to the moon partook of her crescentic form. The moon being again obscured, the only evidence of the state of the eclipse was the proportion of her disc that was able occasionally to penetrate the fleecy veil in which she was enveloped, until three minutes past one, when the eclipse was apparently concluded, though the instant of its termination could not be observed. About ten minutes past one, the moon suddenly shone for a few moments through a break in the clouds, and exhibited herself as perfectly free from the earth's shadow. With the exception of a few hours of the earth's shadow, half-past eleven and half-past twelve, this eclipse was not observed with the same gratification as that of April last; sufficient, however was seen to testify both to the precision of celestial movements, and to the exactitude of astronomical calculations.—I am, &c.

J. T. BARKER.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

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**WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SCHOOL.**

The Members of the above Society are hereby informed, that the Meetings for the Session will commence on Saturday, the 31st instant, at the Society's Rooms, Hunterian Museum, Great Windmill Street, Haymarket.

JOHN THURNAM, Secretary to the Society.  
October 16th, 1837.

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\* \* \* It will be necessary to insert the class of impression desired.

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*A Residence in Greece and Turkey; with Notes of the Journey through Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, and the Balkan.* By Francis Hervé, Esq. Illustrated by tinted lithographic Engravings, from Drawings by the Author. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Whittaker and Co.

It appears, from a passage in his second volume, that the author was unfortunate enough to lose the collected *matériel* for this publication, and thus be compelled to write chiefly from memory; a circumstance which may account for and excuse many imperfections. "At dusk," he says, "we came to a halt at a small village, the name of which I forget, but think it was Pirodas. Of many others, also, I am in doubt, a deficiency that it is not in my power to rectify, having, unfortunately, had a portmanteau stolen in London, with all my memoranda, four years of journals, and nearly three hundred sketches, taken in different parts of the east; therefore the reader must pardon any inaccuracy which may appear in the names of persons and places, and attribute it to the right cause, which is, that I write from memory alone."

It may thus have happened that many things, generally thought essential to foreign travels, are but very lightly touched upon by Mr. Hervé; whilst accounts of courts, balls, soirées, and such-like gossip as one often finds in the columns of fashionable journals, fill up the pages to an extent which cannot be much relished by the rational reader. We ought not to censure the author, however, very severely for this course; since he honestly and candidly sets out by warning us that it is what we have to expect from him. After a dedication to Lord Longford, somewhat in the exploded style of compliment, he opens Chapter I. with the rather startling heading of "The Author's Bad Habits;" from which we learn, that he is an artist, and determinedly addicted to a "total want of arrangement and order;" that all with him is "loose and desultory;" and that with "something less than nothing a-year," he performed these peregrinations, and painted portraits for a pass- and we presume support, as Goldsmith played the flute.

In this trim, and with these habits and pursuits, readers must be content to take him as he is; and, to shew what he has made of it, we shall proceed to cull a few samples from his observations and descriptions.

Having passed in a wretched Austrian merchantman from Marseilles to Napoli, we shall commence with his written portrait of King Otho,\* of whom a lithographed likeness is also given.

"When one beholds a sovereign, we generally look at him with a very scrutinising eye, endeavouring to discern a something beyond the ordinary stamp of man. To make any discovery of that description in Otho, must require a being of superior penetration; at any rate, I must confess my own deficiency in that respect,

\* There are also some striking sketches of scenery, and portraits of celebrated Greeks, such as Mavrocordato, Canaris, &c. &c. who sat to the English artist professionally.

never having been able to perceive that majesty of appearance in the young king which we naturally imagine the attribute of monarchs. His countenance is ever replete with the expression of good-nature, and is in that instance a faithful index of his character. He is in stature about the middle height, perhaps rather above, may be from five feet nine to ten inches; would appear taller if he did not wear his hair so flat to his head, as though it were gummed thereon; and, as if to preserve it constantly in an unruffled state, he has a habit ever and anon of stroking it down with his hand, thereby retaining it in the most perfect and obedient state of smoothness that man could desire. I never saw one rebel hair astray; happy would he be could he keep his subjects in the same state of subordination. But I suspect that this extreme neatness of coiffeur assists in giving him the air of a grocer's apprentice, when dressed in his Sunday clothes; that is to say, those of Bishopsgate Street or Holborn, as those of the west end are more stylish-looking fellows than King Otho: and, indeed, he has other symptoms which savour of the grocer's shop, having a curious knack of continually giving innumerable little nods of his head, which one might be led to imagine he had acquired from endeavouring to emulate those Chinese figures, the usual appendages of dealers in groceries. The comparison may be carried still further; nothing can be more inoffensive than the physiognomy of those images; but, undoubtedly, that of the king's is as much so. In fact, he always appeared to me to have the expression of a good lad whose master had just patted him on the head, and said to him, 'There's a good boy;' thus giving the youth an air of satisfaction with himself and all the world. It would not be fair for me to comment on his colloquial powers, not understanding the German language: what converse we ever had together was in French, which he spoke very indifferently; and having a great many nervous little twists and quirks, in addition to the aforesaid incessant nods of the head, his articulation appeared to me to be impeded, though his animation certainly was increased by these vivacious gesticulations. The fact was, that I could seldom understand what he said, and it was quite evident that I was as rarely comprehended by him: 'tis true he is deaf with one ear, and I, with my usual bad tact, always contrived to get on the deaf side; it may, therefore, be easily imagined that our conversation was not very brilliant, having no other merit than its brevity. He has been very wickedly styled by some of the English newspapers, the ugly King of Greece; but this is going too far, as I never can admit that, where so much good-nature is associated with a countenance, as is so conspicuously the case in his, the term ugly is admissible. I know no better manner of describing him, than by quoting the words of one of the ambassadors of his own court, who observed, that when his features were quiet he was very passable, but the moment he spoke or laughed his whole face tumbled to pieces. On these occasions, had not Providence, in all its gracious mercy, placed his ears remarkably far back, they must have long since fallen a sacri-

fice to the threatened invasions of his mouth. But his eyes and complexion are good; and when in uniform he is much better looking, having a more patrician appearance, particularly on horseback, as he sits his horse gracefully, and rides well."

His majesty's Bavarian followers are described as very awkward and ugly fellows; and in the female sex of Greece itself our author finds nothing but commonplace countenances and clumsy figures. The national character is also drawn as worse than bad.

From Napoli, a trip to Epidaurus, Egina, and Athens, is not productive of much novelty; but there is a slap at the correspondents of the London Journals, which we should like to see answered or explained.

"I met in the east," Mr. Hervé tells us, "with several correspondents of the London papers, gentlemen receiving high salaries, and generally passably well-informed men; but I was much surprised at the light manner in which they gathered their intelligence, the little trouble they were at to ascertain whether it was correct or otherwise. In one instance, where I convinced one of them who read me the article he was about to send to England, that part of what he asserted was the direct opposite to the fact, he replied, 'Oh, never mind, it will suit my purpose just as well; so it shall go as it is, and will be more amusing than if I were to send them the real truth.' One of these gentry went to Egypt, and received an introduction to a certain consul at Alexandria, a complete creature of Mehemet Ali; and, as the literary gentleman met with much hospitality from the said consul, whilst he ate his dinners and drank his wine, he listened to his tales, representing the pacha all that was immaculate, and his dominions, with regard to population, finance, army, navy, agriculture, and other resources, most prosperous and flourishing. The hired scribe then framed his article for his London employer accordingly; in short, as much the opposite of the real fact as Mehemet Ali himself could desire, as a description of himself and his government, to figure away in the English papers; and a most brilliant gem of statistical information was drawn up, in very pretty language, and most highly edifying for those who might never have an opportunity of knowing better. However behind us in civilisation they may be in the east, with respect to the manoeuvres and trickery incidental to the manufacture of newspapers they already rival us. Whilst I was at Napoli, the editor of a journal published in Turkey arrived, and was overwhelmed with attentions from all the authorities, and persons concerned in the government. It was well known that he had entered into some arrangements, for which he was to receive a certain consideration; and, in turn, it was understood, that he was to extol the Bavarian government in Greece to the utmost of his powers of elocution: this compact was entered into with the anti-d'Armansperg faction. Afterwards, I met with this same editor in Turkey, and I remarked how much Greece was indebted to his paper, for his flattering commendations regarding the improved state of its affairs, and the

political conduct of its rulers. I thought his reply was rather ambiguous; and some weeks afterwards, he complained to me that D'Armanberg owed him a certain sum of money, for which he had written, and had only received an evasive answer. About a month after this, he stated the amount owing as double what he had before said; and a third time he mentioned a still higher sum, and that he could obtain no answer whatever from D'Armanberg to his letters: adding, that he would give him one fortnight longer, and if he did not reply in a satisfactory manner by that time, he would write as much against the Bavarian government as he before had praised it; declaring, that he was sure it was in his power to ruin Otto and his whole gang, and get them driven back to where they came from; and he certainly did hurl his anathemas at them at a most tremendous rate. D'Armanberg deigned not to notice his thundering declamations, which had little influence on Greek affairs; the editor remained unpaid, and unrevenged. I suspect his contract had never been ratified by the president, but merely made with his enemies, who had pledged themselves to take so many papers weekly, to a certain amount, on condition that their measures were upheld therein. This explains the increase of the sum with the increase of time adverted to by the editor, in complaining of D'Armanberg's conduct, who certainly could not be blamed for not adhering to an engagement made with his opponents."

Pass we from this subject to some Greek traits.

"It is a curious circumstance that the Greeks, in any trifling quarrel, instead of attempting to strike each other, immediately stoop and pick up a stone to fling at their opponent; and, from constant practice from childhood, their aim is so unerring, that I never saw them miss their mark."

"Many foreigners imagine that the Greeks are deficient in personal courage, because they will take a blow from those whom they consider as Europeans without resenting it; but they have an idea of the superiority of those who come from civilised countries, and regard them almost in the same light as the horse dogs his rider, and never would dream of exerting their physical strength against beings they regard as of a more elevated species than themselves. From any one that they conceive an equal, they would not endure for an instant what they considered an insult. Although the Greeks are so totally destitute of any idea of the art of painting, they are very fond of displaying their graphic powers on their houses, by adorning them with borders formed by designs of landscapes, of houses, trees, and figures, which rival each other in stiffness. I was much amused by the manner in which the Greeks handle a picture. When you present them a miniature, or portrait of any one, instead of holding it as we should with the head upwards, they always turn it with the side of the picture so placed as to form the base, and sometimes they will twist it upside down altogether, but never by any chance do they hold it in that direction that a rational being would. The ex-monarch (late governor) of Napoli had his son's likeness taken in profile; and the grandmother of the child, when shewn the picture, was very indignant at there being but one eye. I endeavoured to make her understand, through the medium of an interpreter, that the other eye was on the other side, meaning of course the other side of the head; but the old lady mistaking what was meant, turned the paper round, expecting to

find the other eye on the other side of the paper. But in this idea she was not alone, as I once saw a miniature painted in Russia, which in front represented a reasonable looking being. I was told to turn it round, when I found the back of the head and shoulders painted so as to correspond with the front; and I found that the original had given regular sittings for both sides of the picture, so that they had a sort of double likeness, and I was assured that the one side was as striking as the other; and nothing could convince the parties to whom this curiosity belonged, but that if I would introduce that style of portrait (that is, back and front on the same picture,) in civilised Europe, I should make my fortune. One art there is in which the Greeks excel, and that is embroidery, in which they display the greatest taste, and by its aid so considerably add to the beauty of their costumes."

"The Greeks of the present day are perhaps as mixed a race as any in Europe; and the major part of them would be very much puzzled to trace their ancestry to very remote antiquity. Certainly there are the Canteuzenos and the Pallalogos, who undoubtedly are amongst the most ancient families in Europe. Greece has had many masters; and each appear to have left some specimens of their breed. Migrations from Asia have also often added to the population of Greece; hence must have arisen that Jewish style of countenance so frequent amongst many of the handsomest Greeks. In fact, their features have a more eastern cast than might be expected of Europeans; and every vestige we have in sculpture of the ancient Greeks, presents quite a different style of physiognomy from the present race. The outline of the face was much straighter, and the features smaller; and even in the representation of their most sturdy heroes, no resemblance can be traced of the enormous noses, so prevalent in modern Greece, and which I suspect are of south-eastern origin. In passing through the country, I have sometimes seen that beautiful line of feature so constantly found in the antique; but I doubt not but that I should have found as many in other countries, had I sought them as much as I did in Greece. The men from Hydra I remarked as being particularly good looking; a fair middle height, remarkably strong made, very fresh coloured, and fine open countenances; as opposite as possible to the green-yellow-looking Moreotes, who have mostly a sinister expression. The Hydryotes almost all look alike. I am not alone in that remark. I remember a stranger, observing a group of these islanders together, declared that such was the resemblance they bore to each other, that it might be imagined they were all brothers."

"The Greeks certainly are fond of adorning themselves, and occupy their thoughts more about costume, than might be imagined. Colotroni sent his fesse (the red cap) to Paris, to have it arranged as a Roman helmet, which he had surmounted by a great tail of horse-hair dyed blue: for epaulets, he had lions' heads in brass, with chains of the same metal hanging from them. When thus accoutred, he might have been presented as a complete model of a captain of handitti. Salvator Rosa could nowhere have found a more fit subject for his pencil. I had his costume some time at my apartments, whilst I was taking his picture; and what with its singularity, and the extraordinary workmanship of his arms, they altogether formed so curious an appearance, that they might have been a welcome present to any museum. Some of the Greeks wear immense mustachios; one man I once saw tie them behind his head!"

In their language "Most of the words which

imply luxuries of any sort are from the Italian; many others are Latin; and, in fact, every nation under whose yoke the Greeks have fallen appear to have bequeathed them some words of their language; but that which is most singular, is, that many words of the first necessity, such as house, which in modern Greek is 'spoeite,' should be totally different from the ancient. At this time there are many well-informed men in Greece who are endeavouring to correct the present language, and assimilate it as much as possible with the ancient Greek. In some parts, they have a curious manner of transforming our Christian names; as Katherine, they call Caktinka; John, Yani; and Mary, Maryonka. Demetrius is one of their most favourite names. There are now some literary men who are rising in Greece, and whose works are published in the Greek language, which is purified as much as possible, retaining sufficient of its present corruption only as is necessary to render it comprehensible to the natives. This is the case also with all the public ordinances, police regulations, &c. Amongst their favourite authors, is one named Souzzo, whose poetry has been much admired; he has also published a novel, and was preparing another at the time I quitted Greece, which was to be partly historical."

From Greece, respecting which these are the best selections we can offer, Mr. Hervé went to Smyrna, where he staid some months, and tells us a number of stories about the inhabitants. From Smyrna, his next step was to Constantinople; and as we have given his portrait of one sovereign, we shall give one of a greater monarch, though far deteriorated below the line of preceding travellers: but this and a brief conclusion must be reserved for No. 1065.

*Fragments and Fancies.* By the Lady E. Stuart Wortley. 8vo. pp. 142. London, 1857. Saunders and Otley.

We believe that there are many to whom the sweet world of poetry is a fountain sealed; they know nothing of the soft and glittering waters whose dew has never fallen, whose light has never played around their dry and dusty path. We pity them, for to how many delicious sensations are they strangers! This is not the case with the graceful writer whose pages are filled with that susceptibility to natural loveliness—that keen, but elevated feeling, which is at once the instinct and the inspiration of poetry. Truly may the poet say to the beautiful world around him,

"'Twas but as the wind passing carelessly over,  
And all the wild music it waked was thy own."

He does but find voice to the deep harmonies of nature. Lady Emmeline is obviously keenly alive to all the influences of nature: the landscape golden with sunshine; the flower breathing of the sweet and subtle life within; and the wind that brings unknown melodies—all of these call upon the spirit within her; and the result is such songs as the following:—

"What shall be Missed?"

The dove—the fond, fond turtle-dove—  
What truth dwells in her breast!  
Oh! what a shrine of perfect love  
Must be her hallowed nest.

Lovingly piles she her sweet care  
Midst the deep greenwood shades;  
And Love's own brightest star shines there,  
The star that never fades!

The lark—the glad rejoicing lark—  
He makes the sky his own,  
And soars from earth the dim and dark,  
And mounts as to a throne!

Heaven, earth, and air, resounding ring  
With his triumphant strain;  
Then who can think of such a thing  
As sorrow—or as pain?

The rose shines forth in splendour bright—  
Fairest of flowers that blow—  
It is a rich and rare delight  
To gaze on that red glow!

The queen of gardens and of bowers,  
She reigns with tenderest sway;  
And all the radiant tribe of flowers  
To her must homage pay.

The dew-drop sparkles on the leaf  
Ere yet its life is o'er;  
For fragile is that life, and brief—  
A moment—and no more!

But oh! thou gentle turtle-dove,  
Ere long must thou depart;  
And who shall miss the perfect love  
That heaves thy little heart?

And, lark! rejoicing, rapturous bird,  
When death shall be thy share—  
When thy deep song no more is heard,  
Shalt thou be missed in air?

Rose! loveliest, sweetest of all flowers,  
When thou hast drooped and died,  
Shalt thou be mourned for in the bowers,  
With all thy bloom and pride?

Bright dew-drop!—when the next fair spring  
Calls forth each flower that blows,  
Shalt thou be needed, then, to fling  
Sweet coolness o'er their brows?

Nothing is missed—and nothing mourned—  
Soon is filled up the place  
Of all that once the earth adorned—  
While race succeeds to race.

Whole tribes of turtle-doves shall pour  
Their souls on low away—  
Feeling as thou hast felt before—  
Thou feel'st, sweet bird—to-day!

Thousands of larks shall mount as high,  
And sing a strain as clear,  
And weave as rich a harmony  
As thine, which now I hear.

Thousands of joyous larks shall spring  
To where morn's sunbeams shine;  
Upon as strong and free a wing  
With hearts as light as thine.

Scores of bright roses shall unfold,  
And blush with crimson glow,  
When thou dost thy rich ample withhold,  
Sweet rose, so radiant now!

Myriads of dew-drops yet shall shine,  
Like studs of sunny light,  
With sparkling brilliancy like thine,  
Fair dew-drop—now so bright!

Love—beauty—music—purity—  
These things shall ever last;  
These things shall never, never die,  
For them there is no past!

And, oh! 'twould be a wretched thing  
If these indeed could pass,  
Like earth's frail children withering—  
But they are of loftier class!

They still shall last, and they shall live,  
Though all around them die;  
Their mortal tenements survive  
And light the eternity!

The lark may die who sweetly sung,  
For him shall day grow dim;  
But though that living lyre's unstrung,  
Music dies not with him!

This rose shall fade, which hues of light  
On all seems to confer;  
But though she bear decay's dull blight,  
Beauty dies not with her!

The dew-drop may be quickly dried  
Beneath noon's flaming sky;  
But though no more with that allied,  
Purity shall not die!

Death will smite sore the turtle-dove,  
And still her throbbing heart;  
But the everlasting soul of love  
Shall ne'er from earth depart!"

"The Grave of the Gifted.

A grave for the gifted!—where, where shall it be?  
By the echoing shores of the hollow-voiced sea?  
Oh, no! let those ashes at last sink in rest—  
Now the strong passion-whirlwinds have died in her breast!

For the gifted and beautiful lost one—a grave,  
But not in the precincts of ocean's hoar wave;  
Too much of life's tempests and tumults she knew,  
Let her sleep 'neath the skies' gracious weepings of dew!

Like a bird from the storm—all awaried, o'erworn—  
To a nest of repose be the lovely one borne,  
Where no loud savage storm shakes the moon-lighted air,  
But the breeze a sweet message from heaven's shore shall bear!

A grave for the gifted!—where, where shall it be?  
Where the bright summer-treasures yield wealth to the bee—

Where the faint-thrilling voice of some fountain is heard,  
And the rich air is rent by night's passionate bird.

Where old chestnut-trees shed round a twilight of gloom,  
Which doth hallow and mellow the wild flower's meek bloom;

Where the fragrant spring-rains dance in joy to earth's breast—

Sweet earth!—with a blossomy richness oppressed.

Where the whitest of roses undauntingly blow  
More pure and more soft than the enwreathed mountain snow;

Where the starlight still tremblingly signal the hours,  
And throw sudden gleams o'er the wood-bosomed bowers.

Where the sunflower shall burn, and the lily shall bend,  
And the acacia its leaves with the willow shall blend!  
Oh! the old kingly laurel's illustrious gloom  
Overshadowed her life—be that far from her tomb!

A grave for the gifted!—a grave for the young!  
Since sealed the pure lips that so thrillingly sung;  
But far from the laurel, the tempest, the billow,  
Where stillness is deepest, there spread ye her pillow!"

"No More!

No more!—Oh! it must be no more!—

That precious dreaming o'er that precious love!

Must, then, such mighty happiness be o'er—

And must my heart wail like a wounded dove

No more?—Oh! it must be no more!

Ne'er shall I know its kindling might again!—

That heart-quake of young passion in its power;

But faintly drop as flowers beneath the rain,  
And die in dreams of that last meeting-hour

No more!—Oh! it must be no more!

And spring is here, bewilderingly bright—

A laughing world of sunshine and of rose

Greets every where the heart, and thought, and sight;

But all in vain—naught brings me now repose,  
No more!—Oh! it must be no more!

Oh! the unburied dreams that haunt my mind,

Spring, with thy scent-charged flowers, do thou en-  
chain,

Nor let me mourn, heart-wasted, unresigned,

What mourning never can bring back again.

No more!—Oh! it must be no more!

Past—perished—now—for evermore—and past—

That costly consciousness of answered love!

Let my heart tremble into rest at last,  
And wear the chains it unsuspecting wove!

No more!—Oh! hope must be no more!"

There are some fine passages in "Church-yard Contemplations," but they should be read together; and we close the volume with gratitude to the fair writer, and a sure hope that we shall soon have to welcome "the gifted one" again.

*The Authors of England. A Series of Medallion Portraits of Modern Literary Characters, engraved from the Works of British Artists.* By Achille Collas. With illustrative Notices by H. F. Chorley. 4to. pp. 105. London, Tilt.

MRS. HEMANS, Scott, Byron, Southey, Lady Blessington, Coleridge, E. L. Bulwer, Lady Morgan, Shelley, Moore, Lamb, Miss Mitford, Campbell, and Wordsworth, are the components of this volume, in steel and letter-press. Of the latter, little need be said, but that it is as complimentary and flattering as biography or tombstone could desire: indeed, as long memoirs abound of nearly every one of the individuals here collected and bound together—it would be a treat to see them all at the same table, or in the same room.—Mr. Chorley had it not in his power to do much with his task.

It was only necessary to exercise prudence, to suppress rather than enlarge, and to be ignorant rather than inquisitive after intelligence; and so to get through with contentment to himself, his employers, and his subjects. He deserves praise:—and we shall only quote one passage, which has amused us. It occurs in the notice of Scott; where, having particularised certain characters in his works, his biographer tells us, with genuine Irish naïveté—"Our examples have been purposely selected at random, and from the later as well as the earlier novels, to shew," &c. &c. On the author's comparing the writings both of Lady Morgan and of Bulwer to Marmontel, and of his thinking Miss Mitford the *Claude*!! of village painters, remark would be wasted; but the lovers of

similes of dissimilitude must appreciate them highly.

We have now a few words to offer on the medallion portraits. Medallions they may be called; but to the name of portraits, if by that is meant "taken from the life," they have no pretension whatever. Mrs. Hemans and Mr. Bulwer are just passable. Scott's is a heavy, unmeaning profile. Byron resembles no Byron ever seen before, and the mouth, his most expressive feature, is defective. Southey is gratuitously endowed with a great Roman nose, and Lady Blessington is allowed hardly a nose at all, but favoured with a twist in the shoulder; we must confess as fair an aim as could be found for machine distortion. Coleridge and Moore have not a feature of the originals by which they could be sworn to by their most intimate friends; and Charles Lamb is so like John Kemble, that the print may be sold for either; but, in the way of honesty, should only be sold for the last. If it were not for a huge ear, Lady Morgan's head would do for one of the "Gems of Beauty:" perhaps Parris may get her ladyship to sit to him as a model for next year. Shelley has a droll fat-cheeked face, and a marble wig; while Miss Mitford has ditto, with a marble cap to match. Poor Campbell would not know himself; and Wordsworth is a superb caricature, with a shadow between his brow and his nose, meant, we suppose, to intimate a lake, and thus the poetical school to which he belongs.

At the tail of these abortions is a sheet of engravings, of which one, of the Ariadne, is inscribed, "Answer to Mr. Bates's Challenge, *Literary Gazette*, No. 1047, February 11, 1837;" and it is just such an answer as might have been expected, even after taking eight months to consider. Half a dozen countenances, rather more distorted than those intended to be real likenesses of the individuals in the body of the work, give about such an answer to that challenge, as if an impertinent fellow, being challenged, instead of meeting, *made faces* at his challenger. But, lest this mode of rebuff should be deemed insufficient, there is a long "memorial of facts" (?) about the process of M. Collas, superadded; to which, if need be, we may hereafter turn; but, in the meantime, think it quite sufficient to refer to the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1047, and the splendid example of engravings by Bates's machine which is given with that Number.

*Gems of Beauty displayed in a Series of Twelve highly finished Engravings of the Passions.* From Designs by E. T. Parris, Esq. With fanciful Illustrations, in Verse, by the Countess of Blessington. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; New York, Appleton and Co.

In this beautiful volume, the fertile pencil of Parris has embodied twelve subjects,\* certainly not new to the Arts, but treated in a manner at once so characteristic, and yet so original, as to reflect honour even upon his abundant invention and genius. Every figure and group is feminine (with the exception of a dead warrior in "Despair," and a cavalier in the distance in "Envy"); and, conjoined with these, "Affection" made maternal; "Anger," "Pity," "Jealousy," "Hope," "Cheerfulness," "Remorse," "Joy," "Fear," and "Love," are severally represented in the most expressive and delightful style. Where all is

\* We have employed the word subjects because we are not clear that "Cheerfulness," for example, can be called a passion; or, could we say the passion of Affection?—Ed. L. G.



so charming, it is hardly worth while to point at separate instances of gracefulness and taste; but we may notice the dog in the group of Affection, as finely enhancing the story it tells—the waned moon at the casement in that of Jealousy—and the specks of vessels beyond the lighthouse in that of Hope—as simple instances of the skill with which talent induces the slightest accessories to add to the effect of its principal aim. Of the various plates we can scarcely tell which we most admire; for it is not easy to choose among so many lovely countenances and attractive forms. First, the pretty pouting girl, in Anger, excites the wish to dissipate her resentment; then the dreaming happiness in Jealousy, is most seductive; even the misery of Despair cannot repel the desire to alleviate distress in so sweet a bosom; and Envy looks so like disdain also, that we are not sure we should dislike an attempt to change the feeling in one apparently so framed for softer emotions.

To illustrate these *Gems*, Lady Blessington has exercised her poetic powers in brief, but appropriate and descriptive verse. Need we say, coming from her pen, that elegance, tenderness, and mind, are obvious throughout? From the pieces we select Hope as an example; merely remarking that, as, in one of the figures in Cheerfulness, we recognise a hint of attitude well taken from Sir Joshua's Comic Muse, so, in this of Hope, a grateful remembrance is recalled of one of Lawrence's most admirable productions.

"Hope,

Whither, Siren, roamest thou,  
With bright eye, and open brow,  
Lending infancy along  
With thy sweet, entrancing song?  
Fair deceiver! dost thou go  
To the mourner, murmuring low,  
By his bed of care and pain,  
'Sleep! the spring shall come again?'  
Send'st thou o'er the angry sea,  
Dreams of hamlet, field, and tree,  
Say'st thou, 'Droop not, home is near!'  
To the storm-worn voyager?  
Tell'st thou Love of sunny hours  
By calm lakes, in garden bowers,  
(Far away Contempt and Pride),  
With the peerless at his side?  
Or, in clarion-music loud,  
Dost thou call to warrior proud,  
'Lo! thy fame?'—or miser cold  
Startle with the chink of gold?  
Or for him, who all his nights  
Keeps a vigil shared by sprites—  
The pale poet—through the gloom  
Build'st thou up a laureled tomb?  
Dreams—all dreams—yet who could say,  
Flatterer, thy false music stay?  
Who could break thy wand? not I—  
Cheat me, dear one, till I die!"

*The Assembled Commons; or, Parliamentary Biographer: with an Abstract of the Law of Election, and the Usages of Parliament.* By a Member of the Middle Temple. 18mo. pp. 311. London, 1837. Scott and Co.

THE parliament so soon about to assemble has occasioned more speculation, excited more warmth, and created more intense anxiety, than any parliament convened within the memory of the existing generation, and appears pregnant with more important results than have sprung from any one recorded in the pages of our history, not even excepting that which restored in triumph, nor that which expelled in disgrace, the royal but ill-fated house of Stuart. The *Literary Gazette* is not political, and ours, thank Heaven, is a more peaceful sphere; but, in a season like this, we must feel in common with our countrymen; we must participate in their hopes and their fears; we must take a deep and vital interest in what so deeply and vitally affects all; in brief, we must, more or

less, inhale the atmosphere by which we are surrounded; and, feeling and breathing thus, we have no hesitation in acknowledging that we do entertain much anxiety regarding the new parliament, and that every thing appertaining to it is at this moment of great and absorbing interest. These observations have been called forth by the little unpretending volume we are about to recommend to our readers,—*The Assembled Commons*, which, though small and unassuming, comprises within its closely printed and well-digested pages as much information as could properly be collected upon so important a subject. It professes to be no more than a biographical epitome of the House of Commons; but the word epitome comprehends the connexions, pedigrees, influence (personal and family) of each individual member, and thus lays bare the springs by which, in all human probability, he is likely to be moved, the lights which are to guide him through the political labyrinth. But, to convey at once to our readers the skill and intelligence of the author, we shall conclude with a few specimens which, we have little doubt, will induce them to become better acquainted with him.

"*Morpeth, Viscount* (West Riding of Yorkshire).—Lord Morpeth, Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is the eldest son of the present Earl of Carlisle, nephew of the Duke of Devonshire, and grandson of Frederic, Lord Carlisle, the kinsman and guardian of Lord Byron. With a splendour of descent almost unequalled, in possession of the highest honours and of abundant wealth, his lordship has never relaxed in his efforts to deserve reputation by his personal worth. After a brilliant university career, Lord Morpeth entered upon public life, and has acquired fame in both the literary and political world. His direct ancestor, the celebrated Earl of Surrey, a poet of taste and refinement, at a period when our literature was rude and barbarous, married the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford, and had a son, Thomas, 4th Duke of Norfolk, who left three sons—Philip, progenitor of the ducal house, Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, and William, from whom descend the Earl of Carlisle, and the Howards of Corby Castle. Lord Morpeth was born April 18, 1802. (Castle Howard, Yorkshire.)"

"*Knight* (North Notts).—Henry Gally Knight, Esq. of Langold and Firbeck, was first elected for Nottinghamshire, in March 1835, and acts with the Tory party. The hon. gentleman has acquired literary reputation, and published, on his return from travelling in Greece, Syria, &c. a volume of poems under the title of "Eastern Sketches." He is only son of the late Henry Gally Knight, Esq. barrister-at-law, by Selina his wife, sister of Lord St. Helen's, and grandson of the Rev. Henry Gally, D.D. chaplain in ordinary to George II. distinguished among the literati of his day, who married Elizabeth, only sister and heir of Ralph Knight, Esq. of Langold, and granddaughter of Sir Ralph Knight of Langold, the parliamentarian. The Gallys were one of those refugee families which sought an asylum in England on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Mr. Gally Knight succeeded to his extensive estates on the death of his father in 1803, and married Henrietta, youngest daughter and co-heir of Anthony Hardolph Eyre, Esq. of Grove. (Firbeck Hall, near Bawtry.)"

"*Mahon, Viscount* (Hertford).—Lord Mahon, Under Secretary of State for the Foreign Department during the continuance of Sir Robert Peel's government, is the son and heir of the

present Earl Stanhope, grandson of the late highly gifted earl, and nearly allied to the families of Cavendish, Grenville, and Pitt. The descendant of a race of distinguished ancestors, his lordship aspired early in life to literary reputation, and proved, by his 'Life of Belisarius,' and his 'History of the War of the Succession,' the solidity of the foundation upon which those aspirations were based. His great-grandfather was the celebrated General Stanhope, commander-in-chief of the British forces in Spain, towards the close of the eventful contest of which his descendant is the historian. That distinguished officer obtained considerable renown by the reduction of Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca, and was subsequently prime minister to George I. Lord Mahon was born Jan. 31, 1805, and married in 1834, Emily Harriet, daughter of Major-General Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart. (Cheverning, near Seven Oaks)."

"*Pakington* (Droitwich).—John Somerset Pakington, Esq. of Westwood House, the new member for Droitwich, is son of William Russell, Esq. of Powick Court, in the county of Worcester, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Herbert Perrot Pakington, Bart. of Westwood, and assumed his present surname as heir to his uncle, the late Sir John Pakington, Bart. He married Miss Slaney, and has issue. The founder of the fortunes of the house of Pakington was Sir John Pakington, a lawyer, who, in the reign of Henry VIII. was chirographer in the Court of Common Pleas, and died possessed of large acquired estates. His brother and heir, Robert Pakington, M.P. for London, was grandfather of Sir John Pakington,\* Queen Elizabeth's favourite. Sir Herbert Pakington, who, as well as his father and grandfather, represented Worcestershire, is said to have been the original from which Addison drew his imitable 'Sir Roger de Coverley.'"

"*Mackinnon* (Lymington).—William Alexander Mackinnon, Esq. of Portwood Park, Hants., chief of the clan Mackinnon in the Western Highlands of Scotland, possesses estates in the three kingdoms, and is a magistrate for the counties of Hants, Middlesex, and Essex. He was born in August 1790, and married, in 1812, Emma Mary, only daughter and heiress of Roger Palmer, Esq. of Palmerstown, in the county of Mayo: through this alliance, Mr. Mackinnon will eventually inherit extensive estates in the counties of Mayo, Sligo, and Dublin. The hon. gentleman's brother and uncle were both distinguished military men. The latter, General Mackinnon, lost his life in the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo; the former, Colonel Daniel Mackinnon, who commanded the Coldstream Guards, gallantly defended the farm of Hugoumont, at Waterloo, and was there severely wounded. The member for Lymington acts with the Tories, and, during the discussion on Reform, opposed the plan for taking the census of 1821 as the basis of repre-

\* "The following interesting anecdote is recorded of this eminent person. Having by this expensive mode of life contracted great debts, he took the wise resolution of retiring into the country, and said he would feed on bread and verjuice till he made up his extravagances; which, coming to the royal ear, the queen gave him a grant of a gentleman's estate in Suffolk, of eight or nine hundred a-year, which had escheated to the crown; but, after he had been there to take possession, he could not behold the miseries of that distressed family without regard and compassion; and the melancholy spectacle of the unhappy lady and her children so effectually wrought upon his feelings, that he repaired immediately to court, and humbly beseeched her majesty to excuse him from enriching himself by the calamities of a gentleman, who fell by a combination of his enemies,—and would not leave the queen till he had obtained his request, which involved the restoration of the property to the rightful owner."

sentation. He formerly sat in parliament for Dunwich. (Portswood Park, near Southampton.)

**"Maclean (Oxford).—**Donald Maclean, Esq. of the chancery bar, is second son of Lieutenant-General Sir Fitzroy Grafton Maclean, Bart., of Morvaren, and descends from a family pre-eminently distinguished in the military annals of Scotland. During the civil war, Sir Lachlan Maclean participated in all the triumphs of the great Marquess of Montrose; and under Dundee, Sir John Maclean, with his clan, fought at Killcrankie. In the rising of '15 the same devoted adherent of the Stuarts again enrolled himself under the banner of the de-throned family, and, joining the Earl of Mar, was with that nobleman at Sheriffmuir. The member for Oxford sits for the second time in parliament, and advocates Tory measures. He married, in 1827, Harriet, daughter of General Frederick Maitland, and cousin to the Earl of Lauderdale.

**"Kemble (Surrey, E).—**Henry Kemble, Esq. of Camberwell, stood with Capt. Alsager, on the Tory interest, and defeated, after a severe contest, the Whig candidates, Messrs. King and Angerstein. The father of the hon. member was a tea-broker in the city of London, and well-known as 'Mr. Deputy Kemble,' having held the situation of deputy to the alderman of Cordwainers' ward. At his death, he left considerable property and the business to his two sons, who continued in it until recently, when each retired with a large fortune. (Camberwell, Surrey.)

**"Lewis (Maidstone).—**Wyndham Lewis, Esq. of Greenmeadow, in Glamorganshire, barrister-at-law, son of the Rev. Wyndham Lewis, was elected member for Cardiff in 1820, for Aldburgh in 1827, and for Maidstone first in 1835. He possesses estates in the counties of Glamorgan, Monmouth, Gloucester, and Somerset, and descends from ancestors conspicuous in the most remote period of British history. The chief line, the Lewises of the Van, terminated in an heiress who married the Earl of Plymouth, but the Lanishen branch, from which the hon. member springs, has preserved a male succession. Mr. Lewis was born Oct. 7, 1780, and married in 1815, Mary Anne, only daughter of John Evans, Esq. He acts with the Tories. (Greenmeadow, near Cardiff.)

**"D'Israeli (Maidstone).—**Benjamin D'Israeli, Esq. jun. the new member for Maidstone, offered himself in 1833 and 1834 for the borough of Wycombe, near which town his family reside; but was, each time, defeated by the Hon. Colonel Grey. His politics are Tory. The hon. gentleman is the eldest son of the author of the 'Curiosities of Literature,' and has become himself distinguished as the writer of several works of fiction, 'Vivian Grey,' 'Constanini Fleming,' &c. The member for Maidstone's grandfather was an Italian merchant, of Jewish extraction."

From all these, it will be seen that the biographical notices have not only the excellent quality of being sufficient for the purpose, but the rarer and better one of being unpolitical, impartial, and unprejudiced.

**Chelsea Hospital, and its Traditions.** By the Author of "The Subaltern," "The Country Curate," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

PUBLISHED at a late hour in our week, we have yet had only time to take a light-horse gallop over these interesting pages; but we have observed enough to see that great pleasure is before us when we shall have time to take a

slow and steady infantry march through them, from the opening to the close. After a curious historical and traditional account of the origin and progress of Chelsea Hospital, Mr. Gleig launches into stories connected with, or by the names of, some of its earliest inmates, when converted from a theological college, of the time of James I., to an asylum for aged, maimed, and wounded warriors, at the suggestion of Nell Gwynne, by Charles II. A tale of Pontefract Castle, and another of the rising in Kent, admits of striking pictures of the civil wars; and the occupation of Tangiers, and the wars with the Moors, during more than twenty years, are described with a fidelity and vividness which most happily combines national history with individual adventure. It is particularly attractive at this time, when France is playing so nearly similar a game in Africa; and also particularly appropriate, since it was as a provision for the veterans returned from Tangier that Chelsea Hospital was militarily endowed. Then we have in succession admirable accounts of the campaign of Blenheim, and so on till the immortal field of Waterloo concludes the series. The fine invention of the author has supplied the personal and imaginative scenes, and entwined them so naturally with the leading events of the periods he has chosen, that we cannot but believe the whole to be true; and the pensioners, whom he has again endowed with life, and whose lives, thus re-created, he has diversified with such stirring and affecting incidents, to have actually said, done, and endured all that he has told. Thus founded on a solid basis of official\* and statistical information, linked with less certain but more piquant traditions, and the outline filled up and peopled with delightful skill, we may safely predict that this work will not only be immediately popular, but will have a continuance of popularity, long extended beyond the usual era of the class of publication under which it seems to range.

**Key's Works, chiefly Edinburgh Portraits, with Biographical Sketches.** Part I. Edinburgh, Paton; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

In the Fine Arts' department of our Number for Sept. 30, we mentioned this curious and characteristic publication, and stated our intention to take an early opportunity of advertizing to the biographical sketches which it contained. We think we cannot redeem this pledge more amusingly to our readers, than by extracting a few anecdotes of the whimsical and distinguished personages who are the subjects of the sketches in question.

**James Robertson, the Daft† Highland Laird.**—"There was one darling wish of his heart that clung to him for many a day, which certainly it was not very easy to gratify. This was his extreme anxiety to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, as a rebel partisan of the house of Stuart, and a sworn and deadly foe to the reigning dynasty. He was sadly annoyed that nobody would put him in jail as a traitor, or attempt to bring him to trial. It would have been a partial alleviation of his grief, if he could have got any benevolent person to have accused him of treason. It was in vain that he drank healths to the Pretender—in vain that he bawled treason in the streets; there was not one who would lend a helping-hand to procure him the enjoyment of his pains and penalties. The laird, although he uniformly insisted on

being a martyr to the cause of the chevalier, seemed to feel that there was something wanting to complete his pretensions to that character—that it was hardly compatible with the unrestrained liberty he enjoyed, the ease and comfort in which he lived, and the total immunity from any kind of suffering which was permitted him; and hence his anxiety to bring down upon himself the vengeance of the law. Failing, however, in every attempt to provoke the hostility of government, and thinking, in his despair of success, that if he could once again get within the walls of a jail, it would be at any rate something gained; and that his incarceration might lead to the result he was so desirous of obtaining, he fell on the ingenious expedient of running in debt to his landlady, whom, by a threat of non-payment, he induced to incarcerate him. This delightful consummation accordingly took place, and the laird was made happy by having so far got, as he imagined, on the road to martyrdom. It was a very easy matter to get the laird into jail, but it was by no means so easy a one to get him out again; indeed, it was found next to impossible. No entreaties would prevail upon him to quit it, even after the debt for which he was imprisoned was paid. There he insisted on remaining until he should be regularly brought to trial for high treason. At last a stratagem was resorted to, to induce him to remove. One morning two soldiers of the town-guard appeared in his apartment in the prison, and informed him that they had come to escort him to the Justiciary Court, where the judges were assembled, and waiting for his presence, that they might proceed with his trial for high treason. Overjoyed with the delightful intelligence, the laird instantly accompanied the soldiers down stairs, when the latter, having got him fairly outside of the jail, locked the door to prevent his re-entering, and deliberately walked off, leaving the amazed and disappointed candidate for a halter to reflect on the slippery trick that had just been played him."

**Lord Kames.**—"Notwithstanding the general gravity of his pursuits, his lordship was naturally of a playful disposition, and fond of a harmless practical joke, of which a curious instance is on record. A Mr. Wingate, who had been his private tutor in early life, but who had by no means made himself agreeable to him, called upon him, after he had become eminent in his profession, to take his opinion regarding the validity of certain title-deeds which he held for a sum of money advanced on land. The lawyer, after carefully examining them, looked at his old master with an air of the most profound concern, and expressed a hope that he had not concluded the bargain. The alarmed pedagogue, with a most rueful countenance, answered that he had; when Mr. Home gravely proceeded to entertain him with a luminous exposition of the defects of the deeds, shewing, by a long series of legal and technical objections, that they were not worth the value of the parchment on which they were written. Having enjoyed for some time Wingate's distress, he relieved the sufferer by thus addressing him: 'You may remember, sir, how you made me smart in days of yore for very small offences: now, I think our accounts are closed. Take up your papers, man, and go home with an easy mind: your titles are excellent.' Amongst his lordship's singularities, which were not a few, was an unaccountable predilection for a certain word, more remarkable for its vigour than its elegance, which he used freely even on the bench, where it certainly must have sounded very oddly. This peculiarity is pointed out in

\* Lord John Russell liberally opened these sources of intelligence to Mr. Gleig, of which he has made so good a use.—Ed. L. G.

† "Daft" means deranged.

the amusing poem, entitled the 'Court of Session Garland,' by James Boswell—

'Alamoor the judgment as illegal blarney.  
'Tis equity, you b—h,' replies Lord Kames.'

About a week before his death, which was the result of extreme old age, feeling his end approaching, he went to the Court of Session, addressed all the judges separately, told them he was speedily to depart, and bade them a solemn and affectionate farewell. On reaching the door, however, he turned round, and bestowing a last look on his sorrowing brethren, made his exit, exclaiming, 'Fare ye a' weel, ye b—ches!'

*Hugo Arnot, Esq.*—"In his professional capacity, he was guided by a sense of honour and of moral obligation, to which he never scrupled to sacrifice his interests. He would take in hand no one cause, of the justice and legality of which he was not perfectly satisfied. On one occasion, a case being submitted to his consideration which seemed to him to possess neither of these qualifications—"Pray," said he, with a grave countenance, to the intending litigant, 'what do you suppose me to be?' 'Why,' answered the latter, 'I understand you to be a lawyer.' 'I thought, sir,' said Arnot, sternly, 'you took me for a scoundrel!' The man withdrew, not a little abashed at this plump insinuation of the dishonesty of his intentions. On another occasion, he was waited upon by a lady, not remarkable either for youth, beauty, or good temper, for advice as to her best method of getting rid of the importunities of a rejected admirer; when, after telling her story, the following colloquy took place:—"Ye maun ken, sir," said the lady, 'that I am a namesake o' your ain. I am the chief o' the Arnots.' 'Are you, by Jing?' replied Mr. Arnot. 'Yes, sir, I am; and ye maun just advise me what I ought to do with this impertinent fellow.' 'Oh, marry him, by all means! It's the only way to get quit of his importunities.' 'I would see him hanged first!' replied the lady, with emphatic indignation. 'Nay, madam,' rejoined Mr. Arnot; 'marry him directly, as I said before; and, by the lord Harry! he'll soon hang himself.' The severe asthmatic complaint with which he was afflicted subjected him, latterly, to much bodily suffering. When in great pain, one day, from difficulty of breathing, he was annoyed by the bawling of a man selling sand in the streets. 'The rascal!' exclaimed the tortured invalid, at once irritated by the voice, and envious of the power of lungs which occasioned it, 'he spends as much breath in a minute as would serve me for a month!' Mr. Arnot had a habit of ringing his bell with great violence—a habit which much annoyed an old maiden-lady who resided in the floor above him. The lady complained of this annoyance frequently, and implored Mr. Arnot to sound his bell with a more delicate touch: but to no purpose. At length, annoyed in turn by her importunities, which he believed to proceed from mere querulousness, he gave her to understand, in reply to her last message, that he would drop the bell altogether. This he accordingly did; but in its place substituted a pistol, which he fired off whenever he desired the attendance of his servant, to the great alarm of the invalid, who now as earnestly besought the restitution of the bell as she had requested its discontinuance."

*Lord Gardenstone.*—"In his dress his lordship was exceedingly plain; a circumstance which gave rise to an incident highly characteristic of him, which occurred at one time when he was returning from London. Ob-

serving some young bucks taking inside tickets for the coach in which he was about to travel, he took his for the outside. On arriving at the end of the stage, where the passengers were to breakfast, his lordship, who had been shewn into an inferior room, while his better-dressed fellow-travellers were conducted to the best, called the waiter, and desired him to carry his compliments to the young gentlemen, on whose philanthropy it was his object to make an experiment, and to request that they would permit him to have the honour of breakfasting with them. To this message, precisely such an answer was returned as his lordship expected. It was, that the gentlemen above stairs kept no company with *outside* passengers. Lord Gardenstone made no reply, but desired the waiter to bring him a *magnum bonum* of claret, and to send the landlord to share it with him; concluding with an order to get a post-chaise and four ready for him immediately. These commands, which very much amazed both mine host and his man, having been in due time complied with, his lordship paid his bill and departed; giving orders, previously, to his coachman, so to manage as to arrive at the stage where his former fellow-travellers would dine precisely at the same time with them, that they might witness the respect which should be paid to him by the landlord, to whom he was known. All this the young bucks accordingly saw, and, having set on foot some inquiries on the subject, they soon discovered their mistake. With the view of atoning for their incivility, they now sent a polite card to Lord Gardenstone, begging his pardon for what had happened in the morning, which they attributed to their ignorance of his quality, and requesting it, as a particular favour, that he would honour them with his company to dinner. To this polite card his lordship returned a verbal answer, that 'he kept no company with people whose pride would not permit them to use their fellow-travellers with civility.'"

*Dr. Glen.*—"He had made a fortune abroad, in the practice of his profession; and, in his latter years, returned to his native country—not to enjoy it. He was twice married. On the second occasion, he had attained the discreet age of seventy; and it is said that, amongst the other soft and captivating things which the venerable lover whispered into the ear of the young lady on whom his choice had fallen, to induce her to receive his addresses, was the promise of a carriage. To this promise the doctor was faithful. The carriage was got, but no horses. 'That's more than I bargained for,' said the doctor; 'I promised a carriage, and there it is: but I promised no horses, neither shall you have them.' And here again the doctor was as good as his word. The consequence was a quarrel with his young wife, aggravated by certain attempts on her part to revolutionise his house. The result may be anticipated: three weeks after the marriage a separation took place, by mutual consent, the husband settling a sufficient alimony on his affectionate spouse."

"Being once troubled with sore eyes, after in vain trying the prescriptions of several physicians, he applied to Dr. Graham, who cured him in a very short time; for which he expressed great gratitude. Wishing to make him some remuneration, he consulted some of the young members of the faculty; and, as the most genteel way of doing what he wished, they recommended him to invite the doctor and a few of his own friends to dinner at Fortune's (the most fashionable tavern at that

time), and provide himself with a handsome purse, containing thirty guineas or so, and offer it to the doctor; which, they assured him, he would not accept. They accordingly met, and, after a few bottles of wine had been drunk, the old doctor called Dr. Graham to the window, and offered him the purse; which he at once accepted, and, with a very low bow, thanked him kindly for it. The doctor was so chagrined that he soon left the company, who continued till a pretty early hour enjoying themselves at his expense."

We wish we could give similar specimens of the plates; which, however, we repeat, are highly amusing.

#### *Lane's Modern Egypt.*

[Fourth and concluding notice.]

MUCH as we have been indebted to this work, and generally as it is now known throughout the reading world, we cannot finally take leave of it, without referring to a few parts of the second volume. The hatching of eggs by artificial heat in Egypt is practised to a considerable extent, there being above a hundred establishments for carrying on the process in Lower, and fifty in Upper Egypt. The peasants have a chicken for every two eggs he gives in; and, in March 1831, the general national account stood as follows:

#### "Statement.

	Lower Egypt.	Upper Egypt.
Number of establishments for the hatching of fowls' eggs in the present year . . . . .	103	50
Number of eggs used . . . . .	19,325,000	6,674,900
Number spoiled . . . . .	6,255,957	2,529,580
Number hatched . . . . .	13,069,733	4,345,320

The chapter on Egyptian street cries is very curious; and so is that upon games. Draughts, we observe, are called *da'meh*: in Scotland, they are called *dams*, and the board, the *dam-board*. In *Sae'ga*, another game, played with holes in the ground, the holes are denominated '*oyoo'n*'—eyes in the plural, and in the singular, '*ey'n*'—almost the Scottish *cen*. Mr. Lane holds, that the gipsies and dancing girls are not an Egyptian race. Their race is involved in obscurity; but they say they are of the famous Bernecide family "of the Arabian Tales," which is, probably, a vain boast. Music, and religious fêtes and festivals, are treated with great interest and ability. Among the latter, the '*Fe'sa'wee'yeh durwee'shes* are remarkable, and our author says—

"Before I describe the performances of the '*Fe'sa'wee'yeh*, I should mention, that they are a class of *durwee'shes*, of whom all, or almost all, are *Mugh'reb'ees*, or Arabs of Northern Africa, to the west of Egypt. They derive their appellation from the name of their first sheykh, '*Fe'sa*, which is the Arabic name of Jesus, and not uncommon among *Moos'lins*, as they acknowledge and venerate the Messiah. Their performances are very extraordinary, and one is particularly remarkable. I was very anxious that they should perform, this night, what I here allude to; and I was not disappointed, though I was told that they had not done it in Cairo for several years before. I found about twenty of these *durwee'shes*, variously dressed, sitting upon the floor, close together, in the form of a ring, next to the front wall of the building. Each of them, excepting two, was beating a large *ta'r* (or tambourine), rather more than a foot in width, and differing from the common *ta'r*, in being without the tinkling pieces of metal which are attached to the hoop of the latter. One of the two persons mentioned as exceptions was beating a small *ta'r* of the common kind; and the other, a *ba'z*, or little kettle-drum. Before this

ring of durwee'shes, a space, rather larger than that which they occupied, was left by the crowd for other durwee'shes of the same order; and soon after the former had begun to beat their tambourines, the latter, who were six in number, commenced a strange kind of dance; sometimes exclaiming 'Al'la'h!' and sometimes, 'Al'la'h Mowla'na!' ('God is our Lord!'). There was no regularity in their dancing; but each seemed to be performing the antics of a madman: now, moving his body up and down; the next moment, turning round; then, using odd gesticulations with his arms; next, jumping; and sometimes, screaming: in short, if a stranger, observing them, were not told that they were performing a religious exercise, supposed to be the involuntary effect of enthusiastic excitement, he would certainly think that these dancing durwee'shes were merely striving to excel one another in playing the buffoon: and the manner in which they were clad would conduce to impress him with this idea. One of them wore a kuftha'n without sleeves, and without a girdle, and had nothing on his head, which had not been shaved for about a week: another had a white cotton scull-cap, but was naked from the head to the waist, wearing nothing on his body but a pair of loose drawers. These two durwee'shes were the principal performers. The former of them, a dark, spare, middle-aged man, after having danced in his odd manner for a few minutes, and gradually become more wild and extravagant in his actions, rushed towards the ring formed by his brethren who were beating the ta'ra. In the middle of this ring was placed a small chafing-dish of tinned copper, full of red-hot charcoal. From this, the durwee'sh just mentioned seized a piece of live charcoal, which he put into his mouth; then did the same with another, another, and another, until his mouth was full; when he deliberately chewed these live coals, opening his mouth very wide every moment, to shew its contents, which, after about three minutes, he swallowed; and all this he did without evincing the slightest symptom of pain, appearing, during the operation, and after it, even more lively than before. The other durwee'sh, before alluded to as half naked, displayed a remarkably fine and vigorous form, and seemed to be in the prime of his age. After having danced not much longer than the former, his actions became so violent, that one of his brethren held him; but he released himself from his grasp, and, rushing towards the chafing-dish, took out one of the largest live coals, and put it into his mouth. He kept his mouth wide open for about two minutes, and during this period, each time that he inhaled, the large coal appeared of almost a white heat; and when he exhaled, numerous sparks were blown out of his mouth. After this, he chewed and swallowed the coal, and then resumed his dancing. When their performance had lasted about half an hour, the durwee'shes paused to rest. Before this pause, another party of the same sect had begun to perform, near the centre of the great portico. Of these, I now became a spectator. They had arranged themselves in the same order as the former party. The ring, composed by those who beat the tambourines, consisted of about the same number as in the other company; but the dancers here were about twelve, sometimes less. One of them, a tall man, dressed in a dark woollen gown, and with a bare, shaven head, took from the chafing-dish, which was handed to the dancers, as though it had been a dish of cakes or sweetmeats, a large piece of brilliantly hot coal;

placed it between his teeth, and kept it so for a short time; then drew it upon his tongue, and, keeping his mouth wide open for, I think, more than two minutes, violently inhaled and exhaled, shewing the inside of his mouth like a furnace, and breathing out sparks, as the former durwee'sh had done, but with less appearance of excitement. Having chewed and swallowed the coal, he joined the ring of the tambourine-players, and sat almost close to my feet. I narrowly watched his countenance, but could not see the least indication of his suffering any pain. After I had witnessed these extraordinary performances for about an hour, both parties of durwee'shes stopped to rest; and, as there was nothing more to see worthy of notice, I then quitted the mosque. Sometimes, on this occasion, the 'Ee'sa'wee'yeh eat glass as well as fire. One of them, the hba'gg Mohham'mad Es-Sela'wee, a man of gigantic stature, who was lamp-lighter in the mosque of the Hhasaney'n, and who died a few years ago, was one of the most famous of the eaters of fire and glass, and celebrated for other performances. Often, when he appeared to become highly excited, he used to spring up to the long bars, or rafters of wood, which extend across the arches above the columns of the mosque, and which are sixteen feet or more from the pavement; and would run along them, from one to another: then, with his finger, wetted in his mouth, he would strike his arm, and cause blood to flow, and by the same means staunch the blood."

The description of the Nile rising, and the cutting of the canal, is worthy of particular attention; but we must pass on to one of the ceremonies on infancy.

"On the Yo'm es-Soo'boo'â (or Seventh Day) after the birth of a child, the female friends of its mother pay her a visit. In the families of the higher classes, 'Awa'lim are hired to sing in the hharee'm, or A'la'tee'yeh perform, or fiek'ees recite a khut'meh, below. The mother, attended by the da'yeh, sits on the koor'see el-wila'deh, in the hope that she may soon have occasion for it again; for her doing this is considered propitious. The child is brought, wrapped in a handsome shawl, or something costly; and, to accustom it to noise, that it may not be frightened afterwards by the music, and other sounds of mirth, one of the women takes a brass mortar, and strikes it repeatedly with the pèste, as if pounding. After this, the child is put into a sieve and shaken, it being supposed that this operation is beneficial to its stomach. Next, it is carried through all the apartments of the hharee'm, accompanied by several women or girls, each of whom bears a number of wax candles, sometimes of various colours, cut in two, lighted, and stuck into small lumps of paste of hhen'na, upon a small round tray. At the same time the da'yeh, or another female, sprinkles, upon the floor of each room, a mixture of salt and seed of the fennel-flower, saying, as she does this, 'The salt be in the eye of whoever does not bless the prophet!' or, 'The foul salt in the eye of the envious!' This ceremony of the sprinkling of salt is considered a preservative, for the child and mother, from the evil eye."

How would our English mothers like their offspring to be sifted in a sieve? At the period of death, as at that of birth, there are several striking observances. The ima'm at the mosque stands beside the bier of the dead, and, among other prayers, says, in a fine scriptural language—

"O God, verily this is thy servant, and son of thy servant: he hath departed from the re-

pose of the world, and from its business, and from whatever he loved, and from those by whom he was loved in it, to the darkness of the grave, and to what is prepared for him. He did testify that there is no deity but Thee: that Thou hast no companion: and that Mohham'mad is thy servant and thy apostle: and Thou art all-knowing respecting him. O God, he hath gone to abide with Thee: and Thou art the best with whom to abide. He hath become in need of thy mercy; and Thou hast no need of his punishment. We have come to Thee supplicating that we may intercede for him. O God, if he were a doer of good, over-reckon his good deeds; and if he were an evil-doer, pass over his evil-doings, and of thy mercy grant him thy acceptance, and spare him the trial of the grave, and its torment; and make his grave wide to him, and keep back the earth from his sides;" and of thy mercy grant him security from thy torment, until Thou send him safely to thy Paradise, O Thou most merciful of those who shew mercy!"

We lament that we cannot even enter upon the important supplement which treats of the Copts, now only about a fourteenth of the population of Egypt, or some 15,000, though evidently very numerous a few centuries ago. They are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, though not an unmixed race: the Nubians, and next to them the Abyssinians, bearing the strongest resemblance to the original people. The mummies prove this. Among their singular tenets, we may briefly notice, that—

"It is a prevailing belief among the Copts, that, if a child die unbaptised, it will be blind in the next life, and the parents are held guilty of a sin, for which they must do penance, either by repeating many prayers, or by fasting."

"The Coptic language gradually fell into disuse after the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs. For two centuries after that event, it appears to have been the only language that the generality of the Copts understood; but before the tenth century of our era, most of the inhabitants of Lower Egypt had ceased to speak and understand it; though, in the Sa'ee'd (or Upper Egypt), El-Muckree'zee tells, the women and children of the Copts, in his time (that is, about the close of the fourteenth century of our era, or the early part of the fifteenth), scarcely spoke any other language than the Sa'ee'dee Coptic, and had a complete knowledge of the Greek. Soon after this period, the Coptic language fell into disuse in Upper Egypt, as it had done so long before in the Lower Provinces; and the Arabic was adopted in its stead. All the Copts who have been instructed at a school still pray, both in the church and in private, in Coptic; and the Scriptures are still always read in the churches in that language; but they are explained, from books, in Arabic. Many books, for the use of priests and other persons, are written in the Coptic language, expressed in Arabic characters."

"The Copts are not now despised and degraded by the government, as they were a few years ago. Some of them have even been raised to the rank of Bays."

"One of the most remarkable traits in the character of the Copts is their bigotry. They bear a bitter hatred to all other Christians; even exceeding that with which the Moos'lims regard the unbelievers in el-Isa'm. Yet they

"It is believed that the body of the wicked is painfully oppressed by the earth against its sides in the grave, though this is always made hollow."

are considered, by the Moslems, as much more inclined than other Christian sects to the Mohammedan faith—and this opinion has not been formed without reason,—for vast numbers of them have, from time to time, and not always in consequence of persecution, become proselytes to this religion. They are, generally speaking, of a sullen temper, extremely avaricious, and abominable dissemblers; cringing or domineering according to circumstances."

A second and shorter supplement relates to the Jews;\* of whom, however, there are only about 5000 in the land, and these chiefly in Cairo, residing in a close and dirty quarter of the metropolis. But we must now take our leave of this truly valuable work, in which information and amusement are so intimately blended, and so pervading, that we could not turn any two pages without finding them both. So long as Egypt remains a country, so long will Mr. Lane's volumes be consulted, as a curious and faithful picture of its past history and existing form at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Oriental Annual, or Scenes in India.* By the Rev. Hobart Caunter. 1838. Churton. This volume is exactly what it has been every preceding year. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more beautiful work: the binding is perfect; and, provided its readers (pardon the bull) never read it, the whole would be unexceptionable. But we cannot imagine what ever induced Mr. Hobart Caunter to turn author, he not having one single natural requisite for the calling. He has neither invention nor style. By diffuse reading, he collects together a vast quantity of material, and, out of that, he constructs his annual. His books always put us in mind of a story told of one of our modern dramatists. A friend called on him one day, found him with a large pair of scissors in his hand, and a number of books lying open before him. His friend spoke—no answer—he spoke. "Hush," exclaimed the author; "don't you see that I am composing." Now, Mr. Hobart Caunter composes on exactly similar principles.

*The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell.* Pp. 306. London, Moxon.

A BEAUTIFULLY got up edition of this popular poet, with charming engravings; and, altogether, doing honour to the publisher, though he has already given us so many elegant and delightful works.

*The Flora of Jamaica; a Description of the Plants of that Island, &c. &c.* By James Macfayden, M.D. 8vo. pp. 351. London, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, A. and C. Black; Glasgow, Smith and Son.

A VERY full and satisfactory filling up of a botanical desideratum, which has long been felt by the scientific world. In every point of view, and not the least as it regards the medical properties of plants, many of them very little known, this volume is well worthy of public attention.

*The Life and Times of the Rev. G. Whitfield, M.A.* By R. Philip, author of "The Experimental Guides," &c. 8vo. pp. 588. London, 1837. Virtue.

THESE records of Reed's "Seraphic Man" are chiefly compiled from his own pen; and what

\* Some months ago we received the following note from an anonymous hand:—"Mehemet Ali has, within the last four years, evinced the most generous disposition towards the Jews and Christians who are subject to his sway, and who were previously exposed to the rapacity of some local authorities in Lybia, Palestine, and Egypt."

is added, either for connexion or in further elucidation of circumstance, is done in his own spirit. It is a striking narration, and shews what may be done by the energy of one remarkable and enthusiastic individual.

*Lodge's Genealogy of the Peerage.* Saunders and Otley.

A SIXTH edition, and well meriting to run on to a sixteenth.

*Hints to Mothers, &c.,* by Dr. Thomas Bull, &c. Pp. 175. (London, Longman and Co.)—An accoucheur subject we cannot meddle with.

*The Three Opinions: Tory, Whig, Radical,* by A. C. Jobert. Pp. 96. (London, Wilson.)—A pamphlet on the Radical side, with some truisms and some deductions not warranted by their premises.

*The Student's Companion to Apothecary's Hall,* by E. Oliver. Pp. 189. (London, Churchill.)—A useful little guide for apothecaries, druggists, &c. to the Pharmacopoeia of 1836.

*The Book of Banners.* Pp. 48. (Windsor, Brown.)—A metrical description of the armorial bearings of all the knights of the garter, some of whom seem to have arms and mottoes not inapplicable to them; but others, such as would far better fit the original grantees than their living successors. So much so, indeed, as to be ludicrous, and almost satirical. The design, however, is ingenious, and the lines afford good aid to the memory.

*Dr. Elliott's Human Physiology, Part II., containing the Animal Functions.* (London, Longman and Co.)—The words "fifth edition" in this, as in other similarly fortunate cases, may well stand for our critique.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

October 24, 1837.

SIR,—In Prior's "Life of Goldsmith," vol. ii. p. 210, occurs the following passage:—"In the commencement of the present century, a short letter, dated from the Isle of Wight, signed with the letter D., and addressed to the editor of a newspaper, introduced the following lines as a production of Goldsmith; and they have, in consequence, been included in some late editions of his works, though, the authority being anonymous, they are not admitted into that which accompanies these volumes.

"'E'en have you seen bath'd in the morning dew  
The budding rose its infant bloom display,  
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,  
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.  
So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,  
Youth's dawning glow just dawning on her cheek;  
I gaw'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,  
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak."

Now, sir, I think I may say it is quite evident that this can be but a fragment, whoever was the author. I find, however, the latter of these two stanzas forming the conclusion of a very beautiful glee of Stafford Smith's.

"Return, blest days, return, ye laughing hours,  
Which led me up the roscate steep of youth,  
Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,  
And bade me court chaste Science and fair Truth!

Witness, ye winged daughters of the year,  
If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast,  
If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,  
Till Cynthia came, and robb'd my soul of rest.  
So soft, so delicate, so sweet," &c. &c.

Stafford Smith, like all other composers, took only those parts of the poem which were available for the purposes he had in view; he has, therefore, omitted the stanza, "E'en have you seen," &c.; but if you restore it to its place, the four stanzas appear to form a perfect piece; the "Cynthia" of the second stanza being the *she* of the fourth, *who came so soft, so delicate, so sweet*, &c. This glee of Stafford Smith's gained the prize in 1777, and on the copy which I have, the words are said to be by Dr. Percy. I have no copy by me of Dr. Percy's works, and cannot investigate the matter further; but there seems to be one circumstance in favour of this appropriation. Dr. Percy became Bishop of Dromore in 1782; since which he has been universally designated as *Bishop Percy*; but, as on the copy of the glee above-mentioned, he is called Dr. Percy, I am inclined

to believe that the lines were known to be his, before he became a bishop; and, therefore, at a time when the authorship could not be doubtful.

At page 309 of the same volume, you will find the following in a note:—

"Hannah More, in her correspondence, points strongly to the jealous temper of Cumberland. To Wm. Gray, Esq. of York, she writes, August 14, 1809:—"I have never written, and, by the grace of God, I never will write a line in my own vindication, though Mr. Cumberland, in his last review, talks of my suckling babes of grace, and making hell-broth; advises the bishop against a book which is intended to overturn the church; that the deepest mischiefs lurk in every page of 'Coclebs'; and, as the book is in every body's hands, he feels it his duty to say, *caveat emptor*. My dear sir, shall I not pity the poor man, on the borders of fourscore, who could write such a criticism, after having written a poem called 'Calvary'? Alas! poor human nature, that he has not forgiven, at the end of thirty years, that, in my gay and youthful days, a tragedy of mine was preferred to one of his, which, perhaps, better deserved success."

I have not had courage to attack Mr. Roberts's interminable work, and cannot refer to it at the moment; I must, therefore, take it for granted, that the above is a correct quotation. Now, would not any one, on reading it, conclude that Hannah More had seen the critique in question, and had stated nothing more than fact? Such, however, is far from being the case. She is not spoken of, as making hell-broth, nor did Cumberland write a syllable of the article. He was, certainly, in a very high degree responsible for all that appeared in a review of which he was editor; but he avoided much responsibility by prefixing to every article in his review the name of the writer. Had, then, Hannah More seen the review of which she complains, she would have been informed that the real culprit was Mr. G. H. Crowe, eldest son of the late public orator at Oxford. In the year 1811 or 1812, when I was a mere lad, the book was lent to me by a brother of Mr. Crowe's, and, being much amused with it, I took the trouble to copy the whole of the article, which MS. I have now lying before me. The truth appears to be that (to use a vulgar expression) there was *no love lost* between Cumberland and Hannah More; that he omitted no opportunity of giving her a slap; and, in the present instance, he was delighted at finding a young author, who, whatever were his critical powers, certainly wielded the weapon of ridicule with tolerable success,—and that *she* was not behind in retaliating upon him; but as this was always done in a spirit of meekness and christian charity, it was not necessary to be so over scrupulous as to verify to the letter the facts with which she charged him.—I am, &c., F. B.

As a specimen of Mr. Crowe's critique, I copy the parts in which he talks about *suckling babes of grace* and *making hell-broth*. See the quotation above, from Hannah More's letter to Mr. Gray.

"There is a sort of quackery in all trades, which is well understood in the present day; and it is wonderful how easily the public is allured by it—how easily deceived by shadows, and imposed on by appearances. The keeper of a lottery office hires a man with a lucky name to be his partner; the publican takes advantage of popular enthusiasm, and invites customers by adopting for his sign the favourite hero of the day; the practised dealer in literature acts on the same principle. To have fairly



and candidly entitled the work now under consideration, "Serious Dialogues on Faith and Good Works" (and, in fact, this is the only title which can with propriety be given to it), would neither have answered the author's nor the bookseller's purpose. The sale would have been chiefly confined to that particular class of whom the author may justly be considered the principal luminary; and, as they are already enlightened on the subject which the work discusses, to them it would neither have been new nor necessary. But the author had, probably, good reason to know, that there is a much more numerous class of persons, to whom a bachelor in search of a wife is an object of the highest interest; that such persons devour, with the greatest avidity, every thing which is presented to them in the shape of a novel, and that their appetites would be rendered still keener, where the present pleasure would be heightened by the anticipation of future profit; where, in fact, they might expect to learn what in such a search a bachelor would be most likely to look for, and might prepare themselves accordingly. Nor could it escape observation, that this curiosity would be greatly heightened, if the work were represented to be the production of one, whose opinion on such a subject, any peculiar circumstances of character or conduct might have rendered particularly interesting. For such a purpose, no name could have been so happily chosen as that of Miss Hannah More, whose wisdom, virtue, and piety, have been held forth as patterns which people would do well to imitate, but could scarcely hope to equal; who, after a long life of unrelenting celibacy (let the world say what it will), is still the good Miss Hannah, propagating nothing but novels for conventicles, and suckling none but babes of grace with the pure milk of Divine love. It must be evident, how eagerly the supposed opinion of such persons on such a subject would be consulted; most people would be curious to know her thoughts on a matter respecting which there was so little reason to suppose she had thought at all. It is immaterial to the question, whether Miss More is in reality the author of the work; it was sufficient to produce the necessary effect that she is the reputed author. Yet even her name would not have given circulation to the work, but for the false colours under which it was launched. Cœlebs would have sought a wife to little purpose, perhaps, had he not been reported to be the offspring of Miss Hannah; and her offspring would not have been noticed at all, had he not assumed an appearance and title to which he has not the least pretension. By this combination, however, the opinions and principles of the author, whoever the author may be, have been more widely disseminated than they could have been in any other way; for they were presented under a disguise which excited no suspicion, and have been, in consequence, admitted into all company. Yet it is difficult to reconcile such a proceeding with the express declaration of the author, that there is no such thing as a harmless falsehood (vol. ii. p. 92); that even if by falsehood a life could be preserved, or one's country saved, a lie would not be allowable (p. 94). Now, though it would be a want of charity to suppose that the author's motives for deviating from the strict rule here laid down were not in themselves well intentioned, it would be a want of common sense not to perceive the deviation. That which, from the title, would be concluded to be the principal subject of the work, forms the least and most subordinate part of it; on the same principle, the whole tragedy of Macbeth, because it contains the witches' in-

cantation over their caldron, might be hashed up into some new system of domestic cookery, and entitled, a *curious receipt to make hell-broth*. The author is aware of these objections, and attempts a defence; but no defence had been necessary, had no deception been practised. The reader is told, "that he must not look for adventures, but content himself with the everyday details of common life." (Pref. p. 4.) "It is anticipated that the novel reader will reject the work as dull" (Pref. p. 5); "but," it is added, "to entertain that description of readers makes no part of my design." Now, if it was not the author's intention to attract the novel readers, why is the appearance and character of a novel so studiously given to the work? And it is only from the consciousness of this intention, that the work really has this appearance, that the author could suppose it was likely to fall into the hands of the novel reader, from whose criticism it had been secure, and by whose eyes it had not been profaned, had not its serious character been concealed under a mask. It is as if a drunkard were enticed into a house by a sign, with the usual inscription of "Good entertainment for man and horse," and, upon entering, should find himself in a Methodist meeting. The man, perhaps, had better be there than at the public house; but, according to our author, he ought not to have been kidnapped into serious company.

#### ADAM'S PEAK: CEYLON.

The following narrative of an excursion to the celebrated mountain called Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, will, we trust, be acceptable to our readers, as it contains some curious notices of the natives, and marks the improvements so surely and gradually taking place in the island.

—Ed. L. G.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion with his excellency, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, to Adam's Peak, and, perhaps, a short account of our trip may not be uninteresting to you. We started on the 17th of February last, taking the new line of a road that has just been traced from Colombo to Ratnapoora, in the Saffragam district, a distance of about sixty-two miles.

As we did not leave until the afternoon of the 17th, and as it is in this country, as in most others, where there are no hotels to receive the weary traveller, any thing but advisable to go a-head of your servants, supplies, &c., we only got through about ten miles, to a place called Goddegamma, where a rest-house\* was erected, and most tastefully decorated to receive the king's representative. The country, so far, was not very interesting, being flat, with thick bamboo jungle on each side of the road. The modeliar (native nobleman) of the district (a government public servant), as well as the inferior chiefs, met us with a vast concourse of people. We dined and slept at this place, and the next morning, 18th of February, we were on horseback at gun-fire (5 o'clock), and got to Pittapane, eight miles, to breakfast: halted during the heat of the day, and in the afternoon proceeded on to Andapangodde (nine miles), at which we dined and slept; rest-house, or bungalow, decorated as the other was; the face of the country very much the same as that through which we passed yesterday. The inhabitants complained very much of the devastations committed on their lands by elephants. Next day, 19th, we were off at 4 A.M., as we had a tough ride for breakfast; the country changed from flat to hill, and we had to go over one or two rather steep passes. On the last pass we had a beautiful burst of mountain scenery, the Peak ris-

ing majestically in the centre, the distance to this place, Kurundenny, is about fifteen miles. We were here met by the adigar, a dignitary of the highest Kandyan order, similar, to a certain extent, to the head modeliar of the maritime provinces, but perfectly different in dress; a band of tom-toms and a series of flags and banners ushered our approach to the temporary rest-house erected for our reception. At 4, we were again en route, and reached Nakandelle (nine miles) at about 7, where we slept; the appearance of the country was much the same as the last stage. The next day (20th), we proceeded on to Korroowatte (ten miles), where there was a most beautifully situated bungalow, at which we breakfasted, and were met by the government agent of Saffragam district, and the medical officer who was stationed at Ratnapoora. We arrived at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the district, in the afternoon, and put up at the agent's house (an excellent roomy mansion), who entertained us in the most hospitable manner.

The town (with the fort) of Ratnapoora is very finely situated on an eminence; it is surrounded with rich paddy fields and splendid forests. We remained here the whole of the next day (21st), and his excellency took the opportunity, as he did at all stations where we halted, to summon the chiefs and head men, and to explain to them his hopes that they had their children vaccinated to prevent the fatal propagation of the dreadful small-pox; they promised, with hardly an exception, to do their "possible" to promote this desirable result. On the 22d, we left Ratnapoora at 6 A.M. for Gillemalle, about seven miles distant, through fine forests and some monstrous bad riding road; a very neat temporary bungalow was erected for us, the site very pretty. We breakfasted here, and started about 12 for the next stage. After a mile of level road, the ascent commences in real earnest. We left our horses at Gillemalle, as it was quite impossible to take them on with us. The governor was carried in a monshiel (a kind of palanquin), and I walked with the others—and a tough business it was. We reached Pallabattella about 5, having crossed the rocky bed of the Calu Gang (black river) three or four times in this day's route. Pallabattella lies at the foot of the great mountains surrounding the Peak.

The rest-house is a miserable place, but the chief priest had it "touched" up; and, having experienced a sharp shower above half a mile on the Ratnapoora side of the place, we were right glad to get under any kind of cover: added to which, the cold (thermometer stood at 60°, which to us, who had been exposed for months to a thermometer of from 80° to 86°, was really cold) gave us the appetites of hawks. The trappings of the Peak temple are kept in the charge of the priest. The next morning at day-break we were again in motion; the road appeared to be a series of water-courses—steep rocks and the roots of trees formed a kind of ladder over which we scrambled as well as we could: delighted were we to arrive at Diabette (five miles), which we achieved at about 10, ate a good breakfast, and then continued our pilgrimage on to the Peak, the road getting from bad to worse; it was, indeed, extraordinary how the bearers carried his excellency, who was, however, obliged to get out frequently. We now and then caught some beautiful views of the Peak towering above us, as well as some magnificent peeps at the low countries; up one of the steepest rocks there have been cut by some pious individual (whose

\* The property of government, for the use of travellers—there is one nearly every ten miles throughout all the roads of the island.

image appears carved out on stone) about 140 steps! these mountain stairs running perpendicularly up. About a mile from the peak (three miles from Diabette), we came to a small level green spot, called Andia Maletenne, or "the Fakir's Monument;" we took breath there, and then prosecuted our journey. We arrived at the foot of the great cone at about 2, and I confess its appearance was any thing but pleasant; the distance to the top is about 310 yards: to ascend to which you have literally to hang by chains; and at two or three corners we were suspended over rocks many hundred feet in height. Had one of us let go the chains, he would have been dashed to atoms. We surmounted all obstacles in about half an hour, and found, on the top of the peak, a small mud hovel (a portion of the temple), about 6 feet by 8. This was to be the abode of his excellency, and the other members of the party had to make themselves as comfortable as they could in two leaf huts, which had been erected for their accommodation. As evening drew on, we were enveloped in a thick mist; and, after sunset, the clouds rose above us, and formed, as it were, into mountains.

We found some pilgrims from the continent of India, on a visit to this, to them, sacred mountain. All our servants, of all religious persuasions (Buddhists, Protestants, Catholics, &c.), deposited sundry small coins, as offerings to the temple. A priest goes up to the peak, from Pallabattela, during the first four months of the year, when this devotional pilgrimage takes place of natives of Ceylon, as well as of the Musselmans and Hindoos of India.

The summit of Adam's Peak is about 75 feet by 25, and Budhon's foot\* is about 5 feet 3½ inches long, and 2 feet 5 inches wide. It is studded with a few gems, of little value, and a border of brass.

At 8 o'clock the thermometer stood at 58°, and cold enough we found it in our beds.

We drank Queen Adelaide's health, it was her birth-day, in champagne, like loyal people. We were all up at five A. M.; thermometer 55°. February 24th; this morning we had the pleasure to see the sun rise in all his majesty; but the most extraordinary feature of the scene, grand as it was, was the shadow of the peak, extending to the furthest horizon, and forming a perfectly mathematical cone, enough to puzzle a superstitious person: this decreased as the influence of the sun increased. The view, although we had not a "superfine" one, was grand in the extreme: the valleys of the chain of mountains over which we had travelled were enveloped in fog, and their heights appeared like so many beautiful islands. At 7, we let fly two pigeons, that had been brought from Colombo; after flying about the summit two or three times, they took the direction of Colombo; but, as I afterwards learned they never arrived there, it was inferred that hawks had made them their prey. I forgot to mention, that we had large fires during the night, and our coolies (porters), &c. bivouacked close to them: the poor creatures appeared to suffer extremely from cold. About ½ past 7 A. M., we committed ourselves to the chains, on our way down. These said chains have been attached to the most difficult rocks, from time to time, by devotees. We found the descent much more difficult than the ascent, and delighted we were to see Diabette, where breakfast was prepared for us. Near this place there is a famous echo, to which travellers are expected to listen. We got to Pallabattela to dinner, slept there, and the next day got down to Ratapora, after

\* Called the print of Adam's foot, in many stories.

a most delightful excursion, which no male resident on, or visitors of, Ceylon ought to miss, unless ill health, or other untoward events, preclude the attempt. As Sir R. W. Horton was the first English governor who had ever ascended the Peak, a brass plate is about to be affixed to the temple, on its top, commemorating the event.

Ceylon, April 1, 1837.

E. R. P.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

OCTOBER 24th. — Carlo Luciano Buonaparte, Prince di Musignano, read a paper on the habits of, and finished by describing, a beautiful species of *Trogon*, inhabiting Mexico. The species had previously been described by him in some American journal, under the name of *Trogon paradisæus*, and by Mr. Gould, in his work on the *Trogons*, under the specific name of *Resplendens*. Mr. Gray described a new species of sword-fish, from the Cape of Good Hope, belonging to the genus *Tretrapturus*, for which he proposed the specific name of *Herschellii*. Mr. Gray also exhibited some pieces of chalk, into which some molluscous animals, of the genus *Pholas*, had bored. An interesting discussion took place, as to the mode in which this animal made the hole in which it lived. Mr. Martin described a new species of bat, from Fernando Po, belonging to the genus *Bhinolophus*; the specific name of *Landerii* was proposed. A new species of hedgehog was also described by Mr. Martin: the name proposed was *Erinaceus comcolor*. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited to the meeting two specimens of kangaroo. One of these was procured in the neighbourhood of Hunter's River (New South Wales); the other had died in the Society's menagerie: from what part of Australia it had been imported, was not known. This latter animal, and several others like it, had always been considered as the *Macropus ualabatus* of Lesson. The specimen from Hunter's River, however, agreed perfectly with the description of that species, whereas the other differed in having the under parts gray instead of yellow; the ears longer, the sides of the face in the region of the eye rusty; in having the tail almost totally gray, and with short and pressed hairs, and in several other particulars. As Mr. Waterhouse thought this would eventually prove a distinct species, he proposed for it the specific name of *Bennettii*. A gray mouse, with bristly hairs, from the Cape of Good Hope, was also described by Mr. Waterhouse; for this he proposed the name of *Mus subspinosus*. Mr. Gould exhibited to the meeting several birds, among which he pointed out two new species of spoon-bill (*Platalea*), both from Australia: for one he proposed the specific name of *Regia*, and for the other, that of *Flavipes*. Mr. Gould also described a new species of ibis, from New South Wales, under the name of *Ibis strictipennis*. This species is allied to the sacred ibis of Egypt (*Ibis religiosa*). The characters of a new goatsucker were also pointed out, and the name proposed for it was *Amblypterus nyctidromus*. Some birds from New Zealand were exhibited, there being present at the meeting a New Zealand chief, who had furnished the Society with some interesting facts relating to their habits, &c. Among these birds, was the apteryx, an extraordinary wingless bird, with feathers like those of the emu, and with a beak somewhat resembling that of a snipe. Relating to the habits of this bird, Mr. Yarrell informed the meeting he had learned from the New Zealand chief that it made large

burrows in the ground, into which it retreated when hunted by dogs (the usual mode adopted for catching it); the nest is constructed with fern; the young are quite bare; and it seeks its food by night. Other interesting particulars were also related regarding the habits of some of the New Zealand birds. Adjourned to November 14th.

## FINE ARTS.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

#### Finden's Tableaux. Tilt.

A DOZEN graphic impersonations of as many different countries. If our recollection does not fail us, they are scarcely equal to their predecessors of last year. Some of them are very beautiful, nevertheless: for instance, — "Sicily" (the frontispiece), a female group, in fervent adoration of an image of the virgin: engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by T. Uwins, A.R.A. "Castile," a lovely creature leaning and watching from a balcony, at night, engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by W. Perring. "Georgia," an unnatural mother driving a bargain with a purveyor for the sultan's harem, for two graceful and timid girls, who are seeking protection in each other's arms: engraved by H. Egleton, from a drawing by T. Uwins, A.R.A. "England." Alas! when England was "merry England;" and not as she is now that fanaticism and avarice united have forbidden all the sports and games for which she was formerly so celebrated, and have rendered her people the dullest human beings on the face of the earth: engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by F. P. Stephanoff. "Florence," a delightful tale of love — delightful, at least, to the teller: engraved by C. E. Wagstaff, from a drawing by F. P. Stephanoff. "India:" Hindoo maidens, who

" — Each within a little boat  
A little flame hath lit;"

and hath set it afloat on the Ganges, to ascertain the fate of her affections: engraved by H. Egleton, from a drawing by J. Brown. "Venice," a gallant handing his innamorata into a gondola, for an excursion on the Adriatic: engraved by W. Holl, from a drawing by F. P. Stephanoff. "Audalusia:" the termination of a bull-fight; mules dragging away the slain animal. In the foreground, a would-be matadore, of four years old, delighting his mamma and aunt by his ardent and enthusiastic expression and gestures: engraved by W. Holl, from a drawing by J. Brown, &c. &c.

#### Illustration of the Oriental Annual, for 1838. Tilt.

THE pleasure with which we have looked through these beautiful Illustrations has been sadly damped by the melancholy reflection that the hand which produced them is now cold in death. It is not probable that an artist will speedily reappear, who, in addition to great professional taste and skill, shall possess the intimate knowledge of eastern scenery and manners, which manifested itself even in the slightest sketch that proceeded from the pencil of the late Mr. Daniell. Numerous as are the subjects of that kind which were treated by him through a long and indefatigable life, the present series shews that neither his portfolio nor his memory was exhausted; but that he still retained the means of furnishing the highest gratification to the admirers of Asiatic landscape or architecture, character, and costume. Among the most striking specimens are, "Hindoo Female at the Tomb of her Child" (most appropriately selected as a frontispiece); "The

Mausoleum of Nizamondeen Pulea, Delhi; "Baalee, at Allahabad;" "The Rope Bridge, at Sirinagur," "Elephants fighting, Lucnow," (literally a devil of a dust); "Futtypore Sucri, near Agra;" "Deserted Houses of Palam Chiefs, at Old Delhi;" "Minar, at Futtypore;" "Mausoleum of Hamaicon, at Delhi;" "Castle of Ponaka, in Bontan;" "Fortress of Chunar, on the Ganges;" "A Female Peasant of Ceylon," &c. &c.

*Smugglers Attacked.* Painted by H. P. Parker; drawn on stone by T. Fairland.

A SPIRITED group. But again we must remonstrate against the stale trick of projecting parts of the figure, and their shadows over the boundary line of the frame.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### TRAFALGAR.\*

BRITAIN'S Queen! Victoria, hail!  
List! I tell no idle tale;  
Short and simple is my story,  
Nelson's grave, and England's glory!  
Shall this proud, eventful day,  
Still unnoticed pass away!  
And no medal, badge, or star,  
Mark the fight of Trafalgar?  
Hearts and blades of metal true,  
Won the field of Waterloo—  
All who fought, with honest glow,  
Can the well-earned medal shew.  
On the wild, embattled waves,  
Death the gallant seaman braves!  
Hark! the rolling main afar,  
Shouts, "Remember Trafalgar!"  
Come, ye tritons, from the deep;  
Wake, dead warriors, from your sleep;  
Nelson's spirit bids ye claim  
Honours due to England's fame.  
Where would be her power and pride,  
Did her ships not rule the tide?  
Grant the brave, O royal star,  
Medals meet for Trafalgar!

### SKETCHES.

#### MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.†

MR. EDITOR,—I am greatly surprised that, in all the published reports of the late meeting of this learned body, at Liverpool, many very important papers are left unnoticed. I had the pleasure of being present, but *incog.*, and made notes of all the proceedings; and if you can find space for the following supplement to the report which you have published, you will only do your duty to the intelligent public by inserting it.—I remain yours, &c.

JAMES H. FENNELL.

*Section A.*—Professor Aquarius, of Geneva, read a most interesting paper, in which, after having observed that astronomers had long been in *darkness* as to the nature of the *luminous* celestial bodies, vulgarly called stars, comets, &c., he stated that he had accidentally made the important discovery, that they are merely the reflections of the various waters of our own globe. A short time ago, he made two ponds in his garden, and, on the ensuing night, he discovered, from his observatory, two

stars which were perfectly new to him and all other astronomers. The following day two more ponds were made near to the others; and that evening two more stars were visible close to those observed on the previous night. He then, for experiment sake, made a pond upon the top of a high mound, and, having formed a trench to connect it with one of the lower ponds, he broke down the bank of the raised pond, so as to permit the water it contained to run rapidly into the other. He now looked up, and observed the reflection or star produced by the raised pond running with rapidity towards the reflection of the other pond, thus producing the common phenomenon of a meteor or shooting star. The author concluded by observing that this discovery proves that the stars are not inhabited, and that, as he has no doubt that the sun is only the reflection of the Red Sea, and the moon of the Sea of Azoff, he thinks we may conclude them to be equally tenantless. The learned professor sat down amid most deafening applause, which lasted for two hours and a half.

Professor Frost read a valuable paper 'On Icebergs,' and described many of enormous size. He thought that, if a tunnel were bored through them, the North Pole might be reached very easily. Mr. Snow Harris and Mr. Hailstone said they highly approved of the suggestion, and hoped it would attract the attention of Mr. Brunel.

*Section B.*—Professor Faraday read a short paper, wherein he observed that he had every reason to suspect antimony to be an alkali, because it is *so dear* (soda). Dr. Davy then remarked that he himself thought that antimony-wine was made dearer (*Madeira*).

Professor Goldfuss then made some remarks upon gold-mines, and on the iron-y of Steele. Colonel Silvertop said he quite acquiesced in the observations of the talented professor.

Mr. Charlesworth stated that a great quantity of plum-pudding stone had been discovered in the counties of Kent and Essex. Mr. Chadwick said he rejoiced at the discovery, as it would afford another means of economising in the victualling department of the poor-houses. He would communicate the interesting fact to the commissioners.

*Section C.*—Professor Sedgwick exhibited some portions of an ancient barrel-organ which had become fossilised. These *organic remains* were, as he remarked, very curious.

Dr. Buckland exhibited a large slab of free-stone, on which were four distinct marks, which he considered to be the foot-marks of some extinct animal. Mr. Murchison said he thought they were only the *foot-marks of a table*. The two gentlemen then entered into a lengthy dispute, which terminated without either embracing the other's opinion.

*Section D.*—Mr. Golding Bird read a paper 'On the Perch, and on the Goldfinch.' It was exceedingly technical, as his writings generally are.

Professor Frost read a paper 'On the Skate and Bleak.' He was applauded by every *sole* present.

Mr. Swainson read a paper, proving that, as *Cuvier* is the French for a *cooper*, the illustrious naturalist of that name must have been a follower of the *ternary* (turnery) system. Several systematists said that this was not a fair and logical inference; but the author replied, that he never would abandon any notion after having had the trouble of forming it.

Mr. Bell read a paper, of much interest, on the *clapper-rail*. He concluded amid a *peel* of applause.

Mr. Neville Wood exhibited the very mouse which came from the mountain in labour. Both he and the mouse were looked at with much curiosity.

An eminent *fly-catcher*, whose name we could not catch, read a paper 'On the genus *Musci-capa*.'

Mr. Gould read a paper 'On Bird Stuffing.' He did not approve of stuffing them with *sage and onions*, a barbarous method recommended by Glass, Kitchiner, Ude, Meg Doda, and others.

Mr. Yarrell exhibited some very interesting specimens, among which, were a *Buphaga*, or *beef-eater*, caught in the Tower; an *adjutant* from Waterloo; a *moor-hen* from Tom Moore; a *frog* from Crofton Croker; a strange *calf* from Cowes; a large *swan* from the Signet Office; a *great seal* from the Lord Chancellor; a *fire-flare* from Swing; some voracious *sharks* from Lincoln's Inn; and the "cinque-spotted mole" of Imogen.

Mr. Newman read a paper 'On the Ichneumon,' and then exhibited a very large *blue-bottle* found in a wine-cellar. The Bishop of Ferns read a paper 'On the *Cryptogamia*,' and Mr. Doubleday made some observations respecting the *double dahlia*.

Mr. Jesse exhibited a new species of *jessamine*, which grows in the ground where it lives till it dies.

*Section E.*—Dr. Roget made some statements corroborative of the discovery of a modern French philosopher, that the soul is but two grains of phosphorous. He said he believed the Will-o'-the-wisp to be the soul disengaged from some human being.

Mr. Knapp read a paper 'On Sleep,' and referred to the experiments of Baron Dupotet, who sends people to sleep by means of animal magnetism. He said he had often observed sleep produced by reading of a dull book or a sermon.

*Section F.*—Colonel Sykes read some valuable memoranda respecting the statistics of the metropolis. Among other things, it appeared that there are in London, 75,000 persons who chew tobacco; 100,000 who take snuff; 200,000 who smoke pipes; 80,000 who smoke cigars; 700,000 who have pocket-handkerchiefs, and 900,000 who have nothing but fingers; 600,000 who have quiet wives; 900,500 who have cross wives; and 700,000 who have no wives at all. He promised to lay before them, at the next meeting, a statistical report of the respective numbers of venders of hot kidney-puddings, sheep's-heads, dog's-meat, and baked potatoes, in London.

Dr. Taylor read a paper 'On the Medical Statistics of London,' from which it appeared, that 25,000 persons (including infants) take castor oil regularly once a week; 400,000 occasionally; and 700,000 never; 200 take the medicines prescribed by their doctors, and 900,500 throw their physic "to the dogs."

*Section G.*—Mr. Herapath exhibited some models for steam watches and clocks. He said that the application of steam to watches and clocks is entirely his own invention, and one for which he hopes to obtain a patent.

Mr. Monk Mason read a paper 'On the use of the Balloon in extracting Teeth.' He said, that if a number of lines of pack-thread be attached to the car of the balloon by one end, and the other ends fastened round the teeth of as many persons, all their teeth might be very expertly and comfortably extracted from their gums, simultaneously, on the rising of the balloon. The gentleman sat down amid great applause.

\* Received too late for the anniversary last Saturday; but never out of time. We saw them on that morning crowning Westmacott's fine statue of Nelson with a laurel wreath at Birmingham; and thought, amid all our embellishments of London, there is no public memorial of gratitude to the immortal hero of the Nile and Trafalgar.—Ed.

† Having given our own report of the Liverpool proceedings, we are (notwithstanding Bos's preceding admirable *jeu d'esprit* in Bentley's last "Miscellany") well inclined to insert this good-humoured essay of a correspondent.

P.S. I have more to tell you about the meeting, but must let the matter stand over for a while.

### DRAMA.

THERE has been no novelty this week, unless we can call some transmutations novelties. At *Drury Lane*, Mr. Ternan (the husband of Miss Jarman) essayed his metropolitan spurs, on Wednesday, as *Shylock*; and, though not a striking, gave a fair and correct, representation of the Jew. The rest of the cast languished sadly; as, indeed, do the general casts of the pieces which have been got up, or rather got down, here to very thin houses. *Covent Garden*, besides the *Bridal*, finely acted, and other plays, in which Macready is an acknowledged host, has treated us with the *Poor Soldier*, and thus reminded us of pleasant times of the drama, in the most pleasant manner. The *Haymarket* continues the successful run of S. Knowles's modern antique comedy, the *Love Chase*, so excellently acted, so extravagant in its incidents, so admirable in its dialogue, so well contrived in its stage situations, and so delicate and poetical in its best female character—a charm in which the author is unsurpassed by any dramatist that ever wrote. Miss Vandenhoff is very praiseworthy in this part, *Lydia*; but the finest and highest powers might be taxed to delineate it to perfection. The *Adelphi*, with Power in *Rory O'More*, ably supported by Yates in *De Vellskein*, and efficiently by the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, continues to keep the Strand alive by the unceasing echoes of laughter from the theatre. The *Death Token*, from the *Surrey*, is but commonplace in its construction, and improbable in its catastrophe (for who would stick a dagger, the evidence of a murder, conspicuously in his girdle?); but the exquisite acting of Mrs. Yates redeems it, and nothing can surpass the pathos with which she moves from her half credulous and half apprehensive affectation of laughter at superstitious fears to the belief in the dread reality of the supernatural warning. At the *Olympic*, *Hugo Bambino* (the *quondam Court Jester* of the *Haymarket*) deserves our applause; though on the night we were there it seemed to lack spirit, though Farren was the hero, and played the character in the most finished style. *Vestris* is not at home in the simple plaintiff heroine; but we see it stated that she was obliged to perform it, or not perform the piece. The *Country Squire*, however, makes ample amends; where Mrs. Orger is *Temperance*, the housekeeper, than which nothing can be more perfect—not acting, but life itself, and so subdued and natural that we hardly know a parallel; and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, as the frightened guitarist and Moorish maiden in the intermediate vaudeville, make out a capital night's entertainment. At the *St. James's*, a new piece (the only exception to our statement) was produced on Thursday—too late for our notice. Mrs. Honey and Mr. Cockerton, we hear, are carrying on the *Norton Falgate* with spirit; and Miss Desborough, from Richmond, the *Queen's*.

### VARIETIES.

*Weather Wisdom*.—Our last week is so fairly prophesied, that we give the next with some confidence. "The end of the month variable; tokens of storms. The 30th raw and cold. The 31st rainy. Cloudy and dark weather. Many changes about the 2d and 3d, with wind and sleet. Cold air on the 4th—a fall of snow."

*Ether Enantique* (Ænantic).—In the sitting

of the French Academy of Sciences, on the 9th, M. Aug. Laurent announced, that he had succeeded in preparing enantic (not, as in our original, enantio) ether artificially. Mr. Deleschamps, to whom we owe the discovery of this ether, obtained it from old wines; and it is now generally believed that it is to this product that wines owe their peculiar bouquets.

*Ninth of November*.—Mr. Murphy, to whose meteorological predictions we have often referred (and who has just published a *Weather Almanac*,\* on his own principles, for 1838, and to which we shall have frequent occasion to allude), has advertised all cockneyland of the gratifying intelligence that the approaching ninth of November is likely to be a fine day for the royal city festival, though the weather both before and after it is likely to be bad. *Soit comme il est désiré!*

*Almanacs*.—Mr. Tilt has, as usual, issued a profusion of very cheap almanacs, in every form: and we have to notice the *Miniature*, a tiny thing of two inches by one; the *Hat*, to fit the crown, and costing a penny, not likely to make the purchaser over head and ears in debt; the *Useful*, another fair pennyworth, suited for London; the *Paragon*, and the *National*, other varieties, with the usual Almanac references and information. There is also a *Sunday Guide*, for the ensuing year, at the same moderate rate.

*Gresham Professorship of Music*.—Mr. Edward Taylor has been the successful candidate, having eight votes, whilst Mr. Horsley had two, and Mr. Phillips one.

*Education in France*.—In the beginning of the present year there were in the department of the Seine, 37 infant schools, with 6715 scholars; 259 communal schools, 30,017 scholars, and 53 classes of adults, 8456 students: in all, 47,188. A normal school, at Versailles, endowed with 12 bursaries, to educate teachers for primary schools, is to be added to the list.

*Malibran*.—M. Beriot's monument to Malibran, in the cemetery at Laken, as designed by Geef, is described to be a rectangular chapel, surmounted by a cupola and cross. A single door is to admit the light of day to penetrate the interior. A fountain is also mentioned; and the vision of the spectator will only catch an indistinct and mysterious view of a pure marble statue of Malibran, as she appeared in the fifth act of "Norma," after she had cast off the royal mantle, and stood with a poetic expression of exaltation and grief in garments of white.

*Genuine and Important Scientific Intelligence*.

—The French journal, to which we have referred, gives the following among its scientific notices; our readers will perceive that it is translated from Boz's capital hoax:—"Le Professeur Queerspeck vient d'inventer un chemin de fer portatif: au moyen de cette invention, tout employé d'un ministère ou d'une administration pourrait se rendre à son bureau en faisant 65 miles à l'heure; il lui suffirait pour cela d'adapter le véhicule à ses pieds. On a demandé à l'inventeur s'il faudrait une surface plane pour appliquer ce système ingénieux; il a répondu que les voyageurs marcheraient par séries, attachés par le bras."

*Hummel*, the celebrated composer, is stated, in the German journals, to have died at Weimar on the 17th.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A periodical work devoted to the Picturesque and Romantic Scenery of the Birmingham Railway, has been some time in preparation, illustrated by Engravings on Steel.

\* Whittaker and Co.

Mr. Britton's long-promised "History and Illustrations of Caslobury," we learn, is very nearly ready. In a folio volume, consisting of thirty-five engravings, representing interior and exterior views of the house, cottages, lodges, &c.; with historical and descriptive accounts. The plates, presented to the author by the Earl of Eglinton, are from drawings by Turner, Alexander, Edridge, Hunt, Pugin, &c.; and only a limited number of copies are to be printed.

### In the Press.

Rural Life in England, by William Howitt.—Seven Weeks in Belgium, Switzerland, Lombardy, Piedmont, Savoy, &c., by John Roby, Esq., author of "Traditions of Lancashire," &c. &c.—Trelawney of Trelawney; or, the Prophecy: a Legend of Cornwall, by Mrs. Bray.—Life of Edward, first Earl of Clarendon, by T. Lister, Esq., with Original Correspondence.—A History of Prices, with reference to the Causes of their principal Variations from 1792 to the present time, by Thomas Tooke, Esq.—Electricity: its Nature, Operation, and Importance in the Phenomena of the Universe, by Wm. Leitch, Esq., Secretary of the Electrical Society of London.—Letters from an Absent Godfather; or, a Compendium of Religious Instruction for Young Persons, by the Rev. J. F. Riddle, M.A. Curate of Harrow.—History of English Literature, critical, philosophical, and biographical, by J. D.Israeli, Esq.—Vol. II. of The New Botanist's Guide, by H. Watson, comprehending Scotland, and the adjacent Isles.—Athens and Sparta; their Private Manners and Public Institutions, by James Augustus St. John.—A Popular Law Dictionary, by T. E. Tomlins, Barrister-at-Law.—Essays on Natural History, by Charles Waterton, Esq.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 19	From 32 to 57	30.22 to 30.31
Friday .... 20	.... 40 .. 63	30.35 .. 30.53
Saturday .. 21	.... 39 .. 59	30.48 .. 30.44
Sunday .... 22	.... 38 .. 59	30.36 .. 30.24
Monday .... 23	.... 49 .. 59	30.00 .. 29.73
Tuesday .. 24	.... 47 .. 54	29.56 .. 29.49
Wednesday 25	.... 32 .. 47	29.33 .. 29.22

Prevailing wind, S.W.  
Except the 23d, 24th, and morning of the 25th, generally clear, with rain.  
Rain fallen, .565 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude.... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

11. Ireland under Lord Mulgrave.  
London: Longman and Co. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.



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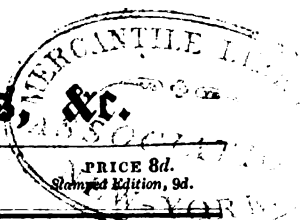
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The sketch of Lady Annabetta herself is the most powerful thing Mrs. Thomson has yet done. The fever of jealousy, fretting the mind till the mind itself gives way, is fearfully distinct and the closing scenes of her husband's death-bed, and those attendant upon it, are drawn with a terrible reality. But we must "open the leaves and look within," or rather let our readers look, endeavouring not to break in upon the narrative, but to give an idea of the style and sentiment.

*A Fancy Fair in a Country Town.*—"Feuds were at this moment rife in the small town of Chatfield. No Guelphs, nor Ghibellines, were ever more determined foes than the respective adherents of Mrs. Simcox and Mrs. Taggart had of late become. Various and intricate causes had unhappily, as it was the proper thing to say, wrought up these two ladies to the point of direct hostility. Mrs. Simcox wanted to manage the book society all in her own way. Mrs. Taggart was too eager and vehement in assuming and carrying on the business of a charitable society, the lady members of which had undertaken to make and sell various ornamental and useful articles for the benefit of the poor generally; a sort of ancestral proceeding to that species of charitable chivalry denominated, in our modern days, a fancy fair, or bazaar,—more modern undertakings, which were just beginning at this time to come into vogue, but were not patronised at present with that intense enthusiasm with which they have since been carried on and encouraged. The ladies of Chatfield, who humbly called themselves the Dorcas Society, and who had hitherto been contented with meeting monthly to cut out calico bed-gowns, and prick their fingers to pieces with

hemming linsey woolsey aprons, stimulated now by Mrs. Simcox's more elegant suggestion of fabricating fancy articles (she being nothing of a sewer herself), those highly meritorious ladies, the manager and secretary of the Dorcas Society, seconded by the members, had set out with Christian charity as their object, publicity and commendation as their aversion; nothing could be more objectionable than the notice that would be attracted to them, *et cetera, et cetera.* They met in committee, and quarrelled every time. The objects intended to benefit by the bazaar were, a benevolent society and county ophthalmic infirmary. Mrs. Simcox took the chair. At the very first onset, Mrs. Taggart walked out of the room. She was brought back by the united entreaties of her friends, but matters had not been satisfactorily composed. 'It was very distressing' to all the ladies, according to their own account, to be constrained to take one side or another. First, they were obliged to differ, and, that necessary preliminary being arranged, Mrs. Simcox and her set formed themselves into a committee in the tea-room, and Mrs. Taggart in the card-room, at the White Hart; a long, windy, blue-panelled apartment, occasionally divided by rickety folding doors, in which every meeting was held, from the bench of magistrates down to 'Mathews at Home,' where a ball one night was succeeded by Walker's orrery the next;—wax candles one evening, and fumes of tobacco the next morning. The belligerent parties being separated, the cause of benevolence began to flourish. Now and then, indeed, a scout from Mrs. Simcox's body-guard would intrude upon the dignified coterie of Mrs. Taggart; and occasionally, under the pretext of wanting ink, or borrowing paper, a confidential aide-de-camp of Mrs. Taggart was seen curteying in the opposite doorway to Mrs. Simcox, sure to be greeted when she came back with—'Well, Lizzy,' or 'Sophy, as it might chance, 'how are they getting on? Have they much to shew?' To do Mrs. Taggart justice, the prospects of her division were far more precise than those of her philosophic rival. Mrs. Simcox harangued better than she worked; and all she contributed to the stock of saleable things consisted in her own impromptus, scribbled in her own bad hand, upon note paper, and sealed—to be feloniously vendored for two shillings each. 'Well, if this is not picking pockets!' was Mrs. Taggart's exclamation, when news of these performances reached her hostile camp;—'but, to be sure, it is all for charity.'"

*Beautiful Miniature.*—"Florence was indeed a being upon whom a wiser and a better father than Major De Grey might look with pride. Her immature beauty had in it a rare and fascinating peculiarity; her hair—of a pale brown, not flaxen, nor yet chestnut, of that soft and rare tint which enhances the brilliancy of the complexion, while it scarcely casts a shadow upon the cheek—hung in ringlets, so loose that they almost might be called tresses, even to the boddice of her gown. The beauty of Florence de Grey, its quality and degree, was often, however, the source of dispute to common observers. The long, shrewd, and penetrating, yet soft and tender eye, half

hazel, half gray, required to be lighted up by certain feelings before its surpassing power and uncommon depth of expression could be estimated. The eye-brow was long and pencilled, but not dark, even though contrasted with a forehead, white, and clear, and high, such as may chiefly be traced in English beauties of the upper classes. But, if in the eye, that speaking feature, even the most partial observer might allow a somewhat of fire, or even severity, to be at times too obvious, the loveliness, and freshness, and innocence, of the mouth and lower part of the face, retrieved the defects of a transient, though frequent, expression, at this period of Miss De Grey's youth, almost too strong and flashing. There was such a play on those youthful lips; such sweetness, yet such sarcasm; such merriment, yet such sensibility, that real judges of beauty—that is to say, good judges of other things, persons of cultivated taste, refinement, and sense; for, without these requisites I would give little for the estimate which people pretend to make of beauty—such persons were uniformly led away, as the saying is, by Florence de Grey's face, or, rather, by Florence de Grey, with a different face, a different countenance, every five minutes; for evanescent were the smile and the gloom which succeeded each other on that beaming face. But how idle is description! for, whilst the impression which some countenances make upon the heart and imagination is indelible, language refuses its aid to the 'thoughts that breathe.'"

*Differing Delights of a Watering-Place.*—"One day at a watering-place is not only the mournful predecessor, but the monotonous prototype of another. First, the aristocratic visitant is quickly installed into the over-grown hotel; rooms chosen, ladies' maids and poodles are accommodated, imperials unpacked; the ladies dress, and look out of the window upon the long, new street, studded with flies—by courtesy so called—and donkey carriages; a solitary beau or two may be seen wending his way from the billiard-room, or, by signal good fortune, you may be cheered by the aspect of an arrival. Then a costly, but by no means sumptuous dinner is served up—beef-tea soup, venerable fish, and that legitimate loin, or half-loin, of mutton, indigenous in all watering-places. After dinner, how cheerful! The gentleman falls asleep, mamma nods, and the poor young lady is left to pass the long evenings the best way she can; generally languidly enough, without the solace of home interests, and with nothing but worsted work to console her. Such was, at least, the fate of Florence de Grey. Far happier are the merry citizens of some solid borough, who turn out for a week's holiday, bring neither servants nor carriage, are under no dominion of the phantom gentility, nor enslaved by domestics, leave their horses at home, pay, and sit down, with good appetites, unconscious of the chance of degradation, to the crowded public table. 'For I declare,' as remarked Mrs. Bird, who, with a flight of Birds, had alighted at Burkenhead, from Sheffield, 'one might as well be in one's own parlour with Mr. Bird, as live in one's own room.' Then, at the 'Family Hotel,' all different

members of the family are accommodated with society to their taste. Mr. Bird meets with a friend, with whom he has done business at York some ten years ago; is very glad to renew the acquaintance; half talks him into a bargain before coffee is announced. For a friend, in Mr. Bird's mind, is a ledger embodied—his moral qualities all centre in his credit. Then the Miss Birds—who come to Burkenhead with great expectations, and are at first disappointed, can at first see nothing that comes up exactly to their ideas, either in the natural or physical world—find, after a few dinners and a little music in the evening, that they made too precipitate a judgment—they attract and are attracted—the eye and fancy are caught—and they go home at the week's end, having passed the happiest week in their lives; whilst their amiable mamma has returned with a fresh and consolatory conviction of the extreme delicacy of her own health, and the interest with which her case has inspired Mrs. Thomson of Hull, Mrs. Green of Halifax, and various other matronly ladies, arrived at that age when every thing but dress and medicine has ceased to afford them much interest. For woman, it seems, must take up some folly to console her in her passage through life; and perhaps I should say that, in uncultivated minds, and with unemployed hands—though with neither of these conditions in our sex can the present day be reproached—that to such, the least useful, most fretful, and most egotistical period of existence, is that when, having performed all that Providence has allotted to her in the way of having and rearing children, she steps into confirmed middle age—has less to do than she ever before had in her life—nothing progressive in her own immediate prospects—finds that her children can do very well without her; and feels that the days of romance are over with the worthy gentleman, her husband."

*Description of a Statue.*—"It was that of a girl of eighteen or nineteen, softly and negligently fallen into a slumber, her arms folded underneath her face, which, in an attitude incidental to youth, rested upon them,—a beautiful exemplification that in the spring of life our sleep is easy, and requires not the appliances and means to boot, which the pillowed head of a more troublous period of life renders essential. The figure now alluded to, seemed, in truth, to press, as of one actually in deep, though soft repose, the mattress on which it lay extended, the air and sentiment of repose pervading every limb, and every muscle characterising even the loose and light folds of the clinging raiment, and resting upon the placid features of the youthful face, which certainly resembled that of Florence. There was an indefinable languor, not of disease, but of slumbrous inanition, perfectly distinct from death, upon the brow, the mouth, the rounded and placid limbs; and yet so perfect was the illusion, that a vague impression was imparted to the observer, that the sleeper might instantly awake, or be aroused to consciousness and activity; so serene, yet so breathing, it seemed; so delicate, yet so full of vigour; in short, so human was it,—not

'So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start! for life is wanting there;'

for art had done her utmost, and the inspirations of genius had almost vivified the cold marble."

*The Death-beds of a Workhouse.*—"There were seven or eight beds only in this ward; and the flower of the infirmary's unhappy tenantry, the youthful and the hopeful, those

who loved life, and who were not admonished by loss of limb,—or obstruction of muscular strength,—or benighted reason, to give it up without reluctance, were here laid; reason in most instances fully spared to them,—spared to aggravate the bitterness of separation from their humble homes, their consignment to strange nurses, and, worst of all, spared to them to see hourly some neighbour in misfortune carried off to that resting-place where each in her turn expected to be carried next. On one bed lay a mother just entered into the infirmary, who had left her children; they were ill of the whooping-cough, and their father was out at work all day: she was crying bitterly, fearful that they would be neglected, and in particular that little Johnny, the youngest, would not be happy with the strange girl, hired at a shilling a week, whom she had left to nurse him. Next to her, was a young married woman, far advanced in consumption; brought on by cold after her first confinement. Her case was hopeless, but not one of immediate danger, and time was allowed her to prepare for the last change. To the question, tearfully asked by Miss De Grey, whether she was resigned to the idea of an early death? she answered simply, 'that she should be, but she had not been married above a year, and she had a kind husband, and a young infant, whom she was loath to leave,' and a flood of tears brought on a fit of coughing, so fearful, that the frame of the poor young woman was shaken, as a stem of a frail birchen or larch-tree is shaken by the wind; and Florence moved on until the dire paroxysm was past. The unfortunate occupant of the next bed was still younger than any of the former objects of heartfelt compassion. She had been a dress-maker; and the neat night-cap, under which appeared the plaited hair, tied on either side of her face with a scrap of pink riband, shewed a former attention to the vanities—perhaps the sinful vanities, of life. This patient was in the last agonies; with her the combat was almost over; she was breathing her last, in hard gaspings; her blue eyes fixed, but her mind still conscious—her fair hand, garnished with rings, lay upon the coarse sheets; no one knew anything about her, except her age, nineteen: no friends had been to see her, nor distant relatives sent her any token of kindness. Her previous life, her, perhaps, lonely sufferings, first hard work, then sickness, then want, might be conjectured, but they were not ascertained. She was far gone when she came in; the clergyman had not been with her—he was expected in a quarter of an hour—'but then'—the nurse said, looking at the poor girl, 'her pains will be over.'"

These extracts will shew the great variety of talent displayed in this work—there is that lively wit, which is so successful in making the real stand vividly before us; and there is a deep feeling, subdued by high principle; together with the power of making both effective in the story. The *Lady Annabella* is a work that must greatly add to Mrs. Thomson's already high reputation.

*Wallace; a Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts.*  
8vo. pp. 173. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THERE are but few subjects in Scottish history better adapted for dramatic representation than the daring exploits of Wallace, and the rude but chivalric characters to whom he was opposed. His life resembles the remembrance of an appalling and splendid dream, in which all that is golden and glorious is tarnished and

bedabbled with blood; like the last sunset which gilded the vanes of Herculaneum, there is something ominous in its decline. He seemed, from the outset, to stand like Samson, grasping the pillars of the temple, and prepared for the death that impended in the avalanche of his own slaughterers. Like Crichton, he shot across the sky, sudden and startling as a meteor; and scarcely had man time to point out the terrible track which he had traversed before he was gone.

No marvel, then, that a young mind should, eighteen years ago, and in the short space of six days, while attempting to grapple with, and portray such a character as Wallace (in the onward burst of enthusiasm, and all the flush and excitement created in the youthful boom while contemplating such a hero), commit many faults in composition, which practice, and the judgment of maturer years, would avoid. One advantage is, however, gained by such faults: the composition oftener retains all that fire and stirring energy which are wanting in the coldly correct and more finished production. The present tragedy contains many passages that would bear out our assertion: intermixed, it is true, with dross and rough matter, but which, when carefully examined, will be found to produce sterling and golden poetry. Take the following burst:—

"The storm increases. Hark!  
That awful peal might daunt the bravest spirit,  
And sober even madness."

The two following lines are also very graphic and original:—

"When war knocks at the gate, nor waits our coming,  
But bursts the lock, and rudely rushes in."

Here, again, is a picture:—

"Oh, 'twas a moving scene  
To see each hill and village on its brow  
Smile in the beauteous splendour of the sun—  
As young and old, the matron and the maid,  
The lame, bedridden, and the hisping babe,  
With anxious eyes knooked to the field of war!  
While blessing and fond hope, together blending  
In patriot tears, stole silently along  
Their trembling cheeks."

Although there are many passages scattered over these pages containing great strength and beauty, yet, if extracted, they would scarcely convey a notion of the power and harmony which run through and link the scenes together.

The plot is well sustained. The scene where the traitor Lundie offers to lead the English commanders by a safe path to the Scottish camp is admirably given. The fair Florenna is a lovely character, and the meeting between her and Wallace, after the battle, teems with pathos and poetry. The wavering and conscience-stricken Monteith, and the ambitious and treacherous Cumming, are vividly drawn, while the positions they occupy are strictly and powerfully dramatic. The interview between Eliza and her father, where she discovers him in the English uniform, previous to his betraying Wallace, is both startling and fine; nor can we remember any modern tragedy better adapted for theatrical representation than the one now before us, especially if a little care were bestowed on the alteration of a few passages.

We extract the following beautiful specimens, and leave our readers to decide for themselves.

"(Alarum. Re-enter Wallace bearing Florenna, who is wounded by an arrow.)  
Wallace. I hope it is not mortal—  
Here may'st thou rest in safety, and take breath.

Florenna. I feel a little faint—but 'twill be over—  
And I shall rest in peace!  
(Sitting down on a hillock.)  
Wal. O dear Florenna!

Speak not despairingly.—Alas! what brought thee  
Where war's rude shafts respect not whom they visit—  
But deal destruction to the fair and brave  
Promiscuously?—



*Flor.* Didst thou not bid me watch,  
And be thy guardian angel?—Yes! most kindly—  
And I did promise.—

*Wal.* Oh, 'twas but in thought!  
And not by deed—

*Flor.* I've watched thee long in thought,  
And wished to prove my fervency by action.  
And I am happy—though it may not last—  
But while I breathe—I will—

*Wal.* Sweet flower of beauty!  
Oh, droop not thus in hope's enamoured bloom,  
To desolate our hearts!

*Flor.* Where is my brother?  
*Wal.* Fear not for Graham—his sword exults in battle,  
And we shall triumph yet.

*Flor.* Ye are betrayed  
By Cumming's cowardice.—My fears prove true—  
Too true, alas!—but thou would'st not believe me.  
*Wal.* We are prepared to meet our fate like men;  
And Heaven can ask no more.

*Flor.* Oh, may ye prosper  
Still, in the care of Heaven, and Scotia's love!  
I could say much—but modesty forbids  
What death would yet allow me.

*Wal.* Name not death,—  
Floremma! thou wilt live.

*Flor.* When I am gone,  
Wilt thou tell Graham how his loved sister died?  
And say she blessed him with her dying breath  
For loving thee!—Oh, wilt thou tell him, Wallace?  
I would do more for thee!—I know thou wilt—  
Thy tears speak feelingly unto my heart:  
And I could weep in sympathy of soul—  
But—oh, my day weeping is gone by,  
And the long night of sorrow—

*Wal.* Be composed;—  
And Graham will come to cheer thee.

*Floremma.* He may weep  
While thinking of his tenderness to me,  
And dreams of love!—but he will tell thee all!  
And I shall be thy guardian angel still,  
In yonder sphere. I will request that favour,  
Even for thy sake! and Heaven shall grant the boon,  
To watch o'er those who shared our earthly love!  
Oh, 'twill be ecstasy to gaze on thee,  
Beloved of heaven, and idolised by men,  
For virtuous independence to the last,  
Exalting Scotland's glory!"

*Bibliotheca Cantiana: a Bibliographical Account of what has been Published on the History, Topography, Antiquities, Customs, and Family History of the County of Kent.* By John Russell Smith. 8vo. pp. 360. London, 1837, J. R. Smith; Canterbury, Ward; Rochester, Vidion; Dover, Batchellor; Ashford, Elliot; Chatham, Burrill; Maidstone, J. Brown, C. Brown; Dartford and Bromley, Dunkin; Greenwich, Richardson; and West-erham, George.

This volume belongs to a class of great utility, and requiring much diligent research and attention in all its parts to render them what they ought to be. We congratulate Mr. Smith on the performance of his task. His work is a *sine qua non* to every Kentish library; and one which the general historian and antiquary will do well to consult. It seems to us to be very accurate and complete; and we are sure that it contains much curious and valuable information—local, biographical, topographical, antiquarian, bibliographical, statistical, and national. We recommend it heartily; though it is not in our power to convey any particular notion of its merits by entering into details or making extracts.

A single example must suffice to shew his manner of treating his subjects.

"The History of Kent, in Five Parts, containing:—1. An exact Topography or Description of the County; 2. The Civil History of Kent; 3. The Ecclesiastical History of Kent; 4. The History of the Royal Navy of England; 5. The Natural History of Kent, by John Harris, D.D. and F.R.S., Vol. I. folio. London, 1719.

"Collation.—Title, Dedication, Preface, an Ode by P. Motteux, List of Subscribers, &c. 8 leaves. History of Kent, pp. 592; Index, Additions, and Emendations, pp. 40; Plates.—Portrait of Harris; Map of the County, surrounded with the Arms of the Subscribers. 1. View of Preston Hall, p. 39; Broome, p. 34; Chilton Manor, p. 41; Wierton, p. 49; Boughton Court, p. 49; Chart Sutton, p. 60; Tragnall, p. 72; Cheneving, p. 74; High Street House, p. 75; Chepsted Place, p. 75; Aldington West-Court, p. 98; Smith's Hall, p. 120; Tutsham Hall, p. 121; Goodnestone, p. 132; Mount Morris, p. 156; Ightham Court, p. 162; Knowlton, p. 171; the Grange, and Leyburn Castle, p. 172; Leeds Abbey, p. 176; the Mole, p. 192; Beachborough, p. 216; Oxen Heath, p. 235; Penshurst, p. 236; Plate of Antiquities, p. 246; View of

Rochester, p. 251; Knoie (3 Plates), p. 278; Kippington, p. 278; House of Dr. Fuller, Sevenoaks, p. 279; Lee's Court, p. 280; Tunbridge Wells, p. 292; Sundridge Place, and Bore Place, p. 303; Inories, p. 306; Map of the Isle of Thanet, p. 313; Mappa Thaneti Insule, p. 315; Waldershare, p. 325; Squieries, p. 329; Pendock, p. 330; Deane, p. 333; Reculver Church and Beacons in Kent, p. 345; Map of Romney Marsh, p. 348; Kite Coty House, a Janus's Head, and Dover Castle, p. 371; also three Woodcuts on pp. 89, 218, and 383.

"Dr. John Harris was born about 1667, and received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1687, and that of Master in 1691. Having taken orders in the church, he obtained considerable preferments. He was first instituted into the rectory of Barming, in this county, which he resigned for St. Mildred, Broad Street, London; he had, also, the perpetual curacy of Stroud, and a prebend in Rochester Cathedral: he wrote a variety of sermons and treatises on the mathematics; a compilation of voyages and travels, in two volumes folio; but the work for which he was most eminently distinguished, was his 'Lexicon Technicum' or, an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,' the first book of its kind published in this country, and from which originated all the other dictionaries of science and cyclopedias which have appeared. Though Harris was a man of unquestionable abilities and attainments, he was charged with culpable imprudence in his conduct; and, notwithstanding the preferments he enjoyed, was generally in distress. He died, Sept. 17, 1719, an absolute pauper, at Norton Court, and was buried in Norton church at the expense of John Godfrey, Esq., who had long been his friend and benefactor. His 'History of Kent' was published shortly after his death, which, though he had been engaged on it eight years, contains but few alterations from the former descriptions of this county, and as few continuations of families, the owners of the several manors and estates, concluding with the possessors of them in Philip's time, 1686. What progress the doctor made towards the second volume, which was to have contained the history of Rochester Cathedral, an account of the eminent persons of the county, the religious foundations, and a history of the royal navy, is not known. Dying insolvent, his papers came into the hands of Edward Goddard, Esq., of Chiffe Pyppard, Co. Wilts, who had them in 1761. Hasted made every inquiry after them when he was writing his history of the county, but gained no knowledge of them.—Gough, Rees, Hasted."

We shall only subjoin two brief passages; the first on account of its being capable of a rather startling double construction; and the last as a fair bull.

"A Tear of regret to the memory of Lieut.-Col. Shadwell, who was murdered at Wrotham, June 1, 1799, by the Rev. William Cole."

[N.B. The Colonel was really murdered by two deserters, and not by the clergyman, who only wrote the "Tear," &c.]

Edward Hasted "died at the Master's Lodge of the Lady Hungerford's Hospital, Corsham, Wilts, at the advanced age of 80, Jan. 14, 1812. By Anne, his wife, who died in 1803, Mr. Hasted left four sons and two daughters.—*Gent's Mag., communicated by Hasted himself.*"

Here we bid our worthy compiler adieu, and have merely to request our readers, if they like parallels to these *facetas*, to have the goodness to turn to our review of *Chelsea Hospital*.

#### *Chelsea Hospital, and its Traditions, &c.*

[Second notice.]

IN our last No. we described, very briefly, the interesting features of this publication. Of the Christmas-day tumult at Canterbury, and the Maidstone fight, both connected with the rising in Kent (1647, 8), Mr. Gleig has, as we observed, made an excellent use for the object he had in view; though it was no easy matter to equal, still less to exceed, the records extant of those transactions in the numerous contemporary tracts\* which then supplied the place of newspaper intelligence. The most famous of Marlborough's campaigns, the prototypes of Wellington's, are also illustrated with historical

\* Such as "Canterbury Christmas, or a True Relation of the Insurrection in Canterbury on Christmas Day, with the great Hurt that befel divers Persons thereby;" "The Designs of the Rebels in Kent, at their Rendezvous the day before the Storming of Maidstone;" "Bloody News from Kent, being a Relation of the Fight at Maidstone and Rochester;" "Sad News out of Kent, &c., in a Letter from Chatham, of the Rising at Maydstone, &c., and their Intentions to Randevouse at Blackheath"—which, if they had done, by the way, the results might have been widely different.—*Ed. L. G.*

truth as well as peculiar spirit; and Neil Campbell's adventures give life to the Spanish war of Peterborough. The story of Catherine Welch (which is related to exhibit the wars of King William) is a very remarkable one, and seems to derive little addition or embellishment from the author's pen. He states that—

"In the list of old admissions into Chelsea Hospital there is one entry which I am bound to transcribe, in defiance of the shock which its peculiar phraseology may give to minds as sensitive as my own. It runs thus:—'19th Nov. 1717. Stair's Dragoons: Catherine Welch, a *fall jolly* breast woman, received several wounds in the service, in the habit of a man;—from the 19th July, 1717.' The reader will easily believe that the perusal of this legend excited in me no common desire to discover something of the history of the individual to whom it referred. I take it for granted that a similar feeling is at this moment operating with him; and it is, therefore, very satisfactory to me that I am in a condition to gratify his curiosity. Catherine Cavenaugh, otherwise Catherine Welch, otherwise Catherine Davies, otherwise Mother Ross, was born in Dublin, some time in the year 1667. She was the daughter of an honest and industrious couple, who earned their livelihood,—the husband by managing a malthouse and brewery, the wife out of the proceeds of a farm, which in her own name she seems to have rented. They do not appear to have had any other children than Catherine,—at least my authorities make of such no mention; and Catherine became, in consequence, a prodigious favourite with them. It was the height of their ambition to render her an accomplished woman, for which purpose they sent her to one of the best schools in the city. But Kate's views were in these respects at variance with those of her parents. She learned to read and write, and to use her needle; but in scholastic life she never advanced further. On the contrary, having a strong passion for out-of-doors occupations, she insisted on residing at the farm, where she handled the flail and guided the plough with as much dexterity as the best of her mother's labourers. Several instances are recorded of her juvenile habits, of which it is unnecessary to say more than that they entirely acquit her of all undue leaning to the weaknesses, bodily and mental, of a woman's nature. I find, for example, that at eighteen she would mount astride upon the wildest horse, and leap him, without saddle or bridle, over hedge and ditch. She had a passion, likewise, for the refined amusement which is still, I believe, prosecuted at Greenwich Fair, namely, rolling down hill in company with a whole troop of persons of like tastes and habits. And, as to her personal strength and agility, take this as a specimen:—When the ceremony of proclaiming James the Second was in progress, in 1686, Kate happened to be perched on the top of a haystack. She was determined to witness the whole affair; so, making but a single step to the ground, she vaulted over a five-bar gate, and jostled her way through the crowd, till she reached the heralds themselves. I am afraid that there is in all this very little that appertains to the romantic or the tender; yet was Catherine not without her amiable points, too, as will be discovered in the sequel. Whether Catherine's father was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, I have not been able to discover; but in politics he was a sturdy Jacobite; for, when James came to Ireland, after his expulsion from the English throne, our brewer, among others, took up arms in his defence,

'He sold all his standing corn and other valuable effects,' says my authority; 'and with that money, and what he had by him, he raised a troop of horse, and set out at the head of it to join the king's army.' And here again his daughter, while the process of enlistment was going on, exhibited unquestionable symptoms of that firmness and intrepidity which were in due time to win for her an exalted niche in the temple of Fame. Mr. Cavanaugh, more learned in the qualities of malt than of horseflesh, bought a charger which neither he nor the boldest of his troop could ride. Kate took him in hand, and soon gave him to the captain as pliable and gentle as need be. Nor was this all. One day a riot took place at the door of a church within which Kate's mother was engaged in her devotions; and a party of Jacobite soldiers were marched thither, to make prisoners of the congregation. Kate swore to deliver her mother at all events; for which purpose she armed herself with a spit, and used it so effectually that, after running the sergeant through the calf of the leg, she burst the cordon, and brought off her mother in triumph. She had well-nigh been brought into trouble for this exploit,—indeed she was some time in confinement; but the father's zeal in the exiled monarch's cause being weighed against the daughter's indiscriminating violence, Kate was set at liberty. The author to whom I am mainly indebted for these facts has judged it expedient to mix up his sketch of Catherine's life with an outline of the military operations that took place in Ireland during the eventful years that immediately succeeded the Revolution. It is not my purpose to follow his example in these respects; for I do not find that Catherine took any part in the struggle. On the contrary, she appears to have lived quietly with her mother at the farm in the country; whence she removed, at the termination of the war, to Dublin, and became the companion and assistant, and eventually the successor, of an aunt who kept a public-house not far from College Green. Here, then, we find her established in a line of life which may be supposed to have accorded well with her singular temperament and disposition. Yet it must not be imagined that Catherine, either as an inn-keeper or a breaker-in of fierce horses, was wholly insensible to the tender passion. Long before her settlement on College Green, she had given her heart to a cousin of her own, who behaved ill to her. She, accordingly, renounced his society, and, with her usual firmness, resisted all his endeavours to reinstate himself in her favour; but she did not, on that account, lock up for ever the kindly feelings of her heart. There was in her own employment an insinuating tapster, Richard Welch by name, who found in his mistress's eyes especial favour, and who was brought to comprehend and take advantage of the good fortune that had befallen him, by means illustrative of the delicacy of sentiment which formed a striking trait in Catherine's character. Kate sighed in private for her amiable drawer, but could not, of course, make the first advances. She, therefore, commissioned an intimate friend to acquaint him with the real nature of his position; not abruptly or by positive assertion, but quietly, by hints, and insinuations, and all those unostentatious but efficient means of proceeding in which, I am sure most unjustly, women are said to be versed. Now honest Welch was slow of comprehension. He could not believe at first that 'the lot had fallen to him on such pleasant ground'; indeed, it was not till the kind confidante assured him, 'she

knew almost enough of the matter to promise him success,' that he could be induced to move. But he did move at last: and having been abruptly rejected, and told 'to mind the business of the house, and not her, which would better become him'; lo! his mistress softened in her ire. In one word, before the week was out, Catherine Cavanaugh had become Mrs. Welch, and Mr. Welch, landlord of the 'Pig and Bagpipes.'"

For her subsequent extraordinary career as a light-horseman, and a camp sutler, we must be content to refer to Mr. Gleig, a taste of whose talent for describing it may be enjoyed from the sample we have had room to give. The taking of Quebec is a more general narrative; and this, with some further accounts of Chelsea Hospital, concludes the second volume.

In the third we are treated with further details and accounts of recent improvements, admirably written; and then follow a series of wild, supernatural traditions, and anecdotes of tragical events which have happened in various branches of the service. A touch of French imprisonment at Verdun, a sketch from Waterloo, and the real personal biographies of several pensioners, including two or three centenarians, and a simple and affecting one of George Thornton, who died last year, aged 42, conclude the interesting miscellany, of which we regret that we can give but so imperfect an idea. Of Mr. Gleig's feeling, however, one short extract may suggest a faint notion; he is speaking of the funeral of a pensioner, the grave surrounded by his aged comrades:—"Therefore, (he says) not with the indifference which often marks the manner of those whose career has been less exposed than his own to difficulties and temptations, does the old soldier listen to the short and beautiful service which our church has appointed to be read at the burial of the dead. On the contrary, he feels where common men scarcely hear: and from his soul comes the Amen which answers to the touching petition, in which 'we meekly beseech our Father to raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; so that when we shall depart this life we may rest in Him, as our hope is this our brother doth.'"

Of the superstitious legends we shall copy one as a sample. It is told by a corporal, and the scene is the banks of the Niagara near the falls:—

"There was (he tells) a man in my company, by name James Sweetlove, an honest, simple-minded, quiet fellow,—a good soldier too, as far as sobriety and cleanliness contribute to make a soldier, but altogether deficient in the sort of spirit which goes far to carry him through whatever difficulties and dangers may beset him. Sweetlove was married, and, having left his wife and two children in England, never ceased, from the hour of his arrival at head-quarters, to bewail his hard fate. He was exceedingly attached to them; it had well nigh broken his heart to abandon them; and the constant burden of his song was, that they would never meet again. All arguments, all jokes, all remonstrances, failed to turn him aside out of this melancholy state of feeling. 'Well, well,' was his habitual answer, 'you may say just what you please, but when I embraced my wife and little ones on the beach at Portsmouth, something whispered in my ear, that it was for the last time; and you will see whether or not it spoke truly.' Jem Sweetlove was on picket with me during the night of the 15th. It came to his turn to mount sentry by the river's side at midnight, and he went to his post, not gaily, for Jem was

never gay, but as free from oppression as we had seen him since he joined us. Well, I returned to the picket fire, after planting the reliefs, and had sat about half an hour, chatting, as men are apt to do in such situations with their comrades, when a musket-shot from the line of sentries caught my ear, and a general alarm was excited. We all stood to our arms; but the firing was not repeated, and no tumult in the front succeeded it. The officer, accordingly, after waiting about ten minutes, desired me to ascertain the cause of the shot; and taking with me a file of men, I hastened to obey his orders. Beginning on the right of the line, I ascertained, first from one sentinel and then from another, that all was quiet in the front, though they too had heard the shot, and for a moment had been startled by it. As I approached the centre, however, where Sweetlove kept post, the intelligence communicated was more explicit. In a word, it was believed that Sweetlove had fired,—but why, nobody could tell, for there had been no movement either on the river or along the opposite bank since the relief went round. Forward I now pushed, towards Sweetlove's station. There was no moon in the heavens, but the stars were out by millions,—and by their light objects could be discerned at some little distance. Carefully, therefore, I looked abroad, being unwilling to censure without reason; yet I could see nothing, except the mighty St. Lawrence rolling on in its solitude. I was, therefore, ready to discharge a volume of abuse at the culprit, when I beheld him make a sudden spring towards the river, cast his firelock from him, and jump in. 'Is the man beside himself!' cried I, as we ran forward to save him. Neither was it an easy matter to accomplish that object, for the current was strong and the channel deep; and the stream had swept him a considerable distance into the rapids ere we succeeded in getting hold of his clothes, and dragging him to the shore. It was no time to find fault when the poor fellow stood before me drenched and shivering, and looking as wild as a startled hare. I, therefore, contented myself by demanding from him, on our way back to the picket fire, an explanation of what had happened. At first he seemed unwilling to give it, but at length said—"It's all over with me, corporal! You have often ridiculed my assertions, that I should never see my wife and family again, but before many hours pass you will change your note. I shall be a dead man to-morrow." 'Pooh, nonsense! Jem,' cried I, 'this is the old story over again. Why, man, your chances are just as good as those of the rest of us, only you have no heart; and more die for lack of that than by sword or bayonet. Cheer up, cheer up! and tell us why you fired?' 'It was not I that fired. My piece went off in the struggle, but I never touched the trigger.' 'What struggle, Jem? for Heaven's sake don't speak in riddles! There was nobody near your post when we came up; with whom, then, could you struggle?' 'With my wife, corporal!' replied he. 'Ay, smile and look incredulous, if you choose, but what I tell you is a fact; and you yourself will admit that it was so, before to-morrow's sun goes down. Listen, then, and you shall hear all. You had not left me more than ten minutes, when, on making a face-to-the-right for the purpose of walking my rounds, I beheld, with what feelings you may judge, Margaret standing near me. She was very pale, very thin, and dressed in a long white wrapper. Her hair had broken loose, and was streaming from beneath her cap; and the expression of her eyes

was so sorrowful and sad, that it went to my very heart. For a moment she looked at me in silence; and then her thin white lips moved, and she said to me—'Jem, leave this place, or it will be too late!' As I hope to be saved, there was no delusion in the case. I heard the words as distinctly as I hear my own voice now; and I answered them by stating, that I neither could nor would desert my post. She repeated her entreaty; and, finding that I persisted in my determination, she seized my firelock, and strove to wrest it out of my hand. In that struggle the piece went off, and then Margaret, letting go her hold, drew back from me I know not how, for her limbs never turned, and her face was still towards me, with an expression in her eye of the same deep melancholy which had so much shocked me at the first. I gazed after her, when all at once I saw her with my two babies in a canoe. She was pale as before, but they were as red as my coat,—and a horrible red savage sat in the stern, and steered her towards the rapids. Margaret waved her hand to me, and said—'We meet to-morrow!' I saw that they were getting into the current; I heard the roar of the waterfall below. What could I do? I cast my firelock from me, and sprang into the water to save them! Sweetlove told his tale with a voice and manner so calm and collected, that it was impossible to question his own firm belief in the reality of the vision. He persisted, too, in his belief that he should not survive the morrow, and appeared altogether so shaken that it was judged expedient not to employ him again as a sentry. He, therefore, sat by the fire all night; and when daylight came in, we saw that his hair had suddenly changed its colour. Five hours previously it had been dark brown; now it was as gray as that of an old man of ninety. But this was not all: the enemy attacked us soon afterwards in force, and our pickets were driven in, though not till Sweetlove, who behaved like a gallant soldier, had received his fatal wound, and fulfilled his destiny. But I have not yet done. About six weeks after the battle, letters arrived from England, one of which gave an account of the decease of Mrs. Sweetlove and her children; the children having sunk under an attack of scarlet fever, and the mother dying of a decline. Now, what think ye of all this, which is true as I am a living man?"

This is succeeded by a sequel, to which we have alluded in our notice of the 'Bibliotheca Cantiana;' and, in quoting it, we will shew that neither posthumous communications, nor bulls, are confined to the Kentish writer.

"Oh, if that be the sort of thing you are in search of," interposes a third veteran, "I can tell my stories, too; both of which may be authenticated by reference to an officer who holds rank in this establishment. For, to a certain extent, he was connected with both, and, I dare say, recollects them. The regiment in which I served was employed in the expedition to the Helder, in 1799, and part of it took a passage in the ship of war in which the officer to whom I have just alluded served, at the time, as a midshipman. Among other individuals embarked, was an Irish drummer, by name Corney Nolan, as brave a fellow as ever drubbed sheepskin or cracked a joke in the presence of an enemy. It was remarked of Corney, that, from the hour of his embarkation at Margate till the boats pushed off for the Dutch coast, he never once smiled. Had he been left to himself, he would have kept below during the voyage, for he seemed to have the greatest horror of the deck; indeed, he invariably quitted

it as soon as the muster was over, and hid himself among the berths. It was of no use to badger or tease him about his conduct. He would neither change it, nor explain the motives that swayed him, but answered, always,—'I have my reasons. Let me alone, and mind your own matters.' At last the Helder point was made; the boats hoisted out, and other preparations made to land. 'Now, then,' said we, 'Corney, tell us why you were so gloomy on board. It's not like you to be out of spirits; what ailed you?' 'Faith, then, I'll tell you, lads,' answered Corney, 'for we're out of the mess now, at all events. The devil, for one time, has told a lie, any how, and maybe he'll tell more. An ould huck lugged at my hand in Tipperary long ago, and said, that I'd die in the water. Now, I don't mind dyin' like a man, with the enemy afore me; but to be drowned like a blind puppy—I could not fancy that at all at all. But there's the land! Hurrah! boys; hurrah! and there's the French rascals a-top of it! Let's charge them! and I'll shew you how!' Just as Corney spoke, our boat ran into a shoal and grounded, about a hundred yards from the beach. There was a considerable surf running, through which it was necessary to wade; and Corney, being the first to jump in, took our present adjutant on his back, and began to push towards the sands. But before he took three steps a musket-ball struck him in the breast, and he fell dead. Corney, too, accomplished his destiny, for he died in the water, after all. This, then, is one of my stories; now for the other. When the same officer of whom I have already spoken held a captain's commission in the Royal Scots, he had for a servant one Sam Rogers, a man with whom I long lived on terms of great intimacy, and who, as he had received a superior education, so was he perfectly free from every thing like a tendency to superstition. On the morning of the day when we drove in the enemy's pickets into Flushing, he came to his master, and said that he had had a fearful dream, and wished to communicate its purport to somebody. 'What was it, Sam?' asked the captain; 'let's have it. I like to hear dreams above all things.' 'You need not talk so lightly of the matter, sir,' replied Sam, 'for my dream refers to you as well as to others.' 'So much the better, my good fellow,' cried the captain. 'Out with it; I'm dying to hear it.' 'So you shall, then, sir,' said Sam. 'I saw, in deep sleep, a dark cloud pass before my eyes, which gradually opened out, and displayed behind it a thin fleecy vapour, that floated up and down for some time. By and by, shapes began to appear on the vapour, and I beheld, to my astonishment, the coats of arms of several officers, both of the Royals and of other regiments. They were all marked in characters of blood. Below one was marked the word 'killed;' below another, 'wounded.' 'And what legend might mine bear, Sam?' demanded his master, still laughing. 'You will be wounded, sir; but Captain Talbot, of the 5th, will be killed, and Lieutenant Wallace of ours likewise. But this is not all. The shields melted away, and there came a voice from behind the cloud, which said, 'You must die also!' Now, sir, so confident am I that I shall not survive many hours, that I beg of you to ascertain whether every thing that you have committed to my care is safe.' The captain would have treated his request with ridicule, but Sam was determined; and he had his own way. The property to be accounted for was, indeed, of trifling value, for we landed at Flushing in the lightest possible order; yet Sam insisted

upon his master's taking charge of his own haversack. And it was well that he did so. Of the officers whom he named as doomed to the slaughter, neither escaped. He himself was killed early in the battle, and the captain received a wound, of which he still feels the effects, and will probably continue to feel them till his dying day.—Have not we soldiers, then, just as many warnings, both of our own fate, and of the fates of our comrades, as seamen? 'Pooh, pooh!' exclaims a fourth warrior, 'is that all that you can tell the gentleman? These are but every-day occurrences. But let him read this. It is a true copy of a letter that was delivered in by the person to whom it is addressed, and is yet preserved among the records of the Prize Office. Talk of men being forewarned of their coming deaths! That's nothing! Read my letter, sir, and ask the chaplain whether it is not a genuine document.' We take the epistle thus handed to us, and find what the reader finds below.

*'Copy of a Letter from Sergeant Thomas Davis, 76th Regiment, to his Wife.'*

*'April 15, 1811, Dublin.'*

'My dear dear wife,—I received your loving letter in Fermoy. I am very happy to hear that you are in good health, and my family. Dear Mrs. Davis, I have rote these three lines on the 15th instant, but I stopped my hand until the 24th of April, 1811, until I should see how I would pass the bord. I remain in Fermoy hospital for a long time. They turn me out uncured. I came on the coach to Dublin, having got a very good pass. I thought to remain in Dublin until I would pass the bord, until I would get some money to bring me home to my dear family. But when I came to Dublin I got worse. There is some prize-money coming to me, I hope that you will get for my family. Dear wife, I was going to rite to you for some money to bring me home, but now it is all over. Lord have mercy on me! I departed this life on Sunday, about two o'clock. I had not one shilling to bury me in a strange place. You may come to see where I am buried, if you chuse. I hope you will pray for me. Dear wife, I am no more in this world. If you come to Dublin, come to No. 11, Duke Street, Dublin. I have got a young man to rite for me, by the name of John Garland, I bein' so bad that I could not rite it myself. I was in hope of getting my half year's salary on the 24th of this month, and twenty pounds prize-money. No more at present from Thomas Davis, sergeant of 76th regiment of foot, Ireland. I remain for ever.'

"Is this really a genuine letter?" ask we. 'As genuine as the Bible!' answers our gallant friend, with imperturbable gravity; 'and, for my part, I think it a great deal more wonderful that a man should write to his wife after he is dead, than that a dead wife should appear to her husband, and tell him that his hours are numbered. Don't you think so too, sir?' 'It would be hard to decide between them,' is our reply; 'but this last has the merit of being more uncommon, at all events,'"

The bull is Mr. Gleig's own, and at page 239, vol. ii., where he says:—

"Accordingly, on the very morning after the receipt of this letter, she let her house, gave her children, of whom one was dead, in charge of her mother, and, disposing of her business, at a heavy loss, became free as the air of heaven."

*The Christmas Library, Vol. I.: Birds and Flowers and other Country Things.* By Mary Howitt. 18mo. pp. 208. London, 1838. Darton and Clark.

THIS is the most beautiful little volume that we have yet seen; the woodcuts delicious, and accompanied by poems as delicious. Mrs. Howitt must have had much enjoyment in forming this *Christmas Library*. First, the material, the store of future song, had to be collected; and, how many pleasant summer walks, and loiterings by the green-wood side, must have been conjured up, as their results were put into music and poetry! We have so many favourites that it is difficult to choose; still, the following justify a choice.

*"The Sea-Gull."*

Oh! the white sea-gull, the wild sea-gull,  
A joyful bird is he,  
As he lies like a cradled thing at rest  
In the arms of a sunny sea!  
The little waves rock to and fro,  
And the white gull lies asleep,  
As the fisher's bark, with breeze and tide,  
Goes merrily over the deep.  
The ship, with her fair sails set, goes by,  
And her people stand to note,  
How the sea-gull sits on the rocking waves  
As still as an anchored boat.  
The sea is fair, the sea is fair,  
And the sky calm overhead,  
And the sea-gull lies on the deep, deep sea,  
Like a king in his royal bed!

Oh! the white sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,  
A joyful bird is he,  
Sitting, like a king, in calm repose  
On the breast of the heaving sea!  
The waves leap up, the wild wind blows,  
And the gulls together crowd,  
And wheel about, and madly scream  
To the sea that is roaring loud!—  
And let the sea roar ever so loud,  
And the winds pipe ever so high,  
With a wilder joy the bold sea-gull  
Sendeth forth a wilder cry.  
For the sea-gull he is a darling bird,  
And he loves with the storm to sail;  
To ride in the strength of the billowy sea;  
And to breast the driving gale!  
The little boat she is tossed about,  
Like a sea-weed to and fro;  
The tall ship reels like a drunken man,  
As the gusty tempests blow.  
But the sea-gull laughs at the pride of man,  
And sails in a wild delight  
On the torn-up breast of the night-black sea,  
Like a foam-cloud, calm and white.  
The waves may rage, and the winds may roar,  
But he fears not wreck nor need,  
For he rides the sea, in its stormy strength,  
As a strong man rides his steed!

Oh! the white sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,  
He makes on the shore his nest,  
And he tries what the inland fields may be;  
But he loveth the sea the best!  
And away from land, a thousand leagues  
He goes 'mid surging foam:  
What matter to him is land or shore,  
For the sea is his truest home!  
And away to the north 'mong ice-rocks stern,  
And among the frozen snow,  
To a sea that is lone and desolate,  
Will the wanton sea-gull go.  
For he careth not for the winter wild,  
Nor those desert-regions chill;  
In the midst of the cold, as on calm, blue seas,  
The sea-gull hath his will!  
And the dead whale lies on the northern shores,  
And the seal, and the sea-horse grim,  
And the death of the great sea-creatures makes  
A full, merry feast for him.  
Oh! the wild sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,  
As he screams in his wheeling flight:  
As he sits on the waves in storm or calm,  
All cometh to him aright!  
All cometh to him as he liketh best,  
Nor any his will gainsay;  
And he rides on the waves like a bold, young king,  
That was crowned but yesterday!"

"The gull, notwithstanding the gorman-dising and rather disgusting character given of it by Bewick, figures beautifully in his inimitable wood-cuts; giving the very spirit of wildness and freshness to his sea-side sketches. The gull may occasionally be found far inland, domesticated in old-fashioned gardens, where it is an indulged and amusing habitan, feeding on slugs and worms, and becoming thus a useful assistant to the gardener. In this state it seems

entirely to throw off its wild native character, and assumes a sort of mock-heroic style, which is often quite ludicrous. We have seen one strutting about the straight alleys of such a garden, with the most formal, yet conscious air imaginable, glancing first on one side, then to the other, evidently aware of your notice, yet pretending to be busied about his own concerns. It was impossible to conceive that this bird, walking 'in his dignified way,' upon his two stiff little legs, and so full of self-importance, had ever been a free, wild, winged creature, wheeling about and screaming in the storm, or riding gracefully upon the sunshiny waters. His nature had undergone a land-change; he was transformed into the patron of poodles, and the condescending companion of an old black cat. With these creatures, belonging to the same place, he was on very friendly terms, maintaining, nevertheless, an air of superiority over them, which they permitted, either out of pure good-nature, or because their simplicity was imposed upon. They were all frequently fed from the same plate, but the quadrupeds never presumed to put in their nose till the gull was satisfied; and to his credit it may be told, that he was not insatiable, although a reasonably voracious bird on ordinary occasions. We saw last summer, also, a gull well known to northern tourists, which for twenty years has inhabited one of the inner green-courts at Alnwick Castle, and has outlived two or three companions. It is an interesting bird, of a venerable appearance; but, as it has been described in books, more need not be said of it. In one of the towers of this same castle, also, we were shewn a pair of perfect bird-skeletons, under a glass shade, the history of which is mysterious. They are the skeletons of a pair of jackdaws, which had built in one of the upper towers of the castle, and had been found in their present state, apparently nestled together. From the account given us by the porter, an intelligent old man, they appeared not to have been discovered in any confined place, where they might have died from starvation, but by their own tower, on the open roof, as if they had been death-stricken side by side."

*"The Hedgehog."*

Thou poor little English porcupine,  
What a harassed and weary life is thine!  
And thou art a creature meek and mild,  
That wouldst not harm a sleeping child.  
Thou scarce canst stir from thy tree-root,  
But thy foes are up in hot pursuit;  
Thou might'st be an asp or horned snake,  
Thou poor little martyr of the brake!

Thou scarce canst put out that nose of thine;  
Thou canst not shew a single spine,  
But the urchin rabble are in a rout,  
With terrier curs to hunt thee out.

The poor hedgehog! one would think he knew  
His foes so many, his friends so few,  
For when he comes out, he's in a fright,  
And hurries again to be out of sight.

How unkind the world must seem to him,  
Living under the thickest dusk and dim,  
And getting his living among the roots,  
Of the insects small, and dry hedge-fruits.

How hard it must be, to be kicked about,  
If by chance his prickly back peep out;  
To be all his days misunderstood,  
When he could not harm us if he would!

He's an innocent thing living under the blame  
That he merits not, of an evil name;  
He is weak and small—and all he needs  
Lies under the hedge among the weeds.

He robs not man of rest or food,  
And all that he asks is quietude;  
To be left by him, as a worthless stone,  
Under the dry hedge-bank alone.

Oh, poor little English porcupine,  
What a troubled and weary life is thine!  
I would that my pity thy foes could quell,  
For thou art ill-used, and meanest well.

*"The Sunshin."*

I love the sunshine every where,—  
In wood, and field, and glen;  
I love it in the busy haunts  
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in  
The humble cottage door.  
And casts the chequered casement shade  
Upon the red brick floor.

I love it where the children lie  
Deep in the clovery grass,  
To watch among the twining roots  
The gold-green beetles pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,  
To glance on sail and oar,  
While the great waves, like molten glass,  
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain-tops,  
Where lies the thawless snow,  
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,  
Lies stretching out below.

And when it shines in Forest-glades,  
Hidden, and green, and cool,  
Through mossy boughs, and veined leaves,  
How is it beautiful!

How beautiful on little streams,  
When sun and shade at play,  
Make silvery meshes, while the brook  
Goes singing on its way!

How beautiful, where dragon-flies  
Are wondrous to behold,  
With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,  
And bodies blue and gold!

How beautiful, on harvest slopes,  
To see the sunshine lie;  
Or on the paler reaped fields,  
Where yellow shocks stand high!

Oh, yes! I love the sunshine!  
Like kindness or like mirth,  
Upon a human countenance,  
Is sunshine on the earth.

Upon the earth; upon the sea;  
And through the crystal air,  
On piled-up clouds; the gracious sun  
Is glorious every where!"

Again we warmly commend this delightful little volume.

*Hervé's Residence, &c.*

[Second notice: conclusion.]

WE left off with Mr. Hervé's arrival at Constantinople, and promised his sketch of the sultan, as a pair with the portrait of Otho. Here it is.

"I had (says the artist) a good view of him as he rode there and back. His countenance is not so fine as many of the aristocratic Turks; his nose is straight to the tip, then it swells out, and has a coarse red appearance, seeming to tell a Bacchanalian tale; his beard is black; his eyes are not fine, and have a sort of dizzy look; his stature is about the middle height, and he is not so corpulent as most of his ministers. He has much personal vanity. An Armenian, who has taken many miniatures of him, shewed me one which I did not find like him, observing, that he had given him a regularly straight nose, quite in the Grecian style. The artist replied, that he was conscious of that; but that the sultan wished it so, as he did not like the knubble at the tip, which totally spoiled the symmetry of that prominent feature. The painter also informed me that the extreme blackness of the grand signior's beard proceeded from his dyeing it; and he would not permit sundry red spots in the miniature, which in his own face were rather conspicuous. He was born in July 1784, but certainly has not the appearance of being near so old as he really is. His mother was French, and celebrated for her extreme beauty; she was taken, when very young, on her passage from one of the French colonies, by an Algerine corsair, and ultimately sold to the father of Mahmoud; she took great pains with his education, and succeeded, in some degree, in softening the natural ferocity of his temper; hence he is generally admitted to be less cruel than his predecessors. He is well known for having departed from many of the prejudices attached to the Mahomedan religion, and in none more conspicuously than his extreme devotion to the juice of the grape. At present, he interferes but little with the affairs of state, being rather of an indolent habit.

Most of those European ameliorations, attributed to his suggestions, which have been recently introduced into his dominions, having been principally effected by the seraskier, whilst those which regard the navy have been chiefly at the instigation of Tahir Pacha, the present capitan pacha, or high admiral. Mahmoud the second has been accused of many of those enormities which mostly deform the biography of sultans, as having his brother murdered, as also two of his females who were pregnant, in order to prevent any possibility of future aspirants to his throne. Some have even stated that he caused the death of his eldest son, with a variety of other crimes; but his partisans (even amongst the Franks) deny the truth of these accusations; moderate men doubt them; whilst his enemies confidently proclaim them; and an author is too apt to take the report of that coterie into which his introductions have mostly thrown him. When I saw the sultan, he was accompanied by his ministers and principal officers of his household. They were some of them very good looking as to features, but were mostly fat and short; the best-looking amongst them was his son-in-law; but, from their having adopted the European costume, they have no longer that dignified appearance which they once had when clad in that garb which was so thoroughly in keeping with the peculiar cast of their countenances. There were some men who walked in the procession whose feathers were as high nearly as the first floor windows: I never could have imagined any thing so tremendous in the shape of a plume. The most interesting objects of the whole concern were the horses, twelve of which were led, being the choicest specimens of the sultan's stud. They were so richly caparisoned, that it was impossible to conceive any thing more splendid; the housings of the saddle had on each side an ornamental trophy, entirely composed of diamonds and precious stones. As the spaces occupied by these decorations are larger than a man's hand, the value must be immense. The borderings are also formed of jewels, worked in various patterns. The animals were Arabians, of the finest race, and as perfect in their symmetry and proportions as if they had been selected as models of their species; I therefore must say that the quadrupeds, in their exterior, had much the advantage over the bipeds."

The description of the principal prison, or *bagnio*, is one of the most striking in the work; we quote a portion of its appalling details.

"Imagine human beings of a pale greenish yellow colour, then conceive a skeleton, with a skin the thickness of parchment stretched over it, the bones being as visible as if there was no covering drawn over them. The total listlessness of expression, as I regarded them, struck me most forcibly, whilst standing and contemplating what man could be brought to, by a privation of every nourishment, save that which was just requisite to keep bone and skin hanging together. The wretched victims, for one instant, cast their dying-looking eyes upon me, then let them fall on their tedious work, scarcely appearing to notice what passed before them. They were picking pieces of rope, or something of that sort, which was the labour assigned them. Their countenances had but one expression—a settled sadness, a feeble despair, which left not sufficient energy to move the head from its fixed sunken position, which remained unmoved, even though the eye was, perchance, uplifted. From their extreme thinness, the cheek-bone was remarkably prominent; and the cavity which contained the eyes

deeper than I ever before saw in any human being. They had no clothing, except such as decency demanded. To the waist, they were generally naked; and the scorching sun's rays were shining on their bare shoulders, when men, who had clothes to repel the intensity of the heat, were carrying umbrellas in the streets. What, then, must have been the endurance of these pitiable objects? I found, on inquiry, that they were mostly Kurds, or natives of Kourdistan, a district that has always been rebelling against the Turkish government; and the poor wretches, doomed to drag on a living death in the bagnio, were peasants who were compelled to follow their chiefs to the field, when they have rebelled against the porte, and having been taken prisoners, they know not whether their incarceration be for life, or for what period. Sometimes a number of them are taken out at night and thrown into the Bosphorus: and these poor fellows, who come from a far distant country, even when set at liberty, have no means of returning to their homes; therefore death in battle would be comparative happiness to that of being made a prisoner. I suppose they are not permitted openly to beg of visitors, as many made silent signs to me for money, but had the appearance of doing it in a concealed manner."

Tahir Pacha, we are told, was a great amateur of corporeal punishment. Mr. H. says—

"Whilst I was at Constantinople, all the captains of the ships of the line received, with the exception of two, by his orders, the bastinado. In another instance, when the fleet was performing certain evolutions before the sultan, one ship, which was American built, sailed much swifter than the rest, and passed that of Tahir: whereupon he went on board the offending vessel with a great stick, and immediately knocked down the captain, and cudgelled him as long as he could stand over him. This abrupt manner of correcting an officer for any dereliction of duty, or for any remissness of those under their orders, was not uncommon. Formerly, the Turks considered that they had the privilege of compelling a Christian to sweep the street before them; and, some time since, some low fellows put the broom into the hands of one of the first English merchants in Constantinople, who, highly indignant, went immediately and complained to the sultan, by whose orders the minister of police was instantly sent for. The moment he entered he was flogged by two men with clubs; and would certainly have been despatched, had not the merchant interfered, and entreated that the chastisement might cease. When the sultan observed, 'Ah! that is the way you Franks always behave: you come to me and make a complaint, then when I attempt to award the punishment that is merited, you always interfere to prevent it.' 'But,' said the merchant, 'the minister was not present; therefore, how could he help it?' 'True,' replied the sultan; 'but he ought to have preserved the police of the capital in such a state, that so flagrant an outrage could not have occurred. Had those who were under his command been at their proper stations, some one would have been within call, and, at the moment, would have punished the delinquents:' adding, that it was the practice of the porte, when any thing did not work well in any branch of the legislature, to punish the heads of the department, leaving them to chastise the underlings. A friend of mine met with a still more extraordinary instance of the roughest discipline being inflicted on persons, without any knowledge whatever that they were the

offenders of whom complaints were made. He was travelling in Egypt, and passing through a village, had some stones thrown at him by some youths, one of which hit him. He complained of this to Ibrahim Pacha, who immediately ordered four young men of the village to be flogged,—no matter whether they were the persons who had done wrong or not,—because, he contended, his object was to prevent the recurrence of such a circumstance. 'And now,' added he, 'when the inhabitants of that village find that any one of them is liable to be flogged for an outrage on a stranger, they will always, one and all, exert themselves to prevent any one that might pass through being insulted, for their own sakes.' Ibrahim further observed, 'that he should consider it highly injurious to his country, were it stated in the English papers that travellers had stones thrown at them with impunity, when passing through the villages in Egypt, as it might give the British people a very bad opinion of the administration of the laws in our nation.'"

We are not very sure whether this is or is not the better way of repressing crime. *Certes*, it would prevent many idlers from looking on, and encouraging it. But we must now hasten to a conclusion. In company with a Genoese, of the name of Castelli, our countryman travelled on horseback to Belgrade, by Adrianople, and across the Balkan. Of their adventures, there is not much to remain on the memory; but we pick out a variety or two.

At Adrianople, "after having taken leave of the pacha, we went to see his stud, consisting of about a hundred and fifty horses; some amongst them were most beautiful creatures: all the finest were Arabians: the greater number were for the saddle; but some were for his carriages. One of his horses the pacha had mentioned to us, as being a great favourite, though now twenty years of age, and would take a pinch of snuff and smoke a pipe. We saw this extraordinary animal: it was a fine milk-white steed; and witnessed its taking the pinch of snuff, or rather the receiving it, as the man put it in one nostril, it immediately turned up the other for some more, at the same time, by whinnying, expressing its satisfaction.

"The next day we found Tartar Bazatjik to be a town of more importance than we had imagined. As we advanced, our anxiety to mount the far-famed Balkan increased: however, we yet had several halts to make before the ascent was to take place. They have a singular custom in this part of the world, after you arrive and have dismounted, they walk the horses slowly round a circle for about ten minutes before they put them in the stable: doubtless the motive is to cool the cattle gradually." [To be sure it is: and done at every hostelry throughout England and Scotland].

The quarantine at Semlin was annoying enough, and in the transit thence through Hungary to Vienna, Mr. Hervé observes, that all the lower orders proved themselves to be cheats and liars. But the writer says, notwithstanding their impositions, "I really must give the reader an idea of the ridiculously cheap charges which were made for our bed and board at Neussatz. We had, on arriving, breakfast of eggs, coffee, and bread and butter; we had a tolerable dinner of several dishes, with wine of the country, and dessert; in the evening we had tea, and breakfast again the next morning; and our whole bill only amounted to three francs and a half, making the proper calculation from florins into French money.



At our first starting, the country was pleasant, and had a social air, but we often had to traverse the most uninteresting and uncultivated plains. We were always delighted to see a village, as the aspect was ever cheerful. The first stoppage we made was at the driver's own cottage, which had a very comfortable air, and his crops around it bespoke plenty. We certainly had four stout horses, who appeared capable of pulling us through, but we sometimes found the roads more than a match for their strength. We met numbers of the country people: the costume of the men was most singular, consisting of an immense coat reaching nearly to their heels, made of sheepskins; and in wet weather they wear the wool side outwards, which has a most rough and savage appearance, and makes them look like wild beasts. When it does not rain, or threaten to do so, they wear the skin side of their coats for the exterior, and they have them very curiously worked, by having little bits of different coloured leather let in, so as to represent flowers. On their heads they wear a large round hat, with a tremendous brim, which is turned up all round, and holds the water like a dish; so that I have seen them in hard rains, every ten minutes take off their hat to empty it of its accumulation of water. They all wear large Hessian boots, their hair very long, and mustachios: their heads always put me in mind of the pictures of Oliver Cromwell. Some of the women looked to me exactly like our own village girls,—cotton gowns, and caps, appearing to be worn much in the same way as in England; others had jackets trimmed with fur,—appearing more foreign and picturesque. Many of the females also wear Hessian boots: I observed that they very often had pretty features, appeared active, and had rather a lively expression."

The obverse is thus painted:—"Through masses of mud, we again resumed our journey, and were much astonished at the extreme indelicacy of the women, who, as they waded through the dirt, took up their clothes to such a degree of indecency, that I am sure the commonest London prostitutes would not have had the audacity to have done. I was sitting in front of the wagon next the driver, when I first observed one of these shameless creatures; much surprised, I turned to him, expecting to see in his countenance and manner an equal astonishment, but found that he took no notice; and afterwards I perceived that it was the custom of the country, and that all the women of the lower class, old and young, seemed equally dead to any feeling of shame or modesty. At all the inns we stopped at, the extreme forwardness of the females was conspicuously remarkable. Travellers really see such extraordinary things, that when they record what they have seen, their assertions are received with such a smile of incredulity, that one is almost afraid to relate what one has actually met with, as no man likes to have his word doubted. I, therefore, laid violent hands upon Castelli, bidding him look at, and well examine a cross of a most singular appearance, which, on close inspection, we found to be intended for our Saviour, with a glory round his head; but they had actually dressed him in the costume of the present day, in buckskin breeches, and jockey boots. Had I not had ocular demonstration of such an absurdity, I could not have believed it."

Before quitting our work, we must express our opinion, that Mr. Hervé is very unlucky, and is often vulgar when he attempts to be very facetious. What he means by "besiffling smile," we cannot guess, and possibly the fol-

lowing bits will not be thought more intelligible or amusing:—

"I well remember seeing the king most closely watched during the progress of his raising a cup of tea to his royal lips, by two vigilant observers, who waited impatiently the moment when the cup should be empty, that they might fly to the aid of their monarch, and disburden him of the vacant vessel. These aspirants for royal favour, were situated at opposite sides of the room, and unfortunately made a rush at the same instant, whereby they came most violently in contact, within a few inches of their sovereign. Now each of these gentlemen had a proboscis so far exceeding the usual proportions, that when their two faces struck together, the concussion was audible; the king advanced a few paces to ascertain the extent of the damage; a powerful sensation was excited throughout the assembly, until it was ascertained that one of the victims had sustained but little injury. The other, however, whose nasal charms appeared to be of a more tender and susceptible nature, bled most copiously, whilst I could not resist congratulating him on his good fortune, in thus having had an opportunity of shedding his blood in the service of his monarch. At first he half thanked me for my condolence, but observing some of the bystanders inclining to smile, he looked at me with a sort of expression, which seemed to indicate he would rather I had held my tongue."

"Yet I was much better off than a friend of mine, who arrived at Epidaurus at another period, and was not so fortunate as to be conducted, as I was, to the best inn in the place, but was ushered into one considerably inferior, where they had not even the aforesaid shop-board; consequently, his mattress was laid on the floor, which was, as usual, the unspoiled earth; but, having observed that there was a great pig, which appeared to have the run of the house, he began to entertain sundry suspicions that the pig would be walking upon him in the night, whilst he might be asleep, and communicated his apprehensions to his landlord and landlady, who assured him that the pig never went into that corner where his mattress was laid. My friend, however, could not understand why that spot should be more respected than the rest by this ambulating swine, and retired to his pillow, very sceptical on the subject, his doubts and fears, for a long time, keeping him awake. At length, fatigue and drowsiness operating upon him, he sank into the arms of Morpheus. How long he had remained in that delicious state of unconsciousness is hard to say, when he was disturbed by a tremendous pressure on his cheek; and naturally turning his head, the pig's foot (for it was the pig's self that pressed) slipped into his mouth, being well charged with an accumulation of mud and filth, collected in its nocturnal promenades. My unfortunate friend sprang on his feet, spitting and spluttering, endeavouring to clear his mouth of its unwelcome contents; at the same time, with stentorian voice, vociferating an anathema against the accursed hut and its inmates, he rushed into the air, and sought a brook that 'babbled by,' and there performed an ablution which had become highly necessary."

An indelicacy, pages 165-6, vol. i. forbids repetition; and another, page 390, about un piccolo piccolo, one would hardly think worth robbing Joe Miller of.

But enough of these sillinesses: and we conclude that, though there is little to be learned from these volumes respecting Greece

or Turkey, there is that sort of entertainment which we have indicated for anecdote and gossipmongers.

#### BOOKWOOD.

THE great popularity of this highwayman-hero has, we observe, already brought his adventures, by Ainsworth, to a fifth edition, and to the still more popular form of one (No. 60) of Bentley's standard novels. The frontispiece and vignette, by Cawse and Greatbatch, do credit to both artists and to their subjects; but we can only adopt a quotation from the preface to this revised, corrected, illustrated, and noted copy of the life of a long-time-ago corrected and noted robber.

"The ride to York," says the author, "a portion of the work which appears to have enjoyed the greatest share of favour, cost me the least time and the least trouble in execution. It was written in a few hours as the equestrian feat described took in its accomplishment. My pen galloped over the leaves with unwonted ease, and with unwonted celerity. So thoroughly did I identify myself with the flying highwayman, that, once started, I found it impossible to halt. Animated by kindred enthusiasm, I cleared every obstacle in my path with as much facility as Turpin disposed of the impediments that beset his flight. In his company, I mounted the hill-side, dashed through the bustling village, swept over the desolate heath, threaded the silent street, plunged into the eddying stream, and kept an onward course, without pause, without hinderance, without fatigue. With him I shouted, sang, laughed, exulted, wept. The whole panorama of the country between London and York seemed to pass before me; and, as I had not, at that time, travelled along the Great North Road, I was surprised, upon verifying my descriptions (which I did before the appearance of the work) to find them tolerably accurate. The pains of authorship are great; but its pleasures, when they occur, are greater. And among the latter, I may instance the composition of this 'ride to York.' It is curious that, besides Turpin, there are two other claimants to the distinction of this remarkable achievement, and equally curious that both these claimants should be brothers of the blade. The first of these, Will Nevison, was a noted highwayman, who flourished in Charles the Second's time, and feigning death, during the prevalence of the plague, was carried out of the castle at York by his confederates, and subsequently rode, it is stated, from that city to London in a single day. Nevison's irons (if I remember rightly) form part of an interesting collection of knives, saws, pistols, hatchets, bludgeons, daggers, stakes, and other blood-stained implements of destruction, exhibited by the York gaoler, who, by the by, is a great stickler for Will's equestrian reputation, and contends that Turpin has robbed him of his laurels in this particular matter of 'the ride.' With becoming deference, however, to the opinion of this well-informed gentleman, I would venture to state that I can discover no record of such an exploit in the meagre accounts of his hero; nor is there any allusion to any such performance, accomplished by any person whatever, that I can meet with, earlier than 1758. In the 'Narrative of the Life and surprising Robberies and Adventures of William Page,' published in that year, the ensuing passage occurs. 'One instance,' says the historian, referring to an attempt, on the part of Page, to prove an *alibi*, 'I myself remember, which happened

upwards of thirty years ago. This was Harris, the famous highwayman, who robbed on the black mare. He committed a robbery in the morning, in Surrey, on a gentleman who knew him perfectly well; and, therefore, Harris rode for it with such speed, trusting to the goodness of his mare, that in the evening, about sunset, he appeared on the Bowling Green at York, and, pulling out his watch, shewed it to the gentlemen present. But, notwithstanding this prodigious performance; namely, the riding one hundred and ninety-four miles in one day, so positive was the evidence against him, that he was convicted upon it. The old Duke of Richmond, as I remember, was so charmed with the vastness of the performance, and the bravery of the man, that he interceded for his life, and obtained it, on condition that Harris would give him his word and honour never to be guilty of the like offence again. Harris gave him his faith that he would not, and was as good as his word. He immediately set up a fencing-school; and afterwards married a woman of fortune at Steyning, in Sussex, where he lived in reputation till his death. This is, unquestionably, a curious story; and if Harris be not an *alias* of Turpin, I can scarcely tell what to make of it. Here we have the 'black mare,' the 'ride to York in a single day,' and the incident of the 'watch shewn to the gentlemen on the bowling-green,' told of Turpin at Hough. It is quite certain, that in all the records of crime to which I have had access, no memoir of any highwayman of notoriety, rejoicing in the aristocratic name of Harris, is to be found. It is equally certain, that before Turpin's day, the question of such a 'ride' had never been mooted; and it is highly probable that Page's biographer, partially informed upon the subject, may have substituted one name for another, and related a traditional anecdote of Turpin, with some trifling embellishments of his own. The date referred to (1728) coincides with the supposed period of Turpin's exploit. Be this as it may—and it is impossible to settle so important and so perplexing a point, if the ride in question was actually performed by Nevison, Harris, or Turpin (no matter which of the three)—it is a feat unrivalled in the annals of the sporting world; and such as Mr. Osbaldeston, or any other 'crack rider' of our time, would vainly strive to emulate. It could only have been undertaken, only have been executed, by a highwayman!"

*Apropos* of extraordinary feats of horses, we heard an instance the other day, which, though we (having seen the horses after the feat) can vouch for the truth of the fact, greatly surprised us. A gentleman had related the performance of an extraordinary pony which was driven twenty miles within the hour; and others referred to the famous wager won by the late duke of Queensbury, when they were all eclipsed by an individual, who asserted that he had witnessed a pair of horses, on the very day preceding, with a carriage, certainly a light carriage, go the *unexampled distance of ninety miles in three successive hours!* The statement was more than questioned; and, like most of such cases, ended in a bet, which the assertor won. This was only a fortnight ago.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Squire.* By the Author of the "Heiress," a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

THERE is nothing in these pages that calls for criticism. The story is pleasantly told enough, but full of those improbabilities, dangers, and

discoveries, which have long formed the staple of circulating commodities. The character of the Squire, rough but kind, hasty yet well meaning, is natural and well drawn.

*Stirring Stanzas on Her Most Gracious Majesty's Invitation to the City.* By Daniel Dump, Esq., Deputy of Dowgate. Pp. 37. London, 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A FUNNING piece of wagguery on the approaching festival, and an amusing squib enough, without ill-nature or personality.

*Yarrell's History of British Birds, Part III.* London, 1837. Von Voorst.

HAVING in this part concluded the group of Falconids, our very able naturalist proceeds to that of the Strigids, and begins with the Eagle Owl, the figure of which, by the by, seems to us to be rather short and squab, though *certainly* these (in our eyes) handsome birds can ruffle out their plumage wonderfully. The sense of hearing in the owl is very acute, and they are usually divided into the tufted and the smooth headed, the former having two tufts of feathers, or ears, to grace their whimsically sagacious countenances. The scops-eared, long-eared, short-eared, the white or barn owl, the tawny, the snowy, the hawk, and the little owl, are also well engraved and well described.

*The History of the French Revolution, No. I.*, by M. A. Thiers. 8vo. (London, Bentley.)—This is a very cheap and neat edition of M. Thiers' celebrated History of the French Revolution. The character of the work is too well known for comment; and the Number before us, is ornamented with characteristic embellishments. *Cabinet Cyclopædia: History of England, Vol. VII.* 12mo. pp. 384. (London, Longman and Co.)—Shewing the same industry in collecting material as its predecessors; but not calling by any originality for careful criticism.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.  
BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY evening, Dr. Macreight, V.P. in the chair.—The routine business being gone through, Dr. Bossey read part of a paper, 'On the Plants which have been observed to produce the Ergot.' The parasitic fungi have an especial claim to the attention of the botanist, the agriculturist, and the medical practitioner, from the remarkable effects which they produce on the growth and development of the plants to which they are attached; from the influence they exert on the quantity, quality, and value of crops; and as being the source of a most potent and useful medicine, and the cause of a fearful and fatal disease. The species treated of were, first, the *Uredo segetum*, the dust, brand, smut, or burnt-corn of the farmer. The genus *Uredo* consists of pulverulent parasitic fungi, developed beneath the epidermis of living plants, and composed of small, free, unilocular sporidies, or reproductive vesicles, which are filled with minute sporules, or seeds; and the species *Uredo segetum* consists of a scentless black powder, residing within the fruit or glumes of the grasses, by which the normal structure of the grain is wholly destroyed. The grasses affected by this species are rye, wheat, barley, and oats. The attack commences long before the corn is ripe, even while it is enclosed in the vaginal sheath; and it is matured and dispersed in the state of a dry black powder before the harvest. The only ill effect on the animal economy produced by this species is said to be the occurrence of ulcers on the legs of persons walking in fields affected by it. The next species possesses the same generic characters—is called, by farmers, pepper-brand, stinking-brand, or smut-balls, and by botanists, *Uredo caries*. It differs from the former, however, in the following particulars: 1st. It affects only the farinaceous part of the grain, and not its cover-

ings. 2d. Its granules are much larger, and of a less intense black colour. 3d. It possesses an extremely offensive odour. And, 4th, it is not dispersed before the harvest, but is reaped and carried with the sound corn. It is readily recognised in wheat by the grains being lighter, shorer, and rounder, than healthy corn, and by the dirty appearance of its integuments. Grains thus affected are easily crushed by the finger, have a greasy feel, and emit their peculiar odour when rubbed. No means of preventing its attack have hitherto been discovered; but its less frequent occurrence in wheat has been ascribed to the process of dressing to which that corn is subjected. Dressing consists in allowing the corn to macerate for some time in sea-water, or solutions of common salt or arsenic, &c. and then drying it by means of quick-lime. The advantages resulting from this treatment have been well illustrated by experiments, one of which Dr. Bossey related; but which of the processes used for the protection of the crops is most effectual, he could not take upon himself to say. Wheat, when thus diseased, is so altered in its sensible and physical properties, that it is not likely ever to have been used extensively as an article of food; but its occasional admixture with sound corn has afforded opportunity of observing its deleterious effects on man. Galen speaks of "*frumentum nigrum*" in connexion with lolium, and cautions against its use. Longolius saw a man who, having from curiosity devoured a few grains of carious wheat, was affected with pains in the limbs; and Tissot states that chronic diseases of the abdomen and skin occurred in 1758, from the bread of that year containing a portion of it. An interesting conversation ensued, in the course of which (embracing chiefly the average produce of corn, the proportion destroyed by uredos and insects, different soils, the process of dibbling, &c.) it was stated that many persons were affected, in 1814 and 1816, with what was commonly known as mildew mortification.—Adjourned.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting was held on Thursday afternoon, the Rev. John Barlow, F.R.S., in the chair.—Visitors to the gardens and museum, September and October, about 28,000. Stock at the gardens, 284 mammalia, 725 birds, and 23 reptiles; in all, 1032; being a dozen less than at last report. The secretary, in answer to Mr. Vigors, stated that the receipts at the present period of the year were less, by 3880*l.*, than they were this time last year; 10,081*l.* 12*s.* had been invested in the three per cents; the Society's liabilities were less this year by 1700*l.* than the usual average; so that, taking every thing into consideration, the real deficiency amounted only to about 600*l.* Two living hippopotami and several fine lions are expected shortly to be added to the menagerie. A number of individuals were elected into the Society.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, Oct. 28.—Mr. Bachoffner read a paper "On the Electro-Magnetic Coil." The construction is simply a thick coil of wire, carrying the battery current, surrounded by a thin wire of 2000 feet, in which is set up the secondary current; that a current of this nature is for a time established in the thin wire by its proximity to the one carrying the battery current, is a fact no longer disputed; but whether such current is the result of induction, or whether it proceeds from the expansion and collapse of the magnetical lines, is a subject, the

author stated, for future experiments. The introduction of the coil into the circuit of a voltaic battery, capable of effecting the decomposition of water, Mr. Bachoffner found, diminished, and not, as it has been stated, increased, the amount afforded in a given time. The following experiment had been tried several times with similar results:—Four pots, sustaining batteries capable of holding half-a-pint of liquid each, gave one cubic inch of the mixed gases in two minutes and a half; but when the coil was introduced, the time occupied to obtain the same quantity was augmented to three minutes and a half. A like decrease of power was shewn with the battery on the table. Mr. Bachoffner stated his opinion, that no correct estimate of the action of the coil can be taken if an intensity arrangement be employed for that purpose. He then reversed the arrangement from intensity to one of quality, which he was enabled to do, by the ingenious contrivance of Mr. Clark, in a few seconds. The battery in that state was incapable of decomposing water; the introduction of the coil produced decomposition, or intensity effects; and these were considerably increased by intercepting the flow of the battery current, and again permitting it to take its course, or, as it is termed, making and breaking contact, not too rapidly. A bundle of wires, short pieces from eight to ten inches long, bound firmly together by an insulated wire of the same metal, inserted in the centre of the coil, increased the power twenty fold. The chemical effects likely to be produced by the action of the coil offer a wide field of research. The various contrivances to break and renew contact, viz. Ritchie's magnet, Barlow's spur wheel, Collen's electromagnetic repeater, as also Mr. Golden Bird's, submitted to a former meeting, were cursorily noticed: they all require mercury at the points where contact is broken; consequently, are subject to the combustion of that metal and the common inconveniences attendant upon its use. Mr. Bachoffner had substituted an apparatus with a spring and ratchet wheel, upon the well-known principle of the child's rattle. It dispensed with mercury, and, from its simple construction, is not liable to get out of order. It, however, requires turning, and does not perform its task silently; the latter inconvenience may be removed by filling up the vacant spaces of the wheel with pieces of ivory. The electric light given out from this apparatus, on breaking contact, is highly interesting. Several experiments were shewn with springs tipped with different metals. One fact connected with the platina spring is likewise interesting: the smell peculiar to dry frictional electricity is very palpable.

#### ROYAL GEOLOGICAL SOC. OF CORNWALL.

The council of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, in their twenty-fourth annual report, observe, that they feel called on to notice, before every other circumstance, the loss which the Society has sustained by the demise of its illustrious and royal patron, King William the Fourth, who graciously took it under his protection and patronage, and was pleased to bestow on it an annual donation of twenty pounds; and to record with grateful acknowledgment that her majesty the Queen Victoria has munificently signified her intention of continuing the same bountiful support. The report goes on to state that the labours of the Society during the past year have principally had reference to the organic remains which have been found in different parts of the county: for, although their existence in one or two insulated spots

was well known, no suspicion was entertained of their occurrence in so many localities and in such abundance. This year has also witnessed the completion of an object which was one of the chief desiderata at the institution of this Society. The valuable researches of many of its members, and of Dr. Boase in particular, had given a good general outline of the geology of Cornwall; and accurate details of many parts of it; but the labours of Mr. De la Beche, under the directions of the Board of Ordnance, have at length brought to perfection a geological map of the county, executed with the accuracy for which that eminent geologist is so distinguished. This, and a book of reference, are now in a forward state, and they are to appear early in the ensuing spring. Mr. Henwood's valuable survey of the mines is also completed. The donations to the museum have been of great value and importance.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

October 30, 1837.

SIR,—Supposing that, as editor of a literary publication, you will not disdain the veriest scraps of notices connected with literary subjects, allow me to point out to you a laughable blunder, committed in the last-published part of the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," and which well deserves a place in that system of domestic cookery, mentioned in your last, in which the curious receipt for making hell-broth may be found. (*Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Part XLVI., page 274, of the Lesicographical Division.*) "Salad,—Fr. *salade*; It. *insalata*; Sp. *ensalada*, quasi *salada*, salted; because eaten with salt; the Lat. *acetarium*, because eaten with vinegar (*acetum*)."

Judge, sir, what was my astonishment at finding the following, cited to illustrate the above.

"And thus, having so good a reason as this, to induce and draw us on, we may not stick to have pretious baulmes upon our heads, so it be under our *sallats* and *mourrons*."—*Holland, Phine, book xiii., chap. 3.*

Either Pliny, or Holland, or the encyclopædist, is here outdoing Hannibal with a vengeance. He, it is said, sopped the Alps with vinegar, but certainly without any intention of eating them; and who, I pray, would ever think of pickling a *sallet* or morion with salt and vinegar, unless it were to provide a dainty dish for an ostrich? Now, sir, you need not to be informed that this quotation ought to have appeared eight pages further on, in connexion with a word, which, although very like unto the above in sound, is very unlike in sense; viz. page 282. "*Sállad*, or *Sállat*.—Fr. *salade*, a helmet, or head-piece," &c., &c.

And here you will find a quotation from Shakespeare, in which mention is made of the word in both its senses, and, therefore, might have been cited by the encyclopædist, with equal propriety in both places.—*Vide Henry VI. Part 2d, Act iv. Scene 10. Iden's Garden.*

*Cade loquitur.*—"On a brick wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a *sallet* another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word *sallet* was born to do me good; for, many a time, but for a *sallet*, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on."

But it may be objected, that, whereas *sallets* and morions were formed of various materials;

that they were made, not only of metals, but also of the skins of divers beasts; so, under the supposition that those in question were actually of the latter material, the encyclopædist might yet be justified in his quotation; for that an old leathern helmet, dressed with salt and vinegar, might afford an enviable meal to a soldier on short rations,—I must, therefore, refer you to Pliny himself for an answer to this objection. His words are:—"Ista patrocinia quarimus vitia, ut per hoc jus sumantur sub casside unguenta." And I believe it to be universally admitted, that, while *galea* is the term employed to designate a leathern helmet, so *cassis* is used to signify one constructed of materials certainly not more digestible than iron or brass.—I remain, &c. F. B.

P.S. Since writing the above, I have discovered that the same blunder has been made in the "New Dictionary of the English Language," by Charles Richardson. While I am on this subject, will you permit me to inquire whether you or any of your readers can help me to the meaning and etymology of the word *coresing*, which occurs in the passage below. I have a fancy of my own on the subject, but I feel so uncertain with regard to it, that I had rather seek for information from others than venture to broach my own opinion.

(*Three Primers put forth in the Reign of Henry VIII., reprinted at Oxford, 1834, and edited by Dr. Edward Burton, Regius Professor of Divinity, page 175.*) "Then they that were come thither with their master, considering what was like to fall, said to him, 'Master, shall we smite them with the sword?' for that, that their master had said before, as concerning the sword to be so necessary, that all their money, their meat, yea, their very coats, ought to be changed for swords, signifying the great power and violent hands of their enemies to come; they, like as yet carnal men, gathered of these his sayings, that they might slay, or use the sword. Wherefore even then said they, 'Master, lo, here are two swords.' But their master neither would, nor meant any such defence. Notwithstanding, yet, here at this time, before he could answer and shew them his mind, as touching this *coresing* of words for their other necessities, Peter Simon, which pretended to love his master more fervently than other, having then one of these two swords, had drawn it, and smote off the right ear of one called Malchus, the bishop's servant."

#### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, October 28.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Divinity.*—Rev. T. V. Short, late Student of Christ Church, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and Deputy Clerk of the Closet to her Majesty, Grand Comptroller.

*Doctor in Civil Law.*—Rev. F. Gooch, Fellow of All Souls' College.

*Bachelor in Civil Law.*—J. Lane, Queen's College.

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. H. Rogers, University College; H. Woolcombe, Rev. W. L. Hussey, R. R. Anstie, Students, Rev. W. G. L. Wasey, Rev. J. C. Barrett, Christ Church; Rev. W. Sinclair, St. Mary Hall; W. C. Le Breton, Fellow of Exeter College; Rev. J. Price, Jesus College; Rev. C. W. Landor, Worcester College; A. Entwistle, Fellow, Rev. S. R. Walker, Rev. A. W. Radcliffe, Brasenose College; G. A. Payne, Pembroke College; Rev. W. Brock, Queen's College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—Sir R. H. Leigh, Bart., Grand Comptroller, J. C. B. Riddell, R. H. Pollen, Christ Church; T. Halliwell, New Inn Hall; E. Salmon, Exeter College; T. M. R. Barker, Oriel College; F. P. Voules, Wadham College, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

CAMBRIDGE, October 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity.*—The Rev. R. Parkinson, St. John's College, Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, and Hulsean Lecturer in this University.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—E. D. G. M. Kirwan, W. A. Carter, Fellows of King's College.

*Trinity College.*—The prize for the English Essay was

this year adjudged to J. A. Hardcastle; and the Latin Verse prizes to A. M. Hopper, and J. M. Neale.  
*Queen's College.*—The theological-dissertation prize was adjudged to W. R. Smith; the Latin declamation prizes to J. Thomas and F. Simpson; and the English Essay to W. Mathews.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday.—Architectural Society (Conversazione).  
 Wednesday.—Medico-Botanical.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

THE first meeting of the above society took place on Wednesday last, at Freemasons' Tavern, and displayed a good assemblage of works of art and men of talent. Mr. Robert Graves exhibited his etching of Shakespeare's Trial, after Mr. G. Harvey, which he is now engraving for the Scottish Association. We also observed a pair of splendid etchings, from pictures by Robéot, of Paris, of Roman peasants; a beautiful etching, by Bromley, of the royal hounds; some pictures by Stanfield; and drawings by Pyne and others. Also, a fine picture by De Bree, of Henry IV. and the Duc de Sully in a nunnery.—Mr. Sams, the Egyptian traveller, who was present, exhibited various interesting articles from ancient Egypt, illustrative of the early art of engraving: among others, a remarkable necklace, of great beauty. It is composed of Oriental cornelian, chryso-prase, and gold, intermingled, and is supposed to have belonged to some princess of the time of the Pharaohs. Six of its pieces, longer than the others, bear inscriptions, evidently cut with the graving tool. There was also a remarkable lamp, having an inscription in Greek, in the uncial character; and, particularly, an extraordinary and magnificent royal signet, of solid gold, weighing nearly an ounce and a half. This beautiful object has the king's name, one of the most ancient Pharaohs, engraved upon it, as well as other inscriptions, all evidently cut with the graver. The form of the signet is simple, but curious: a large, massive, and accurately squared piece of gold is hung on a swivel, so that two sides bear inscriptions.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G. &c. &c., as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.* Painted for the Mayor and Corporation of Dover, by John Lilley, Esq.; engraved in mezzotinto by James Scott. Boys. In noticing the fine whole-length portrait of England's illustrious warrior and statesman, which was one of the most attractive features of the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, and from which the present print has been engraved, we said:—"The resemblance is excellent; and the depth and richness of the tones, and the general management of the effect, would do honour to the most experienced hand: yet we understand that Mr. Lilley has not yet attained the age of twenty-one." It appears that our opinion on this subject became so strongly that of the public, as to call for two prints—one a whole length (now in the course of execution), the other the half length before us, exactly corresponding in size to the portrait of Sir Robert Peel, engraved by Mr. Turner from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture. Mr. Scott has acquitted himself with great ability; and has been remarkably successful in preserving that most difficult achievement of a portrait-painter's pencil, the characteristic expression by which the original picture is distinguished. The print is dedicated, by special permission, to her majesty.

*Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1838: Ireland.*  
 Illustrated by T. Creswick, and D. MacIse, A.R.A. McCormick.

HOWEVER little the text of this annual may justify the title of "picturesque," the illustrations fully support its claim to that appellation. As was the case last year, the great majority of them are from the pencil of Mr. Creswick. Mr. MacIse has furnished only three; viz. "A Lady at Prayers," "The Irish Market Girl," and "The Irish Jig." The last is especially spirited and characteristic. The number of Mr. Creswick's contributions is sixteen. We need not add, that they are all exceedingly beautiful. No artist knows how to arrange designs in a vignette form better than Mr. Creswick. He "focuses" (as our able friend Burnet would call it) the light and shade with singular skill. Of this quality, "Waterloo Bridge, Cork," "The Gap of Dunloe," "McGillicuddy's Reeks, and the Upper Lake of Killarney," "Fair Head," "Carrickfergus Castle," "Comme Dhur (The Black Valley)," and "Donegal Castle," are fine specimens.

*Memorials of Cambridge. A Series of Views of the Colleges, Halls, Churches, and other Public Buildings of the University and Town of Cambridge.* Engraved by J. Le Keux, from Original Drawings, made expressly for the Work: with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Buildings, &c. by Thomas Wright, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge.—No. 1. London, 1837. Tilt; Cambridge, J. and J. Deighton, and T. Stevenson; Oxford, J. H. Parker.

THE success which has attended the publication of the "Memorials of Oxford," has encouraged the proprietor of the publication under our notice, to commence a similar undertaking with reference to Cambridge. "He is convinced," he observes, "that it yields not to its sister University, either in beautiful subjects for the pencil and the graver, afforded by its public buildings, and by the scenery which immediately surrounds it; in interesting relics of past ages; in matters of historical interest and importance; or in the number of great and distinguished men who have been formed within its precincts." The subject of the first number is Trinity College. Besides wood engravings of the "Cycloidal Bridge," and of the "Statue of Edward III. on Gateway Tower," there are views of the "Library," and of the "Great Court," executed in the same style of clearness and beauty that so frequently elicited our commendations of the "Memorials of Oxford," to which Work, we have no doubt, the *Memorials of Cambridge* will form a very worthy companion. The high reputation and talents of the author are a sufficient pledge that the historical and descriptive matter will be of sterling character and value.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

\* \* \* When we introduced some poetry under the signature of E. C. (See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1677), we were not aware who our anonymous correspondent was; but have now the pleasure of paying the compliment to the name and sex of our fair contributor, Miss Eliza Cook, a name which will not be forgotten, if continued to be attached to such various and beautiful compositions.

#### THE DEWDROP.

THE sky hath its star, the deep mine hath its gem,  
 And the beautiful pearl lights the sea;  
 But the surface of earth holds a rival for them,  
 And a lustre more brilliant for me.

\* See the *Literary Notice* of this publication, in our No. 1063.

I know of a drop where the diamond now shines;  
 Now the blue of the sapphire it gives:  
 It trembles—it changes—the azure resigns,  
 And the tint of the ruby now lives.

Among the deep emerald dwells in its gleam  
 Till the breath of the south wind goes by,  
 When it quivers again, and the flash of its beam,  
 Pours the topaz flame swift on the eye.

Look, look on the grass-blade all freshly im-  
 pearl'd,

There are all of your jewels in one;  
 You may find every wealth-purchased gem in  
 the world,

In the dewdrop that's kiss'd by the sun.

Apollo's own circlet is matchless, they say;  
 Juno envies its sparkles and light;  
 For 'tis form'd of drops lit by his own burning  
 ray,

And Olympus shews nothing so bright.

ELIZA COOK.

#### THE SMUGGLER BOY.

WE stole away at the fall of night,  
 When the red round moon was deep'ning her  
 light,

But none knew whither our footsteps bent,  
 Nor how those stealthy hours were spent;  
 For we crept away to the rocky bay,  
 Where the cave and craft of a fierce band lay;  
 We gave the signal cry, "Ahoy!"  
 And found a mate in the smuggler boy.

His laugh was deep, his speech was bold,  
 And we lov'd the fearful tales he told  
 Of the perils he met in his father's bark,  
 Of the chase by day and the storm by dark;  
 We got him to take the light boat out,  
 And gaily and freshly we dash'd about,  
 And naught of pleasure could ever decoy  
 From the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

We caught his spirit and learnt to love  
 The cageless eagle more than the dove;  
 And wild and happy souls were we,  
 Roving with him by the heaving sea:  
 He whisper'd the midnight work they did,  
 And shew'd us where the kegs were hid,  
 All secrets were ours—a word might destroy,—  
 But we never betray'd the smuggler boy.

We sadly left him, bound to range  
 A distant path of care and change;  
 We have sought him again, but none could  
 relate

The place of his home, or a word of his fate;  
 Long years have sped, but we dream of him  
 now,  
 With the red cap toss'd on his dauntless brow;  
 And the world hath never given a joy  
 Like the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

ELIZA COOK.

#### THE WATCH OF DEATH.

THE last low murmur of the chimes of night,  
 Boom'd from the rustic village spire. Beside  
 A sick man's couch, with looks which could  
 not hide

Affection's fears, a maiden watch'd. The light  
 From her dim lamp fell on her face, like blight  
 On some fair flower. Fond girl! she seem'd  
 to chide [aside]

Her own low sighs: her eyes ne'er turn'd  
 From the poor sufferer; lest to realms more  
 bright

His soul should wing. The room was still.  
 He slept.

His bony hands lay motionless and cold;  
 His livid cheek, down which a tear still crept,  
 Press'd the white pillow; there was naught that  
 told

He lived; yet she sat list'ning for his breath—  
An angel watching o'er the sleep of death!  
TENNANT LACHLAN.

### SKETCHES.

*Streetology, No. V.*—As is our custom, we noticed the *début* of this publication, though addressed to the lowly subject of street beggars and itinerants; and as is also our custom, we have abstained from any further remarks on its contemporary progress. Our principle is, that as we cannot praise all, we have small right to impede or injure by censure, works either in the same, or in something like the same line with our own; and therefore it is best, according to the old saw, to let every herring hang by its own head. But we have not on these grounds felt ourselves precluded from an occasional notice of any insulated matter which might occur to us, and in this spirit we insert the following curious quotation from the slight production which we have named. It concludes the biography of a singular match-vender, and might be treasured among the archives of the Statistical Society as part and portion of the statistics of London. "With respect, then, to match-venders, or Streetological 'timber merchants,' there are, including men, women, and children, about seven hundred who are to be found in and about the metropolis, some carrying a few old-fashioned bundles in their hands, going from door to door, knocking or looking down into the area windows, and forcing a sale of their timber splinters, with the inquiring cry of 'Please do you want any matches? pray do take a hap'orth of a poor woman, with a large family of small children. God bless you, mar'm, thank you.' Some of them carry a basket with a few laces, threads, needles, &c.; and occasionally in addition to the match business, some of the old women carry a pack of cards, which frequently enables them, if once they catch hold of an unwary servant, and obtain admission to the kitchen, to draw a shilling or two for a 'lay-out,' and a little fortune-telling. \* \* \* Men and women respectably dressed may be seen standing in the obscure streets, at a distance from the glare of the gas-light, with a basket or clean cloth, containing a few bunches of matches: these are the newly initiated beggars, who carry a few bundles of matches, merely to avoid being taken by the officers of the Mendicity Society. The principal markets and avenues leading thereto, are studded with itinerant timber merchants. There is one more class, that may be termed the wholesale retailers, being in number about fifteen or twenty; they live by supplying the ship-chandlers in Thames Street, Wapping, Limehouse, Blackwall, Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend, and other water-side localities, and are seldom found exercising their callings in the street. The itinerant match-venders dispose of about ten shillings' worth per week each upon the average; the timber costing them about eight pence, and the brimstone threepence—say one shilling in all, thus then they have for labour of cutting and selling, nine shillings. Admitting that they are sold in half-penny worths, although many persons take two or three pennyworth at a time, while others only purchase a farthing's worth, each vender will supply 240 families, and the whole match-making fraternity will, consequently, supply 148,000 families weekly, and receive in the aggregate for that apparently useless and inconsiderable domestic article—a brimstone-dipped stick, the immense sum of 350l. It is estimated that in London and its environs, not

less than 1000 fathoms of wood are annually cut up for matches, and about three tons of brimstone consumed in dipping them. This estimate includes the marine consumption; and although match-making may be made light of, it will be seen from Dick Tynt's authority, that it is a very important and weighty matter, and one that certainly supplies bread to a great number of unfortunates, and is of vast consideration to every one who keeps a tinder-box, and eschews lucifers."

### MUSIC.

'Twas the Day of the Feast, a Historic Ballad.  
Written and composed by Samuel Lover,  
Esq. Duff and Co.

THE affecting circumstance on which the poet has seized with so true a spirit of grateful patriotism and loyalty, must be in the memory of our readers. Lord Munster, by the act of filial piety this verse enshrines, imparted the last earthly solace to the fainting soul of our lamented king: the melody is beautiful, and, in our opinion, not unworthy of the occasion.

"The last annual tribute of the flag of Waterloo to the crown of England was made to William the Fourth a few hours before his Majesty's lamented death; on receiving the banner, the king pressed it to his heart, saying 'It was a glorious day for England,' and expressed a wish he might survive the day, that the Duke of Wellington's commemoration of the victory of Waterloo might take place. A dying Monarch receiving the banner commemorative of a National Conquest, and wishing at the same time, that his death might not disturb the triumphal banquet, is at once so heroic and poetic, that it naturally suggests a poem. The following lines were written immediately after the event, but the publication of the song has been delayed through a feeling of respect; the laurel should not be placed too close to the cypress, nor the sound of the lyre be heard too near the grave of a king.

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,  
'Twas the day he had seen the foe-man fall,  
'Twas the day that his country's valour stood  
'Gainst steel, and fire, and the tide of blood.  
And the day was mark'd by his country well,  
For they gave him broad valleys, the hill and the dell,  
And they ask'd as a tribute, the hero should bring  
The flag of the foe to the foot of the king.

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,  
And the banner was brought at the chieftain's call,  
And he went in his glory the tribute to bring,  
And lay at the foot of the brave old king;  
But the hall of the king was in silence and grief,  
And smiles, as of old, did not greet the chief,  
For he came on the Angel of Victory's wing,  
While the Angel of Death was awaiting the king.

The chieftain he knelt by the couch of the king;  
'I know,' said the monarch, 'the tribute you bring;  
Give me the banner ere life depart!  
And he press'd the flag to his fainting heart.  
'It is joy ev'n in death,' cried the monarch, 'to say  
'That my country hath known such a glorious day!  
Heaven grant I may live 'till the midnight's fall,  
That my chieftain may feast in his warrior hall!'

### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—On Saturday was produced the *Indian Girl*; a piece of mingled dialogue and stage action, or dumb-show; in which, of course, Celeste sustained the principal part—that of an English girl, the daughter of one of our regicides, carried off by the Indians, and made the wife of a red chief. She is retaken; and her recognition of her family, almost obliterated from her memory by ten years of savage life, affords fair scope for her powers, and all the rolling artillery of a pair of large French eyes. Her child is made an instrument, and too frequently, to affect her mind and passions; for, in such cases, the morning gun ought not to be too often repeated. M'Tan, as the Indian warrior, is very calm and characteristic; and the fatal catastrophe forms a striking tableau: but the whole is far too long for the material, and there is not interest enough to carry out a sixth portion of the time and grimace.

*St James's Theatre.*—The *Cabinet*, revived in force, with Braham in full song, has been the great attraction here since our last.

*Adelphi.*—On Monday, a most gorgeous melodrama, worthy of the highest scenic efforts

of this theatre, was produced. It is entitled, *Valsha, the Slave Queen*, and founded on a Bohemian tradition. The costumes, the pageantry, and the scenery, are splendid; and it is quite wonderful to see so much of striking beauty and interest effected on any stage, and still more on one of the *Adelphi* limits. The finale is fearfully fine and impressive. Mrs. Yates performed *Valsha* in her most touching and finished style; and O. Smith, a stubborn ruffian, with some few touches of nature, admirably. The whole is got up in a manner which reflects the utmost credit on the management for spirit and profuse expenditure; and, as we anticipate a long and prosperous run for the *Slave Queen*, we rejoice to be able to say, that, with all the strong features of the French stage, this drama is not only altogether free from the stain of immorality, but, in truth, the plot, from first to last, is well devised to point a moral. The adaptor is, we believe, Mr. Coyne; and the success of his work is quite uproarious and triumphant.

*The Opera Buffa.*—We are glad to find that the *Opera Buffa* is about to re-open for another season at the Lyceum, and with such a programme as bids fair to make it all the public could desire. An opera of Mozart's is intended for performance once in every week. Cinti Damareau will join if she can obtain the needful leave; and, already, with the exception of Mademoiselle Scheroni, the young and pretty, who is announced for December, a host of talent has congregated in London. A great variety of excellent operas, some of them new to us, are, we see with pleasure, in the bill of fare.

### VARIETIES.

*Ornithological Society.*—It is out of its regular place, but we have merely to state that the Ornithological Society met yesterday; when Messrs. Blyth, Macleay, and Vigors (the latter in the chair), made some interesting remarks on various peculiarities in birds, the egret in owls, the bill in hornbills, &c. &c.

*La Mosaïque.*—A French weekly publication, No. 1., has joined our periodical ranks; and we hail it with pleasure, for it is very various, very meritorious, and offers a most agreeable vehicle for familiarising readers with the language.

*Weather Wisdom.*—This is an important week, for Thursday is the Lord Mayor's Day, and the Queen is going to feast with the city. What says our oracle? "Cold air on the 4th—a fall of snow. The sextile of the Sun to Jupiter on the 6th will mitigate the cold; but Saturn near at hand, may cause snow. The influences are of a windy nature about the 8th, with many changes—dark and gloomy weather." Painful uncertainty! The ninth is in doubt. May it be sunny as the occasion!

*H. B.s.*—As politics begin to resume their season, H. B., of course, becomes more fertile. We have this week two novelties (Nos. 504, 5), in which the same characters figure, viz. the Queen and Lords Melbourne and Palmerston. In the first they appear on horseback, as Sannah and the Elders; and in the last, as *Kitty* and two of the livery in *High Life below Stairs*, but inverted as lately performed at Windsor, when the sheriffs' livery suits were exhibited to royalty. The likenesses are very good, but there is not much satire in these sketches. The first is the best.

*The late Dr. Valpy.*—We are informed that the subscription for a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Valpy, for upwards of fifty years head master of Reading school, is filling



up in a very gratifying manner, and that the list contains many distinguished names of gentlemen educated at that seminary.

**Meteors.**—We need hardly remind our astronomical readers, that the return of periodical meteors assigned to the 13th of November, or thereabouts, will soon require their watchful observation. Electrical experiments may also be made with advantage at this period.

**Fine Arts: Newcastle.**—A Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts has been formed at Newcastle, under the presidency of the Bishop of Durham, and patronised by many resident men of rank and influence.

**Encouragement of Art in France.**—Mr. Horace Vernet has been appointed by the king to paint a picture of the taking of Constantine; and set out to Africa on this mission. Thus are the fine arts and national feelings cultivated at the same time by a judicious government.

*To a Lady who is said strikingly to resemble Chalon's Portrait of the Queen in her Robes and Jewels.*

Who likens thee to Briton's queen,  
Not far from truth departs;  
For she's the queen of diamonds,  
And thou a queen of hearts. H.

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### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 36	From 29 to 54	29.95 to 29.80
Friday ... 37	..... 29 to 53	..... 29.50 to 29.58
Saturday ... 28	..... 35 to 51	..... 29.60 to 29.38
Sunday ... 29	..... 33 to 47	..... 29.38 to 29.40
Monday ... 30	..... 34 to 47	..... 29.35 to 29.26
Tuesday ... 31	..... 40 to 59	..... 29.31 to 29.43

Wednesday 1  
Wind, S.W.

Except the 31st ult., generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain; wind very boisterous during the afternoon of the 1st instant.

Rain fallen, 1.075 Inch.

Edmonty.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

*Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society, September 1837.*

Thermometer—Highest.....	69.25 .. the 21st.
Lowest .....	53.50 .. 26th.
Mean .....	53.4516
Barometer—Highest.....	30.08 .. 25th.
Lowest .....	29.83 .. 13th.
Mean .....	29.93388

Number of days of rain, 11.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 1.61875.

Winds.—4 North-East—6 East—3 South-East—4 South—3 South-West—4 West—3 North-West—3 North.

*General Observations.*—The temperature of the month was lower than since September 1835, as respects the mean and maximum, although the minimum in 1834 was half a degree lower. The barometer was higher than in 1835 and in 1836; and only once, in the last fourteen years, has so little rain fallen in September—viz. in 1833, from the 18th to the end of the month, no rain fell, and the weather was very fine.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. E. H. is advised that *various* and *one* cannot pass as rhyme, though the ideas are poetical enough.

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224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000. 1001. 1002. 1003. 1004. 1005. 1006. 1007. 1008. 1009. 1010. 1011. 1012. 1013. 1014. 1015. 1016. 1017. 1018. 1019. 1020. 1021. 1022. 1023. 1024. 1025. 1026. 1027. 1028. 1029. 1030. 1031. 1032. 1033. 1034. 1035. 1036. 1037. 1038. 1039. 1040. 1041. 1042. 1043. 1044. 1045. 1046. 1047. 1048. 1049. 1050. 1051. 1052. 1053. 1054. 1055. 1056. 1057. 1058. 1059. 1060. 1061. 1062. 1063. 1064. 1065. 1066. 1067. 1068. 1069. 1070. 1071. 1072. 1073. 1074. 1075. 1076. 1077. 1078. 1079. 1080. 1081. 1082. 1083. 1084. 1085. 1086. 1087. 1088. 1089. 1090. 1091. 1092. 1093. 1094. 1095. 1096. 1097. 1098. 1099. 1100. 1101. 1102. 1103. 1104. 1105. 1106. 1107. 1108. 1109. 1110. 1111. 1112. 1113. 1114. 1115. 1116. 1117. 1118. 1119. 1120. 1121. 1122. 1123. 1124. 1125. 1126. 1127. 1128. 1129. 1130. 1131. 1132. 1133. 1134. 1135. 1136. 1137. 1138. 1139. 1140. 1141. 1142. 1143. 1144. 1145. 1146. 1147. 1148. 1149. 1150. 1151. 1152. 1153. 1154. 1155. 1156. 1157. 1158. 1159. 1160. 1161. 1162. 1163. 1164. 1165. 1166. 1167. 1168. 1169. 1170. 1171. 1172. 1173. 1174. 1175. 1176. 1177. 1178. 1179. 1180. 1181. 1182. 1183. 1184. 1185. 1186. 1187. 1188. 1189. 1190. 1191. 1192. 1193. 1194. 1195. 1196. 1197. 1198. 1199. 1200. 1201. 1202. 1203. 1204. 1205. 1206. 1207. 1208. 1209. 1210. 1211. 1212. 1213. 1214. 1215. 1216. 1217. 1218. 1219. 1220. 1221. 1222. 1223. 1224. 1225. 1226. 1227. 1228. 1229. 1230. 1231. 1232. 1233. 1234. 1235. 1236. 1237. 1238. 1239. 1240. 1241. 1242. 1243. 1244. 1245. 1246. 1247. 1248. 1249. 1250. 1251. 1252. 1253. 1254. 1255. 1256. 1257. 1258. 1259. 1260. 1261. 1262. 1263. 1264. 1265. 1266. 1267. 1268. 1269. 1270. 1271. 1272. 1273. 1274. 1275. 1276. 1277. 1278. 1279. 1280. 1281. 1282. 1283. 1284. 1285. 1286. 1287. 1288. 1289. 1290. 1291. 1292. 1293. 1294. 1295. 1296. 1297. 1298. 1299. 1300. 1301. 1302. 1303. 1304. 1305. 1306. 1307. 1308. 1309. 1310. 1311. 1312. 1313. 1314. 1315. 1316. 1317. 1318. 1319. 1320. 1321. 1322. 1323. 1324. 1325. 1326. 1327. 1328. 1329. 1330. 1331. 1332. 1333. 1334. 1335. 1336. 1337. 1338. 1339. 1340. 1341. 1342. 1343. 1344. 1345. 1346. 1347. 1348. 1349. 1350. 1351. 1352. 1353. 1354. 1355. 1356. 1357. 1358. 1359. 1360. 1361. 1362. 1363. 1364. 1365. 1366. 1367. 1368. 1369. 1370. 1371. 1372. 1373. 1374. 1375. 1376. 1377. 1378. 1379. 1380. 1381. 1382. 1383. 1384. 1385. 1386. 1387. 1388. 1389. 1390. 1391. 1392. 1393. 1394. 1395. 1396. 1397. 1398. 1399. 1400. 1401. 1402. 1403. 1404. 1405. 1406. 1407. 1408. 1409. 1410. 141

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Home Tour through various Parts of the United Kingdom: being a Continuation of the "Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts." Also, Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-General.* By Sir George Head, author of "Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America." 8vo. pp. 351. London, 1837. Murray.

BEFORE we speak of this volume, we may notice a circumstance relating to its predecessor, which, if not owing to its being out of print,\* is rather a curious illustration of the publishing trade. During a recent tour in the manufacturing districts (begun from the north), we were desirous of procuring Sir George Head's work as a guide to objects worthy of inspection; yet, strange to say, from Glasgow to Birmingham we could not find a single copy, and had not time to send to London for one. Now, had this been a trashy or catchpenny thing, puffed, placarded, and left in the shops on commission for sale or return, as it is called, there is no doubt but that we might have got it every where: being a *bonâ fide* really useful book, it was not on a shelf even in the largest manufacturing towns. What is the conclusion? Publishing is in a most unhealthy state; and the tone taken from the metropolis destroys character and utility throughout the provinces! But, to our present purpose.

This volume is a continuation of clever and lively sketches. No writer invests trivial matters with more amusing qualities than Sir George Head. Vivacity is his element; and from the tumble of a squab gull to the midnight embarkation in a steamer, nothing comes amiss to his fanciful and descriptive humour. The slight touches of this sort scattered over these pages, are almost inseparable from them; but we extract two as samples. First, of an unaccustomed male nurse carrying a child. On leaving a vessel with a cargo of passengers, he says, "I attached my fortunes on the way to a married couple, travelling *en suite* with all their encumbrances, that is to say, two nursery maids, and four or five young children. Of these I carried one, a little creature of two years old, in my arms; a short period of time and distance, one would think hardly worthy of being considered. Nevertheless, during the aforesaid space of a mile and a half, I found my right arm, from the want of usage in the office, ache most grievously. Meanwhile the infant, lost in the placid intensity of sleep, appeared to me to gain every five minutes successively a year's growth in weight."

Again, the portrait of a president, one worthy to be so, at a *table d'hôte* in Guernsey:—

"His countenance, it is true, reflected none of his thoughts, even if ever he had any, yet his was a broad, brown, happy face, and remarkably small and twinkling was his black eye. Though the party were chiefly young men, inclined, for the most part, to yield their opinions and gastronomic tastes altogether to his guidance, not a word did he find it necessary to say in the course of his duty, nor ever detain the bottle for a moment in his grasp: an

intelligent wink was usually sufficient to push it forward in its orbit; and even in extreme cases of inattention to the ceremony, a gentle elevation of the right elbow, or a nod to the left hand sidewise over his shoulder, never failed to produce the proper effect. Whenever he lifted to his mouth the glass, which he filled regularly to the brim at every solatice of the bottle, the rosy draught rolled over his projected under lip, down his throat in a continuous unbroken stream, swallowed apparently without the slightest muscular effort, while his russet cheeks beamed with reflected light, marking its progress like the sun's rays at setting, and indicating a genial warmth towards the centre of the system."

Having given these brief specimens, we have now to notice that the earlier part of the *Tour* relates to the Isle of Man, which Sir George Head traversed in every direction, and of which the following may convey some idea:—

"At daybreak in the morning I walked down to the bay, where I was speedily joined by the owner of a boat with whom I had previously made arrangements, and his two assistants. As we approached the skiff, which lay moored to the rocks, we were surrounded by numerous gulls that hovered close above our heads, all of which were so tame, that, being on the ground, and walking about at their leisure on the sea-shore, they took little notice as we passed, but flapping their wings gently, either in compliment to us, or to recreate themselves, merely made believe to rise. Protected by the fishermen, the law of the land inflicts a penalty of three pounds upon whomsoever, either wilfully or wantonly, shoots one of their race; and such, accordingly, is the good understanding between those of the heavy boots and the web-footed, that the latter here in the neighbourhood of Port Iron, walk about as securely and peaceably as ordinary ducks in a farm-yard. The keen eye of the gull when the herrings appear, enables him to discover the first twinkle of their scales, and detect the myriads that swim crowding together beneath the wave; and, collecting in flocks, they hover over the spot, continually marking, by their progress in the air, the finny phalanx below. The sagacious manoeuvre infuses life in the village, and the fishermen receive the signal with joy. Ever on the alert, they throw their nets in the boat, and when, after the toilsome day, they return laden to their homes, the auxiliary gulls receive the reward of their services in the small fry and garbage."

At Jurby, we find another portrait, which, in simple pathos and beauty, might well be opposed to the last we have repeated.

"We walked (says the writer) to the churchyard, where inscriptions proclaim the welcome of many a drowned mariner to his last home; and here, among strangers and his own parishioners, a late clergyman of the village takes everlasting repose. He was, long before his death, my companion informed me, a suffering, infirm man, but being stout at heart, and devoted to his calling, the more helpless the more militant he grew against increasing age and infirmities. In sickness and in sorrow he was always at his post, even to leave his bed to go

to the pulpit; and when no longer able to walk, so long as he could read the liturgy, rather than be absent on the Sunday, was wheeled to church in a common barrow. Like a hero in battle, the poor minister of Jurby, to the last hour of his life, did his Christian duty: like a hero, while living, when assailed by mortal troubles, he vigorously repelled their assault; and like a hero, now dead, he lies buried on a spot where the four winds of heaven dash fiercely upon his unsheltered sepulchre."

We add two small portions of more general description.

"The diversity of scenery within the small periphery of the Isle of Man, is really extraordinary, whether one proceeds along the line of coast, or travels inland. The attention of the traveller is by turns allured to the bluff rock—the shingled or the sandy beach—the black, angry, wave-beaten shoal—or the wide-spreading, hospitable bay. Already I had traversed mountain and moor, together with extensive tracts of rich arable and pasture; and, lastly, I encountered some thousands of acres of deep and spongy morass, as pure bog land as is to be met with in any part of the kingdom. A great part of the country, inland, between Kirkmichael and Jurby, consists of a bed of pure black peat, distinguished provincially by the appellation of 'The Curragh,' the whole surface of which is laid down to pasture, and drained by clean even-cut ditches, with a bank in the middle, surmounted by a thriving alder hedgerow. These ditches discharge themselves into a main watercourse about twelve feet wide, whence the drainage is so perfect, that there is not, as I have elsewhere observed relating to the whole island, even here, either lake, pond, or deposit. In those places where turf is dug for the purpose of fuel, it is cut in layers of a yard and a half, or thereabouts, deep, and being black and soft, is moulded into form, previous to being carted, by the hand; and here, only a few years after, a thick stratum of the surface has been thus removed, the soil again becomes covered by a thick coat of herbage. Abundance of bog-wood is furnished from this morass, and fossil remains of animals have also frequently been discovered. I saw, in the possession of a medical gentleman in Douglas, a fine specimen of horns, stupendous in size, of an animal of the deer species, and of which I believe another pair, the counterpart of these, is preserved in the Edinburgh Museum, the gift of the late Duke of Athol to the establishment."

From Kirkmichael I rode to Douglas by a mountain track, or bridle-path, that leads hence in a line nearly direct across the summit of the hills, and strikes upon the Peel Town road at Kirkbraddan. Another route to Douglas across these mountains extends from Sulby four miles from Ramsey; also by the way of Kirkbraddan. I had a pleasant ride over green hills, where the spread of sheep-walks is so extensive, as to promise, under a proper grazing system, a good return for the farmer. The few sheep that at present occupy these heights, though hardy in their nature, cannot be expected, thus living from generation to generation without a sufficiency of winter keep, to thrive, and are, consequently, a lean half-

\* We have since ascertained that it is not.—Ed. L. G.



starved race. Packs of the red-billed chough scream in concert on the dreary waste, thereby inflicting a greater appearance of desolation than ought, under favourable circumstances, to attach to the spot. I saw no good stock of any description while in the Isle of Man; neither is it probable, I think, that the case will be otherwise while the land continues to be tilled by the present mixed breed of agriculturists—half farmer, half fisherman; he who, possessing a source of profit in another direction, is thereby induced to devote a part only of his time, care, and capital, thereon. Formerly, a peculiar breed of Manx pony was in high estimation; but of late years, even these animals have dwindled away, and are not to be found. I ought to make an exception with regard to a particularly fine race of pig, almost, I think, indigenous; at least, I have never seen in England any of this marked character. At different places here on the western coast I saw three or four, weighing each upwards of twenty score, and exquisite in form; possessing length and depth of carcass, smallness of bone, diminutive legs, and a broad shoulder; the back remarkably hollow; the belly touching the ground; the ears pointing forwards; and the small nose, like that of a mole. In short, they have the form of the Chinese pig, with increased length and size, and a remarkably long-tufted stern."

Having returned to Glasgow, Sir George again set out in the steamer, *Maid of Morven*, a romantic name for a very common craft, and passed through the interesting Kyles of Bute to Oban; where, being met by the Highlander steamer, he proceeded in *her* (the highlander) on the usual trip to Staffa and Iona. Respecting the former, we see nothing of sufficient novelty to provoke extract; but select the following from his visit to the latter. The passengers, he it observed, are allowed to land for a short time at each; so, at Iona,

"A group of children, chiefly little girls, each with a plate in her hand containing pebbles and shells for sale, had already collected on the shore, and were standing in a line to receive us. Among these specimens, the light green stone especially, peculiar to the island, was in tolerable abundance, though it is singular, considering these are purchased with avidity by the numerous travellers who visit the spot, that any should now remain. Of all it may be observed, that although in the spirit of hard dealing, artfully wetted with sea-water to improve their brilliancy, they are of better than ordinary quality. As the buildings, the object of our present visit, are within three or four stones' throw of the shore, our purpose, after once being fairly landed, was speedily effected; the which was so far fortunate, inasmuch as the period allotted by the captain to this portion of our day's business, was not more than sufficient to perfect the end proposed, without affording any individual an opportunity of walking round or even across this very small island. We accordingly immediately proceeded *en masse* to the celebrated ruins of the Cathedral, the Chapel of St. Oban, and the Nunnery. The upper surface of the land appeared to be chiefly the aforesaid white sand, covered by natural, sweet, tender herbage, and abounding in mineral substances, containing mica especially, in large proportion. Of the stones, many of a greenish tinge, with which, loosely laid one upon another, the walls are composed, I hardly observed two exactly alike, excepting those of red granite, which material is universally predominant. In one place, in an excavation dug on the side of a bank, I saw a stratum two feet

thick, of perfect fossil shells. The habitations consisted only of a few small cottages, although, as if preparatory to an increase of population, a small village church had recently been endowed, and a neat manse-house built for the clergyman. It is impossible to approach these venerable ruins without a sensation of respect and awe, on contrasting sublime designs of architecture, and grand monumental reliques, with the humility of the remote spot whereon they have been placed—a spot which, to former generations, and before the invention and aid of steam, might be considered by the inhabitants of the south nearly as inaccessible as Iceland. It is extraordinary to witness a display of ornamental sepulchres here in this land of mist and storm, apart until recently from the civilised world, yet calculated, in regard to workmanship and design, to do honour to the most celebrated of our ecclesiastical edifices, whether of York, Canterbury, Wells, Westminster Abbey, or elsewhere. Some are within the cathedral, the greater part in the burying ground outside; however, the outer walls of the former building alone remain, so that these receive no manner of shelter. The ruins of durable red granite are in excellent preservation, together with various arches within, fretted work, and columns exquisitely chiselled; a forbearance, whether on the part of time or of the marauder, rather to be attributed to the hardness of the material, than the protection of the constituted authorities. Although not versed, even to a limited extent, in antiquarian lore, I could not divest myself of a feeling of sincere regret, on witnessing the more than apathetic neglect of this magnificent cemetery, wherein the tombs are exposed at present to absolute degradation. Here, in a country where want of respect to ancestry is by no means a national failing, the reliques of the mighty dead, of the dignified priesthood of former days, and of Norwegian kings, are actually lying unprotected from the wind and rain, unhallowed from desecration by the boisterous intruder, and deserted by the lords of the soil, their natural protectors. Surely, even were it considered objectionable to remove these monuments to a secure though distant spot, it were incumbent on somebody or some persons to gird the whole precincts with a fence or wall, and throw a roof above those tombs deposited in the cathedral. The latter expedient, since the walls are yet sound, even though slightly performed, would answer good purpose, and be effected at small expense."

Fingal's Cave is well delineated, and some curious anecdotes of seals, &c. are told; and then the author, at the Isle of Mull, relates how salmon are caught and preserved; which we copy for the public good.

"I had an opportunity of witnessing, within a small building in the outskirts of Tobermory, the mode there adopted of preparing salmon so as to keep fresh, when packed in tin cases, for long voyages, an operation than which none can possibly be more simple, so much so, that where fish are to be had, it may be put in practice in any place and by any body; and, in fact, the artists in Aberdeen and elsewhere, whose trade is thus to preserve provisions for sea, afford to vend meat of all sorts, fish, and vegetables, at a price so reasonable, that, considering the bone is extracted, and nothing charged for the tin case, an ordinary housekeeper might almost, from motives of sheer economy, be tempted to become a purchaser. Preserved salmon especially, fetches at Aberdeen only twenty pence a pound.\* The building in ques-

tion is merely a shed divided into two compartments on a ground floor, between which a door forms the communication of one with the other. In the first of these chambers, the fish, brought in baskets fresh from the sea, were thrown in heaps upon the floor. Here two men were at work, one of whom gutted the fish and handed them to his companion. The other man, standing at a heavy table or dresser, seizing a fish dexterously in his left hand, cut the head clean off by a single sweep of a broad knife, and then, turning it by a toss cleverly round, whipped off its tail in precisely the same manner. Not less adroitly he divided the rest in portions, as nearly as possible two pounds' weight each. He then split each slice, dividing the belly-part perpendicularly; extracted the bone; wiped it dry with a cloth; shook a little salt upon it; rolled it neatly round, and placed it in an oval tin canister, in appearance like those commonly used for containing gunpowder. The canister then being put into the scales, the artist adjusted the weight, either more or less as the case might be. Nothing more remained in this apartment to be done, and the canister was handed to the man in the other chamber, for the purpose of being closed. This operator was employed continually in making the canisters, and soldering them in the usual way, without any further care or precaution than is exercised by an ordinary tinman. Mere chance, after all, conducted me to the above-mentioned building, of which, the entrance being open, I walked in; in fact, I should not, probably, have observed it at all, but for the loads of fish on men's shoulders, then on their way from the boats, and the abundance of refuse and offal that lay on the shore. And thus, frequently, the identical cause that renders a spectacle interesting to a stranger, becomes the very reason that prevents him from seeing it, since people are wont to imagine things necessarily unimportant to others, merely because the same have long since ceased to be regarded as novel by themselves."

This *Salmonida* leads to an episode *en masse* goose-killing in Lincolnshire; and, as the mode of the massacre of these innocents may be as little known to others as to ourselves, we lay before them the frightful picture.

"I was (continues Sir George) similarly indebted to the kindness of fortune on another occasion, the particulars whereof I will here introduce, not only in exemplification of the foregoing remark, whereby I was within an ace of passing through Lincolnshire without visiting a slaughter-house of the native geese, but since the subject I am upon is one of comestibles and provisions for the table.\* Two years ago, while remaining a day in the town of Boston, my attention being then chiefly directed to the gigantic operations that propel the stagnant waters of the fens in artificial rivers of the sea; I had intended to bend my way to whatever spot I might see to the greatest advantage the means and the effect, whereby the science of drainage has there been conducted to so vast an extent. And having previously visited the noble old church, whose eight spires, airily supported on lantern arches, springing from an octagonal turret, are only equalled by the architectural symmetry within the building, where the whole aisle and transepts, in unbroken space, and under one roof, are supported on lofty pointed arches of exquisite form, I had nothing, in fact, else to do, when, by mere chance, as I have already hinted, my attention was called to the red field of blood.

\* The writer's sense is left here incomplete; but his meaning is obvious.—Ed. L. G.

\* This appears to us to be very dear.—Ed. L. G.

whereon hundreds of poor geese yield up their lives daily, and perish, generation after generation, for the benefit of mankind. As I was strolling onwards in the direction of the fens, I had hardly proceeded clear of the suburbs of the town, when the busy hum of imprisoned thousands was borne upon the breeze, as of those multitudinous throngs which, during the depth and intensity of winter, are seen gallantly piercing the snow-storm in pointed column, and murmuring in gentle cackle as they plod along. For a moment I attentively listened, but a moment, to ears accustomed to rural sounds, was quite sufficient to reconcile localities, and account for the phenomenon. A few minutes more conducted me to the very spot from whence the sound proceeded, where, on a small plot of ground, a quarter of an acre in extent, a drove of five thousand geese were closely penned like sheep, cackling their sorrows to the winds, and awaiting their melancholy doom. From a thousand to sixteen hundred a week here die regularly by the hands of the executioner; and, as I learnt, upon making inquiry, that, according to arrangement carried into effect by the proprietor of the establishment, three days in every week, of which the morrow was one, were set apart to slaughter, I made up my mind to go the next morning accordingly, and witness the ceremony. Many a householder exists at the present day in the united kingdom, who, whether his income be large or small, and no matter what his religious and political persuasion, in conformity with irrefragable custom, and under the auspices of our benevolent King William, at least once in each year, at the head of an obedient family, like a mail-coachman mounted on the coach-box on a gala day, sits in the pump of conjugal and paternal authority, knife and fork in hand, behind a fat, fragrant goose on Michaelmas-day. But little does he reflect, while, with glistening eyes and watering chops, his nostrils regaled with exquisite odour, his chest inflated by the consciousness of powerful digestion, his fore-arm resting horizontally flat upon the table, and his implements pointing upwards at right angles towards the ceiling, he ponders and meditates on the first incision, while the eyes of his helpmate, roving anxiously around lest the pinfeathers of their hungry offspring slip perchance beneath their chins, with gesture more authoritative than elegant he beckons backwards with his thumb across his shoulder, and the perspiring handmaid presents to him the steel; while, in anxious silence, the wife and children sit patiently watching his motions, and listening to the whistle of the bright blade, and the brisk rat-tat-tat-tat of the aforesaid implement; and finally, though the bird squeaks and hisses on the table, as if it were alive, and the gravy springs at the first cut from its bosom like a stream of blood: little does he reflect, I say again, as relates to the juicy martyr on his board, upon that dismal tragedy that I will now proceed to relate. At ten o'clock the next morning, when I arrived on the premises, two hundred and sixty geese had been already barbarously assassinated out of six hundred, the number on that day doomed to die. The dead birds were all plucked, trussed, and laid in order, neatly ranged on shelves, wherewith this, the first and outer apartment, was surrounded. The said apartment communicated by an outer door through the back yard of the premises by a series of wicket gates, to the plot of ground already referred to, and also by partitions with two other chambers, in one of which the geese were killed, and in the other stripped of their

feathers. In the first of the two latter chambers, three boys were employed. The first boy, by virtue of his office, drove the geese a dozen at a time from the grand depot into a pen parted off in one corner of the apartment, and these, batch by batch, were usually disposed of as quickly as he could go to the depot and return. The second boy, though in point of fact he acted the part of a hangman, did nothing more than, taking each goose one by one out of the aforesaid pen, prepare it for execution. To this end, by a dexterous twist, he entangled together the pinions of the bird behind its back, and inserted its legs in one of eight nooses that hung suspended five feet from the ground against the wall, over a long trough which rested on the floor to catch the blood. The third boy's business was simple and sanguinary—merely that of cutting throats. Of this young matador, though scarcely twelve years old, the trenchant blade had not only passed across the weasands of all those geese that had already given up the ghost, but ere the sun had passed his meridian, the death-cackle of the whole devoted six hundred had sounded in his ears. His whole care and attention was necessarily occupied with the dying; though frequently unawares, and in despite of his best efforts, he received a flapping from a gory neck, or a tingling stream of blood spirted in his eye; whereat his countenance would gleam with a ludicrous expression of alacrity and surprise. He would then compose the limbs of his victims in death with double diligence, yet only precisely so long as they shewed by fluttering, in their last moments, a disinclination to behave decently. Afterwards, he allowed every goose to go out of the world in the best manner it could. So soon as a goose appeared thoroughly dead, its legs were disengaged from the noose to make room for another, when the defunct bird was tossed out of the chamber of death, through a small square window or aperture that communicated with the plucking-room. Here, behind a large table or dresser sat seven men and one woman, upon low seats, enveloped in a cloud of dust and down, and up to their hips in feathers; wherewith altogether they were covered with such profusion, that among the eight individuals, it was difficult at first sight to point out which was the woman. These people were paid for their labour, as I was told, at the rate of a shilling a score, whereat, such is their dexterity and strength of thumb, that some are able at the aforesaid price, provided they have geese to pluck, to earn ten or twelve shillings a day. As near as I could judge, a goose was plucked naked as a needle in about six minutes; a plump fat bird, at all events, every forty or fifty seconds, from either one or other of the operators, was pitched heavily on the dresser. Thus, the artists, without favour or delay, vigorously pursued their work, while the noise of quills relentlessly ripped from their sockets, sounded like the crackling of a faggot in a baker's oven, or twigs snapped in twain by a lusty donkey, as he bursts through a thicket. Each goose, so soon as plucked, was pitched by the plucker, as I have before observed, upon the dresser. Hence it was removed by the man presiding over the first outer apartment already mentioned, and then immediately scientifically trussed and deposited on the shelves. After witnessing the various operations now described, I paid a short visit to the premises in the rear of these apartments, where a small steam-engine is continually kept at work in the double operation of grinding meal for the geese's

food, and stirring and pounding the same into a compost together with potatoes. Three men, moreover, in the yard adjoining, sap green as high as their waistbands, were hard at work loading carts with shovels from a large heap containing at least a dozen wagon loads of pure goose manure. The reader now will, I trust, have formed an idea of a Lincolnshire poulterer's establishment, although, than the one cited, there are others, I believe, considerably more extensive. From hence the geese are despatched regularly to the London market, packed in baskets containing twenty-five birds each, of which baskets twenty-five also make a wagon load, in weight, supposing each goose on an average to weigh eleven pounds, upwards of three tons. The wagons are forty-eight hours on the road, and the cargoes, on their arrival, consigned to salesmen, are disposed of to the poulterers."

Another voyage to Inverness, and a brief tour in Ireland, and the memoirs of an assistant-commissary, we shall leave to our readers, merely remarking, that they are all quite unconnected with each other; and conclude with one passage from the Guernsey visit, which relates to a subject of considerable interest, the naturalisation of sea-fish in fresh water, some of the particulars being new to us:—

"By means of an open watercourse passing from a small lake within, through the mound or sea-wall into the sea, and a strong iron-grating on the inside, contrived to admit the ingress and egress of the tide, and to confine fish of moderate size within the lake, several sorts of salt-water fish have been by degrees subjected to the inundation of fresh water. Scientific people have faith in the result; and certainly here sea-fish have lived and thriven for weeks in succession, the sea being totally excluded by the sluice-gate, and the salt water sufficiently diluted by fresh streams, to induce cattle to drink it without hesitation. Being introduced by a friend to the owner of the lake, the latter kindly ordered a couple of men to haul a drag-net across to gratify my curiosity, the water at the same time being so fresh as to be merely brackish. The wind unfortunately was so unusually high that the haul was unsuccessful; the net, moreover, was lightly shotted, and the fish leaped clean over it into the water; wherefore, though I saw many, owing to being thus disturbed, about half a dozen gray mullet only were brought on shore. From their size and condition, since they had lived here some weeks, one might fairly conclude, that their nature, if not at first congenial, was reconciled to the fresh pasture; and I had a further opportunity with reference to the same fact of adding a word as to their firmness and flavour, having eaten of them the same day, and found them excellent at dinner. Besides the mullet aforesaid, turbot, plaice, and smelts, were denizens of the same domain, all in equally prosperous case and healthily. Serious devastation, the proprietor informed me, was occasionally committed by fresh-water eels, that, large and ferocious, allured by exclusive society, and finding their way nobody knew how into the assembly, set to work on their arrival without favour or ceremony, and devoured natives and foreigners together. What a field of watery speculation would at once be thrown open, were it ever deemed possible, as in the instance above stated, though on a more extended scale, thus to subject sea-fish to amphibious usage; and by the assistance of art or scientific persuasion, to control their exuberant fecundity. The salmon and the eel, pioneers of two distinct tribes, the scaled and unscaled, in accordance with their nature at

certain seasons of the year or otherwise, leave the sea to inhabit fresh rivers, which fact perhaps argues capabilities of organisation with reference to the whole species, which, if put to the test, might be further extended. At any rate the subject creates amusing speculation, with reference to making our lakes and rivers receptacles for bringing the nations that inhabit the world of waters into converse with each other, and naturalising of the animal kingdom almost the only creatures not yet domesticated by the hand of man. Thus cod and haddock may eventually learn to live in placid brotherhood with perch and roach, and the wild salmon rub his silver sides in amity upon the copper-coloured carp. In many parts of England pure salt water reservoirs are already employed with advantage, but none that I know of have yet effectually superseded the tanks of the London fishmonger. Yet on many spots on the coast reservoirs might be contrived of enormous dimensions, capable, whether supplied by wind, water, or steam, with sea water, of containing fish in almost unlimited numbers. It is extraordinary that, while every individual in the kingdom is more or less interested in the distribution of this boon of bountiful nature, fishmongers, almost without remonstrance, have maintained absolute and continued monopoly; neither do the inquisitive or discontented trouble themselves to know those details of combination, whereby an uncertain supply is subjected to certain demand, and large quantities of fish abstracted and perhaps destroyed, to prevent a glut in the market."

*The Keepsake, for 1838: New Series.*

London, 1837. Longman and Co.

AN advertisement prefixed to this volume, says "The proprietor having ascertained that a belief exists that the articles for the *Keepsake* have occasionally been selected less in reference to their intrinsic merits, than to the names of their author, has determined to escape the imputation, by publishing the work anonymously. If this mode obtain the public approbation, it will be continued; but if otherwise, he trusts that he will be considered justified in reverting to his former plan."

"It must not, however, be supposed that this statement is intended to imply that the *Keepsake* has entirely divided itself from its old connexions. On the contrary, nearly all the most eminent of its former contributors still devote their talents to its pages; but several new writers of equal celebrity have been employed."

Our attention is particularly called to the literary portion of the Annual before us (and we must add with regret) by this equally injudicious and ill-written prefix. Even on the ground of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, the proprietor is, in our opinion, mistaken in fancying that the anonymous possesses as much interest with the purchasers of this class of works, as the parade of high names. Supposing the material to be about the same calibre, and we see little difference, certainly no improvement, in the present instance; it is clear that the natural curiosity to see how the Lord This and the Lady That, and the Right Honourable So and So, can write, must be in some measure a stimulus to the market. Namely Pamby is none the worse for having a Peer for a poet, and Commonplace is at least as agreeable from a Member of the House of Commons as from a nameless Nobody. Then, should there be merit, how fine to find it in a minister of state? if originality, in a worn out man about town?

So much for the general principle announced in this new series—a principle, we will venture to predict, that next year will see abandoned. Come we to the vague flourish which is substituted for real names. All the most eminent of the past *Keepsakes*, we are assured, continue to devote their talents to its pages, while several new ones of equal celebrity have joined the band;—"been employed," is a vile bookseller's hack-like phrase, and must be offensive to the ears polite of such eminent persons as contribute to this miscellany, which has not "entirely divided itself" (another vile phrase) from them. But, no matter for these things—the admirable old connexions have been reinforced by equally admirable recruits; and the mass of the conjoined corps has produced twenty-one "articles." Of these, the majority, twelve, are poetical, and occupy twenty-six pages; one only being, by its length, redeemed from the category of Sonnet, Enigma, Lines on a Picture, Lines on a Christening, &c. &c. Nine prose "articles" remain to be accounted for, and they consist of tales of the average cast, belonging to similar publications, not one of them challenging to be regarded as an immortal, or more than annual production, of any individual in the ranks of this renowned phalanx, of twenty-one at the utmost. The fact is, that the *Keepsake* for 1838 is not only anonymous, but not above mediocrity.

We believe, speaking of the annuals generally, that their literary attractions have much degenerated; and that they now place their reliance principally on their engravings. Nor would it be difficult to account for this, at least to a certain degree, in one striking point of view. Soon after their establishment, with competition running high, their proprietors or editors sought and paid for the best literary contributions they could obtain; and though somewhat obscured by the admixture of contemporaneous imbecility and trash, we are bold to say, that from these volumes a selection might be made, which would do great honour to the polite literature of any age or country. But, by degrees, other systems crept in. One annual begged where it should have bought; another got up balaam among the cheap serviles of the press (the dear at any price); a third relied solely on fashionable distinctions; and (not to mention those who stole what they could) all began to lavish on the embellishments that portion of outlay which was justly due to lettered talent and genius. The horse could hardly carry double; but if it did, literature was either made to ride in flunkey poverty behind, or prayed to exhibit itself gratis on the pillion. For a single subject and its engraving, more was given than for all the literary treasures of a volume: is it wonderful that the prints should be very pretty whilst the print is very poor? Taste and judgment, combined with a liberal, not profuse, expenditure on the literary contents, can alone restore the annuals to any thing like decent consideration and public patronage in this respect. As it is, most Nos. of the monthly magazines, at their two shillings or half-a-crown each, display infinitely more ability and originality than a fifteen shillings or guinea yearly performance; and the year's Nos. of one of our best magazines would infinitely outstrip all the annuals put together.

Far be it from us to desire that the exercise of the fine arts should not have its ample reward; but it will not, alone, support this numerous class of publication, and is also, from over use, sinking into great sameness and mannerism. The branch itself, on the reduced scale to which it is limited in these works, is

injurious to the higher productions of art; and, instead of noble designs worthy of everlasting admiration, we have now only too many mere toys and gauds for the amusement of the hour in portfolios or albums. That such things should also supersede all literary merit in so large a range—more, perhaps, than sixty or seventy thousand volumes every year—is much to be regretted; and we trust hereafter not to see that division, which ought to afford present delight and long extended fame, almost altogether sacrificed to pictorial ornaments and even to binding. The latter of the *Keepsake* is very handsome, and we will be bound cost ten times as much as its literature. We have to add, that the size of the new series is enlarged, and looks well.

*Illustrations of Scripture, &c. By S. S.*

London, 1837. Hatchard and Son.

IT is not often that we meet a volume of poems that holds out so much promise as the one before us. The numberless slight tomes which every week carries into obscurity have generally a strong family resemblance; they indicate taste rather than talent, and generally faint copies of some favourite original. This is not the case with the pages now before us; they are the first effort—the trying the wings, as it were—of an obviously powerful mind: there is the enthusiasm and the real feeling which belong to one whose real vocation is literature. Poems on sacred subjects are not often successful; but here are not mere attempts to versify scripture passages, but bursts of devotional feeling, or strains of solemn thought, suggested by particular texts. The minor poems are all of a serious order; but the seriousness is softened by touches of affection, and enlivened by a keen sense of natural beauty. The following specimens are all marked by individual character, and the description in the second singularly beautiful.

"The Pilgrim."

"How can I leave this resting place—  
This home of early years—  
My cherished home of heart and mind,  
Without some parting tears?  
How can I willful memory curb  
From ranging o'er the past?  
How the prophetic fear control,  
By the dark future cast?"

The past—its hours have been to me  
Part sunshine, partly shade;  
The joyful ray, the tearful cloud,  
Life's circling iris made:  
The future!—on I shrink to gaze,  
While pausing on the verge  
Of earthly change, for much I dread  
The storm-clouds it may merge:—

For must I not, in this farewell,  
My youth's calm morn resign,  
To wander onward wearily—  
In the world's glare to pine?  
Here hath my spirit thrilled to strains  
Of pleasure's varying choir,  
Yet echoed too the sadder tones  
Of melancholy's lyre.

Here have imagination's hues  
Brightened all meaner things,  
While thought communed with yon sky  
On faith's immortal wings:—  
Here high resolve and energy  
Have nerved my youthful pride,  
And prospects rich as fabled lands  
Hath fancy's wand supplied.

And here, oh, first my being's depths  
Answered affection's call,  
While sympathy's blest atmosphere  
Life's air pervaded all:—  
Thus, ever from the world's wide sea  
I've turned, the peace to gain  
O' thy dear shore, my faithful home,  
Nor sought thy calm in vain.

But thou wilt yield me rest no more,  
Strangers will own each scene,  
And I shall soon an alien be  
Where as a child I've been.  
They tell of distant scenes as fair,  
Of suns and skies as bright,  
Where flowers, and trees, and gentle streams,  
And birds, as well delight:—

It may be true; but what to me  
Is radiant earth, or sky,  
However fair—however bright—  
Without *home's* melody?  
Here my heart's history is portrayed  
As it can be no more;  
Life's record on each object's traced  
Whose loss I now deplore.

Yes, I must own the mournful truth,  
Which long I strove to hide—  
Earth can no resting-place ensure,  
Where pilgrims may abide.  
Pilgrims! that name inspireth hope  
Of blessings yet to come!  
Though telling of a wilderness,  
Breathes it not too of home?

Why should a pilgrim then lament,  
Toiling o'er desert-sand,  
Because he finds not cities fair?  
Hath he no fatherland?  
Why should an Alpine traveller mourn  
He may not sleep mid snows?  
Awaits him not a home, where dwells  
No danger with repose?

Parent Divine! and shall thy child  
Murmur, if change blight calm?  
In evil wilt thou not sustain,  
And soothe with heavenly balm?  
Under the shadow of thy wing  
Doth not peace ever dwell?  
And will not thine approving smile  
Give joy unspeakable?

And have I not a changeless home,  
By thee in heaven prepared?  
A home where all is perfected—  
By perfect beings shared?  
A rest remaining, knowing not  
The shadow of a cloud—  
Where disappointment, care, exile,  
Ne'er shall my spirit shroud—

Where bloom immortal youth and joy,  
On all Heaven's seal will be  
The impress of my Father God—  
Stamp of Eternity!  
Is not my fainting heart now cheered,  
By musing on the blest?  
Life's wearying way, refreshed with dew,  
Shed from yon home of rest?"

"*Fragmente. Christmas, 1835.*

"Nay, tell me not again of wintry gloom,  
Of sullen skies, of withered leafless forms,  
Of beautiful scenes as those in eastern tale,  
Spell-bound, as if by some magician's wand.  
True, the enchanter, Frost, hath wrought his spell,  
Yet kindly wrought. Since summer leaves are gone,  
And summer fruits and flowers, 'tis well to hide  
The ruin with fresh beauty:—yea, 'tis well  
To fling a bright robe o'er the desolate,  
As o'er the cares of life we cast the light  
But glitt'ring world-wove mantle of false smiles.  
Yes, though 'twas winter, 'twas a glorious scene  
Where Christmas held his court. Ice palaces  
And crystal-columned temples of pure snow  
Were imaged there; each point reflecting gleams  
Of passing sunshine. Gems as radiant too  
As purest diamond, or orient pearl,  
Flashed from each object. Not the fabled wealth  
That on Aladdin burst, within the cave,  
From jewelled trees; and not the coral groves  
Beneath the ocean-wave, where Peris hold  
Their revelry, more gazing could appear.  
From stately cedar's loftiest spreading branch  
To mournful willow's drooping bough, and o'er  
The shrinking half-awakened violet,  
An unseen spirit-hand each varied form  
Had crystallised with geometrical skill,  
And often as the wind careered swept  
The wavy stems, bright particles of snow,  
Like sunbeams glancing from gay plumed bird,  
Or blossoms shook from spring's wreathed coronal,  
Fell stillly on the earth. Brief pageantry,  
Too soon dissolved—while gloom, and sombre hues,  
The landscape soon pervade:—thus quickly chased  
Are fancy's visions from the waking eye,  
When on the world of dreams breaks morning's light.  
All was not gloom; and sheltered green-house plants  
Resembled hopes when outward joys are fled,  
Expanding in affection's genial air."

"*A Recollection.*

"A scene of phantasy—magnificent—  
With all that art and taste could yield, adorned,  
Whose very atmosphere breathed harmony.  
Yet turned I from surrounding forms and things,  
Brightening with noon-day radiance evening hours,  
To one sweet form, that stood in rich relief  
From glowing folds of crimson drapery,  
Beside me,—like an antique statue: fair  
And marble-like her classic features were;  
Woman's most precious gem shone on her brow,  
Even purity of heart and mind;  
And in her gentle eye softly reposed  
Emotion's eloquence: grace, dignity,  
With moral energy, and high resolve,  
Hovered around her—such can woman be—  
Then at that thought, my heart found vent in song:—

Oh! gently as the snow-flake melts,  
When falling on the wave,—  
Yet deeply, as some fine-wrought seal,  
Can its own impress grave;—  
Thus gently, deeply, lady fair,  
Into my soul hath passed  
Thine image, where its memory pure  
Shall long, long freshly last!  
For like some cherished melody,  
Whose tones the spirit thrill,—  
Although the sounds have died away,  
It haunts remembrance still.  
Ay, truly, as some clear bright star  
That decks the night's dark brow,—  
If once the wanderer it have cheered,  
Is loved by wanderer now.

Thus, lovely one—a treasured charm  
Thy name will be to me,  
Waking a thousand pleasant thoughts  
Of happy memory.  
That hour—its forms and phantasies,  
And dream-like scenery gone—  
Hath left thee lingering in my heart,  
Thou kind, thou lovely one!"

We would also draw attention to some striking prose fragments, which shew a spirit of analysis and reflection from whose results much is to be expected.

*A Dictionary of the Artists of Antiquity, Architects, Carvers, Engravers, Modellers, Painters, Sculptors, Statuaries, and Workers in Bronze, Gold, Ivory, and Silver; with Three Chronological Tables, by Julius Sillig, translated by the Rev. H. W. Williams. To which are added, C. Plinii Secundi Naturalis Historiæ, lib. xxxiv. to xxxvi. c. 8-5. With Four Indexes and a Preface. By E. H. Barker, Esq. 8vo. pp. 61. London, 1837. Black and Armstrong.*

THE literary labourers of Germany are justly celebrated for the minuteness and universality of their researches in the wide fields of antiquity, so long trodden, yet still so imperfectly explored by modern inquirers. We more than doubt,—indeed, we even despair, of complete success in our actual investigations into the real form and aspect of the classical world, from the broken fragments scattered amongst its ruins, as well as from the more perfect *torsi* that claim the involuntary homage of every mind. They mock, indeed, the hopes of recovery and the arts of restoration; but they still, in all their incompleteness, like the fossil bones of animals, remain to impress us with the indelible stamp of a former and mightier mode of existence—at least in art.

Whatever may be the general appreciation of German literature in England,—and we think that here, as in its native land, opinion runs pretty equally into the two extremes alone—it has never, we believe, been doubted, that the laborious diligence of the learned of that nation has succeeded every where in heaping together an enormous mass of facts; though the sifting and arrangement of these may not always have answered our expectations. But as the pioneers of learning, they have ever been reckoned invaluable; and the work before us is an additional instance of this truth.

The volume justly sustains the high celebrity of Mr. Sillig abroad; and we are struck in every page with the multiplied research and patient comparison of every passage and hint in the ancient writers, so useful in assisting us to form a distinct idea of art and artists, as they existed in Greece and Rome. We must confess ourselves strongly inclined to the opinion, that the duration of the former state was not sufficient to account for the perfection which the Greeks attained in art; and, if their literature be adduced as an example of the contrary, we should be tempted to place it also in the same category. But we have little space to devote to so wide a range of inquiry at present, and must confine ourselves to Mr. Sillig here.

The editor has candidly pointed out some deficiencies in the volume in question, and which he trusts to supply hereafter; but, as it stands, Mr. Sillig has undoubtedly supplied a *desideratum* to the lovers of art, and in a shape that will lead many amongst us to prosecute and extend his researches. The few works which, like Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, contain all that we have ascertained on the subject, are so concise, or so meagre and unsatisfactory, that the artist, the amateur, and the student, will gladly hail any addition to the existing stock of information; and this he can find but few so capable as Mr. Sillig to supply. It is not merely the statements and hints of antiquity that are brought before him: the theories subsequently founded upon those details are here collected by the multifarious reading of the author, and examined and discussed with the light of thought and the care of learning. So that, in truth, each of the more important notices forms an essay of itself, in this small but useful volume. We would take as instances the articles, Agatherchus, Ageladas, Anthermus, Dædalus, Euthygrates, Mys, Parrhasius, and Polygnotus; admirable supplements to the articles in any biographical dictionary.

The three tables of the state of the arts in Greece: 1st. from their introduction till the time of Phidias; 2d. thence to Lysippus and Appelles; and 3d. from that period till they ceased to be cultivated, slight as they are (and this is a defect), are useful, as condensing into one point of view, the dates, Olympiads, state of literature, public games, and the drama, with the political events, and the lists of principal artists and their works.

We have room but for two extracts; the first from the article, Phidias.

"Pliny (34, 8, 19) observes, that he flourished in Olymp. 84; and the reason of this statement is obvious. In the period in question, Pericles became the leading statesman of Athens (Clinton, Fast. Hellen. ad. a. 444, and 429), and immediately procured the formation of many illustrious works of art, some of which were executed by Phidias himself, and others were made under his inspection. In the third year of Olymp. 85, B.C. 438, while Theodorus was archon, Pericles dedicated in the Parthenon the celebrated statue of Minerva, composed of ivory and gold (Euseb. ad h. a.), and this fact confirms the statement of Pliny, or rather of the writer, whose testimony Pliny approved, because it shews that Phidias must have commenced this very laborious performance in Olymp. 84. A different account, however, seems to be given by Philochorus, as quoted by the Schol. Aristoph. Pac. 604:—*Φιλόχορος ἰπὶ Πυθιδόρου ἀρχόντος παύσθαι* 'Καὶ τὸ ἄγαλμα τὸ χρυσεῦν τῆς Ἀθηνᾶς ἱστάθῃ εἰς τὸν νῦν τὸν μῆνα, ἔχον χρυσεῖν σταθμὴν τελέωνται μὲν, Περικλίου ἱκισταμένου Φειδίου δὲ ποιήσαντος. Καὶ Φειδίας ὁ ποιῆσας, δέξας παραλογίζεσθαι τὸν ἐλπίσαντα σὸν εἰς τὰς φολίδας, ἐκείδῃ, καὶ θυγὸν εἰς ἥλιον ἐργολαβῆσαι τὸ ἄγαλμα τοῦ Διὸς τοῦ ἐν Ὀλυμπίᾳ λίγισται. Τούτῳ δὲ ἐξεργασάμενος ἀποθανεῖν πρὸ Σπυθιδόρου, ὃς ἔστιν ἀπὸ τούτου ἴδιον.' Φειδίας, ὡς Φιλόχορος φησὶ ἰπὶ Πυθιδόρου ἀρχόντος τὸ ἄγαλμα τῆς Ἀθηνᾶς κατασκευάσας ὑπέλιπε τὸ χρυσίον ἐν τῶν θεαμάτων τῆς χρυσελεφαντίνης Ἀθηνᾶς, ἢ ὃ καταργησθεὶς ὑπ' αὐτῶν ὡς τοσιφάμενος ἀπείρηθ'."

On this passage the author remarks:

"We must first observe, that there never was an archon of the name of Scythodorus, and that the term Σπυθιδόρου must be an error of the scholiast, or of a transcriber, who, finding in Philochorus the word Πυθιδόρου, and

conceiving that it involved difficulty, introduced a new archon, who should be considered as ruling B.C. 429,—a year in which Pericles was dead. These views are advanced by Palmer (*Exercit.* 746), and are approved by Coriini (*Fast. Att.* 3, p. 217); but it is questionable, whether another opinion of Palmer,—that Πυθόδωρου, in the commencement of the passage, should be changed to Εὐδοκίου,—is equally satisfactory and probable. The design of the proposed alteration is to reconcile Philochorus and Eusebius; but Heyne has properly remarked (*Antiq. Auf.* 1, 197), that Philochorus, in narrating the transactions of the archonship of Pythodorus, had in view, not the statue of Minerva made by Phidias, but the accusation brought against the artist, and that he adverted to the former only for the sake of illustration. The correctness of this method of understanding the passage will be evident on attentive inquiry; and thus the first remark of Philochorus must be considered to imply, that Phidias died in Olymp. 87. 1, B.C. 432,—a circumstance confirmed by the second Scholium adduced, when the stops are correctly arranged, (ὡς Φειδοχόρος φησι ἐπὶ Πυθόδωρου ἀρχόντος); and there is, consequently, no contradiction between Eusebius and Philochorus. (See the remarks of Müller, l. c.)

We quote also the passage relative to the unjustly alleged criminality of the immortal statuary.

"I must remove some difficulties, which may arise from the account of the accusation of Phidias—a fact adverted to by Plutarch, (Pericles 13), Philochorus (in the passages already cited), Diod. S. (12. 30.). All these writers agree, that Phidias was accused of embezzling some of the gold entrusted to him for the statue of Minerva; but they differ as to the time in which the accusation was brought. Philochorus states, that Phidias, after his trial and condemnation, fled to the Eleans, among whom he constructed his statue of Jupiter, and by whom, as some understand the passage, he was killed, as if in return for his services as an artist. But, as Philochorus does not intimate, either in the former or the latter passage adduced, that any theft was committed by Phidias, in making the statue of Jupiter, it appears strange and inconsistent, that Phidias should have been punished with death by the Eleans; and, as neither Plutarch, nor Diodorus S., nor even Pausanias, has at all adverted to such an act on the part of the Eleans, I regard the words, ὑπὸ Ἑλλήνων, usually inserted in the passage of Philochorus, as a ridiculous interpolation of the scholiast. Philochorus could not have designed to make the statement in question; and in the latter passage, where he repeats his narrative respecting the statue of Minerva, he adverts to the violent death of Phidias, but does not state that it was inflicted by the Eleans. The words ὑπὸ αὐτῶν can only be understood respecting the Athenians, since Athens had just before been expressly mentioned. Away, then, with the second embezzlement attributed by some recent critics to Phidias. Away, too, with the supposition, that the Eleans inflicted on Phidias the punishment of death. To the statement of Philochorus, or of the scholiast who cites his words, respecting the flight of Phidias, after his impeachment and condemnation, to the Eleans, we must oppose the following passage of Plutarch.

Here we have nothing respecting the condemnation of Phidias on the charge of theft.—nothing respecting his flight, and his statue of Jupiter Olympius, as consequent on it: it is explicitly

stated, that Phidias, after refuting the charge of embezzlement, was condemned on the ground of having acted irreverently, in connecting his own figure, with that of Pericles, with the hand of the goddess—and that he died in imprisonment, though it is left uncertain whether he was merely confined, or was subjected to the actual infliction of punishment. Diodorus S. (12. 39) so far agrees with Plutarch as to mention the refuted charge of embezzlement; and there are many considerations to prove the great probability of the narrative of Plutarch. Hayne (*Antiq. Auf.* 1, 197) remarks, on the authority of Philochorus and Heliodorus as cited by Harpocration (*ὕ. Περὶ τῆς αὐτῆς*), that the Propylæa were commenced, while Euthymenes was archon, in Olymp. 85. 4, B.C. 437, and finished during the archonship of Apseudes, in Olymp. 86. 4, B.C. 433. As the completion of the vestibule of the Athenian citadel was considered to render the citadel itself perfect, the statement of the entire expenses incurred was, in this year, presented to the λογισταί. After this period, we have no mention of any public work projected by Pericles; nor, indeed, could this statesman afterwards engage in the improvement of the city, because the Peloponnesian war immediately arose. Thus, we have an explanation of the fact, that Phidias was impeached in the year in which Pythodorus held the office of archon, and the whole series of facts becomes perspicuous and consistent."

Our other extract is from the article, Lysippus:—

"There can be no question that he was a contemporary of Alexander; and the date to which his life was protracted can be learned with tolerable certainty from the fact, that he made a group of equestrian statues, representing those friends of Alexander who were killed at the Granicus, in Olymp. 111. 3. B.C. 334. This circumstance authorises us to conclude, that he lived to Olymp. 114; and the reason why Pliny selects this particular Olymp. in stating the age of Lysippus, is probably this, that it was that in which Alexander died. That the life of this artist extended far beyond this Olympiad, is scarcely probable; for Paus. (6, 1, 2.) mentions a statue of Troilus made by him in Olymp. 102. Οὐλαμπιάδι δὲ ἐκράτει Τρώϊλος διωτὴρ πρὸς ταῖς ἱερῶν.—Τούτου μὲν δὲ τὸν ἀνδριάντα ἱστορεῖται Ἀδριανῶς. If, then, we assume, that Lysippus was 20 years of age when he made this statue, and add the 50 years intervening between Olymp. 102, and Olymp. 114. 2, we must consider him to have attained the age of 70 at the latter period."

We consider, however, that the editor, if he meant, as he appears to have done, the work to be popular in England, should have given translations of the passages from the classics, in their proper places: as all readers have not the same facility in the original languages, and such an addition would have been more generally useful than the inserted extract from Pliny's 'Natural History,' a work in every one's hands. The volume is, nevertheless, indispensable in every library, and a short appendix will supply every defect.

*History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.* By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E. Vol. VI. Edinburgh, Blackwood and Sons; London, Cadell. 1837.

As this work has been noticed during its progress, in the manner it so well deserves, we shall merely introduce this massive octavo (which also reached us late) by the selection of

two of its striking passages: the first summing up the attempt of Napoleon on the crown of Spain; and the last giving a comprehensive view of that country, which cannot fail to be more than commonly interesting at this moment, when it is the theatre of so important and uncertain a war.

"In authorising or committing these enormous state crimes, Napoleon and France were, in truth, acting in conformity to that moral law of the universe which dooms outrageous vice, whether in nations or individuals, to prepare, in the efforts which it makes for its present gratification or advancement, the means of its ultimate punishment. Napoleon constantly said, and said truly, that he was not to be blamed for the wars which he undertook; that he was driven on by necessity; that he was always placed in the alternative of further triumphs or immediate ruin; that he was, in truth, the head of a military republic, which would admit no pause to its dictator in the career of victory. There is no one who attentively considers his career but must admit the justice of these observations, and absolve him individually, in consequence, from much of that obloquy which the spectacle of the dreadful and desolating wars in which he was so powerful an agent, has naturally produced among mankind. But that just indignation at the profuse and unprofitable effusion of blood, which has been erroneously directed by a large and influential class in France to the single head of Napoleon, should not, on that account, be supposed to be ill founded. The feeling is just, the object only of it is mistaken; its true object is that selfish spirit of revolutionary aggrandisement which merely changed its direction, not its character, under the military dictatorship of the French emperor; which hesitates at no crimes, pauses at no consequences; which, unsatiated by the blood and suffering which it had produced in its own country, sought abroad, under his triumphant banners, the means of still greater gratification; and never ceased to urge on its remorseless career, till the world was filled with its devastation, and the unanimous indignation of mankind was aroused for its punishment."

We now give the second extract.

"The Spanish Peninsula, in which a frightful war was now commencing, and where the armies of France and England at last found a permanent theatre of combat, has been distinguished, from the earliest times, by memorable achievements, and is illustrated by the exploits of the greatest captains who have ever left the impress of their actions on the course of human events. The mighty genius of Hannibal there began its career, and, under the walls of Saguntum, gave the earliest token of that vast capacity which was soon to shake to its foundation the enduring fabric of Roman power; Scipio Africanus there first revived the almost desperate fortunes of the republic, and matured those talents which were destined, on a distant shore, to overthrow the fortunes of the inveterate enemy of his country; the talents of Pompey, the genius of Cæsar, were exerted on its plains; a severer struggle than that of Pharsalia awaited the founder of the empire on the shores of the Ebro; the desperate contest between Christianity and Mahomedanism raged for centuries amidst its mountains; and from their rocks the wave of Musulman conquest was first permanently repelled. Nor has the Peninsula been the theatre, in modern times, of less memorable exploits: the standards of Charlemagne have waved in its passes; the bugles of Roncesvalles have resounded through



the world; the chivalry of the Black Prince, the skill of Gonzalvo of Cordova, have been displayed in its defence; the genius of Napoleon, the firmness of Wellington, have been exerted on its plains; and, like their great predecessors in the wars of Rome and Carthage, these two illustrious chiefs rolled the chariot of victory over its surface, and, missing each other, severally conquered every other opponent till their mutual renown filled the world, and Europe, in breathless suspense, awaited their conflict on the shore of a distant land. From the earliest times, the inhabitants of the Peninsula have been distinguished by a peculiarity of military character and mode of conducting war which is very remarkable. Inferior to many other nations in the firmness and discipline with which they withstand the shock of battle, they are superior to them all in the readiness with which they rally after defeat, and the invincible tenacity with which they maintain a contest under circumstances of disaster, when any other people would succumb in despair. In vain are their armies defeated and dispersed, are their fortresses taken, their plains overrun, their capital subdued: singly, or in small bodies, they renew the conflict; they rally and reunite as rapidly as they disperse; the numerous mountain chains which intersect their country afford a refuge for their broken bands; their cities make a desperate, though insulated defence; and from the wreck of all regular or organised opposition emerges the redoubtable Guerilla warfare. 'Prælio victi Carthaginenses,' says Livy, 'in ultimam Hispaniam oram, ad oceanum, compulsi erant, disparem autem; quod Hispania, non quam Italia modo, sed quam ulla pars terrarum bello reparando aptior erat, locorum hominumque ingenio. Gens nata instaurandis reparandisque bellis brevi replevit exercitum, animosque ad tentandum de integro certamen fecit.' It is a singular fact, strikingly illustrative of the durable influence of common descent and physical circumstances on national character through all the varieties of time, religion, and political condition, that the system of warfare thus deemed peculiar to Spain, of all nations in the world, in the days of Scipio and Sertorius, has continued to distinguish its inhabitants, without any interruption, to the present time: that it was pursued, without intermission, for eight hundred years in their wars with the Moors; formed the leading characteristic of the struggle with Napoleon; and continues, at this hour, to be the leading feature of the savage contest between the aristocratic and democratic parties which has for so many years bathed the Peninsula in blood. Durable characteristics of this kind attaching for ages to a nation, though its inhabitants have in the course of them become the mixed progeny of many different races of mankind, will invariably be found to arise from some peculiarity in its physical circumstances, which has imprinted a lasting impress on all its successive inhabitants. This is, in an especial manner, the case with Spain and Portugal. Their territory differs in many important particulars from any in Europe. Physically considered, it belongs as much to Africa as Europe: the same burning sun parches the mountains and dries up the valleys of both; no forests clothe their sides; naked they present their arid fronts to the shivering blasts of the north and the scorching rays of a tropical sun. Vegetation, in general, spreads in proportion only as irrigation can be obtained; aided by that powerful auxiliary, the steepest mountain sides of Catalonia and Arragon are cut into terraces, and clothed with the most luxuriant

vegetation: without it, vast plains in Leon and the Castiles are almost entirely destitute both of cultivation and inhabitants. So extensive, in consequence, are the desert tracts of Spain, that the country, viewed from the summit of any of the numerous mountain ridges with which its inland provinces are intersected, in general exhibits only a confused group of barren elevated plains and lofty naked peaks, intersected here and there by a few glittering streams flowing in deep valleys, on the margins of which alone are to be seen crops and flocks, and the traces of human habitation. The whole country may be considered as a vast mountainous promontory, which stretches from the Pyrenees to the southward, between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean sea. On the shores of the ridge, to the east and west, are plains of admirable fertility, which, at no distant period, have been submerged by the waves of the sea; but in the interior an elevated assemblage of mountain ridges and lofty desert plains is to be found, in the centre of which Madrid is placed in an upland basin, at a height of eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The great rivers, in consequence, flow for the most part to the east and west, in long courses; and are fed by tributary streams, which meander at the bottom of ravines of surpassing depth, shut in often by precipitous banks, or very steep declivities. Three great *chaussées* only, viz. those leading from Madrid to Bayonne by the Somo-Sierra pass, that to Valencia, and that to Barcelona, intersect this great desert central region; in every other quarter the roads are little better than mountain paths, uniting together towns built for the most part on the summit of hills, surrounded by walls environed by superb olive woods, but having little intercourse either with each other or the rest of Europe. It may readily be imagined what extraordinary advantages a country of such natural strength and character must afford to insulated and defensive warfare. In almost every quarter it is intersected by long, rocky, and almost inaccessible mountain chains, which form a barrier between province and province, almost as complete, not merely to hostile armies, but even the inhabitants of the country, as that interposed by the Alps or the Pyrenees. Branching out from the great chain which separates France from Spain, one vast mountain ridge runs to the westward, forming, in its course, the Alpine nests and inaccessible retreats of Asturias and Galicia; while another, stretching to the eastward, covers, with its various ramifications, nearly the whole of Catalonia, and encloses, in its bosom, the admirable industry and persevering efforts of its hardy cultivators. In the interior of the ridges which descend from the crest of the Pyrenees to the long vale of the Ebro, are formed the beautiful and umbrageous valleys of Navarre and Biscay, where, in mountain fastnesses, and amidst chestnut forests, liberty has for six hundred years diffused its blessings, and the prodigy has been exhibited, of independent privileges and democratic equality having been preserved untouched, with all their attendant security and general comfort, amidst an otherwise despotic monarchy. Beyond the Ebro, one great mountain range, stretching across from the frontiers of Catalonia to the neighbourhood of Lisbon, forms the almost impassable barrier between the valleys of the Tagus and the Douro, and the provinces of Old and New Castile, Leon, and Estremadura. Its western extremity has been immortalised in history: it contains the ridge of Busaco, and terminates in the rocks of Torres-Vedras.

Another, taking its rise from the high grounds which form the western limit of the plain of Valencia, extends in a south-westerly direction to Cape St. Vincent, in the south of Portugal, and separates, in its course, the outlines of the Tagus and the Guadiana. A third, also reaching in the same direction across the whole country, forms the boundary between the valleys of the Guadiana and the Guadalquivir, under the name of the Sierra-Morena; divides the province of New Castile from that of Andalusia; and has been immortalised by the wanderings of the hero of Cervantes: while a fourth, detached by itself in the southern extremity of the Peninsula, forms the romantic mountains of Ronda, whose summits, wrapped in perpetual snow, withstand the genial sun which ripens oranges and citrons, and all the productions of Africa on their sides. Two great and rich alluvial plains alone are to be found in Spain, the character of whose inhabitants differs from that of all the rest of the Peninsula: in the first of which, amidst water-melons, luxuriant harvests, and all the richest gifts of nature, the castanets and evening dances of the Valencians recall the unforeseeing gaiety of tropical regions; while, in the second, the indolent habits, fiery character, and impetuous disposition of the Andalusians attest, amidst myrtle thickets, the perfume of orange groves, and the charms of a delicious climate, the undecaying influence of Moorish blood and Arabian descent. Spain has never been remarkable for the number or opulence of its towns: Madrid, Cadiz, Valencia, Barcelona, and Bilbao, the largest of which, after the capital, does not contain above eighty thousand inhabitants, alone deserve the name of cities.\* But it has in every age been distinguished beyond any other country recorded in history, by the unconquerable resolution with which their inhabitants have defended their walls, even under circumstances when more prudent courage would have abandoned the contest in despair. The heart of every classical scholar has thrilled at the fate of Numantia, Saguntum, and Astapa, whose heroic defenders preferred perishing, with their wives and children, in the flames, to surrendering to the hated dominion of the stranger; and the same character has descended to their descendants in modern times. With invincible resolution Barcelona held out for its rights and privileges, after Europe had adjusted its strife at Utrecht, and England, with perfidious policy, had abandoned her Peninsular allies to the arms of their enemies. The double siege of Saragossa, the heroic defence of Gerona, the obstinate stand at Roses, have put the warriors of northern Europe to the blush, for the facility with which they surrendered fortresses to the invader, incomparably stronger and better provided with arms and garrison; while Cadiz, alone of all European towns, successfully resisted the utmost efforts of the spoiler, and, after a fruitless siege of two years, saw the arms even of Napoleon roll back. The peculiar political constitution of the Spanish monarchy, and the revolutions which its inhabitants have undergone in the course of ages, have been as favourable to the maintenance of a defensive and isolated internal, as they were prejudicial to the prosecution of a vigorous external warfare by its government. Formed by the amalgamation, at various times, of many different nations, of separate descent, habits, and religion, it has never yet attained the vigour and unity of a homogeneous monarchy. Its inhabitants are severed from each other,

\* "Madrid contained, in 1808, 130,000 inhabitants.—*Edin. Gazetteer, Art. Madrid.*"

not only by desert ridges or rocky sierras, but by original separation of race and inveterate present animosity. The descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the Spanish soil are there, mingled with the children of the Goth, the Vandal, and the Roman; with the faithlessness of Moorish, or the fire of Arabian descent. These different and hostile races have never thoroughly amalgamated with each other: for many centuries they maintained separate and independent governments, and kept up prolonged and bloody warfare with each other; and when, at length, they all yielded to the arms and the fortune of Ferdinand and Isabella, the central government neither acquired the popular infusion nor the inherent energy which is necessary to mould out of such discordant materials a vigorous state. The example of Great Britain, where the various and hostile races of the Britons, the Saxons, the Danes, Scots, and Normans, have been, at length, blended into one united and powerful monarchy, proves that such an amalgamation is possible; that of Ireland, where the Saxon and the Gael are still in fierce and ruinous hostility with each other, that it is one of the most difficult of political problems. Without the freedom of the English constitution, which unites them by the powerful bond of experienced benefits and participated power, or the crushing vigour of the Russian despotism, which holds them close in the bands of rising conquest, it is hardly possible to give to such a mixed race the vigour of homogeneous descent. In Spain this had never been attempted. The Arragonese were jealous of the Catalonians; the Castilians despised the Valencians; the Gallicians even were at variance with the Asturians; and the freeborn mountaineers of Navarre and Biscay had their local antipathies; while all the inhabitants of the north regarded as an inferior race the natives of Grenada and Andalusia, where Moorish conquest had degraded the character, and Moorish blood contaminated the descent, of the people; and where, amidst orange groves, evening serenades, and bewitching forms, the whole manly virtues were thought to be fast wearing out under the enervating influence of an African sun. But while these circumstances were destructive to the external vigour and consideration of the Spanish monarchy, they were, of all others, those best calculated to enable its inhabitants, when deprived of their central government and left to their own guidance, to oppose a formidable resistance to the invader. When deprived of the directions of their sovereign, the provinces of Spain did not feel themselves powerless, nor did they lose hope because it was abandoned by those who were their natural protectors. Society, when resolved into its pristine elements, still found wherewithal to combat; the provinces, when loosened or severed from each other, separately maintained the contest. Electing juntas of government, and enrolling forces on their own account, they looked as little beyond their own limits as the Swiss peasants, in former times, did beyond the mountain ridges which formed the barriers of their happy valleys. If this singular oblivion of external events, and concentration of all their energies on local concerns, was destructive in the end to any combined plan of operations, and effectually prevented the national strength from being hurled, in organised and concentrated masses, against the enemy, it was eminently favourable, in the first instance, to the efforts of tumultuary resistance, and led to the assumption of arms, and the continuance of the conflict, under circumstances when a well-informed central government would probably have resigned it in

despair. Defeats in one quarter did not lead to submission in another; the occupation of the capital, the fortresses, the military lines of communication, was not decisive of the fate of the country; as many victories required to be gained as there were cities to be captured or provinces subdued; and, like the Anglo-Saxons, in the days of the English heptarchy, they fought resolutely in their separate districts, and rose up again in arms when the invader had passed on to fresh theatres of conquest."

#### Ernest Maltravers.

[Second notice.]

WE do not appreciate Mr. Bulwer's genius without reference to its past; we must look both to its progress and its fertility. One work has been the brilliant arch that carried on to another; each more lofty and more finished than its predecessor. The gay sarcasm, the lively panorama of the present, in "Pelham," was followed by the poetry of "The Disowned," and the philosophy of "Devereux;" then came the striking and dramatic story of "Eugene Aram," followed by the picturesque beauty of "The Last Days of Pompeii," and the epic loftiness of "Rienzi." These were *companioned* by a volume demanding the labour and the thought of years—namely, "The History of Athens;" and now we have a work to which Mr. Bulwer might safely entrust his entire fame. It is the moral investigation of to-day. *Ernest Maltravers* is the ideal of the highest order of genius that can belong to our age—poetry associated with philosophy. He is surrounded by a lower class of beings, to whom he refers, and for whom he works; he is apart, but not separated; the mind is of a higher order, but its labours are among the material by which it is surrounded. It has lofty aims and glorious hopes, but actual purposes and positive results. We shall, however, defer the complete examination of genius, as embodied in *Ernest Maltravers*, till the picture be entire. In the meantime, we cannot but dwell on the high finish of the subordinate characters. The reality strikes even the most careless reader; but it is not till we minutely investigate, that we see how acute must have been the observation, how nice the discrimination, that could thus detect and blend the finer shades, and all that subtle and contradictory machinery which makes up the individual. Mr. Templemore, shrewd, yet narrow-minded—worldly, yet sectarian—self-indulgent, yet strict—still, with one sweet redeeming emotion, like a good angel at his side—his affection for the orphan child. Cleveland, though made up of less contradictory substances, is another admirable sketch; but Lumley Ferrers is a masterpiece of art. The villain, with dark hair, a sallow complexion, and a scowl, is of the ordinary stamp; but he who "can smile, and murder while he smiles," a sort of man who would wear his dagger in the worsted comforter round his neck, requires the deepest knowledge of human nature to detect and to depict. We know nothing more perfect in their way than the following preparations for making a career in life:—

*The World.*—"The tench, no doubt, considers the pond in which he lives as the Great World. There is no place, however stagnant, which is not the great world to the creatures that move about in it. People who have lived all their lives in a village still talk of the world as if they had ever seen it! An old woman in a hovel does not put her nose out of her door on a Sunday without thinking she is going amongst the pomps and vanities of the great

world. *Ergo*, the great world is to all of us the little circle in which we live. But as fine people set the fashion, so the circle of fine people is called the Great World, *par excellence*. Now, this great world is not a bad thing when we thoroughly understand it; and the London great world is at least as good as any other. But, then, we scarcely do understand that or any thing else in our *beaux jours*—which, if they are sometimes the most exquisite, are also often the most melancholy and the most wasted portion of our life. Maltravers had not yet found out either the set that pleased him or the species of amusement that really amused; therefore, he drifted on and about the vast whirlpool, making plenty of friends; going to balls and dinners; and bored with both, as men are who have no object in society. Now, the way society is enjoyed is to have a pursuit, a *métier* of some kind, and then to go into the world, either to make the individual object a social pleasure, or to obtain a relaxation from some toilsome avocation. Thus, if you are a politician, politics at once makes an object in your closet, and a social tie between you and others when you are in the world. The same may be said of literature, though in a less degree; and though, as fewer persons care about literature than politics, your companions must be more select. If you are very young, you are fond of dancing; if you are very profligate, perhaps, you are fond of flirtations with your friend's wife. These last are objects in their way; but they don't last long, and, even with the most frivolous, are not occupations that satisfy the whole mind and heart, in which there is generally an aspiration after something useful. It is not vanity alone that makes a man of the *mode* invent a new bit, or give his name to a new kind of tilbury; it is the influence of that mystic yearning after utility, which is one of the master-ties between the individual and the species. Maltravers was not happy—that is a lot common enough; but he was not amused—and that is a sentence more insupportable. He lost a great part of his sympathy with Cleveland, for, when a man is not amused, he feels an involuntary contempt for those that are. He fancies they are pleased with trifles which his superior wisdom is compelled to disdain. Cleveland was of that age when we generally grow social—for by being rubbed long and often against the great loadstone of society, we obtain, in a thousand little minute points, an attraction in common with our fellows. Their petty sorrows and small joys—their objects of interest or employment, at some time or other have been ours. We gather up a vast collection of moral and mental farthings of exchange; and we scarcely find any intellect too poor but what we can deal with it in some way. But, in youth, we are egotists and sentimentalists, and Maltravers belonged to the fraternity who employ

'The heart in passion and the head in rhymes.'

*Beginning a Public Career as a respectable Man.*—"There is nothing respectable in lodgings and a cab," said Ferrers to himself—(that 'self' was his grand confident!) 'no thing stationary. Such are the appliances of a here-to-day-gone-to-morrow kind of life. One never looks substantial till one pays rates and taxes, and has a bill with one's butcher!' Accordingly, without saying a word to any body, Ferrers took a long lease of a large house, in one of those quiet streets that proclaim the owners do not wish to be made by fashionable situations—streets in which, if you have a large house, it is supposed to be because

you can afford one. He was very particular in its being a respectable street—Great George Street, Westminster, was the one he selected. No frippery or baubles, common to the mansions of young bachelors—no buhl, and marquetry, and Sevres china, and cabinet pictures, distinguished the large dingy drawing-rooms of Lumley Ferrers. He bought all the old furniture a bargain of the late tenant—tea-coloured chintz curtains, and chairs and sofas that were venerable and solemn with the accumulated dust of twenty-five years. The only things about which he was particular, were a very long dining-table that would hold forty, and a new mahogany sideboard. Somebody asked him why he cared about such articles. 'I don't know,' said he, 'but I observe all respectable family men do—there must be something in it—I shall discover the secret by and by.'

"His plan for winning Templeton's esteem and deference was, however, completely triumphant. He took care that nothing in his *ménage* should appear 'extravagant'; all was sober, quiet, and well-regulated. He declared that he had so managed as to live within his income; and Templeton, receiving no hint for money, nor aware that Ferrers had on the Continent consumed a considerable portion of his means, believed him. Ferrers gave a great many dinners, but he did not go on that foolish plan which has been laid down by persons who pretend to know life, as a means of popularity; he did not profess to give dinners better than other people. He knew that, unless you are a very rich or a very great man, no folly is equal to that of thinking that you soften the hearts of your friends by soups *à la bisque*, and Vermouth wine at a guinea a bottle! They all go away, saying, 'What right has that d—d fellow to give a better dinner than we do? What horrid taste—what ridiculous presumption!' No; though Ferrers himself was a most scientific ecure, and held the luxury of the palate at the highest possible price, he dieted his friends on what he termed 'respectable fare'. His cook put plenty of flour into the oyster-sauce; cod's head and shoulders made his invariable fish; an four *entrées*, without flavour or pretence, were duly supplied by the pastrycook, and carefully eschewed by the host. Neither did Mr. Feers affect to bring about him gay wits and brilliant talkers. He confined himself to men of substantial consideration, and generally took care to be himself the cleverest person present; when he turned the conversation on serious matters crammed for the occasion—politics, stock, commerce, and the criminal code. Pruning his gaiety, though he retained his frameship, he sought to be known as a highly informed, pains-taking man, who would be sure to rise. His connexions, and a certain nameless arm about him, consisting chiefly in a pleasant countenance, a bold yet winning candour, the absence of all *hauteur* or pretence, enabled him to assemble round this plain table, which it gratified no taste, wounded no self-love, sufficient number of public men of rank, and eminent men of business, to answer his purpose. The situation he had chosen, so near the house of parliament, was convenient to politicians, and, by degrees, the large dingy drawing-room became a frequent resort for public men to talk over those thousand underplots by which party is served or attacked. Thus, thought in parliament himself, Ferrers became insensibly associated with parliamentary men and things; and the ministerial party, whose politics he espoused, praised him highly, made use of him, and meant, some day or other, to do something for him."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Nature and Treatment of the Diseases of the Heart; with some New Views on the Physiology of the Circulation.* By James Wardrop, M.D., &c. &c. Part I. London, 1837. Churchill.

THE name of Dr. Wardrop is too familiar to the profession to require almost any comments upon any new contribution which he may pen to science; but the present work is recommended by a clearness of argument, and brevity of elucidation, which render it peculiarly available both to the student and the practitioner. The new views appear to be, that the muscles, not of the heart, but of the whole body, besides being the active organs of locomotion, perform the important office of increasing the quantity of arterial as well as of venous blood within the cavities of the heart; that the lungs regulate the supply of blood to the heart, so as to prevent congestion within the heart's cavities; and that the subcutaneous veins, performing the office of a reservoir, prevent congestion of blood within the pulmonary vessels. These considerations, connected with the action of the heart, are certainly of high importance in explaining many phenomena both of the respiratory and circulating organs; and, we have no doubt, will meet with the attention to which they are entitled, from those to whom they are more particularly addressed.

*Wisbaden recommended to the Gouty and Rheumatic.* Pamphlet, pp. 28. London, Ridgway and Sons.

THERE is no quackery about this little book; it is a work of mere philanthropy, and therefore deserves well at our hands. The author recommends a visit to Ems, followed by a short season at Wisbaden, as an infallible cure for even advanced stages of gout. We only regret that the directions are so long that we cannot introduce them here; but the pamphlet exists for those who are interested. By the by, Dr. Granville attributes the efficacy of the above water in gouty cases to the absorption through the skin of large quantities of carbonate of soda, and recommends Icelplitz as still more efficacious than Wisbaden, on this account. The use of soda in these affections has been long known to the profession; and, where it has failed in its internal exhibition, it would always be well to try the same medicament in an artificial bath.

*The Bench and the Bar.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

INTENDED by himself as a companion to the writer's preceding publications, we at once grant the title of these volumes to that classification. The commodity is exactly of the same quality; and, like Peter Pindar's razors, equally made to sell. All our principal legal authorities are described as they have appeared to the author's eye and apprehension. He of necessity relates a multitude of things which belong to a period antecedent to his advent to London, for its future illumination, and which must, consequently, rest on the high authority of rumour; and he also relates a multitude of things within his own cycle of time, which bespeak great ignorance of real facts. The information throughout is most superficial, and errors abound in every part, the accuracy of which we have it in our power to test from our personal knowledge. As for opinions, we must leave them to the public: only we consider many of them to be exceedingly impudent. A cat may look at a king, without offence; but it

is not every man who is competent to sit in judgment on our judges, dissect the talents of the counsel, in every court and branch of law and equity, supply a just estimate of the legal characters on the bench and at the bar, appreciate their public and private endowments, and decide, *ex cathedra*, alike on their capacity for professional duties and their social and personal qualifications. Least of all do we think this author fitted for such a task.

*The Chess-Board Companion; containing the Laws of the Game: the Value and Power of the Pieces: remarks on the most approved Methods of Beginning the Game: with numerous Examples, &c.* Written expressly for the use of beginners, &c. &c. By W. Lewis. Pp. 111.

THIS little book is all that could be wished on the subject. Though not exactly beginners, but second, or rather, perhaps, third-rate players of many years standing, we find it an excellent companion and clear instructor; what, indeed, was to be expected from the high authority and practical knowledge of Mr. Lewis.

*Original Geometrical Illustrations; or, the Book of Lines, Squares, Circles, Triangles, Polygons, &c.* By John Bennett, Engineer. 4to. pp. circ. 60. London, 1837. Bennett; Simpkin and Marshall; Sherwood and Co.; Weale; Williams; Taylor.

A WORK which cannot fail to be of value to artists, architects, engineers, and other professional men. Its object is to demonstrate easy and practical means by which every figure may be altered, diminished, or expanded; and the engravings, which help out the author's reasoning, are numerous and scientific.

*Martin's British Colonial Library.* 2 vols. (London, Whittaker.)—These volumes are a reprint of the useful and excellent account of the British possessions in the Indian and Atlantic oceans, including Ceylon, Singapore, the Falkland Isles, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, the Gambia, &c. &c. In this new, cheap, and convenient shape, they are most deserving of public favour. The whole republication is now completed in ten volumes.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

(JUNE 14, continued from No. 1077, Sept. 9.) A paper by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison, 'On the Geology of Devonshire,' began on the 31st of May, was concluded. Chap. I. After a few preliminary observations, the authors proceeded to describe the general structure of Devonshire, which they consider as divided into five distinct geological regions. 1. The first region extends through the most eastern provinces of the county, and is principally occupied by formations of new red sandstone and green sand. Chap. II. 2. The second region occupies the most northern portions of the county. But the authors commence with a description of the rocks in the north-west corner of Somerset, which are identical in structure with a part of the region here described. They divide them into two great groups: the lower group abounding in a coarse arenaceous rock (greywacke), often of a red colour, and sometimes variegated; the upper containing some beds of like character, but abounding more in rotten, thin-bedded slates (shillott), in which some portions are highly calcareous, and pass into irregular bands of limestone, and contain encrinural stems and obscure traces of organic remains. They then go on to describe the successive groups occupying the region of North Devon, and by help of natural sections (from the coast to the north boundary of the culm measures) prove that there is an enormously

thick ascending series of rocks, interrupted, however, by numerous contortions, and by a great anticlinal line ranging with the strike of the beds, about west by north, or west north-west. This line runs into the sea a little south-west of Linton, and, in consequence, one of the great groups is repeated twice over: first on the coast north-east of Linton, and secondly on the coast extending from the Valley of Rocks to Combe Martin. The lowest rocks in North Devon are in the denudation of the Lyme river, which nearly defines the position of the anticlinal region; and from the south side of that river to the culm measures is an ascending section, interrupted only by local contortions. The authors then describe the groups of the ascending section. 1. Lowest group: Valley of Rocks and Gorge above Linton. Here the structure is very varied; coarse and arenaceous, or passing into fine schist. Casts of organic remains and impressions of shells are not unfrequent, and near them the beds become calcareous. 2. The preceding passes by almost insensible gradations into the great red arenaceous groups, of which the coarser beds are commonly red or variegated; among them, however, are gray and greenish gray beds; and, as might be expected, the colours are inconsistent. Oxide of iron traverses some portions in thin veins, and is quarried in some parts, as near Combe Martin, and smelted in the iron-foundries. The slaty cleavage, transverse to the bedding, and seen in the preceding group, almost disappears among these rocks, but they are much intersected by joints. 3. The next group has few of the coarse siliceous sandstones, wants the red colour, abounds in bands of rotten slate, frequently greenish and chloritic, and also contains many calcareous bands, as well as numerous organic remains. 4. This group the authors divide into two portions, the lower abounding in fine, glossy, chloritic schist, much contorted, and having a true cleavage transverse to the bed, and generally presenting a succession of parallel fissile planes, dipping at a high angle to the south; the upper beds containing similar masses, alternating with coarse, thick, arenaceous bands. 5. The last group is composed of arenaceous flag-stones and soft earthy slates, alternating with harder and coarser bands; it conforms to the mineral type commonly found in the lowest parts of the silurian system, has abundance of organic remains, and is in parts calcareous. The group is several thousand feet thick, and, though much contorted, at length dips regularly under the base of the culm measures. Impressions of plants having been discovered in the sandstones of this division, by Major Harding and the Rev. D. Williams, Professor Lindley is of opinion, that none of these plants are similar to those which are described in the sequel as common to the culm measures. Chap. III. The deposits of the fourth division are determined by help of sections; one from Dartmoor to the coast of Torbay; another from Torbay to Start Point; and a third from Dartmoor to Bolé Head; and they divide these into the following groups, beginning, as before, with the lowest. 1. An ill-defined group near the granite, supposed to be metamorphic. 2. A great complex slate group with two subordinate calcareous zones: the lower, called the Ashburton bands, pass into Cornwall, and the upper are represented by the Plymouth and Torbay limestones. 3. A coarse red arenaceous group, which immediately surmounts these. 4. A great schistose deposit, striking (like the other rocks in the southern region) nearly east and west, dip south, but

afterwards north. 5. Mica slate. In conclusion, the authors contrast the above two regions. In the southern, trap rocks appear occasionally; in the northern, they are wanting, while the slaty cleavage, so common in the northern, is wanting in the southern region. They consider all the above groups of North and South Devon to be newer than the rocks of Snowdon and Central Cumberland (lowest Cambrian system), and older (with a very limited exception in North Devon) than the silurian system. The organic remains of the lower fossiliferous strata of South Devon are so dissimilar from those of the silurian system, that they cannot have been formed in that era. Chap. IV. The authors, in connexion with the culmiferous series of the third region, describe sections to prove that the culm measures occupy a great trough, and dip away on both sides from the other rocks with which they are in contact; hence the culm measures, whatever their age, are the newest stratified deposits described in detail. Along their northern boundary they rest on the highest group described in Chap. II. Along their southern boundary they partly rest on the granite and partly on the oldest slate rocks of Devon and Cornwall: hence they cannot form (whatever be the mineralogical appearance) a true passage into the schistose masses which they overlie. Again, they are overlaid by no rocks older than the new red sandstone; their age, therefore, can only be determined by their structure and organic remains. The plants of the culm-bearing measures differ essentially from those found in the older rocks, and are all identical with those species which are most abundant in the coal-fields of the central counties of England, and in the South Welsh basin, among which *Cyperites bicarinata*, *Neuropteris cordata*, *N. gigantea*, *Pecopteris lonchitica*, and *P. abbreviata*, are, perhaps, the most widely distributed. In their lithological aspect, also, and in containing vast quantities of small sedgelike vegetables, these plants, bearing strata of Devon, are undistinguishable from the coal measures of Pembrokeshire. The subjacent black limestone has, indeed, no exact parallel in England; its organic remains being, for the most part, peculiar and undescribed: they are all, apparently, of marine origin. Chambered shells also occur, which are considered to be *Goniatites*, a genus which has never yet been found in the silurian or older rocks, but is most characteristic of the carboniferous system. Though the authors consider the base line of the series as in a position not yet completely ascertained, they distinctly prove that it never passes down into the older rocks on which it rests; but, as in the upper group there is a fine series of vegetable fossils, every one of which agrees specifically with true carboniferous plants, they have no hesitation in placing the culm measures of Bideford on the same parallel with the true carboniferous series of Great Britain. Chap. V. The jointed structure of the granite of Dartmoor is described in detail, and the joints in their direction are shown to agree with those described by geologists in Cornwall; and the authors confirm a remark of Dr. Boase, that the same master-joints often affect the granite and bedded rocks near them: they shew that the granite has, in some places, broken through the stratified formations without very much changing their strike. In all such cases the beds are changed in structure near the granite; the silicious beds being converted into quartz rock, the shales into Lydian stone, felspar, porphyry, &c.

They regard these facts as perfect proofs of the metamorphic nature of the rocks in contact with the granite of Devon. Lastly, they describe granite veins and elvan dykes as traversing the culm measures.—The next paper read, was on the upper formations of the new red system in Gloucestershire and Warwickshire; shewing that the red (saliferous) marls, with an imbedded zone of sandstone, represent the keuper or marnes irisées, and that the underlying sandstone of Ombeley, Bromsgrove, and Warwick, is part of the "bunter sandstein," or "grès bigarré" of foreign geologists, by R. J. Murchison, Esq. V.P.G.S. and H. C. Strickland, Esq. F.G.S. Mr. Murchison having previously shewn that the system of new red sandstone, in the central counties of England, is divisible into four formations: 1. Marls with salt and gypsum, and one included band of sandstone (foreign equiv. keuper or marnes irisées); 2. Quartzose sandstones (bunter sandstein, or grès bigarré); 3. Calcareous conglomerate, representing the magnesian or dolomitic conglomerate (zechelstein, &c.); 4. Lower new red sandstone (rotte todte liegende); proceeds, in the present communication, to mark with precision the distinctive characters of the two upper formations, describing the rocks in descending order. 1. Red and green marls and sandstone (keuper).—This formation includes all the marls which lie between the lowest beds of lids and the uppermost strata of the underlying formation of sandstone, which is peculiar in nature, and appears to have escaped the notice of former observers. Tracing this rock from the borders of Gloucestershire, through Worcestershire into Warwickshire, the authors shew, by various sections, that this band, which never exceeds forty feet in thickness, invariably occupies the same position. The lower beds are sometimes (as at Inkberrow) sufficiently thick-bedded to be used as building stones (but the flaglike character prevails), tombstones, &c. Small bivalv shells, ichthyodorulites, and teeth of fishes, are foot-marks of a saurian, have been observed. The marls beneath the sandstone are of great thickness, and, besides gypsum, contain masses of rock-salt, and are the sources of brine springs. New red sandstone (bunter sandstein, grès bigarré).—The upper beds of this arenaceous formation, rising from beneath the marls, are usually light-coloured, but varying to greenish gray and red. This sandstone is lithologically distinguishable from the overlying keuper sandstone, in being softer, much thicker bedded, and more micaceous. This sandstone contains many plants which are too imperfect to be identified, but Dr. Lindley has recognised the strobilus of an *echinostachys* which M. Ad. Brongniart has figured as peculiar to the grès bigarré. As these fossils bear no affinity to the well-known plants of the Keuper, but have, on the contrary, a strong resemblance to the flora of the grès bigarré, the authors conceive that this light-coloured sandstone of Worcestershire forms part of the same deposit. Portions of bones of saurians in a mutilated state, abound in what the workmen call the dirt-bed of the Warwick sandstone; plants also occur. In addition to the fossils collected by Dr. Buckland, the authors have found the teeth of fishes. As the animals found in Guy's Cliff has not been proved of the same species as either of the phytosauri of the keuper of Wirtemberg; the authors conjecture that, if ever accurately determined, it will prove of the same species as one of the saurians in the bunter sandstein of the Continent. No traces have been observed of a calcareous strata-

tum between the two formations above described, which might represent the "muschelkalk," except in Shropshire, where Mr. Murchison has observed a band of very impure limestone occupying this intermediate position, but no organic remains have yet been observed in it. On the whole, the authors conclude, that the most exact parallel exists between the upper formations of the new red system of England, and those of a part of France, where the muschelkalk being also absent, the marnes irisées and grès bigarré pass into each other in the manner above described.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—This being the first meeting after the recess, there was a very full attendance of members; and the number of donations of books and specimens was more than usually great. Amongst them we noticed many splendidly illustrated works on zoology and botany, and the transactions of various foreign academies and societies. Amongst the donations to the museum, were an extensive collection of dried plants from Swan River, bequeathed to the Society by the late Alexander Collier, Esq.; and another from the interior of Brazil, presented by Charles James Fox Bunbury, Esq. F.L.S.; one of skins of quadrupeds and birds, presented by the committee of the Australian museum at Sydney; and one comprising fruits of plants, skins of quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles, from British Guiana, presented by Mr. Schomburgk. Mr. Norman exhibited British specimens of *Cantharis vesicatoria*, the blister-fly of the "Pharmacopœia;" the insect, previously considered exceedingly rare and almost doubtful as British, having appeared during the past autumn by millions in the neighbourhood of Colchester, on the ash-trees. Mr. Gould exhibited a drawing of the *Apteryx australis*, a remarkable bird related to the ostrich, from New Zealand. Mr. Anderson exhibited a plant, in full flower, of the curious *Azara integrifolia* of Rinz and Pavon, from the Apothecaries' garden at Chelsea. Mr. Pamplin exhibited a plant of the rare *Cystopteris regia*, from the original station at Low Layton, Essex; and specimens of a singular variety of the *Ophioarachnites*, with the lip of the flower almost wanting. Read, a new arrangement of the vertebrate animals, by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, prince of Musignano, For. Mem. L.S., who was present at the meeting. Read, also, Observations on the angustura bark-tree, by Dr. Hancock, communicated by the secretary. To these papers we may hereafter refer.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening last, the conclusion of a paper, 'On various Electrical Phenomena, and the Circumstances attending their Production,' was read by Mr. Leithhead. In it he referred to a subject which he considered most important, and which he hoped, at no distant day, to bring before the Society, and have it in his power to illustrate experimentally, namely, the connexion which seems to exist between electricity, in its various modifications, and the gaseous elements. As the view of this subject taken by Mr. Leithhead tends to strengthen the bonds of union of the sciences, chemistry, electricity, and physiology, and suggests interesting subjects of experimental investigation, we feel pleasure in bringing it under the consideration of our scientific readers, even in its present incomplete state. Mr. Leithhead premised that there is not a single instance known of the development of electricity

without the presence of oxygen. The simple method of excitation by friction is to facilitate the combination of an oxidable body with oxygen; and such a body being present, the excitation is more energetic. The opinion of Dr. Wollaston on this point, and the experiments he adduced in illustration of his views, were quoted,—the employment of different amalgams and the greatest effect produced by that most easily oxidated; also the arrangement of a small machine in a vessel, so contrived as to allow the air it contained to be changed at pleasure. By the substitution of carbonic acid gas for common air, electrical excitement was destroyed, but immediately restored upon the re-admission of atmospheric air. The object of these experiments was, as is well known, to afford a distinct proof of the identity of the voltaic and ordinary electricity; but Mr. Leithhead stated, "he presumed to point out this distinction between what has been termed dry, or ordinary, and voltaic electricity. In both the presence of oxygen is necessary; but in the latter it seems necessary that both oxygen and hydrogen should be present, for there can be no voltaic action without moisture; and, in connexion with these facts, it is far from unworthy of notice, that, while the passage of dry electricity between two bodies is always attended by the evolution of light, the passage of voltaic electricity is usually accompanied by the evolution of heat." These facts suggest the consideration, whether "oxygen is not a compound of light and electricity combined with a base; and hydrogen, a compound of heat and electricity in combination with a base?" Upon these subjects Mr. Leithhead trusted he should have an opportunity of enlarging. In conclusion, he remarked upon the coincidence, that the presence of oxygen seems no less essential to the development of electricity than it is necessary for the support of animal life.

## MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY evening; first meeting of the session: Earl Stanhope, president, in the chair. On the table were some fine specimens of Turkish and Egyptian opium; also a beautiful English preparation of sulphate of quinine, by Messrs. Herring. Amongst the various plants and roots, there was one to which the chairman drew the attention of the meeting—the *Cinchu-chulli de Cuenca*, of the ipecacuanha species; administered with success in cases of elephantiasis. Its present scarcity raises its value in the country of its growth to 20 dollars an ounce. Dr. Sigmond read the introductory address, referring to the objects of the Society,—the cultivation of such indigenous plants as possessed medicinal virtues; the importation, in their purest state, of drugs, the product of foreign countries; and the means by which the adulteration of the most important therapeutic agents might be either prevented or immediately recognised: encouraging labourers in the fields of discovery: stating that vegetation in its humblest classes was most important—even from the sea-weed, which the poets of antiquity had denounced as vile "vilionalgæ," a most extensively useful principle had been obtained: enlarging upon the properties of this element, the culture of sea-weed for the production of this substance, the utility of the algæ in binding the sands of the sea, preventing the irruption of the waves, and their action upon silex, which wonderful ingredient in the stability of nature they alone dissolved, and, by dissolving, formed a vegetable mould in which future forests sprang up. Other subjects of the interesting paper were the mosses;

the lichens, the scavengers of nature, by whose action decaying matter was removed from the face of the globe; the parasitic fungi; the time and mode of gathering the ergot; the medical properties of the spurred rye, &c. &c. Thanks were voted to Dr. Sigmond, and the meeting adjourned.

## THE NEW SAFETY COACH.

THE *Literary Gazette*, No. 745, six years ago, was one of the first journals to notice, in terms of commendation, the scientific principle upon which this safety coach, as it is appropriately called, is constructed. At that time a well-executed model was exhibited in what was then denominated the National Repository, Charing Cross; and so impressed were the directors of that institution with the excellence of the invention, that they placed it first in the catalogue. Since that period, a full-sized stage-coach, on the same principle, was built at the suggestion of the post office authorities, to test by experiments the alleged safety of the vehicle. However, as is the fate of too many praiseworthy inventions at the beginning, Mr. Stafford, the patentee, did not meet with that patronage from the public which he had a right to expect. Thoroughly convinced of the incontrovertible principle of his patent, the inventor continued improving it; and, finally, assisted by two scientific gentlemen, actuated chiefly by a regard for human life and limb, another coach was built by a London maker, and started on an experimental trip to Blackheath the other day. The coach was drawn by four spirited gray horses, and dashed along at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, with eighteen literary and scientific gentlemen as passengers, besides half-a-ton of lading on the roof. At this furious rate it was driven sometimes with the off wheels on the embankments at the road-sides, and the near wheels working in the drain; yet the vehicle swerved so little, that the inside passengers were insensible of the slightest departure from the usual position. At Blackheath the experiments were absolutely frightful to the spectators; so much so that those not in the secret exclaimed that the coachman was mad, and wished to destroy both coach and passengers. The four horses were made to gallop over an abrupt eminence, two feet ten inches high: the coach described an angle of forty-five degrees with the near wheels, the off wheels being at the moment at the base; and thus, poised between heaven and earth, it maintained almost a perfect equilibrium. Now, it ought to be stated, that an eminence of six inches has, thousands of times, overturned ordinary stage-coaches. Many other tests were resorted to; and all present declared that the triumph was complete. The vehicle is built on the plan of the mail and stage-coaches; but, instead of the usual springs being placed beneath the body, and consequently below the centre of gravity, which always renders a coach liable to overturn from inequalities in the road, the body of this carriage is suspended considerably above the centre of gravitation, even when loaded with its full complement. This is effected by two upright supporters, rising from the beds and axles, and passing up between the body and the boots. The tops of these supporters are surmounted by double elliptic springs, to which is affixed one half of the shifting centre of gravity; the other half is attached to the body.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.  
CAMBRIDGE, November 1st.—The following degrees were conferred:—



*Doctor in Divinity.*—Rev. G. B. Blyth, Clare Hall.  
*Bachelor of Arts.*—T. H. Davies, Trinity Hall.  
 E. Hicks, B.A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was  
 incorporated of Trinity College.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.\*

*Monday.*—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; Medical (second meeting), 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday.*—Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (On Calico Printing, by the Secretary); Zoological, 8 P.M. (Scientific business); Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.  
*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Geological (second meeting), 8 P.M.  
*Thursday.*—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.  
*Saturday.*—Electrical, 7 P.M. (Theatre, Adelade Street Gallery); Harveian (Edward Street, second meeting), 8; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

#### PINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH SOCIETY.

THE private view of the studies by native artists of the works of eminent masters, liberally left by their proprietors for that purpose, took place on Wednesday; and we have to regret that the intimation reached us too late, and that Thursday offered no opportunity to amend the lapse, so that we must postpone the notice till next Saturday.

##### ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

OPENING meeting, Tuesday evening, Nov. 7th, for the session of 1837-1838. Mr. W. B. Clarke, president, in the chair.—Numerous drawings were exhibited by Messrs. G. Moore, H. Duesbury, G. Hawkins, W. Grillier, R. E. Phillips, &c., members. Various interesting works of art, and portfolios of drawings, were laid on the table. Some casts of arabesques, taken from the Alhambra, contributed by Mr. Owen Jones, attracted particular attention; they were exceedingly elaborate, and were elucidated by a view in outline of the interior, beautifully etched by Mr. T. T. Bury, member. The business of the evening comprised the announcement of donations to the library and museum, of the subjects for the students' prizes, and reading an address by the chairman. The conversazione was numerously attended.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### OLD DOBBIN.

HERE'S a song for old Dobbin whose temper  
 and worth [birth;  
 Are too rare to be spurn'd on the score of his  
 He's a creature of trust, and what more should  
 we heed? [the steed.  
 'Tis deeds and not blood make the man and  
 He was bred in the forest, and turn'd on the  
 plain, [and mane;  
 Where the thistle-burs cling to his fetlocks  
 All ugly and rough, not a soul could espy  
 The spark of good-humour that dwelt in his  
 eye.  
 The Summer had waned, and the Autumn  
 months roll'd,  
 Into those of stern Winter, all dreary and cold,  
 But the north wind might whistle, the snow-  
 flake might dance,  
 The colt of the common was left to his chance.  
 Half starved and half frozen, the hail-storm  
 would pelt, [felt;  
 Till his shivering limbs told the pangs that he  
 But we pitied the brute, and, though laugh'd  
 at by all,  
 We fill'd him a manger, and gave him a stall.  
 He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became  
 The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame;  
 You may judge of his fame, when his price was  
 a crown, [our own.  
 But we christen'd him Dobbin, and call'd him

\* The Astronomical met last night.

He grew out of colthood, and, lo! what a change,  
 The knowing ones said it was mortally strange,  
 For the foal of the forest, the colt of the waste,  
 Attracted the notice of jockeys of taste.

The line of his symmetry was not exact,  
 But his paces were clever, his mould was com-  
 pact;  
 And his shaggy thick coat now appear'd with a  
 gloss, [its dress.  
 Shining out like the gold that's been purged of  
 We broke him for service, and tamely he wore  
 Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thralldom  
 he bore;

Every farm has a steed for all work and all  
 hours,  
 And Dobbin, the sturdy bay pony, was ours.

He carried the master to barter his grain,  
 And ever return'd with him safely again;  
 There was merit in that, for, deny it who may,  
 When the master could not, Dobbin could find  
 his way.

The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on his back,  
 'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the  
 pack:

The team horses jolted, the roadster play'd  
 pranks,  
 So Dobbin alone had her faith and her thanks.

We fun-loving urchins would group by his side,  
 We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly  
 ride;

We might creep through his legs, we might plait  
 his long tail, [to fail.  
 But his temper and patience were ne'er known

We would brush his bright hide till 't was free  
 from a speck; [thick neck;  
 We kiss'd his brown muzzle, and hugg'd his  
 Oh! we prized him like life, and a heart-  
 breaking sob [dear Dob.

Ever burst when they threaten'd to sell our  
 He stood to the collar, and tugg'd up the hill,  
 With the pigs to the market, the grist to the  
 mill;

With saddle or halter, in shaft or in trace,  
 He was stanch to his work, and content with  
 his place.

When the hot sun was crowning the toil of the  
 year, [cheer;  
 He was sent to the reapers with ale and good  
 And none in the corn-field more welcome was  
 seen

Than Dob, and his well-laden paniers I ween.

Oh! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget,  
 When we deck'd out his head with the azure  
 rosette;

All frantic with joy, to be off to the fair,  
 With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there?

He was dear to us all, ay, for many long years;  
 But, mercy! how's this? my eye's filling  
 with tears.

Oh! how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start,  
 When Memory plays an old tune on the heart.

There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb  
 in my breast, [rest,  
 But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its  
 Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen,  
 With his oats in the stable, his tares on the  
 green.

His best years have gone by, and the master  
 who gave [the slave.  
 The stern yoke to his youth, has enfranchised  
 So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the  
 knife, [thy life.  
 For the wealth of a king should not purchase  
 E. C.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### JOHN LINWELL BOND, ESQ.

IT is with extreme regret that we announce the death of this highly gifted artist, and truly estimable man, who expired at his house in Newman Street, on Sunday last, after many months of great bodily weakness. As an architect, he was, in knowledge, judgment, and taste, inferior to none of his contemporaries. For examples, we may refer to his design for Waterloo Bridge, justly considered one of the finest ornaments of the metropolis, which, with all the necessary estimates, was made by him for the projector, the late Mr. George Dodd, engineer; the principal inn at Stamford, executed for Sir Gerard Noel, and many other designs prepared for the same hon. baronet, which were never carried into effect; and others, of a high character, now in possession of his brother, Mr. William Bond. Mr. Bond was well versed in classical literature; so much so indeed, that Mr. Gifford, the late editor of the *Quarterly Review*, presented him with an interleaved copy of his translation of Juvenal, in order to have the benefit of his critical remarks and annotations. In the year 1818, Mr. Bond visited Italy and Greece, and returned in 1821, amply stored with studies made in those interesting countries; of which, had he availed himself of his learning and acquirements, he might have given the modern world not only one of the earliest, but one of the best descriptions. But his retired habits, and the modesty of his disposition, rendered him averse to appear before the public, and induced him to confine his labour to the gratification and service of the few friends who had discernment enough to appreciate his merits. Among those who have benefited by his kind and able remarks on subjects connected with his profession, the Editor of the *Literary Gazette* has to acknowledge many communications which have appeared in this journal.

Mr. Bond has left behind him a translation of Vitruvius, the work of some twenty years. But all his labours are now ended. Peace to his remains! for he was one of the most peaceful and placable of mankind.

Mr. George Castles.—We have read, with much regret, in the newspapers, that this gentleman, whose medical and botanical publications have frequently received our favourable notice, put a period to his existence a few days since, at his residence, Peckham.

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—On Monday, a tragic historical drama, called *Caractacus*, was produced here, under striking disadvantages. In the first place, public expectation had been so excited by outrageous "puffs preliminary," that nothing upon the stage could have satisfied it. Secondly, the play was murdered in the performance by almost every one of the *dramatis personae*. And, thirdly, it was a mistake to suppose that the impracticable story of *Caractacus*, however treated, could sustain a five-act melodrama of music, scenery, and machinery. Mr. Planché, whose skill and talent were employed on this abortive attempt, did all that could be done. Every act ended with a *coup de theatre*—a druid dracontium (Abury, and, by the by, rather out of *Caractacus*' way); a British fortress, Caer Caradoc; and a Roman triumph, were finales fit to carry any show-piece through; but, then, all between was deplorably heavy and dull. The people came to see a spectacle; and the beautiful language of Beaumont and Fletcher, bedevilled as it was in the delivery, was either unheard or became a

laughing-stock. The failure was consequently complete. Even as a spectacle, the thing was wretched. The British fort was stormed by the Roman *proprietor* (or, as the *claqueurs* called him, the proprietor) and four tribunes; and one battering-ram put to ignominious flight all the Britons, in their droll party-coloured sheep-skin pantaloons. Nothing could be more grotesque and ludicrous. The last scene, that for which all the rest was contrived, was a clumsy crowd, without beauty, magnificence, or taste—a mere filling of the stage with horses, asses, cars, elephants, painted people, and old parish properties. The music, by Balfe, we thought good; but the bard incantations terribly tedious. The piece was not announced for repetition; but we understand it has been cut down to three acts, and now supplies the place of D'Egville's ballet of thirty years ago, without being indebted much to Tacitus, Beaumont, Fletcher, Mason, or Planché. The only difference is that it is now shorter, and stupid without any redeeming merit.

*Covent Garden.*—On Saturday, the *Parole of Honour*, by Mr. Serle, was brought out here; and, possessing some touching incidents as well as character, and being excellently acted, it met with deserved approbation. To readers acquainted with Kotzebue's *Hugo Grotius* we need not point out how much the author is indebted to that play—so much, that we think it should have been acknowledged; for candid acknowledgment is better than questionable originality. But, passing over this little bit of theatrical expedient, we have to express our participation in the interest created, and well supported throughout, by the *Parole of Honour*. The story is of Roundhead and Cavalier, with a cross love affair, belonging to the younger branches of the families. A broken parole, the involving of innocent parties, persecution, and a timely assault, are the staples on which hinges the plot; and Miss Faucit, Miss Taylor, Bartley, Meadows, Bennett, Pritchard, &c. make so much of their parts, that every point tells, and the audience applaud to the echo.

On Monday, *Macbeth* was performed, and in a manner worthy of the national drama. It was not merely that the cast of characters was such as to delight the most critical worshippers of Shakespeare, but that every minute circumstance and accessory, as well as general scenery, costume, and effect, were attended to in a manner unrivalled even in the best dramatic times. Macready is indeed nobly redeeming his pledge to restore to us, if possible, the legitimate drama; and we rejoice to perceive that every week the public are feeling more and more the value of his exertions. But we trust this appreciation will not only grow in strength, but demonstrate itself more rapidly. It is a severe trial for an individual to fight this great battle; and nothing but prompt as well as great encouragement can enable him to fight it as he ought. The press, we grieve to remark, has, with few exceptions, been more indifferent to these efforts than we could have wished; but it was difficult, perhaps, to divest the question of the tinge of rivalry, and, therefore, the partial friends of other theatres would not consider it *per se* as a struggle to restore the sinking drama, but rather looked at it as an invasion of interests they desired to promote. This has, in some measure, retarded the triumph; but the public, even independently of the press, learns, though by slower degrees, to right itself; and Mr. Macready has only to persevere in his course, under fast-vanishing obstacles and pressure, to obtain for

himself the fame of reviving the British stage, and, with that fame, the more solid reward of successful theatrical speculation. We ought to bestow a like meed of praise and encouragement upon his fellow-labourers in this arduous task. In the *Macbeth*, Phillips, Wilson, Shirreff, P. Horton, did not disdain to take their parts; and Purcell and Locke's charming music was never heard so perfectly before. His own *Macbeth* now extorts reluctant eulogies from pens and tongues which had previously marked only its defects, without marking its features of extraordinary force and beauty. Macready may, as they think, be wrong in the conception of certain passages, and occasionally somewhat mannered in their delineation;\* but his study of a character is grand and masterly. His mind comprehends the whole, and there is no partial carelessness or error. He has imagined his model, and he works up to it with discrimination, fervour, energy, and genius. So long as men are of different opinions,—so long as the memory of a Kemble school opposes the recollection of a Kean school,—it will be impossible to please them on every point; but to us, who have from the first maintained this great actor's merits and powers, it is, at last, gratifying to find that no one denies him the highest place in his profession, but that even those who stood out longest against his Shakespeare characters, are now loud to proclaim, for instance, that much of his *Macbeth* surpasses aught they ever witnessed upon the stage. It is true; and we say so without disparagement to the illustrious performers we ourselves have seen and worshipped in personations, only, by the nature of their toil, less immortal than the author whose thoughts they embodied, and whose language they expressed. We seldom dissertate upon dramatic matters; but really, when a stand is making for the existence of the drama, we trust we shall be excused, and shall only add, that Messrs. Phelps, Warde, and Anderson, played completely up to the principal characters, and that Miss Huddart, in *Lady Macbeth*, acquitted herself in a very able manner.

*Olympic.*—*A Dream of the Future*, by Mr. C. Dance, shews us how well he has observed the past, and how good a use he can make of the present. It is a *Victorine* sort of piece, in which the young of act 1 are the old of act 2, and restored to youth again in act 3, the dream being over. Vestris (and especially in the aged character), C. Matthews, Vining, Miss Murray, Miss Lee, all act imitatively together; and if we say that this "Dream" is worthy of a place by the *Country Squire* of the same author, we have said what ought to attract houses. It might be invidious to select; but we would notice Mr. Brougham, in the Irish footman, as extremely clever. Vining and F. Matthews coloured their parts a thought deeper, perhaps, than reality, but not at all too much for an extravaganza, as this is. Vestris herself could never appear to more advantage. The scene where she coquets with her lover, sends him for her scissors, and feels mortification at his obeying her to the letter, was played with a purity and delicacy of truth and finish, inferior to nothing that we can imagine. The exquisite touch, too, of dropping her gloves when he is

\* The charges of mannerism and hardness, especially the first, are rather perplexing. No actor ever existed without a manner peculiar to himself. John Kemble, the great standard of *Macbeth* in our time, displayed much mannerism in his grand conception of it; and Kean was particularly mannered in every part he performed. With all the splendid art of the one, and all the fire and talent of the other, the spectator never lost sight of either individual. Then, with regard to hardness, which we have heard alleged against some parts of Macready's acting, it has always struck us to be, at the worst, the hardness of extreme polish.

angry, that he may pick them up (our readers will recall Napoleon in the *tête-à-tête* at Vienna, letting his hat fall before Metternich, for the same reason), as well as the—must we call it?—impudent bounce with which the fair manœuvre lays the blame on her lover, were perfectly admirable, and so was the double sleeping scene.

*The Adelphi* goes on most famously with its grand spectacle of *Valsha*, its deep interest and scenic terror; and *Rory O'More*, to back it with meriment and laughter.

*St. James's.*—The *Cabinet* has been received, and is nightly cheered with enthusiastic plaudits; and, in truth, when we listen to the magic notes of Braham in this opera, we cannot believe that five and thirty years have passed over his and our heads since first we heard him sing the matchless polacca, "No more by sorrow chased." The *Dream of the Future* may charm the *Olympic*; but there is a still more thrilling feeling attached to this *dream of the past*. Braham, being loudly called for at the close, on the night we were there, alluded to the dates we have noticed in the expression of his acknowledgments: it was very touching; and the more so to those who knew and remembered that (except Mrs. Davenport) all his compeers of that distant day are no more, while he remains in full and pristine vigour, still the brightest ornament of our English school.

#### VARIETIES.

*Zoology: Anecdotes of Animal Instinct.*—In a paper, in the June No. of the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève" (so ably edited by M. de la Rive, who read several papers at the recent meeting of the British Association), there are some curious anecdotes, tending to prove how near, if not quite, to the power of reasoning the actions of animals approach. Two men, who were about to walk to Vevey, agreed to meet at an appointed place. One of them, who arrived first, fancying he was too late, resolved to push on and overtake his comrade; but his dog shewed evident symptoms of disliking this proceeding. He ran backwards end forwards, lingered behind, and, at length, totally disappeared, but speedily returned with the walking-stick of the second person in his mouth. He had come late, and sat down to wait for his friend; but the sagacity of the animal resorted to this evident means of teaching them their relative positions, and bringing them together.—Another dog, which they were trying to teach to mount a ladder, got so tired of his lesson that he ran away; but next day he returned alone to the ladder, and applied himself to the task, just as if his vanity had been piqued into learning the exercise.—A third dog, taught to carry a lantern with its owner, on winter mornings before daylight, as the latter carried milk to a neighbouring farmer, happened one day to be shut up when his master departed. When loosened, he ran after and overtook him, but perceiving that he had not the lantern, he returned to the house, and causing it to be given to him, again hastened to his accustomed light work.—Another, belonging to a young student, whose master, while bathing, hid among some rushes, was hallooed into the water, as if an accident had happened; when, instead of plunging in, he ran lower down the rapid stream, and took his station, watching the river, where it was most likely to bring down the body for rescue. [This is a doubtful proof; for, if very sagacious, he would have discovered the trick. *Ed. Lit. Gas.*]—We conclude with one fact more, relating to an animal of which we have

been used to consider innocence, rather than wisdom, the characteristic. A pigeon, familiarised to the kitchen, where it was fed and caressed, one day witnessed the killing of a pullet, and it immediately flew away and never returned to the scene of slaughter! The kitchen death of a chicken is not very unlike the death of a dove; and the warning was not lost.

**Carthaginian Remains.**—The Zodiac, on her way from the African coast to Liverpool, has touched at Marseilles. She is reported to be laden with antiquities (55 cases) excavated at Carthage by Englishmen, who paid the Bey of Tunis a liberal sum for liberty to explore this memorable site; and who have been rewarded by the discovery of fine statues, mosaics, and other rich productions of art.

**Thames Tunnel.**—The public have been sorrowfully excited, during the past week, by a new irruption of the tunnel, accompanied by loss of life, and within a short period of a former one. It appears that the present irruption of the waters took place in a part where it was not expected; nor do we believe that proper means had been taken to obviate its occurrence in such a point, viz. in the central boxes of the working. We further have reason to believe, that there is on the side of the river at which the tunnel has now arrived, an old ballast-hole, which is full of soft mud, and that it extends over about 150 feet, through 50 of which the works have already been carried. By the water coming in at the middle boxes, it is plainly shewn how much below the upper part of the works this permeable bed extends. Public patience has been too long tried towards this undertaking, that we should wish to say any thing that would in any way impede its progress; but it is evident that care and precautions must be taken proportionate to the difficulties which have to be encountered.

**Falling Stars.**—We again remind our readers of these expected phenomena about the 13th. It is remarkable that M. Arago, and other astronomers in France, have already observed a sort of rehearsal of this interesting appearance one night in last week.

**Captain Back.**—Our gallant countryman has returned in good health to London, and, we trust, will be present at the Geographical Society on Monday, to receive the congratulations of his many friends—perhaps to give some account of his voyage.

**Weather Wisdom.**—Alas, alas! the 9th was rainy. It began about three o'clock, just as the Queen reached Temple Bar, and continued drizzling nearly throughout the night, and all Friday. Mr. Murphy was, therefore, only nearly right; only almost immortalised. Neither has Mr. Morrison been more happy for this much-looked-for week. The next is thus provided for. "The Sun with Saturn on 12th, brings very cold and stormy weather, with snow or violent rains. High winds and rain about the middle. Storms and snow about the 17th."

**Royal Medal.**—A medal, to commemorate the Queen's city visit on Thursday, has been published by Messrs. Griffin and Hyams. It is a crowned bust of her Majesty, and on the obverse, the Lord Mayor giving her welcome, while Britannia holds a wreath over her head, and Fame and Plenty celebrate her presence. It is by J. Barker, and befits the occasion.

**City Pageants.**—Messrs. Nichols have, most opportunely, given us, from their ample stores of antiquarian lore, a pamphlet collection of the Pageants which have, in preceding ages, enlivened and delighted the good city of London, when our sovereigns have done it the honour to accept its hospitalities. With the brilliant

spectacle of Thursday so freshly before them, all who witnessed it, and the citizens above all, must have a peculiar relish for this curious and interesting publication.

**The Fitzwilliam Museum.**—The first stone of this museum was laid, with grand masonic ceremonies, at Cambridge, on Thursday week.

**Melophonic Society.**—Under this title, Messrs. J. H. Griesbach, H. Westrop, J. Banister, J. Surman, and H. J. Banister, announce a series of meetings, by subscription, during the ensuing season, for the practice of the most classical specimens of choral and other music.

**France.**—France forms nearly a fifteenth part of Europe, and a two hundred and fortieth part of the inhabited globe. On the other hand, its population is already a seventh part of that of Europe, and a twenty-seventh part of the total population of the earth. In relation to the five European states of the first rank, the surface of France is only a fifth part smaller than that of the Austrian empire, and very nearly double that of the British in Europe and of Prussia; but it is not a seventh part of that of Russia in Europe. Its population is equal to that of Austria, exceeds the British only by a fourth, is considerably more than double that of Prussia, and surpasses half the total population of Russia.—*Statistical Journal.*—(Of which two Nos. have reached us, and for which we return our acknowledgments. They contain much useful matter).—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

**A Royal Discovery.**—The "Brighton Gazette" of last Thursday informs its readers, that the Queen is particularly fond of singing vocal music. As the "Brighton Gazette" has long been proverbial for the correctness of its information, we are happy, upon the faith of such undoubted authority, to give all the notoriety in our power to the fact of this her majesty's most extraordinary predilection.

**Slight Differences in Newspapers.**—An alderman of a certain metropolitan city came, some time since, very hastily into one of the reading-rooms there, for the purpose of consulting the *Courier* upon some matter of great importance to him; when, not being able immediately to find the paper he wanted, he accosted a reverend gentleman who chanced to be there, and reading the *Sun*, with, "Pray, sir, is that the *Currier* you have there?" "No, sir," replied the other, offering him the paper, "but it is the *Tanner*—won't that suit you as well?"

The same reverend gentleman was one day on board a steam-boat, in which there happened, also, to be another rev. divine, who at that time was head master of one of our largest public schools. As they approached the sea, the illustrious schoolmaster began to feel very qualmish, and at last became exceedingly ill. In one of the intervals between the paroxysms of his malady, our friend stepped up to him and said, "Why, —, I little expected this of you: I thought that you brought up nothing but young gentlemen."

**Railroads.**—A new French journal has been started in London, called "Le Miroir de Paris," which, from among its varieties in No. 1., not so suited to our system, supplies the following:—Gen. Scheffkine, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, accompanied by a young Russian *savau*, has just made a tour in the north of England, by order of his sovereign, to make himself acquainted with the construction of the railroads and the locomotive-machines. We are assured that immense railroads are about to be laid down in Russia, for which machines are to be purchased from the manufactories on the Tyne and the Wear. A similarly great work in the north of Germany is on the eve of being commenced.

\* \* The unfortunate quatrain signed "H." in our last, has caused us much trouble. *Primo*, it was vilely printed, with "hears" for "hearts," in the last rhyme, which brought H. tumbling upon our heads. *Secundo*, a dozen of correspondents have (besides the poetical reclamer we now insert) accused us of most disloyal feelings, sedition, treason, &c. &c. &c. Better judges would know, that the higher the object lowered beneath the praise of a mistress, the greater the compliment; and that a lover, in exalting his adored above all other excellence, only be-pargons her, but does not deprecate the object in comparison. At any rate, we this week give them an acrostic by way of amends. Here is the answer—

To H. \*

Who calls thee a disloyal knave,  
Not far from truth departs;  
Disdaining paltry diamonds,  
VICTORIA'S queen of hearts.

VIVE LA REINE!

And here the Acrostic—

*Impromptu on Somebody, by Nobody.*  
V ery fair and youthful maiden,  
I nnocent, sedate, and wise;  
C hoicest gifts descend to bless thee,  
T ender joys around thee rise!  
O live buds, and myrtle blossoms,  
R ose of England, suit thy mien;  
I n our hearts long gently reigning,  
A lion's loved and peerless Queen!

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Hood has issued his customary jocular announcement of the coming Comic Annual, in which he declines an early or contemporaneous competition with that "Splendid Annual," the Lord Mayor of London; particularly when he is coming out, with extraordinary embellishments, under the especial patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen; and requests his publishers to chain up their circulars, muzzle their paragraphs, hoard their puffs, save their chalk, &c. and all the other immodestities that modest merit is compelled to omit in this age of speaking trumpets and gongs, till after the gorgeous solemnity. He also intimates some little German whims and oddities during a halt by the Rhine, and a march with a Prussian regiment, as being in a fair way for getting on box-wood, and into paper and print.

The *Bijou Almanack* for 1838 is announced with such features of novelty and curiosity, as to promise, we think, an improvement upon its two popular precursors. A small tome, it is true, but with great pains bestowed upon it. *Peter King*, a Romance by M. Mars, is promised the Parisians, as the most perfect picture of English manners.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Keepsake for 1838, with Engravings executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, super-royal 8vo. 2s.; India proofs, 2s. 12s. 6d.—Nichols' London Pageants, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—The Christmas Library, 1838: Birds and Flowers, by Mary Howitt, 12mo. 6s.—The Child's Own Story-Book, by Mrs. Jerram, 3s. 6d.—C. Kennell's Poems of Declaration, &c., 8vo. 12s.—Practical Surgery, by R. Liston, with 120 Engravings, 8vo. 22s.—Lewis's Chess-board Companion, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Horace, by E. Harwood, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Chitty's and Holmes' Collection of Statutes, with Notes: 10 Geo. IV. to 1 Vict. Vol. II. (in 2 parts), royal 8vo. 2s. 12s. 6d.—The Law of Wills, as altered by 1 Vict. c. 26, by H. Sugden, 8vo. 8s.—The Infant Saviour, &c. &c., by Krummacher, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Hamard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XXXVIII. 8vo. 2s. 2s.—Boyle Lectures, &c., by Bentley, forming Vol. III. of the Works edited by Dyce, 8vo. 14s.—Rev. Dr. Hale's Discourses on the Liturgy, by the Rev. J. A. Giles, 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.—Prof. Silliman's Consistency of the Discoveries of Modern Geology with Sacred History, 12mo. 3s.—The Anatomical Remembrancer, and Pocket Anatomist, 32mo. 3s. 6d.—The Use of Auscultation and Percussion, by Dr. W. H. Wolf, 8vo. 6s.—Sharpe's Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics, 4to. 12s. 6d.—W. H. Woolrych's Treatise on Criminal Statutes: 7 William IV. and 1 Vict., 12mo. 6s.—Aubur's Rise and Progress of British Power in India, Vol. II. 8vo. 21s.; royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Brighton, 5th November, 1837.

Sir,—In answer to F. B.'s query, dated 30th October, respecting the word *coarsing*, inserted in No. 1085, p. 706, and third column, of the *Literary Gazette*, I humbly suggest that it is derived from the old English word *coarsen*, corrected; which word, without any derivation, I find in the "Universal Etymological English Dictionary," vol. ii., third edition, by N. Bailey, 1737, printed for Cox, under the Royal Exchange.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

The feat was performed; and not to reply to other inquisitives and sceptics, why "done" to Nimrod's bet—the ninety miles in three successive hours (see last No. p. 705, col. 1), by the same pair of horses, with a light carriage, was done on the Birmingham and Liverpool Railway train, and the animals were not in the least distressed. The lines on Music have fine thoughts, but some polish is wanted.

ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 706, in the quotation from the "Three Primers," for *coarsing* of words, read *coarsing* of words.

\* See the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## PIRACY OF MOORE'S "LALLA

ROOKH."—We, the undersigned, hereby acknowledge that we have infringed the Copyright of Messrs. Longman and Co. the Proprietors of Mr. Thomas Moore's Poem of "Lalla Rookh," in printing and publishing the tale of "Paradise and the Peri," in No. 1. of the Weekly Newspaper entitled "The Ladies' Newspaper," without their consent; and in consideration of their not continuing legal proceedings against us for such infringement, we hereby apologise for having so acted, and undertake that no further copies of No. 1. containing such tale shall be said; and that no further Piracy upon the said Work, or any other Copyright of the said Messrs. Longman and Co., shall be committed by us.

(Signed) JAMES CHARLES SMITH.

## THE PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

No. IV. will be ready on Wednesday next. The anxiety expressed generally amongst Literary Persons and the Trade to have the above publication regularly, evinces the usefulness of such a mode of advertising all works connected with Literature and the Fine Arts; and, from its extensive Circulation throughout Great Britain and the Continent, the Editor feels confident that it will become the standard for Literary Information.

The List of Three Thousand for gratuitous distribution being now complete, the work can only be had by the payment of 4s. in advance for a year's Subscription, or 3d. per copy upon the day of publication, at the Office, 37 Skinner Street, or through any Bookseller.

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## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

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Through various Parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland,

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John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Oct. 26, 1837.

On Monday will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. with a Portrait by Vandyke, price 12s. cloth.

## THE LIFE OF WALLENSTEIN, DUKE OF FRIEDLAND.

By Lieut.-Col. MITCHELL.

"We shall be glad to see the reader any part of the pleasure which we have received ourselves from the perusal of this work. The style of the narrative is very unaffected and impressive, and the author possesses a certain nervous military eloquence, which accords very well with his subject."—*Times*, Nov. 10.

James Fraser, 215 Regent Street, London.

In a few days will be published, by Joseph Rickey, Sherbourn Lane, King William Street, City, complete in 1 vol. 8vo., printed with a new and distinct type, price 21s. extra boards.

## H KAINH AIAHKH.—THE NEW TESTAMENT IN GREEK;

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*Issues of the Exchequer; being a Collection of Payments made out of his Majesty's Revenue, from King Henry III. to King Henry VI. inclusive, &c.* By Frederick Devon. 8vo. pp. 664. London, 1837. Murray.

TIED of exposing the folly and ignorance exhibited in all proceedings relative to our Public Records, we did not notice this volume when it appeared; we did not even look at it. But "better late than never." In a recent examination of its contents, we became sensible of the absolute necessity of endeavouring to prevent a waste of more government money upon the "Issues of the Exchequer," under the superintendence of Mr. Devon, whose editorial qualifications we examined in a review of the volume which preceded the present: for this reason we are compelled to take up the subject even now, at the eleventh hour. Prepared to admit that there is a *little* interesting matter to be gleaned from the Pell Records; we are also prepared to shew that Mr. Devon is not the man to discover that *little*, much less to turn it to good account. "A mere antiquary," says Johnson, "is a rugged being: what must an uninformed one be?" Our readers will be enabled to judge, after perusing this article.

It is greatly to be lamented, that, when the Treasury resolved to print a series of extracts from these Records, the superintendence of the work was not committed to a person capable of forming such a correct view of the nature and value of the various entries as would have spared the reader a perpetual repetition of information already given *usque ad nauseam* in the publications of the Record Commission; and, consequently, have insured the appearance of new and interesting matter. Of what use was it to print hundreds of documents, proving that the superstitious weakness of Henry III. fitted him for the cloister rather than the throne; that of the three Edwards, the First paid regular salaries to his judges, enforced their authority, had ancient Rolls transcribed and more ancient books rebound; that the Second was perpetually embroiled with his subjects; and that the third loved the pomp and parade of tournament, joust, and feast—the splendid vanities of chivalry and war? All this was transmitted to us by contemporary writers, and a few confirmations of their evidence would have sufficed. We know, from the same authorities, that folks in ancient times wore hose, and shirts, and gloves, and shoes; that they slept in beds, and lived in houses, cots, or castles, and warmed them with fires, first of wood and then of coal; that kings, and barons, and knights, ate fish, flesh, and fowl, drank Cyprus and Malvoisie, Malmsey and Methglin; and that yeomen and "squires of low degree" washed down their frustums of meat with tankards of ale. A few entries, shewing the prices of apparel and victuals, the positive necessities or mere luxuries of existence, and the value of labour in successive reigns, would have enabled us to form as good an estimate of the commonplace of life in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, as we can now arrive at by wading through se-

veral huge volumes of undigested materials. The progressive improvement of the people, government, and law, obscure or doubtful points of political history; the lives of individuals rendered eminent by their virtues or crimes (for the curiosity of a remote posterity is always indiscriminate), were the chief points which demanded illustration, and which should have been invariably kept in view.

But if Mr. Devon was not able to form a plan, neither were the commissioners on the Public Records before him: a sudden leap was made into the vortex of copying and printing; large books were published, to which editors wrote long prefaces, complimenting each other upon discoveries which their readers always found to be mares' nests, and praising the exertions of the commissioners, the kindness of their patrons—exertions which consisted in never leaving their warm libraries and easy chairs to encounter the cold of Record Offices and the dust and vermin of musty parchments, and kindness which permitted a system of jobbing to waste the public money and injure the public service. Yet, in the intoxication of self-conceit, all fancied they were furnishing torches to illuminate the darkness of the Middle Ages. What has been done? In his "Essay on *Nothing*," Fielding most truly observed, "the study of this important subject fills up the whole life of an antiquary, it being always at the bottom of his inquiry, and is commonly, at last, discovered by him with infinite labour and pains."

The volume before us is, if possible, worse than its predecessor. It contains an introduction in 139 pages, which the reader will be puzzled in many instances to understand, for the obvious reason, that the editor has seldom understood himself or his subject. The plan of it is curious; in the first place, we are favoured with very incorrect sketches of those events in each reign upon which the extracts are supposed to bear, and these sketches are followed by wretched abridgements of the extracts themselves, illustrated by notes of the most puerile description, and derived from the worst authorities. Mr. Devon has perpetually committed the mistake common to all persons who, taking up a subject of which they were previously ignorant, imagine that every thing that is a novelty to themselves, must be a discovery worth detailing to their readers. The abridgements are without dates, and, therefore, useless. In order to confirm our assertions, we shall select a few examples of Mr. Devon's commentary, and the authorities to which he refers.

He informs us, that the first entry on the roll of the 10th of Henry III., "furnishes evidence of the existence of a fair at St. Ives, at this early period;" and adds in a note, "the prescriptive right to take tolls at this fair is now in course of litigation." To the editor this may be a curious fact, but had he consulted Madox, whom he often quotes at second-hand, he would have discovered something still more curious; viz. that the Abbot of Ramsey obtained a charter of this fair in the 4th of John, twenty-seven years before, and frequent mention of it occurs on the rolls of that reign: we men-

tion this more out of pity to the litigants than to enlighten Mr. Devon. "Upon the same roll," he continued, "the king is found rewarding the abbot and monks of Warden for their losses and services rendered near the town and castle of Bedford; which, probably, relates to the disturbance a few years previous, caused by Foulques de Breaute, who seized and imprisoned the judge in this castle." What losses these venerable churchmen rendered at the siege we leave Mr. Devon to explain; services they rendered none, as will appear on referring to the instrument which he quotes: this, however, is one only of innumerable instances of the editor's skill in writing his mother tongue. We agree with him that it probably refers to the insurrection of Fulk de Breaute,—it certainly does—but what may the reader understand by "a few years previous?" Five, six, or, perhaps, a dozen years would not be a very liberal interpretation. Unfortunately for Mr. Devon's expression, the siege of Bedford took place scarcely two years before the date of the entry in question, and this proves that he could not have referred to Matthew Paris, whom he quotes in his note. The printed close roll of the 8th of Henry III. would have set him right.

Mr. Devon next observes, that the accession of Hubert de Burgh to the government of Henry III., on the death of the Earl of Pembroke, "together with other incidents in history, frequently referred to in the Pell Records, being matters of sufficient historical notoriety, are not noticed." What the "other incidents in history" may mean we cannot guess; but it is quite clear, that however well known the history of Hubert de Burgh and the reign of Henry III. may be to the commonly well informed, Mr. Devon is grossly ignorant of it, or he would not have poured forth his interesting sympathy with Hubert in a note containing some trumpery tales as to the cause of the justiciary's ruin, extracted from "Lyon's History of Dover," a work of about the same value in political history as the "Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer." Supposing it to have been necessary to give a note to the record of Hubert de Burgh's salary as governor of Dover Castle—an entry which was certainly not worth printing—Mr. Devon would have found the real charges against him in Matthew Paris; a book which, although he has quoted more than once, we are now quite sure he never read. Our editor's partiality for queer authorities is most amusing: he appears to have consulted his own library only, and to have purchased cheap books for it. He tells us, that Andrews styles de Burgh the gallant defender of Dover Castle:—of Andrews the historian we never heard: but, doubtless, Mr. Devon's quotation will bring him into note. In the last volume he published, his fondness for "Baker's Chronicle" induced him to oppose it to the testimony of state papers, and he has drawn largely upon it in the present one. "Baker's Chronicle" always lay in the hall window of Sir Roger de Coverley, probably it always lies on the reading desk of Mr. Devon, and is to him, as it was to the worthy baronet, a decisive authority on all matters of history. There is something

extremely interesting in this; we can readily imagine it to have been the favourite book of his childhood, and that he regards it as the work which first excited his juvenile ambition, and prompted him to embrace the studies which promise to procure him such an enviable and lasting reputation. We have no objection to a man's preserving through life the rattle which excited his infantine ecstasies, but it is decidedly disagreeable when he takes every opportunity of shaking it in our hearing. To proceed:

Mr. Devon has discovered, from a roll of accounts rendered by the Jews, that the contributions extorted from that unfortunate race were chiefly paid by Jewesses. This is not true. Heiresses and widows were, of course, obliged to pay large sums, and in a particular year they may have paid more than the men; but to admit Mr. Devon's theory, would be to conclude that all the wealth of this people was in the hands of the women, which is opposed to reason and facts. He informs us, in a note upon this statement, that several of the Jews' rolls and stars have lately been discovered among the records of the Exchequer, by the clerks of a Mr. Cooper, who, as our readers may remember, was secretary to the defunct record commission. It is insinuated, also, that these documents are to be printed at public expense: if such be the intention, we cannot remonstrate too strongly against it; they are mere rubbish, and, if sorted and arranged, antiquaries, who are curious about the ancient Jews, will, doubtless, consult them in MS.

Before we quit the reign of Henry III., we may remark, that the roll of the expenses of repairing and rebuilding part of the palace of Westminster, in the 43d of this reign, did not deserve to be printed at length, since almost every item in it occurs also on the close and liberate rolls, which are in course of publication: for instance, the payment to William the Painter, for designing the picture of Jesse, on the mantel-piece of the chimney, which excited some frigid ecstasies in a few of our contemporaries, was printed by Walpole, in an extract from a close roll, half a century ago. Jesse, the Wheel of Fortune, and the Dream of St. Edward, were favourite subjects with Henry; and so confined was his taste in subjects for the pencil, that the united diligence of all the antiquaries in the kingdom could not make one important addition to the notices to be found in the first volume of the "Anecdotes of Paintings."

The extracts from the rolls of Edward I. and II. are of very little importance: in commenting upon them, Mr. Devon takes occasion to call the "Excerpta Historica" "a most delightful work, and ably edited." That it is a curious work, and carefully printed, every one who knows any thing of it will be ready to allow, and, at the same time, to lament that it was discontinued; but to call it "delightful," is a piece of affectation on the part of Mr. Devon, who has shewn, in several instances, that he did not understand those parts of it which he quotes. In the 34th of Edward I., a roll, concerning the affairs of Scotland, was deposited in the Treasury. The editor thus translates the record of its delivery.

Memorandum.—That on this present Tuesday, next after the Octaves of the Holy Trinity; to wit, on the 7th day of June, Andrew, formerly William de Tang, clerk sacrist in the diocese of York, a public notary, by authority of the apostolic see, delivered into the Treasury," &c.

This is clearly nonsense: how could Andrew

have been formerly William de Tang? The sense may be restored by reading "Andrew, formerly, or late, clerk to William de Tang, sacristan, notary public of the diocese of York." Mr. Devon must acknowledge the correctness of our emendation.

In his remarks upon the reign of Edward III. the editor calls the engagement at Neville's Cross, the battle of Durham, and quotes Bayley's "History of the Tower," to prove that the victory of the English destined David Bruce to confinement in that citadel. We were not aware that this fact was at all doubtful until settled by Mr. Bayley. This absurdity is surpassed by the following passage:—"We have a payment to Walter Norman and his seventeen companions, for remaining in the king's barge, as well by day as by night, upon the Thames, near the Savoye, for the safe custody of John, king of France. This precaution was, doubtless, necessary, though I believe that an intention to escape has never been charged against the illustrious captive by any historian, (i. e. Baker's Chronicle); the king probably was less anxious to retain the French sovereign in his possession, than to guard against the loss of his ransom." Perhaps Mr. Devon will inform us in what other way Edward could "guard against the loss" of the French king's ransom, than by retaining him in his possession until it was paid. These puerilities meet us at every step.

When Godwin emptied half the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and almost all the "Archæologia," into two huge quarto volumes, and quizzed the learned at the commencement of the 19th century, by calling his composition the "Life of Chaucer," he flattered himself he had raked together all the important documents relating to the life of the poet. One, at least, escaped him, and that one is the most curious entry in Mr. Devon's publication. It shews that Chaucer was sent on a mission into Lombardy in the first year of Richard II. (1377), four years after the date of his embassy to Genoa, during which he is supposed, as we believe, without the slightest foundation, to have visited Petrarch. This is a curious fact in the life of so eminent a man, but scarcely worth obtaining at the expense of printing a huge volume of trash. Mr. Devon has passed by this entry without indicating its value. We will not decide whether Thomas Chaucers, mentioned here as chief butler to Henry IV., was the son of the poet, and, consequently, the same Thomas who was speaker of the House of Commons.

At page 55 of the Introduction, we are told that Richard II. purchased "a Bible written in the Gallic language." Mr. Devon might as well have said French, but it is really laughable to find him translating it by "Gaelic" in the extract itself, p. 213. These are slight inconsistencies. Some payments for gunpowder and cannon in the first of Richard II. elicit from the editor the following remarks:—"The making of gunpowder, or rather its use and application in England to warlike purposes, has generally been assigned to a later date than that here noticed:" and in a note he continues—"Though gunpowder is stated to have been invented by Schwartz, a German monk, at Cologne, in 1330, and great guns to have been used by Edward III., at the battle of Cressy, in 1346; yet Aspin, Salmon, Tegg, and other chronologists, state 1418 as the earliest use of them in England, which is above thirty years subsequent to the date of the Issue Roll, 1 Richard II."

It is true the invention of gunpowder is

popularly ascribed to Barthold Schwartz; but it was in 1320, not in 1330, that he is said to have made the discovery. It is now certain that it was known in the East, and used in the construction of rockets and shells, a century before his time;\* and Roger Bacon, in 1270, had described its nature and use in the composition of squibs and crackers, the playthings of children in his day. We learn from Barbour,† that Edward III. was provided with artillery in his expedition against the Scots in 1327; and from Froissart, that cannon and "bombards" were used in the defence of Quesnoy, in Hainault, in 1342, four years before the battle of Cressy. The Rolls of Parliament shew that it was obtained for the defence of the Castle of Jersey, in 1339.‡ It may, therefore, be reasonably concluded, that cannon were used in this country half a century, at least, before the reign of Richard II., notwithstanding the opinions of Mr. Devon's authorities, Messrs. "Aspin, Salmon, and Tegg;" the latter of these gentlemen we believe to be the respectable bookseller in the Poultry, who is thus exalted to the dignity of a chronologer, because he happened to publish a little work compiled by somebody else, and which has a place, we suppose, among the cheap books in Mr. Devon's library.

Following the editor to the reign of Henry IV., we find that he imagines the battle of Homildown to have happened after the battle of Shrewsbury, thus making Hotspur fight a battle after his decease; and having committed this notable blunder, he proceeds to shew that Shakespeare was wrong in making Sir Walter Blount the messenger who brought the news of this victory to Henry, when, in reality, Nicholas Merbury was the fortunate person, and sums up his learned note by observing, with comic gravity, that "many errors as to time, circumstance, and place, and attributing actions to wrong persons by Shakespeare, might be corrected by the Issue Rolls." How unfortunate that the poet did not consult these rolls when writing his plays! pity the poor fellow could not foresee that, in the nineteenth century, a Devon was to arise and tell the world that Shakespeare knew nothing of his story! and then, ye commentators, Theobald, Warburton, Malone, Johnson, Stevens, why did you not tack extracts from these records to your notes? To be serious, it is clear poor Mr. Devon has hitherto supposed Shakespeare's historical plays to be accurate verified chronicles, and now crows over the discovery of his mistake, accomplished by the aid of the Pell Records, without a suspicion that he, and not immortal Will, is a ninny.

Upon the roll of the 29th, Henry VI., are seen entries relative to the reception, in England, of William, eighth earl of Douglas, on

\* We purposely leave out particular mention of its more early use among the Chinese.

† The poet, speaking of the Scots, says,

"Twa noweltis that day that saw,  
That foruth in Scotland had bene nane:  
Tymmeris for helms war the tane,  
That thaim thought thane off gret bewte,  
And alua wondyr for to se.  
The totyr, crakys war of teer,  
That thal befor herd neur er,  
Off thir twa thingis that had ferly."

The Bruce, v. 173. Edin. 1820.  
Tymmeris were crests for helmets. Dr. Jamieson observes, "this is the simple account that the good archdeacon gives of artillery; and, certainly, at their introduction, it was extremely natural thus to design them from the noise they made." Crakys were certainly guns: the word is used by English writers of a later date.

‡ There are two entries on these Rolls, which are supposed to relate to gunpowder, v. ii. pp. 1066, 115. The word used is "pomadre," which some antiquaries have decided to mean cider. In the first one, from its being joined with iron and steel, we are tempted to follow the translation of Cotton.

his return from Rome, upon which Mr. Devon has the following note, *Introd.* p. 132.

"This Earl Douglas was a most sanguinary monster. On his arrival from Rome, he passed through England with a safe conduct. James, king of Scotland, received him with cautious kindness, invited him to his palace, and stabbed him with his dagger. Sir Patrick Gray (whose nephew he had most barbarously murdered) clove his skull with a battle-axe, and armed men rushed in and covered him with wounds."

Commend us to the *cautious kindness* of the man who invites another to his house, and stabs him: where did the editor learn that such a proceeding is in any way allied to kindness? He is wrong, moreover, in supposing that this peculiar sort of hospitality was shewn to the earl immediately upon his arrival in Scotland. Two years elapsed between his return and murder. As to his having been "a most sanguinary monster," we know of no deeds that entitle him to such an epithet. His execution of Herries of Terregles was in every way justifiable; the laird was taken with the "red hand," in the commission of a gross outrage within the earl's jurisdiction as Lieutenant of the Marches, and suffered accordingly. The banishment of the tutor of Bombie, Gray's nephew, was not without colour of law; the man had murdered Douglas's servant. But, what epithet is too bad for James and Crichton, and their accomplices, nobles of the land, who invited Douglas to Stirling, under a safe conduct, guaranteed by the most solemn oaths, with the intention of assassinating him? Of this part of the story, Mr. Devon, of course, knew nothing; he saw somewhere that the earl was a bloody fellow; the name pleased him, and he copied it, without caring to inquire further. Indeed, from the ferocity with which he describes the murder, we suspect that Mr. Devon himself is rather sanguinary in his imagination: we see him with his editorial battle-axe ready to treat Shakespeare with "cautious kindness," for having omitted to versify the Pell Records.

Having now given the reader some idea of Mr. Devon's Introduction—and, be it noted, that we have not called a tithe of the blunders in it—we shall conclude with a specimen of his powers of translation, selected at random from among many of the same description; in fact, every instrument in the book is more or less at variance with the sense of the Latin original.

"15th October. Paid to William de Aston, clerk to the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, so much as the same William had paid for the king at the court of Rome, to divers cardinals in the said court, for fees which the king owed, and for the king's other necessary payments; to wit, to Master Gillinus de Pergamo, of St. Nicholas, in prison; to Tully, dean to the cardinal, for his fee for the whole thirty-first year of King Edward, fifty marks; to brother Gentilus, by the title of St. Martin in the Mountains, priest to the cardinal, twenty-five marks; to Master Luke de Flysco, of Saint Mary in Via Lata, dean to the cardinal, for the said whole year, fifty marks." P. 115.

Passing over the first part of this extract, which is sufficiently confused, it must be obvious to any one who examines it with attention, that the first person mentioned as paid, Master Gillinus, is not a cardinal, but a man, who, according to Mr. Devon's punctuation, was in prison, and that the sum paid to him is not specified; there must be some error, therefore, in the description of him, and, as regards the payment, an omission, either on the part of the ancient scribe or the modern editor. The

next person is Mr. Tully: we do not believe that a Roman ecclesiastic ever bore the name of the Roman orator; and it is certain that, although there are deans to cathedral and collegiate churches, there are no such functionaries in relation to their eminences, the cardinals. The reader may be puzzled to discover whether Brother Gentilus was nicknamed St. Martin in the Mountains, or whether he acted only as deputy to that respectable saint; nor is the obscurity of the entry cleared away by calling him priest to the cardinal. After Brother Gentilus, we have Master Luke of St. Mary, another dean to the cardinal, which appellation must be another mistake. Thus, although this entry was intended to be a record of payments made to "divers cardinals,"—and from the "to wit" we might reasonably conclude the Scribe intended to put down their names—it seems from Mr. Devon's translation, that the money was all paid to deputies of one person, who must have been well known, since he is mentioned only as "the Cardinal." How can you explain this, learned editor? We answer for him: the original record must have run as follows:—Paid, "Magistro Gillino de Pergamo, T.T. Sancti Nicholai, in Carcere Tulliano, diacono cardinali;" i. e. to Master Gillinus de Gergamo, Titular of St. Nicholas, in Carcere Tulliano, cardinal deacon. "Fratrī Gentilo, T.T. Sancti Martini, in Monte, presbitero cardinali;" to Brother Gentilus, Titular of St. Martin, in Monte [Cavallo], cardinal priest. "Magistro Luce de Flysco, T.T. Sanctæ Mariæ, in Via Lata, diacono cardinali;" to Master Luke de Flysco, Titular of Saint Mary, in Via Lata, cardinal deacon.

By this new reading, we find the "divers cardinals" enjoying their proper titles, and we perceive, also, that Mr. Devon has ingeniously split three lofty ecclesiastics into four very strange characters; viz. a man in prison, two deans,—such deans as never were—and a priest. By what clever process the editor achieved this partition of persons, some may be at a loss to conceive. Perhaps he was asleep when he translated the passage; but such a supposition implies that he must have been in a state of somnolency when he transcribed it: how, otherwise, is the strange punctuation to be accounted for? The more rational inference, we are sorry to say it, is, that Mr. Devon's ignorance occasioned this ludicrous blunder. He clearly knew nothing of the cardinals and their titles, which is surprising in one who, from his situation in a record office, must have often met with documents in which the various styles of the papal legates and envoys in this country in former times are set forth. That he is all but ignorant of the Latin language is still more apparent; for, although we shall not quarrel with him because he never read of the celebrated "Carcer Tullianum," of which Sallust's striking description is familiar to the merest booby who ever had the good fortune to be birched through the Latin course of a cockney academy,—no one to whom the rudiments of the language were known would have rendered "Tullianum" by "Tully"—what shall we say of his mistaking Diaconus, a Deacon, for Decanus, a Dean; and translating "Monte" by "in the mountains?" A man may be a dull and respectable interpreter of records, although he never heard of Servius Tullius, the prison that he built, in which the accomplices of Cataline certainly were, and St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been, confined. Ay, even though he believe that St. Paul's was built by the Apostle, and that Gog and Magog lived and died in

Guildhall; but that an editor employed by her majesty's government to publish for the benefit of the country, should have supposed that Diaconus signified a Dean,—to say nothing of his admirable confusion of dative and genitive cases—might be treated as incredible, were it not proved by the testimony of his own work. Verily, this is the age of humbug!

There is, however, one point in Mr. Devon, indicative either of amiable simplicity or excessive indolence—his apparent ignorance of the noble art of book-making. If indolence be the dominant power in his composition, we suppose we are indebted to that misfortune for an escape from the miseries which some of his brother record editors, more industrious and worldly-wise as to the payment per sheet, would have inflicted upon us, by taking the passage above quoted as a peg whereon to hang a history of the sacred college—perhaps the biographies of all its members, from the seventh century to the present time—a list of the cardinal churches in Rome; and certainly an essay, replete with wonderful discoveries, or crude conjectures upon deacons, rural deans, and parish priests; ending in a digression upon first-fruits, tithes, great and small, malt and hops, Cheshire cheese, and sucking pigs. The whole plentifully seasoned with reflections upon the growth of the constitution, and the artful policy of the court of Rome. Happily, one or the other of the causes we have mentioned has spared us such an infliction from Mr. Devon; we take the liberty, however, to hint to him, that, with a little more exertion, he promises to shine—that Littleton and Ainsworth, together with Ruddiman's Rudiments, or the Eton Grammar, are cheap books; and that Spelman and Ducange are to be found, when he shall be able to read them, in the literary workshop of London, the British Museum; but, let him use them for his own improvement, for he may be assured that the generality of readers are not so ignorant as he takes them to be.

It only remains for us to ask, Will the Treasury permit any more of this nonsense to appear?

*Southey's Works.* Vol. II. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THE second volume contains "The Triumph of Woman," written in 1795, and dedicated to Mary Wollstonecraft. This is now curious in more respects than one; but our readers will, perhaps, be more interested with the reappearance of "Wat Tyler," a drama of the same period, with a preface by its author. We copy it.

"Twenty years ago," says the Poet Laureate, "upon the surreptitious publication of this notable drama, and the use which was made of it, I said, what it then became me to say, in a letter to one of those gentlemen who thought proper to revile me, not for having entertained democratical opinions, but for having outgrown them, and learnt to appreciate and to defend the institutions of my country. Had I written lewdly in my youth, like Beza, like Beza I would ask pardon of God and man; and no considerations should induce me to reprint what I could never think of without sorrow and shame. Had I, at any time, like St. Augustine, taught doctrines which I afterwards perceived to be erroneous—and if, as in his case, my position in society, and the estimation in which I was held, gave weight to what I had advanced, and made those errors dangerous to others,—like St. Augustine, I would publish my retractions,

and endeavour to counteract the evil which, though erringly, with no evil intention, I had caused. Wherefore, then, it may be asked, have I included Wat Tyler in this authentic collection of my poetical works? For these reasons,—that it may not be supposed I think it any reproach to have written it, or that I am more ashamed of having been a republican, than of having been a boy. ‘Quicunque ista lecturi sunt, non me imitentur errantem, sed in melius proficientem. Inveniet enim fortasse, quomodo scribendo profecerim, quisquis opuscula mea, ordine quo scripta sunt, legerit.’ I have endeavoured to correct in my other juvenile pieces such faults as were corrigible. But Wat Tyler appears just as it was written, in the course of three mornings, in 1794; the stolen copy, which was committed to the press twenty-three years afterwards, not having undergone the slightest correction of any kind.”

This is worthy of Southey; nor is Wat Tyler unworthy of his earlier years. Well were it for mankind that political errors were confined to the warm and ebullient feelings of youth. It is acquired wisdom and enlarged views which enable us to weigh certain conditions and restraints against the love of perfect liberty. What schoolboy would not be a republican\* (equality) if, perhaps, he could not be a master! No fellow of seven years old ever admired fagging,—the universal *beau idéal* is to fag others. Southey’s adversaries must have been hard put to it, when they brought forward Wat Tyler, of 1794, as a proof of bad principle or tergiversation. It contains many just and noble sentiments.

Poems concerning the slave trade follow, and do yet more credit to pure youthful emotions: Botany Bay eclogues, sonnets, monodramas, amatory poems, lyrics, and other miscellanies of various dates, fill up this volume. All of them exhibit the workings of true genius; nor does one of them reflect a stain upon the heart of the writer. On the contrary, the prevailing features do him the highest honour.

We will, however, only quote one or two examples of different character and on other grounds. The elegy is (probably) a forgotten sample of the sportive amatory.

“The Poet expatiates on the Beauty of Delia’s Hair.”

The comb between whose ivory teeth she strains  
The straitening curls of gold so beamy bright,  
Not spotless merely from the touch remains,  
But issues forth more pure, more milky white.

The rose-pomatum that the *frieseur* spreads  
Sometimes with honour’d fingers for my fair,  
No added perfume on her tresses sheds,  
But borrows sweetness from her sweeter hair.

Happy the *frieseur* who, in Delia’s hair,  
With licensed fingers uncontrol’d may rove!  
And happy in his death the dancing bear,  
Who died to make pomatum for my love.

Oh! could I hope that e’er my favoured lays  
Might curl those lovely locks with conscious pride,  
Nor Hammond, nor the Mantuan Shepherd’s praise,  
I’d envy then, nor wish reward beside.

\* Look at the commonest effect of classical education. Well does Southey, in a poem of 1798, make the Muse of History thus address him, when he courts retirement and the *dolce far niente*.

“Oh, shame! shame!

Was it for this I waken’d thy young mind?  
Was it for this I made thy swelling heart  
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy’s eye  
So kindle when that glorious Spartan died?  
Boy! boy! deceive me not! . . . What if the tale  
Of murder’d millions strike a chilling pang;  
What if Tiberius in his island stews,  
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire  
Strong anger and contempt; hast thou not risen  
With nobler feelings,—with a deeper love  
For freedom? . . . If righteously thy soul  
Loathes the black history of human crimes  
And human misery, let that spirit fill  
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy! to raise  
Strains such as Cato might have deign’d to hear,  
As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.”

Cupid has strung from you, O tresses fine,  
The bow that in my breast impell’d his dart;  
From you, sweet locks! he wove the subtle line  
Wherewith the urchin angled for my heart.

Fine are my Delia’s tresses as the threads  
That from the silk-worm, self-interr’d, proceed;  
Fine as the gleamy gossamer that spreads  
Its filmy web-work o’er the tangled mead.

Yet with these tresses, Cupid’s power elate,  
My captive heart has handcu’d in a chain,  
Strong as the cables of some huge first-rate,  
That bears Britannia’s thunders o’er the main.

The sylphs that around her radiant locks repair,  
In flowing lustre bathe their brightening wings;  
And elfin minstrels, with assiduous care,  
The ringlets rob for fairy fiddle-strings.”

Of Dactyls and Sapphics the following will revive curious memories, both for themselves and their famous parodies in the *Anti-Jacobin* :—

“The Soldier’s Wife.”

Weary way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,  
Travelling painfully o’er the rugged road,  
Wild-visaged Wanderer! God help thee wretched one!  
Sorely thy little one drags by thee bare-footed,  
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back,  
Meagre and livid, and screaming for misery.

• Woe-begone mother, half anger, half agony,  
As over thy shoulder thou lookest to hush the babe,  
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard face.  
Ne’er will thy husband return from the war again,  
Cold is thy heart and as frozen as Charity!  
Cold are thy children.—Now God be thy comforter!”

“The Widow.”

Cold was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell,  
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,  
When a poor Wanderer struggled on her journey,  
Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections;  
Cold was the night-wind, colder was her bosom:  
She had no home, the world was all before her,  
She had no shelter.

Fast o’er the heath a chariot rattled by her,  
‘Pity me!’ feebly cried the lonely wanderer;  
‘Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger  
Here I should perish.

‘Once I had friends,—though now by all forsaken!  
Once I had parents,—they are now in heaven!  
I had a home once—I had once a husband—  
Pity me, strangers!

‘I had a home once—I had once a husband—  
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!’  
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,  
On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her;  
She heard a horseman,—‘Pity me!’ she groaned out;  
Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining,  
On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil, and cold, and hunger,  
Down sunk the Wanderer, sleep had seized her senses;  
There did the traveller find her in the morning;  
God had released her.”

Though it may seem strange for an Appendix, we subjoin a part of the Preface to the volume, as a matter of literary interest.

“The earliest pieces in these juvenile and minor poems were written before the writer had left school; between the date of these and of the latest there is an interval of six and forty years: as much difference, therefore, may be perceived in them, as in the different stages of life from boyhood to old age. Some of the earliest appeared in a little volume published at Bath in the autumn of 1794, with this title:—‘Poems, containing the Retrospect, &c. by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, 1795; and with this motto—

Minuentur atræ  
Carmine cune.—Horace.

At the end of that volume, Joan of Arc was announced as to be published by subscription. Others were published at Bristol, 1797, in a single volume, with this motto from Akenside:—

‘Goddess of the Lyre,—

with thee comes  
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come  
Her sister Liberty will not be far.’

A second volume followed at Bristol in 1799, after the second edition of Joan of Arc, and commencing with the ‘Vision of the Maid

• This stanza was written by S. T. Coleridge.

of Orleans.’ The motto to this was from the epilogue to Spenser’s *Shepherds’ Calendar*:—  
‘The better, please; the worse, displease: I ask no more.’”

*The Life of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland.*  
By Lieut.-Colonel J. Mitchell, H.P. 8vo.  
pp. 368. London, 1837. Fraser.

NOT only general history, but the drama and the episode collection-books, have made us so well acquainted with Wallenstein and his times, that we shall merely notice this separate biography as a well-chosen contribution to war, politics, and literature; and afford our readers a complete idea of its tone and manner by one interesting extract—the finale of a strange and glorious scene:—

“And how was Wallenstein occupied while the dark web of treason was weaving around him? Embodying rebel armies, strengthening himself by foreign alliances, building strongholds, or corrupting the soldiers placed under his command? The reverse was the case: he was zealously engaged in quartering the troops for the winter, and in carrying on, with the full knowledge of the emperor, the Saxon negotiation. He was, to the last, in friendly correspondence with Piccolomini and with Ferdinand himself; and, on the 13th of February, the very day on which Gallasso issues his secret ‘bollettino’ from Pilsen, the emperor writes to Wallenstein, whom he had outlawed twenty days before, ‘confiding the kingdom of Bohemia to his approved care and protection, should the Swedes,’ who had assembled in force near Ratisbon, ‘advance against the frontier.’ To what extent Wallenstein was apprised of the measures taken against him, is not very certain; but he no sooner heard that an unfavourable construction had been put upon the meeting at Pilsen, than he again called the officers together, and signed, along with them, a joint declaration, expressive of their ‘entire devotion to the emperor, and of their resolution to shed every drop of their blood in his service.’ This was on the 20th of February. But, as every hour now brought proof that hostile proceedings were already in progress, he dispatched Colonel Mohrwald to Vienna on the 21st, and General Brenner on the 22d, to assure the emperor of his perfect readiness to resign the command, and to appear at any time and place, to answer whatever charges might be preferred against him. Both messengers were arrested on the road, the one by Piccolomini, the other by Diodati; the latter declaring, in his official report of the circumstance, that the message to the emperor was only a trick devised by Wallenstein to save ‘i suoi ducati.’ It was not till after the emperor’s proclamation, which denounced him as an outlaw, had been publicly posted up at Prague, that Wallenstein learned, or believed, the full extent of his danger. Hearing, at the same time, that some of the troops had already refused to obey his orders, and that Piccolomini and Diodati were marching towards Pilsen, where no preparations had been made for resistance; he determined to fly to Eger, and to throw himself into the arms of the allies. Before his departure he sent Prince Francis Albert to the Duke of Weimar, then at Ratisbon, to solicit assistance. As the fugitive general had nothing left, which he could carry over to the allies, but his name and fame, the aid requested implied little more than protection for his outlawed life. And even this was at first denied; sufficient proof that no understanding existed between him and the allied commanders. ‘If Wallenstein still lives,’ says Oxtenshiern, in a letter to the Duke of Weimar,

'throw no obstacles in the way of his plans: if he is dead, there will be confusion in the imperial army, of which it might be well to take advantage.' When Francis Albert arrived at Ratibon, the Duke of Weimar positively declined to move on the mere word of the Duke of Friedland. 'Who believes not in God,' said Bernhard, 'will not be believed by man;' and it was only after the news of Wallenstein's actual departure from Pilsen had been received, that he set out at the head of his army for Eger. But the blow had been already struck, and the Swedes 'came but to augment the slaughter.' Wallenstein left Pilsen on the morning of the 22d of February, 1634, accompanied by Counts Illo, Terzky, Kinsky, Colonel Butler, and Rittmeister Neumann. As he suffered greatly from gout, he travelled in a sedan chair carried between two horses: and the man who was to have marched rebellious armies to the gates of Vienna was only escorted by seven companies of infantry, and 200 dragoons. The horsemen were under the orders of Colonel Butler, an Irish Catholic officer, to whose regiment they belonged; and who sent his chaplain\* to tell Piccolomini that he, Butler, would remain faithful to his allegiance, and use every effort to thwart the designs of the rebels. Galass, and the Marquis de Grana, had, as they inform the emperor, received similar assurances; and the Marquis says of Butler, that 'he is a cavalier on whom his majesty may place the most perfect reliance.' Of Colonel Gordon, the commandant of Eger, the Marquis is not so certain, and fears that 'this officer's Calvinistical spirit will make a rebel of him.' The Italian, unfortunately, paid that spirit too high a compliment by this suspicion. Wallenstein and his escort halted the first night at Miess, and arrived on the following evening at Eger, the last Bohemian fortress on the road leading into the Palatinate. Colonel Gordon, a Scottish Presbyterian, held the post with the regiment of Terzka, of which he was lieutenant-colonel, of which another Scotchman, of the name of Leslie, was major. Neither of these officers had yet heard of the emperor's proclamation, and Major Leslie was sent out to meet Wallenstein, and to conduct him into the fortress. The fugitive general took up his quarters at the mayor's house, in the marketplace; and, thinking himself in perfect safety, communicated to our three unworthy countrymen the cause of his being obliged to fly and seek safety with the allies: he left it to them to accompany him or not, as they might think proper. Gordon and Leslie agreed at first to follow him; but at a conference which they held during the night with Butler, the latter shewed them the emperor's proclamation, and the order which he had received from Piccolomini: on which they, unfortunately, came to a very different resolution. What was the exact order produced by Butler, is not known; but, from a passage in one of the Marquis de Grana's letters, its purpose may be easily conjectured. That worthy Italian, in recommending Colonel Teufel to the emperor for a vacant regiment, says, that he was one of the first who offered to 'murder the tyrant,' (*di ammazzare il tiranno*) and Ferdinand, 'delighted' with the

\* This was Carve, the author of the Itinerary, the same who, after Butler's death, was chaplain to Devereux; for all these men had chaplains. Carve was among the number of those who had shared in the bounty of the merciful Duke of Friedland; and, in a list of donations still preserved, is the following entry: 'To Thomas Carve, *Hybernus*, 5 florins on a petition for alms.' It is hoped that the comparative smallness of the sum,—for in the same list very large sums are specified as bestowed upon other persons—facilitated, to the worthy chaplain, the task of granting absolution to the murderers of the donor.

colonel's 'honour and bravery,' promises to grant the request. Butler, we may, therefore, conclude, had direct instructions to kill his general, and had, no doubt, authority also to promise ample rewards to those who should aid in the deed. He found, unfortunately, too many willing accomplices; and it is painful for a British writer to add, that they belonged mostly to his own country, the fair fame of which is deeply stained by the infamy of their crime. Gordon, Leslie, and Butler, having pledged themselves to the murder by an oath, which they swore over their drawn swords, Butler brought seven other officers into the conspiracy: these were, Geraldine, Devereux, Brown, Macdonald, Birch, Pestaluzi, and Lerda; the first five were Irishmen belonging to his own dragoons, and the last two Spaniards, captains in Terzka's regiment. The execution was fixed for the following evening; and, as Illo, Terzka, Kinsky, and Neumann, were to sup with Gordon in the citadel, it was resolved to commence with them, as it was well known that Wallenstein never joined such convivial parties. No sooner had the guests entered the castle on the fatal evening, than the gates were closed, and guards posted so as to prevent all egress. Captain Geraldine was stationed, with twelve dragoons, in an apartment that opened into the supper-hall, while Captain Devereux, with six more, stood in the apartment exactly opposite. To prevent noise the soldiers were without fire-arms, and were ordered to use their swords only. Not a shadow of apprehension seemed to cloud the party: the wine circulated briskly, as was wont in that bold, jovial, and boisterous time, and the guests were in high spirits at the thought of being beyond the reach of their enemies. The easy frankness of the conspirators disarmed suspicion; but the idea of men supping tranquilly with their intended victims, offers a fearful proof of the callousness of which the human heart is capable. No sooner had the dessert been placed on the table, and the servants dismissed, than the signal was given. Geraldine instantly burst in at one door, exclaiming, '*Viva la casa d'Austria!*' while Devereux entered at the other, asking, 'Who are good Imperialists?' Butler, Gordon, and Leslie, sprang from their seats, drew their swords, and called out, '*Vivat Ferdinandus!*' on which the dragoons rushed, at once, upon the designed victims, as bloodhounds rush upon their prey. Kinsky was the first who fell; Illo was stabbed through the back in attempting to reach his sword, which hung suspended against the wall; Terzka alone contrived to get his sword, and, throwing himself into a corner, resisted with the fierceness of a lion at bay. He reproached Gordon and Butler with their baseness, challenged them to single combat, killed two dragoons outright, disarmed Devereux, and mortally wounded Captain Lerda, before he sank beneath the blows of the assassin band. Neumann had fallen, wounded, under the table, and in the confusion escaped out of the hall; but, not knowing the counter-sign, was cut down by the castle guard. The first act of the tragedy thus concluded, the principal conspirators proceeded to hold another council. Long habits of submission and obedience,—the fame, greatness, and power of their victorious chieftain,—and the deference with which his subordinates had invariably looked up to Wallenstein, as to a being of almost superior nature, avowed for a moment even murderers, whose hands were yet dripping with the blood of noble and innocent men. Their council was of short duration. Gordon

raised a feeble voice in the cause of humanity; and, though he hinted that those might rejoice in the murder who would yet punish the murderers, his scruples were overruled by Butler, who better knew the parties he had to deal with. It was not very clear, indeed, that the duke could be arrested: but it was evident that he would not prove an acceptable captive at Vienna. As a fugitive outlaw, he was no longer dangerous to the house of Austria; but his escape might be dangerous to those who should connive at it, and would certainly bring them no reward: his death was the most agreeable service that could be rendered to the emperor; and avarice, therefore, sealed his doom. Two shots having been fired at one of Terzka's servants, who had escaped from the citadel, Leslie made the soldiers of the main-guard renew their oath of fidelity to the house of Austria, admitted a hundred more dragoons into town, and caused them to patrol the streets, and maintain the most perfect stillness. Towards midnight, Butler, followed by Devereux and six dragoons, proceeded to Wallenstein's quarters; and, as it was not unusual for officers of rank to call upon the general at late hours, the guard allowed them to enter. Devereux, with his party, ascended the stairs, while Butler remained below to wait the result. It is said that Wallenstein had, only a few minutes before, dismissed for the night an Italian astrologer, of the name of Senni, who was then attached to his household, and who declared that the stars still hoded impending danger, which Wallenstein himself either could not or would not see. He had just retired to bed; and the servant who had undressed him was descending the stair, when he met Devereux and his party, and desired them to make less noise, 'as the duke was going to sleep.' 'But this is a time for noise,' shouted Devereux, as he pressed on. Finding the door of the bed-chamber locked, he burst it open with his foot, and entered, followed by the soldiers. Wallenstein was standing at the window; startled by the screams of the ladies, Terzka and Kinsky, who lodged in the house opposite, and who had just learned the murder of their husbands, he had opened the casement, and was asking the sentinel what was the matter, at the moment Devereux broke into the room. The sight of his long-honoured and long-obeyed commander arrested not the hand of this bold and ruthless assassin. 'Thou must die,' he exclaimed; and Wallenstein, true to his pride of character, disdained to parley, even for life, with a slave and a stabber. Dignified to the last, he threw open his arms to the blow, and sank, without a word or groan, beneath the first thrust of the traitor's halberd, the blade of which went right through his breast. Thus fell a man who, as Gualdo says, 'was one of the greatest commanders, most generous princes, and most enlightened ministers of his own, or of any preceding time;' and thus ended the work, for the successful termination of which the emperor had caused prayers to be offered up in all the churches of the capital. The body was immediately rolled in a carpet, and carried to the citadel, where it was deposited along with the others. They were all, next morning, placed in hastily constructed shells, and conveyed to the castle of Miess. Piccolomini ordered, indeed, that they should be sent to Prague, for the purpose of 'being exposed,' as he tells his worthy colleague, Grana, 'in the most disgraceful situations.' But even Ferdinand retained sufficient sense of decency to prevent such an unworthy proceeding: he directed that the body of Friedland should be given up to his friends,



and that the others should all, with the exception of Neumann, be interred in consecrated ground. The last was, on account of his 'slandrous tongue,' to be buried beneath the gibbet. Wallenstein's remains were deposited in the vault of a Carthusian convent, which he had himself built, near Gitchen. When, in 1639, the Swedes penetrated into that part of the country, the celebrated General Banner caused the coffin to be opened, and took out the skull and right arm, which he sent to Stockholm. No sooner was the death-blow struck than Butler sent an account of it to Gallass, and, with hands stained in Terzka's blood, already begged for Terzka's regiment. Major Leslie carried the report to Vienna. The emperor, though unable to find the right word for the proceeding at Eger,—having, with his own hand, twice altered the draught of the original answer to Gallass, and effaced the words, 'killed' and 'slain,' before he fixed on the term, 'cut down,'—well knew how to reward the service he dared not describe; and could be liberal, at a moment when he had so rich a legacy at his disposal. Leslie was made imperial chamberlain, captain of the body-guard, and colonel of a regiment: he was raised to the dignity of count, and presented with the lordship of Neustadt, in Bohemia—an estate valued at 200,000 florins. The moment Butler heard of the emperor's generosity, he also hurried to Vienna, and, as it proved, had ample cause to be satisfied with his journey. Ferdinand gave him a public reception, shook hands with him, and made the Archbishop of Vienna suspend a gold chain round his neck. Like Leslie, he received a regiment and the gold key of chamberlain, was raised to the dignity of count, and obtained all Terzka's Bohemian estates. The estates of Kinsky fell to Gordon's share; and Devereux, who, with his own hand, had slain the Duke of Friedland, was rewarded with a gold chain, and with several confiscated domains. Every private soldier who aided in the murder received 500 crowns. Captain Geraldine got 2000, and the other officers 1000 each. Assassination has seldom been so richly rewarded as on this occasion; and the emperor, having estates to the value of nearly fifty millions of florins at his disposal, was as liberal to the original instigators of the murder as to the murderers themselves."

*Portraits of the Children of the Nobility.* A Series of highly finished Engravings, executed under the Superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, from Drawings by Alfred E. Chalon, Esq. A.R.A. and other eminent Artists. With Illustrations in Verse by distinguished Contributors. Edited by Mrs. Fairlie. First Series. Folio. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Paris, Delloy and Co.

THIS pretty volume is dedicated, by permission, to the queen; and its fair Editor has contributed one illustration of three stanzas to its poetical contents, to justify her appearance in that character. Of the other nine subjects, two are commemorated by Lady Blessington, and one each by Capt. Marryat, L. E. L., James Smith, H. L. Bulwer, B. D'Israeli, W. B., and Lady Emmeline Wortley. The nature of such performances forbids criticism. A graceful thought or two, a moral reflection, or an aspiration for the happiness of the tender creatures whose images are thus enshrined by art, are all that the most fastidious could require; and, truly, we find these qualities in the dozen or fifteen pages before us. Henry Bulwer's lines on the daughter of his schoolboy friend, Sir William Somerville, are playful;

those by B. D'Israeli on the three children of Lord Lyndhurst, are touching by their reference to a dead sister; and W. B., the anonymous celebrator of the three wee laddie scions of the house of Buccleuch, is happy in his genealogical and national allusions. Capt. Marryat has taken a fine model for imitation in Herrick: and James Smith has elaborated a most classical story into the service of the charming girls of His Grace of Beaufort. As samples we cannot do better than copy Lady Blessington's sweet and apposite lines on the children of the Earl of Wilton (a boy and girl), and L. E. L.'s verses on the daughter of Lord Canterbury; though, perhaps, the engraving should be seen in order to feel how peculiarly applicable they are to the interesting original.

*"The Portraits of Viscount Gray De Wilton, and Lady Elizabeth Gray Egerton, Children of the Earl of Wilton. By the Countess of Blessington.*

Achilles, in the days of old,  
Disguised at Syros, as we're told,  
In female garb, his sex betrayed.  
When sword and helm he saw displayed,  
E'en thus a boy, though babe he be,  
The manly taste will let us see:  
In sword or gun he takes delight,  
To arm him for the mimic fight;  
And ere the urchin will can walk,  
Of horse and dog he loves to talk.

No such bold thoughts the girl perplex:  
True to the instincts of her sex,  
With all a mother's fondness blest,  
She presses to her infant breast  
The darling image of a child,  
And hush to it in accents mild.  
Thus ever, nature in the heart,  
Unchecked, unchanged, asserts her part,  
And different duties prompts to each,  
Ere time and reason gravely teach.

Fair branches of a noble tree,  
Oh! may you, when matured ye be,  
Fulfil the promise now you give,  
And honoured, loved, and happy live,  
To shew, where'er ye take your stand,  
Among the proudest of the land,  
What praise is theirs, what love, what charms,  
Who trust in virtue, not in arms."

*"The Portrait of the Hon. Frances Diana Manners Sutton, Daughter of Viscount Canterbury. By L. E. L.*

Her hands are filled with early flowers, the lily and the rose,  
The violet, that at the foot of some old ash-tree grows;  
And hyacinths, the deep, the blue, within whose purple bells,  
A history of the olden time, a classic sorrow dwells.

Her eyes are not upon them—her deep and earnest eyes,  
Where something not like childhood's thought in shadowy silence lies:  
Her eyes are not upon them; and yet they fill her soul  
With all the dreaming fancies that own their sweet control.

The sweet control of Nature, it teacheth that fair child  
To love the true and beautiful, the dreaming and the wild;  
I feel those downcast lashes oft drop unbidden tears:  
How many things are in that face for anxious hopes and fears?

To think,—to feel,—alas! how much is said in these brief words!—  
The music and the misery of life's divinest chords.

To think,—to feel,—it is that makes the suffering on this earth;  
And yet are they immortal signs of an immortal birth.

Upon that young and serious brow is feeling and is thought,  
[brought:]  
With all the dreaming poetry by summer blossoms  
What hath the future in its hours, thou gentle girl! for thee?

An anxious and a lovely thing, that opening mind will  
There are the hopes that rise at first upon the skylark's wing;  
[sing:]  
Alas! unlike that skylark's song, they sadden as they  
The generous confidence that writes upon life's first bright line.

The kindly impulses that make the fervid heart a shrine.  
Long may they linger at thy side: for hope, and youth,  
[above:]  
And love—  
These are the angels that bring down their heaven from  
A blessing, holy, infinite, beneath such presence lives;

'Tis thine, if that fair face but keeps the promise that it gives."

*Gwaith Lewis Glyn Cothi. The Poetical Works of Lewis Glyn Cothi. 8vo. pp. 280. London, 1837. Hughes.*

IN the last edition of Calmet's dictionary, men-

• • • Virtute non armis fido, the family motto."

tion is repeatedly made of the Welsh Triads; that they were not known to the English until very recently, and that they were of very great importance in a historical point of view, in throwing a light upon the history of Britain in the early and dark ages, when scarcely any other work gave authentic accounts of those times. The same might as justly be said respecting the above work, the poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi, which have not seen light for centuries until the present day. This celebrated bard appears to have lived in a place called Pull Tinbyd or Glyn Cothi, in Carmarthenshire, in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII.: his poetic work is in the difficult metres, as they are termed, and the greatest part very ingenious and excellent, and is, consequently, sure of being duly appreciated by the Welsh bards. Having been composed so many centuries since, and being, at the same time, intelligible in the present day, it is recommended to the notice particularly of young bards, for their instruction in poetical language, in order to nourish and cultivate which they will do well to imitate Lewis Glyn Cothi. The work is also particularly valuable as a historical document worthy the attention of all who feel interested in the history of our country. At the period Lewis lived the poetry chiefly consisted of elegies, addresses, &c. to the most celebrated characters, and records many commendable deeds done by them and their families, &c. thus throwing much light on the history of both England and Wales. To make those parts more intelligible than in the original verse, there are added copious notes in English, explanatory of the author's references. There is also a curious genealogical table shewing the different families of the era; and it should also be mentioned, that the work was prepared for the press under the auspices of the Cymmrodorion Society, and the English notes written by two of the most celebrated scholars of the present day, the Rev. Walter Davies, Mynafon, and the Rev. John Jones, Oxford. The principality, and the public generally, might be assured that nothing of a trifling nature could appear estimable under the sanction of these celebrated divines.

*Observations on the Structure and Functions of the Spinal Cord. By R. D. Grainger, Lecturer on Anatomy, &c. 8vo. pp. 157. London, 1837. Highley.*

SOME correspondence lately took place, and excited the public attention in the daily press, upon the supposed cruelty of certain experiments made by Dr. Marshall Hall upon a turtle, which turtle had its head previously cut off. We should, perhaps, startle some of our readers were we to tell them, that, by touching a decapitated body at particular points, most of the ordinary signs of life, such as motion, recoiling, &c., can be produced; yet that there is no more sensibility in the trunk than there is in the convulsed body of a guillotined criminal, or in a headless eel, flayed, as it is erroneously called, alive. It is well known that a domestic cock, skilfully decapitated, can be made afterwards to walk a certain distance; a male cricket has been made to exhibit the same phenomenon; and a large fly will take to its wings under similar circumstances. A common frog has been seen to make attempts, after decapitation, to remove an instrument by which it was irritated; and another animal employed its feet in removing a source of irritation from the face, caused by plucking a hair of the whisker, or by dropping acid on the nose. Now, the point

was to distinguish these curious and interesting phenomena from sensation and volition; and the fact of accomplishing this distinction is among the very latest additions to science, and is of most extended importance to anatomy, to physiology, and to the treatment of diseases.

It was only in late years that the distinction between the nerves of sensation and those of volition was established, with a superadded set, by Sir Charles Bell. Anatomists were aware of the distinction in the spinal cord, of the medullary, or fibrous, and the gray, or cineritious portions: Drs. Gall and Spurzheim had even supposed the one to be generated by the other,—a fact which, although not accordant with what has been shewn by more recent researches, does not, we may observe, at all militate against the divisional functions of the cerebrum; but, still, the real seat of sensation and volition had not been determined—one party supposing it to reside in the medulla oblongata; the other, in the cerebellum. This indecision regarding the seat of sensation was entirely owing to the phenomena produced after decapitation, or the removal of the cerebrum and cerebellum, and which have since been designated as excito-motory, being confounded with such as are the result of sensation. The knowledge of this latter system enables us at once to refer the seat of sensation and volition to the brain, and to seek, in other structures, for the explanation of movements and actions which have hitherto only puzzled the experimental physiologist.

The result of researches, made now some time back, had distinctly shewn that the spinal cord, quite independently of the brain, possesses a property in virtue of which it is able so to transmit impressions made on the skin as to excite definite muscular contractions; and Magendie, Le Gallois, Desmoulins, and others, had connected this with sensation. Mr. Mayo, in 1823, had made a step to separate this from a phenomenon of sensation and volition, by characterising it as an influence propagated from the sentient nerves of a part to their corresponding nerves of motion, through the intervention of that part alone of the nervous centre to which they are attached. This is what has since been denominated the reflex action, and it remained for Dr. Marshall Hall and Professor Müller to be the first clearly to announce that what have been designated the excito-motory phenomena are totally independent of sensation and volition; and which distinction was accomplished by a profound spirit of physiology, unaided by the scalpel. It is gratifying, then, to find, that a person so well adapted for carrying on the investigation with success as Mr. Grainger should have taken up the subject, and, as a result, have produced the little volume before us, which contains the description of an hitherto unobserved set of nervous fibres, which part from the anterior roots of the cerebral and volition fibres, and which he calls spinal, or reflex; and another set, from the posterior or sensiferous roots, and which are also spinal or incident fibres. Both sets dip into the gray matter of the cord, which hence becomes the true spinal cord. The influence which this discovery of an excito-motory system, independent of sensation, and of the structure with which it is connected, will be of the first importance to many branches of knowledge. It is doubtful if it will not lead to the conclusion that, in many of the lower animals, such as do not possess a rudimentary cerebrum or cerebellum, the motions and vital acts are not, as in plants, mere physical instincts, unaccompanied by sensation or volition. The established identity of the gangliated thread of the articula with the

spinal cord of vertebral animals realises Sir Charles Bell's idea of a series of nerves subordinate to sensation and volition, and opens a new and a wide field of inquiry. To physiology, the present facts are also of the greatest interest, and promise much in bringing that science to depend on, at least, a few more definite and general laws; and, in the treatment of disease, it is obvious that they stand prominent among all that has been done for many years.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Rise and Progress of the British Power in India.*

By Peter Auber, M.R.A.S., late Secretary to the Court of Directors. In 2 vols. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 713. London, 1837. Allen and Co. DRAWN from authentic documentary records, the historical view which is completed by this volume, is one of great value and utility. From 1784, the date of Mr. Pitt's famous bill, to the surrender of the company's charter in 1833, when, retaining their political character, all the rest was sold to government for 630,000*l.* a-year, and a guarantee fund; the author follows the stream of time, and relates the events which occurred,—the wars with Tippoo—the expedition to Egypt—the Mahratta war—the taking of Bhurtপুর—the mutiny at Vellore—the throwing open the India trade—the Burmese war, &c. &c.; and in a clear, though brief manner. A coloured map, on a small scale, affords a distinct view of the vast British acquisitions and power in the east; and, indeed, for general data, Mr. Auber's work is one indispensable to the knowledge of this extraordinary colonial empire. It is droll that, in so grave a book, we should have stumbled on a tolerable bull. When the army proceeded against Prume, in Ava, the author says, "General Shuldham was advancing amongst impenetrable jungles towards Munnipore;" which was, certainly, a high proof of military skill in the gallant general, and not surpassed even by the illustrious exploits of Wellesley himself, to which these pages, like Gurwood's "Correspondence," bear such splendid testimony.

*The Naval Keepsake, 1838.* Pp. 486. London, Colburn.

THIS volume presents us a Life of Nelson, illustrated with anecdotes and notes, "by an Old Sailor" (the popular author of many eminently characteristic naval productions); and is thus, even after the admirable biography of Southey, well worthy of public attention. Some of the original notes are curious and interesting.

*Literary Varieties; a Selection of Papers from several Finished and Unfinished MSS.* By W. Mackenzie. Pp. 407. Glasgow, 1837. M'Phun; London, Coles.

MR. MACKENZIE appears to be a surgeon in the army, and to have seen much of foreign parts. Tours in Kaffer-land and Morocco are very agreeably written; but the collection is made up of graver essays, anecdotes, characters, tales, fables, &c. &c. of great variety. The whole together form a very pleasant desultory book, for young and old.

*Alison's History of the Revolution, &c.*—We have only to add to the notice in our last, that this volume (VI.) embraces the eventful period from December 1806, and the battle of Eylau, to 1808, and the battle of Corunna.

*Sir George Head's Tour in the Manufacturing Districts.*—Since our last, a new edition of this clever volume has been placed before us, which we need not further recommend than by referring to that Number of the *Gazette*.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE evening illustrations for the session 1837-8 commenced under promising auspices on Tues-

day. The large room was crowded. The exquisite casts which occupy the angles of the room, as well as Barry's magnificent paintings, which cover the walls, having been recently cleaned, there was a lightness, comfort, and elegance about the *ensemble* quite refreshing. The subject was calico-printing, by the secretary, which, notwithstanding its apparently uninteresting character, was listened to, as it deserved, with much attention. After noticing the antiquity of calico-printing, Mr. Aikin proceeded to observe, that in 1676 the art was brought to this country from Holland, and several manufactories were soon established in the neighbourhood of London, on the side of those streams which afforded the best supply of clear and pure water. Stratford-le-Bow, celebrated for its dying establishments, was one of the earliest seats of the new manufacture, as also was Merton and various other places on the banks of the Wandle. The material, *i. e.* the calico, was imported in the white from India; and so generally acceptable to the public were these imitations of the real chintzes, that a very large and continually increasing quantity was required to supply the demand. At length, the weavers of silk and woollens became alarmed by the actual, or apprehended, diminished demand for their own articles; and in 1721 they obtained from the legislature an act (7 Geo. I.) "to preserve and encourage the woollen and silk manufactures." This act prohibited, under severe penalties, the wearing of Indian printed calicoes: thus cutting off the whole home market, and leaving to the calico-printers only the export trade. In order to recover possession of the home market, the printers endeavoured to substitute linen cloth for cotton, but with very imperfect success, in consequence of flax being much less apt than cotton to receive dyed colours. In an article, at that time only made in Lancashire and Cheshire, and called *cotton*, they found a material far better adapted to their purpose. It was at that time a coarse fabric, the warp of which was flax, and the shoot a bulky and loosely twisted thread of cotton. A demand, however, thus suddenly springing up for cottons as nearly approaching in texture as possible to Indian calico, soon effected an improvement of their texture; and about 1731, the printing on cottons and linen of British manufacture became common amongst us; so much so, that Postlethwaite, who published his Dictionary of Commerce in 1751, says in it, that "our cotton and linen printers are not less numerous than before the act took place." From Holland the art of calico-printing extended itself chiefly along the banks of the Rhine, quite into Switzerland: but in France it seems for many years to have been totally neglected; for, in the folio edition of the French Encyclopædia, published in 1765, though there is a good account of the method of printing cloth in imitation of Indian chintzes, it is only said to be practised "in Holland and elsewhere," no French localities being mentioned. In 1773, real calicoes, that is, cloth having both the warp and shoot of cotton, began to be made in England; and this, at length, put our printers in possession of a fabric of precisely the same material as that employed by the Indian artist. Mr. Aikin then cleverly illustrated, by chemical experiments, the methods of communicating colours of different descriptions to different parts of the calico. He next pointed out the substances employed by the printers, such as Brazil wood, cochineal, indigo, &c.; then described the Indian method of chintz dying; likewise the European method of printing in its earlier and more simple state; and,

finally, Mr. Aikin concluded his discourse by an enumeration of the dying materials employed by the calico-printer at the period to which the lecturer brought down the history of the art. The chief of these materials is indigo, which gives only a blue colour, perfectly fast, if applied in the de-oxygenated state; and madder, the most solid and durable of all the red dyes. There was a splendid collection of seedling chrysanthemums from Jersey, in the anteroom. The specimens were equal in beauty to those of China, which, until now, had been considered unique.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 13. Sir Woodbine Parish, V.P. in the chair.—This being the first meeting for the season, was numerously attended, and especially by Arctic navigators, as Sir Edward Parry, Dr. Richardson, &c., to greet the return of Captain Back from his late remarkable voyage. We noticed also Prince Musignano, from Florence, and Baron Charles Hügel, of Vienna. Numerous donations of books and maps were announced; several new candidates for admission were proposed; and Colonel Lapie, of the Dépôt de la Guerre, at Paris, and Don Pedro de Angelis, of Buenos Ayres, were elected foreign corresponding members.—Read extracts from various papers. 1st. From Capt. Alexander, dated Aug. 18, at Comaggas, a missionary station between the Kousie and Zwaartlinjies rivers, announcing his safe return to that place, after having travelled to the northward, up the Fish river; thence crossed the tropic; reached the parallel of 22° 55' south; and made the sea coast at Walvisch Bay. Six months had elapsed without any intelligence of the party, and during this time they had been almost constantly without bread, and occasionally without salt to eat. Rhinoceroses, lions, camelopards, &c. had in turns furnished them with food: they had incurred much risk from wild beasts, their fires, which surrounded the camp at night, not being sufficient at times to prevent their intrusions. After a short halt to repose his men and cattle, Captain Alexander was to start for Cape Town. 2dly. From Mr. Schomburgk, at Demerara, stating that he had returned from his ascent of the river Berbice, which he had explored as far as 3° 50' north lat., where he had crossed by land to the river Essequibo, a distance of only ten miles in that parallel. He describes the same general luxuriance of vegetation which he had met with on the other rivers of British Guayana; but the most striking object here discovered in the vegetable kingdom, was the gigantic water-lily, with leaves six feet, and fragrant flowers fifteen inches in diameter, called the *Victoria Regia*, in honour of the queen. [See our Report of the Botanical Section of the British Association in September last.] It is supposed to be the same as the plant called *Euryale amazonica*, by Dr. Poeppig, who met with it on the River Amazons: but it is a distinct genus, in the opinion of Professor Lindley, who has printed, for private distribution, a short account of it, now in the library of the Geographical Society. By the latest accounts from Demerara, dated Sept. 12, 1837, Mr. Schomburgk was to start on the following day for William IV.'s cataract on the Essequibo, in 3° 14' lat. with the intention of exploring that river to its sources, and then to continue the examination of the range of mountains called the Sierra Acaray, believed to be the line of separation of water between the basins of the Essequibo and the Amazons; and eventually, it is hoped, he may be enabled to connect the

positions of the French on the east, with the observations of Baron Humboldt near Esmeralda, on the west. 3dly. On the north-eastern shore of Southampton Island, by Captain Back, R.N. It need hardly be stated that the chief interest of the meeting consisted in the expectation of hearing some further accounts of the recent voyage of H. M. S. Terror. As the brief narrative of that voyage has already been made public (see *Lit. Gaz.* Sept. 16), it need not here be repeated. "The name of Southampton Island (says Captain Back), has become too familiar, through modern voyages of discovery to the north, to require any description of its locality; and there are few persons who are not aware that Sir Edward Parry and Captain Lyon sailed on either coast, north and south, on their course to Repulse Bay. Long before their day, as far back as 1615, Bylot and Baffin also visited the same north-eastern part of the island, but no chart was, I believe, published of their voyage; and, as Sir Edward Parry made the land about Cape Comfort in lat. 64° 50' N., the intervening space of about 120 geographical miles, comprehended between that cape and Seahorse Point, its eastern extremity, remained a blank on our maps, until the extraordinary situation of H.M.S. Terror, thrown on the surface of ice, and forcibly carried by it along the whole line of coast, enabled me to fill it up. The impracticability of forcing a passage into Repulse Bay, by keeping as near as possible to Baffin's Island, being manifest by repeated failures, with considerable difficulty and much pressure, from the heavy and closely packed ice by which we were beset, we gradually approached Southampton Island. The frost smoke that attended us vanished as we drew near, and the dark lanes of water from which it originated closed firmly, to the utter impossibility of proceeding one yard further. Left, therefore, to the influence of events, we were borne backwards and forwards according to the eccentric movements of the ice, crowding sail when the least crack shewed a probability of an opening, or, with the aid of saws, axes, and ice-anchors, warping a few paces, until the most closely packed ice finally arrested our progress, twelve miles from Cape Bylot, when only fifteen more would have enabled a safe wintering ground in Duke of York's Bay. Proceeding to the S.E. from the sloping yet bold outline of Cape Bylot, the land is high and irregular, full of sinuosities and bays, bounded by abrupt precipices and shelving acclivities. Fifteen miles further, the coast is more broken into hill and valley; and rivulets and mountain-torrents find their way to the sea. Four miles to the eastward, the coast line becomes more craggy, and, turning abruptly to the south, forms Smyth's Harbour. There seemed, at one time, to be a distant chance of our getting into this snug place, for a long and broad sheet of young ice was formed in-shore of us, and afforded the hope that nothing more formidable would impede the passage into the harbour,—but in vain. The rocks around are composed of granite, containing a large proportion of rose-coloured felspar, gray quartz, and blackish mica, in small scales; and are traversed by numerous ravines, thickly covered with snow. But the point most deserving notice was a fine imposing perpendicular cliff, six hundred and fifty feet high, from which there was the most beautiful echo imaginable; and its charms were so attractive, in that monotonous solitude, as to lead many from their ordinary occupations for the mere novelty of hearing the stranger-like accents of their own softened voice. Be-

yond these hills, others rose to about 850 feet, backed by a further inland range, attaining to fully 1600 feet. The tracks of bears, foxes, and deer, were seen in the valleys, which produced a few miserably stunted willows, the occasional resort of a solitary brace of white partridges. Eight miles from Smyth's Harbour is a wide open bay, where I landed. Near a watercourse was a circle of stones, evidently used, a long time ago, for the purpose of extending an Esquimaux tent, denoting, clearly, that the place had formerly been frequented by these people. The mountains varied in height from 1400 to 1600 feet; one side was invariably precipitous, and the dip nearly at right angles to the horizon. I looked in vain for any of those upright stones, so plentifully set up as marks to cross the country, where the inhabitants are numerous, and which strike the eye of a stranger as very curious, when travelling through the interior of the continent, from the barren land to the sea-shore. The lower lands here were uncommonly sterile, hardly affording sustenance for the Alpine hare, while the ledges and summits above were clothed with grass, on which two rein-deer were feeding; while thinly scattered shrubs, of stunted growth, and here and there a grand willow, relieved the eye from the monotonous and pallid glare of snow around. To the eastward the coast is sterile and forbidding, with a peculiarly wild and dark aspect: two of the most conspicuous summits distinguish the headland known by the name of Cape Comfort. From it, the land trends away more to the south; and the tide and current produce a commotion here that nothing can withstand. On one occasion, when the ice in which the Terror was imbedded, by some unaccountable convulsion, was turned round, we were carried within a short mile of the towering and perpendicular front of the cape, which just there was rent into innumerable fissures, alternating with jagged and splintery projections of the most fearful description. Though there was but little wind at the time, the ice was driven bodily against the rocks, and, rising up in masses of many tons weight, became reduced to fragments in an instant. Happily for us, after losing a few hundred yards of our floe, it drifted onward past the danger, and thus relieved me from further anxiety on that day. Further to the eastward, Cape Fisher rises 750 feet above the sea. Hereabouts there was a want of vegetation, unusual even in these regions; and a more decidedly sterile scene, in the fullest acceptance of the phrase, could not well be imagined. Nor was it merely local: for some rather long excursions were made inland in search of animals, without success; and, in the course of the journeys, only a few scattered patches of moss and short grass were seen, and not a living thing of any description. Thirty-two miles beyond Cape Fisher, the hills gradually decrease as they turn away south, until they are lost at Point M'Murdo, which is the western entrance to an extensive bay, inlet, or strait, which, from the strong set of the current into it, is probably connected with Evans' Inlet, on the east side of the island. The coast, from Point M'Murdo, resumes its mountainous outline; and here are two domelike summits, which distinguish it from every other part; Mount Minto, which is the highest, attains upwards of 1000 feet. Projecting from this is a low range of hills, forming Terror Point, so named from its being the place where the sternpost was carried away, and the ship sustained the greatest damage. Twelve miles beyond Point Saunders, and close to Sir James

Gordon's Bay, the high land terminates, and disappears altogether in two small islands, immediately to the south-east of which is Seahorse Point, the eastern limit of Southampton Island." The chairman, in proposing a vote of thanks to Captain Back for the narrative of his voyage, and for this latter communication, was sure he did but express the feeling of the meeting in general, in saying that, considering the unforeseen physical obstacles that opposed themselves to his progress, Captain Back had done all that could be done, and had most conscientiously fulfilled his duty in making his chief object the safety of those committed to his charge; and he begged to offer to him, to his officers, and to his crew, the sincere and cordial congratulations of that meeting on their safe return to their country and their friends. Yet, as the tracing the northern shore of America was an object that never could be lost sight of by the Geographical Society, he appealed to the distinguished arctic navigators present to state whether there was any thing in the account they had just heard to prevent, at some future day, such an object being carried into execution. Sir Edward Parry was happy to have it in his power to bear his testimony to the fact, that, in the long experience he had had in the polar seas, he had never known any similar occurrences to those related to him by his brother officer and friend, Captain Back; that on his voyage, in 1821, to Repulse Bay, no difficulties to be compared to these were encountered; that it appears that both the last and the preceding were unusually severe seasons; but that he had no hesitation in recording his unaltered opinion as to the practicability, under ordinary circumstances, of completing the outline of America, when once a party should have reached, as a starting-point, either Repulse Bay or Wager River.

#### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 6th. J. F. Stephens, Esq. president, in the chair.—Numerous donations of entomological works were announced, and thanks ordered to be given to the several donors thereof. The following memoirs were read:—1. Notice of the recent occurrence in London of the *Pinus hololeucus* of Fuldermann, by Mr. Bainbridge. 2. Description of a new subgenus of exotic hemipterous insects, by Mr. J. O. Westwood. 3. On some peculiarities in the structure of the wings of the *Hemiptera*, by Mr. R. J. Ashton. 4. Account of the production of hybrid specimens between *Smerinthus populi* and *Sm. ocellatus*, by Mr. H. House. These curious specimens were exactly intermediate, in their general appearance, colours, and markings, between their two parents; and, although the individuals exhibited had the external appearance of belonging to the masculine sex, some circumstances were mentioned which seemed to shew that, in regard to their sexual characters, they partook of the nature of hermaphrodites. 5. Notice relative to the ravages of a species of *Asiacampsis*, in the caterpillar state, in a granary near Bristol; and to the destruction, by a species of *Dormestes*, of a collection of objects of natural history: communicated by Mr. Raddon. An extensive and valuable collection of insects, from Albama, was exhibited by Mr. W. W. Saunders.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 14th. Professor Bell in the chair.—Dr. Martin Barry, of Edinburgh, exhibited to the meeting a living specimen of the *Proteus anguinus*, which he had received from Professor Rudolph Wagner, of Erlangen, in Bavaria; and

he also communicated to the Society the results of some highly interesting microscopic observations undertaken by Prof. Wagner upon the globules of blood in this remarkable animal.—Lucien Bonaparte, prince of Musignano, brought forward a new arrangement of fishes, which he considered more natural than any systematic classification hitherto adopted. The number of orders into which he proposes to divide this tribe of vertebrate animals, is twelve.—Mr. Gray proposed some new divisions for the land and water shrews, and particularly directed the attention of the meeting to the distinctions existing in the external characters of this family, and which he considered of equal, or even greater, value, in dividing them into groups, than the characters furnished by a difference in dentition.—Mr. Blyth made some observations upon a group of owls, in which there was an apparent development of aigrettes, a fact hitherto unnoticed in the *Strigidae*.—Mr. Yarrell detailed a highly interesting fact communicated to him by the Earl of Derby, respecting some *Pediculi* which had infested, in great numbers, a harpy eagle in the earl's aviary, at Knowsley.—The meeting was numerously attended, and adjourned to the 28th inst.

#### MR. CROSSE AND HIS INSECTS.

[The following, from a provincial journal, shews that Mr. Crosse is not yet satisfied as to the question of his ancient mites.]

"Broomfield, near Taunton, Oct. 30, 1837.

"Dear Sir,—I send you, by my friend, Mr. —, a small bottle of spirits of wine, containing about thirty insects, produced in silicate of potash, under the long-continued action of weak voltaic electricity. I am quite as much surprised, and quite as much in the dark about this affair, as I was at first. I have had lately several new families of them, and have them at this present time growing on a piece of iron wire plunged into silicate of potash, and a quarter of an inch under the surface of the fluid, at the positive pole of a battery, consisting of twenty pairs of small zinc and copper cylinders. I likewise have them forming on the surface of constantly electrified sulphate of copper, at the edge of the fluid, and strangely mixed up with crystals of sulphate of copper. In fact, I have them in all stages, from their earliest formation to their full perfection, and crawling about pretty nimbly. Most of their formations took place in the dark. The access of light is very prejudicial to them, as far as I have observed. I have had hundreds of vessels of the same water as that used in the solution in the same room, and in other rooms, with not the slightest appearance of a similar insect, or the germ of one. In one of these experiments the vessel was covered with paper, and yet the insects were formed as before. Of course, I have no merit to claim in the affair. It was pure accident, and the looking for artificial minerals brought them to my notice. I am preparing an apparatus to repeat these experiments in a more unexceptionable manner, but have more difficulties to contend with than one would at first expect. Many of the remarks which have been made upon these formations would not have been made if the writers had been better acquainted with the circumstances attending them, and which, to say the truth, I have rather avoided noticing, from the wish I entertain of being myself better informed of the nature of these apparent mysteries. My friend, Mr. — has seen, and pretty closely examined, with a powerful lens, their different appearances, and they have been seen by a great number of persons. I write this in some haste; but, though this is a rough sketch, it is a correct one. I believe the

younger insects have only six legs, and when more advanced, eight; and this, I understand, not uncommon in the mite genus. You may make what use you please of this letter.

"I beg to remain, dear sir, yours truly,

"ANDREW CROSSE.

"P.S. Although these insects are formed either below the surface, or at the edge of an electrified fluid, yet, when once they have left it, they are drowned on falling into it."

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### THE LITERARY FUND.

AT the first meeting of the Literary Fund for the season, last week, we rejoice to state, that a letter from Lord John Russell to the Duke of Somerset announced her Majesty's gracious reception of the congratulatory address from that body, and her assent to become its protector and patron. Having enjoyed the same royal consideration since its foundation, and having been munificently sustained by the royal bounty of her Majesty's predecessors on the throne, as well as by the liberal support of both her illustrious parents, we look upon this act as one of peculiar fitness and grace. Assuredly, there is no institution existing in the British dominions which is so deserving of royal favour, as one which is devoted to the alleviations of the distress that ever has been, and ever must be, but too intimately connected with literary pursuits—with pursuits which adorn and immortalise the age, whilst their struggling votaries languish and perish. The dying dolphin sheds its most brilliant hues around as it dims into oblivion, admired and pitied by its captors: under our youthful queen we hope that such will not be the fate of genius; but that to admiration and pity will be added the nobler feelings of sympathy and love; and thus the sad colours of adversity be brightened into the sunshine of happiness.

#### CURIOUS ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THE following papers relate to a curious piece of oriental literature, a production not only of such magnitude as to be intrinsically an object of high value in the world of letters, but originating in such striking views, and directed to such important results, as to claim upon other grounds no small share of public consideration.

These documents were lately delivered into the committee of correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature, by the chairman, the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, the very able, zealous, and intelligent member to whom they were addressed, and who has so long and so efficiently filled its leading offices, as a proof of the great abilities and loyalty of the Persees of Bombay, and of the propriety of their being patronised by the Society. They are of considerable historical interest, and run thus:—

"Translation of a Letter from Mulla Rustom to the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston.

"I have the honour very respectfully to represent to the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston as follows:—Whereas the late Mulla Firoz, son of Mulla Kans Zertushtee, among the wonders of his poetic effusions, composed a poem, entitled 'George Nameh,' after the manner of the Shah Nameh of the celebrated Ferdusi, in the name and attributes of his late illustrious Majesty King George the Third, in which he has done justice to the poetry and literature of his time, and carried off the palm of victory over all his contemporaries in the

\* The introductory compliments in letters of this kind, however beautiful in the original, are utterly unsuceptible of translation. They are, therefore, omitted here.

field of poetic composition, by the imagery of his style, and the elegance and exuberance of his language, the beauties of his metaphors and allegories, and his luminous illustrations and allusions. That such a work—a work which may be regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the age—should remain hidden and unknown to the world, appeared to me to be far from what is proper, judicious, and creditable. I have, therefore, had the work (which consists of nearly 40,000 verses) lithographed at Bombay in a fine hand, and an agreeable form, in three volumes, at the price of sixty Bombay sicca rupees, that the gratification which it is calculated to afford may be accessible to all classes of people; and for the better information of such English gentlemen and others as may not be conversant with the Persian language, I have translated into English, and printed, a prospectus of the narratives and events recorded in the book, and now transmit copies of it to you, sir, in order that you may be pleased to distribute them among persons of science and literature,† and that I may have the honour of transmitting to you such a number of the books as they may desire to have. I further take the liberty of requesting that you will have the goodness to send these, my representations, together with your own recommendation, to purchase the work in question, to English gentlemen of rank, and others; and publish the same also in the newspapers; charging the expense of such publication and the postage to my account, apprising me likewise of what is done. I am aware that I am taking a very great liberty; but I trust to your goodness to forgive me. I have further to state, that I do myself the honour of transmitting to you a copy of the book, entitled ‘*Dusateer*,’ with an English translation, that it may always have a place in your library; and I respectfully request your acceptance of it. I hope you will honour and gratify me by your much-esteemed letters, and by any commissions in my power to execute. May the days of your distinction, honour, and happiness, be perpetuated!”

This letter enclosed the annexed very characteristic announcement.

“Be it known to all persons of learning and knowledge, and of enlightened minds, that the occasion of the composition of this refined and extraordinary work of epic poetry, and its being inscribed in the illustrious name of His Majesty the King of England, was as follows:—Whereas, the disposition of the late Hon. Jonathan Duncan, the 28th governor of Bombay, led him to engage in elevated pursuits, and to patronise new and rare productions, his time used to be frequently devoted to the society of men of learning, science, and general knowledge, with whom he interchanged the communications of their extensive knowledge, and the suggestions of his own vigorous imagination. On one auspicious day, Mulla Firoz, son of Mulla Kans, had the good fortune to be introduced into one of these assemblies, at the residence of that highly distinguished and respected gentleman; where, in the course of the conversation, he manifested a decided superiority over all the company by the beauty of his language, and the eloquence of his discourse, and drew from them expressions of unbounded admiration and applause, especially from the governor, who, turning towards him with marked distinction and favour, addressed him as follows:—“I have read and considered most of the histories of ancient kings, but have

not found in any one of them that sweetness of diction and force of poetry by which the Shah Nameh is distinguished; truly, in that poem Aboul Cossim Ferdousi has carried elegance of composition to the greatest possible extent, and done justice to the utmost power of language; and, through the aid of his vigorous imagination, has erected a (literary) fabric of such an elaborate character, that no professor of poetry has ever yet been able to produce its equal: a sufficient illustration of the truth of this description is contained in the following couplet of Ferdousi himself:—

‘I’ve reared on high a proud poetic fane,  
Which storm and tempest shall assail in vain.’

Hence it is that his illustrious name rings in the ears of all mankind, and as long as time shall endure, all ranks of people will be enchanted by his mellifluous strains. How delightful it would be, if, in these auspicious days, when, by the fostering care of the noble delegates of the empire of His Majesty the King of England, the plains of Hindustan are rendered the envy of the gardens of Paradise, and the fame of their benevolence and justice has reached the ears of far and near, an author like unto that wonder of the age, should appear who would undertake to compose a poem on the subject of the first arrival of the English in Hindustan, their conquest of the country, and all the events of those times, and make the result of his genius thus exerted, an offering at the throne of his most gracious and most glorious Majesty, King George the Third!”

The eloquent and accomplished poet answered and said:—“This is a wish that can never be realised, an imagination of which the reality is hidden from the far-seeing view of intelligence, still, as it has been justly said,

‘There is nothing difficult which may not be rendered easy.’  
‘It is unbecoming a man to yield to apprehension.’

Whenever your excellency’s enlightened judgment shall be decided with regard to the promotion of this object, I confidently hope that this humblest of the worshippers of God may, by his devoted exertions, succeed in its accomplishment.”

The honourable governor, with the highest delight, and in the kindest language, said, “Oh! what celebrity you will acquire, and what a public service you will render, if, through your labour and exertion, the illustrious names of the King of England and all his dignified nobles, reach the ears of the inhabitants of India and Persia!” After this, the governor produced several volumes of books in the English language, and delivered them to Mulla Firoz, telling him that all past events, and all the circumstances connected with the conquest of Hindustan, were related in those volumes, that he must translate these narratives into Persian, then convert the translation into flowing verse, and have the poem transcribed in the Nushk character. Agreeably to the suggestion of that highly honourable and distinguished individual, Mulla Firoz directed all the energies of his mind to the undertaking, and spent many days and many nights in the composition of the work, till, after undergoing incalculable difficulties and trouble, he succeeded in a complete poetic description of all the past events, from the time of the arrival of the Europeans in Hindustan, and of the manner in which they at first confined their views to objects of commerce; from the condition of merchants were raised to that of governors; and, lastly, by the subjugation of their enemies, attained to absolute dominion. He bestowed,

besides, great, and even more than necessary, pains in imparting a sweetness and a polish to the language and construction of his verses; and, finally, through the assistance and support of the honourable governor Elphinstone, and governor-general Sir John Malcolm, he added to his poem by introducing into it a general description of the victories, triumphs, and territorial conquests which occurred during the administration of the before-mentioned illustrious governors up to the time of the capture of Poona and its dependencies, and the annihilation of the state of the Peshwa in the year 1817, and gave to it the title of *George Nameh*. Now, seeing that the executioner of fate has cut asunder the thread of the existence of that learned man and celebrated poet, and thereby plunged all the friends of that wonder of the age into the depth of grief and sorrow for his loss—a work attractive in a degree never seen before by any living soul—a work, the like of which had never reached the ears of the most unprejudiced and accomplished critics, without ever being brought to the notice of those who are in the habit of purchasing the productions of genius, and the treasures of literature, fell into neglect and obscurity, and, through the vicissitudes of time, became in a manner lost to the world. Such being the case, this humblest of the servants of God, Rustum, son of Mulla Kaikobad, and nephew of the same Mulla Firoz, thinking it a subject of reproach that such incalculable labour should be thrown away; that a gem of such purity should be as though it were not determined, with the advice of several kind and judicious friends, that the work in question, consisting of near 40,000 couplets, comprised in three volumes, each volume exhibiting the history of a single division of the countries of India, as thus: Vol. 1st. An account of the conquest of Bengal, and its dependencies. Vol. 2d. An account of the conquest of Madras, and its dependencies. Vol. 3d. An account of the conquest of Bombay, and its dependencies; should be lithographed in a good hand, and on approved paper. Having calculated the expense which would be incurred for printing, for the hire of subscribers, and the cost of paper, &c. he has fixed the price of the whole three volumes at sixty rupees; and he has now drawn up this advertisement, annexing a specimen of the work,\* with a view to excite in the minds of those who have a taste for productions of literary excellence, a desire to possess copies of it; and that each of them may give him notice, so that he may in due time provide for his being supplied with a copy.

Our readers by this time, no doubt, wish to know something of the writer of this remarkable epic; and we have great pleasure in being able to gratify them with the following sketch, from the account of the author and the work given to the committee by Sir Alexander Johnston.

The author of this poem, the late Mulla Firoz bin Kans, was one of the most distinguished Persian scholars and poets of his age. He was for many years chief priest of the

\* Of which we copy a very small portion:—

نچتور آزارو وراستا  
بوو پکمان نام پاک ضرا  
کشا یزه بتا نام اوست  
بوو تر آنکو نور ورام اوست

† Literally, the divers in the ocean of philosophy, and the connoisseurs in the pearls of learning.



Parsis of Bombay, who are followers of the doctrines of Zoroaster, are worshippers of fire, and generally known in Europe by the name of Gahrs. They are descended from those Gahrs who, when the caliphs of Bagdad endeavoured to convert them to Mohammedanism, in the eighth century, sooner than change their religion, gave up their country and their property, and settled at Surat. Some of them subsequently settled at Bombay, where their descendants now form a most respectable and most loyal class of her majesty's subjects. They have, by their industry, acquired great wealth in houses, lands, and money, and become very extensive merchants and ship-builders. A considerable part of the trade of Bombay is carried on by them; and all the line-of-battle ships, frigates, sloops of war, and other smaller vessels built at that port for the royal navy, are constructed entirely by builders of their class. The poem is an epic poem, in commemoration of the conquest of India by the British. In it the poet gives an account of all the heroic achievements and political measures of Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, the Marquess of Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, Marquess Cornwallis, and Marquess of Hastings; and describes, in the most animated language, the triumphs of British valour. He gives a history of the transactions of the British in India from the year 1600, when Queen Elizabeth granted the first charter to British subjects to trade in India, down to the year 1817, when the British government took possession of Poonah. He describes in detail the different steps by which the British, from having been mere merchants in the country, became, in 220 years, the sovereigns of the greatest empire that ever was known, extending from the Gulf of Cambay, west, to the frontier of China, east; and from the Himaylasya mountains, north, to Point de Galle, on the island of Ceylon, south; with a population of 100,000,000 of people; a sea-coast of from five to six thousand miles; a revenue, levied for the greatest part directly from land, of upwards of 18,000,000*l.*; and a standing army of 280,000 men. The late Mr. Duncan, then governor of Bombay, a man thoroughly acquainted with every branch of oriental literature, and with the opinions and feelings of the people of Asia, was convinced that the Persian poem called "The Shah Nameh, or History of the Kings of Persia," had, by celebrating in verse the conquests of the Persian government, created a high respect in the minds of the natives of Asia for the valour, policy, and power of the Persians; and thought that a Persian poem, to be called "The George Nameh, or History of George the Third," the then king of Great Britain, would, by celebrating in verse the conquests of the British government in India, create as high, if not a higher, respect in the minds of the natives of Asia for the valour, policy, and power of the British. Mr. Duncan having communicated his ideas and wishes upon the subject to Mulla Firuz bin Kans, this distinguished Persian poet devoted the last five and twenty years of his life to the composition of such a poem as Mr. Duncan had proposed; but, having died before it could be published, his nephew and successor, Mulla Rustum bin Kaikobad, has determined to publish a lithographic edition of it; and has written to Sir Alexander Johnston, requesting him to make known his intention throughout Great Britain and Europe, and to obtain patronage and subscribers for his work. Need we add one word to commend this work to libraries and the public at large?

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

First meeting of the present session, Mr. Baily in the chair.—A long list of valuable donations made to the Society during the recess, was read. The paper communicated to the meeting was a description of a new barometer, by the chairman. The author details the advantages possessed by this instrument over those commonly used; advantages so great, as entitled it to be considered a standard barometer.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Society held their first meeting of the session, Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—Mr. Woodward exhibited drawings of two ancient swords, found near Norwich. Mr. Beltz communicated two documents from the archives of Tournay, one describing the entry of King Henry 8th, in state, into that place after the siege of it; the other, a letter from Queen Catherine of Arragon, announcing to the citizens of Tournay the birth of her child (afterwards Queen Mary).—The Rev. J. T. Girtton communicated an account of the discovery of Roman urns, ashes, and other remains, near Box Lane Chapel, Hertfordshire.—The Rev. Henry Crow exhibited an ancient dish of copper, richly enamelled,\* having inscriptions round the edge, on one half of the plate two angles bearing censers, and on the other the figure of a saint, with the words HENRICUS EPISCOPUS, supposed to be Henry bishop of Winchester, brother to King Stephen.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Phrenological, 8 P.M. (second meeting); Medical, 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday.*—Linnæan, 8 P.M.  
*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8½ P.M.  
*Thursday.*—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Islington Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. Henry Innes on the Literature and Literary History, particularly the Poetry, of Great Britain).  
*Saturday.*—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Portraits of the Children of the Nobility:* a Series of highly finished Engravings, executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, from Drawings by Alfred E. Chalon, Esq. A.R.A. [R.A.] and other eminent Artists. First Series. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THE conception of this publication was a brilliant idea. Subjects for it will never be wanting. From infancy to adolescence, there will always be, in the higher as well as in the humbler classes of life, an abundant succession of human flowers in blossom, from which the skillful artist may cull a rich pictorial garland. The first impression, or rather the renewed impression, made upon us on looking at these exceedingly interesting representations of "innocent little men and women" (as Johnson admirably called children), was, that there is an innate and intense charm in childhood, which no grotesque absurdity of fashionable costume, nor vile affectation of fashionable deportment, can efface. We fear, however, that there are too many mammas, and papas also, perhaps, who think their darlings are fascinating in consequence of those artificial deformities, not in spite of them. If this work should proceed (and the auspices under which it has commenced promise it a long life), the exposure of such a delusion will be one of its beneficial results. The mo-

\* This dish was engraved in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for December 1813.

ther of 1847, or 1857, will lift up her hands and eyes with amazement at her own portrait in the volume for 1837, and may probably be induced to suspect that, without her immediately being sensible of it, outrages against simplicity, taste, and elegance, although of a different description, are, at that very moment, perpetrating by the milliner, the dress-maker, and the dancing master, on the persons of her beloved offspring. The highest credit is due to Messrs. Chalon, Maclise, and Bostock, for the ability with which, notwithstanding the difficulties we have alluded to, they have preserved so much of the delightful beauty, vivacity, and grace, of the infantile and youthful character. Their efforts have been well seconded by the engravers, Messrs. Thompson, Mote, Cook, and Robinson. We beg leave, however, to recommend more attention to the drawing of the extremities. For instance, the feet of little Lord Grey de Wilton are so incorrectly foreshortened as to assume the appearance of pags.

*Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen. No. VI.*

THE portraits in the present Number are those of "The Right Hon. the Earl de Grey," drawn by John Wood, engraved by Joseph Brown; "The Right Hon. Lord Forbes," painted by B. R. Faulkner, engraved by Joseph Brown; and "Sir Robert H. Inglis, Bart. M.P.," painted by G. Richmond, engraved by J. Jenkins. They are all fine resemblances: but the last-mentioned is, perhaps, the most characteristic.

*The Interior of the Chancel of Stratford Church, Warwickshire,* as altered from the Designs of Harvey Eginton, Esq. Architect, and executed by Mr. Hamilton, under the direction of the Committee of the Royal Shakespeare Club. Titl.

"THE new roof and ceiling to the Chancel of Stratford Church, with other substantial repairs and restorations of that interesting and beautiful mausoleum to Shakespeare, being nearly completed," Mr. Eginton observes that he "is induced to publish an engraved representation of the interior of the building, to shew its design and effect to those subscribers who have not had opportunities to witness the work." As far as we are able to judge from the mere outline, the plate will appear at a future period with finished effect. Mr. Eginton has completely "succeeded in designing his new work to harmonise with the original, with the place, and the purpose." The outline is beautifully drawn by W. Buttingfield, and engraved by T. Turnbull.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## THE EARL OF EGEMONT.

THIS most distinguished patron of the fine arts died at his "princely Petworth," on the 11th, at the advanced age of 86. In him the arts of England have lost one of their best friends, and the artists one of their most generous benefactors. His collection of works, both of sculpture and painting, by British hands, is immense, and acquired during the course of a long life by a vast expediture, which raised many a lowly name to celebrity, and cheered the career of many a child of genius.

## THE BARON ALIBERT.

ON the 4th inst. died this celebrated physician, alike respected and honoured wherever he was known, and far as his works have travelled. During the period of five succeeding reigns, he has been the confidential physician and friend

of the court at Paris; and in him France has lost another of her *savans*. Though on the verge of seventy, he, until shortly, enjoyed all the haleness and spirits of a young man. In appearance he had none of the care-worn and pallid physiognomy which generally distinguishes medical men, and particularly those of France; but was considerably *embonpoint*, ruddy, and merry in countenance as he was in conversation. In short, he was one of those few with whom we sometimes meet, who seem to have the power of casting a halo of cheerfulness around them; and this will be remembered with a pleasing regret by the numerous friends and admirers he has left behind him. His class, as a lecturer, was always full; and, though often long, his subjects, from apt illustration and happy manner of delivery, were never tiresome. His writings have been many, and on various branches of therapeutics; but those by which he is most known to Europe are his treatise on the mineral waters of France and Germany; his "Physiology of the Passions;" and his voluminous and erudite work on diseases of the skin. He was one of the first, and, until his death, one of the most strenuous advocates for the treatment of a great majority of diseases by means of the fumigating and vapour baths; often observing, that there was no disease but might, in some of its stages, be much benefited by these means, and that they rendered much medicine unnecessary. It was a marked feature in his practice to assail and draw through disease by medicaments applied to the skin, rather than annoy the more vital organs, the stomach and bowels, by their internal administration; hence his predilection for baths, which are so generally resorted to as therapeutics on the Continent.—*From a Correspondent.*

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane* has, this week, been distinguished by nothing but the visit of her Majesty in royal state on Wednesday; on which occasion, 2s. were laid, in addition, upon the price of the boxes, and the pit admissions were raised to 3s. 6d. At *Covent Garden*, last night, where a similar honour was conferred, the fixed prices of the theatre were unaltered; and, though this involves a public question, we shall not waste many words upon it: the public must judge for itself. In the former case, a tax was levied upon the show of the queen's person. It was not for the drama, nor the interests of the drama; but purely for a sight of the sovereign, and the interests of an individual—the tenant of *Drury Lane*. That we utterly disapprove of this need hardly be stated. If the prices are to be altered in the case of one attraction, why not whenever there is any other? and we will then have a scale of fluctuating prices,—half-a-crown for a queen, eightpence for a male ruler, and sixpence for any other strange monster, such as Shakespeare mentions as irresistible by English curiosity, (*vide Tempest*.) In the respectable times of the stage, such a course was never dreamed of. The presence of the most exalted personage in the state, and an overflowing house, were deemed a sufficient reward; and no one thought of turning a penny by other means. Is it not enough to disgust her majesty, and banish her from the national theatre, which all who love it are so desirous that she should be courted to protect and encourage? We fear it is; and we lament the circumstance accordingly. With regard to *Covent Garden*, it has in this, as in every other respect, acted with propriety and honour. There was no

extra charge; no suspension of free lists, turning compliment into insult, by asking people to empty houses, and shutting the doors in their faces when they were likely to be full. As in the case of those unfortunate females who have long banished the decorous and virtuous from dramatic entertainments, Mr. Macready has firmly adhered to the legitimate principles he professed, and to more than the terms he held out to the public.\*

*Covent Garden*.—On Saturday, an opera, called the *Barbers of Bassora*, by Mr. Morton, jun. and the music by Mr. Hullah, was brought out here, and repeated on Wednesday with greater effect. It is a pleasing, though not important production; rather lively in dialogue and action, and with some sweet and simple ballad melodies. An Eastern tale, in which a barber (Phillips) is, by the whim of the caliph (Wilson), made vizier for an hour, and in this office contrives to win his lady-love (Shirreff), the daughter of barber *secundus* (Leffler), and defeat the claims of a domineering aga (Bartley), reveals the whole plot. Of the singing, we need only say that Shirreff, Phillips, Wilson, and Leffler, performed their parts as they always do, and were repeatedly encored; and that the rest of the characters were well acted. On the whole, we think Mr. Hullah displayed less originality than we had a right to expect from him; and thus, though the *Barbers of Bassora* may take their agreeable turn with other pieces, they are not sufficient to make any strong impression on the public. Of the *Original*, a clever and extravagant farce by the same author, Mr. Morton, produced on Monday, and acted nightly since, amidst much laughter and applause, we can speak in higher terms. It is extremely ludicrous and amusing, and admirably performed. Bartley and Meadows, the former all fire and fury, the latter all milk and water, have respectively a nephew and a daughter (Mr. Anderson and Miss P. Horton), whose union they oppose, but who are tricked out of their consents by the *Scapinations of Jack Nonpareil* (Vining), so that all ends well. In this character Mr. Vining is very happy. His disguises, and his persuading the two old gentlemen that each is deaf and dumb, which leads to a most comic scene of colloquy on their fingers, are hit off with much vivacity; and the little bit which Miss P. Horton has with *Col. Detonator* (Bartley), is quite in keeping with the general humour of the farce.

*St. James's*.—*Temptation*, by the author of the *Illustrious Stranger*, has been successfully produced here, and tempts the town every night.

*Queen's Theatre*.—This house was opened for the season on Monday, under the management of Miss Desborough, who appeared on that evening, but who, we are sorry to add, was taken suddenly ill while performing on Tuesday, and has not played since. She has

\* In all this gentleman's management, there is nothing, in our opinion, which so highly eulitizes him to respect and support as his conduct in this delicate matter, which is hardly brought under the cognizance of superficial observers, and the precise nature of which cannot be known to the general public. What is visible to all is, that the nuisance has been abated at *Covent Garden*, and that families of children, and youthful females, may go there safely, without the fear of insult, or being shocked by indecency of words or actions. Can we, without indecency, describe why and how this is? These poor creatures have been encouraged to ply their melancholy pursuits in the boxes and lobbies of our theatres, on paying 10s. each at the opening of the season; and, out of the future wages of their sin, handing over instalments to the owner of the theatre (can we call it so, or rather bagnio?), till he is fully paid for the privileges of prostitution. Mr. Macready at once repudiated this horrid and disgraceful system, and has purified his theatre by the sacrifice of many hundred infamous pounds.

formed an excellent company, and is nightly rewarded by good houses to witness the plays of *Timour the Tartar* and the *Dumb Factory Boy*, a new version of the *Dumb Man of Manchester*. Mr. T. Thompson personates the *Dumb Boy* with great truth and spirit; he is ably seconded by Mr. Ranson and Mrs. Parry in the serious, and Mr. Land and Miss Mitchell in the comic parts. Miss Mitchell is, we believe, nearly new to the stage, and holds out great promise of future excellence. We have only to add, that the amusements provided, which are concluded by eleven o'clock, will well repay a visit to the Queen's.

*Opera Buffa*.—The season commenced on Thursday evening, with a splendid house of nobility and persons of high fashion—an omen of perfect success, as we hope, to this charming theatre. The time occupied is truly within the compass of enjoyment, and not of fatigue. Two hours and a half are enough for any entertainment. The opera was *L'Elisir d'Amore*, the favourite of last season, and with the favourite supporters, Catone and Bellini. A deboutante, Signora Franceschini, and Fred. Lablache (the son of our great vocalist) were the novelties. Of the former we can say nothing very favourable; her voice is wiry and harsh, and she sang out of tune, in a manner not common on the Italian stage. Lablache was not much voice, but what he has is good. He sings correctly, and has much comic humour; so that his accession may be counted an acquisition of value to the stage. The orchestra was very fine throughout.

#### VARIETIES.

*Royal Society of Horticulture and Agriculture*.—There was a fine collection of plants, flowers, fruits, and vegetables, exhibited last Saturday at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Gold and silver medals were awarded for a beautiful specimen of the *Callya latibata*, a lovely, pink, lip-like flowering plant; also, for a specimen of the *Musa cavendishii*, and others. A curious collection of *Cacti* attracted much attention; and *Banksia floribunda*, *Cycas revoluta*, *Ocydium*, were splendid. Pears, apples, grapes, and cucumbers, were also very fine. The prizes were given by "The Royal Society and Central School for Floriculture, Horticulture, and Agriculture." A military band played during the day.

*The Civic Fête*.—A journal like ours has little to do with city feasting or royal entertainments; but there is one observation touching the late grand affair which it may peculiarly become us to notice. It is one not merely applicable to this occasion, or to the corporation of London; but, we regret to say, too general in its prevalence, and too characteristic of the country altogether. Among the guests in the Guildhall, as given in the published lists, we looked in vain to see if any honour had been paid to the science, the fine arts, or the literature, of England. The Duke of Sussex was there as a prince of the blood, not as president of the Royal Society; and, as connected with the considerations to which we have alluded, he was alone in his glory. No president of the Royal Academy, no president of the Royal Society of Literature, no president of the Royal College of Physicians, no great artist, no distinguished man of science, no eminent author, had the compliment of an invitation. Those who will be remembered in the rolls of fame, long after all the circumstances of this pomp and parade have sunk into nothingness, had not a single representative in the hall. In what other civilised nation in

Europe could such a neglect have been perpetrated? Not in Italy, France, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Russia, Bavaria—hardly in Turkey! But it seems quite an epoch amongst us if one of the immortal spirits of the age, one of the glories of a people, should be treated with respect. When Sir Walter Scott dined with George IV., all the newspapers and magazines rang with the marvel; and, in fact, we hear of every class of the community, soldiers, sailors, rich bankers, parvenus of fortune, obsequious officials, &c. &c. being the favoured in courts, palaces, and high places; but of those the best entitled to such courtesies, the names are never heard. Let us hope for other days!

**The Queen's Dinner Table.**—Mr. Charles Bleaden, who has been so highly and so justly commended for his excellent service at the Guildhall on the Queen's visit, has voluntarily and liberally afforded the public a very acceptable gratification during this week, by exhibiting her Majesty's table, covered as when she sat at it on the 9th, in the handsome dinner-room of the London Tavern. Thousands have flocked to see this splendid display of gorgeous plate, and superb glass, and ornaments of fruit and flowers. A constant succession of visitors have crowded the room, where a judicious disposition of the routine, and the presence of individuals belonging to the Tavern, assisted by several policemen, preserved order and regularity, so that every one saw in turn, and passed on. Among the attractions to the curious, certainly not the least were the richly embroidered doyleys, one of which the Queen took from the feast as a memorial of her royal civic entertainment. The exhibition, so handsomely opened at considerable expense and much trouble, we believe closes after to-day.

**Royal Academy.**—Last week, Mr. George Patten and Mr. Charles Landseer were elected Associates of the Royal Academy.

**Weather Predictions.**—Mr. Murphy, in a letter to the "Times," says, that his predictions for the 9th Nov. were fully (*q. foully?*) verified; since, "the unexpected change of weather in the afternoon, partaking as it did more of the nature of mist than rain, and as such not extending probably more than a mile or two on either side of the river, as it continued little more than an hour; consequently, according to the explanation of the term 'fair,' in the 'Weather Almanack'—viz. a day in which drought is expected to predominate, it cannot affect the correctness of my prediction, and I am happy to hear that such is the opinion expressed of it in the city. I should consider it as in some sort criminal, to pass over the circumstance of this prediction unnoticed; constituting, as it does, no more than an item in the account of the facts which the changes of the weather during the last month—or since the influence exercised by the late extraordinary summer, with the advance of the season, has subsided,—have added to the list: as can be attested by more than one gentleman, whose veracity will not be questioned, who have been in the habit daily of contrasting the calculations entered in my unpublished weather-tables for this period, long since prepared, with the passing changes of the weather; the conformity between these tables and the changes of the weather during the period noticed being so strictly accurate, that, with the exception of the three days which preceded the 9th inst., which were marked 'rain,' it might have been supposed that they were drawn up from a journal of the weather kept during that period, rather than from calculations long previously made.

The discrepancy in reference to the three days alluded to, was chiefly referable to the violence of the late gale on the 1st and 2d instant, as storms of that class are usually succeeded by intervals of drought, more or less considerable, according to the season of the year in which they occur. As refers to the most important of the late atmospheric phenomena—viz. the storms of the 27th and 29th ult., and that of the 2d instant, which, on the coast of Scotland, Liverpool, Plymouth, Boulogne-sur-Mer, &c., caused such destruction of life and property, as stated in the journals,—those of the 27th of October and of the 2d instant were accurately marked by me in a letter which I addressed to the editor of the *Literary Gazette* on the 21st, and which appeared in the succeeding number of that journal on the 25th of February, 1837; these, together with the gale of the 29th ult., being entered in my unpublished weather-tables alluded to, the last and most serious of these gales having been most violent at London on the 1st inst.; but, as being the principal site of its development (as noticed by me in my letter to the editor of the *Literary Gazette* alluded to), still further south on the following day, together with being more violent further south, having been accompanied, similar to a tropical hurricane, with thunder, &c."

**Weather Wisdom.**—Referring to our last, the only hit was a disposition to snow about the 17th. The next week runs thus:—"The 26th is stormy and colder. The new moon will bring increased cold and heavy falls of snow; or it may be much rain, with dense fogs."

**Bronzes.**—We had only yesterday an opportunity of seeing the fine collection of bronzes, in Bond Street, and can, therefore, say nothing more now but that they are well worth a visit.

**Steam.**—The French Director-General of the Posts has been lately employed at Marseilles, in facilitating, and rendering more expeditious and cheap, the intercourse by steam-vessels between France and the Levant.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Captain Glascock, R.N., the author of the "Naval Sketch Book," and other works, has, we hear, completed for publication a Story of various Adventures by Land and Sea. We understand that the scene, which is equally divided between London and the Channel, is laid in the time of George III., and that in the nautical portions, the author has raised the tragical incidents by introducing scenes, highly comic, and after the gallant captain's peculiar vein.

In the Press.

The Wonders of Geology, with numerous engravings, by J. Martin, Esq.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Portraits of the Children of the Nobility, edited by Mrs. Fairlie, imperial 4to. 11. 11s. 6d. bd.—*Icones Plantarum*; or, Figures and Brief Descriptions of New and Rare Plants, by Sir Wm. J. Hooker, K.H. 2 vols. 8vo. 21. 10s.—*Electricity, its Nature, Operation, &c.* in the Phenomena of the Universe, by William Leitch, 8s. cloth.—A Letter to Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M.P. on Cathedral Churches, by the Hon. Geo. Pellett, D.D. Dean of Norwich, 8vo. 2s. stitched.—*Kittor's Domestic Medical Pocket-Book*, 12mo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—*Practical Religion: A Series of Sermons*, 8vo. 4s. cloth.—*Allison's History of the French Revolution*, Vol. VI. 8vo. 15s. bdg.—*Elements of the Practice of Obstetrics*, by Denman, new edition, 18mo. 3s. cloth.—*The Book of the Cartoons*, by the Rev. R. Cattermole, demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth: royal 8vo. 16s. cloth.—*Trollope's New Testament in Greek*, with English Notes, 8vo. 11. 1s. cloth.—*Horæ Lyricæ: Poems by Dr. Watts*, with Memoir by R. Southey, Esq. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, with Scripture Passages, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—*Life of Wallenstein*, Duke of Friedland, by Lieut.-Col. J. Mitchell, 8vo. 12s. cloth.—*Journals and Letters of the Rev. Henry Martin*, B.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. cloth.—*Outlines of Naval Routine*, by A. D. Fordyce, R.N. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—*Science of Life Insurance*, by P. Watt, 6s. bds.—*Treatise on Warming Buildings by Hot Water*, by Charles Hood, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—*Diatesaron*; or, the History of our Lord Jesus Christ, 8vo. 3s.—*The Poetical Works of Richard Lloyd*, royal 12mo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—*Fairland's Juvenile Artist*, oblong 4to. 8s. cloth.—*Gems from Shakespeare*, 2s. cloth.—*Memoir of Mrs. H. W. Winslowe with Essay*, by J. H.

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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 2	From 37 to 47	29.04 to 29.14
Friday .... 3	... 29 .. 46	29.20 .. 29.36
Saturday ... 4	... 29 .. 47	29.40 .. 29.91
Sunday .... 5	... 31 .. 49	29.95 .. 30.05
Monday .. 6	... 28 .. 45	30.17 .. 30.29
Tuesday ... 7	... 23 .. 44	30.52 .. 30.2
Wednesday 8	... 30 .. 39	30.23 .. 30.15

Prevailing wind, S.W.  
Except the 3d, 5th, and 8th, generally clear; rain and hail on the 2d; lightning during the evenings of the 2d and 3d; and foggy in the morning and evening of the 8th. Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.  
Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society, October 1837.

Thermometer—Highest .....	67.75 .. the 3d.
Lowest .....	27.00 .. 25th.
Mean .....	46.73790
Barometer—Highest .....	30.41 .. 14th.
Lowest .....	29.98 .. 30th.
Mean .....	29.84774

Number of days of rain, 13.  
Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 1.80.  
Winds.—2 North-East—2 East—1 South-East—8 South—3 South-West—11 West—3 North-West—1 North.

**General Observations.**—The maximum of the barometer was above any one in October, during the journalist's residence at Wycombe (fourteen years), and only twice has the mean been exceeded during that period; the last time, in October 1830, the quantity of rain was small, being very much less than the average. From the 5th to the 22d no rain fell. The mean temperature was below the average, although the maximum was higher than usual; the range was upwards of 40 degrees.

The night of the 13th, on which the lunar eclipse occurred, was remarkably clear, and the commencement and progress of the eclipse were seen very favourably; during the total obscuration, the body of the moon was of a dusky red colour, but when she began to emerge from the earth's shadow, and her bright limb was first seen, the appearance was very interesting; the colours of the remaining portion of her disc were from bright orange to red, purple, and dark blue, but these changed rapidly as the eclipse passed off: the thermometer, during the eclipse, fell from 41° 54' to 35° 25', the barometer standing very steadily at 30° 38'.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

November 13, 1837.

Sir,—I beg to thank your correspondent, who writes from Brighton, under date of Nov. 5, and the signature of "An Old Subscriber," for the trouble he has taken with regard to the word *corseing*, and hope he will not take it amiss if I express my doubts as to whether his explanation is for a moment tenable. For, besides that I do not see by what process of inflection, or otherwise, *corseing* can be deduced from *corrige* or *corrigis* (which is the direct French word *corrigere*, and is derived from Lat. *corrigo*, compounded of *con* and *rego*), I cannot, if such be its derivation and meaning, affix any sense to the passage in which the word occurs. Your correspondent may, probably, have been, in some measure, misled by the way in which the passage appeared, *corseing of words* having been, by mistake, printed for *corseing of words*; I trust, however, that he is addicted to etymological pursuits, he will return to the investigation, and solve a difficulty which, at present, has puzzled every one to whom I have applied. There are, in our Dictionaries, two words, to either of which, in consequence of the uncertain orthography of former times, the word *corseing* may belong: but I much doubt, whether the sense of the passage is made out by referring it to either one or the other.

1st. *Corrode*, corrosive: Lat. *corrodere*, to gnaw. Upon this Richardson observes, *corrosive* appears to have been strangely corrupted by our old writers—*corrie*, *coronic*, *corisic*, *coraisic*, *corrasive*, *corrosic*.

2d. *Course*, coursing: Lat. *cursus*, from *currere*, to run. To *course* is to run, to run after, to pursue, and thence, *course-ing*, quasi *course-ing*.

Perhaps a reference to the original edition, which is at present out of my power, might remove the difficulty, either by bringing to light some typographical error, or by some other elucidation, of which we are not at present aware.—I am, Sir, &c.

To C. P. J. The party is identical.

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Proofs ..... 1 11 6  
India Proofs ..... 5 5 0  
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*Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote.* By the late H. D. Inglis; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Pp. 203. London, 1837. Whittaker.

THIS is a charming volume, though replete with bitter fancies, even more than sweet. Our regrets for the loss of the amiable and gifted writer are increased by reading so fine a proof of his taste and talent; and, while we dwell with pleasure on passages not unworthy of Le Sage, or of Cervantes himself, sorrow mingles with our admiration, and we exclaim, "Poor Inglis!" He was cut off from us at the early age of forty years.

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From Toledo, the author sets out to visit the scenes of the immortal romance; and, having determined Miguel Estevan to have been the actual birth-place of the knight of La Mancha, he has there the good fortune to prevail on a barber (worthy to be, if he was not, the descendant of Nicholas) to accompany him on his tour; and they journey together to the Windmills, the Inn mistaken for a castle, the Brown Mountains, and other localities, either really those of Cervantes, or such as might well be received in their stead. The whole ~~is~~ is, we repeat it, charming; and many incidental remarks on the work of Cervantes are very interesting. We select, however, a few pages involving, also, more personal concern.

"Our provisions were not very tempting; the barber had been the purveyor, and had suited his own taste rather than mine. They consisted of several thick pancakes, interlarded with slices of bacon; and of cheese, bread, and wine. These are the provisions usually carried by every muleteer in Spain, with the addition sometimes of salted fish; but the pancake being well seasoned with garlic, and the cheese made of sheep's milk, neither of them was very enticing. As for the wine of La Mancha, in which Sancho Panza found a solace for many of his hardships, its goodness depends altogether upon the skin in which it is carried; for, unless the skin be old and well-seasoned, the best *val de penas* acquires an unpleasant flavour. But it is impossible that the wine of La Mancha should be carried otherwise than in skins; the roads are only fitted for mules, and skins can be more easily and more safely carried across mules than casks; but, indeed, casks are out of the question in a country in which there is scarcely any wood. It is no contemptible art, that, of drinking out of a wine-skin without spilling the wine and drenching the bottom; the wine-skin is held horizontally, one hand supporting its rotundity, and, by the pressure of the fingers, the wine is thrown forward to the neck, or narrow part of the skin. When, in the translations of Don Quixote, we meet with the word bottle, we must, of course, substitute skin, otherwise the sentence will sometimes be unintelligible; as,

for example, when, after the adventure with the windmills, we find Sancho visiting his bottle, and discovering that it was much more lank than it was the night before. The sun was now blazing right overhead, so that it was out of the question to think of journeying for some hours; and, as for a *siesta*, that would scarcely have been prudent where the shade was so scanty. Willing, therefore, to pass the time in some other way, 'Mr. Barber,' said I, 'I feel well convinced that you have not been all your life a barber in Miguel Esteban; we have now two good hours to spare; the shade of this olive-tree is too scanty to allow a *siesta*, and how, then, can we spend our time better than you in telling, and I in listening to your story?' 'In truth,' replied the barber, 'you have guessed well in thinking I have not been all my life a barber in Miguel Esteban. I have been many trades; and since, as you truly say, there is no shade for a *siesta*, and as our wine-skin would be dried up by the rays of the mid-day sun before we could get to Lapiche, you shall hear my story, such as it is;' and the barber accordingly began as related in the next chapter. 'I was born in the town of Manzanares, in La Mancha. My father was porter to the Dominican convent there, and my mother was laundress in the house of the Duke de San Carlos, who owned then, and for any thing that I know to the contrary, owns to this day, all the town of Manzanares and the neighbouring vineyards. As for me, I led the merriest of lives till I was fourteen years of age; I was idolised both by my father and mother, and spent my time about equally in the kitchen of the duke and the Dominicans. In the one, I tasted the most savoury stews, and in the other, the most delicious fruit in the world; and nothing was further from my thoughts than to leave so agreeable a mode of life, when one day my father called me to him and said, 'Lazaro, it is time that thou shouldst think of bettering thy fortune, and I have found thee a road to it.' For my part, I felt no great inclination towards bettering my condition, which appeared to me the most agreeable in the world; and my mother was also of the same opinion: but the picture drawn by my father of my future prospects was so flattering, that even I was anxious to commence my new mode of life. The opening was this: a certain stranger, who lately died in the house of the curate of the parish church of San Salvador, in Manzanares, had left to the church money for eight thousand masses to get his soul out of purgatory; and the curate, willing to receive the legacy, without the condition of saying a mass every day for twenty-two years, resolved to apply to the Archbishop of Toledo, as the head of the church, for permission to say eight, in place of eight thousand masses,—a restriction which would not affect the condition of the stranger's soul, since the archbishop might declare, by his supreme authority, that eight masses should be as effectual as eight thousand, in praying it out of purgatory. The curate applied to the Dominicans to find a trusty messenger; they selected my father, and he delegated the mission to me. 'This other letter,' said my father, at the same time, also, putting into my hand the

letter to the archbishop, 'is for the Padre Cirillo, curate of the church of San Pasqual, at Toledo; it recommends thee to his protection; and there is, therefore, little doubt but that he will take thee into his service; and who knows but that thou mayest, by and by, be transferred to the service of the archbishop, whose stews are, no doubt, as far superior to those of the Duke de San Carlos as the melon you are eating is to a turnip.' My teeth already began to water for the archbishop's stews; and I set out the same day with an honest muleteer, who was charged with wine for some of the canons. We did not lag by the way; on the second evening we entered the city of Toledo, which appeared to me little less than a congregation of palaces; and, scarcely even allowing myself time to dispatch a part of the puchero which the muleteer generously divided with me, I inquired the nearest way to the house of the curate Cirillo, so anxious was I to realise the promises of my father. 'Thou shalt enter into my service,' said the cura, when he had read the letter; and, when I heard this piece of good fortune, I already fancied myself transferred to the service of the archbishop, and even scented the savour of his kitchen. My duties in the service of the Padre Cirillo were simple; they consisted in sweeping the church, and cleaning the ornaments used at mass; all the rest of my time was at my own disposal. If my treatment had been agreeable as my duties, I should have had no reason to complain: but the reverend cura, who fed upon dainties every day, shared them only with his housekeeper; and, far from finding myself any nearer the archbishop's stews, I was only permitted to smell those of the cura. My allowance was a small loaf of bread and a string of onions every four days, with a scanty puchero on Sunday; and, while I was half-starved, the cura would say, 'Lazaro, you young rogue, *mejor vida tienes que el papa*, thou livest better than the pope.' But hunger sharpens the wits; I set my ingenuity to work, and speedily discovered a method of bettering my condition. All my master's provisions were kept in a closet, and the door of this closet hunger devised a means of opening; but I resolved that the theft should lie at another door than mine; and every night I made a tolerable meal in my master's store-house, by nibbling round his bread, and cheese, and bacon, so that the rats and the mice got all the blame, and I secured a double portion; for the cura never failed, after roundly abusing the secret thieves, to pare off all the nibbled parts, and hand them to me, saying, 'Eat, Lazaro, you rogue, *que el raton casa limpia es*, rats are clean things.' One day, about this time, after I had been employed in cleaning the ornaments on the major altar in the church, I stole on tiptoe into the sacristy: God forgive me for my intention! a slice of salted cod at breakfast had made me thirsty, and the sacramental cup I knew was brimful. I had scarcely entered the sacristy, when I heard the footstep of the cura pass through the church; and I had only time to hide myself under the petticoats of the Virgin of St. Pilar, when my master entered the sacristy, accompanied by a stranger dressed as a pilgrim, who,

after the door had been shut, produced from below his habit, a small wooden box, which he opened, and put into my master's hand. 'You perceive,' said the stranger, 'that it is as withered as the ear of an antediluvian ass; it would deceive the very devil.' 'Hush,' said the cura, 'recollect where you are;' at the same time glancing towards the Virgin of St. Pilar, whose petticoats slightly moved, and crossing himself; 'it is not necessary that it deceive the devil, if it but deceive the superior of the Carthusian convent.' 'How much am I to get for it?' said the pretended pilgrim, 'That must depend,' said the cura, 'upon the value put upon it by the superior of the Carthusians; put up the ass's ear, and we will go together to the convent: surely an ear of the ass that made the triumphal entry into Jerusalem must be worth half the convent treasury;' and as my worthy master so delivered himself, he turned towards the Virgin, as was his usual custom on leaving the sacristy, made his genuflection, and crossed himself. Whether it might be the ludicrous contrast between the sanctified face with which my master, from habit, paid his respects to the Virgin, and the smile and roguish wink with which he had received the box from the pilgrim, that roused my risible faculties, I am not able to tell, but I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. At first my master trembled from head to foot, and crossed himself as fast as ever thumb could move: but common sense soon came in place of superstition; for, if the Virgin of St. Pilar had thought fit to shew her displeasure by laughing, the laughter would certainly not have proceeded from under her petticoats. In short, the cura discovered all; and, dragging me from my hiding-place, and telling me to remain in the sacristy till he returned, he went out and locked the door. I expected nothing less, when he returned, than an unmerciful beating; and was, therefore, agreeably surprised when, again entering the sacristy, he addressed me thus: 'I perceive, Lazaro, that thou art an ingenious as well as a gluttonous youngster; for thou not only makest the rats and mice hide thy delinquencies, but even the petticoats of the Virgin of St. Pilar cover both thee and them. Thou hast heard what passed betwixt me and the pilgrim?' 'I heard all,' said I, 'and saw —' 'No matter what thou sawest,' interrupted he, 'I may have occasion for thy services; be discreet and secret: henceforth thou shalt dine at my table every day; and, so saying, he walked out of the sacristy. This was the most agreeable change in the world; the cura's stews, though scarcely equal to those of the Duque de San Carlos, were delicious to one who had been obliged to nibble for six months like a mouse. My master loaded me with kindness; and one day, when we were in the sacristy together, he made me his confidant. 'The monks of the Carthusian convent,' said he, 'are making a collection of relics; the superior tiene mas dinero que ingenio, has more money than brains; and we, who are wiser and poorer, diminish his treasury, and stock his relicary. Harkee, Lazaro,' continued he, 'the fool is not yet satisfied. Thou art not wanting in wit; my invention is nigh exhausted: the ass's ear was a last effort, and proved a hit; but if thou canst think of any thing new, half the profits shall descend into thy empty pockets.' This was encouragement, and I set my brains to work forthwith. One day passing through one of the streets on the outskirts of the city, I saw a cock standing upon the wall of the Franciscan convent garden, and I said to myself, 'Que alegria!' for a

happy thought struck me. "When it was dark, I stole from my master's house, and, making my way to the garden of the Franciscan convent, I surprised a cock in the hen-roost; and next day, finding myself alone with my master, I produced a cock's tongue, and said, 'What will hinder you from placing this in the relicary of the Carthusian convent, as the tongue of the cock that crew to St. Peter?' 'Tis too fresh and too red,' said the cura. 'Put it in the stewpan,' said I, 'it will frizzle as dry as if it had not crowed for a century.' 'Thou'rt a marvel,' cried the cura, 'let me embrace thee; and so —' But, just as the barber had proceeded thus far with his story, chancing to glance towards the place where we had left our mules, they were nowhere to be seen. 'We must go in search of them,' said the barber; 'and, besides, the sun gets lower, and, unless we jog on, we shall scarcely reach Lapiche before dark. My story is a long one, and if you have found any amusement in it, we'll resume it another time; and so, tying up our wallets, and taking another draught from the wine-skin, we rose and went in search of our mules. They had strayed a long way; but at last we discovered them taking their siesta under the partial shade of a sand-bank; and, mounting our beasts, we continued our journey."

Another brief extract will illustrate the character of the critical remarks.

"As we entered Puerto Lapiche, I noticed that all the women of the lower orders wore the skirts of their petticoats thrown over their heads. This is the universal custom in La Mancha, the mantilla being used only by the upper classes; and it explains a passage in 'Don Quixote,' which would otherwise be obscure. Sancho, when upon one occasion he returns home, endeavours to persuade his wife, Theresa, to accept with a good grace the honours in store for her, when he shall have obtained the government of the island. He tells her how great a lady she will then be; and that she must make up her mind for the transformation. But Theresa replies, 'Neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, Mind Mrs. Pork-feeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff; and went to mass with the tail of her gown above her head, instead of a veil.' It is worthy of remark, that nowhere in 'Don Quixote' is there a word spoken in praise of the beauty of the women of La Mancha; 'hale,' or 'buxom wench,' are the highest expressions that the veracity of Cervantes permitted him to use, for to have spoken of them in other terms would have been a departure from truth. 'The flower of Castilian maids,' sounds well in poetry; but a Castilian maid, or a maid of La Mancha, which is the same thing, is a coarse, brown, ill-favoured personage, who in any other country would retain her maiden distinction during life."

We have only to add, that the illustrations are quite worthy of the volume and of George Cruikshank; and that the episodes introduced, with personal history and adventures of remarkable individuals, add great zest to the more particularly Quixotic portions of the design.

*The Comic Almanack for 1838, with twelve Illustrations of the Months by George Cruikshank. London, 1837. Tilt.*

This is, as usual, a merry affair; a little in the low line, occasionally, but without a vul-

garity to offend ears the most polite. The "Illustrations of the Months" possess much drollery, and will bear examination for a number of quaint and appropriate jokes and accessories. Nor are the tiny cuts and silhouette additions less humorous or characteristic. Altogether, an hour may be well amused with this annual. As a specimen of the literary and poetical talent it displays, we will quote a song and a half. The first is laid to the score of New Year's Eve, entitled "My Dancing Days are over," and runs thus:—

"My dancing days are over now,  
My legs are just like stumps;  
My fount of youth, dried up, alas!  
Won't answer to the pump.  
Yet who so fond of jigs as I?  
Of hornpipes such a lover?  
Of gallopes, valses,—but, alas!  
My dancing days are over.  
In feats of feet, what foot like mine  
(Excuse me if vain glorious);  
Like mine, for grace and dignity,  
No toe was more notorious.  
Oh! then what joy it was to hear  
Roy's Wife, or Kitty Clover!  
But Drops of Brandy now won't do:  
My dancing days are over.  
My feet seem fastened down with screws,  
That were so glib before;  
And my ten light fantastic toes  
Seem toe-nail'd to the floor.  
I cannot bear a ball-room now,  
Where once I lived in clover;  
Terpsichore quite makes me sick:  
My dancing days are over.  
I used to dance the New Year in,  
And dance the Old Year out;  
Ah! little did I then reflect  
That *chacun a son gout*.  
All summer thro' I skipped and hopped,  
At Margate, Ramsgate, Dover.  
The year was then one spring—but now  
My dancing days are over.  
I'm eighteen stone and some odd pounds,  
So all my neighbours say,  
I'll go this moment to the scale;  
But I can't balance.  
When in a ball-room I appear,  
As soon as they discover  
My presence, off the girls all fly:  
My dancing days are over.  
I'm quite as fat as Lambert was,  
Or any old maid's spaniel;  
And when I walk along the street,  
They cry, "a second Daniel!"  
And if I go into a shop  
Of tailor, hatter, glover,  
They always open both the doors:  
My dancing days are over.  
My college chums oft jeer at me,  
And cry, "Lord, what a porpus!  
Who'd take you for a Johnian!"  
You seem to be of Corpus!  
The stage-coachmen all look as if  
They wished me at Hanover;  
The safety cabs don't think me safe:  
My dancing days are over.  
My great pier glass, that used to shew  
My waist so fine and thin,  
Now, turn whichever way I will,  
Won't take my body in.  
My form, that once a paragon  
Would always amply cover,  
A gig umbrella now requires:  
My dancing days are over.  
In vain my hand I offer now;  
Away each damsel stalks;  
Chalk'd floors no longer may I walk,  
So I must walk my chalks.  
For me there is no woman-kind:  
None want me now for lover.  
Maid, widow, wife, all fly—they know  
My dancing days are over!"

The half belongs to St. Patrick's Day, in March, and is called "An Irish Mellow-day."

"It was Paddy O'Murrough that lov'd Mistress Casey:  
In ribands for her he would squander his pelf;  
And he swore that without her he'd never be aisy.  
And sent her big praties to roast for herself.

He said she was 'Venus, and Mars, and Apolly,'  
And twenty more goddesses up in de skies;  
And never tired praising her swate little ancle,  
And her swate little mouth, and her swate little eyes.

Says he, 'Let de rest get dere bunches o' roses,  
And stiek em so illigant top o' dere head:  
Och! Nora don't nade sich bambocoozification:  
Her own purty locks is as bright as my red.

So Nora, my darlint, now take pity on me—  
Ochone! but 'tis luv is de terrible smart!  
An och, bodderashin! 'tis Mither O' Cupid  
Wid his little shilaly is breakin my heart!

'Twas Lent when Pat said so,—but Nora said No, Sir;  
She knew 'twas no use at that time to consent;  
But by Mothering Sunday Pat found her much softer,  
And, before Lent was over, he saw her relent.

The day was soon fixed—Easter Monday, be sure;  
The time seem'd to Pat a snail's gallop to go;  
'By de hokey!' says he, 'is it fast days dey call em?'  
For fast days, I tink dey move murtherous slow.'

At length Easter Monday arrived, bright and gay;  
Saint Patrick's Day, too—nothing could be more pat.  
To chapel away they all went—in a bus;  
For a wedding, what carriage so proper as that?

So the knot was soon happily tied—tho' I know  
There are some in the world think it wrong thus to  
tie men;

That the poor have no right to get married at all;  
And that low men have no sort of bus'ness with  
Hymen."

We will only give a taste of the prose, under  
"Manners made easy."

"It is common to speak contemptuously of  
tailors and dressmakers. This is bad taste,  
none but a rat would run down the sewers."

"When a lady sits down to the piano-forte,  
always volunteer to turn over the leaves. To  
be able to read music is of no consequence, as  
you will know that she is at the bottom of a  
page when she stops short. If you turn over  
two leaves at once, you will probably have the  
secret thanks of most of the company."

From these extracts it will be seen that the  
accustomed quantity and quality of pun and  
fun are to be found in this year's *Comic*.

*Practical Surgery.* With One Hundred and  
Twenty Engravings on Wood. By Robert  
Liston, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 481. London,  
1837. Churchill; Renshaw.

MR. LISTON is not only a great surgeon in  
every sense of the word, but he is an original  
thinker, a practitioner at once enlightened and  
unprejudiced, and a reformer of many long-  
standing abuses in the treatment of surgical  
cases. It is more particularly to him that the  
profession is indebted for having, to a great  
extent, superseded, by more cleanly and simple  
means, the use of boiling oils, hot dressings,  
filthy unguents, greasy poultices, stimulating  
plasters, and complicated bandages. His motto  
appears to be simplicity in every thing. De-  
sault said, that the simplicity of an operation is  
the measure of perfection; and Mr. Liston has  
carried the same principle even into the treat-  
ment of surgical cases. On going into the wards  
of the hospital attached to the University College,  
a stranger to the efficient yet simple procedures  
adopted for the most part in that hospital, is  
struck with the absence of fœtor, and with the  
airiness and sweetness of the wards. They  
wonder that blood is not abstracted more fre-  
quently; that cold lotions are rarely to be seen  
in use; and that poultices, plasters, and oint-  
ments, are seldom employed. A great atten-  
tion is paid to the position of injured parts: Mr.  
Liston makes this one of his essentials in treat-  
ment. The extremities are always considerably  
elevated on inclined planes above the level of  
the trunk, and the return of blood is thus fa-  
voured from the affected part. All fractures,  
lacerated and bruised extremities, sprains, ul-  
cerated, swollen, and inflamed limbs, are ma-  
naged upon this principle; and, according to  
the author, if so treated from the first, the  
action is kept under, the patients suffer com-  
paratively very little, and the parts regain their  
normal condition speedily, and with little fur-  
ther interference. Rest of the affected part is  
also essential to its recovery; and this is oc-  
casionally, but by no means so constantly as is

generally the case, secured by proper apparatus.  
Mr. Liston's principles in the use of hot  
and cold applications, are with the view of  
moderating the flow of blood, general oozing  
from any solution of continuity; and with the  
view also of preventing increased action of the  
capillaries of a part, as, after operations and  
injuries, cold is often applied with great ad-  
vantage; but, after inflammation is lighted up,  
a continuance, or recourse to this practice, he  
holds to be not beneficial. The action is mode-  
rated, sensibility of the part is diminished, the  
uneasy feelings abated, and the patient relieved  
and comforted much more by warm fomenta-  
tions. The effect of cold, on the contrary, is  
to constrict the surface, to drive the blood  
to the deeper parts, and to aggravate mate-  
rially the patients' sufferings. We think  
that there are few practical surgeons who  
will not feel the value and the justice of these  
observations.

In wounds which cannot be healed by the first  
intention, the muscles which act prejudicially  
upon the injured part are relaxed, as is also the  
integument on the aspect of the region impli-  
cated by position; the approximation of the  
edges is favoured, and it is occasionally ad-  
visable, as when there is great detachment of  
soft parts, to retain them somewhat in their  
natural position by a stitch, or by a strip of  
plaster. Discharge is to be promoted by all  
possible means; and this is done after the bleed-  
ing is arrested, by the application of a poultice,  
or of the water dressing, by which, all the  
beneficial effects of heat and moisture are af-  
forded, without any of the disagreeables at-  
tendant upon poultice, its weight, fœtor, &c.;  
astringents are to be cautiously added when the  
discharge is too profuse, or granulations too  
luxuriant. But when the surface of a granu-  
lating wound or ulcer is observed to be coated  
with adherent matter, whether this arise from  
local or constitutional disturbance, the soothing  
and simple warm-water dressing must again be  
resorted to.

In the treatment of wounds which may be  
expected to heal by the first intention, Mr.  
Liston's procedure is equally simple and ef-  
ficient. The sutures are few in number, and  
removed, at a very early period; the plaster is  
very adhesive, but unirritating. No pledgets,  
smears with ointment, or compresses, are ap-  
plied; and no bandage should be required, if the  
surgeon has had the sense to plan, and dexterity  
enough to make, his wound of a proper form  
and in the right direction, so that it shall fall  
together without pulling or strain upon the  
neighbouring parts. These are truly invaluable  
principles of surgery. One more of them, and  
we have finished. The wounded part, instead  
of being put under a load of dressing, which  
always interferes with the circulation, heats the  
part, encourages and retains discharge—thus  
giving the patient great annoyance from stench,  
great pain in their removal and reapplication,  
and imposing much harassing and unpleasant  
duty on the surgeon,—is, on the contrary,  
covered merely by a few strips of plaster, and  
lies cool and comfortable. The discharge, which  
is seldom in great quantities, is wiped up from  
the oiled cloth in which it lies; the fever  
does not run high; the patient is not subjected  
to the least pain; and the cure is speedily  
and pleasantly completed. If we have thus,  
to give an idea of Mr. Liston's labour in science,  
dwelt more with the principles of treatment than  
with the operative department, it is not because  
the work before us does not contain an abun-  
dant supply of new and valuable materials, but  
because such discussions are rather foreign to

our pages; while the really interesting and  
beautiful system of treatment, to which we  
have devoted a column, cannot be too widely  
disseminated, and is of importance, indeed, for  
every individual to be acquainted with. As to  
what regards the other part of the work, the  
profession will do it justice; for there is not in  
existence a manual of practical surgery which  
approaches it, in point of simplicity of detail,  
of accuracy of information, and of general  
utility. The engravings are remarkably well  
executed from drawings made with scientific  
accuracy. The practice of illustrating anatomi-  
cal and surgical, nay even pathological treati-  
ses by woodcuts, is a modern invention; and  
we cannot but express a fear that, by leading  
the student to rely upon them alone for inform-  
ation, they may lead to superficiality; but  
there will always be a restraint upon that igno-  
rance which is united to self-sufficiency, where  
a professional man undertakes to perform that  
which he is not well versed in, in the honest  
and candid language of difficulty and danger  
accruing from such malpractices, which is held  
in those professional works which, like the one  
before us, come from the pen of well-informed,  
practical, and able men.

*Hood's Comic Annual for 1837.* 18mo.

London, 1837. Bailey and Co.

HOOD, like merry old Christmas, coming once  
a year, is always, like merry old Christmas, a  
welcome guest—if we can call him a guest who  
furnishes all the entertainment. We hope we  
may be excused for wishing that he were with  
us the whole year round, not only for our own  
sakes, but for his; and particularly for that he  
might refresh his humour with new observation  
on passing characters and circumstances, rather  
than be thrown upon memories of the bygone  
in a foreign land and amidst foreign customs  
and manners. The native well-spring, it is  
true, is deep and copious; but it would not be  
the worse for being fed from novel sources till  
the sparkling run should overflow on every  
side: though a fountain is pretty enough, too,  
even when it receives its own waters back, and  
throws them up again in other mingled and  
fanciful jets.

The leading prose articles in this volume are  
entitled "The Carnaby Correspondence" and  
"Patronage." The former is a whimsical ex-  
posure of boarding-school trickishness and ma-  
nagement, as exhibited in the case of Master  
Bob Carnaby, the son of John—(a shocking  
bad speller, who "prays [praises] God his pore  
Muther is coald under the Hearth," as "it  
wud spile the rest of hir hashes if so be she  
cood read his tail of pewtered meet")—and  
nephew of Benjamin, a retired sea-captain,  
who visits him at Socrates' House School, Dr.  
and Mrs. Darby, and retires him, as he laugh-  
ably describes, from that worthy establishment.  
The latter caricatures, in a farcical way, the  
sufferings of a nervous man seeking patronage  
in removal from being superintendent of  
powder-mills; and painting his own and fa-  
mily's alarms and sufferings in a very ludicrous  
light.

A quaint story of an Irish passenger to Holy-  
head, who pretends he is brought off by the  
steamer without meaning to cross, as he had  
only come to inspect the accommodations, is  
cleverly told; and the other miscellaneous con-  
tents are equally amusing. As a specimen of  
the verse, we select—

"'Napoleon's Midnight Review.' A New Version.

In his bed, bolt upright,  
In the dead of the night,  
The French emperor starts like a ghost!

By a dream held in charm,  
He uplifts his right arm,  
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,  
For the charger he rides;  
And he mounts him, still under the spell;  
Then, with echoing tramp,  
They proceed through the camp,  
All intent on a task he loves well.

Such a sight soon alarms,  
And the guards present arms,  
As he glides to the posts that they keep;  
Then he gives the brief word,  
And the bugle is heard,  
Like a hound giving tongue in its sleep.

Next the drums they arouse,  
But with dull row-de-dows,  
And they give but a somnolent sound;  
Whilst the foot and horse, both,  
Very slowly and loath,  
Begin drowsily mustering round.

To the right and left hand,  
They fall in, by command,  
In a line that might be better dress'd;  
Whilst the steeds blink and nod,  
And the lancers think odd  
To be rous'd like the spears from their rest.

With their mouths of wide shape,  
Mortars seem all agape,  
Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep;  
And, whatever their bore,  
Seem to think it one more  
In the night such a field-day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,  
Fire no volley at all,  
But go off, like the rest, in a dose;  
And the eagles, poor things,  
Tuck their heads 'neath their wings,  
And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

Till each pupil of Mars  
Takes a wink like the stars—  
Open order no eye can obey:  
If the plumes in their heads  
Were the feathers of beds,  
Never top could be sounder than they!

So, just wishing good night,  
Bows Napoleon, polite;  
But instead of a loyal endeavour  
To reply with a cheer;  
Not a sound met his ear,  
Though each face seem'd to say, 'Nap for ever!'

A paper on animal magnetism, happily ridicules that revived folly; and is illustrated by a cat sitting with its tongue out, attracting half a dozen birds from their nest on a tree. We transcribe a portion of it.

"Take the wildest freaks of the most fuddled, muddled, bewildered soaker,—such as 'trying to light his pipe at a pump'—attempting to wind up a plug with his watch-key—or requesting, from a damp bed in the gutter, to be tucked in—and are they a bit, or a wit, or jot, or what-not, more absurd, more extravagant, or more indicative of imbecility of reason, than the vagary of a somnambulist, gravely going through the back-gammon of reading Back's Journal, or a back-number of the Retrospective Review, through the back of his head? In case the great water companies alluded to should think proper to adopt the foregoing suggestions, the following genuine letters are placed very much at their service, as materials to be worked up into tracts:—

“(COPY.)

“To Mr. Robert Holland, Linen-Draper, No. 194  
Tottenham Court Road, London.

“Dear Bob,—Hoping you are well, and well-doing, we have heard such wonderful accounts in our parts lately about animal magnetising, without any clear notion what it is. My own notion is, it must be something new of my Lord Spenser's—Althorp as was—who was always very curious about his beasts. Others do say the Duke of Bedford, with a fresh cattle show—nobody knows. Now you are just at the fountain-head to learn, and as most of us down here is more or less engaged in breeding stock, it would be a main thing to be put up to the secret at its first start. Also whether it is

expensive to buy, and who found it out; and if likely to do away with oilcake and mangel wurzel, and such like particulars. Praise be blest, we are all stout and hearty, except your poor aunt, who died three year ago. Which is all the news at present from,

“Dear Bob, your loving Uncle,  
“REUBEN OXENHAM.

“(COPY.)

“To Mr. Reuben Oxenham, Grazier, Grasslands, near  
Lincolnshire.

“Dear Uncle,—I was agreeably surprised by your breaking silence, for I had made up my mind you was a distrest farmer gone off swan hopping (excuse the joke) to Swan River, or to get settled among the Dutch boars and lions at the Cape of Good Hope. Thank Heaven! such is not the case; though damped with my dear aunt's going off, I little thought, poor soul! the why and wherefore my goose, three Christmases ago, was the last! But we must all be cut off some day or other, which is a religious consolation for the remnants that are left behind. I have examined, as you desired, a sample of animal magnetism; which turns out to be the reverse of every thing you expect. Indeed, such might have been anticipated by a little forethought on the subject. There is nothing to describe about animals to such as you, that deal in them of all qualities; but it is quite likely that you have forgot all about magnets, since the days of your youth. But, perhaps, when they are named to you, your memory may serve to recollect little bone boxes, at sixpence a piece, with a blackamoor's head a-top, and a little bar of philosopher's steel inside, that points out the north, and sets a needle dancing like mad. It likewise picks up emery, and sticks fast to the blade of a knife. But that is all its powers are competent to—and of course on too small a scale to have any dancing, or lifting, or sticking effect on objects so big as bullocks, or even a pig, or a sheep. Accordingly, you will not be surprised to hear that animal magnetism has nothing at all to do with beasts or loadstones either; but it is all of a piece with juggling, quacksalving, and mountebanking, such as universal physic, spitting Coventry ribbons, tumbling, and posturing, thimble-rig, and the like fabrics. One of the principal tricks is sending people off to sleep against their wills; not so new a trick though, but it has been heard of years and years ago at Bow Street; and easy enough to perform any day, with a pint of porter,—provided one was rogue enough to want to hocus-pocus the money out of other people's pockets into one's own. To come to the point, there's an outlandish Count set up in it at the west end; and no doubt will realise a fortune. He has his carriage-people for customers, as well as Howel and James; indeed, I have heard of the Somebodies as well as Nobodies running after common fortune-tellers' tales, and not too high to be above going up into their back garrets. Some say he is a Frenchman, others say a German; but the last for choice, for he smokes enough to drive all the rats out of the neighbourhood. Besides, the Germans, I'm told, will believe any thing, provided it's impossible; which is some excuse for their wanting other people to give the same long credits; and, besides, Germans as well as French, and, indeed, all other foreigners, for that matter, though ever such honest people in the main; yet, when they do turn rogues at English expense, they invariably go more than the whole hog, namely, boar, sow, sucking-pigs, and all. So I determined to go wide awake, and to keep my eyes open, too, by not taking bit or sup in the house,

if offered ever so politely. It is, surely, not shewing disrespect to hospitality, to object to hocused victuals and drinks. I might have spared my fears, however; for there was nothing provided but the legerdmain, &c., and that was charged a guinea for, which you can repay at convenience. I preferred to see somebody else conjured before me; so another patient was taken first. She was a fine strapping young woman enough, dressed half-and-half between a fine lady and a servant-maid; but as sly-looking a baggage as you could select from an assortment of gipsies; and, unless her face belied her, quite capable of scratching a Cock Lane ghost. Indeed, something came across me that I had seen her before; and, if memory don't deceive, it was at some private theatricals contrary to law. For certain she could keep her countenance; for if the outlandish figure of a doctor, with his queer faces, had postured, and pawed, and poked towards me, with his fingers, for all the world like the old game of 'My grandmother sends you a staff, and you're neither to smile nor to laugh,' as he did to her. I should have bursted, to a dead certainty, instead of going off, as she did, into an easy sleep. As soon as she was sound, the Count turned round to me and the company with his broken English—'Ladies and gentlemen,' says he, 'look here at dis yoong maidens, Mizzi Charlot Ann Elizabet Martin,—for that is his way of talking,—wid my magnetismuses I tro her into von state of sombamboozleism,—or something to that effect. 'Mizzi Charlot Ann, dou art a slip.' 'As fast as a church, Mister Count,' says she, talking and hearing as easy as broad awake. 'Ferry goot,' says he. 'Now, I take dis boke,—Missis Glassee Cokery,—and I shall make de maidens read som little of him wid her back. Dere he is bytween her sholders. Mizzi Charlot Ann what you see now mit your eyes turned de wrong way for to look?' 'Why, then,' says she, 'Mr. Count, I see quite plain a T and an O. Then comes R, and O, and S, and T; and the next word is H, and A, and I, and R.' 'Ferry goot,' cries the Count over again. 'Dat is to roost de hare. Ladies and gentlemen, you all here? As Gott is my shudge, so is here in de boke. Now, den, Mizzi Charlot Ann, vons more. Vot you test in your mouse?' 'Why, then, Master,' says Charlotte Ann, 'as sure as fate, I taste sweet herbs chopped up small!' 'Ferry goot, indeed!—but what mor by sides de sweet herburs?' 'Why,' says she, 'it's a relish of salt, and pepper, and mace,—and, let me see—there's a flavour of currant jelly.' 'Besser and besser!' cries the Count. 'Ladies and gentlemen, are not dese vonderfools? You shall see every wart of it in de print. Mizzi Charlot Ann, vot you feel now?' 'Lawk a mercy, Mister Count,' says she, 'there's a sort of stuffy feel, so there is, in my inside!' 'Yaw! like van fool belly! Ferry goot! Now, you feel vot?' 'Feel! Mister Count?' says she, 'why, I don't feel nothing at all—the stuffiness is gone clean away!' 'Yaw, my shield!' says he, 'dat is by cause I take away de cokery boke from your two sholders. Ladies and gentlemen, dese is grand powers of magnetismus! Ach himmel! As Hamlet say, dere is more in our philosophes dan dere is in de heaven or de earth! Our mutter Nature is so fond to hide her face! Bot von adept, so as me, can lift up a whale! To shorten a long story, the sombamboozleism lasted for two hours; while Miss Charlotte Ann told fortunes in her sleep, and named people's inward complaints, and prescribed for them with her eyes shut. Mine was dropsy; and I was to take antimonious wine three times a-day,



*The Book of Beauty*, for 1838. With beautifully finished Engravings, executed under the Superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

HAVING only enjoyed a casual glance at this year's *Book of Beauty*, we cannot say more of it than that it contains contributions from Mr. E. L. Bulwer, Mr. Procter, L. E. L., Mrs. Norton, Miss Sheridan, Lady Charlotte Bury, Colonel Caradoc, Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Bernal, Lord William Lennox, Mr. B. Disraeli, Captain Marryat, Mrs. Fairlie, and the accomplished editor, Lady Blessington. Among others, we noticed a poem of considerable power and pathos, entitled "Dolorida;" and a shorter piece, on "Death," under a signature which is new to us; and, *pour encourager*, we select the latter for our exemplar of the verse.

"To Death. By Mrs. Torre Holme.

"Death! most desired, most lovely. To my ear  
The very sound is soothing. When alone,  
As a fond lover breathes the name most dear,  
Sinking his accents to their softest tone;  
Even so, amid deep silence, oft do I  
Utter thy name with hushed and trembling breath;  
And, listening to the night-winds rushing by,  
Await in vain an answer—gentle Death!

How lovely must thou be! Though some may fear  
To approach thee, and unveil thy hidden face  
Thy beauty maddens those who gaze more near,  
And thousands rush through crime to thy embrace.  
Thy lovers are the young, the passionate,  
The hearts that beat too quickly, who repine  
Through years of suffering and decay to wait,  
But snatch with eager haste at charms like thine!

Thou art a dangerous rival! and for thee  
The fairest are abandoned. Thou art known  
To draw even love from his fidelity,  
Making the beautiful and loved thine own.  
The golden portals of eternity  
Are in thy keeping; and thy thought must blend  
With every wish and aspiration high,  
That can from human hearts to heaven ascend.

Faith—Courage—Love! What are they until Death  
Stamps them with Truth's irrevocable seal?  
Mere words, depending on man's changing breath,  
Falsehoods the morrow may perhaps reveal.  
But thou art merciful; and in the hour  
Of mortal trial oft wilt interpose  
To place our virtue beyond frailty's power,  
Or shelter in the grave our guilt and woes!  
Thou art the truth—the certainty—the hope  
Of our mysterious being. Who could bear  
With their own passions and the world to cope  
In life's fierce warfare? if thou wert not there,  
Awaiting, like a mother, to whose breast,  
When all the tumults of the day-time cease,  
She takes her wearied children to their rest—  
Enfolds them gently there—and whispers, Peace!"

For the prose, we cannot suit our page better than with "*Apropos of Bores*," from the pen of Lady Blessington.

"*Apropos of bores*, how frequently is the pleasure of society injured, if not destroyed, by the bores who infest it! and how seldom can we recall a single day, the enjoyment of which has not been deteriorated by their intervention! One of the annoying peculiarities of bores is, to select the moment for relating some stupid anecdote, or for asking some silly question, when a witty, instructive, or interesting conversation is going on, to which one is desirous of listening. A particular instance of this vexatious propensity once annoyed me excessively; it occurred at a dinner given by my late worthy friend, Sir William Garrow. 'Pray, tell us,' said he to a man who sat near him, 'that adventure of yours in the wine-vaults of Lincoln's Inn, of which I heard a garbled account the other day.' I, who always liked an adventure, pricked up my ears at the sound; and the individual, thus questioned, commenced the following story. 'A friend of mine went to Madeira in an official situation, some years ago. He speculated largely in wine, and sent home several pipes, to be kept until his return. He wrote to request me to find them safe cellars; and I, in

consequence, applied to a friend, a barrister, to procure me permission to lodge the wine in the vast cellars of Lincoln's Inn Square. I was furnished with a key, that I might have ingress and egress to this sombre spot when I liked; and having, one day, a vacant hour in my chambers, it suddenly entered my head that I would go and inspect the wine *dépot* of my absent friend. Armed with the key, I sallied forth, and engaged the first porter I met to procure a candle, and accompany me to the cellar. You are not, perhaps, aware that these vast vaults are twenty feet beneath the square, and the entrance to them many feet, I believe one hundred and fifty, removed from any dwelling, or populous resort. We entered the gloomy cavern, and locked the door on the inside, to prevent any idle person who might, by chance, pass that way, from taking cognisance of the treasure it concealed. So great was the extent of the vault, that our feeble light scarcely enabled us to grope our way through its mirky regions; but, at length, we reached the spot where I knew the wine of my friend was deposited, and had the satisfaction of finding that the pipes were in perfect condition. We were preparing to return, when the porter, who held the candle, made a false step, and was precipitated to the earth, extinguishing the light in his fall. Never shall I forget the sensation I experienced at that moment! for the extent and tortuous windings of the vault impressed me with a rapid conviction of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of discovering the door. The alarmed porter declared in terror, that we were lost, inevitably lost, that he should never see his wife and children more, and cursed the hour he left the light of day to explore the fearful cave that would now become his tomb—a tomb, on which no fond eye would dwell; and he cried aloud, in an agony of despair, at his gloomy contemplation. I urged him to restrain his useless lamentations, and seek to grope our way in the direction of the door; and after having occupied full two hours in fruitlessly wandering through as many various and devious turnings as if in a labyrinth, we, at length, discovered the object of our search. 'Oh! God be thanked, God be thanked!' exclaimed the porter, with frantic joy, 'then I shall again see my wife, my little ones!' and he seized the key, which was in the lock, and turned it with such force that it snapped, the head remaining inextricably secured in the wards. 'Now, now we are indeed lost!' cried he, throwing himself on the ground; 'all hope is at an end, for we might knock and scream here for ever, without being heard. Why, why did I come with you? It is plain you are an unlucky man, whoever you are, and your ill fortune falls on me.' I tried to comfort him, though seriously alarmed myself; but he only became angry, telling me I could be no father or husband, to talk colly at such a moment, and with a certain prospect of death by famine staring us in the face. 'Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!' cried he, starting up in terror, 'the rats are gathering round; they will devour us before hunger has done its worst!' I have, all my life, had a peculiar antipathy to these animals; and confess that, when I found them stumbling over my feet, and heard them running at every side, an increased shudder of horror and fear chilled my blood. 'Let us stave in one of the wine-pipes,' said my companion, 'that we may forget, in the excitement of wine, the horrible death that awaits us. Yes, let us get drunk!' I refused to adopt this project; and my refusal again drew forth his reproaches on my being an unlucky man,

and his conviction that I had no heart in my body, as he expressed it, or no wife and little ones expecting me at home, or I would not take matters so easy. How many thoughts did I give to the dear objects to whom he referred, as I now dwell with anguish on the fearful probability of my never again beholding them! We searched in vain for a stone, or any other implement with which to wrench the lock or force the hinges, both of which resisted all our efforts. Hour after hour passed away. How interminably long appeared their flight! the silence only broken by the mingled reproaches and lamentations of my companion, and the increased noise of the rats, who now, becoming more courageous, assailed our feet. Each hour strengthened my conviction of our inevitable death in this horrible subterranean, where, probably, our mortal remains would not be discovered until every trace of identity was destroyed by the ravenous reptiles around us. My blood ran cold at the reflection, and my heart melted at the thought of them who were, doubtless, at that moment anxiously counting the hours of my unusual absence. I seized the arm of my companion, and — Here one of the company, proverbial for his obtuseness, and who repeatedly attempted to interrupt the narrative, seized my button, and in a loud voice said, 'How do you think, Jekyll, I should have got out?' 'You would have bored your way out, to be sure,' answered I, impatient at the interruption; and the more so, as, at this instant, the butler announced that the ladies were waiting tea for us. I ascended to the drawing-room, fully intending to request the sequel of the story; but a succession of airs on the piano, accompanied by the voices of the ladies, precluded the possibility of conversation. In a few days after I met some of the party, and questioned them respecting the conclusion. One declared that he had forgotten all about the story; another said that it had set him off to sleep, and so he missed the *dénouement*; a third avowed that, being deaf in the left ear, he had not heard more than a few words; and a fourth told me, that a tiresome man next him took that opportunity of giving him the particulars of a county meeting, as detailed in the morning papers, not omitting a single line. Consequently, to this hour, I am ignorant how the gentleman and porter escaped from the vault!"

A glance at the plates enables us to point out the portrait of Mrs. Wombwell, as being beautiful.

Since writing the foregoing, a copy of the work has reached us, to which (as it is too late for this) we shall turn our more deliberate attention next week.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Briannia Ingrata; a Tribute to the Peninsular Army.* With an Introduction and Notes. By Major William Mackie. Small 4to. pp. 95. London, 1837. Boone.

THOUGH in poetry (and after the manner of Scott), this is a soldierly appeal, by a gallant officer of the gallant 88th, or Connaught Rangers, in behalf of his companions, who fought and conquered in the glorious war which freed Spain from her powerful invaders, and led to the consummation of Waterloo. Major Mackie thinks, with many, that the honours bestowed for military services were too limited, and that the heroes of the arduous struggle which he commemorates, ought to have been considered in their country's acknowledgments and memorials. Medals might yet be appropriately bestowed at the beginning of our young Queen's

reign; and national gratitude might be shewn by some proud and enduring monument, to grace the capital. Surely, of all parsimony, parsimony in gratitude is the least excusable; and, without criticising the verse, we may truly say, that the author has deserved well of his brave comrades.

*The Derbyshire Tourist's Guide and Travelling Companion; including an Account of the various Places generally visited by Strangers in the County of Derby, &c. &c.* By E. Rhodes, Author of "Peak Scenery," &c. Pp. 278. London, 1837. Goodridge; Sheffield, Ridge and Jackson.

DERBYSHIRE is, if not the most, one of the most interesting counties in England, and who so fit to act as a guide to its beauties and curiosities as the author of "Peak Scenery"? We accordingly find this to be an excellent performance; leading us pleasantly to the many picturesque, natural, and other features, worthy of being visited, from the splendid remains of antiquity and the wonderful cavern, to the dwelling of modern elegance and the simple attractions of the gushing waterfall and wooded dell. Even without going out of your library or reading-room, Mr. Rhodes's volume will supply a literary treat.

*The Theory of Electric Repulsion Examined, &c. &c.* By Charles Hales. Pamphlet, pp. 22. London, Taylor and Walton.

THE author attacks the theory of electric repulsion in the experiments which he has here recorded, and which he believes to contain some original and important discoveries in a branch of science which is one of the most seductive, for the various reasoning with which its various phenomena can be regarded. We cannot help thinking, while we abstain from entering into a discussion upon the experiments which Mr. Hales has brought before the public, that one of the numerous scientific societies which exist in the metropolis ought to have been the field which the author should have sought for truths, it would have saved him the expense of his pamphlet, and, if he is right, would have obtained for him greater and more immediate publicity and credit.

*Hannay and Dietrichsen's Almanack and Book of General Information, for 1838.* 8vo. pp. 72. (Hannay and Dietrichsen).—1838 is called the second year of "Victoria the First," a sort of pleonasm which we should like to see discarded; as, until there is a second sovereign of the same name, it is not merely unnecessary, but absurd, to designate the first by that distinction. Who ever talked of Elizabeth the First, or Anne the First? Having dismissed this blemish, we have to express our approbation of the Almanack. "The astronomical and geographical portions are full; and the customary notices of gardening, calendars, &c. &c., including parliament, the army, universities, the law courts, bankers in town and country, and a list of fairs, all very useful.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—Specimens of *Erica ciliaris*, *Statice spathulata*, *Spartina alterniflora*, and of *Isolepis savii*, collected in the south and west of England during the last summer, were presented by Mr. Woods. Specimens of *Cereus senilis*, and of various species of *Echinocactus* and *Mammillaria*, collected by M. Deschamps in Mexico, were presented by Mr. Charlwood. Read, 'A Notice of the discovery of the *Cucubalus baccifer*, in the Isle of Dogs, by Mr. Luxford.' This interesting plant was found by Mr. Luxford in the early part of August last, growing on the banks of a ditch, near the road leading from Blackwall to Ferry House. The plant has long occupied a place in the British Flora, having been introduced by Dillenins into the third edition of "Ray's Synopsi," on the authority

of a Mr. Foulkes, by whom it was stated to have been observed by some person in Anglesea; but no one has met with it since in that locality, and, indeed, as appears by a letter from Mr. Foulkes to Dr. Richardson, published in the Linnean correspondence, vol. ii. p. 171, there seems no ground for believing that it was ever found in that island; and it has, consequently, been recently excluded from the British list. Read, also, 'A Memoir on the Family of *Fulgurides*, with a Monograph of the genus *Fulgura*, of Linneus, by Mr. Westwood.' This paper comprises descriptions of eight new species of the curious genus *Fulgura*, or lantern fly. A dutiful address to Her Majesty, on her accession to the throne, was read from the chair, and unanimously agreed to.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1. Dr. W. H. Fitton, V.P., in the chair.—The first paper read at this meeting was by Mr. Williamson, 'On the Remains of Fishes in the Coal-fields of Lancashire.' The author having, in a previous account of the Ardwick limestone, described the *Ichthyolites* found there, consisting of scales of *Megalichthys* and *Palaoniscus*, with teeth of the latter, has now come to the conclusion, in conjunction with Professor Johnstone, that the bed in which these occur is entirely a coprolitic mass. With the above was also described a tooth of *Diplodus gibbosus*. In this, as well as in another pit near Ringley, where the same roofstone occurs, one or two species of *Unio* were found, as well as remains of *Stigmaria ficioides* and *Calamites nodosus*, with other plants.—The next paper read was 'On the Geology of the Island of Zante,' by H. C. Strickland, Esq., which the author commenced by stating that the structure of this island is simpler than that of the other Ionian Islands, and that it presents an epitome of their component rocks in an almost unbroken series. The geological phenomena of Zante may be arranged under the three heads of—1. The Appenine limestone; 2. Tertiary deposits; and 3. Mineral springs. 1. The name of Appenine limestone is preferred for the vast deposit of the south of Europe, especially on the shores of the Adriatic, which is uniform in character for many thousand feet of vertical thickness and many hundred miles of horizontal extent. Its fossils, though rare, shew it to be the equivalent of the cretaceous, and, perhaps, also of the oolitic, series of Northern Europe. This light-coloured limestone, which extends in a ridge along the west coast of the island, often assumes the characters of the hard chalk of the North of England. No flints were found; but fossil remains, such as nummulites and fragments of hippurites, occasionally occur. It abounds in numerous faults and fractures, as well as caverns, and has been mistaken for the carboniferous limestone of northern Europe. 2. The tertiary beds repose on the eastern flank of the limestone range, extending thence to the eastern coast. They form several detached hills, rising through the alluvial matter which forms the central plain of the island. The uppermost strata consist of an aggregate of calcareous and arenaceous particles, forming a pale yellow porous stone, which is easily worked—containing a few fossils; and it is succeeded by a deposit of blue clay and marl, in which occur a few shells of *Pectunculus auritus*, *Statice glauca*, &c. Gypseous beds are found on the south coast of Zante; and the strata above them clearly belong to the Pliocene epoch, as many of their fossils are identical with those of the sub-Appenine hills. The

beds below the gypsum contain but few fossils, as crushed echini and obscure bivalves. In one situation a bed of indurated bluish marl contains shells of a *Hyalea* and *Creseis*, larger than the species *H. Cornea* and *C. Spinifera*, now living in the Mediterranean. On the west side of Port Cheri, a low argillaceous cliff, containing a few scales and vertebrae of fish, and a species of *Vermiculum*, has probably been brought down from some higher part of the tertiary series by the subsidence which seems to have formed the valley and bay of Port Cheri, and of which striking proofs may be seen in the parallel strata and hardened exterior smooth surface, on the small surface of a fault in the Appenine limestone which descends to the sea. 3. The mineral springs. The sources of bitumen for which Zante has been celebrated since the time of Herodotus, rise in the midst of the marshy plain at Port Cheri. The wells yield about 40 barrels annually. The bitumen oozes up from the bottom, and above it the well is filled by a spring of clear, cool, and tasteless water. These and other bitumen springs occurring in the neighbourhood of faults, and there being nothing in the composition of either the tertiary or secondary rocks to account for its production, the author infers that it is derived from the region of volcanic action, which may almost be demonstrated to underlie the Ionian Islands. The last paper read was by C. Darwin, Esq. on the formation of mould. The author commenced by remarking on the two most striking characters by which the superficial layer of vegetable mould is distinguished. These are, its nearly homogeneous nature, although overlying different kinds of subsoil, and the uniform fineness of its particles. This may be well observed in any gravelly country, where, although in a ploughed field, a large proportion of the soil consists of small stones, yet in old pasture land not a single pebble will be found within some inches of the surface. The author's attention was called to this subject by Mr. Wedgwood, of Maer Hall, in Staffordshire, who shewed him several fields, some of which a few years before had been covered with lime, and others with burnt marl and cinders. These substances, in every case, were now buried to the depth of some inches beneath the turf, as was ascertained by a careful examination of the several fields; and Mr. Darwin stated that the appearance in all cases was as if the fragments had, as the farmers believe, worked themselves down. But it did not appear to him at all possible, that either the powdered lime, or the fragments of burnt marl, and the pebbles, could sink through compact earth to some inches beneath the surface. Nor is it probable that the decay of the grass, although adding to the surface some of the constituent parts of the mould, should separate in so short a time, the fine from the coarse earth, and accumulate the former on those objects which had so lately been strewn on the surface. Mr. Darwin had also observed near towns, in apparently unploughed fields, pieces of pottery and bones some inches below the surface. So, on the mountains of Chili, he had been perplexed by marine elevated shells, covered by earth, in situations where rain could not have washed it on them. The explanation which occurred to Mr. Wedgwood of these phenomena, Mr. Darwin does not doubt to be the correct one, namely, that the whole is due to the digestive process by which the common earth-worm is supported. On carefully examining between the blades of grass in the fields where the observations had been made, the author found that there was

scarcely a space of two inches square without a little heap of the cylindrical castings of worms. It is well known that worms, in their excavations, swallow earthy matter, and, having separated the serviceable portion, eject at the mouth of their burrows the remainder, in little intestine-shaped heaps; hence the fine particles are brought to the surface, and the cinders, burnt marl, or powdered lime, would, by degrees, be undermined, and eventually become covered by what was previously the underlying earth. In a field on which cinders had been spread only half a year before, Mr. Darwin actually saw the castings of the worms heaped on the smaller fragments. On the above hypotheses, the great advantage of old pasture land, which farmers are always averse to break up, is explained; for the worms must require a considerable length of time to prepare a thick stratum of mould, by thoroughly mingling the original constituent parts of the soil, as well as the manures added by man. The author observes, that the digestive process of animals is a geological power of greater extent than might, at first, be imagined. In recent coral formations, the quantity of stone converted into the most impalpable mud by the excavations of boring shells, and of nereidous animals, must be very great. Numerous large fish (of the genus *Sparus*) likewise subsist by browsing on the living branches of coral. Mr. Darwin believes that large portions of the chalk of Europe has been produced from coral by the digestive action of marine animals, in the same manner as mould has been prepared by the same process on disintegrated rock.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, Nov. 18.—Mr. Pollock read a paper, which may be styled Views on Electricity; but the title might not arrest the attention of our readers, nor induce that interest in their minds which the vast extent, the novelty of the views, and the importance of the subject, deserve. To bring the matter clearly before them, we will refer briefly to two former papers by the same author, before we proceed with him to follow out the investigations under the heads of the present one. The first treated of the "principle" of matter—the same cause, under different circumstances, producing the various phenomena of the different sciences. The "principle" was considered to be a fluid pervading all space, an universal cause, the basis of all phenomena of the sciences—vibration of matter, sound, and its currents; producing light, heat, electricity, magnetism, &c. The second paper pointed out the changes of form, attended by expansion and contraction, which the elements of a voltaic battery undergo, and the influence those changes exercise upon the electrical properties of matter so affected, if the theory of one fluid be true. Matter expanding becomes negatively—contracting, positively, electrified; the expansion attending the formation of the oxide of zinc being the primary cause of all the other changes of form in the battery. The objections raised against the author's theory of the action of the battery were, the want of experiments to shew the changes—chemical action was not the cause of all electric action—the phenomena may be explained by the properties of matter, independently of any fluid. The answers to these objections formed the commencement of the paper which is the subject of this notice. We will pass over the two former, merely observing, that chemical action was not considered the sole cause of electric effect, but that it was more deeply seated, and appeared to depend upon the vibra-

tion of matter which, disturbing the equilibrium of the fluid, produces electric action; and that, if it were based upon chemical action, it must be supposed that the atoms of matter undergo changes during vibration. The reply to the last objection stated, although it might be possible to explain the phenomena of the battery agreeably to the known laws of matter, yet probability is strongest in the existence of a fluid; and, if it be supposed that its parts are so intensely small that the attractive force between them and surrounding matter exceeds that of themselves for each other, all that is required to explain the phenomena of an electric fluid is possessed; for such matter must be highly elastic, diffusive, and strongly disposed to pass in the lines of least resistance. The subject was then continued in the following order: 1st. The influence of the transition of the metal zinc into the state of oxide, upon the remaining metal zinc. Oxide of zinc forming must contain a less quantity of the fluid than surrounding bodies, owing to the expansion of its constituent metal, and, therefore, must be in the negatively electrified state. The remaining metal, at the moment of giving off the oxide, must be in the opposite state, the positive, owing to induction, in common electrical language. The author objects to the term, as will be seen presently. Secondly was considered the influence exercised upon the copper by the zinc. The metal zinc, being positive to the oxide, will be negative to surrounding bodies, and, amongst them, to the copper with which it is in contact, agreeably to induction. 3dly. The transition of the hydrogen from the state in which it exists in water to that in gas. Hydrogen occupies space, in the states of gas and water, as 12,000 to 1; therefore, on its formation, must contain less fluid than surrounding bodies, and be highly negative. Here a question arises, how the hydrogen is brought into the positive state which it is, and must be, to be attracted to the negative pole of the battery? It may be said, that the negative copper renders it positive by induction; but, why the copper should exercise its inducing power peculiarly upon the hydrogen, and not upon the other components of the arrangement, is not explained. Induction here assists to the statement of the fact, but not to the discovery of the cause. The fourth part of the paper was devoted to a recapitulation of the effects, and remarks thereon; they cannot, however, be entirely omitted, consistently with the clear understanding of the inquiry; we will, therefore, state them as briefly as possible. It has been shewn, then, that expansion attends the transition of the metal zinc into its oxide; contraction, that of the oxygen from the state of water to that of oxide: expansion, that of the oxide and acid into that of the saline compound; and contraction of the metal zinc and, also, the copper. The doctrine of induction is generally given to explain the connexion of these changes, and the electric action of the battery. But the opinion of Mr. Pollock was, that the frequent use of the term has retarded the progress of electrical science. It may be useful to correct isolated facts; but it gives no insight into the cause by which the induced phenomena are produced: and he hoped that it would shortly be dispensed with, as it was rendered necessary by our ignorance alone. He then proceeded to the explanation of the action of the battery, by the theory of vibration. Every body must be supposed capable of undergoing vibration: to be positive while imparting the fluid during the contracting stage; and negative while receiving it in the expanding stage. The acid, acting upon the zinc to form

the oxide, tends to increase the expanding stage, and it will become highly negative. The fluid will be powerfully abstracted from the remaining metal, which, therefore, has its tendency to undergo the contracting stage increased. Whilst these stages exist, a current will pass between them: on its ceasing, the expanding stage commences in the zinc; it becomes negative, and absorbs the fluid from the copper, which, in turn, becomes positive, thus generating a current. When this ceases, the expanding stage begins in the copper; it is rendered negative, and absorbs the fluid from the solution, which becomes positive, and a current will pass between them. The foregoing was illustrated by a diagram. The effect of the vibration is a current existing through the arrangement, from the zinc to the solution, through the copper to the zinc again, keeping up a complete circuit. The vibratory theory also explains how the hydrogen is brought into the positive state, as before observed. On its being converted into gas, it absorbs the fluid from the solution; but, being gaseous and, therefore, elastic, it undergoes compression, becomes positive, and gives out its fluid to the negative copper. If the theory be true, it follows that, as the consumption of the fluid by the oxidation of the zinc is not met by an equivalent production within the battery, its action must depend upon its power of absorbing the fluid from surrounding bodies, and not of imparting it to them. Two facts—analogous instances—the formation of the deutoxide of hydrogen, as described by Mr. Faraday in the 728th section of his "Experimental Researches," and the conversion of a plain piece of steel into a magnet, were quoted in support of the foregoing statement, and considered to place upon an incontrovertible basis the dependence of the action of the battery upon its power of absorbing the fluid. It is true that there is no known experiment sufficiently delicate to determine the existence of vibrations, in consequence of the great velocity with which they occur in the different stages; thousands, or even millions occurring in a second of time. But if the theory of vibration be true, it follows that, as the positions and times of the two stages do not correspond, the fluid given out and absorbed, during the contracting and expanding stages respectively, will not be equal. As respects sound, which is allowed to be dependent upon the vibration of matter, La Place, investigating mathematically the phenomena, found that his results did not correspond with the facts, that the velocity of sound determined by observation exceeded what it ought to have been theoretically by 173 feet, or about one-sixth of the whole amount. This discrepancy arises from the increased elasticity of the air, in consequence of a development of latent heat during the undulations of sound. The heat given out during the compression of the air is not absorbed during the rarefaction that necessarily accompanies it, for the volume of air remains not permanently contracted nor compressed, but the same after as before. Thus, heat generated during the transmission of sound is a test of the presence of vibration. The phenomena of electricity are analogous. The heat generated by the voltaic battery denotes the vibration taking place in it in the same manner as that produced by the transmission of sound. Sound, electricity, magnetism, light, and heat, are each and all in connexion with a force or motion through matter, and, consequently, with its vibration. From the foregoing investigation Mr. Pollock drew two inferences, whose mutual influence upon the action of the voltaic

battery is most important. 1st. That by the vibration existing in the battery, fluid is disengaged, whereby it manifests heating power in its action upon bodies. 2d. That the battery, owing to the consumption of the fluid in it by the oxidation of the zinc, absorbs the fluid from bodies exposed to its action. From these inferences arises an inconsistent result; viz. that the battery imparts and receives fluids from bodies exposed to its influence; but relatively to them and their respective tendencies, batteries may be divided into two classes—of quantity and of intensity; the former heat and deflagrate metals and oxidise them, but possess no electric, no chemical action, giving no shocks, producing no decompositions, because, from the intensity of their vibration, their power of imparting the fluid to, overcomes that of abstracting it from, surrounding bodies: the power of the latter to absorb the fluid from bodies, exceeds that of imparting it to them, and the reverse effects are produced, their influence dependent upon vibration being much inferior to that of a quantity battery. Why does a small battery produce to electromagnets such extraordinary effects, which are scarcely exceeded by the action of a large battery? Because the interference arising from the heat disengaged during the vibration is proportionably less in the former, and the electric action is therefore greater. Why are sustaining batteries so well adapted for electromagnetic and decomposing purposes? Because so little interference arises from the fluid given off during vibration, by which their electric and decomposing action must be impeded; and why do batteries composed of metals and water alone, as those employed by Mr. Crosse, produce such wonderful effects, crystals thereby rivalling nature herself,—but because the interference of the action of heat, liberated during vibration, is so slight that the electric action goes on undisturbed? and no fact is better known than that the abstraction of heat favours crystallisation. An explanation is also afforded to the fact, that batteries prepared with sulphuric or nitric acid are short-lived, their intensity of vibration and accompanying production of heat tend to counteract themselves. The paper concluded with a few remarks upon the uncertainty attending the use of the terms, quantity and intensity, which is removed by the theory of vibration. When the fluid given off during the contracting stage is not counteracted by the expanding stage, effects, termed quantity, are obtained; when it is, those of intensity. Batteries composed of single pairs of plates are best for the former; those with numbers, or series of pairs, for the latter: and for the following reason—if each separate plate, in a battery for quantity, as Hare's Calorimeter, be considered to be undergoing vibration, contracting on one side or end, and expanding on the opposite, very little interference can occur between them; and this interference will be less as the size of the plate is greater. But, in a battery composed of a series, interference will occur between the different stages, and to a greater extent as the number of the series is greater. A diagram illustrated the foregoing result; and the conclusion deduced was, that, in a single pair, heating effects are in a greater ratio than the electrical and chemical: and, in a number of series, in a lesser ratio, owing to the power of the former to impart fluid to bodies agreeably to the first inference drawn, and of the latter to abstract it from them agreeably to the second inference.

## STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

OWING to some inexplicable conduct on the part of a functionary in the Statistical Society, we are this week prevented from giving a report of its proceedings. We shall endeavour to rectify matters so as to place this beyond any management or mismanagement in future.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, November 16th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts.*—J. W. Wing, Fellow of University College; Rev. W. Gildard, Worcester College; Rev. D. Brice, Queen's College; Rev. G. G. Harter, Trinity College; T. Blencowe, Wadham College; Rev. J. Davis, New Inn Hall.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—D. Scrutton, Worcester College; S. Minton, T. B. Adair, Exeter College; J. P. Scott, Balliol College; C. Clarke, Trinity College; J. B. B. Hankey, Merton College; R. E. Basset, Lincoln College; H. E. Michel, New College; A. Turner, Andrew's Exhibitioner, W. J. Williams, St. John's College.

CAMBRIDGE, November 15th.—Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Honorary Masters of Arts.*—Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam, Hon. E. Pleydell-Bouverie, Trinity College.

*Masters of Arts.*—C. S. Bourhier, T. Bibby, St. John's College; R. Monteith, Trinity College.

*Licentiates in Physic.*—W. A. Guy, Pembroke College; H. A. Pitman, Trinity College; W. H. Ranking, Catherine Hall.

*Bachelor of Arts.*—F. Roberts, St. Peter's College; R. F. Wise, St. John's College; C. Maret, Pembroke College; J. Finlison, Queen's College.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

*Tuesday.*—Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.

*Wednesday.*—Geological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.

*Thursday.*—Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Islington Literary, 8 P.M.\* (Mr. H. Innes on the Literature and Literary History of Great Britain.)

*Friday.*—Islington Literary. (Monthly Meeting.)

*Saturday.*—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Harveian, 8 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind.* Designed and drawn by Raffaele; etched on steel by J. Burnet.

THIS is the second of Mr. Burnet's series of plates from the Cartoons, in the new and hold style of etching, or engraving, to which we called the attention of our readers on the publication of his "Paul preaching at Athens." It appears to us not only to have that superiority to its predecessor, in point of mechanical execution, which practice must necessarily impart, but to evince a more frequent reference to the great original; of the spirit, dignity, character, and extraordinary expression of which, it conveys an admirable idea. By the by, unless we have been much misinformed, there is at Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire, a very ancient mansion belonging to the Duke of Devonshire (in which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was for some time imprisoned), a tapestry from the Cartoon of "The Beautiful Gate," containing, on the right side, corresponding with the three figures on the left side approaching the Temple, two magnificent females, and a man with a lamb on his shoulders,

\* This Society, by strenuous exertions, has succeeded in erecting a building calculated to reflect credit on the populous and wealthy neighbourhood in which it is situated. It contains a spacious reading-room and library on the ground floor, with corresponding rooms above (approached by a double flight of stairs), and is to be devoted to the museum, and for the monthly literary meetings. The class-rooms are in the basement, and afford every convenience for experiments and chemical processes. At the back of the main building is a theatre, which will contain, comfortably, 500 persons; the seats have each a back. The area being a semicircle on a parallelogram, every person has equal facilities for seeing and hearing. The Society consists, at present, of 300 members, but the impetus given to it by the opening of the new institution will at least double its numbers.

which are not now to be found in the Cartoon at Hampton Court. There can be no doubt that those figures were originally in the Cartoon; for who would dare to add to a composition of Raffaele? If this be true, it might be well worth Mr. Burnet's while to obtain his Grace of Devonshire's permission to avail himself of this tapestry, when he comes to his plate of the subject.

*The Sunshine of Love.* Painted by John Raoux;

Engraved by Samuel Cousins, A.R.A. Boys. RAOUX was a clever French painter of the seventeenth century, who, coming over to this country, was much patronised by some of the nobility. This was one of his most pleasing works; and it is unnecessary to add that it has been charmingly engraved by Mr. Cousins. A fair maiden is eagerly perusing a billet-doux, the reflection from which illuminates her expressive features. But what is that on the table? A snuff-box! To think of a "delicate creature" like this taking a sly pinch of Irish blackguard!

*Rome, and its surrounding Scenery.* Engraved by W. B. Cooke, and eminent Engravers, from Drawings by distinguished Artists. No. VII. Tilt.

THE present Number contains the most striking plate that has yet appeared in this interesting series. It is from a sketch by E. F. Payne, Esq. and represents the superb firework called the *girandola*. This has always been considered one of the most magnificent sights in Rome. It consists of the simultaneous discharge of many thousands of rockets from the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo. The illumination of St. Peter's by lamps, which display all the architectural features of that sacred and immense edifice, adds to the splendour of the scene. Mr. Cooke has been very happy in the imitation of the fierce streams of fire which sprout into the heavens, and then, bending gracefully downwards, burst into a myriad of beautifully shaped and sparkling lights.

*Louisa Cranstoun Nisbett, as the Young King.* Drawn and lithographed by J. Deffett Francis. Welch and Gwynne.

A SPIRITED whole-length portrait of this spirited and beautiful actress.

*New Hints, by an old Professor, on the Art of Miniature Painting.* 8vo. pp. 32. London, 1837. Ackermann and Co.

A VERY meagre and unsatisfactory production.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## THE EARL OF EGREMONT.

[From a Correspondent.]

SIR,—In your last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, a short notice was given concerning the patronage bestowed upon the fine arts, and upon artists, by the late Earl of Egremont; and I am encouraged by that notice to offer you some more specific information on the nature and extent of that patronage than is contained in it, and which may be acceptable to the public.

It is not necessary here to repeat the language of those numerous and just encomiums which have been published, since his lamented death, on those excellent qualities of heart and mind which peculiarly marked the general character of his lordship—the very image of truth and benevolence in the customary transactions of life; my intention being to speak only of his admiration and love of art, to shew the great extent of his favours towards the sons of art,

and the noble and patriotic views on which the patronage he so liberally bestowed upon both was founded. Lord Egremont's native affection for the fine arts was strengthened and confirmed by his having, when about eighteen years of age, resided for some length of time at Dresden and Vienna, with his father-in-law, Count Bruhl; when he constantly spent a portion of almost every day in the renowned galleries of those cities. His lordship thus became qualified to appreciate and enjoy the beauties and excellences of the important collection of pictures and statues which he inherited, and inclined to extend it during the whole course of his long and useful life. At first, he added pictures by the older masters; but, very long ago, he declared to the writer of this heartfelt eulogy a fixed resolution to buy, thenceforth, none but modern productions; observing, at the same time, that he could most beneficially patronise the arts, and render them useful and honourable to the country, by encouraging genius and talent sufficiently developed at home, and well worthy of support: and this amiable and patriotic resolution he steadily maintained. Hence are to be seen, in his extensive and valuable collection, upwards of two hundred modern British productions in painting and in sculpture; the greater part purchased by his lordship from artists now living, the rest at public or private sales, as circumstances permitted, or of the artists themselves, during their lives. Of these modern works, Petworth House contains 170 pictures, and 21 pieces of sculpture; and there are several others in his houses at Brighton and in London. This unrivalled display of patronage places the Earl of Egremont (without disparagement to some few others, actuated by the same generous feeling), at the head of all those who have kindly and wisely found pleasure in the possession of contemporary works of art, and ranks him greatest among the true patrons of its professors. But when the motives which frequently led to this munificent patronage is known, admiration and praise are lost in esteem and reverence. To learn that a man of genius was neglected and in trouble, was a sufficient inducement to lead him in search of the sufferer, and to purchase his works, even when he had scarcely room for those already in his possession; till at length he felt compelled, desirous of not ceasing to do good, to build a very extensive gallery for their reception, attached to his noble mansion at Petworth.\* And it was not only the interests and the reputations of ingenious artists that he thus upheld, but he benevolently consulted their feelings, by conducting these transactions with the utmost delicacy and secrecy; and never did a hint of the benefit he had conferred escape his lips, unless, when occasion required, in confidence to those whom he knew to be trustworthy. Neither did he attempt to guide the course of the arts (in the minds of artists) by preconceived ideas of their perfections, but cheerfully welcomed talent, however variously exhibited in the works of different men: not confining his support to one class of art, but encouraging all classes wherein genius and taste worthy of encouragement presented themselves. This will appear when it is known that the number of artists whose works contribute to form the above-mentioned mass, is forty-six painters, and eight sculptors; thirty-one of whom are now living to testify their gratitude, and all, earlier or later, were con-

\* Many circumstances, well known to the writer, might be adduced in proof of these assertions, and should be so, did not delicacy forbid it.

temporary with his lordship. How just the principle, how wise the conduct, let Greece and Italy declare; for it was by the same conduct, acting upon the same principle, that those countries obtained their envied pre-eminence in art, and established an enduring and exalted portion of their renown. Still more, Lord Egremont's kindness and favour to artists did not end here. Many, well known in the world of art, were annually, for a season, inmates of his princely palace; their pleasure being his delight, and the more their enjoyment the greater was the gratification of his lordship, testified by renewed invitations. What more worthy of respect and gratitude on the part of artists and the lovers of art can be recorded of any man, than is thus truly stated of him whose loss we now so deeply deplore—though, I trust, “not as those who are without hope?” Well may the remembrance of his name be precious to us. May his reward be with him!

T. P.

#### DRAMA.

THE varieties in the drama since our last do not require much specification; and we will just notice them in the order of time. At the *Olympic, Carlo, or, the Idiot Boy*, painfully sustained by C. Mathews, was found to be a subject incongenial to the public taste; and has been succeeded by a successful little piece called *Why did you Die?* in which Farren, without dying, ends admirably; and Mrs. Keeley, all life, keeps up the spirit of the farce with most natural excellence. At the *Haymarket, Wapping Old Stairs*, a naval melodrama, was, like *Carlo* elsewhere, discovered to be not quite the thing for that theatre, and has yielded to the dissent. In this the public has experienced no loss except in Mrs. Waylett's song. It is worth sitting through the poor dialogue to be delighted with her exquisite manner of singing that one song. *Drury Lane* gave us *Hamlet*, with Mr. Otway as the Danish prince, and the rest as miserably cast as *Coriolanus* was on Thursday (and worse was never seen). Of the personation of the hero we shall only remark, that the actor went beyond the poet's conception of the original, and shewed that he was more and oftener mad than when the wind was nor-nor-west; and, if he knew a hawk from a hand-saw, it was about the extent of his histrionic acquirements. *The Daughter of the Danube*, a grand ballet, has also been brought out here; touching which, the most remarkable matter is the absolutely outrageous character of the puffs upon it in the playbills and elsewhere; which really seem to have been written by some one in about the same condition of sanity with the *Hamlet* aforesaid. *Covent Garden* has proceeded on its straight and even course. *Macbeth, The Bridal, Henry V., &c. &c.*, have been done in the style they ought; and the first, in particular, in such a manner as to draw bumper houses every Monday night. At the other English houses, nothing new.

*Opera Buffa*.—On Tuesday, Rossini's opera, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, with its familiar, light, and pleasant music, was revived here. Mlle. Eckerlin made her *début*, and, in her middle notes, was all that could be wished, besides shewing that she was a finished musician. If she kept to her natural voice we think she would be still more attractive, as the attempt to sing low does not seem to suit her voice. Signor Sanquirio is a capital *buffo*, full of humour and drollery. He is, consequently, a great acquisition to this stage. We observe the fair Schiavoni announced: who would not be happy to see her?

#### VARIETIES.

*The Royal City Medal*.—Messrs. Griffin and Hyam's medal, in commemoration of the Queen's visit to the city, has now been published in bronze; in which it looks much more like her Majesty, and infinitely better, in every respect, than when we saw it in a bright pewtery sort of metal. It is, we observe from the notice, also struck in royal gold, silver, and bronze, gilt. In either it is a neat and fitting tribute for the memorable occasion.

*Fall of Stars*.—The phenomenon looked for on the 12th or 13th of November, has this year failed; and neither the meteors of Olmsted, nor the falling stars of America, have been visible. A magnificent aurora borealis was substituted.

*Earthquake*.—The shock of an earthquake was felt, October 30, 31, at Mulhausen: its course was from east to west.

*The Parliamentary Almanack for 1838*, on the face of a large sheet of paper, is to be noticed as another of those cheap forms which now issue from the press so abundantly.

*A Royal Dream of the Ninth of November* on pink paper (21 pages, Jennings publisher), is one of the most pleasant of pleasant *jeux d'esprit*; and, under the form of a dream, gives a very humorous account of the leading events of that day. Our present No., however, is (by chance) so addicted to witty productions, that we shall only add a taste-specimen of this clever performance.

“But who are they,  
Tell me, I pray,  
Ranged, bench above bench, as they sit at the play?  
'They, my liege,' was the prompt reply,  
'Are the Merchant-tailors' Company,  
Who, to do your puissant majesty homage,  
Have taken the field,  
With banner and shield,  
And all the finery they can rummage.'  
Said I, 'We should very much like to know  
How many men there be in a row.'  
Quoth the duchess, 'I can't, for my life, divine,  
But there's Mr. Spring Rice  
Will tell in a trice;  
He has but to count heads, and divide them by nine.'  
Then a page we despatched for that worthy to see,  
But as Rice could not tell, he  
Referred us to Kelly,  
Familiar with numbers than he.  
But the worthy cit was not without call,  
So we made the best of our way to Guildhall.”

*Strangers in France*.—Within the four months, from June to September last, inclusive, 600,000 passports have been viséd in France,—or rather more than 500 strangers per day. When one considers the sum of money which so great a multitude must spend, the benefit of national attractions to a nation becomes very obvious and important.—*From the Miroir de Paris*.

*Weather-Wisdom*.—The past eight days has been “all right:” now—“The 26th is stormy and colder. The new moon will bring increased cold and heavy falls of snow, or it may be much rain, with dense fogs. The 29th, foggy, and much rain or sleet. Changeable, with showers at the beginning, and a foggy atmosphere.”

*Astronomy*.—In the autumn of last year, M. Lamont applied the powers of the large telescope at the observatory of Bogerhausen, near Munich, to the planet Venus, but without being able to discover (although under the most favourable circumstances) any appearance of spots on her surface. He was, however, more successful in ascertaining the diameter of the planet Pallas, which appears to be 145 German miles, or 242 leagues, of 25 to the degree. M. Lamont has, also, been engaged in determining the elements of the orbit of the third satellite of Saturn, or that which revolves in one day nine-tenths; and has, also, applied his great telescope to the study of two masses of



stars; the one situated in the Shield of Sobieski, the other in Persens. M. Argelander has recently presented to the academy of St. Petersburg, a paper of the greatest importance; as it puts out of doubt the movement of our solar system towards a point very near to that which had been fixed upon by Herschel; that is to say, the point situated (in the constellation Hercules) at  $260^{\circ} 50'$  right ascension, by  $31^{\circ} 17'$  north declination. This result is founded on the proper movements of 390 stars; the annual proper movement of which exceeds the tenth of a second. This is one of the fruits of the short existence of the observatory of Abo, and is based on the fine catalogue of 500 stars, published in 1834, by M. Argelander.\*

*Of the Part played by Earths in the Act of Vegetation.*—Earth, it is well known, is not a simple element. The exterior layer, which is the support of vegetables, is generally formed of lime, silica, and alumina, to which earths are frequently added magnesia, oxide of iron, and the remains of organic matter, which gave the soil the highest degree of vegetative force. There exists no fertile soil consisting of a single earth, or even composed of only two earths. The union of three earths, in proper quantities, is indispensable to fertility. The earth which is found in the bottoms of valleys, in primitive soils, and which is the result of the decomposition of granites, is one of the most fertile, as well as the mud of rivers, formed of analogical elements. It follows that a soil is the more fertile in proportion as there enters into its composition a greater number of mineral elements, besides organic substances, the action of which is independent of the nature of earths. Some chemists, and Davy among them, have thought that the fertility of a soil depended on its hygrometrical state, that is to say, on the facility with which it attracted humidity from the atmosphere. Experience has, however, shewn that humidity is not an element of the fertility of a soil, but only a secondary condition, subordinate to its chemical composition.

*Maritime.*—Amongst numerous novelties in science, intended to have been brought forward at the last meeting of the British Association, at Liverpool, was one which is calculated to produce wonderful changes in navigation and commerce. Mr. Provis, of Chippenham, announces that he has matured a plan, on which he has been occupied for some years, to save vessels from shipwreck; to form life-boats and sea-floats; to lift ships over bars of sand and rock; to extinguish fires on board; and prevent other dangers and casualties to which officers, sailors, and cargoes, are continually exposed, and by which many hundreds of lives and thousands of pounds' worth of property are annually lost. We look for the particulars.

*Curious Experiment.*—Fill a medicine-phial (containing one or two pints) with water, and cork it in such a manner that there shall not be a single bubble of air between the water and the cork. Then take it by the neck, and strike the cork with sufficient strength to break the phial. If this experiment be made above a vessel, full of water, sufficiently large to collect the fragments of glass, it will invariably appear, whatever may be the nature of the glass employed, that the part which remains in the hand, and the fragments found in the water, are covered with fine incisions, like lines, which all start from the same point at the bottom of the phial, which diverge in every direction, and, proceeding, are lost in the neck. These

incisions or lines are as regular as those which could be produced by art, and present a curious appearance.

*Finland.*—The measurement of a degree in Finland proceeds slowly, in consequence of the numerous obstacles opposed by nature to the undertaking. All that has been accomplished during the last summer is the link between Cajane and Tornea, which was ineffectually attempted in the preceding year.

*Paris.*—It appears that the subscription for providing the means of supplying Paris with water, that immense undertaking so often projected and still postponed, has at length been placed in the hands of the Prefect of the Seine. At the head of the subscribers are some of the most considerable persons in London; among them, the last two lord-mayors.

*Ancient Anchor.*—A large and heavy body was lately taken from the bottom of the Seine, which proved to be a sea-anchor, in a state of oxidation. This mass, which does not weigh less than four hundred (French) pounds, is enveloped with a thick and closely adhering crust, formed of gravel, flints, clay, bones, petrified wood, &c.

*Organic Chemistry.*—M. Dumas, the French chemist, has announced to the Académie des Sciences a vast scheme of scientific investigation which, after much consideration, has been projected by himself and M. Liebig, a young and distinguished German chemist. They intend to analyse all substances which have not yet been analysed, and to submit to rigid examination all analyses which have hitherto been made. Their chief object being accurately to characterise different bodies, they will especially apply themselves to the discovery of the reactions proper to each of them, to determine their atomic weights. These two savans have, for some time, been preparing fellow-labourers full of zeal, by opening their laboratory to all young persons animated by a true love of science. The British Scientific Association has shewn itself very favourable to this extensive and important undertaking.

*Royal Bon Mot.*—During a recent morning visit at Buckingham Palace, the Duke of Wellington, in the course of chat, was asked by the queen the name of the kind of boots which he wore. His grace laughingly answered, that he believed people called them Wellingtons. "Well!" replied her majesty, "that is presumptuous; for where, I should like to know, will they find a pair of Wellingtons?"

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A new cabinet edition of Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, with illustrated plates. The Book of Family Crests, to contain the Blazon of every bearing, with Mottoes and Engravings. A new edition of the Rev. Mr. Forster's Life of John Jebb, D.D., the late Bishop of Limerick.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The London Dispensatory, by A. T. Thomson, M.D., F.L.S., G.S., new edit. 8vo. 2s.—The Evidence of Prophecy, by Alex. Keith, D.D., sixteenth edit. 7s.—A Treatise on Conic Sections, by J. Hymers, M.A., 8vo. 6s. 6d.—A Dissertation on the Causes and Effects of Disease, by H. C. Barlow, M.D., 8vo. 3s.—A Lecture on Education, by W. B. Hodgson, 12mo. 4s.—A List of Electors for the Western Division of Surrey, with a Statement of the Poll, 8vo. 3s.—A Treatise on the Elements of Algebra, by J. Bryce, Jun., M.A., F.G.S., 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Institutes of Surgery, by Sir Charles Bell, Vol. I., 12mo. 7s.—Parliamentary Pocket Companion, 1838, 32mo. 4s. 6d.—Gems from British Poets (32mo), 32mo. 2s.—Ditto, ditto, Chaucer to Goldsmith, 32mo. 2s.—The Doctrine of Election, by T. Erskine, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Sermons on the Apostles' Creed, by Rev. G. A. Poole, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Changes produced in the Nervous System by Civilisation, by R. Verity, M.D., 4s.—G. F. Morgan's First Principles of Surgery, Part II. 8vo. 5s.—The Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy, by W. M. Higgins, 18mo. 1s. 9d.—Bechstein's Natural History of Cage Birds, new edition, 12mo. 7s.—Welsh's Treatise on Ringworm, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Mechanics

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## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 9	From 21 to 45°	30.07 to 29.95
Friday ... 10	... 41 ... 55°	29.91 ... 29.85
Saturday ... 11	... 43 ... 54°	29.84 ... 29.89
Sunday ... 12	... 38 ... 45°	29.89 ... 30.04
Monday ... 13	... 29 ... 47°	30.04 ... 29.82
Tuesday ... 14	... 40 ... 47°	29.53 ... 29.45
Wednesday 15	... 30 ... 45°	29.83 ... 29.97

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 11th, 12th, and 15th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, .0325 of an inch.

*Aurora Borealis.*—Twice during the past week the aurora has been remarkably brilliant: first, on the evening of the 12th, from 5 till after 10 o'clock, when the coruscations, though few, were vivid and of a deeply red colour; again, on the evening of the 15th, about 7, when it was even more splendid, and the coruscations white, and also more numerous, vivid, and extensive, and apparently based upon a deep crimson ground. About 8, on the evening of the 12th, a brilliant meteor passed through Ursa Major.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 16	From 26 to 39°	29.93 to 29.97
Friday ... 17	... 22 ... 40°	29.88 ... 29.96
Saturday ... 18	... 21 ... 39°	30.01 ... 29.96
Sunday ... 19	... 30 ... 53°	29.94 ... 29.79
Monday ... 20	... 36 ... 47°	29.80 ... 29.65
Tuesday ... 21	... 29 ... 47°	29.73 ... 29.86
Wednesday 22	... 33 ... 55°	29.86 ... 29.82

Prevailing wind, N.E.

Except the 18th, 19th, and 22d, generally clear; with rain.

Rain fallen, .1625 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude .....  $51^{\circ} 37' 33''$  N.  
Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR,—I perceive that your correspondent has met with an answer to his inquiry, as to "coring" of [s]words, but not a satisfactory one. Allow me, therefore, now to try another cast, which, indeed, I would have done before, but that I conceived the information might have been obtained from some more competent authority; nay, possibly, that the querist himself might, upon mature reflection, have discovered the solution of his difficulty. How probable was my surmise, appears from his letter in your journal of this day, in which he traces a connexion (which, to me, appears the very answer to his doubts) between "coring" and "coursing." He misses a perfect solution only because he stops short at the first and obvious meaning of course, viz. a race. I have not time now to go into full detail of all that the subject would lead to; but it may probably answer the purpose to remind your correspondent that the term is still in use in some parts of the country, in connexion with "horse;" as *horse-coursing*, a jobber in horses. This word occurs in Johnson, who, however, makes two mistakes; first, that of confounding *horse-coursing* with *horse-cotter* (cower being identical with the German *kauf-mann*, or the Dutch *koop-mann*); and, secondly, that of supposing that the cower was an *exerciser* or *runner* of horses. Reference may be likewise made to Ash, Blount, and most of the old lexicographers. Junius is cited by Johnson. Bailey has "coursing," which he gives as old French of the same import. But, perhaps, the most satisfactory conjectures as to the descent of the word are to be found in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary (verbiis, *curs* et *cours*). If it be true that the root signifies an *exchange*, quasi a *double election*, the explanation of "coring" or *coursing* a garment for a sword is precisely parallel to our modern version of the Gospel, in which the command is, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one."

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

18th Nov. 1837.

W. C. D.

ERRATUM.—In the notice in our last No. of "The Interior of the Chancel of Stratford Church," the phrase, "the plate will appear at a future period with finished effect," ought to have been a parenthesis; and there ought not to have been any stop after "effect."

R. S. declined.

\* The great change in the temperature on the 29th and 30th is worthy of particular remark.

\* A valuable prize was lately given to M. Argelander, by the Academy of St. Petersburg, for this catalogue.

# ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**PRIZE ESSAY.**  
**BRITISH AND FOREIGN ABORIGINES PROTECTION SOCIETY.** In reference to an Advertisement issued by the Committee of this Society, offering a Prize of \$04. for the best Essay received on or before the 31st of December next, "On the Present State of the uncivilised and defenceless Tribes; the causes which have led to a diminution of their Numbers, and their debased Condition; and the best Means of protecting them, and promoting their Advancement," the Committee hereby give Notice, that in consequence of the recent Publication of the Parliamentary Report on the Aborigines (British Settlements), they deem it desirable, in justice to the cause in which they are engaged, as well as to the Candidates, to lengthen the time allowed for preparing this Essay, and have therefore resolved to extend the period for receiving Essays for competition, until the 31st of December, 1838.

(Signed) T. FOWELL BUXTON, President.

In a few days will be published,  
**The Parliamentary Report on the Aborigines** (British Settlements), with Comments, &c., by the Committee of the above Society. May be had of William Ball, Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row; and Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

**BRITISH LIBRARY, 24 Cockspur Street.**  
**NEW BOOKS.**—The Nobility and the Public are respectfully informed, they can be supplied with all the New Publications, French and English, as soon as published, at Cawthorne's British and Foreign Library, 24 Cockspur Street, where Terms and Catalogues may be obtained. From the very great number of Books taken at this extensive and old established Library, all Works, as soon as the demand for the first circulation has subsided, may be had, perfectly clean for binding, at half the publication price.

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## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On the 1st of December, 1837, will be published, No. I. of a New Series of  
**THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,** and continued Quarterly, price 2s. 6d.  
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**L'ECHO FRANCAIS de LONDRES;** or, Weekly Newspaper in the French Language.  
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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

*A Letter to H. R. H. the President of the Royal Society, on the New Catalogue of the Library of that Institution now in the Press.*  
8vo. pp. 60.

AT the time we are reading this pamphlet of Mr. Panizzi, the Society whose character it impugns is dining together, and enjoying the anniversary of St. Andrew's Day. Whether the dessert here or there is most fitting, it is not our province to pronounce; but the matter, as affecting so important an institution as that at the head of British science, is of too much public interest not to demand an exposition in a journal devoted to such subjects. As Mr. Panizzi's statement is also *unpublished*, and only distributed among few hands, it becomes the more our duty to take a sufficient notice of it.

The dispute is a painful one. It is between an individual and a powerful body; and, consequently, unfavourable to the latter, as public opinion always naturally takes side with the weaker party. It is, further, between a single foreigner, complaining of injustice, and a native tribunal of great weight and influence—a disadvantage which, in like manner, enlists the feelings on behalf of the aggrieved, whether, indeed, his complaint be well or ill founded. It seems also to hinge, in some particulars, on small punctilio and angry private and personal resentments, quite as much as on substantial grounds of difference; and the whole pecuniary amount at issue appears unworthy of having been made an object of contention. In order to enable the world to form its own judgment, however, and not to speak *ex cathedra* ourselves, we shall merely glance over the pamphlet, and lay its principal heads before our readers.

Mr. Panizzi commences by referring to the president's annual address, this time last year, and says,—

"In this address, your royal highness mentions the facts that I 'was employed by the council to draw up a classed catalogue' of the Society's library, and that this classed catalogue is now composed. To these facts your royal highness adds, that it 'is undergoing such a revision from different members of the council, who have kindly undertaken the task, as is calculated to make it as correct and complete as the circumstances of the case will allow it to be.' This remark it is impossible for me, in justice to myself and to the members of the Society, who are, in general, profoundly ignorant of the proceedings of the council, to pass over without notice, nor without some animadversions upon the circumstances under which the catalogue compiled by me has been withdrawn from my own control, and placed under the 'revision' of 'different members of the council.' With what justice and courtesy I have been treated by the council in this withdrawal will, I think, appear, as will also the bibliographical qualifications of some of those persons who have so 'kindly undertaken' to render my catalogue 'correct and complete.' Your royal highness cannot be unacquainted with the facts, that I have been prevented from continuing my labours upon the catalogue by

what I consider a most unjust resolution of the council of the Royal Society; that against this resolution I have in vain remonstrated; and that I had previously endeavoured to dissuade the council from persisting in certain acts, which, in my opinion, will render the work less correct and less complete than it was my wish to make it, in justice to the character of the Society, and to my own literary reputation. I humbly conceive that, in fairness to the Society, to the council, and to myself, these facts ought to have been mentioned in your royal highness's address; and I must also take the liberty of protesting strongly against the manner in which your royal highness speaks of the revision which the catalogue is now undergoing, 'as calculated to make it as correct and complete as the circumstances of the case will allow it to be,' since it conveys the idea that I had performed my task in so incorrect a manner as to render such a revision necessary, and implies that to me are to be imputed the circumstances which will not allow the work to be as correct and as complete as it would otherwise have been."

Lamenting that the president's long indisposition should have prevented him from becoming acquainted with the demerits which the writer ascribes to members of the council and of the library or catalogue committee, Mr. P. asks, "How can it be asserted, that the library of the Royal Society is singularly rich in journals, and in works on physical and anatomical science? How can it be said that the catalogue would present the 'treasures of the library' in such a form, 'that persons engaged on works of research, or on any specific subject of scientific inquiry, might be made at once acquainted with nearly all the sources from which they could derive information?' Had your royal highness not been deceived, could you have held out the Royal Society's catalogue as an example which might influence the trustees of the British Museum 'in hastening the compilation of a similar work?' He continues, "Although it is somewhat an ungracious task to expose the faults of a catalogue confessedly so bad as was the first attempt of the committee—an attempt which, if it had been persevered in, would have rendered the Society the laughing-stock of scientific Europe—yet, in self-defence I am compelled to do so. Some of my disagreements with the council have arisen, it will be seen, from my repudiating, as judges of my work, those scientific men, some of whom either compiled or sanctioned that catalogue, and thus proved themselves unqualified for the task; I must also show that mathematics, or natural history, do not of necessity involve a knowledge of bibliography, and that solecisms in the last may be easily committed by those who are conversant with the former, and that it is no uncommon thing for a man of science to be but imperfectly acquainted even with the authors who have written on the subjects most familiar to him. Your royal highness may, perhaps, have heard of a secretary, in former times, of the Royal Society, who did not know M'Laurin, and who gravely quoted before the astonished members, 'Monsieur Laurin's Account of Newton's Discoveries.' But solecisms

more grave than this have been committed, more advisedly, as your royal highness will admit, after having heard the whole history of this unpleasant transaction."

Mr. Panizzi proceeds to demonstrate this by reference to a specimen sheet which was submitted to him as a model.

"I was (he says) astonished at the numberless errors by which it was disfigured. The more I looked into it, the worse did it appear, and I soon felt convinced that it was utterly incapable of correction. I immediately wrote a note to Dr. Roget, stating the conclusion to which I had come, and begging to decline to have any thing to do with a work which I felt satisfied would be disgraceful to the Royal Society, and to any person who should venture to meddle with it."

Mr. P. hints that this pretty strong and unceremonious opinion hurt the self-love of Dr. Roget, and made him his enemy: he was, nevertheless, engaged, on certain terms, to compile the entirely new catalogue which he recommended, instead of that whose blunders he so satirically condemns.

"That sheet (he tells us) extends from letter A to letter D of pure mathematics, with which several works therein entered have nothing whatever to do; for instance, 'Avogadro's Nouvelles Considérations sur la Théorie des Proportions déterminées dans les Combinaisons, et sur la Détermination des Masses des Molécules des Corps'; 'Bagay's Tables Astronomiques et Hydrographiques'; 'Brown's Principles of Gunnery'; 'Clifton's Tabular Observations, recommended as the plainest way of practising Physics'; 'Cloquet's Traité Élémentaire de Perspective à l'Usage des Artistes.' Since, according to the scheme adopted, there were such classes as chemistry, astronomy, mechanics, anatomy, including medicine, and optics, it is clear that, to range such works under pure mathematics was preposterous. \* \* \* I must mention that several works had been altogether omitted: for instance, but of six works of Anderson's, only three had been entered. As a compensation, however, many works are twice catalogued. Of this I shall give only one or two specimens. Between the two names Condorcet and Conti the following entries occur:—

• Christiani (F. N.) The Elements of Linear Perspective.  
8° Cantab. 1811.

— Tetragonismus sive Circuli Quadratio. 4°  
Brixlar, 1821.

— Essais d'Analyse. tom. 1. Par. 1768.

— Autre exemplaire.

— Et M. D'Alembert, sur le Système de Monde et sur le Calcul Intégral. 4° Par. 1768.

— Discours sur les Sciences Mathématiques, prononcé au Lycée le 15 Février, 1768. 8° Par. 1812.

The first two entries are to be again met with in the same words under the same name between Cresswell and Cronier, although the 'Elements of Linear Perspective' are by Cresswell, and the 'Tetragonismus' by Christiani. The other four articles are by Condorcet; the third, instead of being by him and D'Alembert jointly, it is by him alone, addressed to D'Alembert; in the last, the name of D'Alembert does not occur at all. Authors' names were not better treated than the subjects. Bonaventura, the Christian name of Cavalieri,

was taken for a family name, and a cross reference put from it to Cavalieri; of the three mathematical decades of Giovan Camillo Gloriosi, one was put under Camillo, his second Christian name, and the remainder under his family name Gloriosi. On entering a collection, the word *Collezione* was taken for a surname, and Nuova for a Christian name, and thus the entry is to be found 'Collezione (N.)'. I will not notice mere errors of the press, of which the number is prodigious; but there are entries which prove abundantly that the printer was not to be accused of them. 'Cossali's History of Algebra in Italy,' was printed, 'Nelle Real Tipografia Parmense,' and Parmense was gravely inserted as the name of the place where the book was printed. 'Da Cunha's Mathematical Principles' were translated into French by D'Abreu, after the author's death, and have this title: 'Principes mathématiques de feu J. A. Da Cunha.' Any one who has even merely heard of the 'feu Lord Mair de Londres,' may easily guess, without much knowledge of French, that *feu* here means late, viz. deceased. The compiler of this catalogue, however, did not attach such a gloomy meaning to this word; but philosophically conceived it to signify *fire*, as is evident by his precaution in writing it with a capital F, *Feu*; and by substituting the word *opuscules* for the correct one *principes*, the following entry was made:—

'Da Cunha. (J. A.) Opusculs Mathématiques de Feu, traduits littéralement du Portugais, par J. M. d'Abreu. 8vo. Bordeaux, 1811.'

The idea conveyed to a Frenchman by this title would not be very clear, but it might possibly be understood that this is an infamous book, deserving to be burnt. It is a fortunate thing for *feu* Mr. Da Cunha, that this libel on his fair name was not published in his own country (he was a Portuguese) when he was living, and when the fashion was, not only to burn books, but authors; else, so dangerous an insinuation by the Royal Society of London might have exposed him to the chance of paying dearly for their blunders and bad French.\* If errors of so ludicrous a nature occur in the first sheet, which was so often revised, one may easily conceive in what state that part of the catalogue was which was set, but not corrected.

This the writer goes on, in the same tone, to exemplify, and we select a portion.

"The three following entries are to be found close to each other, about the middle of the class designated as 'astronomy and navigation.'

'Lictus (Fort.) *Multra, sive de duplici Colore Corporum Naturalium*. 1636.

\* "Of this merely elementary book, two copies are in the collection of the Royal Society, as I find from the proofs of my catalogue, where I had entered it as follows (with a cross reference from Da Cunha):—

'Cunha (Joseph Anastase da). Principes Mathématiques, traduits du Portugais, par J. M. d'Abreu. 8vo. Bordeaux, 1811. (Two copies)'

One of these copies has been in the library for more than a century, the other was presented before it was printed—if we are to believe the stamps with which they are marked, as belonging to the Royal Society. The former is said to have been presented by the Duke of Norfolk (in 1687); the other is said to have been presented by that author who is designated as *feu* in the title. How this happened, I cannot say; probably, the translator presented the book; and, the word *feu* not being understood, he was mistaken for the author. The former copy was bought with the money received for the Arundel MSS., and like other books, so added to the collection, stamped as the Duke of Norfolk's gift. Scrupulous chronologists will be perplexed at some future period, by comparing the date of the death of his grace with that of the books which he is said to have presented: but what a few hundred years signify for astronomers, for geologists, and for such other philosophers? Of the propriety of buying a second copy of merely elementary works, I am no judge: the council, probably, suppose that they are the most in request, and that 'the limited funds' of the Society cannot be better employed than in meeting what they delicately assume to be the pressing wants of the members by whom they are elected."

Lithosphorus, sive de Lapide Bononiensis (sic). 4<sup>o</sup> 1640.

Linckius (r. n.) De Stellis Martia. fol. Lipsie, 1733.

Before entering into a particular examination of the first two entries, I beg to observe to your royal highness, that I have never seen in the library of the Royal Society the two works by Liceti here mentioned, and I strongly suspect they never were there. I can, perhaps, explain how they got into the catalogue. A kind of advertisement is to be found at the conclusion of the printed plan of classification of this very catalogue, in these words:—'The books added to the library through the money received from the British Museum, for the Arundel manuscripts, are marked with an asterisk.' The works of Liceti are so marked, and having often observed books not in the collection entered with this distinguishing mark, I was told, that although the asterisk was only said to point out the books added through the above money, it did, in fact, apply also to such as were meant to be added to the library; and I have no doubt that Liceti's two works were to be, but never had been purchased. But, although I have been able to explain in a manner, if not agreeable to the parties concerned, at all events satisfactory to any one else, how books never bought were entered as purchased with certain special funds, I am at a loss to account how the first of them, at all events, was classed among astronomical works. Perhaps *multra* was taken for a constellation, like the bear, the bull, the ram; and being a compound word (*multra*, seu *mulsetra*, quasi *mulus* in *astris*, as *Ménage* would say), the mistake was a most natural one, particularly for a good Greek scholar, who must have recollected the two asses and the stable mentioned by Theocritus.\* It would, however, be time lost to speculate further how this book got among astronomical works: suffice it to say, that it is there classed. I cannot state positively, but I would almost stake my existence that such a book never existed, and that, instead of *multra*, the word meant was *multra*, that is, instead of an ideal constellation, the real word means a *milk-pail*. The following work by Liceti, was probably the one intended:—'Fortunii Liceti Genuens in Patavina Lyceo Philosophi ordinarii *Multra*, sive de duplici colore corporum naturalium dialogus physico-medicus. 4to. Utini, 1636.' *Multra* is the name of the dialogue, in which this utensil takes a share together with Circe, who had metamorphosed a human being into that implement. The subject is physiological, and the heat (*color*), not the colour (*color*), of some bodies, forms part of the subject in discussion, which I do not find either very learned, very clear, or very intelligible. The other work by the same author has no more to do with astronomy than the aforesaid milk-pail; here is its correct title:—*Lithosphorus, sive de lapide Bononiensi lucem, in se conceptam ab ambiente claro mox in tenebris mire conservante liber Fortunii Liceti Genuens pridem in Pisano, nuper in Patavino, nunc in Bononiensi Archigymnasio Philosophi eminentis*. 4to. Utini,

\* "The class astronomy, including also inland navigation, the lines of Theocritus here alluded to must have found themselves upon the mind of the Arcadian shepherd who catalogued this book, the asses being particularly favourable to sailors:

'Εκ δ' ἄρκτου τ' ἰφάνησαν, ὅταν τ' ἀνὰ μέσσω ἀμυγνὴ φέσση, σημαίνουσα τὰ πρὸς πλῆθος ἰδιῶτα πάντα.

Idyl. xvii.

'The bears and asses with the stall between  
Forebush a voyage safe and sky serene.'

Mr. Chapman, in his translation, observes that 'the asses are two stars of the fourth magnitude in the breast of Cancer.' Aratus also alludes to them. 'If two asses are stars, why should not one mule enjoy the same honour?'

1646.' I suspected, at one time, that the error arose from *Lithosphorus* being mistaken for a star, and no attention being paid to that explanation '*sive de lapide Bononiensi*.' I am now satisfied that my suspicion was unfounded, and that the blunder is gravely, deliberately, and learnedly perpetrated; it is not to be attributed to the mere ignorance, that *lapis* means a stone, not a star, but to a very ingenious process of reasoning, by which phosphorus was metamorphosed into a heavenly body. To demonstrate this in 'as correct and complete' a manner, 'as the circumstances of the case will allow,' I beg to call your royal highness's attention to another work by Liceti, which does exist in the library of the Royal Society, and which was catalogued in the following manner, in the specimen now under consideration:

Lictus (Fort.) De Lunæ sub obscurâ luce prope conjunctiones Libri III. 4to. Utini, 1642.

In my proofs it stands thus:

Lictus (Fortunius). De Lunæ subobscurâ luce prope conjunctiones, et in eclipsibus observata. 4to. Utini, 1642.

The 50th chapter in the '*Lithosphorus*,' is entitled, *De Lunæ subobscurâ luce prope conjunctiones et in eclipsibus observata, digressio physico-mathematica*. In this work Liceti declares, 'lumen illud obscurum non esse solare nunc a terra revibratum in lunarem superficiem,' against the opinion of one Galileo, (not less known than Cavalieri out of the Royal Society's apartments) who held it 'essere effecto cagatione dal riflesso de' raggi solari nella superficie del nostro globo terrestre.' At the request of Leopold, Prince of Tuscany, Galileo wrote to him a long letter in Italian, dated Arcetri, 1st of March, 1640, the object of which was to answer Liceti's objections, as well as to shew that the opinion which he held, that the light in question originated 'ex reperiens solis luminis ab æthere lunæ contraria,' was incorrect. Liceti states in these words his opinion, at the very beginning of the work, '*De Lunæ subobscurâ luce*,' and continues, 'Quam opinione colere placuit in opere de lapide Bononiensi lucifero, qui cum Lunæ in ista passione mihi visus est habere miram analogiam.' This special treatise '*De Lunæ subobscurâ luce*,' was written on purpose to reply to Galileo, whose Italian letter is inserted at length, and analysed, paragraph by paragraph. Whoever catalogued the last of these works, happening to cast his eyes on the first page, where the words just quoted occur, thinking that *Lucifer* must mean either the devil or a star, and observing that the *Lucifer* spoken of by Liceti was one which, according to this author, had a wonderful analogy with the moon, he came to the philosophical conclusion, that it must rather be like a star than like a devil, and, therefore, scientifically classed the work '*De lapide Bononiensi lucifero*,' among other books on stars, star-fish included, as I shall presently have the honour to shew to your royal highness. To unravel the motives for human actions is always a difficult task; and your royal highness will admit, that to discover the motives by which were guided the persons who classed these books, requires more depth of learning than I can, unfortunately, lay claim to: my conjectures, therefore, may not meet with universal approbation; but, then, what other reason can be assigned for placing a book on Phosphorus or Bologna-stone, not in the collection, among the astronomical treasures in the library? The work by Linck is to be found entered in my catalogue in the following manner:

'*Lucius (Johannes Henricus). De stellis marinis; figures et auctor observationes dispositae et illustratae C. G. Fischer; accedunt E. Luidfi, de Reaumur, et D. Kade hujus argumenti opuscula. fol. Lipsie, 1793.*'

Your royal highness may have heard of the Board of Agriculture having sent for twelve copies of Miss Edgeworth's essay on 'Irish Bulls,' for the use of that Institution; and this ludicrous mistake was thought so exquisite, that no one would have fancied it could possibly be equalled. But the attempt at cataloguing drawn up by some learned astronomers, the ornament and pride of the Royal Society, proves that among the members of this famous institution there are some who could leave the whole Board of Agriculture in the shade. The work on star-fish, mistaken for a work on constellations, not only is adorned with plates, shewing that it treated of aquatic, not heavenly bodies, but on the very title-page there is an oval engraving representing, on the upper half, the heavens covered with stars, and the lower half, the sea with star-fish; with the motto, *scilicet superius ita est inferius*, which was taken literally by the acute individual who made this entry, and who very mathematically argued that the stars below must belong to the domain of astronomical science, if they be, as the author declares, like those above. On the recto of the following page, a dedication of the work occurs to Sir Hans Sloane, as president, and to the fellows of the Royal Society, which, probably, was either passed over unread by the modest fellow who catalogued the book, or served to dazzle his understanding with such passages as this, '*fulgent sidera in caelis, in orbe litterario illustris vestra societas. Sideribus inscribere stellas convenit.*' But, how could any one doubt that the work was astronomical, when the writer provocingly begins his preface, '*Caelorum spectare sidera decet juvatque Astronomos?*' It is true he continues, '*Physicorum interest stellis marinis visum intendere.*' But this was, probably, taken for a figurative speech; and with that bold decision by which great men are distinguished, this work on so inferior a subject as star-fish, dedicated to the Royal Society, was by the *élite* of that same body declared to be a treatise on much higher bodies—on constellations, and, consequently, classed among astronomical books; whilst I, thinking marine stars to be animals, did not dare to follow an example so *splendide mendax*, and classed the work among others on zoological subjects. What a difference, both with respect to the length of the title, and the classes in which it was entered! Linckius would rise from his grave, were he to see misclassified a work which, as he said, he had dedicated to the resplendent constellations forming the Royal Society of his days, just because it treated of stars! How fortunate that the learned persons who are to render my catalogue correct and complete, have it still in their power to appease his indignant shade, by re-classing the work among astronomical treatises! These few specimens will satisfy any one of the justice of my assertion, that it was impossible to correct such a work."

These illustrations are, no doubt, sufficiently ludicrous, but it seems, in the end, that the council were as much dissatisfied with Mr. Panizzi's catalogue as he was with theirs. They insisted on revising and correcting it, which he resisted. They ordered it to be executed in *Classes*; and he expends many arguments to demonstrate the absurdity of that method, and the superiority of his own views in favour of an alphabetic catalogue, with an index of matters. Other points came into dispute; and, at last, after an immense load of correspondence,

crimination, and recrimination, the whole affair exploded; Mr. Panizzi was, in effect, dismissed with a payment of 477*l.*, whilst he asserts that the value of his labour amounts to 730*l.* Into all these particulars, occupying, as they do, some thirty closely printed pages, it is impossible for us to enter. Of the corrections made on his production, Mr. P. says:—

"The very classes which had passed one ordeal, when submitted to another, were mere altered; and, as I had foreseen, the greater was the number of the alterations and of the persons making them in the several classes, the greater were the discrepancies and inconsistencies. One found fault with the length of the titles; another with their shortness: one did not like the arrangements of '*Transactions*'; others did not object to it; and the same parties would have them arranged in one way in one class, and another in another; in one class, I was desired to make alterations, which, in the identical case in other classes, were not required; some disapproved of meteorology being united with chemistry; and others would have no physiology and medicine in the same class with anatomy, which was the same as to wish me to reclass the whole library, after having been compelled to adopt a bad classification; at last, the very type itself, the use of capitals, the use of italics, punctuation,—and every thing, in fact, which had been previously discussed and arranged,—were now found fault with, and all laid to my charge; and, of course, it was expected to be altered. I then saw that the resolutions were even worse practically than they seemed to be theoretically, and I determined to shew the impossibility of complying with them, as well as the injustice of expecting me to do so."

The dispute accordingly grew fiercer and more fierce; and, at length, Mr. Panizzi appears to have become so angry with the council, and so very suspicious of their intentions towards him, that he would put the most dubious construction upon the words of their resolutions, when communicated to him; and, in one instance, we think too fastidiously, refused to accept rather plain terms in the sense of their common acceptance. We allude to a Resolution of July 7th, 1836, where the council "regret that Mr. Panizzi should find any difficulty in complying with the resolutions of the catalogue committee of the 26th of April last; but, in order to meet Mr. Panizzi's wishes, the council consent that he should consider the remarks of the committee only as suggestions for his guidance."

Upon this conciliatory resolution, a friend advises him to put an offensive construction; and away again go hammer and tongs, to shew that it was only meant to be a ruse and take-in. Under these impressions, offers are made of reference, of which the council take no notice; and, finally, they refuse to hold any further correspondence with their inexorable and indefatigable accuser. He would not return the *révises* they demanded, and he charges them with unhandsoomely using a key, deposited with their under secretary, under a pledge of safe custody; thus depriving him of the proof necessary to support his demand for remuneration. Altogether, it is a strange, and not very creditable business, of which we take leave in a few last words of the writer.

"The situation in which I am now placed is such as to preclude me from any remedy. The council, knowing the precise number of titles which I have catalogued, know to a fraction how much they owe me; and, as they do not pay the balance, there can be no doubt they do not mean to pay it, unless they be compelled to

it. Now, they are well aware that I have not the means of compulsion, inasmuch as I cannot prove how many thousand titles they took from my drawers; I am therefore stopped in *limine*, and cannot even make a claim upon them. Possibly, there is some legal means of obtaining redress; but in a country like this, justice is not a luxury for a poor man to indulge in; and the council, having at their disposal the funds of the Royal Society, can amuse themselves, without personal trouble or loss, with a law-suit which I have not the means of sustaining. As for public opinion, I am not so silly as to think that any one will care a rush about my loss, and the injustice to which I must submit. Moreover, a powerful body like the council, who do not scruple at trifles, will find it very easy to misrepresent the case, and to raise an outcry against an alien whose wrongs may be made a subject of sport and ridicule. All this I know: the council know it too. Had I been an Englishman, well connected, with good interest, assisted by powerful friends disposed to see justice done to me, I should never have had to submit to the treatment which the council have nobly dared to use towards me. At present, were I to stoop to be patronised by great men, and through them to crave as a boon what I claim as my right, I might receive, through a job, what I do not get through justice. But, although the council may glory in their achievement in retaining what they owe to me, they shall never have the power of exulting in my having condescended to beg of them to act honestly. It is no small pride for me, that the council of the Royal Society do not disdain to appropriate my property to the increase "of their limited funds," by means which I have no doubt are justified, in their opinion, by the end which they have in view—the advancement of natural—if not moral—science. \* \* \* The public will perceive that a contract was entered into between the council of the Royal Society and myself for the performance of a literary work: that the council broke the terms of that contract: that they refused to state by what right they did so: that they would never answer my proposals of referring to arbitration any point in which they thought I did not act in accordance with our agreement: that, after the rudest and most uncommercial proceeding, they stooped to having clandestine access to private drawers containing the proofs of what they owe to me, and have now the meanness not to pay their debt, which by their dishonest proceedings they are aware it is out of my power legally to claim."

We have but one or two observations to add:—To mention that there is some indifferent English in this appeal, though extraordinary for a foreigner; and to express our surprise, that all the proceedings of the council seem to be repeated out of its private room, as immediately and publicly as if they sat with reporters to report them.

*Mary Raymond, and other Tales.* By the Author of "*Mothers and Daughters.*" 3 vols. London, 1838. Colburn.

THE first story in this collection is singularly touching and beautiful. It paints a wretchedness "taking many shapes and wearing many names;" but still wretchedness the hardest to bear, that which is part of ordinary existence—the existence of dependence. What a picture is the following passage, where Mary Raymond contrasts the preparations for her cousin's marriage with those for her own!

"But there was something in the stir and

bustle of the house, and more particularly in the maternal and paternal anxieties of Sir Charles and his wife, which grated painfully on the feelings of Mary. It was now just a twelvemonth since these people had conducted her to the altar; just a twelvemonth since her bandboxes of wedding finery had been hurried into the house. And who had shed tears for her? Who had experienced a moment's misgiving as to the temper or principles of the man to whom her vows of eternal love and submission were to be dedicated? Who had cared to inquire into the antecedents of his family—their temper—their temperament? Alas! Merstham's official eminence had been accepted as the voucher of his respectability—his house in Grosvenor Place as the certificate of his worthiness. A man, with an income of four thousand a year, proposing to a portionless niece, could, in fact, be neither mad, nor bad, nor even indifferent. Mary recollected how Sir Charles, without actually forcing him on her acceptance, had pointed out, in the sternest and least ornamental prose, that her situation in life was a very precarious one; that in case of the decease of Lady Raymond and himself, she would be destitute of a home; that her net income amounted to eighty-four pounds per annum; and, if he did not add that it was her duty to herself and the family to accept so respectable a protector, he implied it as plainly as ever yet injunction was implied by uncle. She recollected that the authoritative Lady Raymond had said to her, a few days previously to her marriage, 'I hope and trust, Mary, I shall see no tears on Thursday. It would be a very bad compliment to Mr. Merstham, and a poor return for all the kindness your uncle has shewn you, if you seemed to form with reluctance a connexion we judge so suitable, and so well calculated to secure your happiness.' And thus, poor girl, even the luxury of tears was denied her—to her, who had so little besides; while Juliana, rich in the devoted affection of the lover of her choice, surrounded by troops of friends, and sinking under the prosperities of life, might have wept fountains unreprieved!

But the whole story is so exquisitely wrought out, that we are unwilling to destroy the effect by piecemeal quotation. We shall only commend it to our readers as among the very best of Mrs. Gore's productions. Its companions are as various in merit as the printed form they assume—the type of the second and third volumes being different from that of the first. They are too French—from which the hints of many of them are taken—and rather wiredrawn, with one startling situation. The following scene is a fair specimen. The invalid, who has been such for years, is on her death-bed, surrounded by her family and her husband.

"By the light of that ill-omened lamp I looked upon the pale, pale face of madame, scarcely distinguishable from the white pillow on which it rested, and noticed the slender hands devoutly crossed upon the breast of the sufferer, as though it had been too great an indulgence for a dying sinner to suffer them to be clasped in the endearing grasp of the loved ones who knelt around her couch. Mademoiselle Sophie's head was buried in the coverlid; Claire and Antoinette were entwined in each other's arms; but on the face of the poor father was utter despair. 'Take courage!' said I, after having bent over her, and examined her countenance. 'Heaven is giving her renewed strength. Her breath is free—her pulse beats stronger. Speak, dear lady!

Set their hearts at ease! You are better; are you not?' 'Almost well!' replied Madame de St. Sauveur, in a voice whose hollowness startled her hearers with horror. 'Raise me up, Victorine, and give me my last measure of earthly sustenance, that my soul may bless you before I die.' Although nearly motionless, air, with awe, I obeyed her injunctions. I raised her in my arms—I lifted to her lips a cordial potion; and, as she stooped her head to drink, I heard a murmur between her parched lips. And, trembling as I listened, I wiped away the heavy dew from her dying brow, and supported her emaciated frame in my arms, when, on a sudden, she called wildly on the marquis to draw near, and cried aloud, in a hoarse voice, that she must not die till all should be accomplished. 'I cannot go hence,' said she, 'till justice has been done. A secret lies heavy on my soul—to weigh me down to destruction. My husband will curse me in my last moments—my children will loathe me in the grave—yet, behold, my task must be fulfilled.' 'No, no, no!' ejaculated Monsieur de St. Sauveur, breathless with consternation, and willing to impute the incoherent words of his wife to delirious excitement. 'You are destroying yourself by this violence. Tranquillise your nerves by a night's rest. The curé of Icart has been sent for, and, in the morning, the spiritual consolations of the church will restore you to a happier frame of mind.' 'He shall seek me in the morning, and he shall not find me,' answered the marchioness, in a wild but solemn voice. 'But tell him that if I died unblessed by the sacraments of grace, it was that I held myself unworthy to approach them in my struggle with death; although, if earthly penance may avail in the sight of the Most High, for years and years I have neither stirred or rested, save with the remembrance of my sin before my eyes.' 'If not in mercy to yourself,—in pity to me,—desist!' cried the poor marquis, covering his face with his hands. 'Nay!' replied the dying penitent, in a tone hoarse with the near approach of death; 'I have deferred my confessions too long already. Husband, my eyes are dim, and I behold your face no longer. Children, my hands are cold as the clod of the valley, and your embraces must be mine no more. Grant me only a word of pity—a word of pardon!' 'Mighty Heaven!' cried Madame Sophie, almost distracted, 'restore her to herself! She raves!' 'Oh! no, no,—I am not raving,' faltered the marchioness. 'With the full and perfect possession of my faculties, I avow that one of the daughters now weeping beside me is not the offspring of my husband!' A thunderbolt falling into the chamber of death could not have produced a more startling sensation. The horror of the announcement burst at once upon the minds of the girls. One of them, then, was an alien. One of them was about to be cast forth. One of them upon the verge of orphanhood. Involuntarily the three sisters precipitated themselves at the feet of him whom each still trusted might be her father. The words resounded in their ears,—'one of them is not the offspring of my husband!' 'Oh, do not say it is I! Mother, mother! say not, say not, that it is I!' cried Sophie, writhing with agony. 'We have been so happy together!' ejaculated Claire, embracing both her sisters; 'and must we part at last?'—while Antoinette, pale as her dying mother, was unable to utter a syllable; but kept convulsively kissing the hand of the marquis, as if a sentence of illegitimacy would prove to her young heart a sentence of death. 'And since I must

die with the brand of guilt upon my brow,' added the dying woman, 'let me at least atone the injury I have inflicted by a final act of justice.' 'Not another word!' cried Monsieur de St. Sauveur, advancing solemnly towards the bed-side; 'such atonement were a deeper injury. I have loved—I love these three children as my own. I cannot spare the one of which you would deprive me. I have heard too much; I wish to hear no more. You have robbed me of my tenderness towards the wife of my youth; bereave me not of one of my beloved girls.' The sisters sprang at once into his arms. They bathed him with their tears; they clung to the heart—the generous heart of that best of men; and lo! a flush of indescribable joy lighted up the countenance of the guilty mother, whom for a moment they had forgotten. 'I die content!' she faltered, laying her poor head upon my shoulders. 'The innocent one will not be driven forth to perish. Blessings on him—blessings on them—I die content.' Loudly, at that moment, did I call upon the marquis, to extend his hand to her in token of forgiveness; for I saw that her spirit was passing away. And, after a moment's pause, he did so; but the concession came too late. She was gone! she was at rest! Yet I would have given much that her dying ears had caught the parting adjuration of her husband:—'Thy sins be forgiven thee above, as I have truly and freely forgiven them!—*Vade in pace.*'

We must, though we have seen it before, particularise "Lady Evelyn Saville's Three Trials;" it belongs to a higher moral order than the melodramatic Gallicism.

*Kay's Works, with Biographical Sketches. Parts II. and III.* Edinburgh, Paton; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

FROM the first Part of this amusing publication we quoted some pleasant anecdotes. We proceed to transcribe a few from the Parts before us.

*Dr. Webster.*—"Dr. Webster was married to Miss Mary Erskine, a young lady of fortune, daughter of Colonel John Erskine (brother of Sir Charles Erskine, of Alva, Bart.), by Euphemia, daughter of William Cochrane, Esq. of Ochiltree. She was nearly related to the family of Dundonald, and was courted by some of the first peers of the realm. This connexion originated in a somewhat curious manner. During his residence at Culross, Mr. Webster was employed by a friend to procure for him the good graces of Miss Erskine, who then resided at Valleyfield, in the neighbourhood. This duty he faithfully performed, and urged his friend's suit with all the eloquence he was master of, but to no purpose. At length, wearied with his importunities in the cause of another, and at the same time prepossessed by his own figure and accomplishments, both of which were eminently attractive, Miss Erskine plumply remarked to him, 'You would come better speed, Sandy, if you would speak for yourself;' and on this hint Mr. Webster did indeed speak, and to such purpose, that they were shortly afterwards married.

"No less remarkable for his wit and convivial powers than for his more solid qualities, Dr. Webster was as great a favourite at the social board as in the pulpit. He was particularly fond of claret. A friend, on whom he called one day, and who was aware of his predilection for this liquor, said he would give him a treat, adding that he had a bottle of claret which was upwards of forty years old. The bottle was accordingly produced, but proved to be only a pint bottle. 'Dear me,' said the

disappointed doctor, taking it up in his hand, 'but it's unco little o' its age!'"

*Bailie Lothian.*—"Bailie Lothian, though a very excellent person, was not remarkable for his literary acquisitions. The late Mr. Smellie, printer, invited him to attend the funeral of Mr. Greenlaw, teacher and preacher of the Gospel, Edinburgh: the funeral letters were, at the dying request of that gentleman, written in Latin. The receipt of this circular puzzled the worthy magistrate exceedingly—for hours he turned it over and over again, without being able to make any thing of it. On a sudden a new light came upon him. He remembered that Mr. Smellie had published some animadversions upon the conduct of the magistrates, and he sagely concluded this to be a fresh libel, not only upon the whole civic authorities, but upon himself in particular. Impressed with this idea, he determined to lay the matter before his brethren; and, accordingly, at the first meeting of council, he threw the mysterious paper, with great indignation, on the table, observing, that this was another '*skit*' by that fellow Smellie on the magistracy! His astonishment may be well conceived, when those present, so far from sympathising with him, received his extraordinary communication with reiterated bursts of laughter."

*Roger Hog, Esq.*—"Being very parsimonious, he amassed a large fortune. Beside his landed property, he died possessed of personal estate to a vast amount, the succession to which was contested, and gave rise to the celebrated case of *Lashley* against *Hog*. It is said that Mr. Hog, amongst other economical habits, used to dispose of his poultry, and, to superintend the trade himself, he usually brought them to market in his carriage. His son and heir going out one day to Newliston, to visit his father, met him on his way to town. The servants knowing their master was short-sighted, drove the carriage close up, that they might converse together. The son, in popping his head in at the carriage-window, was, to his infinite astonishment, immediately seized by the nose by an enraged turkey-cock on his way to the market."

*Francis Grose, Esq. F.A.S.*—"He was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself with the greatest good humour on the singular rotundity of his figure. The following epigram, written in a moment of festivity by the celebrated Robert Burns, the Ayrshire bard, was so much relished by Grose, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion that gave it birth to a very late hour: The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying, So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying; But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning, And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning, Astonished, confounded, cries Satan, '—', I'd want him, ere take such a — load!"

*Samuel M'Donald, or Big Sam.*—"On one occasion, having been challenged by two soldiers of his own regiment, on the understanding that he was to fight both at once, Samuel agreed, but said, as he had no quarrel with them he should wish to shake hands with them before they began. One of the combatants instantly held out his hand. Samuel took hold of it; but, instead of giving it the friendly shake expected, he used it as a lever to raise its owner from the ground, when he swung him round as he would a cat by the tail, and threw him to a great distance. The other combatant, not admiring this preliminary process, took to his heels."

*Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton.*—"Several highly respectable literary gentlemen proposed to hold a convivial meeting once a-week, and

deputed two of their number, Doctors Black and Hutton, to look out for a suitable house of entertainment to meet in. The two, accordingly, sallied out for this purpose; and, seeing on the South Bridge a sign with the words, 'Stewart, vintner, down-stairs,' they immediately went into the house and demanded a sight of their best room, which was accordingly shewn to them, and which pleased them much. Without further inquiry, the meetings were fixed by them to be held in this house, and the club assembled there during the greater part of the winter; till, one evening, Dr. Hutton, being rather late, was surprised, when going in, to see a whole bevy of well-dressed but somewhat brazen-faced young ladies brush past him, and take refuge in an adjoining apartment. He then, for the first time, began to think that all was not right, and communicated his suspicions to the rest of the company. Next morning the notable discovery was made, that our amiable philosophers had introduced their friends to one of the most noted houses of bad fame in the city! These attached friends agreed in their opposition to the usual vulgar prejudices, and frequently discoursed together upon the absurdity of many generally received opinions, especially in regard to diet. On one occasion they had a disquisition upon the inconsistency of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Snails, for instance—why not use them as articles of food? They were well known to be nutritious and wholesome—even sanative in some cases. The epicures, in olden times, esteemed as a most delicious treat the snails fed in the marble-quarries of Lucca. The Italians still hold them in esteem. The two philosophers, perfectly satisfied that their countrymen were acting most absurdly in not making snails an ordinary article of food, resolved themselves to set an example; and, accordingly, having procured a number, caused them to be stewed for dinner. No guests were invited to the banquet. The snails were in due season served up; but, alas! great is the difference between theory and practice: so far from exciting the appetite, the smoking dish acted in a diametrically opposite manner, and neither party felt much inclination to partake of its contents. Nevertheless, if they looked on the snails with disgust, they retained their awe for each other; so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began with infinite exertion to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed. Dr. Black at length broke the ice, but in a delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate. 'Doctor,' he said, in his precise and quiet manner,—'doctor, do you not think that they taste a little—a very little queer?' D—queer! d—queer, indeed!—tak them awa', tak them awa'!" vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from table, and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence."

*Electricity; its Nature, Operation, and Importance in the Phenomena of the Universe.* By William Leithhead, Secretary to the London Electrical Society. 8vo. pp. 399. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THERE is not a truism in the literature of physical science which will admit of less controversy, than that the science of electricity is not yet in that condition in which its importance in the phenomena of the universe can be much more than guessed at. Hence the absence of any systematic works upon the subject. The elements of the science are well treated of in most modern chemical works; and Mrs. Somerville's admirable little book

contains the best view of the progress of electro-magnetism and electro-galvanism: but there still remained an excellent opening for a work like the one before us, but which, we regret to say, by no means possesses the qualifications most desirable in such a treatise. If we might judge of a man's mind by his work, we should say that Mr. Leithhead, possessed of much caution, has still a decided preference for the unreal over the real; and hence the long and, perhaps, tedious experimental inductions of modern investigators, are neglected for theories of cholera, fever, thunder-storms, and the hap-hazard but brilliant discoveries of Mr. Crosse. There is not a greater desideratum just now, than a condensed and intelligible view of the discoveries of Mr. Faraday, diffused as they are through the ponderous tomes of the Royal Society, or such brief reports as the *Literary Gazette* could give;\* and the researches of Becquerel, unnoticed here, on electro-crystallisation, preceded those of Mr. Crosse. The extracts taken from various physiological writers, to shew the opinions held of the connexion existing between nervous and electric action, would appear, isolated as they now stand, to be so many attempts made by those eminent men to approach the perfection of an electric theory, such as is propounded for us by the author in his circulatory nervous conductors. But they are, in fact, only pegs upon which to hang the said theory. Every physiologist, and every man of science, is now deeply imbued with the idea of a connexion between modified forms of electric action, and many vital phenomena—intimate relations of mind and matter, which will render more remote than ever the supposed boundaries of philosophy, and which faintly shadow forth the outlines of a science in which the *elements of investigation* have not yet been discovered. Sensible of this condition of an ever-progressive knowledge, Faraday, Wilson Philip, Magendie, Bostock, Mayo, and a host of others, have, not as leading arguments, but as urged upon them by some momentary subject of discussion, intimated briefly and darkly the existence of a *nervo-electric power*. It is saying much for Mr. Leithhead, that, in handling this subject, he has done so without entering too widely into the regions of hypothesis; and the greatest novelty offered in the inquiry is the connexion of electricity with certain gaseous conditions, and the almost hypothetical conjecture regarding the nature of our atmosphere. We almost wish the work may go through another edition, that its few faults may be corrected. The constant habit of running away from the subject, when a new train of thought suggests itself, as in article *Clouds* (p. 334), betrays habits of writing without discipline; and there are rhapsodies, as at p. 298, upon a dew-drop, exhibiting a desire to be eloquent, which is pardonable, but not pleasing. We may remind the author, that Dr. Henry's and Dr. Turner's chemical works proceeded from small beginnings; and it only remains to keep to this really inductive part of the science, to render the present book the manual of the day.

#### *The Book of Beauty.*

[Second Notice.]

IT is not often that we afford a second notice to an Annual, but the circumstance mentioned

\* These reports, we are proud to say, have been authentic and correct, so far as they could go; but, how insufficient they must, of necessity, be, in conveying a complete idea of the great scientific achievements of Mr. Faraday, we are reluctantly compelled to admit.—*Ed. L. G.*



in our list, viz. that our copy of the *Book of Beauty* had miscarried till too late for us to give it a fair examination, induces us to recur to its lustrous external and satisfactory internal qualities, both as regards miscellaneous literature and specimens of art. The *clothing* is, we think, the most handsome we ever saw in this style of "silken sheen;" and the engravings, thirteen in number, are very charming. Among these, we did mention Mrs. Wombwell's as a lovely portrait; and "Lady Chesterfield," after E. Landseer, by H. Robinson, deserves almost similar praise. A bust of the Queen, as a vignette on the title-page, is a graceful production. "Mrs. H. Bathurst and Child," and "Aisha," are quite in Chalon's way; and yet "Miss Leithbridge," by Hayter, is much in the same manner. "Dolorida," by K. Meadows, has somewhat more depth or colour. The "Butterfly," by Hayter, two beautiful children, is in a like free sketchy character, and would, in our opinion, have been improved had their childish eyes and attention been directed to the fragile object which gives its name to the print. "Marguerite," by Bostock, competes, without disadvantage, with all the delightful artists we have specified. "Mrs. Fairlie" is an exquisite portrait, by J. Wood; and "Katerina," by the same, an exquisite companion to it. "Rhoda," by J. J. Jenkins, is not unworthy of this beautiful assemblage; and "Mrs. Lane Fox" completes the group, as it should be, though, perhaps, a little clearness might be desired in the execution.

In again making a choice from the literary contents, we trust that going to the same well of poetry will find its excuse, first, in the novelty of the *débutants*, and, secondly, in the merits of her performance, of which we are not aware how much may be due to the French original, but feel that this version is full of bold and forcible imagery and effect.

"Dolorida. From the French of the Count A. De Vigny.  
By Mrs. Torre Holmes.

Yo amo mas a tu amor que a tu vida.  
J'aime mieux ton amour que ta vie. *Espagnol.*

Has passion kindled yon mysterious light;  
To guide a lover through the gloom of night;  
Yon shaded lamp, that at its silent hour,  
Through gauze and crystal, sheds a softer power?  
As the fresh breezes through the foliage glide,  
Behold! the Moorish window opens wide;  
The fair moon rises; and her silver ray  
Looks calm and holy, like the dawn of day;  
While earth's fierce fires contrast with those above,  
As human passion vies with heavenly love.  
Now like a stream of milk upon the ground  
The moon-beams pour, and whiten all around;  
Steal through the chamber, and reveal to view  
The velvet cushions, and their azure hue,  
The silken ottoman of gorgeous dyes,  
Where carelessly the unclosed volume lies;  
The moving pendulum, to mark the hours,  
Vases of gold, rich urns of blooming flowers;  
The pure Madonna's image, and—most fair—  
A couch, with lovely form reclining there.  
Oh! never in Madrid did noble knight  
See so much beauty to such grace unite!  
Never for brighter charms, when day decay'd,  
Awoke a lover's melting serenade;  
Never before the altar sweeter eyes  
Turned from their rosy to meet the skies:  
Or in the vast arena, where the dames  
Of Spain assembled, view those dang'rous games,  
In which the matadores' triumphant skill  
By woman's warm applause is greeted still;  
Amid the snowy hands in movement there,  
None 'neath their black mantilla shone more fair.

But, oh, young Spaniards! in whose bosoms burn  
An ardent flame, which meets with no return;  
O'er clouds of slaves while her disdainful eye,  
Careless of conquest, passes coldly by;  
If, when in silks and pearls that form was bright,  
Which of you would not perish with delight  
To look upon its loveliness to-night?  
And the avenging dagger boldly meet,  
To gaze upon those white uncover'd feet,  
That ivory throat, that bosom, smooth and fair,  
Those long black tresses of luxuriant hair,  
Which on her glossy shoulders fall around,  
Then, like the willow's branches, sweep the ground?

A simple robe, of texture soft and light,  
O'er Dolorida throws its veil of white;  
Envelop'd in its folds, her form divine  
Seems like a statue for Love's holiest shrine:  
Her polished arms support her languid head;  
Yet still she shudders at; and hours have fled,  
Since towards the dial tower'd her weary eye,  
Has marked its tedious hand creep slowly by.  
But who is he such anguish does not touch?  
He loves not, then! he whom she loves so much.  
Each day, with careless haste, she feels him press  
Upon her eager lip a cold career;  
While in her heart a love that cannot die,  
Grows with disdain, and feeds on agony.

Perhaps, young wife, had thy sweet charms possessed  
The true devotion of thy husband's breast,  
Some wandering fancies might, without control,  
Have reign'd within that weak, though ardent soul:  
For woman's love is like an infant's play;  
The fairest toys obtained, he casts away,  
And tramples with disdain on flowers most bright,  
To chase the insect in its rapid flight.

Three hours since midnight! Oh! how sad and drear  
The lapse of time strikes on the mourner's ear!  
Marking, when absence is the source of grief,  
The tedious hours that fall to bring relief.  
The lamp grows paler, its expiring light  
Now fades to dimness, now burns fiercely bright;  
Like some poor dying wretch, whose looks are cast  
Fondly to earth—it struggles to the last.  
To Dolorida's eyes, oppress'd with gloom,  
A darker horror glides o'er her countenance;  
The cold has seized her; but when sorrow lies  
Deep in the soul, it knows not tears nor sighs;  
Tranquil she seems, but wounds in anguish vain  
With jealous tooth the hand that feels no pain.

How long the silence lasts! but steps are near,  
Her husband's steps—he enters—he is here.  
She trembles not his aspect to behold,  
Where some dark tragedy at once is told;  
She views unmov'd his pale and altered face,  
Where death's cold hand hath set a fearful trace—  
She sees him beautiful, in manhood's bloom—  
Approach her couch, as though it were his tomb.

His mantle's folds exhaust his feeble strength,  
His sword weighs heavily—he falls at length;  
But, resting on his knees, in accents weak,  
With faint and trembling lips, essays to speak.

'I come to bid farewell, ere I expire,  
Dolorida, for I die! an unknown fire  
Its burning current pours through all my veins,  
Till at my tortured heart its anguish reigns.  
My feet are cold, dark mists obscure my sight;  
My strength thrice failed, returning here to-night.  
But I would see thee, when the fever came,  
And fierce convulsions shook my shudd'ring frame;  
I said, I die; but in my latest hour,  
Still shall my parting soul retain the power  
To tell her, she in absence yet was dear—  
Dearest of all. Dying, I struggled here;  
And at thy feet my pangs are half forgot.'

'Why come to die? In life you sought me not.'

'Hast thou no mercy? Canst thou harshly steal  
Thy bosom to the deep remorse I feel?  
Come, touch upon my brow the death-damp cold,  
The glassy dimness of my eyes behold:  
Give, give thine hand—one word! Oh, let me hear  
One word of kindness in my dying ear!  
Does not my youth some gentle feeling move  
Of pity, for, alas! I ask no love.  
Let my forgiven spirit part in peace,  
Feeling thy anger with my life will cease;  
Shew some indulgence in this awful hour.'

'Death is but death. Revenge should have more power.'

'O God! so young! and such a heart of stone!  
Alas! what suffering must that heart have known,  
To change it thus! but I myself upbraid,  
To see the suffering wretch that grief hath made:  
In thy harsh language all my guilt is shewn;  
Thy very cruelty is mine alone.  
But come, draw nearer, let mine accents steal  
Into thy wounded soul with power to heal;  
I swear—and I am dying—every word  
Before the Saviour's Image may be heard;  
My arms are weak, or I would raise them there,  
Touching the sacred crucifix, to swear  
That ever o'er my heart, in passion's hour,  
Thy cherished form retained its hallow'd power.  
I saw thee, still, between my fault and me;  
My very faithlessness was full of thee:  
Thy image ever to my mind appeared  
Loveller in tears, and by my guilt endear'd;  
Regul'd by pleasures that are false and brief,  
I own my frailty—but behold my grief—  
I have but twenty summers—and I die.'

'Did she, my rival, view thine agony?'

'Oh, what a cruel joy thy speech reveals!  
Alas! be happy in the pain she feels.  
When first this horrid anguish rack'd my frame,  
I saw her weep, and shudder at thy name;  
Thee, thee I call'd for in my vain despair—  
My only terror was to perish there,  
Away from thee: to die without the power  
To claim thy pardon in my parting hour.

Wilt thou not grant it to my deep distress?  
One word, one sign, one look of tenderness?  
Oh, speak before I die! But what contains  
That cup, thy eager lip so fiercely drains  
With such strange haste?

'The poison in thy breast,  
I gave thee yesterday . . . I drink the rest.'

Of the prose, Barry Cornwall's tale, told in his most simple and touching manner, is best suited to our page; though we should remark on the pleasant and varied interest which attaches to the other writers, such as Lord W. Lennox ("Legend of Hainaker"), who is following up his first steps, in publishing with great spirit; Mrs. Norton, even on the old subject of a "Monk of La Trappe;" Mr. Bernal, in his "Rhoda Tracy;" and the Author of "Vivian Grey;" W. S. Lander; "The Concert," by Miss Worthington, and other contributors.

"We live in a world of busy passions. Love and hate, sorrow and joy, in a thousand shapes, are for ever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbours are 'Exultations, Agonies!' And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all. Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the tolling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted (like the people in the palace of Truth), all contributing their share to the unknown romance which Time is for ever weaving round us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies, almost unknown, and soon forgotten; unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence into another region, or to hold his 'fame' in suspension, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered into the dust. It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts, regarding a neighbouring family, which else had probably slipped very quietly into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am now about to relate is, almost literally, a fact. Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in — Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious, and not without some pretensions to the graceful; the marble chimney-piece being distinguished by a painting by Cipriani, whilst on the ceiling were scattered some of the conventional elegances of Angelica Kauffman. From the windows, which occupied the northern extremity of the room, we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses, — the points of the arc receding from us. [I mention these things, merely to recall to your mind our precise position.] In the centre of this crescent, was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbour dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was, for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the causes of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly — it was on an April morning — we perceived, for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced an incoming tenant. 'Well,' said —, 'at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted

house; or, perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavouring to decoy the unwary passenger. We shall see.' A few weeks determined the question: for, after the house had been duly cleansed and beautified, and the odour of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms. These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know 'what manner of man' he was. Our interest in the once empty house had received a new impulse; and we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival. At last, a young man, of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently the master of the mansion. He stayed for half an hour, then departed; and he repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office, — a merchant or professional man, — whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether.

'Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed room' —

And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen. Throwing open the windows at morning, to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing, with a delicate hand, the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighbourhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, 'imparadised' in rustic dreams, she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not the 'genius loci' which we had reckoned upon. Our imaginations were not satisfied; and we looked forward confidently to another comer. We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast, with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white, she was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations, on the husband's leave-taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away; and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms of the house. Every thing was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little bookcase contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommenced. The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we heard her words — 'How beautiful this is! What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen! How kind, how good, how considerate of —!' It was altogether a pretty scene. Let us pass over the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and, when at home, we remember but little of what happened. There was little or no variety to remark upon; or, possibly, our curiosity had become abated. At last, spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plane put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue over-head (even in London); and the windows of the once melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers. So May passed; and June came on, with its air all rich with roses. But the lady? Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden (when the sun was full upon it): at other times, she might be seen, wearied with

needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or, when her husband was at home (before and after his hours of business), she walked a little, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with her infirmity. It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicsome spirit of the man. A joyous and, perhaps, common manner became serious and refined. The weight of thought lay on him — the responsibility of love. It is thus that, in some natures, love is wanting to their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies the intellect, which else would remain trivial and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human mind springs at once into fertility — from vagueness into character — from dulness into vigour and beauty, under the 'charming-gaze' of love. But, let us proceed: — On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided; the passings backwards and forwards became less frequent; and at last tranquillity was restored. A single light, burning in an upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child. We drank to its health in wine. For a few days, quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came, — and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly) to hide a world of grief. Ere long, the bed-room window was thrown open — the shutters of the house were closed; and in a week, a hearse was at the door. The mystery was clear — she was dead! — She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown. But what of this? She lived, and died, and was lamented. The proudest can boast of little more. She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile as herself. And for a name — a tomb — alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth — nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests for ever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have hoarded in our hearts, to the deep and ever-shifting waters — to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know where it is that we have laid our fading treasure. Otherwise, the pilgrimage is as easy (and as painful) to the simple churchyard hillock, as to the vault in which a king reposes. The gloomy arches of stately tombs — what are they to the grandeur of the overhanging heavens? and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows! The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another were now concentrated on a little child. The solemn doctors came, and prescribed for it, and took their golden fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready smiles. The services which the mother purchased were now the property of another claimant. Even the father turned towards it all of his heart which was not in the grave. It was part of her who had strewn sunshine in his path; and he valued it accordingly. But all would not do. A month, — 'a little month,' — and the shutters were again closed. Another funeral followed swiftly upon the last. The mother and her

child were again together. From this period, a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the care which he bestowed upon her child), now changed to a sullen or reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded and oppressed; but at night a mad and dissonant jollity (the madness of wine) usurped the place of his early sorrow. His orgies were often carried into the morning. Sometimes he drank with wild companions; sometimes he was seen alone, staggering towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals, indeed, when reflection would come upon him, — perhaps remorse; when he would gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upon the few withered flowers that had once flourished in his gay window. What was he then thinking of? — Of vanished hopes and happy hours? Of her? her patience, her gentleness, her deep untiring love? Why did he not summon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity, his young and manly spirit? The world offered the same allurements as before, with the exception only of one single joy. Ah! but that was all. That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. That was the mirror which had reflected happiness a thousand ways. Under that influence, the present — the past — the bright to-come — all had seemed to cast back upon him the picture of innumerable blessings. He had trod 'even in dreams upon a sunny shore.' And now —! But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell, from step to step. Sickness was on his body; despair was in his mind. He shrank and wasted away, 'old before his time;' and might have subsided into a paralysed cripple or a moody idiot had not death (for once a friend) come suddenly to him, and rescued him from further misery. He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there — the unnatural quiet — the closed shutters — and the funeral train. But all, in their time, disappeared. And in a few weeks, workmen came thronging again to the empty house — the rooms were again scoured — the walls beautified. The same board, which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words, 'To Let' upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again; and that the interval was nothing but a dream. And is this all? — Yes; this is all. I wish that I could have crowned my little tale with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish even that I could have it more heroic, or have developed some grand moral for your use. As it is, it contains little beyond the common threadbare story of human life — first hope, and then enjoyment, and then sorrow, all ending quietly in the grave. It is an ancient tale. The vein runs through man's many histories. Some of them may present seeming varieties — a life without hope or joy — or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul — the thousand thousand small pulsations, which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured, that there is no more an equality in the heart than in the ever-moving ocean. You will ask me to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? Some wise friend will tell you

that you may learn never to lean too much on others; for that thereby you lose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman—to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the east wind may blow into the dust, is any thing but the act of a wise man. And to grieve for her when dead—to sigh for what is irrecoverable! What can be more useless? All this can be proved by every rule of logic. For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except, perhaps, that it may teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathise with your kind. And this, methinks, is better, and possibly quite as necessary, as any high-wrought or stern example, which shuts the heart up, instead of persuading it to expand; which teaches prudence instead of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able, and most of us too well contented, to reach. We should not commit ourselves to the fields, and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should not read the sadness of domestic history, merely to extract some prudent lesson for ourselves. We should open our hearts beneath these great influences, and endeavour to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish (though it may sleep) of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of. So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it. And I hope that you will not entirely condemn this, until you have given it the consideration of a friend. It is this:—“Let but the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in.”

*Changes produced on the Nervous System by Civilisation considered, according to the Evidence of Physiology and the Philosophy of History.* By Robert Verity, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 79. London, Highley.

“THE highest physiological authorities of modern times agree in maintaining that the general nervous system is an absolutely necessary condition for the manifestation of the many kinds of activity, animal, moral, and intellectual, which take place in the human subject; and it has been regarded, with great truth, as a characteristic feature of these later times, that the superior functions of this system have been universally expressed with a plenitude, extension, and energy hitherto unrecorded in the history of man.” So says Dr. Verity, in what we can only regard as an essay upon the subject proposed, written in the style of the transcendental school of Germany, but every where furnishing evidence of a mind well stored with knowledge, and pregnant with high philosophical feeling. The laws of the separate and distinct functional operation of the nervous system, first exposed by Dr. Gall, and developed by Sir C. Bell, Magendie, and Flourens, have lately received a further accession from the labours of Dr. M. Hall and Mr. Grainger; and the progress of the development, as entailing size and activity, or, as expressed by the author, “plenitude, extension, and energy,” from the savage to the civilised condition, has been well shewn by the various comparisons instituted between the cerebral systems of the ancient Peruvians and Egyptians, and those of more modern races of people; but the pleasures that accrue to individuals, and hence the general advantages that result to society at large, and to civilisation, from the tempered use of all the faculties, intellectual, moral, or organic, with which the Maker has endowed man, and

the evils, on the contrary, that result from the misuse, abuse, or infringement of the same laws, have never been put forth with such simplicity of eloquence and force of feeling as in the “Constitution of Man,” by Geo. Combe. Our author travels from the great nations of antiquity to the period of the northern migrations; and from the times of a pure feudalism, through crusades and chivalry, to the modern influences of a benign and intellectual Christianity, in a style which fits the magnitude of the subject, and marches onwards with a vigorous and a stately step. The representatives of the high civilisation of modern times cannot be viewed to more advantage, when labouring under functional disorder, than when considered in relation to the modified type of temperament produced by the increased proportion of the nervous element in their organisation; and such considerations and studies cannot but always add to the philosophy of the principles upon which medical science rears its superstructure.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Phantasmion.* Pp. 387. London, 1837.

Pickering.

THIS is a genuine fairy tale, of the Undine kind, and, consequently, German in form and texture. Not only black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, but spirits of flowers, spirits of the earth, spirits of the insect tribes, water-witches or demons, and, in short, all sorts of imaginary beings, figure on the scene, and take principal shares in the adventures and incidents. If there be any allegorical meaning or moral inference, we have not detected either; and can, therefore, merely speak of the wildness of the story and the beauty of some of its descriptions. Of a youthful sovereign it is said, that “his pleasures were so closely set, that they hindered one another's growth;” and this is the prettiest sentence we have found in the volume.

*Verba Consilii; or, Hints to Parents who intend to bring up their Sons to the Medical Profession.* By W. Hempsen Denham, F.R.C.S. 12mo. pp. 101. London, Churchill.

THIS little book, professing to be hints to parents, is, for the most part, of a polemical nature. That amelioration is requisite, by the lapse of time, in all human institutions, is now a historical fact; but, as to how far changes are to be carried, will always be the point upon which individuals will split, and thus, in professions as in politics, there will always be a movement and a conservative party. The author, for example, considers it as a national calamity, that a man should be allowed to embark in the medical profession without being endowed with superior powers of mind, which, it would strike many persons of ordinary powers, might frequently be a matter of dispute; and he further thinks that every country and town practitioner of eminence (and who, in his own small coterie, is not?) should be able to qualify his own pupils for practice. The results of such a proceeding, we think, it would not require a superior mind to foresee. The best and most practical part of the book is taken, acknowledgedly, from the “Lancet,” and the grammar of the original is not always correct; for example, in the Dedication, he says: “Professing a mind acutely sensitive upon every topic which involves, in its consequences, the respectability and usefulness of the medical character, you have often deeply deplored the existence of the defective method of educating him.” Him is here the character. There is,

in the following sentence, some comfort for the professional man. It is in allusion to the requisites of a lecturer who describes deviations in structure:—“To be able to depict with the elegance and expression of a Lawrence or a Reynolds, or to attempt the bold sublimity of a Rembrandt, is not necessary, nor to be expected (although the talent which enabled these artists to give, as it were, life and animation to canvass, is almost to be adored); but that humbler, though equally useful power, by which we are able to give visibility to the airy forms of thought, is a great acquisition to the physician.” What a pity that he who penned the above is not an honoured and famed professor!

*The Parliamentary Pocket Companion, for 1838, including a Compendious Peerage, &c. &c. &c.* London, Whittaker.

A MOST useful, seemingly a very correct guide, not only to the legislature, with notes of their residences, connexions, opinions, &c. but containing other necessary information respecting parliament and parliamentary matters. It appears, from the members marked as new in the House of Commons' list, that there are a hundred and thirty of the six hundred and fifty-eight who were not in the last parliament; a very considerable change in the constituency at this important period.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 27. Mr. Hamilton, president, in the chair.—Read, extracts from various papers: 1st. From Captain Alexander, giving the details of his recent journey in South Africa, across the Orange River, thence to the northward, beyond the tropic, and as far as Walvich Bay; where he and his party arrived, almost starved, on the 19th of April. Thence he travelled 300 miles to the eastward; and, not being able to get a guide to proceed further to the northward, he returned to the Orange River, and reached Cape Town on the 21st of September, just one year and ten days since his departure, during which he had travelled 4000 miles. On the same day, the expedition to Australia, which left England in August last, arrived at the Cape; and, by the last account (Oct. 1), Lieutenants Grey and Lushington had freighted a small schooner, to proceed direct to their destination. 2d. From Professor Chaix, at Geneva, stating that, in the course of some inquiries, instituted by order of his government, he has found the study of geography and statistics becoming very general; and steps were taking to make the geography of that beautiful land of lakes and mountains familiar to the Swiss people. He further mentions, that Colonel Dufour's large map of the country was fast advancing; as, also, an orography, or description and height of mountains for 25 leagues around Geneva. 3d. The latest intelligence from Captain Burnes, dated Bombay, September 9th, mentioning his arrival at Attok. He had made a slight *détour* as far as Bahwulpur, on the River Sutlej; and thence had continued the examination of the Indus as far as Attok, on his road to Cabul. The chief interest of this evening's meeting was the presentation of the gold medal of the Geographical Society at Paris to Captain Back, liberally awarded to him by that body, for his former journey to the shores of the Arctic Ocean; and we were gratified to notice that there was a very numerous attendance of his brother officers and friends.

The President, on presenting the medal, said: Captain Back, I have the pleasure to

acquaint you, in the presence of your numerous friends before us, that the Geographical Society of Paris, in testimony of their high appreciation of the service which you have rendered to the cause of discovery, in the course of your expedition to the Arctic Regions in 1832-3-4, have awarded you their gold medal for the year 1834; and as this, their determination, took place during your absence from England, in the prosecution of your late expedition towards Wager Inlet, the letter announcing it to you, and the medal itself, have been consigned to the Royal Geographical Society of London. I need not enlarge on the gratification which I feel in being the organ of our sister society on this occasion. The details and result of your expedition to the Arctic regions of the American continent, in search of Sir John Ross and his companions, have been long before the world; and we remember the delight with which we hailed your return, after having verified the extent and configuration of the Great Slave Lake, and the succession of lakes, and course of the river connecting them with the coast, where you ascertained the great probability that the northern coast of America takes a range considerably to the south of the supposed peninsula of Boothia Felix. Since this expedition, which added much to our geographical knowledge, you have been appointed to the command of H. M. S. *Terror*, on another voyage of discovery, the result of which, it was hoped, would have demonstrated to us, besides various other points of high interest, the water connexion, or separation by land, between Prince Regent's Inlet and Point Turnagain. But you and your dauntless companions have been baffled by the adverse power of the elements. And, after contending against them during the whole of a most severe winter, which may be said to have lasted, at least, three parts of the year, the utmost you have been able to accomplish (not to allude to the meteorological and other scientific data which you have acquired, and the correction of the line of Southampton Island, of which we have heard, this evening) has been to bring home your party in safety. But, as some of the most illustrious generals who adorn the pages of history have exalted, instead of tarnishing, their fame, by a masterly retreat, so have you not only acquired additional glory by the victory you gained over the physical difficulties which surrounded you, and opened new proofs of what the skill and hardihood of a British sailor can achieve, but you have enlarged the sphere of the supposed physical endurances and capabilities of man; and I understand that your brother navigators, who have preceded you, declare that the sufferings which you and your crew underwent, were beyond all which they had ever witnessed or conceived. You have thus put the seal to another triumph of order, discipline, and obedience, when under the guidance of skill and experience; and, as in naval history it is recorded that the wreck of a leading ship has, ere now, proved the safety of the rest of the fleet, so we may be confident that your experience, your sufferings, your failure, may prove the auspicious beacon to point the way to future discoveries in the yet unknown and unsurveyed regions of the globe. Only one word more. This is the third time that the Geographical Society of Paris have awarded their gold medal to an Englishman. Burnes, Ross, and yourself, have received it within the last few years: a circumstance, no less honourable to the liberal feelings of the one nation, than to the deeds and successes of the other.

Captain Back, in reply, said: I find a difficulty, sir, in adequately expressing my feelings on the reception of so valuable a tribute of foreign approbation; for, though our chief desire must be to deserve the esteem of our own countrymen, yet the testimony of a corresponding sentiment from so distinguished a body as the Geographical Society of Paris, will ever be among the proudest recollections of my life. Such a reward will serve to stimulate candidates for discovery—many of whom I trust are now present—to prosecute, with zeal and energy, the path they have chosen, confident that their cares and toils will be appreciated, not only in their own country, but also by scientific societies and individuals both in France and throughout Europe at large. To you, sir, personally, for the gratifying manner in which you have communicated to me the flattering and liberal award of the Geographical Society of Paris, allow me to offer my sincere thanks.

With reference to my late voyage, I have little to add, except that from our entrance into the ice to the moment of quitting it, was one continued struggle against enormous floes and heavy masses. The ship was at its mercy, and was frequently thrown into the most perilous situations; but when some convulsion occurred which was invariably preceded by a furious subaqueous rushing that produced a loud rolling noise, in an instant ponderous pieces were upheaved forty feet high, and, at the same time, icy waves, a third of a mile in extent, rolled quickly forward, overturning and throwing up slabs and fragments of tons weight, and yet there was little or no water to be seen. These shocks strained the frame of the ship dreadfully; she shook and trembled so violently that people fell down on the deck, the timbers cracked, and beams, eighteen inches square, were bent; until the extreme pressure forced the fore part of the keel on the surface, so that one might have crept beneath it, while the stern was half buried between two ridges of ice. It was then that the moving waves, high above one quarter, seemed on the point of overwhelming us; a few feet more and we must have been crushed to atoms; they even touched the stern, when, as if arrested by the invisible hand of Providence, the whole turmoil suddenly ceased, and a deathlike stillness prevailed.

A few words with respect to currents. By former observation, a current had been found setting from west to east, through Behring's Straits, along the coast of America to the entrance of Back's River; and Sir E. Parry had described one as running through Fury and Hecla Straits. On my late voyage the same result was manifested along the north-eastern shore of Southampton Island, by which means the *Terror*, when fixed in the ice, was carried upwards of one hundred and forty miles past the opening of Fox's Channel and Hudson's Bay, fairly into Hudson's Strait; and had she not been liberated from her icy shackles, there can be no doubt but that she would have continued to drift into the Atlantic. The evidence for the direction of the current may, therefore, be considered as conclusive, and fully bears out what had been long ago stated by Sir John Barrow, the ablest advocate of Arctic discovery. The obstacles opposed to the late expedition do not affect the probability of success in any future attempt, as they are solely attributable to a most severe and unparalleled season, one so different from all preceding it, that the largest ship of the Hudson's Bay Company was so hampered by ice at her anchorage, as to be unable to land her cargo, and was compelled to

return to England with it, being the first circumstance of the kind that had happened for nearly a century. A smaller vessel was crushed and destroyed altogether by the ice. In following up this service, I am of opinion, that the course to be taken should be to the south, and not to the north of Southampton Island; for experience shews, that on the latter the ship is exposed to the drift, from the north and west, of ice three hundred miles in extent; and, if the season prove unfavourable, is deprived of a place for shelter, or, in the event of accident, is thrown on a desolate coast. On the contrary, by taking the former route, the island acts as a barrier to keep off the ice, leaving nothing to contend with but the comparatively small quantity usually found in the *Welcome*, while both harbours and provisions would, in most cases, be met with along the indented outline of the main land. Other difficulties, arising from locality, might be surmounted, by having a tolerably fast-sailing vessel. The reasons, therefore, for the practicability of prosecuting the survey of what remains to be done to complete our knowledge of the American coast, remain unaltered; and I sincerely hope, that this Society, from which the proposals for executing the two last expeditions emanated, will continue to exert itself for the same purpose, until the end be accomplished.

Sir John Barrow observed, that he had been referred to by the gallant officer as having advocated the existence of a current from the west, setting through various channels, to the eastward, and even to the Atlantic: he had done so; and it was now full twenty years since he first mentioned it. Sir E. Parry had passed through what was called Lancaster Sound, and through the strait as far as Melville Island, where he ascertained the set of a current from the westward. The same distinguished officer, on another occasion, had also experienced so strong a current in Fury and Hecla Strait, as actually to be stopped by it; while Franklin, Ross, Beechey, and Richardson, had each borne ample testimony to the same flow of current along the sinuosities and shores of the American continent, from Behring's Strait to Point Turnagain. Lastly, driftwood, known to be the production of the banks of large rivers to the westward, was found two hundred miles east of Point Turnagain, not far from Regent's Inlet; and now, Captain Back had informed them that the same current had, in his late perilous situation, driven the *Terror* almost into the Atlantic. He must say, that such evidence appeared to him to decide the question, and thereby fully to justify the previous opinions given on the subject. On contemplating the obstacles which opposed themselves to the late enterprise, and the unprecedented trials to which the crew had been exposed, there was great reason for thankfulness that the ship was enabled to effect her return; and it was also highly creditable to all on board, since discipline and obedience alone could have ensured such a happy result. And it must be gratifying to Captain Back, his officers, and his crew, to know that their exertions were fully appreciated where they most desired that they should be well received. The north-west passage, continued Sir John Barrow, has ever been, to me, a subject of deep interest. I have exerted myself, on all occasions, to further its accomplishment; and I do most sincerely hope that, after so much has been done by this country—after having passed the threshold—we shall not suffer any other nation to snatch away the wreath to which British enterprise is so justly entitled.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 29. Anniversary meeting. Mr. Gray in the chair.—The secretary read the report of the council, from which it appeared that the number of members was 60, and the number of specimens in the herbarium was 4819, including ferns; and 707 species. There remained 3506 duplicates for distribution among the members. Specimens of the following new plants have been sent to the Society:—*Cinclidium stypicum*, a new moss, found by Mr. R. Leyland, in Halifax; specimens of *Claytonia alcinoides*, found wild, near Chatsworth, by Mr. Baxter, of Oxford; and a large number of specimens of *Spartina alternifolia*, found by Dr. Macreight, at Itchen Ferry, Southampton. A ballot then took place for the officers for the year 1838, and Mr. Gray was re-elected president, and he appointed Dr. Macreight and Mr. Johnson, vice-presidents. A splendid drawing of the *Victoria Regina*, recently discovered by Mr. Schomburgk, in British Guiana, was on the table, and excited much interest. The meeting was very numerously attended, comprising many ladies, members of the Society.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.  
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, November 23d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—D. R. Godfrey, Michel Scholar of Queen's College; H. Cooper, Worcester College; Rev. R. P. Allen, Magdalen Hall; Rev. T. Jackson, St. Mary Hall; J. G. Seymer, Alban Hall.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—E. W. Morris, New Inn Hall; G. Atty, Lincoln College; R. G. Craufurd, Magdalen Hall; Hon. W. Howard, Christ Church; E. J. Fensley, Fellow, W. R. Wardale, M. Harrison, Scholars of Corpus Christi College; F. M. Knolls, Demy of Magdalen College; H. Highton, Exhibitor of Queen's College; W. D. Furneaux, Scholar, W. D. Poore, T. D. Bernard, E. T. Williams, Exeter College; H. Formby, Scholar, C. K. Grenside, R. Town, Brasenose College; W. Lonsdale, Oriel College; S. G. Dudley, Jesus College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY being the anniversary, the usual medals were awarded: viz. the royal medal to the Rev. William Whewell, for his various papers on the tides; the Copley medals to Mr. Becquerel, for his papers on electricity; and to John Frederick Daniell, Esq., for his papers on voltaic combinations. His royal highness the Duke of Sussex was absent, in consequence of the injury done to the cap of his knee by his recent fall in the house of lords. The royal duke was re-elected president. Francis Baily, Esq., the Earl of Burlington, John George Children, Esq., Davies Gilbert, Esq., the Marquess of Northampton, and Stephen Peter Rigaud, Esq., were elected vice-presidents; and Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq., was appointed one of the secretaries, *vice* Mr. Children.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23. Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—Mr. Dufour exhibited two short swords, or daggers, recently found in the margin of the Thames; their age is of the fifteenth, or early in the sixteenth century. Mr. Pettigrew communicated an account, with various drawings, of a mummy brought from Egypt by the late John Gossett, Esq., and presented by his father, Isaac Gossett, Esq. to the museum of the island of Jersey. The hieroglyphics on the cases, or coffins, described the enclosed body as a female and a princess, but her name was carefully obliterated: the age was in the time of the Pharaohs, about 1430 years before Christ. Part of the communication being read, the remainder was postponed until the next meeting.

Thursday, Nov. 30. The Earl of Aberdeen

in the chair.—The remainder of Mr. Pettigrew's paper was read. Round the head of the mummy was a wreath of acacia and bay-leaves, mixed with lotus flowers. After removing several layers of bandages, he came to a coat of asphaltum, which had to be cut through; and, among the bandages, between the asphaltum and the body, were several necklaces, emblems, deities, &c. The embalment appeared to have been performed in the highest and most expensive mode, and exhibited some varieties in the proceeding which Mr. Pettigrew had not before met with. The brain was not abstracted in the usual way, through the nostrils, but by a passage cut up the interior of the neck, driving the root of the tongue and its bones on one side, and making one cheek larger than the other. The intestines were divided into four portions, as he had always found them, though differently placed in different subjects, and, sometimes, not within the wrappings at all, but deposited in four canopic vases, bearing the four deities of the Amenti. But an extraordinary circumstance was, that the body was not that of a female, nor of the era designated on the cases, but of a priest, and, probably, of the age of the Ptolemies. It was known that the priests made a traffic of the tombs and sepulchral tablets; and, when a family died off, so that the fees to the priests ceased, they obliterated the name, and disposed of the sepulchre to others. In the present instance, it is evident they had removed the body from its coffins, and, having struck out the name, applied them to another.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Phrenological, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M.

*Tuesday*.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Architectural Society, 8 P.M.

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Islington Literary, and three succeeding Thursdays, 14th, 21st, and 28th (Mr. R. Addams on Acoustics).

*Friday*.—Astronomical, 8½ P.M.

*Saturday*.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## PAINTING ON GLASS.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, we have lately seen a superb specimen in this department of art,—the intended window for St. Mary's College, Oswest, near Birmingham; designed and executed by Mr. W. Warrington. The subject is the "Assumption of the Virgin," surrounded by the Apostles, Saints, and Martyrs of the Church. The name of the artist has hitherto been unknown to us; but, if we may judge from the present sample of his talents, he will not long remain a stranger to the public, and especially to the connoisseurs in this class of ornamental and decorative painting. Unless we are much mistaken, it will be acknowledged,—with reference to particular colours, which have been thought unattainable in modern art,—that Mr. Warrington produces not only the brilliant ruby and crimson of the old paintings on glass, but also tints of a compound and neutral character, unrivalled of their kind. The style of the painting, as well as its character and costume, resembles that of the most splendid of the ancient missals; the works of Hemmelinck, Albert Durer, Van Eck, and others of the school considered the most appropriate to Gothic architecture. This gem-like assemblage of colours is arranged with so much skill and taste as to produce to the eye an effect satisfactory and complete. It must be

highly gratifying to Mr. Pugin, the architect of the chapel, and to Mr. Warrington, whose performance we have just noticed, to have been instrumental, by their combined talents, in the production of so fine a religious edifice.

We understand that the gentleman to whom we were indebted for a sight of this beautiful specimen of glass-painting, is preparing an extensive treatise on the subject; and we do not doubt, that his knowledge as an antiquary, and the diligence of his researches, will render it a very valuable publication; and that this branch of the fine arts, as applied to the mansions of our nobility, as well as to cathedrals, churches, and other sacred buildings, will, ere long, vie with any other, and come in for its fair share of public encouragement.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Beautiful Gate of the Temple*; engraved by Freebairn, with Bates's Anaglyptograph. Hodgson and Co.

THIS is the first of a set of the cartoons which is about to be published, and it is, of its class of art, by far the most beautiful work that has yet been produced: the tone of the print is more silvery, and brilliant, and delicate, than any similar production that we have yet seen; for, besides that its proportions are accurately traced by the perfect and beautiful machine of Mr. Bates, the tone in which it is etched, and the artist-like beauty of the work thus produced by Mr. Freebairn, place it far above any specimen yet produced by our Continental neighbours. Instead of the bronzed, black, spotty appearance of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," produced by the French, with misbegotten and distorted heads and other projecting parts, in this print all is in place, all is beautiful. We say, let them beat it if they can; for, besides the defect of their machinery which we have so clearly shewn, the art of superintendence in which they at first excelled, is, by this specimen, far surpassed. We scarcely thought it worth our while to advert again to the barefaced claims to accuracy, in spite of our exposure, set forth by the French party in the trumpety mis-statements at the end of the "Authors of England," which we lately noticed; and in which not one piece of the ruling is "mathematically true." Why, we ask, was the legend and margin of the Henry IV. left out? and why were the eyes (engraved too large), the mouth, and the beard, in great part, put in cross lines with the graver? In the last Numismatic Journal, the Seine and coronation medals were declared, by the same authority, to be "mathematically correct," when, so far from being so, the head on the medal by Pistrucci, was so lop-sided and distorted, that the eyelid was lost in the brow. Every numismatist who could compare the engraving with the medal, would instantly see the monstrosity of the head, and laugh at the monstrosity of the assertion. The party may be assured, that if they cannot prove their superiority by their works, we are not stupid enough to close our eyes, and believe their assertions. We would rather avoid, unless provoked to it, alluding to them again. Let each, the French and the English, the wrong and the right, as we believe, take their stand upon the merits of their productions: it must come to this: but we will not be silent when we see error foisted upon us for truth: let them, we say again, beat this cartoon of the Beautiful Gate if they can. We shall be glad to see such excellence from any quarter; if we rejoice that it is from the ingenuity and skill of our countryman, 'tis an honest subject for self-congratulation as Englishmen.



*Ray's Works, chiefly Edinburgh Portraits.* Parts 2 and 3. Paton, Edinburgh; Smith, Elder, and Co. London.

ABOVE thirty more of the distinguished and odd personages who were resident in the northern capital in the "days of lang syne." They are to the full as characteristic as their predecessors.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SHE laughs and runs, a cherub thing;  
And proud is the doting sire  
To see her pluck the buds of spring,  
Or play by the winter fire.  
Her golden hair falls thick and fair,  
In many a wavy curl;  
And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek  
Of the infant English girl.

The years steal on, and, day by day,  
Her native charms expand; [ray,  
Till her round face beams in the summer  
Like the rose of her own blest land.  
There's music in her laughing tone,  
A darker shade on the curl,  
And Beauty makes her chosen throne  
On the brow of the English girl.

She is standing now, a happy bride,  
At the holy altar rail,  
While the sacred blush of maiden pride  
Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.  
Her eye of light is the diamond bright,  
Her innocence the pearl;  
And these are ever the bridal gems  
That are worn by the English girl.

ELIZA COOK.

### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—In the *Daughter of the Danube*, the performance of Wieland is so perfectly *impeish*, that it is alone enough to recommend a drama; but the dances are also very fanciful, appropriate, and pleasing. On Thursday, *Joan of Arc* was produced as an opera, the music by Balfe. At so late an hour, and with so long a piece, all we have time to observe is, that if it were obliged to be shortened, as our notice is, it would be the more entitled to praise and favour.

*Covent Garden.*—On Tuesday evening, the play of *Riches, or the Wife and Brother*, and most judiciously reduced from five to three acts, and adapted from Massinger's *City Madam*, was produced here, and with great effect. The principal character, *Luke*, has always been a greater favourite with us than *Sir Giles Overreach*; for it has more nature and less extravagance, and yet equal force as a dramatic character. To say that Macready embodies it perfectly to our high conception of its capabilities, is all that we need say: we never saw a more striking personation. *Lady Traffic* was sustained by Miss Taylor in a very spirited manner; but we are not sure that her reading of the part is correct. *Lady Traffic* is a proud and stately city dame, and of a certain age. There is no flatness or fussiness about her; but *hauteur* and insolence. Now, though Miss Taylor acted several scenes admirably, and justly obtained great applause, she did not represent the character as, in our opinion, it was drawn by the author. Bartley, in *Sir Maurice Lacey*, is perfect. His good-nature is redolent of the heart; and every word he uttered took its effect upon the house. Miss P. Horton, E. Phillips, and Mrs. Garrick, did all that could be done for their slight parts—and the same compliment may be paid to Messrs. Vin-

ing, Anderson, and Meadows. Didear was a capital *Sir John Traffic*; and the whole was performed with vigilant attention to every point, even the most minute, in scenery and action.

A new grand historical and legendary drama, called *Joan of Arc*, followed, and was, indeed, in every respect what such a spectacle can be made. The story is full of interest; and the heroine of Orleans, witch and saviour of her country, with appliances natural and supernatural, is performed with great power by Miss Huddart. Of the other parts, the chief novelties are Anderson, as *Sir Lionel*, done with very fine feeling; Meadows, who looked admirably, and played no less so, as a wizard; Mr. Serle and Mr. Pritchard, as the *King of France* and the bastard *Dunois*. But the grand attraction is in the scenery—the most beautiful and splendid that can be imagined. Some new effects of light, and dresses the most gorgeous, added to the illusion; and at the fall of the curtain the waving of handkerchiefs and shouts of cheering testified to the delight of the audience.

*Opera Buffa.*—On Thursday, Rossini's opera, *L'Inganno Felice*, was the first performance here; and we think not very deserving of revival, as the music is but meagre, with the exception of an excellent trio, and as good a quartet. Catone and Sanquirico were the props of the opera. *Il Campanello*, a farce of Donizetti's, and played for the first time in this country, made ample amends for any languor in its precursor. It is full of spirit and mirth, and just what an opera buffa should be. The music is very sweet, and, as well as the acting, was admirable. F. Lablache far excelled any thing he had formerly done. Sanquirico was also very clever. Madame Francheschini acquitted herself entirely to the satisfaction of the audience; and Madame Bellini sang her slight part very agreeably. The house was very full (including her majesty, who seemed to enjoy both the stage and before the curtain very much, during frequent peeps at the latter), and continued laughter rewarded the comic efforts in *Il Campanello*.

At the *St. James's*, we have had a laughable burletta, and a domestic drama. *Angeline*, the latter, a feminine *Monsieur Jacques*, very sweetly played by Mrs. Stirling, on whom, indeed, the whole interest of this piece rests, has been quite successful. A touching story of early bereavement, and consequent sadness in after life,—an unexpected and unhoped-for return, comprehend the slight plot. In the first scenes, the depression caused by calamity, mixed with the natural vivacity of the Frenchwoman, were faithfully portrayed by Mrs. Stirling,—and in the last, the overwhelming joy, upon recognising the lost lover, was also very faithfully given. Gardner has a slight facetious part, which he plays well. We must not forget a devilish sort of character, in the shape of a sexton, acted admirably by Mr. Hollingsworth. The burletta of the *Siamese Twins*, new at this house, is a most laughable affair. Wright and Hall are very funny in it.

### SIGHTS OF LONDON.

*Gallery of the Society for the Illustration and Encouragement of Practical Science.*—On Saturday, the Adelaide Gallery was re-opened under new auspices, and with considerable alterations; a floor having been added by sinking to a lower story, and making the quondam sides of the original ground-floor into a gallery. The only inconvenience we perceived was from an increase of heat, in consequence of descending

towards the stories in the lower regions; but the general aspect and conveniences of the gallery are greatly improved. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, with his duchess and son, Prince George, were among the visitors on this occasion; and the place was crowded till the shades of evening rendered exploration vain. We have always spoken highly of this resort for the acquisition of useful information; and several novel features seem to give it still stronger claims to our approbation. The illustrations of chemical and mechanical sciences are excellent, as before, especially in electricity and magnetism, with a fine and powerful apparatus; but there has been added other means of instruction, of which we think the value may, in some measure, be surmised from the following catalogue extracts:—

"The process of manufacturing Ornaments and Artificial Fruit and Flowers in Alabaster and Wax, is carried on during the day, and explained to visitors by Signor Carotti; the process of Lithographic Printing is carried on during the day, and explained to visitors by Mr. Baker; the manufacture of Glass Toys, by means of a table blow-pipe, is carried on during the day, and explained to visitors by Mr. Miles; a Jacquard Loom, in which the process of figured silk-weaving is carried on during the day, and is explained to visitors by Mr. Catherall, Weaver; a Twenty-shuttle Riband Loom."

A series of glass-cases, as follow:

"The glass-cases on the western-end railing contain, 1. Specimens of Dried Leaves, intended to illustrate the technical terms used in Botany; 2, 3. Specimens of the principal Plants, British or Foreign, either used for Food, Medicine, or in the Arts; 4, 6. Continuation of the Botanical Specimens; 7, 8. Collection of Minerals, illustrating the Geology of Saxony, formerly in the possession of Werner, and labelled by one of his pupils; 9. Collection of Minerals from parts of the United States; a few Minerals from the neighbourhood of Niagara; 10. Miscellaneous Geological and Mineralogical Specimens; 11. Specimens of Marbles, from the Secondary Limestones, British and Foreign; 12. Specimens of Slates, specimens of Topazes, Garnets, &c. from S. America, specimens of Agates, Jaspers, &c. cut and polished; 13, 14. Specimens of various Minerals, interesting either in a scientific or economic point of view; Geological Model of the Isle of Wight; Bottle, containing the Colours of Sands from Alum Bay; 15. Iron Ore; 16. Lead Ore; 17. Copper and Tin Ores; 18. Ores of other Metals; 19. Specimens of Lignites, Coals, &c. from various localities; 20, 21. Mineralogical and Geological Collections; 22. Series of Minerals from Vesuvius and the adjacent district; Specimens of Minerals from the neighbourhood of Vesuvius. Other glass-cases contain: 1-3, a select Collection of British Insects; 4-6, various Organic Specimens, Animal and Vegetable; 7. Specimens of Silicified and Mineralised Woods; Specimens of the Woods used in Ship-building; Specimens of the Fancy Woods used in Cabinet-making; 8. Fossil Plants from the British Coal Fields; 9-12. Series of the British Strata of the Tertiary, Secondary, and Upper Primary Systems, illustrated by the characteristic and other fossils of each, and a specimen of each of the principal strata from different localities; 13. Ammonites, &c.; Fossil Shells, &c. from the Green Sand, &c.; 14, 15. Collection of Fossil Shells, &c. from the Folkestone, Gault, and other formations; 16. Collection of Fossil Shells, &c. from the tertiary formations of North America; Cyathophyllum from Buxton, Westmoreland, United States; 17-19. Fossils, Teeth, &c. of Elephants."

But still more useful, perhaps, are

"Optical Apparatus for illustrating some of the Phenomena of Polarised Light; Series, illustrating the Silk Manufactory, from the raw material to the finished fabric; Specimen of Weaving, considered the most perfect specimen of delicate silk-stocking weaving yet executed; Specimen of British Velvet and Embroidery; Series, illustrating the preparation of the Fine Apple Fibre (*Bromelaceae*), and of the fabrics proposed to be made from it; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Clocks, Watches, and Chronometers; consisting of the several parts in different stages, with references; Specimen of English and Foreign Types; Series, illustrating the making of Glass; Series, illustrating China Manufactory; Series, illustrating the making of Hats and other articles from Felt; Series, illustrating the Manufactures of Sheffield Cutlery, Files, and other Tools; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Needles, and Hooks and Eyes, from the rough wire to the finished article; Specimens of Door-knobs, Eacutheons, &c., manufactured from Buffalo Horns; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Combs, in imitation of Tortoiseshell, from the Horns and Hoofs of the Cow; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Plated Ware, exemplified in a Candlestick, complete and in its several parts, with descriptions; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Powder-horns; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of British Plate, or German Silver; Series, illustrating the Manufacture of Britannia Metal, exemplified in a Teapot, complete and in its several parts, with descriptions."

There are, besides, a series to show how

cotton, wool, and flax, are wrought into the manufactured articles; than the whole of which (except visiting the great manufactories themselves) nothing can be more usefully instructive. Hence it is that Britain has her strength, wealth, and glory; and it is well that her sons and daughters should study, and make themselves acquainted with their origin. Models of steam-engines, too, with their improvements, enrich the exhibition; and, in these matters, we have only to express our hope that the society will go on to increase and perfect their representative system.

#### VARIETIES.

**The Philodorian.**—No I. (Walker and Son) of a new magazine of domestic games and amusements, begins in a lively manner, and promises well. Here we have something of chess; Polish draughts; whist (with its combinations, amounting to 635,013,559,600, on the thirteen cards in four hands, and all the possible combinations of the 52 cards, to 16,250,563,659,176,029,962,568,164,794,000, 749,006,376,006,400—not fewer than forty-seven figures!!); English draughts; ecarté (the description of which is ill and indistinctly written); and review notices. We like the plan, and hope it will succeed.

**Mr. J. O. Robinson,** the publisher, and well known to literature and the fine arts as the partner of Mr. Hurst, and intimately connected with the Edinburgh house of Constable and Co., died on Tuesday morning, adding one more to the list of mortality in this class for 1837.

**Dr. Lloyd,** the provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who was president of the British Association, at their meeting in that city, 1835, and who contributed so much to their cordial and magnificent entertainment, died very suddenly, at Dublin, a few days ago. He was a most amiable man, and one of high endowments, not only as a scholar, but in general literature and science. His son, Professor Lloyd, is very eminent in the walks of science.

**Weather Wisdom.**—Last week quite erroneous: for the next, we are told, "The first quarter will bring high winds and rainy weather. Fog and small rain will prevail about the 6th and 7th. The 8th brings a change, and the air grows milder."

**The British Almanac, and its Companion** (Charles Knight) for the ensuing year, are quite equal to any that has gone before. There is ample information on all the usual matters for calendar reference; and the directions for geologists, mineralogists, botanists, &c. &c. are excellent. The epitome of new parliamentary and public intelligence is another valuable feature; and public records, public works, chronicles, and abstracts, fill up the "tattle of the whole" in a very useful manner. The operation of the poor law has a warm defendant in these pages; and there is a little political bias, which, however slight, is not to be commended in productions of this class. *The Working Man's Almanac* (same publisher) is a smaller volume, with much of similar character, and well adapted for the class to whom it is addressed.

**The Royal Guildhall Entertainment.**—A sketch of this spectacle, made under the sanction of the city authorities, by Mr. Deighton, is about to be engraved under the same auspices.

**The Fullerian Professorship of Physiology in the Royal Institution** (vacant by the retirement of Dr. Roget, whose period of professorship had expired), has, we are informed, been filled up by the nomination of Dr. Robert E. Grant, of University College.

**The Ethereal Oil of Wine.**—It is well known that a mixture of the various constituent principles of wine, such as water, alcohol, tannin, tartar, &c., has scarcely any smell; and that, nevertheless, all wines are known by a characteristic odour, more or less developed according to their quality. This odour proceeds from a particular ethereal substance, which resembles an essential oil, and which ought to be distinguished from the aroma, a non-volatile fugacious principle, which does not exist in all wines. When a large quantity of wine is distilled, there is obtained, towards the end of the operation, an oily matter, which is also found in the lees. This ethereal oil forms about a forty thousandth part of the wine. It has a strong savour, and is colourless, at least unless it be combined with a small portion of oxide of copper, which communicates to it a green tint, that may be removed by means of the hydrosulphuric acid. As it is mixed with a free acid, it is purified by frequently agitating it with a hot solution of carbonate of soda, which dissolves the acid, and which does not act on the ether. If the milky mixture which results be boiled, the ether will swim upon the surface, and may easily be separated.

**Ceylon.**—The *Ceylon Chronicle* (No. 9, May 31) gives a brief but interesting return of the exports and imports of that prospering colony. The account stands as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
1831 .....	£282,968	£153,293
1832 .....	351,223	160,568
1833 .....	320,691	132,628
1834 .....	372,725	145,633
1835 .....	355,076	199,287
1836 .....	411,167	334,519

Upon which the editor remarks, "We are very well aware that our trade is, after all, insignificant, as compared with many other colonies; that a total export of 411,000, is almost a reproach to a colony containing not far short of a million and a half of inhabitants; but it is our sincere opinion, that we are but on the threshold of commercial prosperity, and that the next five years will give a result far exceeding even the last."

**Irish Readiness.**—It is said of the ready-witted Irish, that they never like to confess ignorance of any question put to them, and yet are seldom at a loss for a reply. The following recent dialogue is not a bad illustration of the fact. A tourist, near Killarney, asked a native, "Whose house is that?" and the dialogue ran thus:—"That house, yer honour, that is Mr. Dobbigen's." "Mr. Dobbigen's! It is a fine place. What is he?" "He, yer honour—oh, he was a minor, but now he's of age!"

**Paris Statistics.**—In 1835 there were 7233 individuals brought to trial in France on criminal charges, whereof 2816 were acquitted, and 4407 convicted and sentenced to various punishments.

To death .....	54
Hard labour for life .....	151
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trymen by foreign institutions, we are well pleased to see that Sir Graves Haughton has been elected a foreign member of the Institute of France; being now the only Englishman of that station among the individuals of whom the body consists. He was elected by 22 out of 23 votes.

Mr. Schloss, the ingenious publisher of the *Bijou*, has this year contrived a further embellishment of its literary portion. The poems are to be surrounded by engravings, which form a kind of frame. We have seen one or two of the designs, and think these emblematic tablets among the prettiest designs that have come under our notice.

**Archæological Essays.**—The premium for the best essay on the Life of Robert, baron Fitzwalter, has been awarded to G. W. Johnson, Esq. The subject announced for next year is, "Margaret Beaufort, countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII., and foundress of St. John's College, Cambridge."

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Friday .. 24	..... 30 .. 49	29.63 .. 29.6
Saturday .. 25	..... 29 .. 42	29.97 .. 29.6
Sunday .. 26	..... 22 .. 48	30.01 .. 29.6
Monday .. 27	..... 30 .. 43	29.43 .. 29.6
Tuesday .. 28	..... 36 .. 45	29.30 .. 29.6
Wednesday 29	..... 26 .. 30	29.27 .. 29.6

Winds, S.W. and W.  
Except the 25th, 28th, and 29th, generally cloudy; rain on the afternoon of the 23d and 26th.  
Rain fallen, .3125 of an inch.

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To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In transcribing the notice which you were so good as to insert in your *Gazette* of Saturday last, concerning the patronage bestowed by the late Earl of Egmont on the Fine Arts, two errors were committed. The words "and fifty" should have been added to "new and" modern British productions bought by his lordship; and, instead of 170 of the pictures being in Petworth House, it ought to have been stated 190. Let me beg the favour of you to make this known to your readers as soon as you conveniently can, and in whatever way you please, and you will oblige, sir, your humble servant, T. F.

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By MISS SHERIDAN.

N.B. Communications of Letters and Papers intended for this Work, are requested to be forwarded, as soon as possible, to the care of Mr. Colburn.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Trelawny of Trelawne; or, the Prophecy: a Legend of Cornwall.* By Mrs. Bray, author of "The White Hoods," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THE West of England is singularly rich in legendary lore, and lore of the most picturesque and romantic character. The Jacobite spirit was there kept alive to the last; while the wild scenery, and the vicinity of the sea, gave their colouring to the traditions which pervade that bold line of coast, and the loveliest valleys in England. The house of Trelawny would seem the especial property of romance; but it has remained for Mrs. Bray to make its archives current coin of the realm; and, no doubt, to be universally circulated. The period of her story is chosen most judiciously; it is laid in the reign of James II.—enough removed from the present to have all the prestige of the past, and yet with opinions and feelings in common with to-day. The work is carried on by means of letters—a style of composition we are old-fashioned enough to like exceedingly. We seem to grow so intimate with the various writers: they place, as it were, a confidence in us, that at once engages us on their side. Moreover, the various styles assist so much in developing the different characters. How marked is the distinction between Rebecca and Letitia Trelawny! The one just a lively, good-humoured girl, full of all pretty vanities, and duly impressed with the importance of the last "French head." The other "a thoughtful apparition sent" to shew us

"How divine a thing a woman may be made."

It is an exquisitely drawn character, full of poetry and grace. In a completely opposite style is Dr. Ruddell, a delightful sketch of learning and simplicity: "a very quaint and kind old man," who is exceedingly surprised that Mrs. Letitia Trelawny, though she has consented to marry Sir Francis did not "yet so immediately bend her mind to keep shape with her purpose, as a young lady so well grounded in the classics, and having also a very pretty knowledge of theology, ought to have done." The Bishop himself is a noble and stately picture, while the eventful period to which he belonged lacks none of its interest in the narrative now before us. The work opens with a very lively and pleasant account of a visit paid to the family seat of the Trelawnys, during which the first idea was suggested, and the materials of the story collected. Thence we take the description.

*The Heroine.*—"But the most interesting pictures in this apartment are two several portraits of 'Mirtilla' (Letitia), the bishop's daughter. Each of these is the size of life. The first represents her when a child, chubby and beautiful. A black boy, with a silver collar round his neck, is seen presenting her with a dove, which appears to startle her by its fluttering. The other portrait of Mirtilla is that of a young and lovely woman of about twenty years old. She is sitting, holding a flower in her hand. The figure slight, but elegant; her eyes are full, dark, and radiant; the features very regular; the form of the face oval; the mouth has in it great sweetness. The

dark-brown hair, in large wavy curls, is tastefully disposed, and by its simplicity harmonises well with the general expression; that of the countenance is very marked, pensive, sedate, reflective, indicating a character where you would expect to find strong feelings, but subject to the perfect control of reason."

*Early Death.*—"It is at all times full of awe; but when the friend cut down is young—in the very dawn or morning of life, it carries with it something of that feeling of disappointment, which irritates our regrets by our thinking what the deceased might have been had he been spared. The old, when they die, have run their course; their work is done; their cup of good or of evil has been filled and emptied; their whole history is known, and nothing remained for hope had they been spared. But in an early death, so much is left for the imagination; and we picture to ourselves what the young would have been had he not died; and we decorate his image with all the flowers of hope, which are ever of the fairest and the best when they are scattered by the hand of affection."

*A Funeral Service.*—"My lord, that was a sad morning, at the ancient house of your lordship's forefathers, when the poor remains of this sweet child were taken forth to the burial. Mr. Harry Trelawny, being your lordship's own nephew, and the eldest male of the family then present, was chief mourner; and the ladies of the family, who all attended, chose to be the close mourners. These, therefore, had the rosemary. As the custom has it, they, with the chief mourner sitting at the head of the corpse, were shut up in a room hung with black for more than an hour. The coffin stood on tressels. As the deceased was young and single, the ladies and gentlemen wore white scarfs and gloves; and the books given away as the dole gifts were tied with white ribands; each book had silver clasps. The deceased had himself ordered that the dole books chosen for this occasion should be copies of the 'Holy Dying,' or of the 'Golden Grove;' and all his orders and wishes were punctually fulfilled. The grave garland\* was, as is usual in the West of England, made to be carried to the church by the chief female close mourner, who is always chosen among the virgins of the deceased's kin, if he be young and single; thus prettily prefiguring the innocent estate of him who goes down, like an April flower, to the tomb. Your lordship's beloved child, and my most rare and dear pupil, Miss Letitia Trelawny, was chosen garland-maid on this sad occasion. She had woven the chaplet with her own fair hands; and laurel, myrtle, bay, and rosemary, with many a rose and other sweet-smelling flowers, were there interwoven with that delicate art which shews how sweetly Feeling can dress itself and its images in all things, and can make the very flowers of the field to speak their pretty lessons of morality. The mourners rose as I entered the room, dressed in my surprise, and ready to lead on to the ceremony. All rose but Mr. Harry Trelawny, who, as chief mourner, stirred not till

\* "These curious forms and customs, so circumstantially described by the good doctor, are now quite obsolete in Cornwall."

the bearers lifted the corpse, before which he immediately placed himself, and so was to walk in the procession. Miss Letitia Trelawny, in her black dress, with the white scarf floating over it, looked very lovely: she took up the garland that was laid at the head of the coffin, and sighed deeply. Your lordship knows how full of reflection is her truly sedate mind; rich in matter, and ever ready to bring forth some of its stores on occasions the most happy and fit for their exercise. She could not lift the garland without giving vent to some apposite expressions of her mind; and in her poetic way, for her feelings constantly connect themselves with the poetry of things, she opened a page in the 'Holy Dying,' a copy of which was her dole gift, and, looking sadly on the coffin, she said,—'Poor Charles! so young, so early lost!' And then she read aloud from her book,—'But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a rude breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and dust.'"

*A Landscape.*—"The peculiar scene which presents itself on descending the steep, winding, precipitous track that leads down into Polperro) was, on this evening, more impressive than I have ever before seen it. The sun was on the decline; and as his beams seemed to send darts of fire against those stupendous fortifications which nature herself has here raised to render impregnable this iron-bound coast, their gigantic forms rose sublime, and shewed, in the most distinct manner, the bold outline of every cliff, turreted with crags and broken rocks. In those wild summits the winds and the storms might be fancied to make their abode, till they rushed forth, and called up their tributary hosts, in those high and crested waves, which here so often deluge the shore, together with the poor fishers' huts, as they roll on covered with foam, and beat against the rocks, that reverberate the voice of their complaints. To the right, immediately behind the very loftiest chain of cliffs, hung a mass of black clouds that seemed for awhile motionless in the heavens, whilst far removed beyond these, lay a second and more varied combination of vapours, that looked like a walled city with towers and castles, here and there partially gilded by the lurid rays of that sun, which appeared as a conqueror to give them light, or to consign them to darkness, as he alternately triumphed or declined. The ocean (which seen from the beginning of this descent, presents a horizon of such extraordinary height, that, according to Dr. Ruddell's standing remark, the waves appear to be going up hill), was now only partially illumined, and that in long gleams by the setting sun; and where these gleams fell, they shewed breakers covered with white foam, that came rolling and boiling over the reef—the reef that lies near that most wild and beautiful combination of rock, which,

starting abruptly from the sea, near the entrance to the little harbour, presents summits as sharp as the heads of so many spears; and on this account I always used to call them the spikes. The spikes, then, were at this moment strongly illuminated, whilst the miserable huts that form the little hamlet of Polperro lay in gloom, as the immense black curtain that had, but a minute before, appeared to hang still as a pall of death in the sky, unfurled and unfolded, and gradually spread itself over the face of the heavens, towards the north-east. The seamews, here so abundant, were with clamour and cry winging their way to the land, and seeking their nests for shelter amid crag and cliff, whilst, by another of those changes of the sky, which at such an hour seem like the work of the weird's wand, the black mass became streaked and edged with hues of the deepest purple, and gleams of fiery red. These were more than signs of an approaching storm; for the sea rolled with tremendous waves towards the shore, and the wind began to howl and to moan in a manner so dismal, that it might, to the ear of fancy, sound as the anthem of some water spirit, who rejoices for the destruction he is that night doomed to accomplish on the mighty element, over which he has the power to exert his unpitied rule."

We will not break in upon the mystery of a story whose interest is well kept up to the last; but, whether for narrative or character, we cannot but consider *Trelawny of Trelawne*, the very best of Mrs. Bray's numerous and standard works.

*Views in India, chiefly in the Himalaya Mountains.* Drawn from Nature by Lieutenant G. F. White, 31st Regiment. Edited by Emma Roberts. 4to. pp. 84. London and Paris, 1837. Fisher and Co.

UPON these engravings, thirty in number, and comprehending some of the most splendid mountain scenery in the world, the publishers state, in a prefix, that they have expended no less a sum than 2400*l.*; and we can well believe it, for their fidelity, their picturesque beauty, their magnificence, are so perfectly preserved, that the spectator seems, when he has closed the volume, to have traversed these "wonders of Ind," from the Ganges to the Jumna, and visited the sacred sources of those mighty streams. There are the natives basking on the sunny banks, whilst sumptuous fairy-looking vessels navigate the flood; there are the fortress-crowned hills and the warrior encampment below, with its coursers, its camels, and its elephants; there is the fakier's fane and the simple Hindu at worship; there are the extraordinary trees of the eastern clime — almost a forest in a single tree; there is the frightful pass, and yonder the terrific alps which seem to frown a sterner prohibition on the mortal who would dare to enter; there is the temple, there the Ghaut, there the cavalcade, the cupolaed city, the extended plain, the bridge of swinging rope, the heights of everlasting snow, the stupendous waterfall — in short, there is every form and variety of oriental nature embodied by art, and made distinctly and beautifully obvious to the European sense.

Turning to the letter-press description, we have hardly less reason to be pleased. Of the vast Himalaya chain:—

*Feet.*  
 "Dhawalagiri, or, the White Mountains; above the level of the sea ..... 27,000  
 Nunda Debee, one of the Juwahir cluster of peaks, and No. 14, A 2, of Hodson and Herbert's survey 25,741  
 Setghur, properly Swetaghur, or the White Tower north of Nepal ..... 25,261,

*Feet.*  
 A mountain, supposed to be Dhaibau, above Catmandoo 20,140 feet; above the sea ..... 24,768  
 A mountain, not named, observed from Catmandoo, in the direction of Calia-Bhairava, 20,000 feet above the valley of Nepal, and above the level of the sea ..... 24,625  
 Another near to it, 18,662 feet above the Nepal valley; above the level of the sea ..... 23,261  
 A third in the vicinity, 18,451 ditto; ditto ..... 23,052  
 Two peaks, named St. George and St. Patrick, situated at the head of the Bhagruttee, or true Ganges; calculated, in Hodson and Herbert's survey—the first at ..... 22,654  
 —the last at ..... 22,796

The two peaks of the Roodroo Himala, north-east of the Ganges, 23,390, and ..... 22,906  
 Peaks of the Jumnotree, or Bunderpooch Mountains (giving rise to the Jumna, the Tonse, and the Beral Gunga), varying in elevation from 20,123 to ..... 21,155

Also, upwards of fifty inferior peaks, lying between lon. 78° and 80° east, varying from 18 to ..... 20,000

"In clear weather, the most lofty of these mountains in the direction of Catmandoo in Nepal, may be seen from Patna, at the distance of 160 geographical miles; while, in some places—Purneah and Rejmhal, for instance—they are visible at a still more extraordinary distance, 232 English miles: a circumstance which, according to the calculation of Mr. Colebrooke, establishes their height to be at least 28,000 feet, since nothing less would render them barely discernible at that distance in the mean state of the atmosphere; although, under circumstances of extraordinary refraction, a lower altitude would produce the same effect.

"The present series of views belong to the scenery which occurs in that portion of the Himalayan regions lying between the rivers Sutlej and Kelee, having for its boundary on the north and north-east the snowy chain of the Himalaya, and, to the south and southwest, the plains of Hindostan. Within this tract of country are comprised the provinces of Sirmoor, Gurwall, and Kumaon, besides several other inferior states, the whole of which are either annexed to the British possessions, or have become allies or tributaries to that government."

The accounts of every separate part illustrated are extremely spirited and interesting. We shall endeavour to extract a few examples. Janghera, on the Ganges, "is supposed, in former times, to have been united by an isthmus to the shore; but the rapid river continually rolling down, has worn a passage for itself between, and the rock is now completely isolated. This place has been considered, during many ages, to be particularly holy; and, accordingly, from time immemorial fakiers have established themselves upon it, deriving a considerable revenue from the donations of the pious voyagers of the river. A ghaut, or landing-place, has been constructed at the back of this rock; and rude stairs conduct the pilgrims who are desirous to perform their pilgrims at the hallowed shrine, to the pagoda at the summit dedicated to Naryan, who figures as the principal deity of the place. There is an idol of him in the temple that crowns this beautiful pile, and his image, together with those of Vishnu, Seva, and others, is carved in different parts of the rock. The leading fakier preserves a dignified seclusion, and is to be seen as silent and as motionless as the idol himself, seated on a tiger skin, and unencumbered with any covering except the chalk and ashes with which he is plentifully bedaubed: he has, however, more active followers in his train, who are at the trouble of collecting the tribute which he endeavours to exact from all the passers-by, whatever their religious persuasion may be. These fellows push out from the rock whenever the state of the water will permit, and

follow the voyagers with their importunities. But when the river is full, and the current, strengthened by the melting of the snow, comes down in one sweeping flood, there is no loitering under the rock of Janghera; and a vessel sailing up with a strong wind against this tide, makes rather a perilous navigation as it stems the rapid waters. In going down the Ganges at such a period, we pass the rock like an arrow shot from a bow, only catching a transient glance of its picturesque beauty; but when the river is low, and the current flows gently, we may pause to view it at our leisure, many persons landing to pay a visit to the grim occupant of the pagoda.

"Veins of coals have been discovered, a circumstance of great importance since the introduction of steam navigation upon the Ganges. At present, the exceeding unhealthiness of the climate of these fastnesses—for such the hilly districts in this neighbourhood may be deemed—proves a great barrier to research. Cutting roads through them, and the attempt to bring them into cultivation, we may hope, will lead to improvements which will enable the scientific traveller to penetrate their recesses, and pursue in their own haunts his studies of the animal creation, hitherto existing in profound solitude scarcely trodden by the foot of man. The ornithologist has found a considerable accession to the catalogue of birds: a splendid animal of the bovine genus, the gaour, feeds in the valleys, and the hippopotamus is supposed to inhabit the lonely rivers of Gundwana; the gaour differing considerably from the bison, or any other known specimen of the class, is altogether new in the records of zoology, and prevailing opinion confines the hippopotamus to Africa: it is, therefore, a matter of some importance to establish the existence of the one, and to render the other useful in a domestic capacity. Specimens of the gaour have found their way to the general mart in India, the fair at Hurdwar, but the attempts hitherto made to tame this fine animal have proved unsuccessful: those individuals that have been exhibited measured upwards of sixteen hands in height. The gaour somewhat resembles the buffalo in form, but has a much finer coat; it is distinguished by an excrescence running down the back, which by casual observers has been mistaken for the hump found in the common Indian bullock; and its appearance is so rare as to excite great curiosity among the native community, who crowd eagerly to gaze upon it when taking its place among the curiosities of Hurdwar."

Of Runjeet Singh the history is very curious; and especially of his obtaining the famous diamond *Kohi Noor*, or mountain of light, the gem of Cabul and Cashmere.

"Runjeet Singh, though owing the greater portion of his acquisitions to craft of the lowest kind, and of the most unjustifiable nature, is possessed of talents of no common order, which, if properly cultivated, would have secured for him an ascendancy based upon a more honourable foundation; but, with too many of the vices of the Asiatic character, he has also a very large proportion of those ridiculous notions which are obsolete in countries illuminated by the light of science. The Seik ruler is a great believer in omens, and not only consults the stars, but also the chirpings of birds, previous to any measure of importance. He has lately suffered from ill health, but the remedies prescribed by European physicians have been neglected for the advice of soothsayers. These personages took upon themselves to discover the cause of the malady of the sovereign, which some old beggar-woman had naturally enough

attributed to the oppression of his people. Upon consulting the stars, they found Saturn in the ascendant; a planet which, according to general belief, always exerts a baleful influence. There was no difficulty now in tracing the liver complaint and dysentery of the lion of the Punjab to its true source; but what was to be done in such an emergency? the dislodgment of a planet from the sky being beyond the power of the maha-rajah, great as he undoubtedly is. Nevertheless, it was necessary to hit upon some method to get rid of the malignant influence, and it was determined to transport the planet in effigy out of the Seik dominions into the British territory, in the expectation that, on its arrival on the coast, the governor-general would evince his friendship by transporting Saturn beyond the kalapance, or salt ocean. The credit of this ingenious device is due to Mudhsoodun Pundit, and other learned men, who, according to the statement in the Lahore ukhbars, recommended his highness to cause an effigy of the planet Saturn to be made of gold, set with sapphires, and to give the same, with a black shawl, to a brahmin of some other country, who should be placed in a rath, or car, of a dark colour, drawn by buffaloes instead of bullocks, and transported along with the image across the river; when, with the blessing of Providence, the maha-rajah would speedily recover. This notable expedient was instantly adopted, and a golden effigy of the planet speedily constructed. When it was finished, a brahmin of the Chobal class, a native of Mutha, was found to undertake this novel charge; who, after being bathed in oil, and his person blackened from head to foot, was clad in sable garments: when the effigy in question, with a pair of gold bracelets, five hundred rupees in cash, and a black horse with a black saddle, were given, according to the rite called *Sung-klus*. After being placed in a covered rath, drawn by a pair of buffaloes, the brahmin, accompanied by two battalions of soldiers, was ordered to be carried across the river. It is needless to add, that the instant that Saturn left Lahore, the maha-rajah nearly recovered: the further progress of the planet was not stated, but it was supposed that his highness would be quite well before it reached Loodianah. Runjeet Singh entertains crowds of dancing-girls at his court, and has, in his old age, scandalised the more fastidious portion of the community, by raising one of these ladies to the throne. The celebrated dancer, Goolbahar, having frequently attracted the attention of her lord, at length obtained sufficient influence over him to induce him to make her his wife. The marriage was solemnised with all the pomp and splendour consistent with the rank and dignity of the bridegroom, made happy in the possession of a beauty whose charms are stated to be transcendent. It is said that no report can possibly exaggerate the attractions of the lady, whose loveliness far surpasses any idea that can be formed of it. Not content with the usual number of female attendants, Runjeet Singh has a band of amazons, armed and equipped as a guard to the Zenana. These women are splendidly dressed, and many are said to be very handsome, and great favourites of their sovereign.

The following is a lively picture:—

“It is difficult to afford any idea of the grandeur and beauty of the inanimate objects which render Hurdwar one of the places best worthy of a traveller's attention in India, but still more so to convey even a faint notion of the swarms of living creatures, men and beasts of every description, which occupy every foot of

ground during the time of the fair; multitudes of cows, horses, bullocks, camels, elephants, ponies, and mules from Osbeck Tartary to Benares, are crowded together, rendering the scene in the highest degree animated and interesting: every thing is to be found at the fair, though horses form its principal attraction. The horse merchants from Bokhara and Cabool occupy the stony central parts of the river; while those from Turkistan take up their quarters in small enclosures behind the houses of the town. These men are famed for their ponies and galloways, animals of great power, called *Toorkies*, some of which bear very high prices. The elephant dealers incline to Khunkul, for the sake of fodder, but traverse the roads of the fair with their studs during the mornings and evenings, each elephant bearing a large bell attached to the neck, for the purpose of giving warning to passengers of their approach. The bunnas, or grain-sellers, *hulwāes*, or confectioners, cloth, shawl, and toy-merchants, occupy the road-side close to the town, their dwelling-places being interspersed with small enclosures containing piles of barley and straw, heaped up, and ready for sale. On the sides of the hill to the west, thousands of Seik families are to be seen, with their huts, tents, camels, bullocks, mules, and horses, thrown together, as it were, without order or method. Then come the tents of the better order of visitors, formed into groups of two or three, and constructed of white or striped canvass, gaily fringed, and ornamented with scalloped borderings of scarlet cloth. Then, again, are the tents of the superior horse-dealers, Arab or Persian merchants, who have brought splendid animals of the purest breed, for which they demand enormous prices; men, also, with bears, leopards, tigers, deer of all kinds, monkeys, Persian greyhounds, beautiful cats, and rare birds, for sale. Then there are heaps of *assafoetida*, in bags, from the mountains beyond Cabool; sacks of raisins of various kinds; pistachio-nuts, almonds, and boxes of preserved apricots; and stalls filled with merchandise of every description, brazen vessels of all kinds, bead-necklaces of many colours, rosaries, mouth-pieces for pipes, of agate, cornelian, lapis-lazuli, and different kinds of marble, pearls, black and white chowries, or implements for keeping off flies, formed of the long bushy tail of the yak, the cow of Thibet; stones, for seals, of all descriptions; bangles, bracelets, armlets, and ornaments for the ankles, of silver or pewter; sable, tiger, leopard, ounce, and other skins; stuffed birds, the Argus-eyed, golden, and other varieties of pheasant; idols of all kinds, together with their brazen stands; real and mock coral; garlands and necklaces of tinsel; looking-glasses framed in ivory, with mosaic work in imitation of fruits and flowers, from Delhi; richly embroidered scarfs, skull-caps, and slippers; toys executed in mother-of-pearl; bales of shawls, and jewels of high prices; broad cloth, stationery, and cutlery, from England; perfumes from Paris, Eau de Cologne, and many other articles too tedious to mention. The crowd and confusion of buyers and sellers, the native groups in every imaginable costume, some shining in cloth of gold, and surrounded by followers splendidly arrayed, others less expensively but picturesquely dressed, and many half-naked, or wildly clad, all mixed up with priests, soldiers, and religious mendicants, half beggar, half bandit, with here and there a cluster of Europeans mounted upon elephants, exhibit altogether a concourse which no other

place in the world can shew. The noise baffles all description; the shouts and cries of men come mingled with the neighing of horses, the trumpeting of elephants, the grunts of camels, the lowing of cattle, the bellowing of bulls, the screams of birds, and the loud sharp roars of the wild beasts; and, as if these were not enough, there are gongs and drums beating, trumpets blaring, conch-shells blowing, and bells ringing, which never cease for a single instant.”

These selections will afford some notion of the vivid manner in which the pencil is aided by the pen in this splendid volume; but, as we hope to return to it, we shall, for the present, trespass no further on its interesting pages.

*Sporting.* Embellished by large Engravings and Vignettes, illustrative of Field Sports, from Pictures painted by T. Gainsborough, R.A., E. Landseer, R.A., A. Cooper, R.A., Charles Hancock, J. F. Lewis, W. Barraud, &c. Edited by Nimrod. With Literary Contributions by Thomas Hood, Esq., John Hamilton Reynolds, Esq., the Author of “The Oakleigh Shooting Code,” the Author of “Wild Sports in the West,” the Author of “The Sportsman's Cyclopædia,” &c. 4to. pp. 144. London, 1838. Baily and Co.

MR. APPERLEY (for Nimrod's real name is now so well known that any attempt to conceal it would be sheer affectation) is, in our opinion, perfectly justified in saying, in his very able Introduction to this splendid volume, “I cannot help flattering myself, a work is here produced which must please all.” To the sportsman it will, of course, be pre-eminently interesting; but every lover of nature—and who that has an eye to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to feel, is not a lover of nature?—must also be delighted with it. There is a vigour, a freshness, a truth, a pleasantry in its pages, almost as exhilarating as are the sports which they describe; and we recommend their perusal equally to those who like to be reminded of the enjoyments they have themselves experienced, and to those less fortunate persons, “in populous cities pent,” who wish to obtain some notion of what those enjoyments are. The distinct topics are above thirty in number, more or less technical, but all bearing upon the great subject which they are intended to illustrate. One agreeable circumstance about them is, that they have no necessary dependance upon one another; so that the reader may open the volume at hazard, with the certainty of being amused, and of not being called upon for any long-continued and exhausting effort of attention and patience. The following extract from the description of “Going to cover,” by Nimrod himself, shews at once the experienced fox-hunter, and the pleasing writer.

“Few packs of fox-hounds now meet before half-past ten, and several not before eleven o'clock. These late periods of the day would be ridiculed by our forefathers, could they arise from their graves and witness them; but the present protracted hour of dining, and, consequently, of retiring to rest, renders them almost necessary—at all events they are essential to comfort. The sportsman has now time to get his breakfast at his leisure, instead of, as formerly, either going without it, or swallowing it in half an hour after he awoke; and, unless they are very late risers, he can generally enjoy this cheerful repast with his family. Having the meets of all the neighbouring packs to choose from, he fixes upon the one

most likely to produce a run; and having also fixed over night, with his groom, what horses he will ride, or rather been told over night by his groom what horses 'he had better ride,' they proceed to the place of meeting, at the rate of about five miles in the hour; one of them mounted by a light boy, who is to bring back his master's hack, or return in the rumble of his carriage; the other, by a good and experienced horseman, and one who knows the country well, who is to ride his master's 'second horse,' as he is called. The usual proceedings with the hounds are these:—On the previous day the pack is selected or 'drawn,' as the sporting term is, and being fed not later than mid-day, have nothing more to eat until they return from hunting on the succeeding day. It averages from sixteen to twenty couples, but hardly ever goes beyond the latter number, as, from the present style of riding in the field, there is considerable danger to hounds of being ridden over and trampled upon; and it is, therefore, the huntsman's object to take out no more than he thinks necessary, and to select such as he knows are likely to run well together. About half an hour before the time for starting arrives, he walks into his kennel, and examines the lot he has fixed on for the day; and finding them all right, he returns for the purpose of procuring his horse, and making other arrangements for his start. Being mounted, we have him at the kennel door, with his two whippers-in in the rear. He is generally a man in what may be called the meridian of life, of rather a grave aspect, but with an intelligent countenance, and often a very penetrating eye—the *tout ensemble* conveying an impression of knowledge founded upon experience. He has also the appearance of robust health, and is cast in a mould of the right form to stand work. In fact, he must be sound, and especially as regards his lungs, which should be equal to those of a Stentor. Still, there should be music in his pipe, that is to say, his 'view holloa' should be shrill, and capable of being heard at a very considerable distance; and from the strength it acquires by exercise, it is heard, down wind, as the term is, at the extent of a mile at least. The best and clearest I ever heard, was that of Will Barrow, so many years huntsman to the late Mr. Corbet, who hunted Warwickshire. The whippers-in are equally important, in their situation, with the huntsmen.—Mr. Beckford, indeed, thought more so. At all events, in his own country, which abounded in riot, he preferred, he said, an excellent whipper-in to an excellent huntsman. They should be light men, not too young, with a quick eye, and still quicker ear; and they should be, which, in fact, they generally are, fond of the sport, or they seldom succeed in their profession, and become huntsmen. Again, a whipper-in should not only be a bold horseman, but he should excel in the use of his bridle-hand; for if he do not, from being so often obliged to follow a hound in the middle of a field, to flog and rate him,—the hound, of course, turning and twisting about to avoid him—he would ruin the mouths of his horses. It is, however, not only extraordinary how quickly some of the *élite* of this genus will get a blow at a hound, in spite of his caution in attempting to save himself, but likewise, how an old hunter, that has been long ridden by a whipper-in, will himself turn after a hound, to enable his rider to get a cut at him. I am happy, however, to observe, that there is not now a tittle of the punishment administered to hounds that there was in my younger days, when it was occasionally a practice to tie them,

in a pair of couples, to a gate, and have them flogged, often by both whippers-in at once, for the space of from five to ten minutes at a time. Several causes have operated in their favour here. First, the practice of entering hounds to a scent they are not intended to continue to hunt, is exploded; secondly, hares are now so plentiful in all hunting countries, and hounds walked through them so much in the summer, that they care little about them; and lastly, the greater number of hounds now bred, over that which was formerly bred, admits of more liberal drafting, by which those likely to be incorrigible are put out of the way at once, instead of being attempted to be cured of their evil ways by the lash. It is the duty of the first whipper-in to go well away with the tail hounds, when they break cover, so as to be ready to get to the head of those that are leading, in case his huntsman finds it necessary to have them stopped or turned. And here is an opportunity for a fine display of his art, as well as shewing to the field that he has exercised it with judgment towards the pack; for it is a beautiful sight, when a whipper-in gets quickly before his hounds in chase, and stops them with a few rates, and still fewer smacks of his whip. The second whip need not be so forward: he has not only to see that all the pack have quitted the cover in which the fox has been found; but, by being in the rear, he has frequent opportunities of viewing a short running fox, keeping him off his foil, or trying to force him from his point, if that point be a bad one. The door being opened, the hounds rush out in full cry, but which is soon checked by the whips; and a silent joy is expressed by the flourishing of their sterna, slight whimpers, and looks which cannot be mistaken. Their travelling pace is about five miles in the hour, which keeps them in a kind of jog-trot; and, as may be supposed, what are called 'bridle roads' through fields are preferred to those which are stoned and hard, out of regard to their feet. When the high road is taken, through necessity, they are encouraged to travel on the foot-paths; which the words, 'get over, hounds,' with a slight inclination of the hand and arm, instantly causes them to do. Still there is a peculiarity in the style and manner of hounds, when on their road to cover. Some carry both head and stern up; others, both down. Some like to go a-head; and, were they not looked to, would travel a little out of their way, if they thought they could get any thing good by so doing; whereas others jog quietly on, as if thinking about what they are going to do; and a few have a *penchant* for following close to the huntsman's horse's heels. On their return home, also, they exhibit various traits; and there is scarcely a pack in which one hound is not noted for bringing home some trophy of the day,—the head of the fox, the most common one. But I must not pass over the horses without a few words. The one the huntsman rides is, of course, the best, as his presence with the pack is at all times required, which is not the case with the whips. He is generally an animal of power, more than equal to the weight of his rider; and like him, is also in the meridian of life. Although his legs may be both bunged and blighted, and bearing marks of the firing-irons, he is still sound and firm upon them; and there is a placid and somewhat intelligent look about him, which shews that he has profited by his years, and the experience he has had in the field. He is much attached to the hounds,—unhappy when they are out of his sight; and would not put his foot upon one of them for the best feed of oats

you could give him. He is, of course, an accomplished fencer; has given many proofs of his bottom; and his temper is so fine that nothing can well disturb it. As for the cry of hounds, and the twang of the horn, he heeds them not; nevertheless, he has no objection to a blank day, which I think he would tell us, if he could speak. The horses of the whippers-in are, for the most part, of rather inferior description in their appearance. They are not generally horses of much power, but almost always well-bred and fast, to enable them to catch hounds, when left behind, as they so often are, in covers. Sometimes we see the second whip on what is called 'a promising young one'—that is, a good-looking five-year-old, which his master may have either bred or purchased; and which, after being initiated to all sorts of fences, by the young and strong nerve of an aspiring whipper-in, may one day or another become a valuable addition to his own stud. But it is scarcely fair to make a whipper-in a maker of hunters. A good leaper is at times absolutely necessary to him; although at others, when only bringing up tail-hounds, the fences may be ready crushed to his hand. Ask Jack Stevens, whether or not a whipper-in should ride a good fencer? and he will answer you, 'By all means.' He will tell you how many thousand times 'the squire' has exclaimed, 'Get to 'em, Jack, and turn 'em; what the d—l are you about?'—with a thick bulfinch-fence and, perhaps, a yawning ditch, or an ox-fence, staring him in the face; and this with all the disadvantage, in addition to the absence of excitement, of that slackness a horse exhibits when his head is turned away from the crowd. Arrived at the place of meeting, the huntsman—unless in case of strong wind or bad weather—selects an open space, where he waits with his hounds until his master arrives, and the stated hour is up; but which is generally exceeded by a few minutes, the delay arising, perhaps, from the non-arrival of some influential person in the hunt. There is, however, little excuse for any man being now many minutes behind his time, at the cover-side, as few hounds throw off much before eleven, and some even after that hour; but the late Mr. Meynell obtained for himself great popularity by waiting half-an-hour, now and then, for some sporting graziers, whose horses he saw in the field, but which graziers, he knew, were obliged to attend that morning at some fair in the neighbourhood of the hunt. That excellent master of hounds was well aware of the necessity of conciliating this respectable and influential class of persons, whose services are essential to the preservation of foxes and sport."

Our worthy and entertaining friend Hood's peculiar and exhaustless talent is exhibited to great advantage in "The Praise of Fishing, an Extravaganza," from which we transcribe the following passages:—

"Of all the sports ever sported, commend me to angling. It is the 'wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best;'—the safest, cheapest, and, in all likelihood, the oldest of pastimes. It is a one-handed game that would have suited Adam himself; it was the only one with which Noah could have amused himself in the Ark. Hunting and shooting came in second and third. The common phrase of 'fish, flesh, and fowl,' hints clearly at this order of precedence. The savages follow the course laid down; they all begin in the fishing line,—a line of country comes afterwards. The Islanders, especially, were found to have more than a super-fishal knowledge of the art,—they made very service-



able lines of twisted grass, and as respectable sneek-bends of fishes' teeth and mother-of-pearl, though they had the sense to prefer our English fabric. The New Zealanders positively persecuted their white visitors with the everlasting cry from man, woman, and child, of 'Tippus akirly! Tippus akirly!' i. e. give us a hook. The same natives, however, as we are informed by the journalist of the voyage, ran away like mad from a horse or a gun. It is as plain, then, as a pike-staff, which ought to be some sort of trolling-rod, that if we were to ask Necessity, the Mother of Invention, she would say, 'This is my eldest daughter, sir,' of fishing. To refer to my own experience, I certainly became acquainted with the angling-rod next after the birchen one, and long before I had any practical knowledge of Nimrod or Ramrod. The very first time I was lost I turned up at Sadler's Wells; on the second occasion I had drifted by Leaway to Lea Bridge; and the third time of my being 'tint,' as the goblin page calls it, I was aqua-tinted at the London Docks, after smelts. All my earliest speculations had 'an ancient and fish-like smell.' I always imagined, till I was thirteen, that the monument on Fish Street Hill was Izaak Walton's. My original notion of the chief end of string was, that it was to be tied to a crooked pin; and I perfectly recollect a ridiculous fancy of mine when I first saw a rope-walk, with a man stepping backwards, and spinning the tow, as it were, out of his stomach, that he was making a gut line. The truth is, angling comes more by nature. It is in the system, as the doctors say. Plenty of children are born with water in the head; but who ever heard of a boy coming into the world with gunpowder on the brain, or tops and leathers on his legs? The ancients, indeed, who knew a thing or two about nativities, have given a strong opinion on the subject by assigning two signs, Aquarius and Pisces, to the fisherman, and giving only one—that half horse, half Robin Hood—Sagittarius, to hunting and shooting, like a split vote, between them. So much for the antiquity of the sport. As to its morals, what field pastime can shew such a written character from its master as the favourite pursuit of Cotton's 'Father?' It is inoffensive, sober, and honest. Without fishing for a compliment from Mr. Buckingham, I must remark that the angler eminently inclines to temperance principles, for while at work he never takes any thing without water; and should he afterwards indulge in a little of something neat, he has the peculiar excuse of the chilly temperature of Bleak Hall. In fact, it is on record in 'Salomon's,' and the story ought to be made into a tract, that four fishermen, after a long day in the shrewd keen air of the Scotch mountains, were contented to wash down their dinner with a pint of claret per man. A quartet of gunners would hardly have stopped at such a half measure, but would have charged oftener, and gone more up to the muzzle, with a potato more potent in the country of Farintosh and Glenlivet. Perhaps they would not have considered it out of character to finish off the day's sport by shooting the cat. As for the fox-hunter, he is notoriously apt, whatever pack he may meet with, to find himself in the Vine country in the end. A well-known pen has thrown a purple light on the festivities at certain fox dinners, where a brilliant run with the hounds led to a very fast thing with the de-canter. And, truly, your 'cramming, ramming, jamming cove,' after cramming with venison, ramming with beef, and jamming with pastry, is the very man to go from the Mutton

Cove to the Cove of Cork, and set in for a pouring wet night. There are other little faults, besides checks, about hunting, which cannot be set down to Piscator, in a true bill. For instance, no indignant Diana rushes out shouting 'Horsegomerall!' and accuses him of breaking her pales; on the contrary, the pails of pretty Madge are offered to him for a drink of new milk, and she is even so convinced of his gentleness and other good qualities, that she invites him, in a song, to live with her and be her love. He is too honest to take a fence that is not his own, and too humane to trample on any body's corn. Neither is he obnoxious to the charge of hitting foul, which is brought now and then against the fowling-piece. A comrade never suffers from the shot of the line, as he does from the line of the shot. Piscator is not apt, like Venator and some rash masters, to miss something, and give John a discharge on the spot. He never allows pass a hare-breadth escape at the expense of poor Ponto: or seasons a friend's hat into a pepper-castor. Then there is no incendiarism about him. No puzzling cases of spontaneous combustion occur in his track; for he does not 'throw about fire,' as Dr. Watts sings, 'and say it was only in sport.' You do not hear of his warming a barn, as ladies do their dresses, with a little wadding: or of his obliging a farmer's family to begin fires, towards winter, in the rick-yard. With as many gunners as anglers in its vicinity, the Thatched House, at Islington, would have been, years ago, in a blaze. But there is not any thing about Piscator to make him commonly hazardous; he has not even a fire-fly amongst his flies, or a glow-worm amongst his worms. If he occasionally gets warned off at Waltham Abbey, it is not on account of the powder mills—although Salter says of the London angler, 'as he uses the finest tackle he is obliged to strike light.' Shooting, again, is a noisy affair; a rattling, popping, cracking, banging business; whereas the fisherman disturbs nobody—not even Echo. Silence gives consent to the gentle art, and Zimmermann himself would scarcely have objected to Piscator's company. He is fit to live at Tottenham, amongst the Friends;—a Quaker, indeed, might indulge, without inconsistency, in some of the stiller kinds of angling. It is a sport that might be practised in the cistern of a sick house! 'All Pleasant Place' never complains of it before a magistrate for shattering nerves and glass by sending number six into number seven. Nor is the most delicate female thrown into a shiver of apprehension at the mere sight of its tackle. The shooter, with his 'horrid musketry,' is sometimes the very reverse of a real blessing to mothers: but what bereaved parent ever had to reproach Piscator all her life with leaving his rod about, in children's reach, without even taking the cap off his float! The ruttling of the family empties his kettle over itself without scalding a hair off its head; and if the father himself sits down on a hook, it only reminds him of the many good points about the fisherman! Then, for safety, he is as safe as a safety coach without horses—as harmless to himself as to his neighbour. The shooter will so far mistake his interest as to surcharge his own gun, and a hand or so pays the penalty;—but who ever heard of Teddington Lock flying off, and three or four of Piscator's fingers along with it, to say nothing of Miller's Thumbs. He might drag his butt-end all day long through a quick-set, without his engine 'hedging off' and afflicting him with a load of indigestibles in his stomach. Sometimes, but rarely, he accidentally liquidates the debt of

nature. A bank breaks and lets him in—as a bank might do, however, in Lombard Street; or in speculating too sanguinely for a rise, at a fall, he throws all he has into the concern, and is ruined. The juvenile anglers chiefly suffer. A truant, who ought to be at Merchant Tailors', is dragged out of Breeches-Maker's-Hole—or a gudgeon-hunter goes into the other world by the New Cut;—and so might an urchin be drowned whilst merely washing in the City Road Basin. Besides, cockney angling by the small fry, is not fishing, but only playing with water,—as playing with gunpowder is not shooting. To turn to hunting, what a comfortable difference between breaking a joint of hazel and whalebone, and fracturing the hinge of the *os scruffii*, the top joint, I take it, of the human body! How delicious are the pastoral walks of Piscator through the daisied meads—but just ask Rhodes, the great cowkeeper, *à propos* of 'riding over pastures,' what he thinks of a burst in a clover field? The actuary of any life office will tell you something to the point; and, truly, to hunt oneself to death can hardly be separated from the 'voluntary system,' of suicide. The very pace so boasted of, is an aggravation, when a man is running a risk; but if any deadly risk besets Piscator, it is that of his death of cold, and he knows better than to mount a galloping horse to help him in catching it. The rules of his art, indeed, suggest precautions for the care of his person and health; for instance, to keep as far as he can from the edge—not to put his hand in the kettle, nor to strike without just occasion—to avoid lifting great weights, and straining his lines—to have an eye to a weak part—to keep his inside in good order—to avoid chafing and fretting—and take care of entanglements and embarrassments—to guard with a cork against any thing that might run into him to his injury,—and, in short, many little wholesome hints, to be found in any angling guide, almost as clearly laid down as in a medical one. So much for paying in person: now for paying in purse. It is natural to expect that when money mounts up, it will do so on horseback; and, accordingly, hunting is the costliest of field-sports. Let hounds be kept as dog cheap as they may, they will draw heavily on the pocket, and come to a considerable cheque at the banker's. To be sure a man may only subscribe to a pack; or drop in without subscribing; but still he must purchase and keep hunters, and it is well known that every horse 'eats like a horse,' and, like Dando, without the most remote notion of paying for his repasts. Moreover, besides the corn bill, there are others that will be as full of running till the end of the year;—in short, barring a mounted patrol, it is impossible on many accounts for a gentleman to ride to hounds, and go the pace, at a moderate rate. Ramrod may pay his shot upon more easy terms; still, the most killing gun ever put together will not bring down an expenditure. Putting out of sight that 'auld Joe' Manton, whose pieces used to carry such a load o' money, even a decent single barrel is not to be had for a trifle—and, besides the prime cost, there is a kick for three pounds thirteen and sixpence per annum on firing it off. Then there must be pointers, or setters, or spaniels; and besides their cost and maintenance, every sporting dog must answer to the call of the tax-gatherer, as well as to your own, which, as Franklin says, is 'paying rather dear for your whistle,'—and, finally, there must be a manor, or a right of shooting over Shooter's Hill, or somewhere else. Taking all these items, game will come, as well as go, rather high in

the long run — particularly if you pay the carriage. In fact, as some slender annuitants complain towards winter, "firing comes dear" — very dear indeed, if we compare it to Piscator's water-rates. At his first fitting out, how mildly the rod punishes his pocket! How slightly his lines dip into his income! How trifling the expense of baiting a hook to that of baiting a nag! But he needs no horse — only a little horse-hair. The Thames itself is a free fishery — but, should he think proper to subscribe to a water, how moderate his contribution to a river compared with Venator's to a kennel! As for dogs — he does not even require one to fetch his game out of the water — and, above all, let the prime cost and the current expenditure of the angler be what they may, he enjoys one prodigious and exclusive advantage, namely, that he puts in, as well as draws out."

There are many anecdotes of horses, dogs, foxes, hares, and other animals, which we would willingly quote, but our limits will not permit us to do so. Of the admirable embellishments, we mean to speak in another part of our Number.

*Iona, a Tragedy.* By T. Noon Talfourd. 4th edition. To which are added "Sonnets." London, 1837. Moson.

To offer any opinion upon *Iona* now, would be most superfluous. It has undergone the ordeal of every trying kind of criticism, and has come, like pure gold, through them all. First, private and friendly, but astute judgment; then the strange jury of a mixed audience on stage representation; and last of all the public press and the country. And here it is in a fourth edition. We have marked the three letters *i o n* in *italics*, for, besides the genius of the author, we are impressed with the idea that there is much in them, if our philosophy could find it out, something like magic, and in every language where they occur, witness *Iona*, *Ionah*, *Osirion*, *Apollyon*, *Ionis*, *Iuno*, &c. &c. — but, what has ancient philology to do with modern tragedy? We shall say no more but that *Iona* has long been a hobby of ours.

In the present instance it is introduced by a preface, in which the learned author treats so eloquently of the drama, and expresses so forcibly sentiments in which we cordially agree with him, that we have great pleasure in transferring them to our page. Speaking of the honourable, and, as weeks proceed, every hour more honoured effort making at Covent Garden to redeem the drama from its fallen state, Mr. Talfourd says:—

"There is one circumstance attendant on the circulation of this drama which has afforded me peculiar gratification—that it has been read without disapproval by many of those estimable persons whose conscientious scruples withhold them from the theatre, and has won some of them to confess that there is nothing in the form of dramatic poetry necessarily akin to guilty passions and ignoble aims. I am well aware, that it is indebted for this fortune not to any tone of moral feeling superior to that which is to be felt in its more powerful contemporaries, but to the incidental relations of its author, and to the manner of its original distribution: and I refer to it, therefore, with pleasure rather than with pride. If such as these are still deterred from sharing in the refined enjoyments of the acted drama, and from permitting their children to receive from it the vivid impressions which it leaves, by a just fear of the accidental influences with which it has been too frequently associated, they may be assured that an opportunity is now offered

to them of accepting the benefit without the alloy. They will find one of those great theatres, where alone the mightiest effects of heroic action and suffering can ever be felt, or their greatness fitly presented, under the direction of an artist whose personal worth might grace any profession or rank, and who, in seeking to dissipate the languor which has crept over the general heart in reference to the stage, at the sacrifice of his own health and ease, and the risk of his well-earned fortune, has had the virtue and the courage to cast away all vicious appliances, and to discourage every blandishment except those by which art embodies the conceptions of genius. To Covent Garden Theatre the sternest moralist may now conduct those whose moral nurture he regards as his most anxious and most delightful duty, without fear lest their minds should be diverted from the blameless gaieties or noble passion of the scene by intrusive suggestions of vice, which he would skreen, as far as possible, from their thoughts. If, indeed, dramatic representation itself is essentially evil; if it is a crime to render historic truths more vivid by calling forth its angust figures from the depth of time and the silence of books, 'in their habits as they lived;' if it is a sin to displace the rapidity of conversation, revolving in its own small circle of personal experiences, by presenting the genial eccentricities of character to be at once laughed at and loved, and imagining the graces of society without its bitterness; if it is an offence against the beneficent Author of our being 'to hold a mirror up' to the nature he has moulded, in which its grandest and its fairest varieties shall be reflected in the happiest combinations, as that choicest of all his human works—a poet's soul—has cast them; the attempts to remove from the magic glass all external impurities must be fruitless. But if there are those who, while they hold the faith and morals of Milton, are not afraid to accept his precept and to follow his example, I would entreat of them to assist the lessee of a great national theatre in his generous struggle to rescue the stage from the pollutions which have too long debased it. I urge this on them thus earnestly, because, in proportion as the dissipated and frivolous have withdrawn from this intellectual enjoyment, it becomes their province to sustain it; because I firmly believe that its maintenance is most important to the expansion of all that is social, and to the nurture of all that is great within us; because I deem it—not as an instructor in the way of direct moral invitation or purpose—but as dissolving the crust of selfishness which daily cares and labours gradually form about the kindest hearts; as softening the pride of conventional virtue, and bringing the outcasts of humanity within its sphere; and as combining all the picturesque varieties which external distinctions present with the sense of the noble equality which lies beneath them."

To this high appeal we shall add nothing, but content ourselves with noticing that the eight sonnets added to the publication before us are chiefly founded on local circumstances and feelings, and adding the last of them, being the most general in subject, as a specimen of the writer in this species of composition.

"*Fame—the Symbol and Proof of Immortality.*"

The names that slow Oblivion have defied,  
And passionate Ambition's wildest shocks,  
Stand in lone grandeur, like eternal rocks,  
To cast broad shadows o'er the silent tide  
Of Time's unebbing flood, whose waters glide,  
To ponderous darkness from their secret spring,  
And, bearing on each transitory thing,  
Leaves those old monuments in loneliest pride.  
There stand they—fortresses upreared by man,

Whose earthly frame is mortal; symbols high  
Of life unchanging,—strength that cannot die;  
Proofs that our nature is not of a span,  
But of immortal essence, and allied  
To life and joy and love unperishing."

*A Postscript to a Memoir of the Life and Works of William Wyon, Esq., A.R.A., Chief Engraver of the Royal Mint.* By Nicholas Carlisle, Esq. Pp. 63. London, 1837. Printed (as was the Memoir) for private circulation.

It seems that a correspondence has taken place between Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Hamilton, late one of the vice-presidents of the Society of Antiquaries, respecting some observations made in the Memoir of Mr. Wyon on Mr. Pistrucci, chief medallist at the Mint, complaining of the large sums of the public money given to the latter, and the very little he had performed for it, and his present inaction in the public service, notwithstanding his continuing salary. Mr. Hamilton, having read some long extracts from the "Memoir" in the "Numismatic Journal," took up the cause of Mr. Pistrucci, and wrote to Mr. Carlisle, upon the subject of "what was described as the substance, but which must, he presumed, be a distortion of his Memoir;" and, on Mr. Carlisle replying that he was "perfectly satisfied that nothing had been advanced in his Memoir of Mr. Wyon, which was not supported by truth," Mr. Hamilton addressed a long letter to Mr. Carlisle, containing, certainly, some very unmeasured and unqualified strictures on various parts of the "Memoir," where Mr. Wyon is praised, or Mr. Pistrucci, or his receipts and works, were criticised, and took up the quarrel so personally, that he closes his letter by saying he had on the same day resigned his seat as one of the vice-presidents of the Society of Antiquaries, "rather than 'sit at the same board with one, who had gratuitously gone out of his way to circulate aspersions against an individual, whom he was proud to call one of his dearest friends, and whose abilities as an artist were only equalled by his honesty as a man.'"

Upon this strong expression of feeling, Mr. Carlisle has considered it necessary to justify what he has written, by the "Postscript," now under consideration. The correspondence is printed in an appendix, and required this notice, as an introduction to Mr. Carlisle's defence.

When men, so many years before the public, that they have grown old in a well-earned and acknowledged character for learned research, criticism, and taste, enter into personal quarrels, the literary and antiquarian world cannot but deeply deplore such an occurrence. It is not within our purpose, nor our general plan, to take either side of the question, or make an attempt "inter magnos componere lites;" and, therefore, we shall give some extracts, from which our readers may form their own opinions.

"That foreigners, merely as such, should be repelled from the British shores, and be forbidden to introduce their productions of skill, or to propose their works of enterprise, would, indeed, be madness, because injurious to the best interests of the empire. . . . I have merely spoken of that gentleman [Mr. Pistrucci] in connexion with the large sums he has received, and the little duty he has latterly performed in his official capacity; I have arraigned none of his works; I have said nothing of his private character; I have barely treated his professional conduct with that freedom to which every public man is, and ought to be,

\* Mr. Carlisle has been one of the secretaries to the Society of Antiquarians, for above 30 years.

amenable. I have done him no injury; and it would have been well had he, or his friends, shewn similar forbearance, and abstained from that invective which commonly betrays a want of fact and poverty of argument. \* \* \* That Mr. Hamilton should have stepped forward with so much intemperate zeal, to pour the vial of his wrath on a work in which he is nowhere mentioned, nor in the remotest degree alluded to, cannot but be considered as exceedingly strange, perfectly unaccountable. But I shall neither question his motives, nor copy the grossness of his language."

As specimens of the style of Mr. Hamilton's principal letter, Mr. Carlisle, after noticing thirty specific charges of *ignorance*, gives the following:—"Direct, or wilfully indirect misstatement—libellous insinuations—fabricator—deluded—beneath his notice—resign my seat—never can again consent to sit at the same board—gratuitously gone out of his way—rather hardly expressed—to recollect who threw the first stone."

Mr. Carlisle then takes up the different accusations or assertions of Mr. Hamilton *seriatim*, and states his answers, of which we give some as specimens:—"Mr. Hamilton asserts that the little which Mr. Wyon knows of modelling, was gratuitously taught him by Mr. Pistrucci. Had Mr. Hamilton applied to that artist, to whom, of course, as 'one of his dearest friends,' he must have ready access, he could have told him, that he never gave Mr. Wyon any instruction. The fact is notorious, that Mr. Wyon studied in the Royal Academy in 1814, previous to which, in 1813, the large gold medal was awarded by the Society of Arts to him, for an original model in wax of the head of Ceres."

"One of Mr. Pistrucci's first works in steel was an alteration of the half-crown die of George the Third, originally engraved by Thomas Wyon; this alteration he made with the diamond and wheel, tools that he had been accustomed to use in cutting gems. The art of sinking dies in steel with the graver, was gratuitously taught Mr. Pistrucci by Mr. Wyon and his cousin, with which mode of engraving he was previously entirely unacquainted." Mr. Hamilton having stated that Mr. Pistrucci, alone, by his extraordinary exertions, enabled the then master of the mint "to bring out the whole of the new coinage after the peace, in an incredibly short space of time, and under very trying difficulties necessarily attendant upon a new establishment," Mr. Carlisle says,—"The first issue of the new coin from the Bank of England was on the 3d of February, 1817, and Mr. Pistrucci did not enter the mint until the month of September, 1817. \* \* \* Mr. William Wyon was appointed the second engraver in 1816; and it was not until the latter part of the year 1817, that Mr. Pistrucci succeeded as chief, on the lamented death of Mr. Thomas Wyon; but Mr. William Wyon was then most assuredly occupied in the duties of his office."

"When Mr. Hamilton tells us, also, that he has always considered the appointment of Mr. Wyon to the office of chief engraver, 'as a flagrant act of injustice,' he forgets that Mr. Pistrucci's services were discontinued in 1822, in consequence of his declining to copy a bust, made by Mr. Chantrey, of his majesty George the Fourth, and which the king, being dissatisfied with the portrait on the coinage, had commanded should be copied."

"When Mr. Hamilton takes upon himself, in an angry mood, to resign the office of one of the vice-presidents of the Society of Anti-

quaries, he displays the folly of a spoiled child, who punishes himself, whilst he imagines he is teasing others; but, when he assigns as a motive that he cannot sit at the same board with me, he seems, at least, to have the desire of sowing discord in the Society, and of injuring a responsible officer in their esteem. Mr. Hamilton must, however, be allowed to be the best judge of what is most agreeable to his own feelings in this matter; though it may be considered a source of regret, that a gentleman should suffer his irritable temper to be the cause of removing him from a situation which was once the great object of his fair ambition. Friendship is a plant of slow growth, and I am not young enough to form fresh associations with facility: I cannot, then, but lament the termination of an acquaintance of nearly thirty-one years, with one to whom I have ever shewn respect and esteem."

One more extract must suffice:—"Having now gone through the whole of Mr. Hamilton's remarkable letter, although I find much that is 'hardly expressed' against Mr. Wyon and myself, I perceive very little of defence or explanation of what I objected to in his dearest friend, Mr. Pistrucci. If I state that he received 1325*l.* for three jasper heads, I am told that 'I am ignorant'. If I state that he received 1780*l.* on account of the Waterloo medal, which is not yet finished, I am again told that 'I am perfectly ignorant'. If I give a comparative statement of his and Mr. Wyon's receipts and services, I receive no reply. Now, my 'ignorance' is no justification of Mr. Pistrucci: the pleasing duty of defence still remains to be performed by Mr. Hamilton for his dearest friend."

Mr. Carlisle's defence of himself, and his "Memoir," is cool, explicit, and spirited: we have done our duty to the public in laying it before them; and, repeating that we disclaim all partisanship or interposition in the quarrels of others, such a dispute, between such men, and carried to such an extent, is deeply to be regretted.

*Walsingham, the Gamester.* By the Author of "The Life of a Sailor." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Bentley.

CAPTAIN CHAMIER is more successful at sea than on land: still there are some striking scenes in the present work; among which are some from the late French revolution. These are evidently the production of an eye-witness; and we shall give one, instead of interfering with the progress of the story.

"One of these scenes, which might appal a firmer heart than a woman's, was witnessed from the window of the Café Turc; and all the miseries which Walsingham had pictured on the night when he recommended their flight from Paris were apprehended. It arose from cessation of hostilities for two hours, in order to the gendarmes having solicited from the mob a come to some permanent treaty, which would prevent any further flow of blood. The populace, overcome more by the intense heat of the day than by the actual opposition of their enemies, were overjoyed at this overture, which they fondly imagined would end all the disturbances. They, therefore, after having quenched their thirst, stood in groups discussing the affairs of the day. Some boys climbed the arch of St. Denis, and placed a tricoloured flag thereon, waving their hats, and shouting out, 'Vive la Nation!' No sooner did the gendarmes perceive this favourable opportunity than they resumed the attack upon the unarmed, unprepared citizens, and many were thus slaughtered. A rush

was made at the arms by both parties: but they were seized by the unwounded men and discharged as the police advanced. A savage retaliation now ensued: in vain the wounded soldier cried for mercy—the word was unknown; they were sacrificed, butchered without remorse and without feeling. It was only at the Porte St. Denis that these atrocities were committed. The Swiss troops, who fired on the populace in the Place du Palais Royal in a similar manner, paid dearly for their treachery; but they fought with the intention of dying rather than surrendering, being fully impressed with the erroneous idea, that their abandoning their arms would be the sure step to their murder. The citizens who fought in that quarter of the town were animated with a very different feeling,—murder or plunder was not their intention; and it is one of the most astonishing facts in that revolution, that the thirsty soldiers in many instances refused wine, which they could have procured without the smallest difficulty, and rather chose to continue under the sensation of thirst, than quench it by any other means than water, more especially if the wine was to be procured by plunder. \* \* \*

"The mob were chasing one man, who by his dress he soon recognised to be a gendarme. The poor fellow was wounded, and was making this last attempt to save his life; whilst the infuriated people, most of whom were armed, called out to seize the reptile and fix him as a mark against the Porte St. Denis. This scene had not escaped the party at the Café Turc; for, as the firing had previous to this been partially suspended, the ladies, imitating others of their sex, and gathering courage by example, had without fear advanced to the windows. With intense interest they watched the termination of this affair. The rash man had, in his uniform, ventured from his lurking-place: he was instantly recognised; the revenge which was uppermost in the drunken minds of the mob prompted them to seize their arms, and the poor fellow, seeing their object, endeavoured, by stepping suddenly from side to side, to avoid the death he saw, when too late, perhaps, to be almost inevitable. By his quickness he escaped the ill-directed shots, until one, a mere random fire, struck him in the leg: he felt the wound, but struggled with the pain; the hounds were soon upon him—they seized him, and threw him on the ground. 'Let's all have a shot at him,' said a youngster of about seventeen, who had been placed on the arch, and who had taken not one, but five or six shots at the flying enemy: 'my brother is killed, and I will have revenge!' 'That's noble,' said another; 'of course you shall have a shot at him. Let us place him with his back against the Porte St. Denis, and we will soon have blood for blood.' In drunken society, a hint is almost invariably taken: there is no folly a drunken man will not commit, and no crime of which he is not capable;—such is the penalty exacted for disgracing the human intellect, and of levelling man with a brute. No sooner was the horrid proposition made, than the victim's arms were lashed, and his legs secured against all escape. It required but little time to effect this. The poor fellow was then led to the arch, or rather dragged, and was placed upright against it. 'Hear me, my comrades,' he said, 'before you murder me. I only did my duty, which I was bound to do; why, then, do you seek to kill me, and leave one of your own countrywomen a widow, and three French boys fatherless?' 'My brother! give me back my brother you have murdered!' said the half-drunken lad, 'and then we may listen

to your nonsense. Stand out of the way, boys! I will soon send poor William a companion."

Our chief objection to the narrative is its *dénouement*—reform in such a case is more than improbable.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons; illustrating the Perfection of God in the Phenomena of the Year.** By the Rev. H. Duncan, D.D. Pp. 408. Edinburgh, Oliphant and Son; Glasgow, Collins; Dublin, Curry and Co.; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS is the last volume of the series published by the reverend author, and dedicated to the season of Autumn, whose various labours, produce, and appearances, he brings to illustrate his moral and religious lessons. After describing these phenomena, he treats of them in connexion with three great human wants, food, clothing, and architecture. Tracing their early history, he furnishes us with accounts of their existing state, and applies the whole to the impression of those truths which cannot but amend the heart on the best basis of amendment—the infusion of knowledge, and enlargement of the understanding. It is an excellent volume for youthful instruction, and yet so full of curious matter as to be exceedingly well adapted for reading in the family circle, where the attractive and entertaining are desirable components with the more important and serious.

**Mechanics of Fluids, for Practical Men, comprising Hydrostatics, Descriptive and Constructive, the whole illustrated by numerous Examples and appropriate Diagrams.** By Alexander Jamieson, LL.D., Author of "Elements of Algebra." 8vo. pp. 472. London, 1837. Orr and Co.

TREATS fully and practically of a very important branch of philosophy, upon which new lights are breaking every year, and from the cultivation of which much national benefit may be expected.

**The Popular Encyclopædia, Vol. V., Part II.** Glasgow and Edinburgh, 1837. Blackie and Son.

THE present volume of this valuable contribution to the diffusion of popular knowledge, runs from the word "Pedagogue" to the word "Romanzoff;" and is conducted with the same care as its predecessors.

**The Young Scholar's Manual of Useful Knowledge,** by T. Carpenter. 18mo. pp. 72. (London, Darton and Harvey.)

A little volume, conveying a great deal of various information, in the form of question and answer.

**A First Grammar of the Latin Language, Designed for Schools or Private Tuition,** by the Rev. W. Butler, M.A. Head Master of the Free Grammar School, Nottingham. 18mo. pp. 128. (London, Longman and Co.)—This little grammar is admirably adapted to its purpose. The first steps are aided as much as possible, and instructors will find that they have good cause to thank Mr. Butler for his judicious labours.

**The Karikom Restored,** by E. Lakeby. 2 vols. 12mo. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A very dull and commonplace fiction.

**The Works of William Cowper,** Edited by R. Southey, Esq., LL.D. 12mo. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—This volume closes one of the most beautifully illustrated works that has yet appeared even in this age of elegant editions. We know of no fault to find in this admirable work,—it is complete in every way—and Cowper, so long an established favourite, will, if possible, be more popular than ever. These volumes form a valuable and interesting standard work.

**The Death of Marlowe: a Tragedy in one Act,** by R. H. Horne, Author of "Cosmo De Medici," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 28. (London, Saunders and Otey.)—An attempt after the fashion of the olden dramatists, but we cannot add, at all a successful one.

**Grammar of Modern Geography,** by Peter Parley. 16mo. pp. 344. (London, Tegg.)—A very useful manual, pleasantly adapted to the use of young people.

**The Purtyer: or, the Whole Art of Farming Flower Gardens,** by C. F. Jervis, Esq. 12mo. pp. 40. (London, Bull.)—The directions here are given in such good taste, that we quite long to go and execute them.

**Camillus: a Historical Play, in Five Acts,** by George Condy, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 51. (London, Longman and Co.)—There is a good deal of meritorious writing in this play; but the author confesses that it is not fitted for the stage; to which we must add, that it was hardly worthy of publication. It is too level, and wants interest; and we think such comparisons as the subjoined, of Rome under the feet of Brennus, are *infra dig.*

"Camillus. Fear not for her; she'll kick again,  
And give the Gaul her hoof with such a jerk,  
As to let in more light upon his brain  
Than he can see with."

1. *De Porquet's French and English, and English and French Versions, &c.* 2. *Turning English Idioms into French Idioms at Sight, &c.* Second Edition. (London, De Porquet and Cooper.)—Both nice little volumes to help on the student of French to a more perfect acquaintance with the language.

**The Evils of Quarantine Laws, and Non-Existence of Pestilential Contagion: the Privy Council, and College of Physicians; the Means of Prevention and Method of Cure of the Cholera Morbus, and the Atrocities of the Cholera Panic,** by Captain White, late H.E.I.C. Service. 8vo. pp. 176. (London, Wilson; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; Dublin, Cumming.)—The title of this volume tells its story. The author adopts the opinions of the late Dr. Charles Maclean, whom he largely quotes; and argues not very temperately on the subjects here announced. This, however, is not, we fancy, a moment at which the world, and especially the people of London, will be taught to believe that precautions against plague and cholera are ridiculous.

**A Letter to Lord J. Russell on Asiatic Cholera,** by Dr. Joseph Ayre. (London, Longman and Co.)—This pamphlet also questions the means adopted during the cholera panic for restraining the progress of the disease; and enforces the necessity for improving the condition of the lower orders, as the only resource for preventing its fatal recurrence.

**Alfred Societies, &c.** (London, Longman and Co.)—A benevolent plan for establishing sick clubs on a small scale; and strenuously enforced by the writer, Mr. H. L. Smith, of Southam, who has also earnestly recommended the formation of self-supporting charitable and parochial dispensaries.

**Library of Entertaining Knowledge: Lane's Modern Egypt, Vol. II.** (London, Knight.)—We have so recently finished a detailed review of this work, in its original form, that we need only mention here its completion as part of this "Library."—*See*

**Larner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. XCVI. Biography, Vol. III. Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Italy, Spain, and Portugal.** (London, Longman and Co., and Taylor.)—This volume contains lives of distinguished Spanish and Portuguese writers, and is not remarkable either for very good style or novelty of material.

**School Books.**—**First Grammar of the Latin Language,** by the Rev. W. Butler, M.A. Pp. 128. (London, Longman and Co.; Nottingham, Dearden.) **An Abridgement of Murray's English Grammar,** by the Rev. J. Ellis, jun. Pp. 148. (London, Moore; Manchester, Baileys and Co.; Selby, Galpin.) **The Young Scholar's Manual of Useful Knowledge,** by Thomas Carpenter. Pp. 72. (London, Mead, Darton and Harvey, Edwards.) **Homonyma Lingue Latine,** by T. Swinburne Carr. Pp. 119. (London, Schloss.)—All very nice little elementary books in their way.

**Practical Religion; or, Christian Obedience, in a Series of Twelve Sermons,** &c. 8vo. pp. 141. (London, Longman and Co.; Bath, Simms and Collins.)—Very short discourses, but replete with excellent advice and sound practical observation.

**Tales about Wales, with a Catechism of Welsh History,** by a Lady of the Principality. Second edition. Edited by Captain Basil Hall, R.N. pp. clxx. 330. (Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker.) A nice little volume, in which historical stories and traditions are pleasingly told. It well deserves to have come to a new edition.

**Science of Life Insurance,** by Peter Watt, Accountant, Edinburgh. 8vo. (Edinburgh, J. Anderson; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A valuable treatise on a very important subject, not yet thoroughly understood. It is illustrated by tables, which are curious and interesting; and some of the general remarks are original and sound.

**A Practical Treatise on Warming Buildings by Hot Water, &c. &c.,** by C. Hood, F.R.S.A. 8vo. pp. 216. (London, Whittaker.)—Many woodcuts illustrate Mr. Hood's investigation of this useful invention. Tables constructed on calculations respecting radiant and conducted heat, rules theoretical and practical, and thence the correction of past errors, come all within the scope of his treatise, which is certainly the most complete we have hitherto seen.

**Remarks on Mathematical or Demonstrative Reasoning; its Connexion with Logic, and its Application to Science,** &c. 8vo. pp. 135. (London, Green.)—This treatise displays much ability; but the questions it discusses are rather too abstract to be introduced at length into our pages. The application of the author's opinions to several recent physical and metaphysical publications give it popular interest. He is a strenuous admirer of Hartley and Mill.

**The Judgment of the Anglican Church (Prior to the Reformation), on the Sufficiency of Holy Scripture, and the Authority of the Holy Catholic Church in Matters of Faith; as contained in her Authoritative Formularies, and illustrated by the Writings of her Elder Masters and Doctors, with a copious Introduction and Notes,** by J. F. Russell, S.C.L. Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 287. (London, Baily and Co.; Oxford, Parker; Cambridge, Stevenson.)—The title-

page explains the nature of this publication, which (says the Preface) is designed to set at rest (so far as the decision of the Church of England is concerned) the important questions of the sufficiency of Holy Scripture, and the value of Catholic tradition. The misrepresentations of Roman and other sectaries, and the peculiar aspect of the times, seem peremptorily to call for such an exhibition of "The Judgment of the Anglican Church." For this purpose copious extracts are given from her Articles, Canons, and other authorised formularies, and the writings of her elder champions. As we never meddle with polemics, we are content to let the author explain his own design; and have only to notice, that he has consulted and quoted a mass of high and interesting authorities.

**The History of England, Vol. I.** (London, Rickerby.)—A new edition of Hume and Smollet, edited by Mr. Stebbing, is here begun, with an Essay on the Study of History, by the reverend editor. The vignette represents Caractacus before the emperor Claudius.

**A Succinct Statement of the Kaffer's Case, &c.,** by S. Kay, late Missionary. Pp. 99. (London, Hamilton and Co.; Nottingham, Dearden.)—Mr. Kay, in this letter to Mr. Fowell Buxton, strongly censures the frontier policy of the Cape, and condemns the late Kaffer war, in the warmest manner of a native partisan.

**Conversations on the Human Frame and Five Senses.** Pp. 280. (London, Darton and Clark.)—A small tome, in which these subjects are discussed in familiar conversation, and illustrated with plates for the information of youth.

**The Apprentice's Pocket Guide to Wealth.** Pp. 122. (Glasgow, M'Phun; London, Cotes; Edinburgh, Whyte.)—Much good advice in small compass, with appropriate additions from the writings of Franklin.

**A New Guide to Cheltenham and its Environs.** (Cheltenham, Lee; London, Whittaker and Co.)—A second edition, with improvements, and very useful to the visitor of this place of sanatory and fashionable resort.

**The Nabob's Wife,** by the Author of "Village Reminiscences." 3 vols. (London, Bentley.)—We thought, after we had made some progress in these volumes, that we had fallen in with some of the elderly tomes, the dust of which is rarely disturbed. It is essentially a novel of the old school, full of delicate distresses, improbable difficulties, and all sorts of charming impossibilities.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, November 15th. Rev. William Whewell, president, in the chair.—The first communication read at this meeting, was a letter from W. C. Trevelyan, Esq., to Dr. Buckland, describing first, some indications of an elevation of the land having taken place, which he had observed in 1833, in a visit to the Channel Islands, and especially in Guernsey, where, on the shore near the point where the road descends towards the rock or islet of Lihou, in the east of that island, may be seen sections where, above the present high-water mark, the granite rock bears evident marks of having been rounded by the action of the waves, previously to the deposition on it of a bed of gravel, which now covers it and fills up the inequalities of its surface. The gravel, consisting of pebbles of neighbouring rocks, but also of chalk flints, is firmly bound together by ferruginous angular sand, and extends to eight feet above the present high-water mark. On the N.W. of the island similar gravel occurs, resting on the surface of a syenitic rock, which bears evident signs of disturbance from subterranean agency. Into the fissures formed in this rock the gravel has forced itself, as well as under some masses which seem still to be in connexion with their original rocks. The author then draws attention to what he considers a proof of the elevation of the land on the coast of Jutland, near Frederick's Haven (not far from the Scaw). This consists in the country near this place abounding with sepulchral tumuli, with the exception of a lower and an extensive tract bordering on the sea, on which none occurred. He, therefore, supposes that the latter may have been elevated since that mode of burial was disused in that country, which he believes was about the eighth or ninth century. The author concludes with a notice of some extensive tertiary (*pleiocene*) beds which he had visited near Porto d'Anzio (the ancient Antium). These form cliffs, about 50 feet high, and contain numerous shells, but

little altered, and not at all water-worn, and which are apparently of the same species as those now inhabiting the neighbouring sea. *Pecten jacobaeus*, and *P. opercularis*, are the most numerous, and often so much as to form considerable beds. These may be traced some way into the interior, and to elevations of two, or 300 feet above the sea, where are quarries which were worked in ancient times. In the neighbourhood a stream of water was seen, holding in solution sulphate of iron with excess of acid, and near which sulphur is dug out. A letter was then read from Sir R. Smirke to Dr. Buckland, forwarding another to himself from Mr. Edge, in which the latter described that, in sinking a well at St. Peter's, in Jersey, his workman had, at a depth of 45 feet, met with a block of granite six feet in thickness, which they were obliged to blast. Below this was found a small quantity of peat, and also some pieces of fossil timber in the state of bog-wood. A paper was commenced by J. Malcolmson, Esq. F.G.S., Madras Medical Service, 'On the Fossils of the Eastern Portion of the Great Basaltic District of India.'

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, Dec. 7.—Read a paper 'On the Character, Affinities, Places of Growth, Economical Uses, and Geographical Distribution, of the Mosses,' by D. Cooper, Esq., curator. The natural division under which these plants are arranged is the following:—Acrogens, acotyledonous, cryptogamic, or flowerless plants; sexes absent; sporules instead of leaves. Their essential character—erect or creeping, terrestrial or aquatic, cellular plants having a distinct axis of growth, destitute of a vascular system, and covered with a minute imbricated, entire, or serrated leaves: reproductive organs of two kinds. Their peculiar external and curious internal organisation cannot fail to excite a lively interest, even in those who have made but little progress in the study of these plants. In the empire of Flora, the mosses rank with the most humble subjects—no arborescent one has hitherto been discovered: even the largest of them, such as *Polytrichum commune*, *Tinania longistata*, seldom much exceed a span in length: the genera *Phascom* and *Grimmia* contain several species, which can only be observed by the aid of the lens. In their places of growth the mosses are very remarkable; for, although most partial to shady and moist places, they thrive in very different kinds of soil, and even exposed to the intense heat of the sun in arid situations; on the southern side of barren rocks, and other sunny places; in pure dry sand, on bare quartz, on rocks of porphyry and granite, on calcareous rocks, on pit coals, and in argillaceous soils. The genera and species of the different localities were described. The mosses grow most luxuriantly in morasses, and are the principal components of peat and turf fuel: rivers, brooks, and springs, also abound with them,—the species *Fortunalis*. They also inhabit, as is well known, stems and branches of trees. For these parasitical mosses the *Lichens* prepare the necessary mould; and they, in their turn, afford the material for succeeding generations of the more vascular plants. Low temperatures suit them best, and they abound in the northern regions. In the southern hemisphere, also, they particularly extend towards the pole. Norway and Sweden are the true native country of the mosses. The northern parts of Siberia, towards the coast of the icy Sea, is, for the width of some hundred versts, an immensely extended morass, where, in the middle of summer, the thaw never penetrates

more than a span deep. Here the whole soil is covered by mosses, thriving although their roots are only just above the external crust of ice, on which, even in summer, sledges are drawn by rein-deer as far as the coast. The mosses are among the first vegetables that clothe the soil with verdure in newly formed countries; and they are the last that disappear when the atmosphere ceases to be capable of nourishing vegetation. The first green crust on the cinders of Ascension was minute mosses. They form nearly half of the flora of Melville Island; and the black and lifeless soil of New South Shetland is covered with specks of mosses struggling for existence. How they find their way to such places, and under what laws they are produced, are mysteries that human ingenuity has not yet succeeded in unravelling. About eight hundred species are known. Of the properties of the tribe, but little can be said. In the economy of man, they perform but an insignificant part: in the economy of nature, how vast!

## ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DEC. 4th. J. F. Stephens, Esq. president, in the chair.—Various donations of entomological works were announced, including a copy of the extensive and rare German periodical, "Der Naturforscher," and thanks ordered to be given to the several donors thereof. Mr. G. F. Shipster was elected a member of the Society; and certificates in favour of four other gentlemen were read. A specimen and drawing of the New Zealand caterpillar, attacked by a parasitic fungus, six inches in length, recently figured by Sir W. Hooker, under the name of *Clavaria larvarium*, were exhibited by Mr. Evans, which led to some discussion on the physiology of these vegetable parasites. Mr. Westwood gave some account of several recent memoirs, by Professor Weismann, of Brussels, descriptive of various monstrous and hermaphrodite insects; the most curious of which was a specimen of the fine butterfly *Nymphalis populi*, found in the winged state, but still retaining the head of the caterpillar; beneath which were discovered the head-case of the chrysalis, and the real head of the butterfly. The following memoirs were read,—'Observations respecting various Insects which, at different times, have afforded Food to Man,' by the Rev. F. W. Hope, vice-president. In this memoir the author confined himself to the coleopterous, hemipterous, and orthopterous, insects, of which he enumerated a great number of species used as food. 'A Translation from Cason Schmidberger's Observations on the Natural History of the Paradoxical Pear-fly (*Psalis bosci*),' extracted from M. Kollar's recently published work on the insects injurious to vegetation, was also communicated by Mr. Westwood. A discussion, of considerable extent, took place on the various memoirs alluded to.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, Dec. 2.—Mr. Sturgeon read an introductory paper, 'On experimental and theoretical researches in electricity.' The object of the series is to exhibit such an arrangement of facts as must influence and direct the reasoning of those philosophers who, at present, differ in opinion as to the *modus operandi* in the production of electrical phenomena. To effect this great desideratum, caution, vigorous circumspection, and impartiality, must be exercised; Mr. Sturgeon will have to divest his mind of all preconceived views, relate facts as they occur, and not as they bear upon

any favourite theory of his own; and faithfully illustrate, by experiment, each phenomena. Mr. Sturgeon promises that "the experimental data to be advanced shall be obvious and unequivocal; and his reasoning plain, lucid, and familiar." He also proposes to reinvestigate the great variety of phenomena which aid the establishment of some of those unalterable principles upon which the science must ultimately rest. The theories of the present time, each supported by men of the highest talent, are those of two fluids of one fluid only, and the vibratory theory. The latter Mr. Sturgeon considered to be founded upon the effects of the motions of matter alone; and asks, 'Can any one suppose that the Leyden jar is charged by the quiverings of glass or copper? or that the glass will continue its quakings for a week, or even for a much longer period? The evidence in favour of the vibratory hypothesis depended much upon analogy to the doctrines of sound and light; but, without the ignition of inflammable matter there could be no light; without matter in motion there could be no sound.' This is contrary to the views of an able supporter of the vibratory theory, as shewn in our report of the Electrical Society in a recent number. Mr. Pollock there admits a universal fluid, which, if any thing, must be matter; and conceived that the equilibrium of this fluid was disturbed by the contracting and expanding of the ponderable bodies; which disturbance caused currents and their consequent phenomena. Be this as it may, we have no space for controversy. Mr. Sturgeon proceeded to prove the existence of electrical matter by the flash, report, and perforation of a card or glass: the latter is sometimes reduced to powder, to produce which something must have agitated the atmosphere: without matter a solid body could not be perforated. Further, the effect on the animal organs upon which this something impinges, and its transmission through the body, afford mechanical evidence of electrical momentum: if sent with great velocity, a violent shock would be felt; whereas, the same quantity spun out, as it were, through inferior conductors, the velocity, the momentum retarded, would scarcely give any shock at all—the effects would be decreased considerably. The evidence of momentum was also shewn by gunpowder being placed in the circuit; the discharge through metallic conductors only scattered, passed along a thread, ignited it; the powder requiring certain contact with heat for its combustion.

## WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

THE half-yearly general meeting was held on Monday, and from the report then read, the affairs of this institution appear to be in a very flourishing condition. It has just received the patronage of the Queen, and its library numbers about 6000 valuable works. There was some discussion about building suitable premises on another locality; but it was finally determined that the present establishment should be enlarged. The meeting, which was well attended, then broke up.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.  
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Dec. 1.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. H. P. Smith, Lincoln College; Rev. E. T. Yates, Oriel College; Rev. T. Brancher, Fellow of Wadham College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—A. Rigby, Grand Compounder, J. F. Smith, Hulme Exhibitioner, Brasenose College; J. G. Lonsdale, Scholar, F. F. Seymour, Balliol College; C. T.



Wilson, Lusby Scholar, G. Smith, Magdalen Hall; J. Simeon, Christ Church; J. G. Hickley, A. W. Haddan; T. B. Cornish, Scholars, M. E. Herne, Trinity College; J. W. Twist, W. Whitelegg, Queen's College; T. S. G. B. Lennard, Merton College; J. B. Paige, G. France, Exeter College; R. D. Michell, Wadham College; D. Lewis, Scholar, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 29.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. J. Robinson, Jesus College.  
*Bachelor in Civil Law*.—H. B. Pigot, Trinity Hall.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—Dr. Roget read the president's annual address. His royal highness commences it by observing, that he hoped the removal of the malady which had afflicted his eyes would have enabled him, with becoming regularity, to attend to the duties of president of the Royal Society; that hope, however, had been frustrated by a long and severe illness; still, he entertained better hopes for the future; but, if he continued to find himself unable to preside at the meetings of the Society, he should certainly resign the chair to another. A warm and just eulogy is then paid to the memory of his late majesty, the last patron, and one who was not more distinguished by his exalted station than he was by his virtues as a brother, husband, and friend; in him, indeed, were centered all the merits of the monarch and the man. Her Majesty the Queen had been graciously pleased to extend her patronage to the Society, and to continue the grants of money given in the first instance by George the Fourth, and afterwards by William the Fourth, for defraying the charge of the royal medals. In announcing this to the council, her majesty cordially joins in the wish of the Society, that her reign may be characterised by the promotion of the arts of peace. The address then notices the disposal of the medallions, as reported in the last *Literary Gazette*, viz. one of the royal medals to Mr. Whewell, for his papers on the tides. The second royal medal, which was set apart for the best essay on chronological geology, that might be written between 1834 and 1837, had not been awarded, as no paper on the subject had been presented. M. Becquerel and Mr. Danielli were the individuals to whom were awarded the Copley medals. His royal highness then notices the letter he had received from Baron Humboldt, in reference to the establishment of magnetical observatories throughout the world; measures to execute which had been taken, and observatories, in consequence, had been established at Greenwich, Corfu, Ceylon, Hobart Town, Barbadoes, Bagdad, Cape of Good Hope, &c. It was gratifying to know that the Lords of the Treasury, who, with the Lords of the Admiralty, were always ready to aid the objects of the Society, had placed at the disposal of the council, a sufficient sum for carrying these desirable ends into effect. The address next touches upon Mr. Panizzi's connexion with the Society, and his royal highness emphatically declares that he was not only cognisant of all the acts of the council in reference to Mr. Panizzi, but fully approved of them at the time, as he did now. That gentleman had received more money by upwards of 200% than he was fairly entitled to; and it was not until after a lapse of 16 months, that he publishes a pamphlet on the subject instead of asking for payment from the council. In a word, after the maturest consideration, the council were satisfied that Mr. Panizzi's representations are unwarrantable and erroneous, and that the assertions in reference to Mr. Robertson are equally unfounded. Unfinished sheets, too, of the catalogue were put to the ordeal of the severest criticism,

for the purpose of lowering the Society in the eyes of the world. Since last anniversary the Society had lost, by death, twenty fellows, and two foreign members. Amongst them was his majesty, William the Fourth, as already mentioned; Mr. Colebrook, the greatest Sanscrit scholar of the age, as well as a most munificent patron of the sciences; as was shewn by his splendid donation of Sanscrit MSS., worth 10,000*l.*, which he made to the library of the East India Company, in order that they might not be dispersed by the fluctuations of inheritance. Dr. Latham, the father of the Royal Society, was another loss during the past year. After he was 82 years of age he wrote his "History of Birds," one of the best works on ornithology, and extending over eleven volumes. Dr. Tiarks—Dr. Ritchie, singular for his skill and simplicity in performing the most delicate and difficult experiments with the commonest means; and alike remarkable for his ardour and determination in the cause of science. And, lastly, poor Davidson, murdered by savages, in the full vigour and prime of life, were amongst the number.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—Mr. Hunter communicated historical remarks on the measures taken for the apprehension of Sir Thomas de Gournay, charged as one of the murderers of King Edward II., and of his death. It appears that he had escaped to the continent; and, of the old chroniclers, some alleged that he was taken at Marseilles, others, at Burgos, in Spain; that his journey to England, in custody, was commenced; and that, by the orders of some influential parties in England, he was beheaded on board ship, on the voyage, from a fear that he would implicate others if brought to trial here. But Mr. Hunter had found in Rymer's *Fœdera*, several documents relating to Gournay, consisting of letters, accounts of charges for travelling and other expenses, &c.; from which it is quite evident that he was taken at Burgos, and that Edward III. immediately despatched a commissioner to demand him from the Spanish authorities, and bring him to England for trial. The commissioner went to the Spanish court, and followed it from place to place for some months, during which time he was put off by excuses and delays, which shew a reluctance in the government of Spain to give up the prisoner. Having, at last, however, obtained an order for his delivery, he proceeded to Burgos, where he discovered that Gournay had found means to escape. The commissioner then proceeded in various directions, endeavouring to discover the place of the fugitive's retreat; and, at length, returned to England, after an absence of more than twelve months, without having attained the object of his mission. Subsequently, however, Sir Thomas de Gournay was made prisoner at Naples, on some local charge; on hearing of which Edward III. immediately despatched another messenger, with a letter to the king of Sicily, demanding the custody of the prisoner for trial in England. The request was complied with; and Gournay set off, in custody, on his journey hither. He is then traced to several places on the route, until his arrival at Bayonne, where he fell ill; and so far from a desire to dispose of him before his arrival in England, it appears that every care was taken of him, as he was attended by two physicians, the expense of which was charged to the English government. He, however, died, and was buried at Bayonne; and, notwithstanding the long existence of the *Fœdera*,

this historical blunder has never been rectified until now. As an appendix to this paper, Mr. Hunter added an account of the expenses of the removal of the deceased king from Berkeley Castle to Gloucester.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; Medical Society, 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday*.—Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (on Calico Printing, by the Secretary); Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.  
*Wednesday*.—Geological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8½ P.M.  
*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.  
*Saturday*.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Harveian, 8 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

MONDAY, Dec. 4. J. Papworth, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Read, letter from Lord Melbourne to the president, Lord de Grey, intimating the gracious consent of her majesty to become patroness to the Institute; from the secretary to the Imperial Academy at Venice, acknowledging, with thanks, the receipt of the first part of the transactions of the institute, stating the intention of the academy to have it translated into Italian, and communicating their contemplated publication of designs by native artists. Several letters had been received from various parts of Great Britain, with expressions of anxiety for the establishment of branch societies; and one from the Manchester society, requesting friendly correspondence on matters of professional interest and utility. The first part of a paper on 'the English School of Gothic Architecture' was read by J. Blore, associate; also, by the secretary, a communication from the Chevalier Von Kleuse, honourable and corresponding member, describing a peripteral Ionic temple, erected by him at Munich, and decorated with polychromatic embellishments. A very valuable unique collection of original architectural drawings, by Panini, Bibiena, Oppenord, Benvenuto Cellini, and other eminent artists, presented, through Mr. Barry, by Sir John Drummond Stewart, attracted the particular attention of the meeting. It had been intended for the British museum, but subsequently considered more appropriate, and of greater practical utility, to the Institute of British Architects.

##### ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, Dec. 5. T. H. Wyatt, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Various donations, the subjects for the sketches at the next meeting, and the following prizes, in addition to those already offered by the society, were announced. By Mr. Owen Jones, member, a gold copy of his work on the Alhambra, to the student who produces the most approved measured finished drawings and details of the garden front of the Travellers' club-house; by M. G. Mair, annually, an architectural work to the student producing, during the session, the greatest number of approved sketches, agreeably to the instructions of the sketching committee. An interesting paper was read by Mr. R. E. Philips, on sound, as connected with architecture. The author stated that it was a subject demanding the serious consideration of every architect, and regretted that it was so little attended to by our committees of taste, or even by the commissioners for the erection of new churches. He then expatiated upon the nature of sound, and the theory of acoustics generally and its laws, treating also of whispering galleries and echoes, observing, with regard to the latter, that every

point against which the pulses of sound strike, becomes the centre of a new series of pulses and sound, describes equal distances in equal times; therefore, when any sound is propagated from a centre, and its pulses strike against a variety of obstacles, if the sum of the right lines drawn from that point to each of the obstacles, and from each obstacle to a second point, be equal, then will the latter be the point in which an echo will be heard. For a distinct perception of the direct and reflected sound there should intervene an interval of 1-9th of a second, in which time sound describes nearly 127 feet; and, therefore, unless the sum of the lines drawn from each of the obstacles exceeds the interval by 127 feet, no echo will be heard: hence all the points of the obstacles which produce an echo must lie in the surface of the oblong spheroid generated by the revolution of this ellipse round its major axis. However, an echo may be heard in other situations, though not so favourably, as such a number of reflected pulses may arrive at the same time at the ear, sufficient to excite a distinct perception. At the common rate of speaking, we pronounce not above three syllables and a half, or seven half syllables in a second; therefore, that the echo may return just as soon as three syllables are expressed, twice the distance of the speaker from the reflecting object must be equal to 1000 feet; for, as sound describes 1142 feet in a second, 6-7ths of that space, that is, 1000 feet nearly, will be described while six half, or three whole syllables are pronounced. The speaker must stand 500 feet from the obstacle, and, in general, the distance of the speaker from the echoing surface, for any number of syllables, must be equal to the seventh part of the product of 1142 feet multiplied by that number. In churches we never hear a distinct echo of the voice, but a confused sound, when the speaker utters his words too rapidly; because the greatest difference of distance between the direct and reflected courses of such a number of pulses as would produce a distinct sound is never, in any church, equal to 127 feet—the limit of echoes. The reflection of sound in passages and rooms were likewise investigated. Mr. Phillips concluded by enforcing the importance of the subject, in relation to our churches, theatres, and public halls.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Her Majesty, the Queen Victoria.* Engraved from a model by Mr. H. Weigall, by A. R. Freebairn. Bates's patent Anaglyptograph. Robert Jennings.

THIS exquisite work, the largest that we have yet seen produced by the true machine, will mark an era in this art. Mr. Weigall has been fortunate enough to produce by far the most accurate and beautiful likeness of our youthful sovereign yet seen; and there is a simplicity and taste about the entire appearance of this engraving which cannot fail to recommend it to an extensive sale among loyal subjects, and persons of taste. The head, which is as beautiful as it is beautifully executed, is in a medallion, resting on branches of laurel and of oak; and, below, in a wreath of roses and lilies, is inscribed the word *Victoria*. There is no overloading with ornament, and throwing into obscurity the chief object by its decoration. The ground of the medallion is so pure in tint, that the head appears as in a mirror—delicate, brilliant, and effective. A crown is placed above the medallion. The height of the engraving is 15 inches by 9 wide. We have always felt a strong interest in this curious and beautiful art, and we congratulate those who have been engaged on this on their success in producing such an exquisite example,—valuable at once for its striking resemblance, and as a triumph of British skill and talent.

*The Baptism of the Covenanters.* Painted by George Harvey, S.A.; engraved by C. E. Wagstaff. Hodgson and Graves.

In a deep and sequestered glen, through which runs a babbling brook, a party of the faithful have assembled for the purpose of performing this interesting religious rite. The subject has permitted the introduction of all the stages of human life, from infancy to old age; and Mr. Harvey has availed himself very happily of the contrast of character thereby furnished.

In our No. 1076, we noticed Mr. Swandale's portrait of our young Queen, and have now had the pleasure of seeing the engraving of it in progress, for Ackermann and Co., by Mr. O. Geller. It certainly promises to be one of

the sweetest resemblances of her majesty, and in a taste to render it extremely popular.

*Sporting.* Embellished by large Engravings and Vignettes, illustrative of Field Sports, &c. Edited by Nimrod. Baily and Co.

In a previous page we have given some account of the text of this superb quarto. Our present concern is with its numerous and beautiful embellishments. Some of our best artists, painters, and engravers, have combined their talents in the production of them. There are four from the pencil of Edwin Landseer—"Glen Fishie," engraved by T. Landseer; "The Pug," and "The Mourner," engraved by Hison; and "Browsing," engraved by C. G. Lewis. They are all excellent; but the last is our favourite. Well does Nimrod observe that, when he first saw it, he involuntarily exclaimed, "This goat must be from the pencil of Edwin Landseer. The snub nose, the long beard, the placid eye, the scabrous horn, the beautifully formed ear, and the waving coat, are truly characteristic, and must strike even such an ignoramus in these matters as myself to be at once the production of a master-hand." Mr. Cooper has furnished a dozen subjects; among the most striking of which are—"Greyhound and Hare," engraved by R. Parr; "Fox breaking Cover," engraved by W. R. Smith; and "Brood-Mare Harriet," engraved by J. H. Engleheart. To Mr. Hancock the volume is indebted for some most spirited and characteristic compositions, especially "The Warrener," engraved by R. Parr; "Rat Hunting," engraved by T. S. Engleheart; and "Deer Stalking," engraved by W. Greatbach. Mr. T. S. Engleheart has done himself great credit by his exquisite engraving after Gainsborough's well-known "Ass Race." Mr. Laporte's "Brood Mare and Foal," engraved by W. Hacker, is a very clever performance. Nor must we omit to mention with high praise the woodcut vignettes, executed by Wright and Folkard, from designs by W. Barraud. We repeat what we have already intimated elsewhere, that, although this volume is particularly addressed to the sportsman, it must be generally acceptable to all classes of readers and admirers of the fine arts. We have much pleasure in exhibiting a specimen of the vignettes.



*Saunders's Portraits and Memoirs of the most Eminent Living Political Reformers. Part II.* "The Rt. Hon. Viscount Melbourne," "John Temple Leader, Esq. M.P." and "George Grote, Esq. M.P.," furnish the graphic illustrations of the present Part of Mr. Saunders's publication. The portrait of the first is from Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known and Kemble-like head of the noble viscount, of which Mr. Robinson has in his print preserved the spirit and character with admirable fidelity. Mr. Leader and Mr. Grote's portraits are very ably engraved; the former by W. H. Mote, from a painting by B. E. Duppa; the latter by H. Robinson, from a drawing by S. P. Denning.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS: THE TOMB.

Few years ago I shunned the tomb,  
And turned me from a tablet-stone;  
I shivered in the churchyard gloom,  
And sickened at a bleaching bone.

Then all were round my warm young heart—  
The kindred tie—the cherish'd form;  
I knew not what it was to part,  
And give them to the dust and worm.

But soon I lost the gems of earth,  
I saw the dearest cold in death;  
And sorrow changed my joyous mirth  
To searing drops and sobbing breath.

I stood by graves all dark and deep,  
Pale, voiceless, wrapt in mute despair;  
I left my soul's adored to sleep  
In stirless, dreamless, slumber there.

And now I steal at night to see  
The soft, clear moonbeams playing o'er  
Their hallowed beds, and long to be  
Where all most prized have gone before.

Now I can calmly gaze around  
On osiered heaps with yearning eye,  
And murmur o'er the grassy mound—  
"Tis a glorious privilege to die."

The Grave hath lost its conquering might,  
And Death its dreaded sting of pain,  
Since they but ope the path of light  
To lead me to the loved again.

ELIZA COOK.

## HYMN TO THE CROSS.

Of Jesus and the Cross,  
Hear, ye nations of the free,—  
Where Atlantic billows toss,  
List, ye dwellers on the sea,  
For the mission of our Saviour hath passed;  
And hath scattered o'er the plain  
Its false temples, rent in twain,  
With their idol gods profane,  
Like the blast!

In no chariot of cloud,  
With its whirlwind-wheels of flame,  
Whilst the conscious mountains bowed,  
He, the great Messiah, came!

But the meekest star of heaven shed its glow,  
And the leafless boughs did wave  
O'er the mightiest to save,—  
O'er the conqueror of the grave,—  
Sleeping low!

He spoke—and demons fled  
From the vengeance of his word;  
And the wild graves of the dead  
Shrank and trembled as they heard,—  
For the mystery of God was on his breath:  
Although priest and scribe denied,  
In the madness of their pride,  
What the gates of hell knew wide,—  
And deep Death.

My Saviour is my song,  
Who the mount of faith hath rear'd;  
Who hath stricken down the strong,  
And the lost and lowly cheered;  
Descending like a dove upon their souls.  
When the orphans' wail was o'er,  
And the wrecked and wind-beat shore  
Heard the cry of those no more,  
Christ consoles.

And they to whom the morn  
Brought no beauty—lent no light,—  
At his touch, their world was born!  
For sweet Jesus gave them sight;  
And the lame through the flowery meads could  
run;  
And the deaf, who never heard  
A fond mother's grateful word:  
And the dumb—sang like the bird  
To the sun!

Yet he, the Son of God,  
That immortal blessings shed,  
Whilst the wilderness he trod,  
Knew not where to lay his head—  
Though the wild lynx and leopard had their  
lair.

But the heavens bowed, and came  
At a whisper of his name;  
And sleep mantled his worn frame  
Even there.

The eastern monarch lay  
Amid gold and purple bound,  
Whilst a myriad lamps, like day,  
Shed a summer softness round;  
And vassals throng'd in thousands at his tone.  
But the mockery that lies  
In rich gems and ophir dyes,  
When Jehovah ope the skies,  
Will be shewn!

As was prophesied of old,  
So its coming soon may be,  
When the arrogant and bold  
Shall grow weak o'er land and sea;  
And the conquest shout of empire be unknown;  
The devouring sword no more,  
Nor war's arrows, drunk with gore,  
Scatter carnage, as of yore,  
For a throne!

Wild shouts through Siou ran,  
Mid the zealot's scoff and gibe,  
When the "cursed" of God and man,  
Sold his Saviour for a bribe.  
Where the fatal tree frowned dark 'neath the sky,  
As, all bruised and bound, they led  
Their Redeemer, blood to shed—  
The heavens veiled their head  
Upon high.

And the mighty mountains fell  
With an earthquake-voice of woe;  
And the buried rose to tell  
All the horror guilt must know;  
But thunder-writ, it spoke where'er they trod:  
"Let the shuddering seas proclaim,  
And the hills, struck dark with shame,  
In their far depths own the name  
Of their God!"

Manchester.

C. SWAIN.

## DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—The opera of *Joan of Arc* continues to be performed nightly; but yet we are not sorry that our notice of it last week was necessarily very brief, nor are we inclined to treat it now at any length in detail. With regard to the public, it is worse than a complete failure; for it is tiresome to have no change from the same mediocrity: and even the crowd of London population must, in such a case, fail

to supply sufficient audiences. We regret to have to say, that Mr. Balfe has not increased his reputation by this opera; on the contrary, his "Light of other Days has faded," and it is inferior to his former musical productions. But we would not state this to dishearten so young and so gifted a composer. The best, both here and in foreign countries, have their comparative miscarriages; and *Joan of Arc* is his weakest performance. Let us hope, and indeed expect, that he will bound and rise again.

*Covent Garden* has furnished a contrast in *Amilie*; and, instead of disappointing, has greatly surprised the town, by the production of one of the finest operas, if not, on the whole, the finest opera, in the English language, and by Mr. Rooke, a musician previously but little known to fame, though of considerable experience and practice. It is a masterly work, finely designed, and admirably executed, from the overture to the finale. In style it reminds us of Weber; but there is no imitation, no plagiarism: though of that school, the compositions are Mr. Rooke's own, and not more beautiful than they are original. The introduction of the sweet melodies which we attribute to the Tyrol (where the scene is laid), is a captivating charm, and the concerted pieces are as splendid as the simple airs and songs are delightful. Every evening since the first the music has gone on increasing in effect and popularity. Chamois hunters and gipsies are excellent elements for choruses, and they are as fine as any we ever heard. Miss Shirreff has several splendid pieces, to which she does ample justice; and Wilson and Phillips, not only in their separate songs, but in unison with her, are most delightful. Manvera has also some exquisite music, which he executes beautifully; and Miss P. Horton has a charming song, besides taking a fair share in the sextets, &c.; a praise which likewise belongs to Mr. Stretton. On the whole, the opera is one of the greatest hits of the English school, and its leading portions will soon be familiar to every street-musician, as well as to every musical party—the best tests of merited popularity.

On Tuesday, Her Majesty visited Drury Lane, and, on Thursday, Covent Garden Theatre, as a private individual. At the former her privacy was broken in upon; and she was drawn forth to have the national anthem sung, and receive the plaudits of the audience. At the latter, the orchestra played "God save the Queen;" but there were no stage infractions of Her Majesty's wish to enjoy the drama without being burdened herself with performing in the pomp of royalty. Surely, when such a desire is manifested by our sovereign, it is but proper and decorous to allow her to gratify her taste, without forcing her into a situation which repetition must render very fatiguing and annoying. We trust that the good sense of the public will be shewn in this respect; even by a restraint upon their loyal and affectionate feelings.

*Adelphi.*—Owing to a family loss, Mr. Power has been an absentee from this house during the week; and his place in *Rory O'More* supplied, on the spur of the moment, by Mr. Lyon, who deserves very great credit for the spirited imitation of his admirable original. Miss Shaw, who has taken Mrs. Yates's part, also acquits herself very successfully. A piece called *Victoire*, and representing the siege and sacking of Constantine, is chiefly indebted for its attraction to some beautiful scenery, and to the clever acting of Mdlle. Celeste, who performs a dumb character, and appears in the

garb of a smart hussar, and the disguise of an Arab minstrel.

*St. James's Theatre.*—A smart little drama, called *Wanted a Brigand*, has been produced here; and, with the combined exertions of Braham, Miss Rainsforth (one of our sweetest and most rising vocalists), and Miss Smith, in song, and the comic talent of Harley, with full scope for its exercise, has been deservedly successful. It bids fair to be long a popular attraction at this theatre.

#### VARIETIES.

*Whisky.*—It is surprising to observe how little malt whisky is imported into England from Scotland, the whole quantity being no more than 347,462 gallons! exceeding, by only 37,714 gallons, the amount annually consumed of that pernicious compound, "British Brandy." This discovery will, doubtless, mortify many, who, like ourselves, imagined that the Islay, or Glenlivet, they drank was the "pure malt" whisky the dealers announced it to be. The circumstance can be accounted for only by supposing that the English dealer knowingly purchases the inferior article, and charges his customers the price of the superior one; or, that the Scotch distillers pocket the price of the superior article, and supply the English dealers with the inferior one. However it may be, it is to be hoped that some spirit-dealers will take measures for procuring the best malt whisky from Scotland; and, if they act honestly, they will have no reason to complain of the want of public patronage.—*Statistical Journal.*

*Lunacy.*—That civilisation tends to increase the number of lunatics, was curiously illustrated in a paper read by Dr. Briere de Boismont to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the 9th ult.; the learned lecturer expressing his fears that the more the light of intelligence advanced, the more seriously would it be attended by this dark concomitant. Statistical tables seemed to establish this doctrine: for of 1049 lunatics received at the Bicêtre from 1808 to 1813, 114 had become mad through misfortunes, 99 from grief, 78 from ambition, 58 from sudden shocks of the mind, 55 from religion, 37 from love, 24 in consequence of political events, 20 in consequence of too severe education, and 49 from excessive occupation. After analysing these and other data belonging to the history of various nations, Dr. Briere demonstrated that the highest degree of alienation was developed among people the most enlightened; diminished under the influence of despotic governments, or in countries recently emancipated; and entirely disappeared among savages! In proof, he compared the number of idiots in the principal capitals with their population, &c. as follows:—

Capitals.	Populations.	Lunatics.	Proportion
London .....	1,400,000	7000	1 in 200
Paris .....	880,000	4000	1 in 222
St. Petersburg .....	377,046	120	1 in 3,133
Naples .....	364,000	479	1 in 759
Calro .....	330,000	14	1 in 30,714
Madrid .....	201,000	60	1 in 3,350
Rome .....	154,000	318	1 in 481
Milan .....	150,000	690	1 in 219
Turin .....	114,000	331	1 in 344
Florence .....	80,000	236	1 in 338
Dresden .....	70,000	150	1 in 466

The ratio, as it regarded the population of countries, confirmed this theory.

Countries.	Inhabitants.	Lunatics.	Proportion.
State of New York .....	1,617,459	2,240	1 in 721
England .....	13,700,000	16,322	1 in 783
Scotland .....	2,093,454	3,652	1 in 563
Norway .....	1,051,318	1,909	1 in 551
France .....	32,000,000	32,000	1 in 1000
Belgium .....	3,816,000	3,763	1 in 1014
Holland .....	2,302,000	2,300	1 in 1046
Italy .....	16,788,000	3,441	1 in 4679
Spain .....	4,085,366	569	1 in 7183

From all his premises, Dr. Briere contended that lunacy was an immediate consequence of civilisation itself.

*African Simplicity.*—Major H. Campbell, governor of Sierra Leone, has lately returned from that colony, where, during his residence, he exerted himself much in establishing friendly relations with many of the interior tribes that are scattered between that place and Timbuctoo. He has brought over with him no fewer than eight different letters of congratulation from so many different kings, addressed to his late majesty the King of England, and written in the Negro dialect of the Arabic. They have been translated by Mr. Rassam of Mosul, who came over with the Euphrates expedition to this country. "Praise be to God," say the correspondents of his majesty; "this letter is from Marwan, the king of Temain, to King William, whose country is England, and his village is London. I am in good health; I hope you are in the same happy condition," &c. The last-mentioned gentleman is now, we understand, exploring the oriental treasure of the Bodleian and other libraries, at Oxford. He finds no Chaldean books, and but few Syriac, chiefly theological MSS.; but we hope soon to give a fuller account of his researches.

*Translation of Homer's Iliad into Bengalee.*—A Bengalee translation of the first book of "Homer's Iliad," has been sent to us by the translator, Baboo Greeschunder Bose, and we are much pleased with the execution of the undertaking. The work is very well adapted for Bengalee students; and we hope that, in translating the remainder, the Baboo will be equally successful.—*Sambad Probhaker, April 5.*

*Weather Wisdom.*—Last week's predictions have been singularly accurate. For the next, "The weather is temperate about the 10th, as the sun is in aspect to Jupiter. A tendency to storms about the middle of the month. The 15th changeable and windy."

*Remarkable Tree!*—In the gardens of Lambeth Palace, the newspapers tell us, are two of the largest fig-trees known in England. "They cover a surface of upwards of fifty feet in height!! and forty in breadth," &c. &c. After this, a grenadier may be said to cover six feet six inches; and even a little fellow will cover five feet 2½ in height.

*Earthquake in Syria.*—Mr. Waghorn carried the December mail from Cairo to Coesede in the surprisingly short space of one day and a half, being only forty hours from Suet to Coesede, in small bungalow, and in half a gale of wind. A journey so rapid was never heard of before. Mr. Waghorn furnishes the following melancholy details of an earthquake in Syria.

January 1st, 1837.—An earthquake has caused in Sur the ruin of forty buildings of houses and warehouses; the remainder of the city is in the worst state; four Christians and seven Turks have perished. The wounded are fourteen in number, but out of danger.

January 5.—The village of Safed is entirely demolished, and only two per cent of its former inhabitants remain. The same sad fate has befallen Teberia.

January 6.—About the fourth part of Nazareth has been demolished; seventy souls were lost; the earth opened 112 feet in length, and one foot and a quarter in breadth, and then closed to about three-fourths of it. Twenty houses fell, from the same stroke, at Acre, and four persons perished. In Caifa, also, three buildings were demolished, but no one died.

January 7.—Two-thirds of Gish has been ruined by the earthquake, and the remaining part is in a bad state. Seventy souls perished whilst in church, at vesper; the curate and his son only escaped. Among the Turks, twenty-two persons were crushed, and a great portion bruised. In Kafr Baaran, wholly populated by Christians, few houses have been destroyed, and only five souls killed. The fourth part of Simata has been destroyed—four souls killed, two wounded. The half of Maalla has fallen; the other half remains in a ruined state; five souls only have perished. Advice from the 8th to the 11th January, give the following amount total of the damages occasioned by the above earthquake:—21 towns and villages, 527 houses and buildings, 552 persons, and 606 herds of cattle, perished under the rules of the same. The above miseries

and loss are all Mr. Waghorn had heard of, up to the date of his letter; but it was expected that the calamity was much greater than here stated.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We are glad to learn that the new and improved edition of Ruding's *Annals of the Coinage of Great Britain and its Dependencies*, completed to the present period, and so long announced by Mr. Hearne, is now about to appear in about Twenty-five parts, quarto, with a third volume consisting of about 150 Plates. The publisher accounts for the delay which has taken place, by attributing it to his anxiety to have the work rendered as full and perfect as possible. It is a great desideratum.—*Ed. L. G.*

#### In the Press.

Velpeau's *Anatomy of Regions*, translated from the French, with Notes, by Henry Hancock.—Characteristic Sketches of Young Gentlemen; forming the companion to the "Sketches of Young Ladies" by Quiz, Jun.; the Illustrations by Cruikshank.—The Wonders of Geology, with numerous Engravings, by J. Martin, from the Geological Discoveries of Dr. Mantell, in Tilgate Forest, by Gideon Mantell, Esq., LL.D.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

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Thursday . 30	From 22 to 50	29.65 to 29.58
December.		
Friday . 1	36 .. 46	29.73 .. 29.99
Saturday . 2	24 .. 34	30.13 .. 30.22
Sunday . 3	25 .. 40	30.27 .. 30.34
Monday . 4	19 .. 38	30.37 .. 30.34
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Wednesday 6	33 .. 37	30.06 .. 29.90

Prevailing winds, S.W.

Except the 1st, and morning of the 4th, cloudy; rain on the 30th ult. and 5th instant, and snow on the afternoon and evening of the 6th.

Rain fallen, 1½ of an inch.  
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude.....51° 37' 38" N.  
Longitude.....3 51, W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In our last we fell into a mistake respecting Sir Graves Haughton: it is in the department of the French Institute called the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, that our honoured countryman is the sole English member.

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THIS remarkable and important work is the production of an American; and there is singular fitness that it should be the task of one whose country was, as it were, called into existence during the very age he depicts. Mr. Prescott has chosen one of the most important periods in modern history, and one, too, which exercised the greatest control over succeeding times. The foundations of power and influence were then laid; and it is curious to note the germs of after consequences in the great occurrences of the day. It was an age of great events and of great men. Henry VII., despite of the avarice which narrowed his views, was one of the most efficient monarchs that ever held the English sceptre. The same may be said of Louis XI. who, with all his faults, pursued that wise system which secured the then uncertain materials of French power. Ferdinand was in no way behind his royal contemporaries, and added a military genius of a high order. These three monarchs set their stamp upon their time. All three were false and crafty—and of how crafty and small a kind are the intrigues that make so large a portion of the history of the period! Isabella's mind was of a far higher nature. Conscientious, benevolent, far more enlightened in her views than her husband, she is rightly termed in these pages "his good genius." Mr. Prescott institutes a very well written parallel between Isabella of Spain and Elizabeth of England. He casts up the balance much in favour of the former. Now, as far as regards the amiable qualities, we entirely agree with him. As Hume justly observes, a man would have hesitated to choose Elizabeth as a mistress or as a wife; while Isabella possessed all the kinder and more engaging qualities. But if we look, as is the object of the historian, to the public character, Elizabeth had far more commanding talents than the Spanish queen. Isabella's mind was tinged by one prevailing weakness, and the effects of her fatal superstition were of evil consequence in Spain. With the Moors were extirpated, to a great degree, refinement, literary taste, and civilisation, which left their conquerors far behind. With the Jews went the whole spirit of industry and commercial enterprise; and to the age now painted may be traced the bigotry which has rendered one of the finest countries in Europe enervate, oppressed, and uncultivated. We must now, however, make some selection—no easy matter amid such abundance of material; but the romantic circumstances of Isabella's union cannot be omitted, especially as so much interest now attaches to a royal and female marriage.

"While these affairs were in progress, Isabella's situation was becoming extremely critical. She had availed herself of the absence of her brother and the Marquis de Villena in the south, whither they had gone for the purpose of suppressing the still lingering spark of insurrection, to transfer her residence from

Ocaña to Madrigal, where, under the protection of her mother, she intended to abide the issue of the pending negotiations with Aragon. Far, however, from escaping the vigilant eye of the Marquis of Villena by this movement, she laid herself more open to it. She found the Bishop of Burgos, the nephew of the marquis, stationed at Madrigal, who now served as an effectual spy upon her actions. Her most confidential servants were corrupted, and conveyed intelligence of her proceedings to her enemy. Alarmed at the actual progress made in the negotiations for her marriage, the marquis was now convinced that he could only hope to defeat them by resorting to the coercive system which he had before abandoned. He accordingly instructed the Archbishop of Seville to march at once to Madrigal, with a sufficient force, to secure Isabella's person, and letters were at the same time addressed by Henry to the citizens of that place, menacing them with his resentment if they should presume to interpose in her behalf. The timid inhabitants disclosed the purport of the mandate to Isabella, and besought her to provide for her own safety. This was, perhaps, the most critical period in her life. Betrayed by her own domestics, deserted even by those friends of her own sex, who might have afforded her sympathy and counsel, but who fled affrighted from the scene of danger, and on the eve of falling into the snares of her enemies, she beheld the sudden extinction of those hopes which she had so long and so fondly cherished. In this exigency she contrived to convey a knowledge of her situation to Admiral Henriquez and the Archbishop of Toledo. The active prelate, on receiving the summons, collected a body of horse, and, reinforced by the admiral's troops, advanced with such expedition to Madrigal, that he succeeded in anticipating the arrival of the enemy. Isabella received her friends with unfeigned satisfaction, and, bidding adieu to her dismayed guardian, the Bishop of Burgos, and his attendants, she was borne off by her little army, in a sort of military triumph, to the friendly city of Valladolid, where she was welcomed by the citizens with a general burst of enthusiasm. In the meantime, Gutierrez de Cardenas, one of the household of the princess, and Alphonso de Palencia, the faithful chronicler of these events, were despatched into Aragon, in order to quicken Ferdinand's operations during the auspicious interval afforded by the absence of Henry in Andalusia. On arriving at the frontier town of Osma, they were dismayed to find the bishop of that place, together with the Duke of Medina Celi, on whose active co-operation they had relied for the safe introduction of Ferdinand into Castile, had been gained over to the interests of the Marquis of Villena. The envoys, however, adroitly concealing the real object of their mission, were permitted to pass unmolested to Saragossa, where Ferdinand was then residing. They could not have arrived at a more inopportune season. The old King of Aragon was in the very heat of the war against the insurgent Catalans headed by the victorious John of Anjou. Although so sorely pressed, his forces were on the eve of disbanding for want of the requisite

funds to maintain them: his exhausted treasury did not contain more than three hundred enriques. In this exigency he was agitated by the most distressing doubts. As he could spare neither the funds nor the force necessary for covering his son's entrance into Castile, he must either send him unprotected into a hostile country, already aware of his intended enterprise and in arms to defeat it, or abandon the long-cherished object of his policy at the moment when it was ripe for execution. Unable to extricate himself from this dilemma, he referred the whole matter to Ferdinand and his council. It was at length determined that the prince should undertake the journey, accompanied by half a dozen attendants only, in the disguise of merchants, by the direct route of Saragossa; while another party, in order to divert the attention of the Castilians, should proceed in a different direction, with all the ostentation of a public embassy from the King of Aragon to Henry IV. The distance was not great which Ferdinand and his suite were to travel before reaching a place of safety; but this intervening country was patrolled by squadrons of cavalry for the purpose of intercepting their progress; and the whole extent of the frontier, from Almazan to Guadalajara, was defended by a line of fortified castles in the hands of the family of Mendoza. The greatest circumspection, therefore, was necessary. The party journeyed chiefly in the night; Ferdinand assumed the disguise of a servant, and when they halted on the road, took care of the mules, and served his companions at table. In this guise, with no other disaster except that of leaving at an inn the purse which contained the funds for the expedition, they arrived late on the second night at a little place called the Burgo, or Borough of Osma, which the Count of Treviño, one of the partisans of Isabella, had occupied with a considerable body of men-at-arms. On knocking at the gate, cold and faint with travelling, during which the prince had allowed himself to take no repose, they were saluted by a large stone discharged by a sentinel from the battlements, which, glancing near Ferdinand's head, had well nigh brought his romantic enterprise to a tragical conclusion; when his voice was recognised by his friends within, and the trumpets proclaiming his arrival, he was received with great joy and festivity by the count and his followers. The remainder of his journey which he commenced before dawn, was performed under the convoy of a numerous and well-armed escort; and on the 9th of October he reached Dueñas, in the kingdom of Leon, where the Castilian nobles and cavaliers of his party eagerly thronged to render him the homage due to his rank. The intelligence of Ferdinand's arrival diffused universal joy in the little court of Isabella at Valladolid. Her first step was to transmit a letter to her brother Henry, in which she informed him of the presence of the prince in his dominions, and of their intended marriage. She excused the course she had taken by the embarrassments in which she had been involved by the malice of her enemies. She represented the political advantages of the connexion, and the sanction it had received from the Castilian nobles; and she concluded with

soliciting his approbation of it, giving him at the same time affectionate assurances of the most dutiful submission both on the part of Ferdinand and herself. Arrangements were then made for an interview between the royal pair, in which some courtly parasites would fain have persuaded their mistress to require some act of homage from Ferdinand, in token of the inferiority of the crown of Aragon to that of Castile; a proposition which she rejected with her usual discretion. Agreeably to these arrangements, Ferdinand, on the evening of the 15th of October, passed privately from Dueñas, accompanied only by four attendants, to the neighbouring city of Valladolid, where he was received by the Archbishop of Toledo, and conducted to the apartment of his mistress. Ferdinand was at this time in the eighteenth year of his age. His complexion was fair, though somewhat bronzed by constant exposure to the sun; his eye quick and cheerful; his forehead ample, and approaching to baldness; his muscular and well-proportioned frame was invigorated by the toils of war, and by the chivalrous exercises in which he delighted. He was one of the best horsemen in his court, and excelled in field sports of every kind. His voice was somewhat sharp, but he possessed a fluent eloquence; and when he had a point to carry, his address was courteous and even insinuating. He secured his health by extreme temperance in his diet, and by such habits of activity, that it was said he seemed to find repose in business. Isabella was a year older than her lover. In stature she was somewhat above the middle size. Her complexion was fair; her hair of a bright chestnut colour, inclining to red; and her mild blue eye beamed with intelligence and sensibility. She was exceedingly beautiful: 'The handsomest lady,' says one of her household, 'whom I ever beheld, and the most gracious in her manners.' The portrait, still existing of her in the royal palace, is conspicuous for an open symmetry of features, indicative of the natural serenity of temper, and that beautiful harmony of intellectual and moral qualities, which most distinguished her. She was dignified in her demeanour, and modest even to a degree of reserve. She spoke the Castilian language with more than usual elegance; and early imbibed a relish for letters, in which she was superior to Ferdinand, whose education in this particular seems to have been neglected. It is not easy to obtain a dissipated portrait of Isabella. The Spaniards, who revert to her glorious reign, are so smitten with her moral perfections, that, even in depicting her personal, they borrow somewhat of the exaggerated colouring of romance. The interview lasted more than two hours, when Ferdinand retired to his quarters at Dueñas as privately as he came. The preliminaries of the marriage were first adjusted, however; but so great was the poverty of the parties, that it was found necessary to borrow money to defray the expenses of the ceremony. Such were the humiliating circumstances attending the commencement of a union destined to open the way to the highest prosperity and grandeur of the Spanish monarchy!"

We must add to this the summing up of the qualities of Cardinal Ximenes.

"He now turned his thoughts to his approaching end. Death may be supposed to have but little terrors for the statesman who in his last moments could aver, 'that he had never intentionally wronged any man: but had rendered to every one his due, without being swayed, as far as he was conscious, by fear or affection.' Yet Cardinal Richelieu on

his death-bed declared the same. As a last attempt, he began a letter to the king. His fingers refused, however, to perform their office, and, after tracing a few lines, he gave it up. The purport of these seems to have been to recommend his university at Alcalá to the royal protection. He now became wholly occupied with his devotions, and manifested such contrition for his errors, and such humble confidence in the Divine mercy, as deeply affected all present. In this tranquil frame of mind, and in the perfect possession of his powers, he breathed his last, November 8th, 1617, in the eighty-first year of his age, and the twenty-second since his elevation to the primacy. The last words that he uttered, were those of the Psalmist, which he used frequently to repeat in health, 'In te, Domine, speravi,'—'In thee, Lord, have I trusted.' His body, arrayed in his pontifical robes, was seated in a chair of state, and multitudes of all degrees thronged into the apartment to kiss the hands and feet. It was afterwards transported to Alcalá, and laid in the chapel of the noble college of San Ildefonso, erected by himself. His obsequies were celebrated with great pomp, contrary to his own orders, by all the religious and literary fraternities of the city; and his virtues commemorated in a funeral discourse by a doctor of the university, who, considering the death of the good a fitting occasion to lash the vices of the living, made the most caustic allusion to the Flemish favourites of Charles, and their pestilent influence on the country. Such was the end of this remarkable man; the most remarkable, in many respects, of his time. His character was of that stern and lofty cast which seems to rise above the ordinary wants and weaknesses of humanity. His genius, of the severest order, like Dante's or Michael Angelo's in the regions of fancy, impresses us with ideas of power, that excite admiration akin to terror. His enterprises, as we have seen, were of the holdest character: his execution of them equally bold. He disdained to woo fortune by any of those soft and pliant arts which are often the most effectual. He pursued his ends by the most direct means. In this way he frequently multiplied difficulties; but difficulties seemed to have a charm for him, by the opportunity they afforded of displaying the energies of his soul. With these qualities he combined a versatility of talent usually found only in softer and more flexible characters. Though bred in the cloister, he distinguished himself both in the cabinet and the camp; for the latter, indeed, so repugnant to his regular profession, he had a natural genius, according to the testimony of his biographer; and he evinced his relish for it by declaring, that 'the smell of gunpowder was more grateful to him than the sweetest perfume of Arabia.' In every situation, however, he exhibited the stamp of his peculiar calling; and the stern lineaments of the monk were never wholly concealed under the mask of the statesman, or the visor of the warrior. He had a full measure of the religious bigotry which belonged to the age; and he had melancholy scope for displaying it, as chief of that dread tribunal over which he presided during the last ten years of his life. He carried the arbitrary ideas of his profession into political life. His regency was conducted on the principles of a military despotism. It was his maxim, that 'a prince must rely mainly on his army for securing the respect and obedience of his subjects.' It is true he had to deal with a martial and factious nobility, and the end which he proposed was to curb their licentiousness,

and enforce the equitable administration of justice; but, in accomplishing this, he shewed little regard to the constitution, or to private rights. His first act, the proclaiming of Charles king, was in open contempt of the usages and rights of the nation. He evaded the urgent demands of the Castilians for a convocation of Cortes; for it was his opinion, 'that freedom of speech, especially in regard to their own grievances, made the people insolent and irreverent to their rulers.' The people, of course, had no voice in the measures which involved their most important interests: his whole policy, indeed, was to exalt the royal prerogative at the expense of the inferior orders of the state; and his regency, short as it was, and highly beneficial to the country in many respects, must be considered as opening the way to that career of despotism which the Austrian family followed up with such hard-hearted constancy. But, while we condemn the politics, we cannot but respect the principles, of the man. However erroneous his conduct in our eyes, he was guided by his sense of duty. It was this, and the conviction of it in the minds of others, which constituted the secret of his great power: it made him reckless of difficulties, and fearless of all personal consequences. The consciousness of the integrity of his purposes rendered him, indeed, too scrupulous as to the means of attaining them. He held his own life cheap, in comparison with the great reforms that he had at heart. Was it surprising that he should hold as lightly the convenience and interests of others, when they thwarted their execution? His views were raised far above considerations of self. As a statesman, he identified himself with the state; as a churchman, with the interests of his religion. He severely punished every offence against these: he as freely forgave every personal injury. He had many remarkable opportunities of shewing this. His administration provoked numerous lampoons and libels. He despised them, as the miserable sales of spleen and discontent, and never persecuted their authors. In this he formed an honourable contrast to Cardinal Richelieu, whose character and condition suggest many points of resemblance with his own. His disinterestedness was further shown by his mode of dispensing his large revenues. It was among the poor, and on great public objects. He built up no family. He had brothers and nephews; but he contented himself with making their condition comfortable, without diverting to their benefit the great trusts confided to him for the public. The greater part of the funds which he left at his death was settled on the university of Alcalá. He had, however, none of that pride which would make him ashamed of his poor and humble relatives. He had, indeed, a confidence in his own powers approaching to arrogance, which led him to undervalue the abilities of others, and to look on them as his instruments rather than his equals; but he had none of the vulgar pride founded on wealth or station. He frequently alluded to his lowly condition in early life with great humility, thanking Heaven, with tears in his eyes, for its extraordinary goodness to him. He not only remembered, but did many acts of kindness to his early friends, of which more than one touching anecdote is related. Such traits of sensibility, gleaming through the natural austerity and sternness of a disposition like his, like light breaking through a dark cloud, affect us the more sensibly by contrast. He was irreproachable in his morals, and conformed literally to all the rigid ex-

tions of his severe order, in the court as faithfully as in the cloister. He was sober, abstemious, chaste. In the latter particular he was careful that no suspicion of the license which so often soiled the clergy of the period should attach to him. On one occasion, while on a journey, he was invited to pass the night at the house of the Duchess of Maqueda, being informed that she was absent. The duchess was at home, however, and entered the apartment before he retired to rest. 'You have deceived me, lady,' said Ximenes, rising in anger; 'if you have any business with me, you will find me to-morrow at the confessional.' So saying, he abruptly left the palace. He carried his austerities and mortifications so far as to endanger his health. There is a curious brief extant of Pope Leo the Tenth, dated the last year of the cardinal's life, enjoining him to abate his severe penance, to eat meat and eggs on the ordinary fasts, to take off his Franciscan frock, and sleep in linen and on a bed. He would never consent, however, to divest himself of his monastic weeds. 'Even laymen,' said he, alluding to the custom of the Roman Catholics, 'put these on when they are dying; and shall I, who have worn them all my life, take them off at that time?' Another anecdote is told in relation to his dress. Over his coarse woollen frock he wore the costly apparel suited to his rank. An impertinent Franciscan preacher took occasion one day before him to launch out against the luxuries of the time, especially in dress, obviously alluding to the cardinal, who was attired in a superb suit of ermine, which had been presented to him. He heard the sermon patiently to the end, and after the services were concluded, took the preacher into the sacristy, and, having commended the general tenor of his discourse, shewed, under his furs and fine linen, the coarse frock of his order, next his skin. Some accounts add, that the friar, on the other hand, wore fine linen under his monkish frock. After the cardinal's death, a little box was found in his apartment, containing the implements with which he used to mend the rents of his threadbare garment, with his own hands."

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Prescott for the manner in which he has executed his laborious and important task. No reader but will be touched by the simple manner in which he alludes to its temporary suspension. The work is, however, now complete; and the valuable history is one without which no historical library can be complete.

*Jane Lomax; or, a Mother's Crime.* By the Author of "Brambletye House," "Reuben Apsley," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Colburn.

In some cases how difficult it is to disconnect an author and his works. How impossible it is, for example, to open one of his books, and not recall that the pleasant and gentleman-like writer is Mr. Horace Smith. Few men have ever been more socially popular, or more deservedly so,—his friends owe him how many pleasant hours, and not a few kind actions. This is, we own, a digression; but the public do take, and have a right to take, an interest in a man who has for years contributed to their amusement. *Jane Lomax*, the novel now before us, is, without question, Mr. Smith's most attractive production. There is the same polished style, the same high moral tone, that distinguished its predecessors; but the characters are more vividly drawn, and the narrative much more dramatic. *Jane Lomax* is a very interesting story, whose ideas are novel,

and worked out with great spirit. The character of the mother, a domestic Lady Macbeth, but led into crime by the means of her best affections, is as bold as it is new; and it is well sustained to the last. The husband, a sketch in water-colours, is equally true; and there is a grace and sweetness in the picture of Benjamin that belong to poetry. We must give a portion of the striking scene in which the will of the old German is destroyed. He is on his death-bed, attended by Jane Lomax, wife to his clerk.

"No sooner had she taken her station by the bed-side, than the sick man, rousing from his feigned slumber, said in a whisper, 'Dat is you, mine goot Mrs. Lomax—I know your voodsteb; is dere nobody else in de room?' An answer was given in the negative. 'Den lock de door,' he continued, 'and bring me de gandle.' She did as she was directed, and Hoffman, fumbling under his pillow and drawing out the will, attempted to read it, but his eye-sight, which had been latterly failing him, was now so defective that he could not succeed, and he handed it over to Mrs. Lomax, saying, with a groan, 'de gursed dogtor's stuff has quite spoiled mine eye-sight, so read it to me, read it to me, mine goot voman, but bromise me you will not tell de condends to nobody, bromise me as you are a goot Christian, and fain you read, do not speak doo loud.' She gave the required pledge, and proceeded to read the will, which was very short, the whole of his property being devised, as we have already stated, to his nephew, Edward Ruddock. 'Very goot, very goot,' he exclaimed, when she had concluded; 'bot der is a little godicil what you will like; read it, read it.' By this addition, which seemed to have been recently made, and was all in his own hand-writing, he bequeathed a legacy of two hundred pounds to his faithful clerk, Joel Lomax, who was also appointed one of his executors. The wife expressed her warmest gratitude for this unexpected remembrance, and the sick man, muttering, 'goot, goot, dis will make you comfortable in your old age—I will egsecute it do-morrow,' again thrust the will under his pillow, and composed himself to sleep."

Jane Lomax takes the will, her husband copies it, substituting his own name: the false document is placed under the old man's pillow, and the following scene ensues:—

"Lomax asked in what way they should dispose of the original will. 'It must be immediately destroyed,' was the reply; 'there is a fire in the kitchen; we will commit it forthwith to the flames.' 'Who is to burn it?' asked the husband, recoiling with a fresh horror from every new step in the enterprise. 'Joel, as we are to share equally the benefits of this act, we will be partners in every particular of its execution. You shall not hereafter claim the merit of having made my fortune, nor will I assume the praise of having showered riches upon your head. Our coming aggrandisement shall be our own joint and equal deed. Take off your shoes; accompany me, without noise, to the kitchen, and we will, together, destroy the only evidence that can prevent the success of our enterprise.' Although the determined look and calm confidence of her air assumed not the language, it produced the effect of a command upon the ductile and irresolute mind of her auditor, who took off his shoes in silent obedience, and stole tremblingly after her, until they reached the bottom of the stairs, where his companion observed that, as there were only iron bars, and no shutters to the window, it would be safer to leave the candle behind them

when they entered the kitchen. They did so accordingly, and, drawing the door after them, were crossing the floor, when a gleam of lightning, emitted by the receding clouds, irradiated for a moment the whole apartment. Clinging in agitation to his wife, Lomax staggered in her ear as he drew her back: 'Stop—stop! I saw a ma—a ma—a man at the window!—a tall, thin man, with a low-crowned hat.' 'A man! impossible! who would let himself down into the area on such a night as this? Your fears have conjured up this phantom. However, we must not run any risks. Man or devil, he shall not long remain undiscovered.' So saying, she unbolted the window, softly raised the sash, and, leaning her head against the bars, was enabled to ascertain that there was no intruder or eaves-dropper in the area. 'As I suspected,' she said, again closing and fastening the window, 'your terrors have seen more than your eyes. Had I such a chicken heart as yours, we should stand little chance of accomplishing our object, and our darling Benjamin—' 'Indeed, dear Jane,' hesitated the husband, 'I could almost wish—that is, if you agree with me—that we had never undertaken it. I could swear that I saw a man in the area! A tall, thin man, with—' 'And I could almost swear that you are besotted with the cordial that you have swallowed. What makes you tremble thus? For shame! for shame! have you not one particle of manhood in your craven heart?' 'The bravest may tremble at guilt, and I am only astonished that you can be so perfectly calm and collected. Dear Jane, it is not yet too late to recede, but if the will be once destroyed—' 'Look you, Joel, I am not a person to be trifled with, nor to be frightened by bugbears from a resolution that I have once deliberately formed. We have gone too far in this matter to stop short, nor am I so weak and pusillanimous, woman as I am, as to lose the glorious prize when it is within my reach. I will do my duty to my dear boy, ay, and so shall you. You must not, nay, you *shall* not, flinch from your purpose. What! still peering with a timid eye at the window? Well, I will remove all your doubts and fears. Behold! I place this screen upon the dresser; and now, if there were a dozen men in the area, not one of them could catch a glimpse either of us or our proceedings.' Suiting the action to her words, she effectually blocked up the window; and then, hurrying to the fire, thrust the will between the bars. As the paper rapidly disappeared, a bright flame arose, throwing a vivid, but momentary, radiance on two countenances of very opposite expression; that of the wife being flushed and animated with the anticipation of success, and the certainty that they had now gone too far to recede; while the husband, as he stood aghast, with open mouth and distended eyes, appeared to be transfixed and stupified by the fearful responsibility of the deed which he had never heartily approved, although he had wanted the resolution to prevent it."

The locale of this novel is perfectly untrudened ground; but we recommend our readers to accompany Mr. Smith to what he calls "the unromantic purlieus of Bermondsey and Shad Thames." He has made them attractive.

*The Life and Times of Louis XIV.* By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Richelieu," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Bentley. We do not purpose entering into any critical examination of this work till it be further advanced. The two volumes now before us contain the minority of Louis XIV., or, rather, that earlier portion occupied by the Fronde.



Mr. James shews his usual industry and research, though we confess that we differ in some of his estimates of character. But we shall reserve our opinions till we can give them of the whole. In the mean time, we take two extracts, truly illustrative of that unsettled time: a time of which no account can be uninteresting, and of which an account from the pen of such a writer as Mr. James must be peculiarly acceptable.

*Marshal Fabert.*—"An anecdote is told of the famous *Maréchal de Fabert*, which gives a strange picture of the exploits wherewith the young nobility of France occasionally amused themselves. Fabert, in returning to the court after having executed some mission of importance, was stopped at Clermont en Beauvoisis by the want of post-horses, and went to bed to take some repose while the means of proceeding on his journey were sought for. He kept a light burning in his chamber; and, about two o'clock in the morning, two young officers in the French service, the Count de Rantzau and Monsieur de Quesnai, entered the room in which he was sleeping, for the express purpose of annoying a stranger. Woke by an extraordinary noise, Fabert looked up and beheld two gentlemen dancing as hard as they could in the middle of the room. 'Gentlemen,' exclaimed the marshal, 'you know, I trust, how to behave yourselves!—this room is mine; there are others in the hotel, and I beg you would make use of them.' 'Sir,' replied the count, 'sleep if you can; for my part, I only wish to amuse myself:' and seeing that Fabert, enraged, was starting out of bed, he burst out into a violent fit of laughter, exclaiming, 'The matter is serious: Monsieur takes to his slippers!' Fabert, now losing all patience, snatched up his sword and fell upon them; but Rantzau and Quesnai drawing also, got him between them; so that, as soon as he lunged at one, he was exposed to the other: thus he was wounded in fourteen places before any one came to his assistance. At length, however, the noise brought the whole household into the room, and Quesnai, who was nearest the door, was instantly disarmed: at the same moment, Fabert sprang upon Rantzau, threw him on the ground, and, holding his sword to his throat, exclaimed, 'What is your name, villain? Demand your life, or you die!' As he answered nothing, however, the master of the house cried out, 'Hold, hold, Monsieur Fabert! I know him well; his name is Rantzau.' At the celebrated name of Fabert, the young officer burst forth, exclaiming, 'What have I done?—would to God that I were dead!' 'Make your escape, young fool,' cried Fabert, 'and try to conceal yourself from the disgraceful punishment which justice inflicts upon assassins.' The two officers, however, were afterwards taken and tried, though their lives were ultimately spared at the intercession of Fabert. Joined with this wild and sanguinary rashness, there often appeared, as a matter of course, many nobler and more generous traits of character. Courage and resolution, in all their forms, were to be found carried to the highest point; and no one displayed those qualities more strongly than Fabert himself, who joined to the sternest determination a degree of blunt simplicity which savoured of a former and more chivalrous age. Being severely wounded in Piedmont, the surgeons, after having examined his thigh, declared to the Cardinal de Lavalette that it would be necessary to amputate the limb; and that prelate undertook to communicate the tidings

to Fabert himself. The brave soldier, however, demanded to speak with the surgeons in the first instance; and, after having explained to him the nature of the wound, they informed him that they had come to the determination of amputating the leg. 'Gentlemen,' replied Fabert, 'you have not consulted the principal person interested, since it is my life that is at stake. No, no, I do not intend to die by pieces; death shall have the whole of me, or shall have none: who gets the *gigot*, gets the rest of my body. I will be my own surgeon.' And so good a surgeon did he prove, that, ere many weeks had elapsed, he and his valet had completely cured the wound which the others had pronounced incurable. A thousand instances of chivalrous generosity might be cited; and the noble and deep feelings in which they originated, offer a strange contrast, if we will bear them in mind, with the mercenary greediness, levity, and selfishness, which were already beginning, in some degree, to mingle with them, but which did not shine out in all their glaring nakedness till the troublous commencement of the succeeding reign. Chevreuse, the mortal enemy of Montmorency, rendered so by an unfeeling jest upon a personal defect, forgot his enmity the moment that his chivalrous adversary fell into misfortune, used his most strenuous efforts to save his life, and wept bitterly when his death was announced to him. In the attack upon Collioure, the *Maréchal de Meilleraie* raised all the wrath of Fabert by a sneer at the battalion of guards which he commanded, and which, for two years, had been on duty at the court. So high was the indignation of the latter, that he was quitting the head of his troops to take satisfaction on the spot, when he was stopped by Turenne, who in vain endeavoured to reconcile them. Shortly after, the Spanish army being before them, Meilleraie, as a noble kind of concession, sent for Fabert to give him his advice. The angry general, however, refused to quit the head of his troops, replying, that the battalion was ready to obey any orders, but its officers would not leave it. Thereupon Meilleraie rode up to Fabert, exclaiming, 'No rancour, Fabert, in the face of the enemy! Give me your advice:—what ought I to do?' 'Attack them!' was the laconic reply of Fabert. 'March!' replied Meilleraie; and the battalion of guards immediately charged up the hill, and, without the slightest disorder in their ranks, drove the Spaniards from position to position till they took refuge in the town itself. As he returned, Fabert was met by Meilleraie, who sprang from his horse to embrace him, and besought him to come with him immediately, to lay out the plans for attacking Collioure."

*Madame de Longueville.*—"In the very prime of her youth and beauty, brilliant, admired, and courted, the Duchess of Longueville, of course, excited no little jealousy in persons whose more mature charms were under the influence of life's autumn, and who saw the bright things of existence passing away into the hands of another generation. This feeling seems to have been the most poignant in the bosom of Madame de Montbazou; and, perhaps, D'Enguieu's affection for, and confidence in, his sister, irritated in some degree the elder lady to whom he had attached himself. The intimate friend of D'Enguieu, the Count de Coligni, was suspected of being attached still more strongly to the sister than to the brother; and one day after the Duchess de Longueville had quitted the school of scandal established by the Duchesses of Chevreuse and Montbazou, some letters were found, as if let

fall by her accidentally, which did not tend to put her fidelity to her husband in a very clear light. These letters were brought back to the circle, and read with many a jest and many a comment. The scandal spread all over Paris, and Madame de Montbazou lost no opportunity of promulgating that the letters which had been found had undoubtedly dropped from the person of Madame de Longueville, and were part of her correspondence with Coligni. The whole town was on fire with the tidings; it spread from house to house, and from lip to lip, till at length it reached the Princess de Condé, coupled with information of the part which Madame de Montbazou had played in the whole business. Indignant at the imputation cast upon her daughter, the princess immediately flew to the queen, demanding justice; but, before Anne of Austria could take counsel with her friends and advisers in regard to what she ought to do under such circumstances, the Duke D'Enguieu had at once chosen his part, broken off all communication with the enemies of his sister, and hurled a vehement defiance at the whole cabal, which was instantly taken up by the Duke of Beaufort. The quarrel spread through all their followers and attendants; the officers who had served under D'Enguieu flocked to offer him the support of their swords; the houses of Vendôme, Montbazou, Chevreuse, Guise, and Lorraine, ranged themselves on the other part; and, in a few hours, Paris would have been deluged with blood, if the queen had not exerted herself vigorously to put a stop to the quarrel and decide the dispute by her own authority: while the Prince de Condé, roused from his apathy by the danger of his son, used every energy to prevent the hero of Rocroi from shedding his blood in a pitiful quarrel commenced by a circle of bad women, and carried on by a faction of intriguing men. The queen announced to Madame de Montbazou that she must make reparation to the Princess de Condé, and the express terms were regulated by no less a person than Mazarin, who gained a great accession of influence by the support that he gave to the house of Condé, and by the abasement of one of the heroines of the opposite faction. An apology was drawn up, which Madame de Montbazou was compelled to read before a large assembly of the court at the house of the Princess de Condé; but, in so doing, she used a tone of insolent jest and raillery, which only aggravated her offence in the eyes of the Princess de Condé, and left them as bitter enemies as ever. The more serious disputes between the male parts of the two factions reduced themselves to a duel between the Duke of Guise and Coligni. It is more than probable that the letters were forged; but, whether the Duke of Guise had any share in their fabrication or not, he so warmly espoused the cause of her who had circulated the scandal, that the brunt of the affair naturally fell upon him. The matter needed not, however, to have proceeded to bloodshed, had the counsels of the wise and moderate friends of all parties been attended to; nor would it have done so, had not the mortified vanity of a woman taken part in the business. The Count d'Estrades, famous both as a soldier and a negotiator, was applied to by his relation, Coligni, to carry for him a message to the Duke of Guise, demanding his presence, with a single friend, in the Place Royale. D'Estrades replied that he would do so willingly, but that the duke had already publicly denied having any share in the scandal which had spread from the house of Madame de Montbazou; and that, if he repeated the

denial, he could not properly be called upon to give any further satisfaction. To this Coligni replied, 'That has nothing to do with the matter now. I have pledged myself to Madame de Longueville to fight him in the Place Royale, and I must not fail.' The Duke of Guise instantly accepted the challenge, and repaired early on the morning appointed to the Place Royale, which, though planted with trees, was at that time in the centre of the most fashionable part of Paris. Coligni met him with the Count d'Estrades, who, as was customary in those days, encountered hand to hand, Bridieu, the second of the Duke of Guise. Coligni was disarmed and wounded, and Bridieu was at the same time overcome by the Count d'Estrades, who instantly hurried up to his friend, whom he found severely hurt. Though wounded himself, he offered to Coligni to recommence the combat on his part with the Duke of Guise; but Coligni would not suffer him to do so, and was carried home, where, after lingering for some months, he died, greatly regretted by the whole house of Condé. There appears to have been very little doubt that the duel was entirely promoted by the beautiful Duchess de Longueville: but a still more sanguinary trait is generally added to the history, in which, perhaps, scandal may have had its share. The duchess, we are told, after having exacted from

her lover that he should fight the Duke of Guise, and having ascertained the time appointed, repaired to the house of the old Duchess de Rohan, and there, from behind a blind, became an unseen spectator of the combat which terminated so disastrously for her champion."

We look forward with much interest to the time when the young monarch takes the active power into his own hands.

*The Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque; illustrated with Original Designs by Alfred Crowquill. Pp. 361. London, 1837. Ackermann and Co.*

It is refreshing to have an old friend brought again to our recollection in a manner so pleasant as this. We remember Dr. Syntax, almost the Pickwick of his day; and the rich and exuberant Rowlandson expending the luxuriance of his genius in his company. If the Doctor was lean, the artist was fat; and between the two, the public regale was always gratifying. To follow such a man as Rowlandson, was no easy task; but the illustrations to this volume, though of an entirely different character, demonstrate how much one person of talent may vary from another, and yet how clever and appropriate may be his views of the

same subjects. As the text of old Syntax is too familiar to tempt us to extract, we shall, therefore, confine our criticism (shall we call it?) to an exhibition of the embellishments, which are, in our opinion, very humorously conceived and ably executed.

Kitty, the maid, substituting her own smart nightcap for the Doctor's wig, displays the hero at a favourable moment; and the beadle telling the tailor the news, is as fair a specimen of the artist's skill in identifying other parties. But what shall we say to his monstrous head of a critic? a portrait we never could pardon, but for the full-length publisher who *parallels* him: (there should have been an author to complete the trio). But, after all, this was the likeness of a critic:

"As wits and critics now \* were known,  
Who hash up nonsense for the town;  
And, in the daily columns, shew  
How small the sum of all they know."

The bookseller is a happy sketch of the

"Man whose ample paunch  
Was made of beef, and ham, and haunch;"

and Syntax's dream of the publication of a flight of volumes, is a whimsical piece, which well suits, with the two preceding wants of literature, to fill up a page of the *Literary Gazette*.

\* Then.—Ed. L. G.





*Treatise on the Microscope, forming the Article under that Head, in the Seventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.* By Sir David Brewster, K.G.H. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 193, with Plates. Edinburgh, 1837. Black.

THERE can be no possible objection to the separate publication of any particular treatise which forms a part of a huge work like modern encyclopædias. In fact, we wish it were even more generally adopted, for the advantages which it possesses of placing each thing desirable at the command of individual taste or pursuit. The name of the author, and his intimate acquaintance with the microscope in all its forms, preclude the necessity of criticism; but the present volume has the great advantage of including the history of the later improvements in lenses, more especially of such as are made of precious stones—diamond, sapphire, garnet, and spinelle,—but we do not see any additional information concerning the lens for the fabrication of which the British Association have accorded a grant of money.

The discoveries by the microscope or engine, as Dr. Goring calls it, have, in modern times, been more fertile in interesting results than ever before. Among the latest novelties, are the detection of infusorial organic remains, consisting of the siliceous shells of animalcules, belonging to the division *Bacillaria*, and which form strata of Tripoli or poli-schiefer in Bohemia. It is impossible to anticipate the immense addition which might be made to our knowledge of extinct races of animalcules, and of organic origin of rock formations, by the extension of such researches. Mr. Ehrenberg has even found, in fusing, animals in the semi-opal of porphyretic rocks. The size of a single individual of these animals is about  $\frac{1}{350}$ th of a line, or  $\frac{1}{350}$ th of an inch. In the polishing slate from Bilin, in which there appear to be no vacuities, a cube line contains in round numbers 23 millions of these animals, and a cubic inch contains 41,000 millions of them!

Another curious and recent microscopic discovery, is the teeth of the fibres which compose the crystalline lenses of almost all animals. The crystalline lens is composed of innumerable fibres of nearly the same length, each of which tapers from its middle to its two extremities, where it comes to its sharpest point. The sides

of each of these fibres are furnished with teeth like those of a watch-wheel, and the teeth of the one lock into those of the adjacent ones. "The lens of a cod contains five millions of fibres, and sixty-two thousand five hundred millions of teeth," "and yet this little sphere of tender jelly is as transparent as a drop of the purest water, and allows a beam of light to pass across these almost innumerable joints without obstructing or reflecting a single ray!" These extracts will furnish some idea of the interest attached to microscopic investigation, and to the work before us.

*Excursions in the Abruzzi and Northern Provinces of Naples.* By the Hon. Keppel Craven, author of "A Tour through Southern Naples." 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1837. Bentley.

It may seem ungrateful to begin our review with complaints against a publication from which we have derived so much pleasure as we have from the present; but critics are said to be a grumbling race, and it is really owing to, and in proportion to, that pleasure, that we are so disposed to complain. The author, himself an elegant scholar, and familiar with the subjects touched upon in his Italian tours, has taken it too readily for granted that his readers would be prepared to follow him in even his slightest remarks. His fault has, consequently, been the fault not of commission, but of omission; not that he has told us too much or what was not interesting; but that he has told us too little, and avoided circumstances and details where he has created a longing for their minute illustration. When we have come to the mention of Roman and anti-Roman antiquities, of curious Latin inscriptions, of monuments belonging to the dark and middle ages—remains of the Volsci, Marai, Samnites, Sabines, Lydians?, and relics of the earliest saints and first popes of the Christian church—the increase of appetite has grown with what it fed on; and, like greedy and naughty children, we have cried for more long after our nurse supposed that we had had enough. Would that the microscopic spirit of a Muratori had been grafted on the antiquarian and topographical feelings of our countryman: in short, we wish he had printed four volumes instead of two!

But let us turn to what we have, and endeavour to communicate a taste of it to our readers; only further premising, that a slight outline of the routes would have been very acceptable, and that more particulars respecting artists of great merit, who, together with their works, are mentioned by the author, and who are hardly, if at all, known, even by name, beyond these their native regions, would be a welcome improvement in any future edition.

We will set out with a specimen of what we have alluded to as disappointments. At Antina (probably the Atinates of the Marai, spoken of by Pliny), it is stated,—

"It retains vestiges of its ancient origin in several portions of polygonal walls, some of which still preserve the form of an entrance or gateway, and serve as such to the modern village, under the appellation of Porta Campanile. The numerous Latin inscriptions which have been found on the spot, have been all collected by the successive members of Signor Ferrente's family and himself, and are to be seen, in excellent preservation, in the vestibules of his house, or the garden adjoining it. They are not without interest, proving that Antina was a place of some importance. This is exemplified by an inscription raised by the incorporated institutions of Centonari, Dendrofori, and Armamentari, who united in dedicating this record to Novius Felix, patron of the municipium of Antina. The traces of a no less curious monument are to be seen on a rock just outside the village, where the outline, but nothing more, of an inscription is visible: a copy of this, taken previously to its having become illegible, is to be found in the collection of the antiquities of Antina, published some years back, by a *canonico de sanctis*. It proves to be a sepulchral inscription, in Latin, to a female, named Varia Montana, by her surviving parents, the tenor of which is elegant and impressive."

Now, we would ask, is it not vexatious to hear nothing more of this inscription?—not to have a copy of it? We are so annoyed that we must leave antiquities, for the moment, and turn to modern matters at Antina.

"It would," says Mr. Craven, "be unfair to take leave of this spot without some reference to a distinction which I have heard conferred

upon it by the unanimous assent of all Neapolitans, including the authority of their late sovereign, King Ferdinand I.; and that is, the beauty of its women, which, nevertheless, I afterwards found to be overrated: it must, however, be admitted, that a very superior height of stature, straightness of limb, and regularity of feature, were frequently observable; to which was added a striking, though dark, brilliancy of complexion. But these advantages appeared to be possessed only by such of the softer sex as had already passed the age of thirty; and who, therefore, in these latitudes, had already outstepped the maturity of beauty; for, whatever might be the cause, which I had not leisure to investigate, no female of tenderer years was stamped with the same attractive character. It may, perhaps, be not uninteresting to the amateurs of horticulture to learn, that the only yellow double roses I ever saw blooming in the state of entire perfection were growing under a range of polygonal walls in a neglected vineyard at Atina.

Aquino furnishes another modern trait. "Its episcopal see, now united to that of Sorat, where the bishop resides, extends its jurisdiction over a considerable portion of the province. The town of Pontecorvo, divided in two portions by the Liris, and subject, with some intervals of exception, to the sway of the pope ever since the year 1463, stands about four miles from Aquino. Like Benevento, it is entirely surrounded by the Neapolitan territory; but at so short a distance from the Roman frontier, that it is a matter of surprise that no arrangement has ever been entered into by the parties concerned to place it in immediate contact with the state to which it belongs. Its counts were powerful vassals in the middle ages; and through one of those singular political vicissitudes which have marked the beginning of the present century, the last sovereign of Pontecorvo stepped from the possession of its insignificant principality, upon one of the thrones of Scandinavia."

From the throne of Sweden we shall descend to the description of a scene of a patriarchal character, which is certainly the most striking of its kind which Europe can present. Not far from Aquila, where saffron is largely cultivated on the Aterno and its many tributary streams, our author says:—

"One of the broad tratturos, or cattle-paths, runs in the same line with the high road to Aquila; and I was so fortunate as to see it occupied by a very extended line of flocks, which slowly passed by the carriage for the space of a mile or more. The word 'fortunate,' adapted to such a spectacle, may excite a smile in my readers; but I own that I never beheld one of these numerous animal congregations plodding across the flats of Capitanata, or the valleys of Abruzzo, as far as the eye can reach, without experiencing a sensation of a novel and exciting kind, nearly allied to that of enjoyment, but which I shall not attempt to account for. One shepherd heads each division of cattle, of which he has the peculiar care and direction: armed with his crook, he walks some paces in advance of his flock, followed by an old ram termed *il manso*; which word, meaning tame or instructed, has undoubtedly a more apposite signification than that of our bell-wether, though he is, as well as ours, furnished with a large deep-toned bell. The sheep march in files of about twelve in each; and every battalion, if I may so call it, is attended by six or eight dogs, according to its number: these accompany the herd, walking at the head, middle, and rear of each flank. The beauty and docility of these

animals, which are usually white, has often been described, and their demeanour is gentle as long as the objects of their solicitude are unmolested; but at night they are so savage, that it would be dangerous to approach the fold they guard. The goats, which bear a very small proportion to the sheep, and are in general black, wind up the array, and evince their superior intelligence by lying down whenever a temporary halt takes place. The cows and mares travel in separate bodies. A certain number of these flocks, commonly those belonging to the same proprietor, are under the immediate management and inspection of an agent, entitled *fattore*, who accompanies them on horseback, armed with a musket, and better clad than the shepherds, who, both in summer and winter, wear the large sheep-skin jacket, and are in other respects provided with substantial though homely attire, and good strong shoes. These *fattori* are all natives of Abruzzo, an Apulian never having been known to undertake the profession: the former, through particular habits and the repeated experience of years, are looked upon as so peculiarly fitted for the care required by cattle, and indeed animals of all kinds, that all the helpers in the stables of the capital are natives of these provinces, or of the adjoining county of Molise. In addition to these qualifications, they are esteemed an abstemious and honest race. When following the calling of shepherds, and occupied, as I saw them, in the duties of their charge in travelling, their countenances are almost invariably marked by the same expression, which combines mildness and sagacity with immovable gravity, and, it is painful to add, a look of deep-seated sadness; the whole caravan, animal as well as human, exhibiting, at least while engaged in one of those tedious peregrinations, a general appearance of suffering and depression, distinguishable in every individual that composes it. The shepherd that opens the march, the independent *manso*, jingling his brazen bell, the flocks that follow, the dogs that watch over their security, and even the *fattore* who directs the procession, all appear to be plodding through a wearisome existence of monotony and toil. The extreme slowness of their progress, the downcast expression of every head and eye, and, above all, the indications of exhaustion and fatigue which are but too perceptible after a journey of more than a month's duration, may well account for this impression. The animals suffer greatly from heat until they reach their summer dwelling, and fall as much from lameness, which, when it has reached a certain pitch, becomes the signal for destruction. I saw a mule bearing no other load than the skins of those that had perished in this manner. Several other beasts of burden follow the rear of the herds, laden with the various articles necessary for them and their guardians during their protracted march: these consist in the nets and poles requisite to pen the folds at night, the coarse cloth tents for the use of the shepherds, and a limited stock of utensils for milking, and boiling the produce of the flock. Among these are to be noticed some portable jointed seats of very ingenious though simple construction, composed of the stems of the giant fennel, a substance remarkable for its light and compact texture. The cattle which I thus met near Aquila were within two days' journey of their resting-place, which is generally in some of the valleys placed on the lower flanks of the mountain ridges, but sufficiently elevated above the larger plains to afford fresh and abundant herbage and a cooler temperature. The duration of their abode in these regions is regulated by the rapid or slow progression of the summer season; in

the course of which they shift their quarters, as the heat increases, till they reach the highest spots, which are the last divested of the deep snows in which they have been buried during three-quarters of the year. Here large tracts of the finest pasture, hills of the coldest and purest water, and shady woods of considerable extension, are occupied by them during the remainder of the fine weather, and afford the *plus ultra* of enjoyment allotted to an existence of such restricted variety.

"The upper regions, and most inaccessible recesses of the mountains which cover almost the whole surface of the second Abruzzo Ultra, are the scenes which nature appears to have purposely formed for, and appropriated to, the summer abode of these stupendous flocks. In Abruzzo Citra, or the province of Chieti, as it is likewise termed, no similar pastures exist, though it is not deficient in hilly tracts; and few are to be found in the division of Abruzzo Ultra prima, though the eastern flank and extended ramifications of the king of mountains, the Gran Sasso, are included within its precincts. The paths which the herds follow in their annual migrations to and from Abruzzo are wide tracks marked out on the turf, the integrity of which is attended to with great assiduity. Under the generic name of *Tratturo delle pecore*, they all commence in the province of Capitanata or Puglia piana, and for some time run parallel with each other till they reach the adjoining province of Molise, when some branch off to the higher districts of this region, which, in some of its mountains, especially the Matese, affords a limited portion of summer pasture. Continuing in a line with the shore of the Adriatic, the other cattle-paths occasionally intersect one another, and finally extend their various veins into Abruzzo Ultra, as above described. This custom is involved in questions of such vital importance to the proprietors and inhabitants of these provinces, that one can scarcely wonder that it has existed, with very slight changes or modifications, ever since the Roman era, and has, at different periods, called forth the attention of the most enlightened sovereigns and statesmen. Alphonso of Aragon was, however, the first who, by establishing irrevocable laws and regulations as to the mode in which it was to be prosecuted, ensured a considerable revenue to the crown, and at the same time maintained the rights and advantages of the flock-holders. From that epoch, all the lands granted to Apulians, under Cenosis, or Emphyteusis, to the sovereign, were charged with the express condition of being let out, during the winter season, for the use of the Abruzzese possessors of cattle. This being enforced as a law, the former found it a matter of consequence, if not of necessity, to their interests, to become likewise proprietors of flocks, in order that, by a system of reciprocity, their herds might join those of Abruzzo in their summer migration, and participate in the benefits which the peculiar topography of that province only could afford to them. It certainly is a circumstance worthy of notice, that the climate and geological formation of two districts so nearly contiguous, and situated on the same line of coast, should differ so essentially as to render one totally unfit to support large flocks of cattle during the summer, while the other is disqualified for maintaining them during the opposite season. It should be noticed, that the measures established by Alphonso of Aragon were entirely favourable to the Abruzzese proprietor, who, though he be the unconstrained and direct owner of his

land, and not a lessee of the crown, can turn it to no other advantage than the pasturage obtained in the summer months; while the Apulian plains are fertile enough, and sufficiently favoured by climate, to repay the slight labour of various modes of cultivation. During the French occupation of the kingdom, a more enlarged and less partial system of policy having prevailed, the restrictions were removed from the Apulians, and being thereby empowered to submit the culture of their land to what species of produce they preferred, much of it was ploughed and adapted to raising corn and cotton—commodities which, for a time, proved a source of considerable gain, but only as long as the freshness of fertility inherent in an untilled soil, and the facility of disposing of the produce without competition, continued to exist. Time, and the close of the continental war, brought both these to a termination; and it was then discovered that, while the Abruzzese landholder, who had no resource but his flocks, was ruined by the abrogation of the old system, the Apulian proprietor had only gained a temporary advantage over his neighbour; and that a renewal of the anomalous and antiquated laws might, after all, restore a fairer balance between them. Shortly after his return from Sicily, King Ferdinand I. instituted a committee, who, after taking the complaints of the Abruzzese into consideration, and maturely weighing them against the unlimited prerogatives granted to the Apulians, might frame some regulations which might equitably secure the welfare of both. It is difficult to decide whether this result has been obtained by the promulgation of a royal decree, which restored the ancient law to very nearly its original form, granting to the Apulians the right of cultivating one-third of their crown leases in any manner they think fit, but enforcing the obligation of allotting the remainder to the winter occupation of the cattle. This has opened to the Abruzzese the stream of their former prosperity; but the flocks, which had suffered considerable diminution from the causes above specified, have never been, and probably never will be, restored to their original numbers. The Apulians have entirely ceased to have any share in the possession of cattle; and, although they have the power of cultivating, at their own option, one-third of their property, and are certain of letting the remainder during the winter, the rents are so fallen, from the reduction of the flocks, that they find themselves, upon the whole, the only sufferers. Before the year 1800, the amount of sheep alone, that travelled from Apulia to Abruzzo and back again, was estimated at more than a million; but is now reckoned little more than half, of which about sixty thousand resort to the Roman coast for winter dwelling; a small quantity likewise remain in the sheltered parts of Abruzzo; these are called *pagliarde*, and are killed for butcher's meat, or their produce used for the purposes of rural economy. It is calculated that about five thousand individuals obtain a subsistence by attending the cattle."

Reverting to the Marsi, we are told:—

"The tract of country which they inhabited, and which bore their name, offers the only example of the ancient denomination being retained in common use to this very day; while the same limits, which bound the district they possessed in the early era of the Roman commonwealth, are observed as those of the Marsian territory in the nineteenth century. While the feudal lords of the middle ages assumed the title of some individual town, castle, or territory, the possessors of this portion of

the kingdom styled themselves, first Castaldi, and afterwards Counts of the Marsi, a rank still enjoyed by the Colonna family. It would appear affected in any one to talk of going into Samnium or Lucania; but an excursion *ne i Marsi*, is a proper, and even commonplace, mode of expression. Their towns are distinguished by the same adjunct; and the bishop, who resides at Pescara, instead of deriving the name of his diocese from this town, signs himself *Vescovo de Marsi*.\* I hope it will not be deemed a frivolous stretch in favour of identity, to observe, that the present inhabitants of these regions pretend to possess the same occult powers which distinguished their forefathers, in charming venomous reptiles, and rendering them innoxious. In most parts of the Neapolitan dominions they are occasionally to be met with, carrying boxes full of serpents, of all sizes and colours, which they display to the gazing multitude; offering, at the same time, for a very trifling remuneration, to render the spectators invulnerable as themselves. I have frequently seen these individuals, in the early days of spring, sitting at Naples on a sunny parapet, near the sea, exhibiting their collection of reptiles, and collecting, apparently, no inconsiderable contribution from the curiosity or credulity of the bystanders. The operation requisite to secure them against the poison of the snake in future, is performed by slightly scratching the hand or arm with a viper's tooth divested of its venom; then applying a mysterious stone to the puncture; and finally furnishing the patient with an image of, and a prayer to, San Domenico di Cocullo, a village among the Marsian hills, where a celebrated sanctuary is every year thronged by pilgrims from all parts of the province; modern devotion having transferred to a sanctified being the attributes which ancient superstition ascribed to dealers in necromancy and divination. This ceremony is called *ingermare*, a word from which it would be absurd, as some have sought, to derive our expression, 'to charm,' which, undoubtedly, springs from *car-men*, a verse or song; but which may more properly be rendered by inoculate, insert, or engraft."

Again, near Luco, a natural emissary of water is mentioned, and Mr. Craven says,—

"When I visited it, the spot was rendered more remarkable by innumerable swarms of snakes that lay basking in the sun on the stones, and sprang into the water on our nearer approach: they could be seen swimming under the surface round our boat, and darting their tongues against it with all the appearance of wrath and violence. It was impossible not to be reminded of the traditions relative to the charming powers of the ancient

\* Another curious notice of regard for names is recorded in the following:—

"Popoli contains about four thousand inhabitants, and presents that aspect of industry and activity which gains upon the partiality of a traveller at first sight. This is probably owing to its position as a thoroughfare, not only between Solmona and Aquila, but likewise between those two cities and Chieti, the capital of the adjoining province, and the shores and ports of the Adriatic sea. It has a good square, and some large houses, among which must be noticed a large and now dilapidated mansion, of handsome architecture, once the residence of the family of Cantelmo, dukes of Popoli, and the most opulent and influential in the province. It is now extinct, having merged into that of Tocco, princes of Montemiletto, through the female line. But this last, as well as all the descendants of the heiress in whom it terminated, have considered it a distinction to take the name of Cantelmo to their own, with the adjet Stuart, the authority for doing which I was at some pains to discover. It appears that the original stock of Cantelmo, who came from Provence with Charles of Anjou, claimed consanguinity with the kings of Scotland; and succeeded, under our Charles II., in obtaining from that monarch a recognition of the connexion, and his full sanction to bear the name."

Marsi, and the numerous reptiles said to inhabit their country. The locality also assisted this impression, as the name of Luco is supposed to be derived from the Lucus Angitia, the mystic grove in which the inhabitants performed sacrifices in honour of Angitia, the sister of Circe, whom they looked upon as having first taught them the virtues of herbs and simples in healing the bites of serpents, and the power of charming them."

[To be continued.]

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Domestic Medical Pocket Book, or Family Vade Mecum, &c. &c.* By W. H. Kittoe, Surgeon. 8vo. Pp. 278. Southampton, 1837: Fletcher and Son; London, Longman and Co.

"LITTLE knowledge and much danger," is as proverbial as domestic medicine is disliked by the profession. We have, this week, for example, had to trudge from the high contemplation of the effects of civilisation upon the nervous system, and of these, again, upon the treatment of diseases, to the matter of fact work of how much calomel is a dose, and at what period of measles bleeding is advisable. So there will be always two extremes in all things; and his the best course who steers between the two. There are, however,—to be serious—advantages in domestic medical works, as they teach how something may be done till medical aid can be obtained; slight grievances may be cured, and more serious ones alleviated; and they are particularly called for on shipboard, where there is no medical man. If, then, they are useful under some circumstances, their chief recommendation should be, simplicity, distinctness, and brevity. We have much pleasure in saying that Mr. Kittoe's book possesses these advantages in an eminent degree, and is highly worthy of patronage where it may be useful.

*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. XCVII. Geology.* By E. I. Phillips. Vol. 1. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

WHATEVER may be the difference of character in the volumes of this series, reaching now to nearly a hundred publications, and there has been much, we can have no hesitation in placing the present continuation among the select few to which the greatest value is to be attached. Mr. Phillips is one of our ablest, most practical, and least theoretical geologists. His views are always expressed with singular plainness and clearness. He knows as much of the science as any body; and he possesses the art of communicating his knowledge to others in the best possible manner. Of this the volume before us is a strong example; and we feel assured that, when the sequel is added, we shall have as complete and popular a guide to the facts and inferences of this interesting and important pursuit as its state and condition admit. As far as he has gone, the author has given us a most admirable *résumé*, and combined with it much original matter and reasoning, for which we are indebted to his own intelligent mind.

*The Church of England Preacher, Vol. I.* Pp. 377. (London, Harding).—A selection of sermons from eminent divines preached during the year, and in a neat and cheap form. The names of Noel, Mortimer, Chalmers, Dale (Frost and Snow, by the by), Melvill, and others, give assurance of its worth.

*The Heart's Ease.* Pp. 282. (Cambridge, Stevenson; London, Simpkin and Marshall).—A reprint of Bishop Patrick's valuable treatise, which we are glad to see again in a popular shape. The afflicted may find much solace in its pages.

*Conversations on Chronology.* Pp. circ. 100. (London, Pickering).—An admirable little book "for children," as the title-page has it; but by no means unfit for persons of all ages.



*Logarithmic and Trigonometric Tables to Seven Places of Decimals.* Pp. 300. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A capital set of Tables, and to a very considerable extent.

*Letters from an absent Godfather,* &c. by the Rev. J. E. Ridele, M.A. Pp. 208. (London, Longman and Co.)—The curate of Harrow, and author of "First Sundays at Church," &c. has here given us a very pleasing manual of religious instruction for the young, in which their duties are feelingly enforced.

*A Manual of Conduct; or, Christian Principle Exemplified in Daily Practice,* by the Author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice, &c." Pp. 461. (Edinburgh, Blacks: London, Longman and Co.)—Full of good moral inculcations: an excellent Sunday family book.

*Biblical Cabinet,* No. XXI. (Edinburgh, J. Clarke.)—This volume has an interesting commentary on the Epistles of Paul, translated by the Rev. W. L. Alexander, from the German of Dr. Belroth—a very able essay towards elucidating the true meaning of the great Apostle's language.

*Selection of Joseph Cottle's Poems.* (London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—A fourth edition, which shows the estimation in which the work is held for the use of young persons in religious schools and at home.

*Sketches of London,* No. 111. (London, Orr and Co.)—With two comic etchings this No. contains an account of the famous Lumber Troop, which will, we dare say, be as new to a million of the population of London as to us. These pot-valiant heroes, it seems, have considerable influence on the city of London elections, and municipal affairs. In other respects, they meet at a tavern in Bolt Court, and, with brandy, gin, and beer, pass their nights in convivial style, accompanied by ludicrous ceremonies and debates.

*Memoirs of a Smuggler.* (Sldmouth, Harvey: London, Longman and Co.; Whitaker and Co.)—A small volume giving, apparently, a genuine account, with a genuine local map, of the adventures of one John Rattenbury, dignified by the title of the Rob Roy of the South, and who passed his life between piloting, smuggling, and gaol. There is rather an attempt at fine writing in it; and yet the particulars are not sufficiently described to afford much interest, though some of the escapes are so extraordinary as to be quite romantic. Rattenbury seems to have been a bold and daring fellow—an honour to Boer and Brixham in the smuggling line; and it is to be hoped that his old age will not be left destitute; especially as, on several occasions, he bravely encountered dangers to save life and property on the sea. This book is published for his benefit.

*The Cycnours; being Select Passages from the most Distinguished Writers.* Pp. 255. (London, Pickering.)—A pretty little volume, with a multitude of tasteful selections from some 900 authors, and a fit companion for the popular "Carcenet," by the same editor.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. AIKIN 'On Calico Printing.' No. 2.—After recapitulating the heads of the first lecture on the same subject, which was reported in the *Literary Gazette* a month ago, the secretary, in the present address, proceeds to observe, that the chintz and palampore of India long continued to be the prototypes of European printed calicoes, in which the colours are distributed more or less in masses representing flowers and other natural objects. For these nothing but wooden blocks can be employed; as wood is the only material which with any convenience will allow of the insertion of pieces of felt necessary in those parts of the pattern where a considerable quantity of mordant is required; and, therefore, even at the present day, for such kinds of patterns, block printing is universally practised. At length, in the change of fashion, stripes, sprigs, running foliage, and other simple and neat, but rather unmeaning patterns, raised in one colour, were introduced. It was soon found that such patterns could be represented with more delicacy and precision by copper-plate engraving than on wood. The plate and rolling-press were, therefore, introduced into the calico-printer's workshop, instead of the block and mallet. The spirit of competition, a rapidly extending market, and the ambition of "riding" much work with a comparatively small profit, soon occasioned the substitution of the copper cylinder instead of the plate. The mordants, mixed with gum to the consistence of printer's ink, were distributed on the plate, first by hand and then by machinery; which last, with the necessary modifications, was adapted to the cy-

linder. The time thus saved encouraged the calico-printers to give more precision to their machinery, by means of which, at the present day, they are capable of working two, and even three, cylinders, each distributing a separate mordant at the same time to the same piece of cloth, and at a rate which enables them to finish a piece in three minutes, and with a degree of precision, all things considered, truly surprising. Mr. Aikin then, in a clear and simple manner, explained the chemical part of the process, by means of which such an almost infinite variety of tints and colours are produced; but, as it would be impossible, in the space allotted to this report, to follow the notes of the lecture through the whole of these details—interesting as they are—and, as it would be equally impracticable to give a satisfactory analysis of them, we pass them over, and conclude by noticing the facility with which many compound or simple dyes on calico may be resolved or analysed by the use principally of three re-agents, viz. bleaching liquor, solution of carbonate of potash, and of oxalic or tartaric acid. Indigo blue may be distinguished from Prussian blue by the action of bleaching liquor, which will destroy the indigo, but has no effect on Prussian blue; or by the use of carbonated alkali, which does not touch indigo, while it turns Prussian blue to an iron brown. All vegetable and animal colours yield to bleaching liquor; those that do not are mineral or chemical colours: a colour, therefore, that is compounded of both kinds, may be resolved by the action of this substance. Chrome yellows are shewn by their habitudes with carbonated fixed alkali, and by their becoming dark brown after the action of alkali, when touched with solution of an alkaline sulphuret. Iron yellows are soluble in tartaric acid, which chrome yellow is not. Greens, composed of yellow and blue, if both ingredients are vegetable, are discharged by bleaching liquor; if the yellow is chrome, and the blue is indigo, the action of carbonated alkali will discharge the yellow, leaving the blue; while that of bleaching liquor will discharge the blue, leaving the yellow. Brown, composed of oxide of manganese and madder, is resolved by bleaching liquor, which leaves the manganese, or by proto-muriate of tin, which dissolves the manganese.—In the museum were exhibited specimens of wheat, raised by cot-tagers, by means of dibbling, six inches apart. A memorandum, accompanying the specimens, set forth, that one individual began dibbling one grain of wheat to the square foot, which sprang up regularly, and yielded him forty-two bushels to the statute acre; a large return for 4lbs. 10oz. of seed. The specimens exhibited were prize specimens of the Battel and Hastings Horticultural Society, and measured five feet and a half in height, with ears proportionally large and full.

### LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—The secretary read a letter from the president, in which he nominated Mr. Brown, Mr. Forster, Dr. Harfield, and Mr. Lambert, vice-presidents for the present year.—The chairman read a letter from Lord John Russell, in answer to the address to her majesty, voted at the preceding ordinary meeting, and announcing that her majesty had been graciously pleased to become the patroness of the Society.—A number of casts and impressions of recent ferns and other plants were placed on the table for exhibition by Mr. Morris, of Kensington. In a note which accompanied the specimens, that gentleman stated,

that he found it impossible, in many cases, to determine from the casts whether the divisions of the frond were continuous with the midrib, or elevated on a partial stalk, as in *Pteris falcata*, *Lindsaea trapeziformis*, and others, and that this character, which is also dependent, in some instances, upon whether the cast is taken from the upper or under surface of the frond, has been a source of error in the distribution of fossil species: the circumstance of the divisions of the frond, continuous or not, having been regarded as a character of primary importance by the fossil pterologist. The writer repeated some of Professor Göppert's experiments, by subjecting the specimens to slight pressure between layers of clay, which were slowly dried, and afterwards placed in a furnace; but, from the heat being too great, the whole of the carbonaceous matter was destroyed, nothing being left but a portion of white ashes, which, however, in the cases of *Equisetum* and some *Conifera*, still retained traces of the original structure: others, in which the carbonaceous matter had been preserved, it had coloured the clay to some distance around the specimen. From specimens recently soaked in metallic solutions, such as sulphate of iron, &c. and afterwards placed between layers of clay, as in the former experiments, and subjected to the heat of a furnace, complete casts were obtained, presenting all the appearance of the original plants. Some of these, examples, Mr. Morris conceives, explain the condition in which some fossil ferns are found in the sandstones and shales, associated with the carboniferous and oolitic series, that is, partly bituminised and partly mineralised.—Read, a notice of certain Australian quadrupeds, belonging to the order *Rodentia*, by Mr. Ogilby. It is well known that a large proportion of the terrestrial quadrupeds of Australia are marsupial, and that, with the exception of the bats, a very small number indeed of the indigenous terrestrial quadrupeds are non-marsupial; the six or seven species already known belonging exclusively to the order *Rodentia*: the remaining orders, *Quadrumania*, *Carnivora*, *Edentata*, *Pachydermata*, and *Ruminantia*, being without a single known representative in that vast region. The dingo, or native dog, can hardly be classed among the indigenous quadrupeds, as it is always found associated with the natives, and is probably contemporary with their primitive settlement in that quarter of the globe. One of the animals described in the paper is the "native rabbit;" under which name specimens, brought home by the late Mr. George Caley, are in the rich Australian collection of the Linnæan society. It forms a new genus, which Mr. Ogilby has named *Coniurus*, with the specific appellation of *Constructor*, from the ingenuity displayed in the construction of its habitation, which is formed of dry sticks and brushwood, and which is so strong and massive, as to completely protect the little animal from the attacks of the native dog. Another animal described in this paper, is a new species of Jerboa discovered by Major Mitchell, surveyor-general of the colony of New South Wales, at Reedy Plains, near the junction of the Murray and Murrumbidgee, on the northern boundaries of Australia Felix. The species has been named by Mr. Ogilby, *Dipus Mitchellii*, in honour of the meritorious officer who discovered it. Charles Lucien Bonaparte and Major Mitchell were present at the meeting. At a general meeting, the Bishop of Norwich was elected president of the Society, in the room of the Duke of Somerset, who has resigned.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Rev. Mr. Barlow in the chair. — At the usual monthly meeting, fourteen new fellows were elected, and accounts were rendered. Upwards of 4000 persons visited the gardens and museum last month. Stock at the gardens on the 30th November, 276 quadrupeds, 803 birds, 19 reptiles; total, 1098. — In the course of the past month an addition has been made to the living collection, which, from its value and interest, the council specially reported to the meeting. The animal referred to is the Orang-Utan (*Pithecius satyrus*) of St. Hilaire, which was obtained by purchase at the cost of one hundred guineas. It is a young female, and appears at present to be in a satisfactory state of health. It was brought to this country by a person engaged in commercial pursuits, who purchased it at Singapore, to which place it had been forwarded from Borneo. The apparently good health of the animal, the equal temperature of her abode—a portion of the giraffe-house—and the readiness with which she has become attached to her keeper, justify the hope of her being for a long period a source of interest and of attraction at the gardens. — Mr. Yarrell gave in his resignation as secretary, which was received with much regret. — A vote of thanks was unanimously given to him for his zeal and ability in promoting the interests of the Society, and of zoology in general.

## METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 21. Dr. Birkbeck, president, in the chair. — This was the first meeting of the session 1837-8. After the formulæ of the Society were disposed of, six practical meteorologists were admitted members. The papers were numerous and valuable. The first paper read was 'On the Natural History and probable Causes of the Vernal Winds of the North of England, as they prevail in Westmoreland.' The author of this excellent paper, the late Mr. John Gough, was deprived, at a very early period of his life, of one of the most valuable of his senses—sight; yet, his love for scientific studies was so great, that he eventually became an eminent mathematician, philosopher, botanist, &c. He devoted much time to meteorology, and observes, with regard to the causes of the vernal winds of Westmoreland, that "every phenomenon which is periodical, like the easterly winds of spring, must be ascribed to a cause equally periodical." Mr. Gough ascribes the cause of these winds to the progressive advances of the spring from the south to the north, which commences, in Italy, about the 20th of February, and is equally advanced in England about the middle of April, at which time the countries on the confines of the arctic circle remain buried in snow. This difference in the temperature of the atmosphere of Britain, and the more northern regions, gives a greater specific gravity to the air of Sweden and Norway than to that of England, and all the intervening countries which are free from snow; and this access of density Mr. Gough assigns as the cause of the vernal winds. This conjecture is founded on that law of hydrostatics which proves, that when two columns of air, of different specific gravities, rest upon contiguous bases, the heavier will remove the lighter, and flow into its place. The drought which generally prevails in April, Mr. Gough ascribes to these vernal winds; because, he writes, "As the cold current begins to blow over the warmer lands, it begins to acquire heat, and with it, the power of dissolving more water—hence the drought." The next paper read was from

Lieut. Morrison, R.N., of Cheltenham, inventor of the portable magnet electrometer, 'On the Principles, General Bearings, and Utility, of Meteorology, with some Account of Atmospheric Electricity.' On the first part of this paper, Lieut. Morrison observes, "Hitherto, there has been less of practical usefulness in meteorology than in other sciences, for the reason, that it has required a very long series of observations to arrive at any certain and determined data whereon to establish its principles." The great developments of chemical science, the rapid progress made in the science of electricity, and the active exertions now making by the members of the Meteorological Society, have opened the door to the science of meteorology, towards a more rapid march henceforward. Another valuable portion of this paper contains some interesting remarks on the currents of electricity. The following results, extracted from a meteorological diary kept near Liverpool, shew the effect of the electrical currents on Lieut. Morrison's electrometer. 1st. When the air is plus, the north pole of the magnet deflects to the east. This is the case almost always in clear weather in the day time, except when rain or mist is about to ensue in the course of a few hours, when the barometer falls. 2d. When the air is minus, the north pole of the magnet deflects to the west. This is the case almost invariably in thick, misty, or rainy weather, except when fair weather is about to ensue, both by day and night, when the barometer rises. 3d. At the approach of storms, the currents of electricity are greatly disturbed, and the magnet is much agitated, and will remain in a tremulous state, and vary, or oscillate, several degrees in a few minutes: the barometer then falls extensively. Similar results have been observed with this beautiful and delicate instrument at Bahia, and other places in the tropical regions, and also at sea. We could wish this instrument were in more general use, because the results would greatly assist in the development of many meteorological phenomena which have hitherto baffled the efforts of the most active meteorologists. There were several other papers on meteorology, the reading of which was deferred to the adjourned meeting. The plan of a self-registering barometer, by Mr. R. C. Woods, meteorological instrument maker, Hatton Garden, attracted great attention; not from the elegance of the instrument, but its usefulness. The self-registering barometer has been a desideratum among meteorologists for many years. Mr. Woods seems to have overcome this difficulty; and, indeed, if we may be allowed to form our judgment upon his great improvements in the mountain and marine barometers, we should at once say he is capable of overcoming every obstacle that at present impedes the progress of meteorological science. A full description of the instrument, with an engraving, will appear in the Society's Transactions, which will be published during the present session. In the mean time, a slight description of the instrument must be interesting to scientific readers, which cannot be better given than in the inventor's own words. After speaking of the vast number of observations necessary to be made, day and night, in order to find both the maximum and minimum height of the barometer in twenty-four hours, Mr. Woods says: "To supply this deficiency in an instrument so important in the science of meteorology, I have submitted to the Meteorological Society an instrument which will, in the absence of the observer, register the minimum and maximum height of the mercurial column; and which,

from the peculiarity of its construction, is equal, inversely, to obtain the mean height, as by three ordinary barometers: and, in order to render the instrument as complete as possible in the hands of the meteorologist, on the same frame is introduced a mercurial thermometer, Six's registering thermometer, and De Luc's, or Saussure's, hygrometer." Mr. Woods also introduced his double registering thermometer—an instrument which shews how to account for the difference of temperature in two thermometers in the same locality; for even this instrument will give a difference of one degree, where the maximum and minimum are registered twice in the same scale.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Dec. 6. — The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelors of Arts*.—The Right Hon. Lord Stairville, Christ Church; J. S. Hodson, Postmaster of Merton College; T. B. Wright; J. B. Riddle, Wadham College.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

DECEMBER 2. The first general meeting of this Society, for the session, was held this day, the right hon. the President in the chair.—Numerous donations to the library and museum of the Society were laid before the members. Among the first was a copy of Professor Gesenius's great work on Phœnician inscriptions which the professor had dedicated to the Society as a mark of his estimation of the utility of the Society in advancing a knowledge of Eastern literature, and as a testimony of his gratitude for the assistance it had afforded him in collecting materials for his work. A paper was read by H. Wilkinson, Esq. 'On the Invention of Gunpowder,' which appears to have had its origin in the East, although the time and place of its discovery are involved in obscurity. The opinion of its oriental origin is rather supported by a number of concurrent probabilities, and by allusions in ancient authors, than by any direct testimony. Upon this subject the writer proposed an ingenious hypothesis, which has much probability. He observed that gunpowder was greatly improved by an admixture with sulphur: it did not necessarily require that ingredient, but that it might be made by charcoal and nitre only. The soil, in many parts both of India and China, is much impregnated with nitre, and it was, no doubt, anciently the custom in those countries, to dress food by wood-fires kindled on the ground; this custom is, indeed, still followed by certain classes in India. In most cases when the fires have been extinguished, a portion of the wood would become charcoal; this mixing with the nitrous soil might be converted into a deflagrating mixture, which would probably, in some of the many instances which took place, be observed by some one of sufficient anxiety to examine into the causes of the extraordinary appearance. Thus would gunpowder be found out, at first, probably, as an amusing plaything, which was destined to grow up to the giant force which, in modern times, had changed the face of the world. Mr. W. then adverted to the Greek fire which was in use as a weapon of war before the application of gunpowder to military purposes, and the accounts of which have been sometimes mistaken for those of gunpowder, so as to give rise to an opinion of the more early introduction of gunpowder than was really the case. The invention has been attributed, by different writers, to our countryman, Roger Bacon, who lived in the 13th century, to the German chemist Schwartz, and to Marino Græcus, who

is supposed to have lived about the 8th and 9th century, and who is quoted by Dr. Jebb in his Preface to Bacon's "Opus Majus;" but it was remarked, that there might have been rediscovers, or that they might have been new applications of what was already known. The paper concluded with details of the proportions of sulphur, nitre, and charcoal, used in making gunpowder at different epochs, and with the observation, as illustration, of the importance of the manufacture to this country, that some of our private manufacturers prepare from 8000 to 10,000 barrels per annum during peace, and from 10,000 to 14,000 during war. When the reading of this paper was concluded, Professor Wilson remarked, that there was no apparent reason to doubt that the Hindus might have been acquainted with gunpowder, but that they most probably used it manufactured only into rockets. Ctesias had alluded to a knowledge possessed by them of something which seemed to be of the nature of the Greek fire. The historical and mythological poetry of the Hindus occasionally introduced a mention of weapons of fire, and this, though generally understood in a mystical sense, might have had its foundation in some real fire arm. Colonel Briggs observed, that in Dow's translation of "Ferišta," guns were spoken of, but that in his opinion the proper term was naphtha. That no guns were used in India before the invasion of Babu in 1537, though mention was made of arrows tipped with naphtha and shot against opposing troops as early as the 9th century. W. Newnham, Esq. read an extract of a letter from a naval officer, who sailed on board the sloop China, from Bombay to the Persian Gulf, in the year 1832, detailing a most remarkable phenomenon, which was seen by all on board, with astonishment and some degree of fear. In the month of August, about eight o'clock at night, while the ship was rapidly advancing with strong wind and high sea, they were, without any interval, instantly surrounded by water as white as milk. The colour near the ship was of a dead white; this brightened as it receded from the ship, until, towards the horizon, it became of a silvery hue. No horizon was, however, visible, but the white colour seemed to ascend towards the zenith, becoming constantly more brilliant and dazzling, so as to obscure the stars, which had been before fully visible. The sea became quite smooth, and the ship perfectly steady, as though in a calm, nor could any appearance indicating her cutting through the water be discerned: notwithstanding which, the wind still continued to blow, and the ship to advance as rapidly as before. The water, when taken up in a bucket, did not differ from ordinary sea-water; it became phosphorescent on being agitated, but not more so than usual; no phosphorescence was visible in the sea itself, being, most probably, overcome by the colour of the water. The vessel sailed about fifteen miles through this white sea, and then left it as suddenly as it reached it, meeting in an instant the tumultuous sea it had been sailing in before. The change in both cases was as rapid as a flash of lightning. The same phenomenon was again observed, two several times, for periods of about twenty minutes' duration; and the appearance was, in both instances, as before described. Colonel Briggs remarked, upon this letter, that he had himself witnessed a similar phenomenon on board the Benares, in the year 1810: that some alarm was, at first, caused by it, but that the captain had witnessed this remarkable appearance before. In fact, he understood that, it was by no means rare, but had been noticed

by most vessels sailing in those latitudes. Adjourned.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOTT in the chair.—Mr. Cole exhibited an original letter of privy seal of James I., for borrowing 20*l.* of Matthew Cracherode, Esq., dated 30th October, 1604. Mr. J. G. Nichols communicated a description of the enamelled copper-dish exhibited by the Rev. H. Crow, on the 18th of November, and explained the lines on the edges of the two semicircular pieces of which the dish was composed. Mr. Nichols considered that these pieces, now riveted together very clumsily, were never parts of the same, or indeed any dish, but part of the rich ornaments on the binding of a Bible presented to the monastery by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen. Mr. Gage communicated a description, with a drawing, of a small ancient British buckler, formed in metal, and about fourteen inches across, found in the bed of the Isis, between Wittenham and Dorchester.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Phrenological, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution of British Architects, 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday*.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Belgrave Literary (E. Davy, on Electricity and Chemistry, second lecture.)  
*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7*½*.  
*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 10 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.  
*Saturday*.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

FINE ARTS.  
ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE president and members of this institution assembled, as usual, on the evening of Saturday, the 9th instant, to distribute the medals adjudged at a general meeting on the 1st. Among the visitors we observed Lords Abinger and Lyndhurst, Lord Chief Justice Tindall, Sir John Rennie, Sir J. M'Gregor, R. Vernon, Esq., Samuel Rogers, Esq., and Philip Hardwick, Esq. The president, Sir M. A. Shee, commenced his address by advertising to the loss the academy had sustained since their last meeting, by the demise of its illustrious patron, William the Fourth; whose loss (although supplied in the person of the beloved and amiable princess who now fills the throne) could not but be a source of the deepest regret to every person connected with the academy and the arts. Having concluded his preliminary observations, he proceeded to distribute the medals awarded to the various works of art, expressing the satisfaction felt by the members generally at the ability displayed by the students; but remarking, with regret, the want of energy and enthusiasm in the class of original compositions. The distribution was as follows:—

To Mr. E. B. Morris, for the best original Painting, the Gold Medal, and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West.  
To Mr. John A. Gifford, for the best original design in Architecture, the Gold Medal, and Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West.  
To Mr. J. Hayes, for the best Copy in the Painting School, the silver medal, and Lectures of Professors Barry, Ople, and Fuseli.  
To Mr. Samuel Taylor, for a Copy in the Painting School, the Silver Medal.  
To Mr. T. H. Harland, for the best Drawing from the Life, the Silver Medal, and Lectures of Professors Barry, Ople, and Fuseli.  
To Mr. J. Waller the Silver Medal was adjudged, but not given, in consequence of his having received a similar premium in the same class.  
To Mr. Thomas Burton, for a Drawing from Life, the Silver Medal.  
To Mr. ———, for the best Architectural Drawing, the Silver Medal, and Lectures of Professors Barry, Ople, and Fuseli.

To Mr. W. Snook, for an Architectural Drawing, the Silver Medal.

To Mr. A. J. Ashton, for an Architectural Drawing, the Silver Medal.

To Mr. J. Rivers, for a Model from Life, the Silver Medal.

To Mr. W. Carpenter, for the best Drawing from the Antique, the Silver Medal, and Lectures of Barry, Ople, and Fuseli.

To Mr. H. Le Jeune, for a Drawing from the Antique, the Silver Medal.

To Mr. Nelson O'Neal, for a Drawing from the Antique, a Silver Medal.

To Mr. G. Nelson, for a Model from the Antique, a Silver Medal.

The president afterwards delivered an eloquent discourse to the candidates and students.

## OLD PAINTING.

WE have been favoured with a view of a picture, deposited in the gallery of Messrs. Yates, in Bond Street, and said to be by Correggio. Although we are not sufficiently well acquainted with the works of this master to be enabled to pass a judgment upon it, we may notice, that the composition of the painting is similar to that of the St. John, by Correggio, engraved by Hollar, with some trifling alteration to suit the different character of the subject—a youthful figure caressing a goat, and called "Young Paul." A great power of chiaro oscuro, richness, and purity of tone, and the light floating tenderly over the picture, evince some of the characteristics of the master to whom it is attributed. Perhaps the drawing is too decided and energetic for him; at least compared with other well-known and authentic productions of his pencil. It has a pedigree, of course; the most important feature of which is, that it was at least 100 years in the mansion of a respectable family in the north of Ireland, whence it came into the possession of its present owner. When there is indubitable merit, we care little for the prestige of a great name, and this composition has great merit of a clearly original stamp. Whoever may have painted it, we have no hesitation in saying that it is not a copy, and that it is well worthy of the notice of the dilettanti.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Benjamin Webster, Comedian, Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.* Painted and engraved by Henry Meyer. Kenneth.

WE do not remember to have ever had the pleasure of seeing this very clever performer, except upon the stage. As far as his various theatrical countenances enable us to judge, we should suppose that this must be a faithful resemblance of him.

*Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain.* Part X. Tilt.

THE Preface, inserted in this Part, says, "The volume of Ports and Harbours of Great Britain, now completed, comprises, in a series of fifty engravings, views of most of the principal ports, naval stations, watering-places, and fishing towns, on the English coast, from Berwick-upon-Tweed to Plymouth." During the progress of this interesting work, we have frequently called the attention of our readers to the beautiful manner in which the Messrs. Finden have engraved the faithful though spirited drawings of Messrs. Bulmer, Cooke, Creswick, and Harding. As far as we are acquainted with the subjects, the editor seems to us to be perfectly justified in observing, "In the delineation of each place, the chief object of the artists has been to give a faithful view, to represent the place as it really is, and not to overstep the modesty of nature, for the sake of giving to their subjects the false ornaments of meretricious beauty." We entirely agree with

him, that "the sober delineation of truth is, in such a work as the present, infinitely preferable to the exaggerated representations of fancy."

### DRAMA.

**Covent Garden.**—The opera of *Amilie* rises every night in popularity, and draws crowded houses. That Stanfield has come forward to paint a grand scene for the Christmas pantomime, is much to the credit of all parties; a tribute paid by genius to the honourable effort to redeem the stage and re-establish the national drama. Power also goes to *Covent Garden* early in February. This is as it should be: those who, in public and private, adorn the profession, have but one line of duty to perform.

**Haymarket.**—On Thursday, "an original domestic drama, by Mr. Frederick Lawrance" (an author unknown to us, and not likely to be much better known if he proceed in the same line), was acted here. The name is *Pierre Bertrand*, and the hero, done by Mr. Ranger, very like his part in the *Romantic Widow*. Two ballads introduced by Mrs. Waylett were, of course, very delicious; and, as for the rest, the originality seemed to consist in the audience being convulsed with laughter at this serious affair; in which some of the performers themselves were occasionally compelled to join.

**Opera Buffa.**—On Tuesday, Ricci's *Il Nuovo Figaro* was produced at this theatre. In it the lovers of melody had a treat. The music throughout is exceedingly sweet; and we could name some half-dozen delightful airs which are scattered through the opera. The novelty in the *dramatis persona* was Signor Castellani, who, in spite of extreme youth and most unaffected nervousness, made a very successful *débüt*. His voice is about the quality and compass of Ivanhoff; his style, pure and feeling; and in tune and time, both in concerted pieces and in solos, faultless. These merits will, we have no doubt, render him a great favourite with the elegant audiences of this theatre. Of course we expect to see him, in a short time, better able to manage the business of the stage. On Tuesday his devoted attention to the orchestra was almost painful to witness: we understand it was his first attempt at singing with an orchestra, and, therefore, this will scarcely need an effort to overcome. Bellini, as *Leporello*, sung well, and played better. Franceschini, Mad. Bellini, and Signer Sanguirico, also contributed a fair share of voice to the opera; although the want of a good *prima donna* is the greatest drawback to the theatre. With a perfect orchestra, and so many excellent male vocalists, the inferiority of this lady department is much felt. We look the more anxiously for the much talked-of Schiaroni.

**Olympic.**—A pretty burletta, entitled the *Ringdoves*, in which Charles Mathews sustains two characters, one youthful and the other aged, was produced with perfect success on Monday, and has been played nightly during the week. It is very lively and amusing, and the less prominent parts are cleverly performed by Mr. F. Matthews, Mr. Brougham, and Miss Lee.

**Queen's Theatre.**—Mr. Forrester, of the *St. James's*, and Mr. Wyld, long since proprietor of the *Olympic*, have been added to this smart little company, which is very flourishing under the management of Miss Desborough.

### VARIETIES.

**A Scientific Spouter.**—Of this class, there are not a few nuisances in society. Men of

few ideas and many words, who, seeing nothing clearly, envelope their opinions in a jargon of verbiage, often utterly destitute of meaning, and never with any sense worthy of gathering. One of these fellows was quaintly described the other day by a gentleman, who had listened with much impatience to his engrossing the attention of a party for several hours. "Sir," said he, "if you had only to tell us that Sunday was a finer day than Monday, you would prolixly enounce that the morrow of Saturday last was more genial and salubrious than yesterday of the ensuing Tuesday." This whimsical impromptu silenced the philosopher.

**Caricatures.**—Three more H. B.s, Nos. 506, 7, and 8, have just been added to that copious storehouse of political humour. The first, entitled "The Rival Quacks," is a very good one, representing Lord John Russell looking wretchedly sick, with O'Connell on one side insisting on his taking his "black draught," labelled "Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments," whilst a reserve box of "Repeal Pills," is seen under the table; and Mr. Wakley backed by Mr. Hume, on the other side, pressing three pills, inscribed "Abolition of Tithes." Wakley's figure is capitally hit off, and the reluctance of the patient, indeed the supposed feelings of the whole group, admirably expressed. The next is exceedingly droll; the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Wellington, as old crony nurses, calling to remembrance the birth of the queen, blessing "her little heart," and chuckling over that "happy day, and the finger they had in the pie." The last is also an original invention: O'Connell, "a devotee doing homage," is kissing the pope's toe, his holiness being embodied in the noble secretary for home affairs, with Lord Morpeth and Mr. Spring Rice attending him as cardinals. In all three, to use a common phrase, H. B. is in great feather.

**Joan of Arc.**—With the above Pope Joan, has appeared from the same publisher's (Mr. M'Lean), a spirited whole-length by R. J. Lane, of Miss Huddart as *Joan of Arc*. The gallant bearing and striking action of the heroine are faithfully given, and in these (though we cannot have a picture of voice and manner also), the public will readily recognise some of the attractions of this effective and popular drama, one of the most interesting and beautiful of its kind ever sent upon the stage.

**South African Exhibition.**—We should not be paying our usual attention to youthful friends, did we not remind them and their parents of an exhibition which is, in our opinion, eminently calculated to please and instruct them. We allude to Dr. Smith's unrivalled collection of natural history, &c. at the Egyptian Hall. The animals, many of them rare, and some of them unique, are all but alive in their preservation; and not only are there the instruments, utensils, &c. of the natives, but figures of the natives themselves, Caffre and Hottentot, so well imitated, that the spectators may easily fancy themselves three hundred miles in the interior of the Cape. Sightings like these make indelible impressions on the mind, and are most valuable for the young.

**Sacred Harmonic Society.**—The concert for the ensuing week (the *Messiah*) is, we are informed, so much in request, that a repetition of the performance must take place to meet the public desire to hear it.

**Weather-Wisdom.**—We have had no tendency to storms about the middle of the month, nor was yesterday changeable and windy, but very fine weather. "The aspects on the 17th

and 18th shew winds, and probably snow. The 19th milder. The aspects are strong for snow or much rain, and also high winds about the 21st day. The 24th very gloomy, and high winds with heavy rain."

**Roman Antiquities.**—Some very interesting Roman antiquities have been discovered near Buckingham, evidently the remains of an ancient villa.

**Newspaper Paragraphing.**—In an account of a distressing accident by a coal-pit explosion, this week, the provincial newswriter says, that the sufferers were instantly blown into "everlasting eternity!"

**Pompeii.**—A discovery of a novel description and much interest has recently been made among the ruins of Pompeii. Near the street of the Tombs, where the excavations are carried on with most industry, the vestibule of a house has been exposed, with four Mosaic pillars, fifteen feet in height. Relics so curious excite great expectations of what the house itself may contain.

**Astronomy.**—In the Philosophical Transactions for 1783 there is a paper of the late Sir William Herschel, in which he shews (p. 273) the probability of the solar system having a progressive motion towards a point in the heavens near  $\lambda$  Herculis (the right ascension of which star, in the beginning of 1830, was  $260^{\circ} 58'$ , and its declination, at the same time,  $26^{\circ} 14' 41''$  N.) This gives a singular interest to the following extract from a letter of the Baron Struve to Professor Schumacker, which is published in the "Astronomische Nachrichten," No. 331, p. 315:—"Argelander has lately sent to the Academy of St. Petersburg a paper, which is of the greatest importance, since it puts beyond doubt the progress of the solar system towards a point, that agrees very nearly with that assigned by Herschel, namely, towards

$260^{\circ} 50'$  R.A. with a probable error of  $3^{\circ} 29'$   
 $31^{\circ} 17'$  Decl.  $26^{\circ} 29'$

The result rests upon the proper motions of 300 stars; each of which exceeds the yearly amount of  $0^{\circ} 1'$ . This is the fruit of the short existence of the Observatory of Abo, contained in the excellent catalogue of 500 stars, published by Argelander, in 1835."—*Communicated to the*

**Hydraulic Telegraph.**—A Mr. Winhaw is stated in the newspapers to have invented a telegraph, on hydraulic principles, which may communicate intelligence, accurately and speedily, by means of the rise and fall of water in tubes laid down between the points of communication. The expense of the apparatus is estimated at 200l. per mile. When the scheme is brought to bear, and carry news in this way, how literal will be the line of Shakespeare—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men!"

and, then, the rapid answer—

"If taken at the flood leads on to fortune!"

and the delay of a reply by return of water-level—

"Neglected, all the current of their lives  
Is bound in shallows," &c.

**St. Paul's Church, &c.**—At length the national disgrace of making this noble national cathedral a penny show, is removed. It will henceforward be gratuitously open to the people for several hours daily (viz. from 9 to 11, and from 3 to 4 o'clock); and, as the Tower is also to be seen at the cost of 1s. instead of the impost of 3s., we may fairly congratulate the public on the prospect that no other public place can be much longer shut in its face. Under proper and necessary restrictions, against

which there cannot be a murmur, it is gratifying to find this reproach passing away.

**Literary Correspondence.**—The following is handed about the *Blue Circles* just now, we know not with what foundation, as a genuine copy of a note from a distinguished authoress to her printer, who is engaged on the novel entitled "Love," announced by Mr. Colburn.

"Dear Sir,—How comes it that I have had no proofs of Love from you, since last Saturday. I have waited with the utmost impatience.—Yours, &c. C. B.—"

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Morison, of Liverpool, formerly of Perth, announces a Work tracing the Origin and History of all Religion, of all Idolatry, Astrology, and Superstition, in every form.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

On Diseases of the Rectum, by Mr. Syme, F.R.S.E., 8vo. 5s.—Plain Directions for Making Wills, in Conformity with the New Act, by J. C. Hudson, of the Legacy Duty Office, London, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—A Manual of Family and Private Devotions, by J. Cochran, 3d edition, 18mo. 6s. 6d.—Conversations on the Truth of Holy Scriptures, by Clergyman's Widow, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—An Introductory Lecture on Political Economy, by H. Merivall, A.M., 8vo. 2s.—The Rose Amateur's Guide, a Companion to the Sawbridgeworth's Collection of Roses, by T. Rivers, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Heath's Shakespeare Gallery, super-royal, 8vo. 2s. 2s.; royal 4to. 3s. 13s. 6d.—India proofs, 4s. 12s.—Winkley's English Cathedral, Vol. II., Imperial 8vo. 1s. 1s.—Gamonis, or, the Art of Preserving Game, by L. Rawstone, Esq., 1s. 1s.—The New Eton Latin Grammar, by C. Moody, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Erskine's Institutes of the Laws of Scotland, by A. Macculum, royal 8vo. 1s. 12s. 6d.; 3 vols. royal 4to. 2s. 12s. 6d.—Jane Lomax; or, a Mother's Crime, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1s. 11s. 6d.—Dendy on Diseases of the Skin, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Spiritual Sacrifice, arranged as a Manual of Devotion, post 8vo. 7s.—Sermons on Various Topics of Doctrine, Practice, and Experience, by Rev. F. Goode, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. XX. British Birds, 12mo. 6s.—The Laws and Constitution of England, 8vo. 1s.—The Derbyshire Tourist's Guide, by E. Rhodes, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—The Life of A. Kilham, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Autographs, Letters, &c. of Illustrious and Distinguished Women of Great Britain, 4to. 1s. 10s.—Ages of Female Beauty, 4to. 1s. 1s.—On the Redemption of the Sacred Poem, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Physical Education, by S. Smiles, fcap. 3s. 6d.—Popular Treatise on the Human Teeth, by J. L. Murphy, fcap. 6s.—Le Bijou Littéraire, par C. Victor Martin, 12mo. 6s.—Two Systems of Distinguishing French Substantives, by E. Salmon, 12mo. 1s. 9d.—Temper, a Treatise on its Use and Abuse, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—E. Quin's Universal History, from the Creation to 1838, 12mo. 6s.—A Botanical Lexicon, by the Rev. P. Keith, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Elements of Drawing and Painting in Water Colours, by J. Clark, 12mo. 8s. 6d.—Analysis of Railways, by F. Wishaw, 3d edition, 8vo. 8s.—Croly on the Apocalypse, 3d edition, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Illustrations of the Pickwick Papers, by Sam Weller, 8vo. 9s.—The Anatomist, by H. Savage, 48mo. 2s.—The Christian's Daily Treasury, by E. Temple, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 7	From 37 to 37	29.75 to 29.75
Friday... 8	... 37 to 40	29.63 to 29.61
Saturday... 9	... 29 to 39	29.68 to 29.74
Sunday... 10	... 27 to 39	29.98 to 29.97
Monday... 11	... 39 to 39	29.98 to 29.99
Tuesday... 12	... 36 to 39	29.99 to 29.95
Wednesday 13	... 30 to 43	29.98 to 30.08

Prevailing wind, N.E.  
Except the afternoons of the 10th and 13th, generally cloudy, with rain at times; a little snow on the morning of the 7th.

Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude.... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*.\* We request our friends and readers in and about London, to take notice that the stamped *Literary Gazette* may now be sent postage free throughout the circuit of the twopenny post, or about ten miles round the metropolis. Thus, subscribers over all this populous district may receive their *Gazette* early on the day of publication, from which convenience we have the pleasure to anticipate a considerable accession to their number.

In our report of Mr. Hunter's historical paper relating to Sir Thomas de Gournay, in the last number of the *Literary Gazette*, we should have stated, that he had derived much information on the subject from several documents found by him among the ancient records of the Exchequer, which connected and explained some of those in the *Federal*.

### ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE MALL.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.  
All Pictures and Works of Art intended for Exhibition and Sale, must be sent to the Gallery on Monday the 15th, or Tuesday the 16th of January, 1838, between the Hours of Two in the Morning and Five in the Evening, after which time no Picture or other Work of Art will be received. Portraits and Drawings in Water-Colours are inadmissible.

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**HANWELL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL,**  
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November 1837.

### THE MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

By his Son, ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, M.A., Vicar of East Farleigh, late Fellow of Oriel College; and SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, M.A., Rector of Brighton.

These Memoirs are drawn from a Journal in which, during a period of fifty years, Mr. Wilberforce was accustomed to record his private sentiments and his remarks on the incidents of the day—from his correspondence with his distinguished contemporaries, Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, Lord Melville, Mr. Windham, Mr. Canaling, Lord Liverpool, Lord Monmouth, the Emperor Alexander, Prince Talleyrand, La Fayette, Jeremy Bentham, Dr. Currie, Dr. Burch, Bishop Porteus, the Rev. William Mason, Rev. Charles Weyl, Dean Milner, the Rev. John Newton, the Rev. John Wesley, John Thornton, Henry Thornton, Esq., James Stephen, Esq., William Hey, Esq., Lady Waldgrave, Mrs. Hannah More, as well as with many Eminent Persons still living. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

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### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

13 Great Marlborough Street, Dec. 16.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne; with her Sketches and Opinions of her Contemporaries, and the Select Correspondence of her Husband, John, Duke of Marlborough.* 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Colburn.

JANUS should have been the god of history; for never did any science present two such different faces. Nothing can be more imposing than the external—there are wars and rumours of wars, victories, councils, principalities, and all the honour of high-sounding names; but, behind this, is kept the domestic diary, full of “trivial fond records;” and the small feelings of ordinary existence are found to have as great, if not greater, influence than those high passions, which at first appear to be the sole potentates. Rivalries, trifles, jealousies—these are the real materials of history. The volumes now before us contain a number of curious and interesting letters, which are now published, for the first time, from the MS. collection of Archdeacon Coxe. One of the most remarkable portions of the work are “the characters of her contemporaries,” full of the shrewdness which marked even the prejudices of the duchess. Anne had all the faults of her father; she was narrow-minded and obstinate; needing to be governed, and yet, like all weak minds, impatient of the authority to which it had been their own act to submit. We can well understand the duchess to have been an unpopular favourite: she was haughty, uncompromising, and sarcastic. She knew the point of a bitter truth; such as the reason she alleged for not giving up the diamond-hilted sword of the duke to his extravagant grandson—“for fear lest he should pawn it.” Yet her very faults are those which we respect: there was neither bitterness nor hypocrisy about them; and there can be no question that, during the Marlborough administration, the prosperity of the country was at a high pitch; and, if a foil were wanting, it was to be found in that which succeeded it. It is impossible not to be touched with the affectionate tone of the duke's letters. In the midst of his most hurried hours, in all his triumphs, there is the perpetual yearning for home.

“*The Duke to the Duchess of Marlborough.*”

Nov. 8, 1706.

“I have had the happiness of yours of the 19th by the express, but your long letter, writt by the former post, I believe is gone to the army, which I shall not have till I come to the Hague, which I hope will be to-morrow, though the wind is now very contrary. I embarked yesterday at Antwerp with a fair wind, and was promised I should be this day at the Hague. I deserve better from you than to have you make excuses for a long letter, for when they are on a subject that sometimes gives me the spleen, yet, coming from you, they are welcome; for, believe this truth, it is only you can make me end my days happily. You say Madam 218 is grown so well satisfied with you, that she intends to write. There is no name to those figures in my cypher. I know the young man you mention for 307’s\*.”

\* Possibly Lord Aylesbury.

daughter. I have heard a good character of him; but whilst his father lives his revenue will be very small, so that on all accounts I pity him. What you have been told of 112's loaves and mutton, is, I believe, very true. You know I have no great value for him; but it is certain that, to the best of his understanding, he is very honest to the common cause. In my next, from the Hague, I shall hope to be able to tell you when I intend to leave that place, for should I stay to finish the treaties begun, this whole would not suffice. But Mr. Stepney being both capable and honest, I shall put every thing into his hands. I am so fond of some pictures I shall bring with me, that I could wish you had a place for them till the gallery at Woodstock be finished; for it is certain there are not in England so fine pictures as some of these, particularly King Charles on horseback, done by Vandyke. It was the Elector of Bavaria's, and given to the emperor, and I hope it is by this time in Holland.”

“Hague, Nov. 9.

“Since my arrival here, I have had the happiness of two of yours. I am very sorry, by one of 91 (Godolphin's) letters, that my letter will not have the effect I desire on 83 (the Queen), for I am sure I have writ it with all my heart, in hopes it might have set every thing right. I do not suppose that 48 (his brother) can live long. However, it is an ease to me in having desired it might be for life, for should I die, I know him so well, that he would be turned out, which thought would make me uneasy, since I cannot but have the uneasiness of a brother. You may be sure that I have that love and consideration for you.”

We add part of a curious account of Queen Anne's leaving Kensington, with the duchess, after her husband's death.

“When we came into the coach, she had a very extraordinary thought, as it appeared to me. She desired me to send to my Lord Treasurer, and at once beg of him to take care and examine whether there was room in some vault to bury the prince at Westminster, and to leave room for her too. I suppose it was where her family, and kings, and queens, had been laid; but, in case there was not room enough for the prince and her too, she directed another place to be buried in. When we came to St. James's, I carried her privately through my lodging into her green closet, and gave her a cup of broth; and afterwards she ate a very good dinner; and at night, I found her at a table again, where she had been eating, and Mrs. Masham very close by her, who went out of the room as soon as I came in; but with an air of insolence and anger, and not in the humble manner she had sometimes affected of bedchamber woman. I attended the queen upon this affliction with all the care that was possible to please her, and never named Mrs. Masham to her; and she would make me sit down as she had done formerly, and make some little show of kindness at night when I took my leave; but she would never speak to me freely of any thing, and I found I could gain no ground; which was not much to be wondered at, for I never came to her but I

found Mrs. Masham there, or had been just gone out from her, which, at last, tired me, and I went to her seldomer. Before the prince was buried, she passed a good deal of time looking into precedents, that she might order how it should be performed, which I thought unusual, and not very decent; but she naturally loved all forms and ceremonies, and remembered more of them than I could even do; but she had bits of great tenderness for the prince, and I remember she wrote me once a little note, at which I could not help smiling, that I should send to my Lord Treasurer to take care that some door might be taken down at the removing of the prince to Westminster, for fear the dear prince's body should be shook as he was carried out of some room, though she had gone long jumbling journeys with him to the bath, when he must feel it, and when he was gasping for breath. I did see the tears in her eyes two or three times after his death, upon this subject; and, I believe, she fancied she loved him; and she was certainly more concerned for him than she was for the fate of Gloucester; but her nature was very hard, and she was not apt to cry.”

The character of Queen Anne, as drawn by the duchess, must be taken with some reservation; still none but a clever sketcher could so have painted the likeness.

“Queen Anne had a person and appearance not at all ungraceful, till she grew exceeding gross and corpulent. There was something of majesty in her look, but mixed with a sullen and constant frown, that plainly betrayed a gloominess of soul, and a cloudiness of disposition within. She seemed to inherit a good deal of her father's moroseness, which naturally produced in her the same sort of stubborn positiveness in many cases, both ordinary and extraordinary, as well as the same sort of bigotry in religion. Her memory was exceeding great, almost to a wonder, and had these two peculiarities very remarkable in it, that she could, whenever she pleased, forget what others would have thought themselves obliged by truth and honour to remember, and remember all such things as others would think it a happiness to forget. Indeed, she chose to retain in it very little besides ceremonies and customs of courts, and such like insignificant trifles; so that her conversation, which otherwise might have been enlivened by so great a memory, was only made the more empty and trifling by its chiefly turning upon fashions and rules of precedence, or observations upon the weather, or some such poor topics, without any variety or entertainment. Upon which account it was a sort of unhappiness to her that she naturally loved to have a great crowd come to her; for when they were come to court, she never cared to have them come in to her, nor to go out herself to them, having little to say to them, but that it was either hot or cold; and little to inquire of them, but how long they had been in town, or the like weighty matters. She never discovered any readiness of parts, either in asking questions, or in giving answers. In matters of ordinary moment, her discourse had nothing of brightness or wit; and in weightier matters, she never spoke but

in a hurry, and had a certain knack of sticking to what had been dictated to her, to a degree often very disagreeable, and without the least sign of understanding or judgment. Her letters were very indifferent, both in sense and spelling, unless that they were generally enlivened with a few passionate expressions, sometimes pretty enough, but repeated over and over again, without the mixture of any thing either of diversion or instruction. Her civility and good manners in conversation (to which the education of great persons naturally leads) were general enough, till, in her latter days, her new friends untaught her these accomplishments; and then her whole deportment was visibly changed to that degree, that, when some things disagreeable to her own honour or passion have been laid before her, she would descend to the lowest and most shocking forms of contradiction; and what, in any of a meaner station, would have been esteemed the height of unpoliteness. Her friendships were flames of extravagant passion, ending in indifference or aversion. Her love to the prince seemed, in the eye of the world, to be prodigiously great; and great as was the passion of her grief, her stomach was greater; for that very day he died she ate three very large and hearty meals, so that one would think that, as other persons' grief takes away their appetites, her appetite took away her grief. Nor was it less remarkable, where there was so great an appearance of love, the peculiar pleasure she took before his funeral in settling the order of it, and naming the persons that were to attend, and placing them according to their rank and to the rules of precedence, which was the entertainment she gave herself every day till that solemnity was over."

*The Duchess's Dogs.*—"1737. I am very fond of my three dogs; they have all of them gratitude, wit, and good sense; things very rare to be found in this country. They are fond of going out with me; but when I reason with them, and tell them it is not proper, they submit, and watch for my coming home, and meet me with as much joy as if I had never given them good advice."

*Life and Death.*—"1737. I am a perfect cripple, and cannot possibly hold out long: and as I have little enjoyment of my life, I am very indifferent about it. 1737. It is impossible that one of my age and infirmities can live long: and one great happiness there is in death, that one shall never hear any more of any thing they do in this world."

"1737. 'When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,  
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;  
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;  
To-morrow's falsest than the former day.  
Lies more, and when it says we shall be blest  
With some new joy, cuts off what we possess.  
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,  
Yet all hope pleasure in what still remain,  
And from the dregs of life think to receive  
What the fresh sprightly running could not give.  
I'm tired with waiting for this chemic gold,  
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."

"Verses of Dryden, which I think very pretty, and which most people have felt the truth of. 1737-8. I think one can't leave the world in a better time than now, when there is no such thing as real friendship, truth, justice, honour, or, indeed, any thing that is agreeable in life. 1738-9. I am so weary of life that I don't care how soon the stroke is given to me, which I only wish may be with as little pain as possible. 1739. As to my own particular, I have nothing to reproach myself with; and I think it very improbable that I should live to suffer what others will do, who have contributed to the ruin of their country: and when I am

dead I shall hear nothing of it, nor have the uneasiness, when I die, of parting with any thing that gives much pleasure. I have always thought that the greatest happiness of life was to love and value somebody extremely that returned it, and see them often; and if one has an easy fortune, that is, what makes one's life pass away agreeably. But, alas! there is such a change in the world since I knew it first, that, though one's natural pleasure is to love people, the generality of the world are in something or other so disagreeable, that 'tis impossible to do it: and, added to this, I am a cripple, lifted about like a child, and very seldom free from pain. 1740-1. As I have seen so much of a very bad world, I must own I have no taste left, but to have what is just necessary to support myself and those that I am obliged to take care of, which are a great many."

*The Duchess's Opinion of her own Sex.*—"1737-8. Women signify nothing unless they are the mistress (es) of a prince or a first minister, which I would not be if I were young; and I think there are very few, if any women, that have understanding or impartiality enough to serve well those they really wish to serve."

We are glad to see a *Life of the Duchess of Marlborough* announced from the pen of Mrs. Thomson; these Memoirs must embrace all that was most interesting in the time; and Mrs. Thomson has already shewn how much she can do in making a work at once standard and popular.

*The Ages of Female Beauty.* Edited by Frederick Montagu. London, 1837. Tilt.

LIKE the bunch of fine flowers last week presented to the Queen, whose hard names flourished in all the newspapers, being evidently intended for learned botanists, and not for popular information (since no common reader could, under such learned disguise, tell a primrose from a piony, or a daisy from a daffodilly, or, indeed, discover any one component of this jaw-breaking nosegay); like these flowers, we repeat, the wintry ornaments of the publishing trade seem still to be blowing in full luxuriance. We have here another holiday production; and, it must be owned, nearer the appointed time than some of its contemporaries, we cannot call them, but some of the Christmas Annuals, which make their appearance about the dog-days.

The poet has told us that it is a delightful task to rear the tender thought, and teach the young idea how to shoot; and surely it must be a more delightful task to edit all the ages of female beauty. What a happy fellow Mr. Montagu must have been—must be! From the infant bud to the blooming maiden; from the blooming maiden to the blushing bride; from the blushing bride to the fruitful mother; from the fruitful mother to the calmly closing plant of life's evening, he has pictured and painted them all. And to his series we have but one objection, viz, to what he denominates "third age," and illustrates by the individual "*Coquette*." Now, to our mind, coquette is not exactly an age in female beauty. It may be an accident, and has furnished a good subject for the pencil of Chalon, whose personation of it, with the hearts of lovers strung as a necklace, is very fanciful; but it has no business to be reckoned as one of Beauty's seven ages. Shakespeare's list might be appealed to; but it is altogether of a different kind, and not generic, as this is. We have also to notice a little bit of a slip—the Preface, where the editor, speaking of "the mother's tender cares,

the widow's tears," &c., adds, "these may, however, be said to be the *bright lights* of the picture:"—so mourned "the dame of Ephesus her love;" but, is this a fair description of all widows' tears? Fie, Mr. Montagu!

Our remarks are not intended for criticism—the matters are not of consequence enough—but merely in good-humour; and we proceed to shew how the literary portion of the work is performed. Of the poetry, we cannot find a more pleasing example than Barry Cornwall's lines on Infancy, as sweet and beautiful as that period of life. The picture, by F. Corboux, represents a child, cradled in a sea shell, and rocked by the ocean wave.

"In a shell, upon the sea,  
Wherefore lieth 'Infancy?'  
Is the world a shoreless ocean?—  
Is our life a restless motion?—  
By the grave and cradle bounded?—  
Cast on perilous waves unsounded?  
With a sky of tempests o'er us,  
And the dark 'To come' before us?—  
May we not, with spirit fine,  
Pass the dim horizon line,  
And soar into the distant blue?—  
Let us try if verse be true:  
Let us try what dreams may bring:—  
Cherub Infant, lend thy wing.

Now, what see I?—First, a girl;  
Small, fair, and priceless as a pearl,  
Which some Indian diver findeth  
In the darkness of the sea.  
When the weight of waters blindeth  
Every one, save only he!

Then thou com'st,—a little maid;  
Gay, demure, or half afraid  
Of the dire school-mistress frown,  
And the whisper of her gown,  
When she moves athwart the room,  
Shedding a majestic gloom:  
O'er the light of youthful eyes,  
Like a vast cloud in the skies!

What is here,—with eyes of jet,  
And hid in hearts? a wild coquette?  
Ah! pass on:—she will not deign  
Long in poor caprice to reign;  
But will bloom anew before ye,  
Heroine of a gentler story!

And see,—a fuller dawn appeareth!  
Now the girl to woman neareth,—  
Now the light hath lasting power,—  
Now is come her awful hour.  
Doth Fate fill her days with honour?  
Doth Grief cast his dart upon her?  
Joy or Pain—what see ye, now,  
Written on a bridal brow?

Peace! Now close the chamber-doors;  
Silence, lie upon the floors!  
Pure Lucia! guard her life;  
For the bride is now a wife,  
And the wife hath grown a mother;  
Her delights have found another,  
Fairer and beyond the rest.  
Look! what lieth in her breast?  
Look! Around its eyes are hung  
The smiles she owned when she was young,—  
All that in bright confusion lay,  
And witch'd us in her earlier day.

Time moves! A grief, that does not speak,  
Now sits upon her altered cheek.  
Her eyes are dim with widow's tears;  
Her heart weighed down by a mother's fears.  
Still young, still fair, and full of grace,  
She yet doth keep her lonely place:  
Nor rank, nor gold can tempt her pride  
To shine a second time a bride.

.... Time speeds! The soft meridian light  
Descendeth slowly into night;  
June fades; wild Autumn sends her showers;  
And, clad in glooms, December lowers,  
Or sheds his whiteness on the land.  
The widow?—ah! she takes her stand  
Upon an elder higher range;  
And findeth still a graver change.  
Decrepit,—old,—she draweth near  
The last scene of her long career.  
Her child by other ties is bound:  
Another race is on the ground.  
She groweth deaf: she groweth blind:  
Oblivion creeps upon her mind.  
What need of more? A little mood,—  
A prayer,—and all her tale is told!"

There is a moral attached, which, to do the poet justice, we confess we cannot very clearly comprehend, but we give it for the sake of more acute readers.



"... Deep in the infant bud, a mystic cell,  
 Prophetic Nature moulds the future flower:  
 So on thy forehead, Child, she writeth well  
 The good and evil of thine after hour.  
 Read thou this verse. For once the future lies  
 All open to thy sight, like summer skies.  
 Read; nor forget.—Let not the story be  
 A lesson to the world, and not to Thee."

Before we make our prose selection, we have to mention that the engravings are very graceful, and do honour to the burin of Ryall. Besides those we have named, there are a pretty vignette, Childhood, and the Mother, by F. Corboux; the School Girl, by Mrs. G. Ward; the Maiden, and the Old Lady, by Rochard; the Bride, by Chalon; and the Widow, by J. W. Wright; all of which do credit to the talents of the artists.

The literary contributions are by Mrs. Fairlie, Boyle Bernard, the Author of "Cavendish," the Author of "the Poet's Daughter," Lady Stepney, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Norton, E. R. Moran (with whose popular prose we are well acquainted, though this is the first time we recognise his talents as a poet), Lady Hastings, the Author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the Editor. From these our choice is immediately made, not merely from the talent and feeling displayed in the "article," but from the peculiar nature of the subject, and the celebrity of the writer. We allude to "the Mother," by Mrs. Norton, and we are sure the public will peruse, with much interest, her delineation of a mother's anguish, when excluded from the society of her children. Mrs. Norton's tale describes the mother as doomed to this sad fate through the infidelity of her husband, which leads to a separation. The rest, relative to her and her three children, may be gathered from the following:—

"'Merry Isabel' was the title early given to Laura Davenel's daughter; and her laughing blue eyes and frolicsome ways seemed to confirm the nickname: but the little one was pale and sad-looking, shrinking from strangers, and rarely ever mingling in the sports of his companions. A mournful woman was Laura Davenel before that babe was born; and, nursed amid a storm of sorrow and bitterness, caressed amid tears, or silently rocked on an aching and cheerless heart, it seemed as if the spirit that saddened his home had left its traces on his countenance. So it was, that he was his mother's favourite. She still clasped fondly to her bosom the high-spirited and noble-looking boy, whose childhood had been one long dream of pleasure to her—she still caressed the fluttering, wildly joyous little Isabel, whose witty sayings were the pride of the nursery; but dearest to her heart was the pale unnoticed child, who alone of her three treasures had made her feel the terror and anxiety of a feeble and sickly infancy—who alone was yet too young to repeat, with the heedless quickness of childhood, the broken sentences of grief which fell from her—'Your father forsakes us, my Willie!' How often, and how tearfully, were those words uttered—with none to hear but Heaven, and the innocent that lay cradled in her arms!"

She leaves her home, and the law gives the children to the father; on him she calls in vain.

"Her letters were returned unanswered and unread: the verbal remonstrances made by her brother-in-law, and one or two intimate friends, met with but one answer, that the law made him master of his own children, and that he would be accountable to no one for the trust. Still they were near her, and she gleaned, from day to day, intelligence respecting them.

She was not yet hopeless: it seemed so impossible that she should be entirely parted from those who were part of herself! So impossible that the father of those little beings whom she had borne in pain and nursed at her bosom should inflict on her and them a separation as complete as that of death! So impossible that the best and purest happiness of her life had vanished in that sudden and unexpected wreck! She bore it as people bear most great misfortunes; too much stunned at first to feel all the agony. It has been truly and beautifully expressed, that

'Light to our feelings is the immediate blow,  
 And the first pang the weakest of our woe:'

and so it was in the case of Mrs. Davenel. Years of heart-break were before her, but the present was filled with vague and feverish plans for a re-union with her children, and wild as those plans were, they enabled her to bear up against the separation from them."

Soon after Lady Davenel informs her:—

"The fact is, a most cruel story has been circulated, that the cause of your quarrel with Charles was his displeasure at your going to Davenel's, and that he would not come there himself,—in short, that Davenel is still too fond of you, and that you are with us against my will. Now, do not look so indignant, dear Laura, or, as if you would jump out of the window and leave us all. Davenel thinks it would do you good to exert yourself and go out, and he wishes us to be seen together; and as this report is gaining ground every day, we had best put an end to it at once, by going out, and by allowing the truth to be known. Lady Davenel was young and enthusiastic (as may be supposed, from this naïve expectation of silencing the world's slander): nevertheless, as it was the wish of those to whom she owed much, Laura obeyed. They appeared together, and those who had heard or repeated the story, whispered and stared, or whispered and smiled, and endeavoured to make up their minds what they would do. Those who principally cared about pleasing Lord and Lady Davenel washed the story from their memories as from a china plate; those who had always envied Laura, or whom she had treated coldly, perhaps rudely, during her jealous frenzy, were glad of the opportunity of cutting her dead, and persisted in believing every thing, and in wondering at her boldness and treachery to her sister-in-law, 'poor dear Lady Davenel;' and not a few, while they expressed their utter disbelief of the scandal against Laura, and their conviction of the fault being on the husband's side, charitably declared that, at the same time, they could not much wonder at it, or pity her, as she was 'such a very uninteresting person;' indeed, they wondered how Col. Davenel had ever contrived to fall in love with her. Feverish and dispirited, Laura continued to move through this crowd of sympathising acquaintances, till one evening, when suddenly accosted with the sentence, 'How is your little girl? I was quite sorry to hear of her illness.' A cold chill smote the mother's heart; strangers knew more of her child's fate than she did: she had not even heard of this sickness: it was sudden,—an inflammation of the lungs, brought on by exposure to a shower of rain. Laura Davenel became frantic with anxiety: it was impossible that her husband would push his vengeance so far as to refuse her permission to attend on her sick child: she wrote to him one of those wild and mournful appeals which experience might have taught her were vain: all day she paced restlessly up and down her room, awaiting his reply—the day-light stole

away—and, in the dim sadness of the autumn evening, visions of terror and distress passed before her eyes; the restlessness of despair rose in her heart; her child, her 'merry Isabel,' was ill, perhaps dying, and she waiting, passively, permission to go to her bed-side! She would depart instantly; they dared not refuse her admission. She rose, and, attended only by her maid, crept through the streets which led to what had been her home. With a beating heart she rung the bell; the door was opened, and hastily closed again. Mrs. Davenel waited; the door was again partially opened; voices were heard consulting in low whispers in the hall; the servant muttered an inarticulate message, that Col. Davenel had forbidden him to allow his wife to enter. Laura leaned against the iron rails. 'Is Col. Davenel within?' said she, faintly. 'Yes, madam.' 'Tell him I want to see my child—I will not depart till I have seen my child.' The servant obeyed, and five minutes of intolerable suspense passed away; then a slow stern step was heard, and Col. Davenel himself stood at the entrance. His face was livid with rage. 'You have made me the subject of abuse and ridicule,' said he, 'and now you will only expose yourself; go back to my brother, and those who have encouraged your follies, for, so help me God, if you stand there all night, you shall not come in.' Laura Davenel could not speak; she flung her arm wildly across the space between them; felt the grasp of his fierce hand, as he undid her hold, vainly attempted to utter the name of her child, and sank, insensible, to the ground. Lord Davenel wrote to his brother. 'Your conduct,' said he, 'is that of a madman; your vengeance that of a fiend: if I were to consult my own feelings, I would hold no communication with you: but the misery of your most injured wife compels me to act against my own convictions. I beg to inform you, from her, that she consents to forego all legal proceedings for a separation, on condition that the children are restored to her. She offers to take them to any part of England you may point out, and to obey any directions you may give. So much for her own offer. For myself, I beg to say that as the addition to your income was made with a view of increasing the comfort and respectability of your home, and not to be squandered away in payment of the extravagances of a popular singer, I shall withdraw it on receipt of your refusal to agree to these terms.' Lord Davenel's letter was returned in a blank cover, and, in a few months from that date, Col. Davenel's embarrassments had made him an inmate of the King's Bench Prison. The two boys were suddenly and privately sent abroad, and placed at a French *pension* of the meanest and cheapest class, and the bright and lovely little Isabel was left to the care of La Bertolini, who daily visited her father, accompanied by the child of his unhappy and outraged wife. These events occurred while Laura was at Davenel Park, and as she perused the letter containing that miserable intelligence, she exclaimed, passionately, 'This, at least, need not be suffered! This, the laws of a Christian country will protect me against! I am not to live to see my innocent and lovely child abandoned to the care of a worthless woman!' Again was the struggle of the weak against the strong ineffectually made. Laura Davenel commenced proceedings at law, demanding the care of her infant daughter, and stating the circumstances under which the child was placed. Colonel Davenel was ordered to produce the child in court, and hope, the

hope of justice, once more beat restlessly in Laura Davenel's heart. In vain! The case was admitted to be a hard one; much sympathy was expressed in the sufferings of the young and blameless mother: much interest excited by the little gay unconscious child; but the result was to leave things precisely as they were: the infant daughter of these divided parents was stated to be under the father's authority, and continued to reside with that father's mistress. Mrs. Davenel was advised to appeal to a higher court. Again the tedious process of the law was gone through, and again, buoyed up by the encouragement of her professional advisers, and the cheering and comforting words of friends, the bereaved mother permitted herself to hope. Meanwhile the removal of her two sons, from the jailor-like guard under which they had been kept at home, gave Mrs. Davenel, as she imagined, a safe and easy opportunity of communicating with them. She wrote fondly to her eldest-born, the high-spirited and noble little Charles: she inquired into the minutest particulars of their education, their employments, their amusements. Already a vague, and comparatively a happy plan, presented itself to her mind, of gaining the society of her darling Isabel, by the just and impartial decision of the court, and proceeding with her to some quiet spot, near the *pension* where her little boys were placed—there, in retirement and seclusion, to enjoy the only happiness left her upon earth—the endearments of her lost; her exiled, her forsaken children. How precious to her heart were the replies received from her young son! How affectionate and eloquent seemed the sentences of his brief and carefully written letters? how bitter and yet how soft were the tears she shed over the sentence, 'I am afraid Willie is forgetting your face, mamma, he was so very little, when we went away; but I tell him about you every day!' It was a sorrowful pleasure to receive those little awkwardly folded letters, with their cramped direction and foreign post marks, but it was the nearest approach to happiness which Laura enjoyed;—a happiness, alas! like all the rest, soon to be converted into bitter pain! One morning as the anxious circle assembled round the breakfast-table, and Lord Davenel distributed the letters delivered that morning, Laura saw him start and turn pale as he opened his own. Mechanically breaking the seal of the one just handed to her, she looked fondly down on Charles's well-known and welcome handwriting: the contents seemed to turn her heart to stone! Again and again her eye vacantly wandered from line to line, and still it seemed a dream to her;—that her young son, the idol of her youth—the caressing, joyous child, who had so doated upon her, should have written these lines:—

"'Mother,—My father found out that you wrote to us, and forbid us to write any more answers: I thought this cruel, and I told him so in a long letter; but I have got one from him in which he explains every thing, and now I know it is your fault that he is in prison, and has quarrelled with uncle Davenel, and is unhappy, and not able to afford to put us to a better school, instead of here, where we have hardly enough to eat, and no play-ground, or any comforts. It was very bad of you to make him quarrel with uncle Davenel, and not to care (as papa says) for any one but yourself. I will never write to you again;—papa has forbid me; and I can never tell Willie of you again, because you are not the kind mamma I thought you, but selfish and cruel, and it is

your fault we are here.—Your sorrowful son, Charlie.'

"Laura Davenel did not speak; she did not weep; but she looked up with a vague and wistful stare to the countenances of her companions. 'Oh! my dear Laura; do not look at us in that way,' exclaimed her sister-in-law, as she flung her arms round the wretched woman's neck and burst into tears: 'who has written to you? it was very wrong; I hoped to have broken it to you myself; she did not suffer.' 'Who did not suffer?' said Mrs. Davenel stupidly, and with an abstracted look. 'Little Isabel, poor Isabel! she died of exhaustion only; and quite, quite unexpectedly. She had become so subject to attacks of inflammation, and her chest so delicate, that the physicians both declared she never would have lived to grow up. Be comforted, dear Laura, be comforted: think of your boys; you have still Charlie and Willie to love and be with you hereafter; think of them—of them only.' A wild hysterical laugh burst from the lips of the bereaved mother; the double blow fell heavily on her heart; and for many days afterwards the ravings of the delirium alone gave a clue to the misery of her thoughts. It was during her slow recovery from the fever which had wasted her, that Lord Davenel sought her presence. There was an effort at composure in his manner which the trembling of his voice belied; and Laura smiled mournfully as she stretched out her hand to him. 'Do not fear,' said she, 'I fell so ill, that I am, as it were, removed beyond the joys and sorrows of this life, waiting on the shore and verge of a mortal world, till God shall please to call me: expecting nothing, hoping nothing; only looking across the dark ocean of death to eternity.' Lord Davenel hesitated, affected by her manner: at length he said, 'I have seen your husband; he is sorry for your state: the woman—La Bertolini—has forsaken him; she is gone to Bavaria with Count Armensperg: he was very lonely when I saw him.' There was a long and heavy pause. Lord Davenel resumed.—'I found him more willing to listen to what I had to say. I thought the best step was to obtain the recall of your boys: my brother's embarrassments are cleared off,—and—and the children are in England.' 'They are here,' said Laura, wildly; 'I feel it; I know it. Oh! my God, I thank thee,' and she dropped helplessly on her knees by the couch on which she had been lying. 'Be calm, dear Laura, said Lord Davenel, as he raised her in his arms, 'be calm, and you shall see them; and in a few minutes more the two little boys entered. They stood once more before her! They for whom she had pined through so many feverish days and tearful nights; for whom she had wept and prayed in vain! They were dressed in the deepest mourning; in mourning for 'Merry Isabel;' for her whose glance had been so bright and mirthful; whose birdlike voice seemed only tuned for joy; whose frolic laugh returned strangely at this moment to Laura Davenel's memory, wringing her heart to bitter tears. Charles sprang to his mother's arms, and sobbed on her breast, melted by the distress he only half comprehended; but little William stood aloof, shy and embarrassed; he had indeed, according to his brother's words, 'forgotten her face.' In vain did Laura soothe and caress him; he replied gently, courteously, but as to a stranger. His natural timidity had been increased by a residence among those who neither felt nor cared for his infantine joys and sorrows; and the memory of the gentle face that had watched over his cradle had vanished like a

mist of the morning. His beauty, always of a fair and delicate sort, was gone: he looked thin, and weak, and terrified. The sight of him chilled Mrs. Davenel's heart. She leaned faintly back, musing on the last evening when she had parted with them; that evening returned as vividly as if it had been but yesterday: she saw the little flushed and slumbering face of her now altered child, lifted from her bosom to the arms of Lord Davenel: she saw the glistening curls of the restless Isabel, as she was lifted into the coach at Mr. U—'s door; she heard their light steps retreating in the passage, and her heart swelled again with the agony of that terrible parting. One there was who could never return!—one, whose eyes were closed in the dim silence and dust of the grave!—one, whose joyous 'good night!' should never more greet her ear; and one who recognised her not—one to whom, had she died also, she would have been but a faint and shadowy dream—one who watched her with a strained and forced attention, as if fearing to offend by not replying; and yet whose replies sank like the strokes of a dagger, cold and sharply painful to her heart. Laura Davenel did not rally: it was too late for mercy,—it was too late for joy,—too late for the blossoming again of those pure and holy affections so cruelly and vengefully nipped in the bud. The last words she ever spoke, were addressed to her children: 'Charlie, I am going from this world! be kind to, protect your younger brother! And Willie'—'Madam,' said the child, in a soft foreign accent, as he crept timidly to the bed-side.—'Oh! Willie,' said the dying woman, 'do not call me madam; call me mother.'

*The Scenic Annual for 1838.* Edited by T. Campbell, Esq., author of the "Pleasures of Hope," &c. 4to. pp. 69. London, 1838. G. Virtue.

THIS is another annual, and grown under the protecting glass of a distinguished poet within the short space of two months. We allude to its literary growth, for the plates are already quite familiar to us in "Beattie's Switzerland," "Willis's America," "The Waldenses," and one or two other publications. Next year, however, more time for the matter and some novelty in the engravings are promised; and, meanwhile, we must take the *Scenic* as we find it. Mr. Campbell has contributed ten of the papers in prose and verse, and as they are the prominent features of the volume, we shall offer our examples of its merits from them. The first is in verse, on the Cora Linn, so well known among the picturesque and beautiful waterfalls which enrich the scenery of Scotland. The stanzas are not quite so highly polished as we have been accustomed to see from the author's pen,\* but the thoughts are worthy of him and the subject.

"Cora Linn.

"The time I saw thee, Cora, last,  
'Twas with congenial friends;  
And calmer hours of pleasure past  
My memory seldom sends.  
It was as sweet an Autumn day  
As ever shone on Clyde:  
And Lanark's orchards all the way  
Put forth their golden pride.  
Ev'n hedges, busk'd in bravery,  
Look'd rich that sunny morn;  
The scarlet hip and blackberry  
So prank'd September's thorn.—  
In Cora's glen the calm how deep!  
Its trees on loftiest hills  
Like statues stood, or things asleep,  
All motionless and still.

\* For examples, the division of the lines in the sixth stanza, "one continuous;" and the false quantity of Niagara in the seventh.

The torrent spoke as if his noise  
Bade earth be quiet round,  
And give his loud and lonely voice  
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light  
Of noon, came down like one  
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright,  
Emblazon'd by the sun.

Dear Linn ! let loftier falling floods  
Have prouder names than thine,  
And king of all, enthron'd in woods,  
Let Niagara shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his conchs  
With reeking thunders far,  
Extended as th' array of hosts  
In broad embattled war.

His voice appals the wilderness :  
Approaching thine, we feel  
A solemn, deep melodiousness,  
That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant  
Thy dream-inspiring din :  
Be thou the Scottish muse's haunt,  
Romantic Cora Linn !

T. C."

Our prose extract is an interesting one, from Campbell's remarks on Burns.

"The poetic genius of Burns, nourished on scanty learning, and inspired by nature herself, will furnish a text for the philosopher, who speculates on the influence of book-acquired learning on gifted minds of the first order. Milton, on the one hand, stands an example of the poetic benefits of much learning; whilst Shakespeare and Burns confront and refute the assertion, that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' That much learning is covetable by a poet, has long ceased to be my opinion. In the bare toil of acquiring it, his mind exudes much of its natural strength and sensibility; but that some learning is useful, has been illustrated by Shakespeare, whose mind—an alembic of sweets—distilled more of the essential odours of classic mythology, and more of the beautiful in classical history, than the minds of a thousand pedants could have collected. Burns, apparently still less learned than Shakespeare, never looked back to ancestral inspiration, but was himself an ancestor in poetry. I cannot give up my classical partialities, but I confess the truth of Burns's words, when he derides those 'who think to climb Parnassus' hill by dint of Greek;' and his strokes of nature bring down my conception of the quantum of learning that is needful for a genuine poet, to the lowest point. I could point out in Burns's songs, thoughts exactly similar to those of beautiful Greek epigrams, of which Burns could have never heard. Here Burns wrote Greek poetry without having learnt the very characters. When nature takes genius by the hand, she always conducts her pupil to the tender and beautiful, and by a shorter road than the learned languages. If I had found Burns at a Greek grammar, I should have pulled him away from it. Selden, one of the greatest of scholars, could afford to say that no man is ever wiser for his learning. This is untrue in a strict sense, but it is true in a more general view, for we know that the natural weakness of the mind is only made more rickety by a load of learning. The best of Burns's poems, in my opinion, is his 'Tam o' Shanter.' It was said of the most perfect Greek sculptures, that they seemed to be rather melted than chiselled marble. In like manner, this poem always appears to me as if the poet had not written but improvised it; as if he had never blotted a line or clipt off a fragment of its language, but had cast it off unpremeditated from the glowing mould of his imagination.

"T. C."

*The Modern Pythagorean; a Series of Tales, Essays, and Sketches.* By the late Robert Macnish, LL.D. With the Author's Life, by his Friend D. M. Moir. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1837: Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THIS is a very interesting and entertaining work: interesting in its first volume, which contains the biography of Dr. Macnish; and entertaining in the last, which is a collection of various clever and very popular papers, which he furnished to "Blackwood's Magazine." Of the latter, we shall say nothing more than that they well deserve to be republished in this conservative form, for which the public have reason to be grateful to their editor.

The Life is written in a tone and spirit which at once reflect honour on the talents and the feelings of the author. The judgment he has exercised on his materials, and the genuine friendship which has dictated his comments, have presented us with all circumstances worthy of being known, and in a manner becoming the subject. There is an unaffected simplicity about the narrative which has greatly charmed us; nor have we been less pleased with the air of truth—truth warmed, but not distorted by affection—which pervades the statement of every fact and transaction. The correspondence introduced is also of a delightful description; and, indeed, we rise from a perusal of the whole with increasing esteem for the writer, and deeper regret for the loss the republic of letters has sustained in the premature death of one of its ornaments, and his lamented friend.

The "Anatomy of Drunkenness," and the "Philosophy of Sleep," have conferred on Dr. Macnish a European reputation, which will not be diminished by these less elaborate productions, nor by the more intimate acquaintance with his private character. It would lead us, however, into too much detail were we to attempt to follow out the particulars as drawn by Mr. Moir; and we must, therefore, leave the traits of his childhood and youth, the story of his medical and literary labours, and the sad close of his personal intercourse with society in an early grave, to the heart-touching language of his excellent biographer. It must suffice us to select a few illustrative extracts, and simply notice, that Macnish was born of highly respectable parents in Glasgow, where he was educated and settled, and that he died on the 16th of last January, in his 36th year.

Speaking of his boyhood, Mr. Moir says:—

"His memory was an exceedingly repentive one, and he was diligent in storing it, both by reading and observation. A subject once known was seldom, if ever, forgotten by him. As was customary at the time in classical seminaries, the principal, nay almost the exclusive attention of the pupil was directed to the acquisition of the Greek and Latin languages, and in these he made fair progress; but, in after years, he has been known to lament that so much time and study were expended on what—even making allowance for the profession which he eventually followed—he could not bring himself to regard otherwise than as merely secondarily useful. In this I never agreed with him; nor, without these acquisitions, which he appears to me to have very much undervalued, could even he have done what he did, or have been the writer which he proved himself in after years. But this is not a proper place to enter into any disquisition regarding the utility of classical attainments; and I am rather inclined to think that this view of the subject was never strongly taken up by my friend himself, until he had half-linked himself, in the latter years

of his life, with that section of the literary community who look upon all subjects with a jaundiced eye, beyond the narrow pale of direct and immediate practical utility—a view which would at once, if carried to the extreme, nullify painting, poetry, and music, destroy many of the finest feelings of the heart, and throw into the shade a great part of whatever tends to beautify or embellish human life. Certain it is, that he looked back upon his school years as to a dark season of drudgery and labour; and although pride might stimulate his exertions to keep pace with his class-mates—and it did so—yet the accomplishment of the labour afforded little pleasure; and very probably the original elasticity of his mind was injured by the forced assiduity with which he pursued tasks, which to him must have been in a great measure pleasureless and mechanical. Certain it is that, in his boyhood, he gave no indications of that mental enterprise and curious felicity of thought, which afterwards characterised him, and which shewed him, when shuffled among the plain shillings of mankind, to be one of the very few on whom nature has stamped the impress of genius."

That genius is as much exhibited in his familiar letters as in his most careful performances—they belong to the best class of epistolary writing. We copy an example at hazard:—

"Glasgow, 22d October, 1831.

"My dear sir,—This being a very wet day, and having it in my power to send off this letter, at least as far as Edinburgh, I have determined to write to you a few lines. But, in the first place, let me ask you if you are dead or alive? If you are dead, write me (if you can) at once, and try to excuse your long silence. If you are not dead—which I hope—equally write, if it were for no other reason than to let me know why you have not written. I dare say, after all, you have been something like myself, very busy for some months past; with little leisure on your hands to waste on such a rigmarole fellow as I. \* \* \* Your stanzas addressed to Ianthie are quite equal to any thing you ever wrote. They are full of tenderness and poetry, and must delight every reader. What an impulse love gives to poetry!—for I am sure those beautiful stanzas were written under that feeling, which is said to be very delightful, although I am sure if I had the misfortune to be in love, I should be confoundedly unhappy. And yet under such very ridiculous circumstances (a man in love is always ridiculous,) I ought to be a great deal happier than you, for I have not a particle of your gravity and gentlemanlike melancholy, but, on the contrary, am always absurdly good-humoured, except when I run myself out of money, a thing which happens once and away. But a truce to philosophising. Philosophers are either knaves or asses; and as I am not the former, I suppose no alternative remains for me except ranking among the latter. \* \* \* What is Blackwood about now? I must try and write him an article, or he will be a black-balling me without mercy. Do you think if I were to ask him to republish in a separate form my tales from his Magazine he would do it? I fear to ask, now that I have got into his bad graces—a plague on my own stupid head! \* \* \* By the by, talking of Aird, what is he about? It is a great pity to see a man of his powerful genius so utterly lost. There is something utterly horrible in the idea of one like him wasting his time in the attempt to hammer Latin and Greek into the scone of some brainless blockhead. If such an

infernal destiny were mine, I would hang myself. But it never could be mine; for, rather than submit to it, I would be a knapper of his Majesty's granite on the highway, or shoulder a musket and face the devil. Have you heard lately of that curious production of genius, *De Quincy*? I suppose still writing for *Maga* at the rate of a quarter of a page per day. Knowest thou the name of the writer of the *Physician's Diary*? I have more than once heard it attributed to yourself. It has been exceedingly popular, although I do not like it so well as most people. I question much if it is written by a medical man. I was going to say something about Reform, but am sick unto death on the subject—therefore, let it rest in peace. There is to be a great public meeting on the green on Monday, and I hope the day will be such as this—one of rain and wind. This will keep the orators cool, and save a great deal of eloquence and stinking breath.

I am thinking of trying my hand at a sermon, which a clergyman in town has promised to preach, if I will write it. The duties of husbands and wives to each other, is the subject I have fixed upon. This will not require much gospel or scriptural knowledge. As soon as I do it, I mean to take all my friends to hear my discourse delivered *ex cathedra*. I have fixed upon this subject, because I am perfectly ignorant about it, and therefore more likely to be original.

"Glasgow, Nov. 1831.

"My dear sir,—I wrote you my last letter while confined to the house by bad weather. I am now confined by a vile cold in the head, which has gone down to my chest, and annoys me a good deal. Thanks to myself for this, for I owe it to sheer carelessness in being out late at night, supping with a set of bachelors. This is the great advantage you married folks possess over us. You become quite regular and orderly, staying at home with your wives, and going to bed early, and not quite seas over, as we honest bachelors are enticed to do. Do not suppose, however, from this, that I am going to get married, for I look upon a wife as an encumbrance, fully as great as a walking-stick, and not quite so useful. Not but there are exceptions, as you know, not to your cost, but to your own great happiness. This last sentence I insert both because it is true, and that it may save me from getting a scold from your own excellent wife, when I next see her. Talking of wives, by-the-by, let me congratulate you upon the birth of your son. God bless the little chap! I think a virtuous and amiable woman must be a poetess, for what the plague is virtue but poetry. It follows, then, that poetry is virtue; and such being the case, no person who can write (or think or speak) poetry, must be hanged in future, or even suspected of a crime. Q. E. D. There is sound logic for you. We are getting on well with the *Anatomy*. When you see the new edition you will allow it to be much improved. I have been converted into a believer in spontaneous combustion, by the mass of evidence in support of the phenomenon. I have also a slight wipe at temperance societies, but only a slight one, for I think they deserve credit for good intentions. My sublime acquaintance, Tom Atkinson, has published his '*Chameleon*,' in the style of the annuals; and a most elegant affair it is, so far as exterior goes. I believe I am answerable for the publication, for Tom sent me all the MSS. to read; and I returned them to him with the highest commendations without having read a single page. You see the advantage

of a good wide conscience. I now make a practice of praising every thing written by asses. When I condemn a thing, I think I am paying the author a compliment, as it is a proof I have read his work. After all, block-heads are useful animals, and should not be abused. I am a huge favourite with all the literary idiots about Glasgow; and I impute it solely to this absurd system of flattery, by which they are gammoned into a belief that they are men of genius. The system answers two purposes. It makes them imagine themselves clever, because I say so—even I myself; and it makes them suppose me clever, seeing that I have judgment to admire their great talents. It was while supping with one of these intellectuals that I caught cold—a punishment, I suppose, for the hypocritical praises I bestowed upon them. When did you see Professor Wilson? I wonder what he is about. What a sad pity it is, that, with one of the most powerful and beautiful minds ever formed, an intellect overflowing with the divinest poetry, and blended pathos, and humour, and philosophy, he should not have tasked it more than he has done! It is really an outrage upon nature, who has so bountifully gifted him, to waste these vast powers as he has done, instead of consecrating them to some immortal work. Hogg is rhyming away in Fraser. I do not know what sort of affair his last is, for I have not yet read it. I see those masculine feminines, the damsels, have brought out a couple of volumes. What an itch for writing these ladies have! I should not like to marry one of them; confirmed blue-stockings. What a lot of them there are in Edinburgh! In fact, I think the Edinburgh women are confoundedly disagreeable, speaking in a general way, on account of their blue-stocking propensities. They have a tremendous opinion of themselves, which accounts for there being so many old maids in the Modern Athens. Our Glasgow ladies are nice and ignorant, and do not plague one with learning. On this account I greatly prefer them to the self-conceited damsels of the metropolis. Women should never be as wise as men."

The latter portion of this volume is much occupied with Dr. Macnish's phrenological opinions; which we will leave to those who like them, and copy a specimen of his poetry, not, as far as we can remember, previously published. It is thus introduced:—

"Be the reader, however, reminded, that it was only on paper that our hero was so potent. Although naturally fond of society, for the amusement it brought him, he might be considered abstemious both in eating and drinking; and, although so often together on occasions that prompted the circulation of the bottle, I never once saw him, in the slightest degree, under the influence of wine.

"*Bacchanalian Song.*

"Who cares a potato for Solon or Plato,  
Those dull philosophical pedants of yore?  
A glass of good stingo is better, by jingo!  
Than all their flash sayings, their wisdom, and lore.  
What is gruff Aristotle to a well-plenished bottle,  
With daffy can Socrates ever compare?  
If grief should attack us we'll call upon Bacchus,  
Renown'd for his hatred to sorrow and care.  
Let's all set a brewing strong ale, and blue ruin  
In puncheonful studiously let us distill.  
For sound man or cripple, there's naught like a tippie:  
Have it, ye lush coves! and swig off your fill:  
For who cares a potato for Solon or Plato,  
Those dull philosophical ninnyes of yore?  
But Anacreon the jewel he took to his gruel,  
Voting care an encumbrance, and wisdom a bore!  
Ye mealy-faced noodles, ye soft-livered doodles,  
Ye tea-sipping quakers come answer us, pray,  
What makes us pugnacious, good-humour'd, sagacious,  
But tipping the jorum and soaking our clay?"

Accursed by the muses is he who refuses  
Each day to get muggy at Lushington's bar;  
Or cheer with good toddy the soul of his body,  
And wage with dull sense and sobriety war.  
The soul needeth fuel, and drink is a jewel,  
Which wise men and true can ne'er value enough;  
Blue devils it scatters, tears sorrow to tatters,  
And floors in a jiffy despair and such stuff;  
If aught should perplex us, bamboozle, or vex us,  
Heavy-wet will assuredly give us relief;  
Rum, brandy, and whisky, or Hollands so frisky,  
Oh, these are elixirs for banishing grief!

From the bard of Teios, or from the bard of Erin, such strains were in character. From the one, we could expect

*Επι Λοσιώνις τι ποίημα,  
Στοιχείας Ξίλου προτινών*

and from the other,

'Come send round the wine, and let points of belief;  
but who could have looked for such a ditty from the author who has so forcibly and so fearfully anatomised the brutalising influences of drunkenness? *Nemo omni hora sapit.* "'

"Pitched on a different key, is the following beautiful little lyric. In versification, there is a resemblance to the olden times of Surrey, Sidney, and Drummond; but, although subdued to an under-tone, we find all the passionate aspiration of Byron. Many a fortunate poetical reputation has been founded on a much more questionable substratum than

"*The Lover's Secret.*

"Thou walk'st in tender light, by thine own beauty made,  
And all thou pass'st by are hidden in the shade;  
Forms fair to other eyes appear not so to me,  
So fully glows my heart with thoughts alone of thee.  
I dream of thee by night—I think of thee by day—  
Thy form, where'er I go, o'ertakes me on my way:  
It haunts my waking thoughts, it fills mine hours of sleep,  
And yet it glads me not, but only makes me weep:  
It only makes me weep—for though my spirit's shrine is filled with thee, I know that thou can'st ne'er be mine:  
'Unconquerable bars,' rais'd up by fate's decree:  
Stand, and will ever stand, between my soul and thee!  
Hope long hath passed away, and nothing now remains  
For me but bootless love—its sorrows, and its pains:  
And to increase each pang, I dare not breathe thy name,  
Or, in thy gentle ear, confess my secret flame.  
Hope long hath passed away, and still thou art enshrined  
A spirit fair—within the temple of my mind:  
If I had loved thee less, the secret thou had'st known  
Which strong affection binds, and binds to me alone.  
The secret thou had'st known—but terror, lest thy heart  
In feelings such as mine should bear no kindred part,  
Enchains my soul, and locks within its silent urn  
Love which, perchance from thee, durst meet with no return."

But we must conclude; and we cannot do so in a fitter way than by quoting the final words of the author.

"By the termination of 1836, Mr. Macnish had prepared and arranged his materials for a new and greatly improved edition of this his last literary effort,—when it pleased Providence to remove him from the scene of earthly exertion. The first intimation of illness, made by Mr. Macnish to his friends, was early in the evening of the second day of January; although it was afterwards learned, that, for two or three weeks previous to this, he had complained with astonishment, to more than one of his friends, of the great debility he felt, and which he could not account for. Notwithstanding these feelings he continued to go about in his usual way, although the weather was, at that time, particularly inclement. Shortly after dinner on the day mentioned, he had accompanied his father to visit some particular case of sickness, and, on his return, complained of slight pains in his chest, which, in the opinion of both, seemed merely muscular or rheumatic. On the following morning, he was unable to leave his bed, and his symptoms had assumed the usual characteristics of influenza—the epidemic then raging. Although feverish, there was nothing about his case to

create any particular uneasiness; and, in this state, he continued without much distress of any kind, and with scarcely any local pain. The pulse now became unusually rapid; and, having remained so for two or three days, gradually sank into a feebleness, which indicated extreme debility. Coma supervened; he spoke not, except when roused; and even then it was merely to answer the questions put to him. Within five minutes of his death he twice feebly called upon his father!—and life passed away without a struggle. This event took place on the evening of Monday, the 16th January, 1837; and so perished, in the prime of life,—for Mr. Macnish was only in his thirty-fifth year—and in the bloom of his fame, as well as of his professional usefulness, a man who could not be known without being beloved, and whom Scotland may well be proud to number among her gifted children. While the wounds of affection are yet bleeding freshly, it would be a painful task for me to enter, with minute circumstantiality, into the lights and shades of Mr. Macnish's character. To none beyond the circle of his own hearth could his death be a greater bereavement than to me; for, from the day of our introduction together, we had continued to pour our hearts into each other; and I loved him, as Saul loved Jonathan, with almost more than a brother's love.—The void, which he has left in my affections, can never be filled up; and it is a melancholy consolation to hang this garland of reminiscences on his honoured tomb—albeit only to wither there. But the name of Robert Macnish is embalmed in his own writings."

*Schloss's English Bijou Almanack for 1838. Album Tablets; with the Poetry of the same by L. E. L.; with illustrative arabesque Designs by T. H. Jones. London, 1837. A. Schloss.*

MR. SCHLOSS has this year surpassed himself. He has gone on adding improvement to improvement, till the big Annuals are eclipsed by this all but invisible luminary. Not invisible, either; for, among its appropriate additions is a magnifying glass, upon a microscopic scale, fit for the handling of Master Thomas Thumb, the offspring of old Gaffer Thumb, who (the said Gaffer) never saw such a literary production as this in the age in which he flourished, though it must have been eminently literary in small matters, as is proven by the biography of his immortal son. But, useful as this glass is, the public need not fancy that it is necessary to magnify the merits of the *Bijou*: they are infinite, unique, intrinsic, utilitarian, imaginative, poetic, and resplendent in art. So much effect within so diminutive a compass is enough to reconcile one to the doctrine of homeopathy, and even induce us to go further; since there is only a single dose required to induce the symptoms and accomplish the aim desired by the inventor, namely, the excitement of the passion of admiration, and a consequent stimulant of the organ of acquisitiveness, so that the patient cannot rest till possession of the object is obtained. Then, the fever being over, the convalescent reposes on Mr. Jones's very spirited and well-imagined arabesques, on the graceful poems of L. E. L., and on the likenesses of royalty and genius. Of the poetry we select one example from, and another to, the fair writer.

"Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.  
"And has that young and graceful hand  
Empire o'er land and sea;  
Yet, though upon the lion's mane,  
Our little tome may be  
A fitting offering, calling back  
Thy childish days to thee.

A toy—a trifle—not the less  
Our fairy volume brings  
The heartfelt wishes for thy sake  
That wait on graver things;  
May every hour its tablets note,  
For thee wear angels' wings."

"To L. E. L.

"By John A. Héraud, Esq. Author of 'The Judgment of the Flood,' &c.

"Sappho of a polished age!  
Loves and graces sweetly fling  
Chastened splendours o'er thy page,  
Like moonlight on a fairy's wing.  
Feelings fresh as morning's dews,  
Breathings gentle as the May's,  
Verses soft as violet's hues,  
Once sported in thy happy lays.  
Sad is now thy plaintive strain,  
Melancholy is thy mood—  
Bring us back thy youth again!  
For Cheerfulness befits the good.  
Yet, if thou be sad—'tis well!  
If we weep,—'tis not in vain!  
Sighs, attuned to Sappho's shell,  
Allure us into love with pain!"

We have now only to speak of the various caskets, in which this miniature treasure is enshrined. Morocco, velvet, and embossings of gold: the purest white, the richest purple, the gayest scarlet, the most celestial blue: such are the materials, and the colours. So pretty, so fit for presents, so convenient to send, and so easy to keep; so curious on the boudoir toilette, so amusing on the drawing-room table, so \* \* \*—really, Mr. Schloss has much to answer for,—instead of *petty larceny*, it is downright robbery to tempt us to possess a Bijou for each of the dozen or two of friends, &c. whom we cannot help remembering and loving, and wishing to remember and love us, at Christmas.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Lecture on the Nature and Cultivation of the Medical Profession, delivered at the School, Flour Mill Lane. By George F. Morgan, A.M., Lecturer on Surgery in Aberdeen. Pamphlet, pp. 28. London, 1837. Highley.*

SURGERY, although a staid study, and a sober practice, has its heroes, just as tragedy has. Morgan v. Otway is the case now before us. The lecture opens with the history of medicine, which, according to the author, existed from "the earliest dawnings of the world," that is to say, previous to the world's existence. He then points out what a medical man ought to know—the "wall of adamant" by which the science is bounded, and the difficulties with which "every footstep taken" is surrounded. He then benevolently and modestly exclaims, "Look at the general condition of medical men—what are they?" The imperishable name of John Hunter is, as usual, called upon,—"for he loved truth, and wooed her with the unwearying ardour of a lover;" and anatomy is declared to be the "key-stone which binds together the different branches" of the medical lore—the shadowy foliage of a professional arch; while physiological learning, only a few years back, was "a perfect magic lantern of Will-o'-the-Wisp's." Chemistry, we next learn, should also be studied, because it "explains the nature and composition of the means by which the morbid state may have been altered or removed;" as if, Epsom salt being known to be a sulphate of magnesia, we become acquainted with the means by which a fever is abated or removed by it. "What would not the physiologist give," says the lecturer, "to be able to assign a use for the individual portions of the brain?" Now, there are very many able physiologists, and Andral and Broussais to boot, who think that such a desideratum is no more. Our lecturer is lofty when speaking of truth: "Wealth cannot purchase, talent cannot re-

fute, knowledge cannot overreach, authority cannot silence, her; they all, like Felix, tremble at her presence. Cast her into the seven-fold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath—fling her into the most tremendous billows of popular commotion—she mounts aloft, in the ark, upon the summit of the deluge." The dreadful position in which he has placed the ministering spirit of knowledge shall not frighten us from wooing her; but we shall do it in modesty and in humility.

*Popular Treatise on the Structure, Diseases, and Treatment of the Human Teeth, &c. By J. L. Murphy. Twelve Engravings. Small 8vo. Pp. 203. London, 1837. Whitaker and Co.*

*Pocket Guide to the Preservation of the Teeth. By Andrew Nisbet, Surgeon-Dentist. 12mo. Pp. 53. Glasgow, 1837: W. R. McPhun; London, Cotes.*

MR. MURPHY professes to write a book of general utility, and in which many of the mysteries of the craft, more especially the succedaneums that are in use among dentists, may be found described. This he accordingly does in a most verbose manner, through a work of two hundred pages. Upon some subjects, more particularly the use of human teeth, eloquence becomes prominent over practice. "There is something," he says, "of a horribly revolting nature in the idea of having in one's mouth a lot of foul, dead men's teeth, torn from the putrid jaws of a *corps* (quære, *corps*?) by the *sacraligious* hands of a resurrectionist." So much for taste. Mr. Nisbet's work has less pretensions, and is better executed. It is a practical little manual. Both agree in recommending chalk as the best tooth-powder; but Mr. Nisbet remarks, too truly, brush and powder are of no avail where the coat of tartar is indurated: we must then seek the assistance of the dentist.

*Practical Remarks on the Diseases of the Skin, on the External Signs of Disorder, and on the Constitutional Peculiarities during Infancy and Childhood. By Walter C. Dendy, &c. &c. 8vo. Pp. 153. London, 1837. Henry Renshaw.*

IT will be a long time before medical men will agree upon a classification of diseases of the skin. If they are classed according to their causes, there are only diseases consequent upon external irritation and common irritation of the skin, which can strictly be called diseases of that structure; for how can we denominate as such, diseases which are symptomatic chiefly of disorder of the alimentary canal, or such as arise from original debility of the system, or derangement of the chylopoietic function? We are placed in a still worse category, when, like the author of the work before us, we introduce eruptive fever,—the great order *Eranthematica* of Mason Good,—into a classification of cuticular diseases. If, by classification, we can influence modes of thinking, there is no doubt that such a proceeding must often give rise to erroneous views. With Rayer's plates appended, Mr. Dendy's work would form an admirable manual. It is concise, clear, and judicious; but, as its obvious intentions are to avoid profusion of opinions and arguments, so it ought not entirely to supersede more comprehensive works on the subject.

*The Family Nurse; or, Companion of the Frugal Housewife. By Mrs. Child. 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1837. Bentley.*

THE name of Mrs. Child, whether real or fictitious, is well known to the public, as that of a successful writer upon various branches of Domestic Economy; and the work now before



us partakes of the same character of practical wisdom and utility as its predecessors. We extract a few examples.

"Never meddle with medicines, unless some disorder of the system renders them really necessary."

"In almost every disease, too much anxiety is expressed for the strength of the patient."

"Never wake an invalid from sleep to administer nourishment."

"A really good nurse must have a tender conscience, as well as a feeling heart."

"Invalids are bound to pay a kind regard to the comfort and convenience of those who nurse them."

And, lastly,

"If you find yourself seriously ill, send for a good physician;" which latter sentence ought to be affixed to the title-page of all works of the present class, than which we, however, seldom saw a more harmless one than the present. It is said, in the adopted phraseology, to be edited by a physician of eminence; but we think that none but a female pen could have propagated the following: "When the process of suckling is very painful to the mother, the milk is sometimes drawn out with sucking-glasses; if the child is fed with it, a supply will remain in the breast some time; whereas, if it is thrown away, it will gradually diminish till it ceases." The influence of fancy may go to a certain extent in producing such results, and akin to which, is a very common practise of burning the milk when a child is weaned.

The book contains the usual collection of receipts for food and drinks, for poultices, ointments, baths, &c.; all of which must be very useful in the nursery.

*Chemical Recreations: a Compendium of Experimental Chemistry.* By John Joseph Griffin. 8th edition. 8vo. pp. 326. 1838. Glasgow: Griffin and Co. London: Tegg and Son.

THAT this useful book has reached its eighth edition, is saying more for it than words possibly can. The present edition is, however, a great improvement upon former ones, having been rewritten, and illustrated by an additional number of wood-engravings, without which it is impossible to render the subject of chemical manipulation at all intelligible. It is, altogether, a manual well deserving of the encouragement which it has received; and possesses, too, an inestimable value for the young student, in the attention given to detail the most minute parts of the apparatus requisite in analytic and in experimental chemistry. Mr. Griffin is, we believe, now in London; and to young persons desirous of commencing a very interesting study, we can cordially recommend his collections of apparatus, for cheapness and completeness. We do this not as a puff, but because it is in justice due to his exertions.

*The Juvenile Budget; or, Stories for Little Readers, chiefly collected from the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not."* By Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. Pp. 306. London, 1837. Chapman and Hall.

WE have always pointed to Mrs. Hall as to one of the very best, the most discreet, most considerate, and purest of juvenile instructors. Well may she claim the merit that she never wrote a tale for the amusement of children without thinking of their improvement, and endeavouring to promote it by all the means in her power. All she has written has not only been so intended, but, what is rare to meet with, has been so executed. One portion of

her lesson never warred with a moral principle while she was ostensibly employed in inculcating another; while enforcing industry, for example, we never found her, as we have found too many others, allowing an under current of hypocrisy, or cunning, or envy, or any other bad feeling, not only to pass unproved, but to form an element of success for praise and reward. It is not easy to write for children. Mrs. Hall has done it in the ablest manner. The embellishments are very pretty.

*British Diplomacy and Turkish Independence; with a View of the Continental Policy required by British Interests.* 8vo. Pp. 65. London, 1838. Murray.

THIS very clear and able pamphlet displays more knowledge of the state of Turkey than we have seen in heavy volumes. The writer speaks from experience, and shews as much acumen as comprehensiveness of mind. We are not competent to decide on his political views; but we are sure that no one has a right to say a word on the affairs of the Porte, and its relations with the leading nations of Europe, without having read this publication.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

DEC. 11. Mr. Hamilton, president, in the chair.—Notice having been given at a former meeting that this evening would be devoted to reading papers and letters relative to Australia, there was a very numerous assemblage of members and others who take an interest in that country. In order more fully to illustrate the subject, all the best maps and plans were exhibited: among others, we noticed Mr. John Arrowsmith's lately drawn and excellent map of Australia, in two sheets, containing the whole of the most recent discoveries; Major Mitchell's map of New South Wales, marking its prominent geographical features, and engraved at Sydney; Plans of Port Philip, with the new settlement of Melbourne, on its north-eastern shore, and of the country for sixty miles around, now called County Bourke, as far as Gheburh, or Mount Macedon; of the Gulf of St. Vincent and the new town of Adelaide, laid down on a large scale, to shew the grants of land; and Mr. Dixon's plan of New South Wales, coloured to mark the boundaries of the various allotments made to settlers.—Read, extracts from a letter from Sir John Jeffcott, chief justice in the colony of South Australia, to Mr. Barrow, dated Adelaide, May 1, 1837. "The situation of the incipient city whence I now write is on the eastern side of St. Vincent's Gulf, in latitude 35° S. nearly, and about ten miles distant from Mount Lofty to the east, and six miles from the sea on the west; where H. M. S. Buffalo is now lying at anchor in Holdfast Bay,—so called from its excellent holding ground. Nine miles higher up the Gulf is Port Adelaide, the future harbour of the empire of South Australia. The country from the shore to Mount Lofty is nearly a level plain of fifteen miles in breadth, and extends about twenty-five miles from north to south. The land within this tract is of an exceedingly good description, both for sheep-farming and agriculture. The site of the town of Adelaide is admirable, commanding a fine view over a country resembling an English park, being only thinly wooded, which will save both expense and labour to the settlers. There are now about 1500 persons here; and the avidity with which all the land for the town, consisting of 1000 acres, in lots of one acre each, was bought up

at auction in the course of two days, every one fetching from 7l. to 10l., and the purchase-money paid into the colonial treasury, is, I think, a fair reason for predicting the eventual success of the colony."—2dly. 'On the Soil, and on the Natives of Port Philip,' by Captain Maconochie, R.N. "As far as can be judged from a short visit, it appears," says Captain Maconochie, "that this part of South Australia is much better fitted to become an agricultural country, than Van Diemen's Land. Roads may easily be made and kept; the plough can easily reach and bring up portions of the sub-soil, which, if not essentially inimical to vegetation, may thus mix with and contribute to correct the extreme lightness of the surface; and, if not liable to floods, the improvements in agricultural practice may be of permanent benefit. As a pastoral district it is, at present, in the highest repute; and if it can only be occupied without destruction to the natives, its prospects as a settlement may be deemed very fine. I saw a good many of these natives, but not, I was assured, a favourable specimen of the more distant ones, and the circumstances of the time (owing to the prolonged absence of two V. D. L. gentlemen, since ascertained to have been murdered) were not favourable to a dispassionate judgment of them. I certainly thought that amidst all their grinning, dancing, and corroborating about us and our night fires, there were indications of guilt, and fear, and anxiety, in all their demeanour. Others thought differently. The party around us, as we were encamped in the bush, were under-sized, but stout, with long chins, large mouths, rather thin lips, flatish nose, very clear and brown eye, thin eye-brows, brows marked with deep furrows across, short curly, but not woolly hair. Their legs were long, but thighs short, buttocks projected, but without the usual accompaniment of a large stomach, chests well developed, arms long and brawny, shoulders rather narrow, and colour coal-black. Altogether, they give the idea of considerable muscular strength and activity. They shewed much intelligence up to a certain point; nearly all spoke a little English, and were excellent mimics, smoking tobacco, and eating bread and potatoes, of both which they were very fond, but refusing spirits, and expressing great dislike to them. I thought they looked very cunning and suspicious, but, as I have already said, I was myself suspicious; yet the settlers all express great confidence in them. They are filthy in their habits, and great martyrs to venereal and scorbutic affections. The former was found among them when first visited this last time, and is the more remarkable as they are jealous of their women, and these are generally well conducted and reserved; the natives are short-lived. An idea struck me while talking with them, which may be thought fanciful; namely, that these poor creatures are very much the worse for having no wild beasts in their country. There is nothing to harm them, nor to force them into large societies. They are consequently distributed into small communities scratching the rocks and earth for a precarious existence (roots and shell-fish); squabbling rather than fighting with each other, and in a low state of civilisation; because their difficulties are of a passive, rather than an active character, a kind which distributes, rather than congregates them. Their greatest vice, also, infanticide, is of this shrinking, cowardly character, which retreats before a contemplated difficulty, rather than boldly meet it."—3dly. 'Extracts from the Journal of the Brig Rapid,' by Lieut.

G. W. Field, R.N. September 8, 1836.—“On approaching Cape Jervis, the south-eastern point of St. Vincent's Gulf, we were much struck with the rich and beautiful appearance of the country. The Cape terminates in a low point; but the land to the northward, as far as the eye can reach, is high and undulating, covered with verdure and scattered trees, many of them of a large size. On anchoring off *Yatagolanga*, we despatched the native women, whom we had taken on board at Kangaroo Island, to hunt; they returned the following day, with a buck kangaroo of the largest kind, called *boomeh*, which we found excellent eating. Dec. 22.—On our return from Port Lincoln, we took the brig into the harbour, and anchored in three fathoms water; and, soon after, two other vessels, of 300 tons burden, anchored alongside of us. I was much pleased at first seeing the site of the town of Adelaide. To avoid the possibility of inconvenience in the rainy season, it had been selected on a rising ground, at six miles distance from the sea, on each side of a small river, which, by clearing, would afford a running stream at all seasons. From the town, the sea is visible to the west, and a range of mountains to the east, whose highest point is Mount Lofty, at ten miles distance. Lime-stone is abundant, and good clay, for brick-making; while, lower down the Gulf, granite, slate, sand-stone, and gravel, may be procured. Thus, there will be no want of building material.” 4thly. ‘On the Political Geography and Geographical Nomenclature of Australia,’ by Captain Vetch, R.E. The extent and boundaries of empires, states, and provinces, and the still smaller divisions of the earth's surface, have but too generally arisen out of accidental circumstances, mere caprice, or, still worse, selfish considerations; so that the want of wise design and systematic arrangement in this department of politics is as manifest as it is unfortunate. In no division of the globe could a system of political geography be introduced with so much ease, or with so many prospective advantages, as in that of Australia; whence the writer would urge the necessity, as well as advantage, of an immediate adoption of a systematic arrangement for that country, by establishing, at once, the whole of the grand divisions into which Australia may be most appropriately apportioned. We must bear in mind that this vast island is 2500 statute miles in length, by half that quantity in average breadth; that it contains an area of three millions of square miles; and that it is only one-sixth part less than the whole of Europe. In forming the grand divisions, the following points should be attended to: 1st. That each should possess areas nearly equal.—2dly. That each should be as compact as circumstances will permit.—3dly. That each should possess a tract of sea-coast. The most simple mode of fulfilling these conditions, would be to divide the country, from east to west, into two nearly equal parts, and from north to south, into four equal parts; whence will result eight, or, if we please, nine grand divisions, giving each an area of about 330,000 square statute miles, or more than Spain and Portugal combined: these divisions being, of course, subject to slight changes in their extent so soon as the country shall be sufficiently explored so as to enable us to assume the great geographical features, as rivers, mountain ranges, &c. as boundaries of the provinces or states. *Geographical nomenclature*.—This is a branch of geography usually left to chance or caprice, and it will not be easy to find any department so left which has been

more abused. But, good taste and even common sense are concerned in rescuing Australia from a barbarous and nonsensical catalogue of names, which nothing but a positive necessity should tolerate. Whenever native names exist, and when those names may have existed for a number of ages, it appears something like sacrilege to disturb or change them. Such names, too, are generally significant, and often contain, in themselves, useful information as to the migrations of the human race and the former connexion which existed between tribes now far separated. They are also seldom vulgar or ridiculous, and the use of them would obviate the confusion arising from the repetition, for the hundredth time, of the rivers Thames, Trent, Tyne, &c. That Australia is not defective in native names, and good sounding names, may easily be shewn, e. g. *Monarú*, Anglicised, Brisbane Downs; *Colare*, Dalrymple's Marsh; *Ilawára*, Liverpool Plains; *Panuará*, Machelan Mount, &c.: with these also may be contrasted Reid's Mistaken Hill, Mount Disappointment, Back Stairs Passage, &c. The absurdity of South Australia, West Australia, and North Australia, is too evident to need mention. Surely, for the names of provinces some better might be found. If we must have recourse to foreign names, those of the first discoverers, as Torres, Dampier, Vlaming, Nuyts, Cook, D'Entrecasteaux, Flinders, have a prior claim to any others; their names being already familiarly associated with different parts of the coast. Before quitting the subject of Australia, it may be permitted to express regret, and even surprise, that so little progress has been made in inland discovery. After a lapse of half a century, we have not yet reached 500 miles inland from Sydney. British enterprise and perseverance have explored the frozen shores of America; and the central tracts of the burning and pestilential climate of Africa, in the midst of a dense, savage, and bigoted population: while the genial clime and thinly peopled wilds of Australia have failed to excite the enterprise of discovery, when, to all appearance, there is so much more prospect of success and utility. A very animated discussion ensued upon the subject of Australia, in which Sir John Barrow, Captain Fitzroy, Sir Woodbine Parish, and Mr. Wheelwright, took a part.

Sir John Barrow said, that, with reference to cannibalism, which had been alluded to in one of the papers read, in all his reading he had never met with a well-authenticated case of that horrid crime; nor did he believe any such was upon record. With respect to Australia, he had the gratification to announce to the Society, that her majesty's government had decided upon making a small settlement on the northern part of that country, to serve as a protection to our rapidly increasing intercourse through Torres Straits; and to enable us to take a share in the lucrative trade carried on by the Bughi Trepanng fishers from the Arrú islands, Celebes, &c., and generally throughout the Indian Archipelago.

Captain Fitzroy observed, that, with reference to the subject of the paper just read, it was not always so easy to give names to places; and had the writer ever found himself, as he had, on the summit of a mountain in Tierra del Fuego, where he unexpectedly came in sight of not less than two hundred capes, headlands, lakes, bays, islets, rocks, and shoals, to which it was necessary, for distinction sake, to affix names at once, he would hardly have complained of the “impertinence” and “bad taste” of explorers, in giving trivial names in a

newly discovered country; that, for his part, he considered himself fortunate in having had a list of a pack of hounds in his pocket at the moment, and he freely bestowed their names upon all the prominent points in sight.

The subject of steam communication with Australia having been mentioned, Mr. Wheelwright stated, that there could not be the least doubt that, ere long, steam-vessels would cross the Atlantic to the isthmus of Panamá; and again from Panamá to Sydney, stopping at Tahiti, which was about half way, for a supply of coal; and the voyage, being a distance of about 11,000 miles, would probably be accomplished in sixty days, or nearly half the time required at present; but that he himself was engaged in promoting steam navigation along the western shores of South America, from Valparaiso to Lima and Panamá, and there was every reason to hope that he would shortly accomplish his object. In reply to a question by Sir Woodbine Parish, as to the quality of the coal in Chile and Peru, he said, that he had been assured by Lord Cochrane, that he had himself used the coal from Chile on board his steamer, when in that country, in 1821; that coal was also to be procured at Guacho, in Peru, and at the island of San Lorenzo, in the bay of Callao.

Captain Fitzroy was happy at an opportunity being afforded him of bearing testimony to the unwearied zeal with which Mr. Wheelwright had pursued this object, which was fraught with incalculable advantages to our trade on the western coast of America and in the Pacific; and that he himself could report favourably of some trials made with the coal of Chile: that Mr. Wheelwright might be justly considered the representative, on this subject, of all the British interest in Lima; that he had come to England for the sole purpose of carrying his proposal into effect; and he sincerely hoped that a measure so admirably adapted for the commercial prosperity of those countries, might meet with the success it is deserved.

#### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

SIR C. LEMON in the chair.—The first paper read was by Mr. Day ‘On the Wages of Printers.’ The general appellation given to individuals employed in the “arte and mysterie” of printing is letter-press printers: they consisted originally of but two classes—compositors and pressmen. The application of the “machine” to the noble arte has, however, created a third class, called machine-men. The occupation of the three classes is as follows:—1st. Compositors, or those who arrange the type from the author's MS.; 2d. Pressmen; 3d. Machine-men; both of which classes actually print the paper from the arranged types. Respecting the compositor, from the introduction of printing into this country in 1456 to 1774, little is known of the mode or rate of payment; in the latter year it appeared the compositor received 20s. for a week's labour. About the same period a system of paying by the 1000 letters was first established. It soon became general; and has continued down to the present times, with some modifications as to size, wherever this “noble and humanising art” is to be found. Compositors on newspapers have always received higher wages than those engaged on other work. In addition to the price per 1000, there are many additional charges, such as notes at the sides and bottoms of the pages; tabular statements; foreign languages; law works; parliamentary work: where the MS. is badly written an extra charge is usually

allowed. All alterations are paid for according to the time they occupy. Pressmen are usually paid piece-work. The number of journeymen compositors in the metropolis is 2000, and 500 apprentices; pressmen, 1000; machine-men, no return. There were comparative tables of wages, into which we do not think it necessary to go.—The other paper read was the report of the committee of the Society on the state of education in the circle of parishes immediately surrounding the site of the Society's rooms, and consisting of St. Martin's in the Fields, and the four parishes constituting the Strand Union under the Poor Law Act, viz. St. Clement's Danes, St. Mary-le-Strand, St. Paul's Covent Garden, and the district of the Savoy, the population of which amounts to 42,996, according to the census of 1831. An abstract of this report is unnecessary, its details being altogether local in their character. The committee observe, that, in anticipating the benefits which may arise from such inquiries, they cannot help mentioning one advantage beyond that of actually pointing out the real condition of education in the country. The want of good schoolmasters is now felt by all who are desirous of establishing schools. However anxious they may be to get them, they are not to be had. It has been the lot of the committee to find, not only schools ill conducted, with ignorant people at their head, but also intelligent persons pining away in a state of hopeless poverty, whose exertions might, under favourable circumstances, be turned to good account; and they conceive, that if their inquiries enable them to point out such, they shall be rendering a service of no small importance at the present time to the community. The following anecdote will illustrate the erudition of some of the teachers in the parishes under consideration. In the instance alluded to, all other information was denied to the committee except the number of the scholars; and the mistress alleged as a reason for not giving information, "that she did not like to be criticised;" and her brother, who came to support her refusal, said that the school was his sister's "bit of bread." When, in the course of argument, it was stated that no questions should be put to the mistress or her scholars, the answer was, "That would be a moral impossible."

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, Dec. 16th.—Remarks by Mr. Turpin, on a species of *Acarus* presented to the Académie des Sciences, at its meeting of the 30th Oct., 1837, describing the insect generally known by Mr. Crosse's naming and placing it in the order and genus to which it belongs, were read by the assistant secretary. After soothing the disturbed dignity of the Académie for noticing a subject so infinitely inferior to those which usually occupy its attention, the writer proceeds, in consequence of the notoriety so trifling an insect has obtained, and because "the description of another insect may add, in a trifling degree, to our entomological knowledge," to give the results of his microscopic examination, reflections on organisation generally, and observations on "the singular origin, or rather singular creation, of an animal so complicate, although microscopic, and so high in the organic scale;" but of these anon, should space permit. The single specimen in question had been preserved in spirits of wine. It appeared to the naked eye a small whitish speck: with a lens, an oval body, covered with long straggling hairs, could be distinguished; but when taken out of the

spirit, placed in white gum between two pieces of glass, and in the focus of a microscope magnifying about 280 times, the following appearance was presented:—the body oval; belly slightly flat; back very round; the skin of the back covered with an immense number of freckles or tubercles, from the largest of which issued a quantity of straggling hairs or bristles, most of them as long as the body of the insect itself. These, and the long head, gave it the appearance of a microscopic porcupine; no trace of stomach, ovary, or lateral pulmonary organs, could be distinguished. The anus was slightly perceptible by a small mark in the lower part of the abdomen. A large oval egg was plainly perceived similar to those which are found in the *Acarus sero* and *Acarus scabici*. The author here remarked on the singularity of the only specimen received by him from Mr. Crosse, of the insect which "he imagines he is able to create at will, and solely from the elementary particles floating in the atmosphere," affording material proof of the mode of its reproduction, similar to that common to the genus *Acarus*. The formation of the head, projecting from the fore part of the body, is rather difficult to understand: an upper-lip, serrated at the extremities, could, however, be perceived, beneath which issues a long pointed sucker, and, still lower down, two large mandibles, placed laterally, terminating in a point, and slightly curved; within these, having the same inclination, are two antennulæ, or palpi, shorter than the mandibles by which and the lip they are partially concealed and protected. It could not be determined whether it possessed the large under lip so remarkable in the *Acarus scabici*, nor could the two flat eyes which are found in the neck of the insects of this genus, be discovered. These latter as well as the pulmonary and other delicate organs, were supposed to have been rendered invisible in consequence of the contraction of the insect by the alcohol. From a long narrow sternum, proceed eight supporting members, articulated and movable, four in front and four behind, the former shorter and much stronger than the latter. Each limb is composed of seven joints not including the tarsus, similar to many insects of the genus *Arachnida* and *Crustacea*. The first, which may be called the haunch, is of a triangular shape; the second and third rather longer; the fourth longer than the two preceding ones; the fifth shorter than the fourth; the sixth and seventh much longer and thinner than the others; the last of which ends in a very small transparent tarsus of a bilobate form, and terminating in a single nail or claw inclined inwards. From the upper part of each joint except the haunch, proceeded one or more long, straight hairs. The insect of Mr. Crosse apparently constitutes a new species of the genus *Acarus*. Those which most resemble it in form and description are the *Acarus sero*, and perhaps even more so the *Acarus dimidiatus* of Herman. Allowing that it is a new species and its novel origin be established, from its extreme ugliness it may appropriately be called *Acarus horridus*. The conclusion of the paper comprised, as before stated, 'Observations on the singular origin, or, rather, singular creation, of the insect;' but a glance at our notes, and the already lengthiness of this notice, warns us to forbear entering minutely into the views contained therein; suffice it to say, that they tended to prove, by a knowledge of, and attention to, physiology and organisation, that Mr. Crosse could not have created or produced the *Acarus horridus*, by means of those agents which he

has indicated, and that if Mr. Crosse fancies that he has been able to form an insect "solely from the simple elements of matter which may be developed from a piece of pumice stone moistened by silicate of potash, saturated with muriatic acid, and kept constantly electrified (and we are credibly informed, that the new creator continues to gain confidence in the idea), he does not appear to have sufficiently studied the organisation of living beings. With regard to Mr. Crosse, it is but fair to state that in his letter, copied from a provincial journal into the *Lit. Gas.* No. 1087, he disclaims all "merit in the affair," and states that he has avoided noticing the remarks which have been made upon these formations, from the wish of himself being better informed of the nature of the apparent mystery. After this report, however, Mr. Crosse cannot be much longer silent under the repeated charge of blasphemous arrogance. Other papers were read, and the meeting adjourned.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FOSTER in the chair.—Mr. Cartwright presented to the Society's museum a stuffed specimen of the rare *Cygnus nigricollis*, the black-necked swan from the Straits of Magellan. Mr. Ward exhibited a series of specimens of the *Laminaria digitata*, which he had received from Mrs. Griffiths of Torquay, shewing the curious mode by which the species of that genus of marine plants renovate their fronds, which are developed at the base of the old ones, and between them and the stem; the older ones being gradually carried upwards, and finally thrown off. This process of renewal takes place, according to Mrs. Griffiths, annually. The species exhibited various stages of development of the new frond. Read, a notice of *Succinea amphibia*, and its varieties, by Mr. Daniel Cooper; and observations on the varieties of growth of plants of the genus *Chara*, by Mr. Queckett.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Dec. 13.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. T. Baker; Rev. R. S. Dobson; Rev. F. C. Allfree, St. John's College; W. L. Barnes, St. Peter's College; Rev. J. G. Cumming, Emmanuel College.

*Bachelors in Civil Law*.—E. Z. Palmer, Trinity College; T. Golding, Trinity Hall.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 12.—The following degree was conferred:—

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. A. Langton, Wadham College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—A paper was in part read, entitled, "Experimental Researches in Electricity, No. II." by Mr. Faraday. To this communication we shall of course return; in the meantime it may be observed, that the distinguished author, in opposition to Poisson, Cavendish, and others, is decidedly of opinion that induction is the action of contiguous particles. The meetings were adjourned over the Christmas recess.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

DEC. 16th. Professor Wilson, director of the Society, in the chair.—Donations to the library and museum were presented, and members elected. Mr. Wilkinson continued the reading of a paper on gunpowder, which was commenced at the preceding meeting. The present division of the subject was the manufacture, as carried on at the best gunpowder-mills of this country. Several observations were made at the conclusion of the paper by Col. Galloway, who had the charge of the government manufacture in India, pointing out the differences between the

Indian and English methods, which the difference of climate, and some other circumstances, had rendered advisable; these observations we shall place in juxtaposition with the description of the process as furnished by Mr. Wilkinson. After some curious details relative to the mode of procuring saltpetre, in different parts of Europe, and an account of the best mode of making charcoal, Mr. W. stated, that the ingredients are simply placed in a shallow trough and mixed by hand; and that, although this method might seem imperfect, it was amply compensated by the subsequent process at the powder-mill. The mixing in India was stated by Col. Galloway to be performed by placing the ingredients in barrels, furnished with ledges projecting inwards, and interspersed with a number of bronze bullets; the barrels were rolled round by machinery, and the material well broken—he considered this method an improvement. When mixed, the composition is taken to the mill, placed in a circular trough, and well ground by a couple of stone rollers, from three to four tons each in weight. This is continued about three hours, more or less, according to the state of the atmosphere. In India the grinding was affected by cylinders of bronze, each weighing six tons; these were six feet in diameter, and eighteen inches in breadth; and Col. Galloway conceived that the incorporation of the ingredients was more readily effected by the increased weight. This process reduces the material to a mass, which is afterwards pressed strongly, by means of a screw and levers, to a cake resembling slate. The cake is then broken up into small bits, by means of wooden mallets, and corned or grained. This operation is effected by shaking it about in sieves made of strong bullock's hide, and perforated. Large pieces of lignum vitæ are put into the sieves with the cake to aid in breaking it up. The grains are then separated and classified, by passing through sieves of different degrees of fineness; they are subsequently glazed by rolling in barrels, which are whirled around with considerable velocity several hours. In India the granulation is performed more mechanically, by an engine composed of a system of rollers furnished with teeth. After passing through three sets of rollers, the powder is granulated; it is afterwards glazed as in England. The process is completed by drying the powder, which, in England, is effected by artificial heat, raised to 140° Fahrenheit, and, in India, by the heat of the sun alone. Colonel Galloway was of opinion that powder dried in this way was better than that dried by stoves; and, in fact, that Indian powder, for the purposes of war, was really better than English powder. Mr. W. then produced some instruments which were used in proving the goodness of gunpowder; and observed that no single method of trying it was good; that one sort of *épreuve* shewed the superiority of the powder for one particular quality, and another for another; but that actual trial in the way it is to be used is the only criterion; in this Col. Galloway concurred: he was of opinion that no way was so good as actual work in the face of an enemy.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM in the chair.—Mr. Pettigrew exhibited a work on midwifery, in MS., written about the year 1540, and dedicated to Catharine, Queen of Henry VIII. It was originally written in German by Roslin, or, as he sometimes called himself, Rodion; translated into Latin, and from thence into English, by Dr.

Thomas Raynalde; and was a standard work for nearly a century. Mr. Pettigrew produced no less than seven printed editions from his own library. Mr. Hawkins communicated an account of some Saxon pennies, found at Swindon, North Wilts, in 1834.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday.—Zoological, 84.

Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4.

## FINE ARTS.

## NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

ON Saturday there was a meeting of the committee appointed to procure free admission to national buildings, museums, monuments, &c., Mr. Ewart in the chair, at which the honorary secretary read a report of what had been done since the last meeting, accompanied by some very interesting correspondence. From the latter it appeared that the Dean and Chapter of Saint Paul's, and the heads of the dioceses of Norwich, Bath and Wells, and Chichester, had granted such facilities for public admission to the Cathedrals under their charge, as they deemed consistent with their safe custody, and the uninterrupted performance of the sacred services to which they are appropriated. On the contrary, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster had refused to make any change in their system; the President of the Royal Academy had stated their reasons for declining to afford any days of gratuitous entrance to the Exhibition; and the Constable of the Tower went in detail into the grounds upon which it was thought expedient to resist a "promiscuous" and unrestricted influx of persons into a place where so large a portion of the arms of the country was kept. Mr. Hume, whose exertions in this matter have been most indefatigable, took a review of the past proceedings, and recommended perseverance in a moderate course to remove the difficulties which remained, and obtain the object sought. Where no real or just objections, existed, he was of opinion that the strength of government, backed by the sense of the people, ought to be applied, and must succeed; and where there were any rational obstacles, that means should be devised to remove them satisfactorily. After some discussion, this seemed to be the general sense of the meeting, and resolutions, consistent therewith, were passed. Thanks were voted to those parties who had conceded to the national wish; and to Lord John Russell, who had so zealously entered into measures to accomplish it. The papers are to be laid before Parliament, and till then, we shall content ourselves with but one observation: this is not a business of faction, but equally supported by Tory, Whig, and Radical; and since all agree in the expediency of educating and informing the lower orders of the people (though there are so many theories about the proper methods), surely, all must agree in the expediency of affording them this unexceptionable mode of acquiring intelligence and taste; and where no irremovable cause operates to their exclusion, not only freely admitting, but courting them to frequent places favourable to their moral civilisation and refinement. It is quite as much within the scope of such resorts to make good citizens, and good men, as to create genius, or excite talent.

## INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

AT the ordinary meeting on Monday evening, P. F. Robinson, Esq. V.P. took the chair.—Sir Robert Peel was elected an honorary fellow,

unanimously. Several eminent foreign architects, as honorary and corresponding members, were also elected. Some interesting letters from Dr. Müller, Darmstadt; M. Vandoyer, Paris, and Signor Bolsato, of Venice, were read; and the secretary announced, among many valuable presents, a copy of the original drawing for Cologne Cathedral, which was discovered by Dr. Möller amongst the archives at Darmstadt. The second part of a paper upon the history of the English school of Gothic architecture, by J. Blore, Associate, was read, describing the latest period of the pointed style, known by "perpendicular," which prevailed from the reign of Richard the Second to the latter part of that of the seventh Henry. Before applying the principal features of this style to domestic, the writer remarked on the ecclesiastical architecture of this period, and enumerated the cathedrals and churches, the richest and finest examples of this character—Beauchamp Chapel, at Warwick, St. George's, Windsor, the east windows of the choirs of Gloucester and York Cathedrals, those of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Hall, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, St. Stephen's Cloisters, Westminster, &c. Attention was drawn more particularly to the arches, the jambs and mullions of the windows, the arched heads of doorways, the buttresses, piers, and pinnacles of this period, with their florid tracery and decorations. With reference to the applicability of this later style to domestic buildings, the pointed windows were rarely adopted, except in the lofty refectory, such as Crosby Hall, Eltham, and Hampton Court. The windows belonging to the domestic architecture, are the square-headed, and the oriel or bay, divided by mullions and transoms into various openings or panels. The oriel windows of this time were especially distinctive features of domestic buildings, and produced, by the variation of the plan, a very interesting and pleasing effect. Opportunities were afforded for display in ornamental glazing; and, from the angular position of the compartments, the effect was more imposing. These windows are mentioned in several old romances.

"In her oryall there she was,  
Closyd well with royall glas."  
*Squire of Low Degree, and others.*

Crosby Hall, Eltham, and Hampton Court, before mentioned, with those of Croydon Palace, Christ Church, Oxford, and the Deanery at Wells, afford specimens of the larger windows of this kind, commencing from the floor, peculiar to ancient refectories; and of the smaller examples, corbelled out from the walls by bold mouldings, the collegiate buildings of Oxford and Cambridge afford numerous instances; also Thornbury Castle, Gloucestershire, the Chancellor's House, Lincoln, &c. Porches, doorways, doors, gables, towers, turrets, parapets, chimneys, &c. &c. in their proper place and order, were severally described, and contrasted with those of former periods; also the ornamental carpentry of the interior, staircases, ceilings, &c. Internal colouring was carried to considerable extent by our forefathers in their domestic buildings, and added much to the beauty and effect of the architecture. The hollows, beads, and mouldings, were striped in various tints. The fillets and foliage of bosses were often gilt. Mr. Blore, in his epitome of our ancient architecture, afforded a very interesting and just idea of the works of the "olden time." A letter was then read from Mr. Cole, describing a painted screen in the parish church of Dartmouth, in consequence of the attention of the Institute having been

directed to the polychromy of Gothic architecture. The screen is twelve feet nine inches high, and forty-six feet long, extending across the nave and aisles, and separating the church from the chancel. The caps of the pillars, cusps, crochets, and beads, are gilt; the bosses carved and gilt, on a crimson or purple ground; the spandrels also are painted either crimson or purple; the hollows of the ribs in the groining have running foliage in green and gold. The whole screen is in good preservation. In the church are also seven galleries, which, with the ceiling, are similarly ornamented; the latter formed in panels by oak ribs, with gilt knots in the intersections, the panels being painted blue, with gilt stars. The pulpit (of granite) is encircled with tracery, niches, animals, and foliage, painted and gilt in a style corresponding with the screen.—Read, also, observations, by T. L. Donaldson, Hon. Sec. on architectural notation. The necessity of an uniform, universal system was proved by reference to those adopted by English writers on architecture. Of twelve on Greek architecture, five have distinct methods of notation; of those on Roman architecture, two only have given the dimensions in feet and inches, and both have used different modes; and of the several on Gothic architecture, the systems adopted are as numerous as the writers. Mr. Donaldson proposes that the feet and inches be separated by two strokes, as in our monetary system, and that the parts of an inch should be expressed decimally by a dot; that the symbols should be those used by astronomers—the small circle for the feet, as the primary quantity, the simple stroke, or acute accent, for the inches, and the double stroke for the tenths, thus: 1°, 2', 5". No confusion could arise from the employment of the astronomical symbols, as temples, and even cities, are never measured by degrees of miles; and Mr. Donaldson recommends that the scale should always be placed at the bottom of a plate, and the different divisions carefully marked thereon. Other interesting papers were read.—Adjourned.

#### DRAMA.

*Olympic*.—Since our last notice, *The Ladder of Love* has been produced at this theatre, and owes its success rather to the lively and agreeable acting than to its intrinsic merits, though the last scene is extremely humorous. Keeley and Madame Vestris, aided by C. Mathews, T. Bland, and Miss Murray, manage to keep up the interest of the piece until the denouement. In *The Bengal Tiger*, another novelty, we have a perfect picture of peevish and suspicious, yet credulous, nabobship, in the *Sir Paul Pagoda* of Farren, and as perfect a sketch of an old maiden fortune-huntress (*Miss Yellowleaf*—a most expressive name) by Mrs. Orger. Keeley, also, is rich as a blunt and faithful old servant: we never saw a character better performed on a first night, nor contribute more to the success of a piece. The dialogue has some very smart and ludicrous hits; and the more serious portions are often very touching. *The Ringdoves*, as the actors warm into their several characters, continues to prosper; in truth, it is one of the most laughable pieces on the stage—very dramatic, full of incident, fun, and bustle, and, without exception, admirably acted. No wonder the audience greets it with peals of laughter. Mr. C. Mathews is inimitable in his imitations of Mr. F. Matthews.

#### VARIETIES.

*Panorama*.—The Bay of Islands, New Zea-

land, is the subject of Mr. Burford's new panorama, and a very beautiful picture it is. The country and the islands are eminently Greek in appearance; and, but for the native groups, we could hardly have persuaded ourselves that we were not looking at the Grecian Archipelago. The forms, altogether, are extremely picturesque, and the water and melting away in the distance, delightfully executed. Our young holiday friends will be much gratified with the sight.

*Horticultural Exhibition*.—On the 9th inst. there was another monthly exhibition of the winter-products of fruit, flowers, and vegetables of the Central Society, at which some very beautiful plants, and some (for the season) very fine and curious esculents, &c. were exhibited. In the afternoon the rooms were lighted, and, with the attractions of the band, made the lounge as agreeable as it was interesting.

*Chatterton*.—A proposal is afloat to erect a monument to the memory of Chatterton, at Bristol. The subscription, we believe, promises well; but we shall return to the matter in our next; wishing it, in the mean while, every success.

*Endless Fun*.—(London, Spooner.) A small but capital Christmas-box, furnished with a set of cards well contrived to amuse a family circle for hours together. The cards are droll pictures, and by an endless series of cross-readings, much drollery is created: we take one of these readings on five cards, hap-hazard, "My Grandmother's Cat—goes to bed—without a shirt—in black satin tights—by way of a change." Others, we see, are yet more human and humorous, and the combinations are legion, for innocent mirth and laughter.

*Coat or Jacket*.—A Clergyman, who took a very zealous part in the last Devonshire election, provoked one of the candidates mightily, by an address on the hustings, in which he characterised him and his family rather roughly. In reply he observed, that he himself despised the allegations of his adversary, but that the language he had used, in speaking of his father, was such, that he was sure nothing but his coat would protect him from his resentment. "Make my compliments, to your father (retorted the pugnacious churchman), and tell him I have a Shooting Jacket."

*Sans Ceremonie*.—In a skirmish of wit, at table, a few days since, some one said to H—, "you are as likely as any body to turn Jew." "Rabbi-t me if I do," was the rejoinder.

*The Queen*.—Only a few days ago we saw a fine etching of the Queen, preparing by Mr. Moon, and which we since observe (from the court news) has been shewn at court, and highly approved; the enterprising publisher being appointed and sworn in printseller in ordinary to her majesty. Yesterday, we had the pleasure of seeing a drawing of her majesty by Parris, and a more charming performance of the kind we never witnessed. It is a full face, and replete with the sweetness and intelligence which convey the finest expression of the royal countenance. The dress is also admirably arranged, and effective. This portrait has been highly approved by the Duchess of Kent, &c., and is engraving by Wagstaffe, for Hodgson and Graves.

*Caricatures*.—Recent skimmages in parliament were too striking not to furnish matter for H. B.'s pencil. Two more novelties have just appeared: the first, Lords Brougham and Melbourne, as Peachum and Lockit, from the "Beggars' Opera;" the former pummelling the latter for telling him, "No man can glaze, and fawn, and flatter, and bend the knee, as

you do." And the next (No. 510), the same noble law-lord tickling the nose of the secretary for the colonies with a feather, marked "W. India affairs." Both are of very amusing character, and we are pretty sure that a look at the last would wake Lord Glenelg as effectually with laughter as any other tickling that could be administered.

*Weather Wisdom*.—The past week is admirably true, and this makes us the more apprehensive of what is predicted to follow. "A very rude kind of weather at Christmas; cloudy and wind. The new moon brings stormy, cold, intemperate weather, and snow, perhaps, also, frost. This year ends cold and wintry, with sleet or heavy rain and fog."

*The Royal Academy of Music*.—We regret to say, that the receipt of our notice from the Academy was too late to allow us to attend the last concert on the 9th, especially as the selection was a very tempting one, and the finest productions of Beethoven, Handel, and Spohr, were upon the list.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among forthcoming novelties, is a new edition of Mansie Waugh, with illustrations by Cruikshank.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Rural Life of England, by W. Howitt, illustrated with Wood Engravings by S. Williams, 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.—Specimens of the Poets of Great Britain, by J. Johnstone, 34mo. 3s. 6d.—The Patent Law Amendment Act, by C. L. Drewry, 8vo. 5s.—Lingard's History of England, Vol. V. fcap 5s.—New Scenes for Youth, by Mrs. Rodwell, square, 2s. 6d.—Novel Adventures of Tom Thumb, by Mrs. Barwell, square, 2s. 6d.—Minstrel Musings, by E. Carpenter, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Minute, by J. W. Penn, new edition, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—J. W. Smith's Typical Parts of our Lord's Teaching, 12mo. 3s.—Memoir of Erasmus H. Limon, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—R. Maughan's Outlines of Criminal Law, 18mo. 10s.—Paul Preston's Voyages, Travels, and Adventures, 4s. 6d.—Short Hints on Short Hail, 18mo. 1s.—Benefit of Scriptural Instruction, by M. M. Preston, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, by H. Lawrence, 8vo. 12s.—History of Ancient Philosophy, by H. Ritter, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.—An Analysis of Butler's Analogy of Religion, by the Rev. J. P. Wilson, M.A. 2s. 6d.—The Voyages, Adventures, and Escapes of Capt. R. Falconer, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Force of Imagination and other Poems, by A. Tennant, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Lush on Wills, 2d edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Parley's Tales about Christmas, square, 7s. 6d.—Grammar of the New Test. Dialect, by M. Stuart, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—Sheffield's Treatise on the Law of Wills, 18mo. 10s. 6d.—Archbold's Practice, by Chitty, 2 vols. post 8vo. 2l. 2s.—Forms of Practical Proceedings, by T. Chitty, post 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Supplement to Halemb on Private Bills, 7s.—Lives of Eminent Youth, by B. H. Draper, 32mo. 2s.—The Sick Man's Guide, by the Rev. W. H. Hale, 8vo. 3s.—Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.—Rowland Maughan, by Miss Strickland, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Short Stories in Short Words, by Mrs. Burden, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Familiar Exercises between an Attorney and his Clerk, by F. Hubler, jun., 12mo. 7s.—Gospel Harmony, a Sacred Poem, by Dr. T. Parfit, post 8vo. 6s.—Rev. W. Whewell's Astronomy and General Physics, fcap. new edit. 6s.—Ware's Scenes and Characters, illustrating Christian Truth, 3d edit., 2 vols. 18mo. 7s. cloth.—The Parent's Guide to a Liberal and Comprehensive Education, by Rev. Robert Simson, M.A., 12mo. 2s.—Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in 1798, by T. C. Croker, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 14	From 27 to 41	30.13 to 30.15
Friday.... 15	.... 28 .. 39	30.08 .. 29.9
Saturday.. 16	.... 25 .. 45	29.84 .. 29.7
Sunday.... 17	.... 41 .. 51	29.73 .. 29.6
Monday... 18	.... 43 .. 55	29.34 .. 29.6
Tuesday.. 19	.... 40 .. 50	29.84 .. 29.7
Wednesday 20	.... 38 .. 56	29.57 .. 29.6

Prevailing winds, S.E. and S.W.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Life of Richard Earl Howe, K.G., Admiral of the Fleet, and General of Marines.*  
By Sir John Barrow, Bart. F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 432. London, 1838. Murray.

THIS is exactly such a volume as we could have anticipated from the subject and the author; an interesting and delightful addition

to British biography. Earl Howe began the great glories which illuminated the last war, and finally left the ocean without a navy, except that which bore the flag of England. From his access to the best information, from his acknowledged abilities, and from his experienced judgment in all matters connected with our naval affairs, Sir John Barrow was precisely the individual living to do justice to his history. Incited to this task by our late lamented sovereign, he has, indeed, worthily acquitted himself of it; and whether we look to a work of the kind for useful instruction, or rational entertainment, both will be found amply combined in these pages. Unfortunately, a fire which took place at Westport, the seat of the Marchioness of Sligo (Earl Howe's youngest daughter), appears to have destroyed not only her father's papers, but those of her aunt, and has deprived the writer of what would probably have been precious materials; but he has, nevertheless, so excellently availed himself of such as have been at his disposal, that his readers cannot be sensible of any loss; and, with this brief description, we shall proceed to notice some of the leading and amusing features as they have occurred to us. We may notice that the Howe family were held in particular esteem by George III., George IV., and the royal family generally; and commence our quotations with a passage from the Preface, where Sir J. B. speaks of his fresh materials, and says, they “consist of something more than four hundred letters, all in the hand-writing of Earl Howe, and all addressed to one individual, long and high in his confidence, embracing a period between the years 1776 and 1799, on a great variety of subjects, professional and otherwise,—of several private letters to and from the Earl of Chatham,—of the noble admiral's private journal during the time his flag was up, very full, and written entirely by himself,—of various communications received from several flag-officers, and others, who served under him, and now living,—and of a few very interesting letters from his Majesty George III., and George Prince of Wales, to a member of the Howe family.”

And he goes on to make an unnecessary apology for a landsman having undertaken this biography.

“With regard to the second question: if our naval writers of novels and romances, in humble imitation of a celebrated novelist of former days, when the navy no more resembled the navy now, than their humour does that of Smollett, had not been so wholly taken up in their works of fancy and imagination—some of them tending to degrade rather than exalt the naval character—instead of applying themselves to naval biography, in which there is ample scope, the landsman would in all probability have left the task to one of the profession.”

The account of the interference of his late majesty in the matter is interesting.

“His commands (Sir J. B. tells us) on this occasion were personally conveyed to me only a few days before the commencement, or rather indication, of the fatal illness which deprived the nation of a sovereign eagerly devoted to its

honour and its interests—of a prince punctual in the discharge of his public duties, easy of access, and always ready to oblige, and to do a good-natured act—of a man kind-hearted, amiable, and affectionate in all the relations of private and domestic life. His majesty was pleased to say that, having understood I was about to employ myself in writing the Life of the late Lord Howe, he was glad to hear it was likely to fall into such safe hands, for the admiral was a great favourite with his father, and, indeed, a sort of connexion of the family; that he knew the present earl had for some time past been desirous of finding some one qualified to write the life of his grandfather, and ought to consider himself fortunate. . . . The king then entered into the history of Lord Howe's life, went over the leading features and events that distinguished it, which an extraordinary memory enabled him to do with a degree of correctness quite surprising; he pointed out some passages in the earl's life, not generally known, and which he said would require caution in touching upon, and that he was desirous of mentioning them to me. Though this interview, with which I was honoured, happened on the Sunday immediately preceding the last levee he ever held, I could not discover, on that day, any difference from his usual cheerfulness, manner, or appearance.”

We now pass to the body of the work, and commence with a few extracts of much naval interest, touching dress and discipline, or improvement.

“Perhaps it is not quite correct to say, as it has been said, that George II. conferred no distinction on the navy—he gave them what they had not hitherto had, a fixed uniform dress. From the portraits in the Naval Gallery in Greenwich Hospital, Mr. Locker has furnished an amusing account of the various modes in which our old gallant admirals were clothed. Some of these ancient heroes, at one of their clubs, resolved ‘that a uniform dress is useful and necessary for commissioned officers, agreeable to the practice of other nations;’ and a committee was appointed to wait on the Duke of Bedford, then first lord of the admiralty. Admiral Forbes was finally selected to this office: he was shewn into a room surrounded with dresses. On being asked which he thought the most appropriate, he said, ‘one with red and blue, or blue and red, as these were our national colours.’ ‘No,’ replied his grace, ‘the king has settled it otherwise; he saw my duchess riding in the park a few days ago, in a habit of blue faced with white, which took the fancy of his majesty, and he has ordered it as the uniform of the Royal Navy;’ and in 1748 it was established accordingly. We have kept the blue and the white till within a few years back, but now red has superseded the white; and thus his late Majesty William IV. restored us to our ‘national colours.’

“Lord Sandwich was not only an able man, but having himself been one of the members of the board under the Duke of Bedford, had time and opportunity of becoming well acquainted with naval affairs. He succeeded the



duke as first lord of the admiralty on 16th February, 1747, and continued in that office until the 22d June, 1761. He served a second time as first lord from April 1763, to September of the same year; and a third time from January 1771 to March 1782. By his several visitations of the dock-yards, and other naval establishments, he was enabled to make many salutary regulations in all those departments. The observations and the hints for improvements, laid down in the journals kept by himself of these visitations, are exceedingly judicious, and are among the very few documents left in the admiralty by first lords, on quitting office, where they are carefully bound up in volumes. This salutary practice since his time appears, unfortunately, to have been discontinued; it would, indeed, be in vain now to look for any private minutes or papers of first lords, however intimately connected with the naval service, or advantageous, as occasionally they might be, to their successors."

Sir J. Barrow's views of the station of first lord of the admiralty, are of much importance.

"The other qualifications necessary to enable this minister to fulfil all the duties of that important branch of the naval service, are not required to be of the very highest order. Good sense, honesty, and impartiality, are the chief requisites to carry him smoothly and plausibly through the routine of business: provided a sufficient sum of money be granted on the navy estimates, adequate to the building, repairing, and maintaining such a fleet as shall be equal to any exigency the country may require; that the selection for promotion of officers, who have rendered brilliant and meritorious services, be left to his choice and discretion, and not interfered with from other quarters; and that he be assisted by able and honest professional colleagues;—under these conditions, the minister appointed to the head of the naval department may sleep upon a bed of roses; will meet with nothing but smiling faces at his levees, and be hailed as the *decus et tutamen* of that strong arm of power, on which the safety, honour, and prosperity of the British empire mainly depend. But, unfortunately, this is not always, it may be said seldom, the state of the case. He must be content to rub on with such funds as the cabinet, or the chancellor of the exchequer, are willing to give him, and the house of commons to vote; and must not expect to act altogether as a free agent in matters of promotion. Perhaps the following brief outline will be found to convey the general nature of the qualifications, character, and duties of a first lord of the admiralty. The chief of the naval administration of the united kingdom undertakes one of the most important and responsible offices of the state. To him, and to his co-adjutors, are intrusted the proper management and direction of the great arm of our strength, and with it the highest interests of the community. Without a well-appointed and commanding naval force, the British army, and the lofty spirit of Britons, would be confined to their own shores at home, and become powerless and unknown abroad; their commerce would fall into decay, and pass into other hands; and we should once more be reproached as the *Britanni toto ab orbe exclusi*, instead, as now, known and feared, and respected, in every part of the globe. In the selection, therefore, of the minister, who is to give to this powerful machine life and vigour, and its proper direction, it must be of the first importance that his qualifications to fill the office with credit to himself, and benefit to the

country, should be well considered; he should possess a general knowledge of naval history and jurisprudence; good sense and unblemished integrity; a sound judgment and great discretion; a patient and placid temper; a courteous deportment and civil demeanour to all; an easy access to officers of every rank; and a ready and obliging acknowledgment of all applications addressed to him in writing: he should make himself well acquainted with the services and the claims of individuals of the several ranks of officers; and, although in the present overgrown state of the lists, it is not possible to comply with the multitude of claims preferred, more or less strong, yet a kind manner of receiving and replying to them, personally or by letter, goes a great way to soften the bitter pangs of disappointment, the unavoidable result of a non-compliance with what is requested. The two principal and most painful sources of vexation and annoyance, which a first lord of the admiralty must lay his account of being doomed to undergo,—and they are brought perpetually before him, and if he be endued with the proper feelings of humanity, must perpetually distress him—are, the pressing solicitations for promotion, and for employment. The scenes of disappointed expectation—of enduring poverty and hopeless misery—that are constantly forcing themselves upon him, and which he has not the means of relieving, none but himself can form any idea of; and, in portioning out the small pittance of patronage left at his disposal, and in weighing the respective claims of the numerous candidates, it is needless to say what conflicting opinions and sentiments regarding the superiority of such claims—what doubts and hesitation—must pass through his mind in endeavouring to make a just and proper decision in the selection of the fortunate individual. He has also to bear in mind that, while the claims of the officer are under consideration, the claims of the service are not to be lost sight of; and, whenever the one, however strong and cogent, may be in opposition to the other, there is but one course left to arrive at that decision. The *matériel* of the machine requires no less attention than the *personnel*, though of a different and less delicate nature. To watch over the civil concerns of the navy; to check all unnecessary expenditure in the various establishments; to keep up a supply of stores, and an efficient fleet, whenever its services may be called for, while every attention is paid to economy, require a constant, vigilant, and inquisitive superintendence. Ships must be in readiness, whether in war or peace: large fleets in the former case, and in the latter, guard-ships, experimental squadrons, or what are now termed demonstration ships, or ships kept in a certain state of preparation; besides others of various sizes to satisfy the demands of the mercantile interest; for the governors of colonies, always clamorous for naval protection; and others for the suppression of the slave trade, packet service, &c. The naval establishments at the ports; the dock-yards, victualling-yards, medical, transport, and marine departments, require occasionally the personal inspection of the first lord of the admiralty, for these are the great absorbents of naval expenditure."

We have not attempted, nor will we attempt, to follow Lord Howe from his school days to the close of his long and splendid career, as the principal facts are all familiar to the public; but we cannot refrain from selecting a few of the characteristic anecdotes with which the author has enlivened his narrative. When the

Duke of York (the brother of Geo. III.) was sent to sea, we are told,

"Captain Howe having equipped his young *élève* in the true Portsmouth fashion, the captains of the navy then present attended him in their boats on board, where they were severally introduced to the young midshipman. An anecdote is told, which being highly characteristic of the true simplicity of seamen, is not unlikely to have occurred. A sailor standing with some others on the fore-castle, and observing what was going on, whispered his messmate, 'the young gentleman a'n't over civil as I think; look, if he don't keep his hat on before all the captains!' 'Why, you stupid lubber,' replied the other, 'where should he larn manners, seeing as how he never was at sea before!'"

But the stories of the glorious first of June, are worthy of a niche by themselves:—

"As the Charlotte was advancing down towards the French line, with a determination to pass through it, it appeared so close a id compact, that Lord Howe expressed a doubt, whether there was room to pass between the Montague of 120 guns, and the Jacobin of 80, which had stretched partly under the lee of the former, as if afraid of the Charlotte's broadside, thus occupying the place it was intended the Charlotte should take. Lord Howe, however, was determined to pass through, or run on board the enemy's flag-ship or the Jacobin; on which Bowen, with that blunt and resolute tone so peculiarly his own, called out, 'That's right, my lord, the Charlotte will make room for herself.' On his first appointment to the Queen Charlotte, this unpolished but shrewd and clever seaman was in the habit, in addressing the commander-in-chief, or replying to his questions, of frequently, almost constantly, using the expression, 'My lord.' One day Lord Howe said to him, 'Bowen, pray, my good fellow, do give over that eternal my lord, my lord; don't you know I am called Black Dick in the fleet?'—the sobriquet by which he was generally known to the sailors. Just as the Charlotte was closing with the Montague, Lord Howe, who was himself conning the ship, called out to Bowen to starboard the helm; to which Bowen remarked, that if they did so she would be on board the next ship, the Jacobin; to this his lordship replied, sharply, 'What is that to you, sir?' Bowen, a little nettled, said, in an under tone, 'D—n my eyes, if I care if you don't; I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers.' Lord Howe heard him, and turning to his captain, said, 'That's a fine fellow, Curtis.' Some time after the battle, a deputation of the petty officers and seamen requested Bowen to ask Lord Howe if they might have the gratification of congratulating his lordship on the victory he had gained, and of thanking him for having led them so gloriously into battle. On receiving them on the quarter-deck, Lord Howe himself being on the front of the poop, was so affected, that he could only say, with a faltering voice, and his eyes glistening with tears, 'No, no, I thank you; it is you, my brave lads—it is you, not I, that have conquered.' The honest and blunt Bowen, in telling this to a friend, said, 'I could myself have cried most heartily to see the veteran hero so affected.' Shortly after the return of the Charlotte to Portsmouth, Lord Howe sent for the first-lieutenant, Larcom, whom he thus addressed:—'Mr. Larcom, your conduct in the action has been such that it is necessary you should leave this ship.' Larcom, who was as brave as his admiral, a good officer and seaman, was thunderstruck,

and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, 'Good God! my lord, what have I done? why am I to leave the ship? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power.' 'Very true, sir,' said Lord Howe; 'but leave this ship you must; and I have great pleasure in presenting you with this commission as commander, for your conduct on the late occasion.' It appears to have been at the particular solicitation of Sir Roger Curtis that the *Cæsar* was appointed to lead the van in the order of battle on the 29th of May, much against the opinion of Lord Howe. Circumstances, however, occurred on that day which induced Lord Howe to nominate another ship in her place: but he again yielded the point, on Sir Roger's earnest request to give him another trial, remarking, at the same time, 'You have mistaken your man; I have not.' On the 1st of June, when the *Cæsar* hauled up instead of going through the enemy's line, Lord Howe, who was standing on the poop of the *Queen Charlotte*, tapped Sir Roger on the shoulder, and, pointing to the *Cæsar*, said, "Look, Curtis, there goes your friend; who is mistaken now?"

"A curious incident is said to have occurred on board the *Marlborough*\*. When she was entirely dismasted, and otherwise disabled, by the extreme severity of the conflict, the captain (the Hon. G. Berkeley), and the second lieutenant (Sir Michael Seymour), severely wounded; the latter having his arm shot off, and the ship so roughly treated, that a whisper of surrender was said to have been uttered, which Lieutenant Monckton, overhearing, resolutely exclaimed, 'he would be d—d if she should ever surrender, and that he would nail her colours to the stump of the mast.' At this moment a cock, having by the wreck been liberated from the broken coop, suddenly perched himself on the stump of the main-mast, clapped his wings, and crowed aloud; in an instant three hearty cheers rang throughout the ship's company, and no more talk of surrender. At the same time the *Aquilon* frigate, commanded by the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, seeing the helpless state the *Marlborough* was in, came to her assistance and towed her out of the line. The gallant admiral, in reply to a question about the cock, says, 'It partakes of a cock-and-a-bull story, but there is no mistake in the cheers of the crew on my taking her in tow.' It is, nevertheless, a true story: through the kindness of Sir Thomas Hardy, an inquiry was made among the old pensioners of the *Marlborough*, in Greenwich Hospital, and two of the most intelligent, Alexander Boswell and William Brett, fully corroborate the circumstance; and the latter states that, on the arrival of the ship at Plymouth, the cock was given to Lord George Lennox, the governor, by desire of Captain Berkeley. Lady Hardy has been good enough to ascertain from her aunt, Lady Mary Lennox, that the story is perfectly true, that the cock lived to a good old age, and that while the *Marlborough* remained at Plymouth it was daily visited by parties of her crew. His Ma-

\* Elsewhere it is stated,—"Our superiority, in addition to the skill of the dear commander, lay in the resolution and firmness of the common sailors of which, amongst many others, one occurred on board the *Marlborough*: to this ship two of the enemy were so close, that one of the sailors said 'he would visit them on board their own ship.' As he was going to leap over, one of his comrades called after him to take a cutlass with him, which he refused, saying 'he should find one there'; and on being called back, actually returned with two of the enemy's cutlasses in his hands. On board the *Queen and Invincible*, the sailors who had their arms taken off in the engagement of the 29th, went into the cockpit on the 1st of June, to assist the surgeons, and encourage the poor men who were to submit to the same operation, by declaring it was much less painful than it appeared to be, and that they felt no pain from the wounds."

esty's ship the *Brunswick* had a large figure-head of the duke, with a laced hat on. The hat was struck off by a shot in the battle. The crew of the *Brunswick*, thinking it a degradation that a prince of that house should continue to be uncovered in face of the enemy, sent a deputation to the quarter-deck, to request that Captain Harvey would be pleased to order his servant to give them his laced cocked hat to supply the loss. The captain, with great good-humour, complied, and the carpenter nailed it on the duke's head, where it remained till the battle was finished. One of the sailors of this ship, in a letter to his wife at Newton Abbot, makes the following very shrewd and sensible remark:—"This dreadful battle happened on a Sunday; and if the French have rejected that day out of their calendar, God Almighty has shewn them that he has not left it out of his." Nothing could exceed the gallant conduct of the *Brunswick* in her action with the *Vengeur*. One of the bower-anchors of the former being shot away, the cable ran out its whole length, and the ship in rounding fell close alongside the *Vengeur*. In this situation, being observed by Captain Henry Harvey, the brother of the commander of the *Brunswick*, who afterwards fell on that day, he stood to their relief in the *Ramillies*, and poured such a tremendous and destructive fire into the *Vengeur*, that, just after the conclusion of the battle, she went to the bottom. The *Defence*, Captain Gambier, behaved most gallantly, and was terribly cut up, and totally dismasted. She was one of the few that passed through the enemy's line, got into the midst of the French ships, and lost her main and mizen-masts. Captain Gambier was an excellent officer, and a gentleman of strict principles of religion and morality. At the close of the action, Captain Pakenham, a rattling, good-humoured Irishman, hailed him from the *Invincible*: 'Well, Jimmy, I see you are pretty well mauled; but never mind, Jimmy, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Another incident took place in the little *Defence*: the lieutenant of the after-part of the main-deck, seeing a three-decker, the *Republicain* (which shot away her remaining mast), suddenly bearing down towards them, struck with a kind of momentary panic, ran up to the quarter-deck, and, addressing the captain with great eagerness, exclaimed, 'D—n my eyes, sir, but here is a whole mountain coming upon us; what shall we do?' Captain Gambier, unmoved, and looking gravely at him, said, in a solemn tone, 'How dare you, sir, at this awful moment, come to me with an oath in your mouth? Go down, sir, and encourage your men to stand to their guns, like brave British seamen.' On asking Captain (then Lord) Gambier, some years afterwards, if the story was true, he replied, he believed something of the kind occurred. \* \* \*

The crew of *L'America* ran below, and, when taken, assured Hugh Conway that it was only a *ruse de guerre*, as they had intended popping out upon him when he should attempt to board; but somehow the manœuvre failed, which seems truly astonishing. They say we acted very unfairly, by not informing them we intended to attack them the day we did, which happened precisely the day they did not expect it, after having been regularly prepared for it for several days preceding that ill-chosen one. To this reasonable objection for our breach of etiquette, we may attribute the assurance of the captain of the *Northumberland* to Captain Bertie, that we were entirely deceived if we imagined we had gained a victory; it was not even worthy of the name of combat;—'Ce

n'est qu'une boucherie où vous n'avez montré ni science ni tactique.' I think the ferocious courage that could dictate this observation, from a man who was a prisoner to his conqueror, is worthy of admiration, and of a piece with that of the Jacobin, who fired her upper guns when her lower deck was under water. The officers of the *Vengeur* were carrying prisoners to one of our ships, when theirs went down; and when our people were scarce able to support the sight of our enemies in their horrid situation, the French devils looked on the catastrophe of their countrymen with perfect coolness. The cartridges on board the French ships, taken and used in the fleet generally, were mostly made of the fine painted church music used in the cathedrals, and of the *preuves de noblesse* of the principal families, many hundred years old, and illuminated with the genealogical tree. There was a decree of the Convention for applying the archives of the nobility to that particular purpose. \* \* \* I think I have now sent you all my stories, except that Tom Pakenham, having fired away in a very rude style on one of the French men-of-war, and observing they did not answer the compliment in the manner he expected, stopped his fire, and desired to know if the ship had struck. On being answered, they had not, he hallooed out, in great rage, 'Then, d—n ye, why do you not fire?' Remark that one of the enemy's ships had shot away the top-masts of one commanded by his particular friend, Pakenham declared with an oath, 'I'll pay you for that;' and, bearing down on the Frenchman, he gave him a broadside for the affront offered to his friend."

The latter anecdotes are from a letter of Lady Mary Howe's, giving a very interesting description of the king and queen's visit to Portsmouth, on the return of the victorious fleet; to which the following particulars also belong.

"My father's knees trembled with emotion when he kissed the king's hand, who presented him with a most magnificent sword set with diamonds, and afterwards with a gold chain, to which is to be hung a gold medal struck for the occasion; which is also given to the other admirals and captains who have contributed to this victory, considered as the greatest ever obtained on the sea. My father afterwards kissed the queen's hand; and then his flag was lowered and the royal standard raised to the main-top-mast's head, and saluted by the whole fleet. The royal family then went into the cabin, and appeared happy and comfortable to the highest degree, giving us a thousand proofs of the kindest interest. About three o'clock they went to dinner; after which the king gave a toast, drank by all at the table—the princesses, the prince, Lady Courtown, Lady Caroline Waldegrave, Lady Frances Howard, mamma, and I, my father waiting on the king and queen—and this toast was pronounced in the most solemn manner, 'May her great admiral long command the *Queen Charlotte*, and may she long be an example to future fleets!' A short time after this, the whole royal family walked through the ship's company, drawn up in line, when my father told the king aloud, 'that their diligence and propriety of conduct, in all respects, since the victory, was not less commendable than their resolution and bravery during the action.' Nothing during the day was more pleasing to me than this walk through these brave fellows, every one of whom I am certain would attend my father to a cannon's mouth, and all of whom have exposed their lives for him. \* \*

The French monsters were so persuaded their fire must sink our ships, that nothing could convince them they had not sunk several. The officers of the *Impetueux*, prisoners on board our ships, assured Captain Payne they had seen with their own eyes a ship, painted red and black, which had particularly troubled them by sticking close to them, go to the bottom, and no declaration of Jack Payne's, that he and his Russell were both above water, could make them credit his assertion. As so many declared themselves eye-witnesses of this fact, Payne and his ship must henceforth be considered as *revenants*, for at Portsmouth they or their ghosts certainly are at this moment. I will now only add some of the toasts that have been given, and also used on transparencies — 'May the French ever know Howe to be master of the sea!' — 'The two first words of the Third Psalm.' — The day we sailed in the *Aquilon*, the king gave — 'The Admiral, with the Union on the top-mast head; he who alone deserves to wear it.' The common acclamation of the mob at Portsmouth was, 'God save the King, and Lord Howe to defend him!' . . . . . A good omen: the Brunswick sunk the Jacobin; and amongst all the sovereigns at the heads of the ships, though many were severely wounded, not one crown was either shot or even scratched. This is a fact."

To these we shall only add an anecdote belonging to a different period, viz, to Lord Howe in his old age, and happy retirement, at Porters, in Buckinghamshire.

"Lady Howe received frequent visits from the queen and young princesses at Porters. She was a lady rather particular with regard to the keeping a good table, and at one time had a French cook. Lord Howe was always exceedingly temperate in his habits: his appetite was small, and even when well he lived in the plainest manner, and when not in health generally dined alone at an early hour. At such times, the French cook waited on him in the morning to take his order for his own dinner, which, day after day, for nearly three weeks, was 'a boiled chicken.' The cook, who could not understand the regular simplicity of Lord Howe's taste, began to fancy this adherence to the same plain dish was intended as some slight upon his professional skill, and one morning he ventured thus to address him: 'Mi lor, I get superbe pay, and I have notin — not much to complain.' 'Well' said Lord Howe, impatiently, 'what do you complain of?' 'Mi lor, dat you do not allow me de honor to cook your dinner.' 'I thought you cooked it every day!' said Lord Howe. 'Yes mi lor, dat is, I boil de shicken, but dere is no cookery in dat.' 'Then,' said Lord Howe, 'you may roast de shicken to-day.'"

We have now only to add, that Lord Howe's own log of the battle of June 1st is a document of extreme interest; nor is the author's account of the mutiny at the *Nore* less so. Both shew that the former well deserved the title of *the sailor's friend*, and the latter, the honour of being his biographer. As minute critics, however, we must protest against his use of the vile adjective, "talented," and the vulgar use of "laying," at p. 56. Some severe strictures on Lord Hood appear towards the close of the volume, which is concluded by a short but well-drawn parallel of the characters of our three greatest naval commanders, Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson. The following, with which we end, may be received as a peice of recent intelligence respecting the Falkland Islands.

"Recently (says Sir John) they have been

claimed by a puny government, which calls itself the republic of Buenos Ayres, regardless of which, the British government has now resolved to establish and plant them as a colony. They contain many good harbours, are directly in the route round Cape Horn, and, if we may judge from the circumstance of 30,000 head of cattle found running wild upon one of them, the soil will prove not unfit for grazing, or even for cultivation."

*Diary, illustrative of the Times of George IV., interspersed with original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.*

Nor having been able to finish even the first volume of this publication, it is only its extraordinary nature which induces us to give it a prompt and partial notice. Too near the time to which it refers to be otherwise than objectionable, that fault is aggravated, to an incredible degree, by the character of its contents. Not only the idle gossip, but the most scandalous slanders and atrocious libels which circulated among a profligate portion of the court — profligate and vicious, or the parties never could have spoken of such subjects — are here retailed, with full particulars, names and dates: and the mass of pollution is rendered doubly offensive by an odious cant of morality and religion in the shape of observations and reflections, that sicken us at every page, and over every anecdote of shame and guilt. How the public will appreciate this we know not; but we are inclined to think that neither the doers of the work, nor its promulgators, will find that they have spread for themselves a bed of roses.

This week we must confine our illustrations.

"There was much talk yesterday at dinner about Mr. Greville; the Princess hates him — she says, he is so mischievous and so tattling: she added, 'I could forgive him for any thing he said of myself, because I have good broad shoulders; but he calls my daughter an abandoned little thing, and damn me [she often swears that oath,] if ever he shall meet her in this house again. The case was, you see, that Mr. Greville abuse all the royal family to her, *vich was a great impertinence as I should say, and she, poor little ting, wanted to excuse dem*; so *wen Mr. Greville, in his wisdom, said it was pity de duke should have his mistress here, vare de princess was, she answered, 'Oh, Lord upon us! vat would you have? de dukes cannot marry, dey must love somebody.'* It would have been better had my daughter said, as one should say, dat is a subject on which I never speak: but she is a young ting, and not prepared for such matters. No, no, let us speak no more of Mr. Greville, 'tis such an unpleasant subject.' It is strange that every person, even the most profligate, abuses Lady —; yet they all receive her and visit her. Lord — said, the other night, that she had as much murdered — as if she had pulled the trigger which had shot him. He then proceeded to say, that it was not so much from losing herself, as from a diabolical deceit she practised upon him respecting one of her children. It seems that, at the time she left him, she had one daughter by him, whom she loved very much, but upon whom the husband doated also; so, in order not to part with this girl, she feigned its sickness and death, and buried a dead kid instead of the child, at Leghorn, and sent the girl away to England; and she sent her under the care of —. I shall never look at that man again without dislike. Think of any one kidnapping another's child, and to

please a woman! The wretched father wept his lost child for some time; and when it was convenient to Lady — to rid herself of the child, she had the kid disinterred, in proof of the deception which she had practised, and informed the father that she sent him back his daughter alive and well. The shock proved too great for the unhappy man, who went mad and shot himself; and the villany has hitherto remained unpunished, and the perpetrator of this tragedy can walk about in peace. Oh! surely not in peace! People generally end this tragic tale by saying, 'Poor —! he was a great fool!' It will be better at the day of judgment to be that great fool, than the woman who is dignified with the false epithet of clever."

This Surface morality is a fit sequel to the royal delicacy before recorded; and of the writer's own elegance we subjoin a specimen.

"Nothing but smothering heat, and parties that melt one into inanity. To go into the streets is to endure the fiery ordeal (which none of us here at present can well abide); and to venture into an evening assembly is to tumble into a kettle of boiling sprats."

Another:—"The princess is always seeking amusement, and, unfortunately, often at the expense of prudence and propriety. She cannot endure a dull person: she has often said to me, 'I can forgive any fault but that;' and the anathema she frequently pronounces upon such persons is,— Mine G—! dat is de dullest person G— Almighty ever did born!"

Another:—"Thursday.—Lady — was sent to the cottage to fetch away books, &c., which had been left there. She heard that Chanticleer was ill — amiable distress, interesting dénouement! I dined at Kensington. There was no one besides the princess, except Lady —; we dined off *mutton and onions*, and I thought Lady — would have degobbled with the coarseness of the food, and the horror of seeing the princess eat to satiety: afterwards her royal highness walked about Paddington Fields, making Lady — and myself follow. These walks are very injudiciously chosen as to time and place, though perfectly innocent, and taken for no other purpose than for the pleasure of doing an extraordinary thing. It was almost dark when the princess returned home in the evening."

"The princess went to the play, a resource she always reserves to herself, to escape from a dull dinner. She was accompanied by Lord Fitz—d, her lady in waiting, and myself. After the play, I was invited to sup with her royal highness: as usual, she talked of her own situation, and her previous life. 'Judge,' said she, 'what it was to have a drunken husband on one's wedding-day, and one who passed the greatest part of his bridal-night under the grate, where he fell, and where I left him. If any body say to me at dis moment will you pass your life over again, or be killed, I would choose death—for you know, a little sooner or later, we must all die; but to live a life of wretchedness twice over—oh! mine God, no! Well, time went on, and de case was I began to be wid child, and all de wise people said so; but I pitied dem, for I no more believed it daa any ting for long time—at last, Charlotte was born. Well, after I lay in—je vous jure, 'tis true—upon my honour, upon my soul, 'tis true—I received a message, through Lord Cholmondeley, to tell me I never was to have de great honour of inhabiting de same room wid my husband again. I said very well; but, as my memory was short, I begged to have dis polite message in writing from him. I had it—and was free: I left Carlton House, and went to

Charlton. Oh, how happy I was!—every body blamed me; but I never repented me of this step. Oh, mine God, what I have suffered! Luckily, I had a spirit, or I never should have outlived it.”

Beautiful traits! What a pity that we have not room or space for more?!! But, like “the Book,” or, rather, “the Spirit of the Book,” connected with the same subject, no doubt this work will sell to a great extent.

*History of the King's German Legion.* By North Ludlow Beamish. Vol. II. 8vo. Pp. circ. 680. London, 1837. Boones.

Five years have elapsed since we were called upon to notice the first volume of this work, and we have to refer readers to our No. 818, September 22, A. D. 1832, and p. 595, for the few remarks by which we commended it to the public, as peculiarly acceptable to the gallant corps whose services it commemorated, to its friends and companions, and to the world at large, admiring and being interested in its exploits. The second volume continues the narration from the siege of Badajoz, May 1811, to the final disbanding of the legion after the victory of Waterloo, to which it so heroically contributed. Napier's works, Jones's sieges, Batty's “Western Pyrenees, and Campaign of 1815,” and other publications, are quoted throughout; but the more particular and curious portions of the history are from the MS. journals of officers and civilians concerned in the transactions which they describe. From these, therefore, we will draw a few of the popular features, as specimens of the whole. We set out with an account of General Alten, who was wounded at the battle of Salamanca, and obliged to leave the field.

“General Alten's wound was caused by a carbine ball, which, penetrating the thigh, grazed the bone, and the effusion of blood was with difficulty so far stopped, as to allow of his being taken on horseback to Salamanca, where, about ten o'clock, the wound was dressed. Before leaving the field, the general directed his aide-de-camp, Captain Linsingen, whom he left with Colonel Arentschild, to inform him immediately if any doubt should be entertained of the result of the action, as he would on no account fall into the hands of the French. About three o'clock Linsingen sent word that the event was doubtful. Alten instantly rose, and, although told by the surgeon that, by displacing the bandage, his life would be endangered, he insisted upon being dressed and placed upon his horse; and the general had actually ridden a mile out of the town, on the Rodrigo road, when another messenger reached him, saying that the order to attack had been given, and no doubt was entertained of the result being favourable to the allies. Unwilling, however, to return without more accurate information, he remained for some time on the spot; until, judging by the sound of the firing in the attack of the third division, that the enemy were in retreat, he quietly returned to his quarters, having been on horseback nearly two hours. Fortunately no bad consequences resulted from the zealous imprudence of the gallant general.”

Soon after we have another good military story connected with the pursuit of the scattered enemy.

“The rear-guard of the beaten army took advantage of the respite thus afforded them, and halted about four miles distant, on the road to Olmedo. But the hussars were not idle, and Cornet Blumenhagen, who had the command of the party sent in this direction, brought in thirty prisoners. In the evening

this list was increased to nearly sixty; for, to the astonishment of all the brigade, the patrol, which had been sent to Blasco Sancho, consisting of only a corporal and five men, returned, bringing two officers and twenty-three well-mounted troopers! These belonged to a corps of Spanish chasseurs, which had been lately equipped for the service of King Joseph, and were under the command of French officers at Blasco Sancho, where they were surprised by the patrol. In this enterprise a private of the German hussars, named Kastorff, was the principal actor. After capturing four chasseurs, who were posted as videttes outside the village, he proceeded to a house in which the rest of the detachment were stationed, and, directing two of his comrades to fire through the windows, entered the house alone, and, single-handed, drove two officers, five non-commissioned officers, and eighteen chasseurs, from one room to another, until, at length, completely intimidated, they surrendered! Twenty-nine horses were found in the stables, and the whole were safely delivered at the head-quarters of the brigade. This exploit was considered worthy of notice in Lord Wellington's official despatch, and, by the special order of the commander-in-chief, the gallant hussar was promoted to the rank of corporal.”

At Bayonne on the following year (1813) we have a parallel of equal intrepidity in the ranks of the legion.

“The flag-staff at the stern of a French corvette was carried away by an eighteen-pound shot, and the ensign which it bore, fell into the water; seeing which a private of the first light battalion of the legion, named Lehmann, throwing off his accoutrements, jumped into the river and made for the flag. A heavy fire of musquetry was immediately poured upon him from the deck of the corvette, but being an expert swimmer, he evaded the shot, and brought away the flag in triumph. This exploit was rewarded by a liberal subscription from the officers who witnessed it, and Lehmann, a social spirit, employed the donation in treating the men of his company to a bottle of Lafitte each. This brave fellow was also a singular character: Previous to entering the legion, he had served in the West Indies, and there acquired a taste for strong liquors, but he never suffered this propensity to interfere with his duty, and, after receiving the balance of his pay, used regularly to apply for leave of absence from evening roll-call, and quietly spend his money in one sitting. Wishing to re-visit his home and friends in Hanover, after the cessation of hostilities in 1814, he took his discharge from the legion, and was considered to have left the service altogether; but on the 17th of June 1815, just after the first light battalion had arrived in the position of Waterloo, Lehmann made his appearance, and offered his services as a volunteer in the company to which he formerly belonged! They were accepted; but the gallant soldier shared the fate of many a brave man in the fierce contest of the following day, and fell,—although a simple Hanoverian rifleman,—worthy of a place among the best and bravest of his distinguished comrades.”

The conclusion of the war in 1814 is thus recorded.

“The mortified feelings of the French officers at the termination of the war, led them to frequent acts of unprovoked insult towards the officers of the allied army; duels were of constant occurrence, and among the rest an affair in which Lieutenant von Düring of the fifth line battalion of the legion was concerned,

excited considerable notice. In this case the French officer had invited several ladies ‘to see him shoot a British officer;’ but they only assembled to see the vain braggart fall; for the Frenchman's pistol missed fire, and Düring's ball killed his opponent on the spot. This duel had the good effect of stopping all further insult on the part of the officers of the garrison of Bayonne, who, it is but justice to the French army generally to add, reckoned amongst them many men who had been lately promoted from among the non-commissioned officers and the ranks.”

But Waterloo itself supplies the most interesting portion of this eventful history; and the defence of La Haye Sainte by the Germans, under their gallant leader, Baring, ranks among the brightest glories of that glorious day. We cannot resist the temptation to extract.

“It was about five o'clock. The attack was made by a preponderating force of not less than three divisions of the French army, which advancing in close column, surrounded the place. Baring's soldiers met the onset with firmness, levelling their trusty rifles with certain aim against the dense masses of the enemy; every bullet took effect, and often more than one assailant fell before the single ball of a German rifleman. The French, however, advanced with unshaken firmness. Regardless of the fire, they threw themselves against the walls of the buildings, and endeavoured to wrest the arms from the hands of the Germans through the loop-holes, or, rushing upon the open gateway, braved the bayonets of the defenders. This being a weak point, the assailants seemed confident of being able to force in; but the little garrison knew its value, and not an opening was given. Man after man was bayoneted by Baring's unyielding soldiers at this gateway, until the slain actually formed a rampart for the assailants; but still no entrance was given, and the furious contest continued to rage. On examining into the state of his ammunition, Major Baring found that the continued firing had reduced it one-half, and he immediately sent an officer to the brigadier with a request for a fresh supply. But no rifle ammunition was to be had: the cart which should have brought it, was upset in the general confusion that existed on the Brussel's road, and no other means of supply were at hand: This calamity was unknown to Major Baring; and some time having elapsed without the expected arrival, he despatched another officer to the rear, with the same request. The skirmishers of the fifth line battalion, under Captain Von Wurmb, were now sent to his assistance. Wurmb was killed at the head of his men. Serviceable as this detachment was, it could not compensate for the want of ammunition; and, after maintaining an uninterrupted contest for half an hour longer, a third messenger was sent off for a supply. This proved as fruitless as the two former requisitions. However, two hundred Nassau troops were added to the numbers of the little garrison, and the desperate struggle raged on. The principal contest was carried on at the open entrance to the barn. Against this every effort that the most determined courage, and the most untiring exertion could make, was directed by the enemy. But in vain: every Frenchman who attempted to cross the threshold fell a sacrifice to his temerity. At length the assailants finding themselves completely baffled at the gateway, gave up the hope of being able to effect an entrance into the buildings by direct assault, and resorted to the expedient of setting the barn on

fire. A thick smoke soon issued from the thatch, and spread alarm among the defenders; for although there was no want of water in the court, all means of conveying it had been broken up, and the greatest consternation prevailed. Luckily, a happy expedient suggested itself to Major Baring, who observing the large cooking-kettles that were carried by the Nassau troops, tore one of them from the back of a soldier, and filled it with water. Several officers did the same: the men followed this example, and, facing almost certain destruction, boldly carried the water to the flaming barn. Soon all the kettles of the Nassauers were employed in this work, and the fire was eventually extinguished: but many a brave man had fallen, and many more, covered with wounds, continued to expose themselves with a degree of devotion beyond all praise. Among the most conspicuous was Frederick Lindau, a private of the second light battalion, who, although bleeding profusely from two wounds in the head, stood firmly at the small door of the barn, and from thence defended the main entrance. Baring, seeing that the cloth about his head was not sufficient to stop the effusion of blood, repeatedly called upon him to go back; but Lindau, regardless of his wounds, as of a large bag of gold which he had taken from the enemy and carried about his person, refused to stir from the spot, saying: 'He would be a scoundrel that deserted you so long as his head is on his shoulders!' This gallant fellow was afterwards taken prisoner and lost his treasure. More than an hour was occupied in this second assault of the farm; and now the French, tired from their fruitless efforts, again fell back. The relief thus given to the Germans may be well imagined, but the anxiety of their commander was little diminished; every new attack served more and more to impress upon him the importance of the post, and more clearly to place before his eyes the deep responsibility of the command with which he had been intrusted. Placed with a small body of men in an isolated position, on the retaining of which, the lives of his soldiers,—his own honour—perhaps the safety of the whole army, depended; and where he would, in all probability, be called upon to make a decision involving all these considerations—Major Baring could not but feel a painful anxiety for the result, which none of the means at his disposal were adequate to remove. On counting the remaining cartridges, he found that the men had not, on an average, more than from three to four each! The gallant fellows made light of their wounds and bodily fatigue; they spared no exertion to repair the fractured walls and defences of the place, but they could not be insensible to the helpless condition in which they were placed by the want of ammunition, and made the most reasonable remonstrances to their commanding officer on the subject. These were not wanting to cause urgent representations of his critical situation to be sent in by Major Baring, and he finally reported that without another supply of ammunition, he would be utterly unable to sustain another attack. But, all was in vain; no ammunition arrived, and the enemy's columns were again seen advancing on the farm! 'At this moment,' says the gallant officer, 'I would have blessed the ball that came to deprive me of life; but more than life was at stake.' The conduct of the second light battalion of the legion on this memorable day—their complete abandonment of all consideration for their personal safety—the enthusiasm with which they rallied round their brave leader—the devotion with which they voluntarily sacrificed them-

selves to the cause of Europe and their country, may have been equalled, but has certainly never been excelled. On Baring exhorting his men to courage, and economy of their ammunition, one unanimous reply broke from them;—'No man will desert you; we will fight and die with you!' But this history would assume the garb of romance, were the various traits of heroism to be recorded here which distinguished the soldiers of the King's German Legion on the memorable field of Waterloo. The French columns again closed upon the devoted farm; and, irritated at the protracted opposition which was made, renewed the attack with redoubled fury. Finding the same resistance at the open gateway, they again attempted to fire the barn, but this was defeated by the same means which had succeeded before; now, however, every shot fired by the brave defenders rendered their situation more critical, and Baring, for the last time, sent an officer to the rear, saying, 'that he must, and would give up the place, if no ammunition was sent him:' the same cause which first prevented a supply, rendered this message also ineffectual. The fire of the defenders now gradually diminished; they called loudly on their commander for ammunition, adding, 'we will readily stand by you, but we must have the means of defending ourselves.' Baring's feelings may be imagined! The officers now represented to him the utter impossibility of retaining the place under the existing circumstances, and the French, at the same time, mounting the roof and walls, and pressing through the open gateway, which could no longer be defended, he reluctantly gave the order to retire from the yard into the rear garden. Wishing, however, to counteract the bad impression which this movement was likely to make upon the men, he left the dwelling-house occupied, and under the charge of the same officers who had proved themselves so worthy of the trust. The passage to the interior of this house was very narrow, and many of the men, while crowding in, were overtaken by the enemy, who vented their rage upon them in the lowest abuse, and the most brutal treatment. Here it was that Ensign Frank, who had already been wounded, was furiously attacked by two French soldiers; the first he ran through with his sabre, but, at the same moment his left arm was broken by a ball from the second: in this condition he sought safety in one of the inner rooms of the house, and managed to conceal himself behind a bed. Two men of the battalion also endeavoured to secure themselves in the same room, but the French followed, refusing quarter, and shot them both before his face; Frank, however, had the good fortune to remain concealed until the farm was retaken by the allies. The dwelling-house being now in the hands of the enemy, Baring saw that it would be impossible to retain the garden, and, therefore, directed the men to retire, as well as they could, to the main position; the detachments that had joined him as reinforcements, returned to their respective corps, and with the remnant of his brave followers, he joined the first light battalion in the hollow road behind the farm. Here the combat again raged, and many men and officers were struck down: of the first light battalion, Captain Henry von Marschalck, who throughout the day had exhibited a degree of coolness and bravery that could not be excelled, was killed; Lieutenant Albert also fell; Captain von Gilsa had his right arm shattered; Lieutenants Wolrabe, Leonhardt, Behne, Minusir; Captain Christian Wynecken, Lieutenants Koester,

Gibson, Genakow, and Adolph Heise, were wounded, the three first severely; of the second light battalion, Lieutenants Frederick Kessler, Luidam, Riefkugel, Tinman (adjutant), Knop and Meyer, were wounded, the greater number severely, and the gallant Lieutenant Grome, as he swung his cap in the air to cheer on the men, had his right arm shattered. In the retreat from the buildings, Captain Holtzmann and Lieutenant Tobin had been taken prisoners, the latter as well as Lieutenant Carey, being wounded; Major Hans von dem Bussche, of the first light battalion, was also severely wounded in the right arm, and was afterwards obliged to suffer amputation; Major Baring had many narrow escapes: four balls entered the cloak which was strapped in front of the saddle of the dragoon horse which he accidentally happened to meet with when his own was shot; another ball knocked off his hat, and just at the moment when he had alighted to pick it up, a sixth ball entered his saddle! The reader will, perhaps, be interested in learning how the day closed with the gallant Major Baring, whom we left in search of the remnant of his brave battalion: after riding about for some time in an almost distracted state of mind, smarting from the pain of his wound, and vainly seeking some trace of his men, he was accidentally informed that they had been obliged to leave the field from the want of ammunition; soon afterwards the cry of 'Victory' met his ear; the allied line advanced; Baring, having now no men to command, joined the first hussars of the legion, and, with them, followed the enemy in the final pursuit by the cavalry brigade of Sir Hussey Vivian. The halt having taken place, he again sought his battalion, and anxiously inquired after the missing officers and men. The invariable reply was, 'killed;' 'wounded;' out of three hundred and seventy veteran soldiers with which he had commenced the battle, a mere handful remained effective. Depressed by feelings of bitter regret for the loss of his brave companions, and exhausted from the pain of his wound, he lay down to rest upon some straw which the men had collected for his use: on waking the next morning he found himself lying between a dead man and a dead horse." We rejoice to add, "This distinguished officer has since been raised to the dignity of baron in his own country, and now commands the garrison of Hanover with the rank of major-general. The gallant Krauchenberg, also, who holds so conspicuous a place in the first volume of this history, has been similarly ennobled and promoted."

Respecting the final results of this dreadful strife it is stated:—

"The losses of the contending armies in this great battle were enormous. Out of seventy-five thousand French soldiers, scarce forty thousand effected their escape, and six hundred officers, and fifteen thousand men were killed and wounded in the army of Wellington. The brunt of the action fell chiefly upon the British and King's German Legion: of the legion alone, one hundred and twenty-nine officers, and one thousand three hundred and forty-three non-commissioned officers and men were killed and wounded, and the loss of the Hanoverian battalions, particularly of Count Kiemannsegg's brigade, was considerable."

Another anecdote of Colonel Halkett, given

\* "Count Kiemannsegg's brigade, consisting of the field-battalions Bremen, Verden, Luneburg, Grubenhagen, and Duke of York, lost twenty-three officers and ninety-eight men in killed and wounded.—Narrative of Count Kiemannsegg, MSS."



on the authority of an eye-witness, is worthy of being placed beside the foregoing:—

"Colonel Halkett's brigade consisted of new raised troops, the greater part of whom were then, for the first time, in presence of an enemy, and they became exposed to a destructive fire from the brigade of General Cambronne, which formed the extreme left of the French final attack. Halkett pushed forward his skirmishers to meet the enemy's advance; Cambronne's horse was shot under him, and Halkett, seeing the French general in front, cheering on his men, thought that a good opportunity was thus afforded him for inspiring his young soldiers with confidence, and dashing forward alone, towards the French general, he threatened to cut him down. But Cambronne dropped his sword, and surrendered himself to the gallant colonel, who proceeded with his prize to the British lines. Halkett's horse now received a ball, and fell, and on disengaging himself from the animal, he found, to his dismay, that the French general was coolly walking back to his own troops! By great exertion, however, he brought the horse again upon his legs, overtook his prisoner, and, thrusting his hand into the general's alguiette, dragged him off at a canter to the allied lines."

We observe the author states that Blucher and Wellington met personally at La Belle Alliance: a fact which we should like much to have ascertained or contradicted; especially as this supposed meeting has even given the continental name to the battle. Our belief is, that the chiefs never met there.

But, we must conclude, which we do by again congratulating these brave fellows on having had their gallant deeds recorded in so imperishable a manner. The MS. called the 'Guelphic Archives,' and contained in one of the Appendices, is a very striking paper, and cannot be read without great interest.

*Funeral Sermon, delivered in the Cloister Church at the Hague, on Sunday, 29th October, 1837, in memory of the Queen of the Netherlands.* By I. J. Dermout, D. D., H. N. Majesty's Court Chaplain. Hatchard and Son.

OUR readers are aware that the mode of preaching in the Dutch Reformed Church differs, in many respects, from our own. It is customary for their preachers, on public occasions, to address the principal personages or authorities who may be present. It thus requires considerable tact to do so without trenching on the special province of the pulpit, or making it the arena for fulsome panegyric on the one hand, or of unfair attacks on the other.

We have perused with much satisfaction the funeral oration recently delivered in honour of the late amiable Queen of the Netherlands, in presence of the royal widower and the members of his afflicted family. This discourse, which has been excellently translated from the original Dutch by Mr. James Marshall, of the Hague, is distinguished by fidelity, judgment, and good taste. Dr. Dermout, who is evidently no common man, has taken for his text the words of the Apostle Paul, Rom. ii. 29, "Whose praise is not of men, but of God." Besides the oration (for, in our opinion, such is its proper title), the prayers used on the solemn occasion are also printed in this interesting pamphlet, which cannot fail to arrest attention, and to teach a most salutary lesson to every one by whom it is perused.

"Exalted in station, extended in influence, the life of royalty, more than any other, affords a golden opportunity for the practice of the

nobler and more amiable virtues. Yet no one born beneath the shadow of a throne, or called to be the wearer of a crown, is truly great or glorious, unless, disciplined and developed in the universal school of humanity, he has learned worthily to fulfil the primal duties of our nature; and unless, under the conduct of religion, he has imbibed those virtues which, for every human being, form the most beautiful ornament. A secret but irresistible impulse of our moral feeling makes us apt to love and praise, in princes and princesses, the more eminent virtues of humanity, rather than those rarer qualities which they borrow from their lofty rank, and from the sphere of action in which their lot is cast. Spontaneously do we honour, yea, in fold, as it were, in our hearts, those among them who, in the ordinary relations of life, are distinguished only by their superior practice of what is good, and by their application, to the exercise of piety, of those exquisite means which their exalted station affords. On the grave of such, when Providence bequeaths us of them, the tears that we shed are pure—tears such as flattery cannot feign, and far more precious than the most eloquent panegyric. Such is the well-deserved homage which we offer to our queen of blessed memory, whose mortal remains were, but a few days ago, consigned to the grave amidst general mourning. Whatever lustre her proud extraction from a race renowned, whatever lustre her elevation to the throne of the Netherlands, might have lent her; whatever endowments may have been hers, of intellect and talent—and these were of no common order—she herself had chosen for her portion that noiseless but active virtue whose praise is not of men but of God. Whoever would attempt to describe that life with a faithful pen, must form to himself a sketch of what this excellent woman was for her tenderest connexions, and bring her forth from the sanctuary of domestic life. But that is a sanctuary inaccessible to unconsecrated feet. Nowhere is that sketch preserved with such fidelity as in the heart of our king, who alone knows what a tender, wise, and virtuous consort Heaven had blessed him with in her whose existence, during so many years, was so interwoven with his own—who was the faithful partner of all the vicissitudes of his life—and in whose intelligent society he loved to repose from the daily cares of state. None can more adequately extol that mother than our princes and princesses, who owe to her so excellent an education, so pious an example—who, in memorable moments of their own lives, and before the eyes of Europe, experienced her maternal love; and who now, with sweet regret, remind each other how neither distance of place, nor the approach of age, nor infirmity of body, ever withheld her from affording a mother's aid to the pledges of her love. But how, in the presence of our sovereign, shall I dare venture to pry into the beautiful and holy secrets, proper to the inner chambers of the palace? And how shall I dare proclaim in public those benevolent acts which, to our departed queen, were the luxury of life, when I remember that the charity in which she excelled should be treated as some precious jewel, which loses its lustrous purity when brought forth from its hidden repository and exposed to the breath of men. Rather let the poor speak of these in their dwellings. Rather let the book of record, which is with God, publish at the great day whatever she may have done of praiseworthy in humble imitation of that Redeemer, the greatest and most amiable eulogy of whose earthly life it was, that He went about

doing good. Not that charity appeared as the only salutary plant on the field of her existence. It was accompanied in her by a lowliness which withheld her from making a parade of her good works; by a uniform purity in walk and conversation; by a gentle affability, an humble sweetness towards all who approached her; and by a free and voluntary renouncement of the world. The world—in the course of her eventful life she had learned to know it and its vanity too well, ever to own its allurements, or, rather, not gladly to retire, as far as the duties of her station allowed, from the bustle of society, in order to commune with her God and with her own heart. In the school, and under the cross of the Saviour, she had been taught that patience by which she endured trials, and pain, and infirmity; till, like a true believer, amid the benedictions of her family, she surrendered her soul to her faithful Redeemer."

*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. Vol. VI. Edinburgh, 1838; Cadell: London; Murray, Whitaker.*

THIS volume will not, as anticipated, finish the work, which must be extended to a seventh volume; and, when we look at the almost deepening interest of the narrative, so far from complaining, we cannot help congratulating the public on the circumstance. Among the principal subjects now brought forward, are Scott's visit to Ireland, the history of Napoleon, and the great crash among the publishers, with whom Sir Walter was so largely connected. To these events we shall turn in another *Gazette*; but, in the mean time, must content ourselves with quoting a remarkable letter on the subject of Terry and Yates's negotiation for the Adelphi Theatre, which will be perused with increase of appetite at this moment when theatrical affairs occupy a considerable degree of public attention. It is thus introduced by the editor.

"Several letters were interchanged before Terry received the support he had requested from his Scotch friends; and I must extract two of Sir Walter's. The first is, in my opinion, when considered with reference to the time at which it was written, and the then near though unforeseen result of the writer's own commercial speculations, as remarkable a document as was ever penned. It is, moreover, full of shrewd and curious suggestions touching theatrical affairs in general—from the highest to the lowest. The second is, at least, a specimen of friendly caution and delicate advice, most inimitably characteristic of Scott.

*To Daniel Terry, Esq. London.*

Edinburgh, May 5th, 1835.

"My dear Terry.—I received your long confidential letter; and, as the matter is in every respect important, I have given it my anxious consideration. The plot is a good plot, and the friends, though I know them only by your report, are, I doubt not, good friends, and full of expectation. There are, however, two particulars unfavourable to all theatrical speculations, and of which you are probably better aware than I am. The first is, that every scheme depending on public caprice must be irregular in its returns. I remember John Kemble, complaining to me of Harry Siddons's anxious and hypochondriac fears about his Edinburgh concern, said, 'He does not consider that no theatre whatever can be considered as a regular source of income, but must be viewed as a lottery, at one time strikingly successful, at another a total failure.' Now, this affects your scheme in two ways.

First, you can hardly expect, I fear, your returns to be so regular every season, even though your calculation be just as to the recent average. And, secondly, you must secure some fund, either of money or credit, to meet those blanks and bad seasons which must occasionally occur. The best business is ruined when it becomes pinched for money, and gets into the circle of discounting bills, and buying necessary articles at high prices and of inferior quality, for the sake of long credit. I own your plan would have appeared to me more solid, though less splendid, if Mr. Jones, or any other monied man, had retained one-half or one-third of the adventure; for every speculation requires a certain command of money, and cannot be conducted with any plausibility upon credit alone. It is easy to make it feasible on paper, but the times of payment arrive to a certainty. Those of supply are less certain, and cannot be made to meet the demands with the same accuracy. A month's difference between demand and receipt makes loss of credit; loss of credit is in such a case ruin. I would advise you and Mr. Yates to consider this, and sacrifice some view of profit to obtain stability by the assistance of some monied man—a class of whom many are in your great city just gaping for such an opportunity to lay out cash to advantage. This difficulty—the want of solid cash—is an obstacle to all attempts whatsoever; but there is something, it would seem, peculiarly difficult in managing a theatre. All who practise the fine arts in any department, are, from the very temperament necessary to success, more irritable, jealous, and capricious than other men made up of heavier elements; but the jealousy among players is signally active, because their very persons are brought into direct comparison, and, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, they are pitted by the public in express rivalry against each other. Besides, greatly as the profession has risen in character of late years, theatrical talent must still be found frequently allied with imperfect general education, low habits, and, sometimes, the follies and vices which arise out of them. All this makes, I should think, a theatre very difficult to manage, and liable to sudden checks when your cattle jibb or do not work kindly. I think you have much of the talent to manage this; and, bating a little indolence, which you can always conquer when you have a mind and a motive, I know no one whose taste, temper, and good sense, make him more likely to gain and secure the necessary influence over the performers. But, *il faut de l'argent*—you must be careful in your situation, that a check shall not throw you on the breakers, and for this there is no remedy but a handsome provision of the blunt. This is the second particular, I think, unfavourable to undertakings of a theatrical description, and against which I would wish to see you guarded by a more ample fund than your plan involves. You have, of course, ascertained from the books of the theatre that the returns of receipts are correct; but I see no provision made for wear and tear of stock, expense of getting up new pieces, &c., which, in such an undertaking, must be considerable. Perhaps it is included in the charge of 36l. per night; but, if not, it seems to me that it will materially alter your calculations for the worse; for you are naturally disposed to be liberal in such expenses, and the public will expect it. Without baits the fish cannot be caught. I do not state these particulars from any wish to avoid assisting you in this undertaking; much the contrary. If I saw the prospect of your getting fairly on the wing, nothing could give

me more pleasure than to assist to the extent of my means, and I shall only, in that case, regret that they are at present more limited than I could wish, by circumstances which I will presently tell you. But I should not like to see you take flight, like the ingenious mechanist in *Rasselas*—only to flutter a few yards, and fall into the lake. This would be a most heart-breaking business, and would hang like a millstone about your neck for all your life. Capital and talent will do excellent things together; but, depend on it, talent without capital will no more carry on an extensive and progressive undertaking of this nature, than a race-horse will draw a Newcastle wagon. Now, I cannot at present assist you with ready money, which is the great object in your undertaking. This year has been, owing to many reasons, the heaviest of my expenditure, and the least fruitful of profit, because various anxieties attending Walter's marriage, and feasting, &c. after it, have kept me from my usual lucrative labours. It has, no doubt, been a most advantageous concern, for he has got an amiable girl, whom he loves, and who is warmly attached to him, with a very considerable fortune. But I have had to find cash for the purchase of a troop for him—about 3500l.: *item*, the bride's jewels, and so forth, becoming her situation and fortune, 500l.: *item*, for a remount to him on joining his regiment, equipage for quarters, carriage, and other things, that they may enter life with a free income, 1000l. at least. Moreover, I am a sharer, to the extent of 1500l., on a railroad, which will bring coals and lime here at half price, and double the rent of the arable part of my property, but is dead outlay in the meantime; and I have shares in the oil-gas, and other promising concerns, not having resisted the mania of the day, though I have yielded to it but soberly; also, I have the dregs of Abbotsford House to pay for, and all besides my usual considerable expenditure; so I must look for some months to be put to every corner of my saddle. I could not let my son marry her like a beggar; but, in the meantime, I am, like my namesake in the days of the crusades, 'Walter the Penniless.' Every one grumbles at his own profession, but here is the devil of a calling for you, where a man pays 3000l. for an annuity of 400l. a-year, and less, renounces his free-will in almost every respect, must rise at five every morning to see horses curried, dare not sleep out of a particular town without the leave of a cross colonel, who is often disposed to refuse it merely because he has the power to do so; and, last of all, may be sent to the most unhealthy climates to die of the rot, or be shot like a black-cock. There is a *per contra* to be sure—fine clothes and fame; but the first must be paid for, and the other is not come by by one out of the hundred. I shall be anxious to know what you are able to do. Your ready is the devil—

'The thing may to-morrow be all in your power,  
But the money, gadzooks, must be paid in an hour.'

If you were once set a-rolling, time would come round with me, and then I should be able to help you a little more than at present. Meanwhile, I am willing to help you with my credit, by becoming one of your guaranties to the extent of 1250l. But, what I am most anxious about, is to know how you raise the 5000l. cash; if by bills and discounts, I beg to say I must decline having to do with the business at all; for, besides the immense expense of renewals, that mode of raising money is always liable to some sudden check, which throws you on your back at once, and I should then have hurt myself, and deprived myself of the means of helping

you some other way. If you can get such a sum in loan for a term of years certain, that would do well. Still better, I think, could you get a monied partner in the concern to pay the sum down, and hold some 2000l. more ready for current expenses. I wish to know whether, in the 36l. for nightly expenses, you include your own salary, within which you would probably think it prudent to restrain your own expenses, at least for a year or two; for, believing as I do, that your calculation of 70l. per night (five per cent on the outlay) is rather sanguine, I would like to know that your own and Mr. Yates's expenses were provided for, so as to leave the receipts, whatever they may be, free to answer the burdens. If they do so, you will have great reason to be contented. I need not add, that Theodore Hook's assistance will be *impayable*. On the whole, my apprehension is for want of money in the outset: Should you either start with marked success, or have friends sufficient to carry on at some disadvantage for a season or two, I should have little fear; but great attention and regularity will be necessary. You are no great accountant yourself, any more than I am, but, I trust, Mr. Yates is. All rests with prudence and management. Murray is making a fortune for his sister and family on the very bargain which Siddons, poor fellow, could not have sustained for two years longer. If I have seemed more cautious in this matter than you might expect from my sincere regard for you, it is because caution is as necessary for you as myself; and I assure you I think as deeply on your account as on my own. I beg kind compliments to Mrs. Terry, and inclose a lock of my gray hair, which Jane desired me to send you for some brooch or clasp at Hamlet's.—Ever yours, very truly,

WALTER SCOTT.'

An amusing extract from the Irish tour must complete this brief note.

'We were still more amused (though there was real misery in the case) with what befel on our approach to a certain pretty seat, in a different county, where there was a collection of pictures and curiosities not usually shewn to travellers. A gentleman, whom we had met in Dublin, had been accompanying us part of the day's journey, and volunteered, being acquainted with the owner, to procure us easy admission. At the entrance of the domain, to which we proceeded under his wing, we were startled by the dolorous apparition of two undertaker's men, in voluminous black scarfs, though there was little or nothing of black about the rest of their habiliments, who sat upon the highway before the gate, with a whisky-bottle on a deal-table between them. They informed us that the master of the house had died the day before, and that they were to keep watch and ward in this style, until the funeral, inviting all Christian passengers to drink a glass to his repose. Our cicerone left his card for the widow, having piously, no doubt, written on it the names of his two lions. Shortly after we regained our post-house, he received a polite answer from the lady. To the best of my memory, it was in these terms:—'Mrs. — presents her kind compliments to Mr. —, and much regrets that she cannot shew the pictures to-day, as Major — died yesterday evening by apoplexy; which Mrs. — the more regrets, as it will prevent her having the honour to see Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth.' Sir Walter said it reminded him of a woman in Fife, who, summing up the misfortunes of a black year in her history, said—'Let me see, sirs: first, we lost our wee callant; and then Jenny; and then the gudeman himsel' died; and then the

coo died too, poor hizzey; but, to be sure, *her* hide brought me fifteen shillings.' At one county gentleman's table where we dined, though two grand full-length daubs of William and Mary adorned the walls of the room, there was a mixed company, about as many Catholics as Protestants, all apparently on cordial terms, and pledging each other lustily in bumpers of capital claret. About an hour after dinner, however, punch was called for; tumblers and jugs of hot water appeared, and with them two magnams of whisky, the one bearing on its label king's, the other queen's. We did not at first understand these inscriptions; but it was explained, *sotto voce*, that the king's had paid the duty, the queen's was of contraband origin; and, in the choice of the liquors, we detected a new shibboleth of party. The jolly Protestants, to a man, stuck to the king's bottle; the equally radiant Papists paid their duty to the queen's.

*Excursions in the Abruzzi, &c.*

[Second notice.]

WE must now confine ourselves to a few brief notes, and reserve the second volume for another notice.

Mazzella, a Neapolitan historian, states that "Celano gave birth to a monk, whom he denominates Il Beato Tommaso, who, he adds, was the author of those well-known and impressive Leonine verses, sometimes called 'Scquentia mortuorum,' but better designated from their opening lines as '*Dies ira, Dies illa*.' The notice which, of late years, has been bestowed on this portion of the Roman liturgy by several authors, and the felicitous use made of it by Goethe in his '*Faust*,' may render the discovery of its original author a matter of literary interest; but I have never been able to ascertain the grounds of Mazzella's assertion."\*

Among certain sulphureous pools, not far from the Lake of Cutilia and the River Velino (a district of Pelasgian repute and the birth-place of Vespasian), Mr. C. says,—

"The Abbé Chaupy, following the opinion of Varro cited by Pliny, which makes this spot the central point of Italy, has looked upon it as identical with Virgil's lake of Arusanctus; an hypothesis which has been much disputed. An old peasant, who accompanied us in the investigation of these singular phenomena, added greatly to the interest and curiosity they inspired by the recital of a circumstance which happened about ten years before. Being at work with other labourers in the vicinity of these pools, they observed the water in one of them to sink and finally disappear in a very short space of time; leaving the sides, which were very steep, and the interior in its whole depth, entirely dry and exposed to view. On one side of the cavity, placed in circular array, they observed a row of marble steps, or seats, surrounding a large jar or urn of earthenware, closely covered with a lid of the same material, measuring about fourteen feet in height. The spectators which had collected round the basin, attracted by the singularity of the circumstance, were impressed with the notion that this gigantic vessel must contain something precious; and, after a lapse of four or five hours, they let down one of the party, by ropes fixed round his waist and shoulders to secure

his retreat as well as to effect his descent; and moreover, in their impatience to obtain the object of their research, they flung large stones at the vase, and succeeded in effecting some fissures on its surface; but before they could proceed very far in their operation, the water returned in such abundance, and with such rapidity, that they had scarcely time to draw up the investigator; and, in a very short space of time, the pool was restored to its wonted state, the objects entirely covered, and the stream flowing from it as usual. The water, however, appeared to be tinged with a yellow and thick liquid; and emitted for some days after a strong and fragrant aromatic odour, which they supposed to proceed from the contents of the jar issuing from the openings they had made. The old man's memory did not seem very correct in the details of his marvellous narration; but the principal facts were attested by several other witnesses, who agreed in their account of them."

At Alzana, we read, "After a slight refreshment, examined the antiquities which existed very near our resting-place. These are supposed to point out the site of the town of Suna, mentioned by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, some similarity to which is still preserved in the name of Alzana, now given to the place in question. They consist of three rows of polygon walls, one above another, as at Alla; and a very curious monument exists between the first and second. This is a circular subterranean structure, formed of uncemented stones placed longitudinally, each row gradually projecting above the under one, till they bring it to a pyramidal shape, truncated at top, and closed by two semicircular flat slabs joined together, and having a round opening in the centre, above which another stone is placed which closes it. The entrance into this fabric, which in shape is exactly like a bee-hive, is from one side, at an aperture like a small window, through which the earth which had filled it has been removed: but the interior has not been excavated to a sufficient depth to verify the original height of the building, which, however, does not appear likely to have been considerable, the diameter at the lowest extremity not measuring above six feet. It is supposed by the natives to have been used as a cistern; but its miniature resemblance to the fabric known by the name of the Treasury of Atreus, at Mycenæ, and so ably described by Sir William Gell, in his '*Argolis*,' may point it out as adapted to the same purpose, though it has likewise been looked upon as a granary."

We conclude with a curious notice of the effects of malaria. At Pescara, our traveller states:—

"I found a miserable inn, devoid of the slight necessities which I had hitherto met with, even in places proverbial for such deficiencies. A general scarcity of vegetables, milk, and even fish, wine of the worst quality, and water barely drinkable (the Pescara furnishing the only supply), rendered half a day's sojourn in so dull and gloomy a spot a matter of considerable irksomeness; but the distance to Giulia Nuova, the nearest resting-place, was too great, added to the increased heat of the weather, to allow me to proceed further. The inmates of the inn, chiefly females, were, however, courteous and attentive; a disposition which shone through the languid listlessness which peculiarly marks the habits and manner of all persons who have repeatedly suffered from malaria fevers, in the same degree as the faded remains of a brilliant complexion could still be traced through the clayey

hue imparted by that disease. I had more than once previously remarked the regularity of feature, and cast of expression, which frequently distinguished the populations most exposed, from their local situation, to the ravages of this scourge; and this observation, renewed and corroborated at Pescara, added painfully to the melancholy impression which an intercourse, however transient, with the sufferers, is but too apt to produce."

*An Abridged History of the Principal Treaties of Peace, commencing generally after the Peace of Westphalia, and at an Earlier Period, with reference to the Question of the Neutral Flag protecting the Property of an Enemy.* By Capt. Furneaux, R.N. 8vo. pp. 547. London, 1837. Rodwell.

THE utility of a *coup-d'œil* and collection of this kind is unquestionable. History is so busied with action and events, and action and events attract so strongly the attention of readers, that the less obtrusive, but not less important affairs of the cabinet and closet are hardly observed with the interest due to them. Yet the stroke of a pen often effects more than the triumphs of a campaign, and the forgetfulness of a principle in negotiation not unfrequently causes the sacrifice of all that a successful war has been waged to maintain.

Entertaining these views, we have looked at the volume before us with considerable care, and have to acknowledge the weight of our obligation to it, for separating the deliberative from the active, throughout so wide a field and so monstrous an era, and thus presenting to us a more distinct picture of the former than could readily be comprehended when seen linked with the confused mass of general history. We wish we could extend our praise, and say that we thought as highly of Capt. Furneaux as a commentator as we do of his labours in compilation. But this, in truth, we cannot say; though we are free to acknowledge, that in some of the cases where we differ from him, there may be others who agree with all his conclusions. To us it seems that, on the grand question respecting free bottoms making free goods, he is very correct, and so, perhaps, in his expositions of the more ancient treaties; but when he comes to our own times, his opinions, like his name, appear to be quite of French cast and origin. The R.N. appended throws us off our guard, while we listen to statements and arguments which would flow more fitly from C. I. d'H.: Legion of Honour, not Royal Navy. That these are Capt. Furneaux' honest sentiments we do not entertain a doubt; but that, in certain instances, they have proceeded from want of information, we will select one remarkable example to prove. In 1807, the writer tells us, "The long-contested battle of Friedland was gained by Napoleon against the Emperor Alexander on the 14th of June, after which, the latter, dissatisfied with Great Britain for having taken no active part in the war, for refusing pecuniary supplies and the guarantee of a loan of six millions, accepted the mediation of Austria, which produced the peace of Tilsit." The motives of Alexander are, as we think, misrepresented in this extract; and in describing Mack's surrender at Ulm, p. 276, either Capt. Furneaux or preceding writers are wrong in the account of the numbers who surrendered and of those who forced their way through the enemy; for they differ very materially. But we are, at least, equally staggered by the following assertion in the Preface.

"England has always maintained a right to the supremacy of the British seas from a period

\* "Since writing the above, I perceive that the Count C. de Montalembert, whose researches in the study of the æsthetic poetry of the middle ages render his opinion of great weight, repeats this assertion in his 'Introduction à l'histoire de St. Elisabeth de Hongrie,' page lxxviii; and I regret that the learned author has not thought proper to mention his authority."—*Author*.

long preceding the invasion of Julius Cæsar, whose successors, it may be observed, could never have subdued the country, nor even have effected its partial subjugation, had the Britons been true to their own interests. It is questionable whether the western empire, in its decline, formally absolved the Britons from their allegiance, but it is certain that they recovered their independence, and with it all such rights and royalties as had originally belonged to them, or were subsequently assumed and exercised by the government of Rome."

We will only further, and without contradiction or reasoning on the points at issue, quote a specimen or two from the work under review, to shew the author's manner and inclination.

"The affairs of Naples were taken into early consideration by the congress of Vienna; and, on the 25th of January, 1815, Lord Castlereagh declared that Murat had not performed his engagements with Great Britain, and that, consequently, the disposition of the kingdom of Naples formed a part of the deliberations of the congress. The Emperor of Austria, having served his purpose by the alliance of the 11th of January, accused the King of Naples of duplicity and bad faith, and gradually left him to his fate. Neither Austria nor Great Britain have satisfactorily supported their charges against the king until his correspondence with Napoleon, which was the natural consequence of their desertion of his interests. England, indeed, had ratified no actual treaty with Naples, and was, therefore, not literally obliged to support in their full force the claims of its adventurer sovereign, but was, at least, bound in no way to oppose them; for it was under implication of a treaty of alliance with Great Britain, that Murat had so effectually contributed to the success of the common cause. Austria, on the contrary, was engaged by the treaty of Naples to support its existing dynasty to the utmost of her power, even at the risk of again involving Europe in a war; and it must be very difficult to believe that Murat was the first to violate engagements so clearly favourable to his pretensions. Few men, however weak or wicked, act contrary to their direct and positive interests, and those of the King of Naples were inseparably connected with a strict observance of his alliance with Austria; and the clearness with which the treaty of Naples is expressed is evidence that Murat was not so inefficient in the cabinet as Napoleon and others have represented, or that his ministers were well qualified to support the political interests of their sovereign; for, even after the additional articles had been procured through the intervention of England, there is nothing in the treaty unfavourable to the real interests of the reigning monarch. The pope was not obliged to consent to the alienation of any part of the patrimony of the church, and it certainly could not be supposed that the King of the Sicilies would renounce his rights without a struggle for their recovery. It may be a question of morality how far Austria was obliged to recommence a general war for the preservation of claims originally founded in injustice; although, considering the political situation of France, and the weakness of the other branches of the house of Bourbon, the alternative was not likely to have occurred. The difficulties were, doubtless, great and many in the execution of the treaty of Naples, and Austria had better have avowed them, and endeavoured to pacify the king by the offer of an establishment unconnected with the affairs of Italy. The King of France, by the treaty of Paris, had

made peace and friendship with the allies of Austria, which, as it included Naples, should at least have neutralised the enmity of his most Christian majesty, who, as the avowed champion of legitimacy, pursued the soldier of fortune to the untimely grave to which the King of the Sicilies prudently consigned his regal pretensions. Let the character of Murat be as unprincipled as his enemies have represented it, yet I apprehend that the charge of political perfidy, so bountifully bestowed on his memory as to his conduct in the alliance of Naples, must be transferred from their victim to the cabinets of Vienna, London, and Versailles, but, in the first degree, to Austria."

A yet more important epoch is thus delineated.

"The return of Napoleon appeared to restore unanimity to the congress of Vienna, so far at least as to direct the arms of Europe against him; and on the 13th of March, 1815, those powers who had signed the treaty of Paris declared that Napoleon, in violating the convention which had established him in the island of Elba, had sacrificed the only legal title to which his existence was attached; that in consequence he had placed himself out of all social and civil relations; and that, as an enemy and disturber of the peace of the world, he was devoted to public justice. The allied powers further declare, that they will maintain entire the treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814, and the dispositions sanctioned by that treaty, as well as those which they have decreed, or may decree, to complete and consolidate it; and that they will employ all their means, and unite all their efforts, to preserve the peace of Europe. This declaration was signed by the ministers of Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden. There is inconsistency as well as injustice in denouncing Napoleon (who in his imperial capacity was not amenable to the general operations of justice) out of the protection of the laws, on the ground that he had broken the treaty of Fontainebleau, of which it will be generally admitted he was not the original violator; the merit or discredit of which belongs to Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Great Britain, which last had consented to the arrangements respecting Elba and the Italian duchies. It has been asserted, and probably with some foundation in truth, that the allied powers, who felt the impolicy of allowing the ex-emperor to reside so near the scenes of his former greatness, had determined on his removal to a more distant asylum. Such was the declared belief of Napoleon himself, who did not require such excuse for the last acts of his eventful political career, as his enemies had afforded him other and equally plausible reasons for again unabating the sword of deadly contention, which he never could have attempted had not France been generally favourable to its early choice. It has been asserted, that Napoleon should have demanded the full performance of the treaty of Fontainebleau before he undertook to do justice to himself. He might have done so in mere observance of the etiquette of diplomacy; but, as his powerless representations could have had no influence on those who had systematically departed from their engagements, it was more consistent with the dignity and character of the man who, if we except Great Britain and Russia, had seen all Europe crouch before him, to avenge his own wrongs, rather than become a suppliant to those princes who had been the most abject minions of his ill-regulated ambition, and who would have spurned his griev-

ances with the same mean facility with which they would have again become his allies, or his dependent vassals, had policy or expediency dictated a change of sentiments. Napoleon, in the invasion of France, placed his political existence on the hazard of the die: had he gained the battle of Waterloo he might have re-established his dynasty, and, chastened by the salutary lessons of adversity, perhaps have fixed his ambition in the welfare of his country."

We cannot say that we entirely agree either with the morality, the political truth, or the fanciful conjectures of possibilities in the above; but we will conclude with, at least, a not inferior specimen of moral looseness:—

"The perjury of Marshal Ney, which has been so heavily reproached on his memory, may be equally applied to the whole army, and to at least a great portion of the French nation. His vehement protestations of loyalty to the French king may have been offered in sincerity, and were such as most others would have tendered, whatever might have been their ultimate intentions; and, when we consider the various forms of government which have existed in France since the revolution, *an oath more or less adds or detracts but little from moral guilt; and party feeling has made the violation of a solemn engagement as frequently an effort of patriotism and virtue, as of rebellion and irreligion.* If oaths of allegiance are unconditional, every Frenchman, of any consideration and advanced age, must have committed repeated and wilful perjury as well as Marshal Ney and his fellow-sufferers."

And what then? Does community, and extent of guilt, convert crime into virtue? But we return to finish with the more pleasant task of repeating, that there is a vast fund of valuable matter in this volume, which deserves a place in every historical library.

*The Carthusian, No. III.* London, 1837. Walker; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Sherwood and Co.

AFTER a lapse of time, occasioned, we observe, from a smart notice at its conclusion, by some split among the original editorial trio, the third No. of *The Carthusian* has emanated from the Charter House, and the press. We have always commended and encouraged productions of this kind. Nothing can more effectually improve the habits, cultivate the minds, and excite the talents of a public seminary. Education is made a pleasure instead of a task by such employment. The elders do their best, and the juniors look up and forward with the wish to emulate their literary glories. I, too, will write and be printed is a capital stimulus—the hope of authorship is a sweeter delight than ever was authorship itself.

But, independent of the design, the execution of this school periodical is really highly honourable to the writers. The "Auditor's Tale" is a lively and pleasant one; the "Gipsies," a well done poem, founded on Mr. James's admirable novel; the "Modern Lempriere," a good-humoured satire; and a criticism on Lovelace's Poems (Lovelace was a Carthusian), quite worthy of a place in the highest review of the day. If written by a youth, it is, indeed, remarkable for poetical acumen, as well as for general information.

We will select two or three of the quizzical notices from the "Modern Lempriere," in which the jumble of error is ludicrous enough.

"*Bridgewater, Duke of.*—An engineer of obscure birth, and most eccentric habits, but, by his great talents, raised at length to the Bishopric of Bristol. When his great success in canal-surveying caused him to be called to the

House of Peers, he was so little ashamed of his occupation, that he took his title from the subject-matter of his trade. He was a munificent supporter of cruelty to animals, and at his death left eight posthumous treatises to be published by Lord Francis Egerton, which have been wrongly assigned to various authors. A ninth is altogether spurious."

"*Buonaparte*.—Chiefly known as the writer of an epic in twenty-four books. Though a man of some consequence in his day,—for he was successively King of Spain, Naples, Sweden, Rome, France, and Holland,—yet he left behind him little but his literary works. He retired into private life sometime before his death, the date of which is uncertain; but the last time we read of him in history, is in an abortive attempt at an insurrection in the reign of Louis Philippe, King of the French. For further account of him see the *Life of Wellington*."

"*Burke*.—An enlightened philanthropist of the nineteenth century. He was the happy originator and eloquent advocate of a new and capital mode of punishment, which superseded the guillotine in the French revolution. He was remembered for the dignity of his carriage, and his chivalrous attachment to his unfortunate but not less celebrated contemporary, the accomplished but too profligate Hare. The splendour of their characters, and the ardency of their affection, caused the two friends to be named 'the Sublime and Beautiful.' His statue formerly existed in the Tussaud Gallery in the attitude of the orator holding a pitch-plaster over the recumbent figure of Marie Antoinette."

"*Hampden*.—A remarkably bad rider, being continually noticed as having 'fallen in the field.' He resisted the payment of ship-money, and the appointment of select preachers. He was persecuted by the bigotry of the Oxford papists; but having been appointed by the same party Bampton lecturer to the parliamentary army, and vicar of St. Mary's, he, at length, suffered martyrdom for high church principles, being burnt in effigy by the dissenters and nonconformists on the anniversary of the Restoration. See 'Tracts for the Times,' and his *Life by Lord Nugent*."

"*Mackintosh*.—A noted conversationalist and cape-maker. During his residence at Bombay he became acquainted with the virtues of Indian rubber, and on his way home weathered the Cape on very scientific principles."

"*Smith*.—A gentleman of most versatile talents and unbounded acquirements. Baker, banker, brewer, &c. &c. &c., he more than realised the omniscient Greek of Juvenal:

Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
Augur, schenobates, medicus magus; omnia novit.

Some have considered him as altogether an allegorical personage, representing the principle of Panurge, or of Ubiquity. It is more reasonable, however, to suppose that there were two persons of this name, the younger of whom, yclept Sydney, having distinguished himself at the siege of Acre, was afterwards buried with great pomp amid the canons of St. Paul's, and the lamentations of the people."

Another dictionary is not amiss; *ex. gr.*—

"*Cad*, the attendant to an omnibus; *a non cadendo*; as *lucus a non lucendo*, because he never falls; the passengers often do.

"*Tick*, credit, without paying; *τιχως*; because practitioners of this art often get placed 'within four walls.'

"*Lout*, *λῶντες*, *a non lavando*, one of the 'unwashed.'

"*Togger*, clothes; *a togâ*. The word most frequently means flimsy, showy, or fashionable dress; hence *gens togata* may be rendered the *neat mob*."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Universal Mythology: an Account of the most important Mythological Systems, and an Inquiry into their Origin and Connection; with Remarks on the Koran and Talmud.* By the Rev. H. Christmas. Pp. 484. London, 1837. Parker.

This is a very useful and excellent volume. It affords a sufficient view of the mythologies of Egypt, the Hindus, the Budhists, the Chinese, the Greeks, the Mexicans, the Mahomedans, the Scandinavians, and (with greater industry and research) of the Chaldeans and Phœnicians. The section treating of the latter has been supplied by Mr. C. P. Harris of Manchester, and displays great ability. It throws a steady light upon the earliest ages of the human race. The whole is most deserving of general acceptance; and, whether for scholastic instruction, reference, or common reading, we have not for a long time been better satisfied with a work of the sort.

*The Fairy Annual.* Edited by Robin Good-fellow. London, 1837. Robins.

THOUGH a large folio in comparison with Schloss's *Bijou*, this, in other days, would have

been thought a mighty small  *tome*, for its size is that of a small *snuff-box*. Being well stored with pleasant literary matter within, and adorned with pretty cuts, it will serve famously for a *Christmas-box*. The prose and poetry are original as well as selected; among the former, "Lays of the Seasons," by Thomas Miller, are very sprightly and fanciful.

*Substance of a Lecture on Poetic Genius and a Moral Power; delivered 2d October, at the Milton Institution.* To which is added, an Ode, by J. A. Herard, Esq., author of "Oration on Coleridge," &c. &c. Pp. 21. London, 1837. Fraser.

This little pamphlet must be carefully read and much considered to be fully understood. It is abstruse and metaphysical, but presents some admirable views of poetic genius, and does honour to the high intellect of the author. The remarks on Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth, as well as other poets, are extremely curious. The ode on "Creation" is most mythical.

*The Gospel History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* By Lucy Barton. With a Preface, by Bernard Barton. 12mo. pp. 318. London, 1837. Fisher and Co.

THE amiable and intelligent author of this excellent little history has already won the golden opinion of the public by a similar production, on the Old Testament, under the title of "Bible Letters," which received the sincere tribute of our approbation when it appeared, some few years ago. Its present companion is well worthy of a place beside it, for it is clear and pious, recording the great events of our Saviour's life in a simple manner, and yet not disguised by the familiarity and cant of expression, which too often turn the well-disposed, in disgust, from the perusal of such works.

*A History of London, from its Foundation by the Romans, to the Accession of Queen Victoria, &c. &c.* By Charles Mackay. Pp. 496. London, 1837. Parker.

VERY nicely abridged from the massive histories and accounts of London, which are all but inaccessible to the vast majority of readers, Mr. Mackay has here performed a very useful and acceptable task, in a very satisfactory manner. The volume is extremely entertaining, and deserves to be in every hand, but especially recommends itself to the inhabitants of the metropolis.

*The Veteran; or, Forty Years in the British Service: comprising Adventures in Egypt, Spain, Belgium, Holland, and Prussia.* By Captain John Harley, late Paymaster of the 47th Regiment. 2 vols.

PUBLISHED for the benefit of the author's widow; who, we fear, from the conclusion of the narrative, has been left in circumstances that must make us wish the volume more entertaining than it is. All we shall say of *The Veteran* is, that there is a constant succession of Irish stories and anecdotes, and some curious particulars of campaigning in the various countries nominated on the title-page. From the earlier statements, the military reader will see what immense improvements have been made in the army since forty years ago; and the general reader will find amusement in the tales and traits of some eccentric and other characters, not unknown to the public.

*The Encyclopædia Britannica (7th edition), Vol. XVI. Part I.* London, 1837.

THIS part is remarkable for a clear view of *Inland Navigation* throughout the civilised world, and a more detailed notice of that of our own country. Under the word *Navy*, there is also a good paper; but one upon *Optics*, though

not concluded in this part, is yet more worthy of particular attention.

*Henry Masterton; or, the Adventures of a Young Cavalier.* By the Author of "Darnley," "Attila," &c. London, 1837. Bentley.

To get a novel of Mr. James's in the shape of a single volume (and this is No. 61 of Bentley's "Standard Novels"), is a mighty temptation; and we need hardly add to it by noticing, that this is revised and corrected by the author, and adorned by a very characteristic frontispiece, and a pretty vignette by Cawse.

*A Visit to the British Museum, &c.* Pp. 304. (London, Chapman and Hall).—A familiar and useful guide, with many illustrations, to the chief objects of interest in this national collection. It is not only good for its purpose as a guide, but good for recalling what has been seen to memory, and even good to read for information by those who have not visited the Museum.

*Irish Collegiate Architecture, &c.* by Henry Fulton. Pp. 24. (Dublin).—A severe censure upon various functionaries connected with the Dublin University, and sent to us with an intimation that its freedom of discussion had precluded it from notice where its local application was strongest. We fear that we could at no time have excited interest on this side of the water, by entering into the dispute; but, at any rate, the death of one of the principals assailed must close our mouth and un-ink our pen.

*The Rambles of Captain Butto.* Parts I. and II. (London, Strange).—This is one among the many imitations of the immortal Pickwick pleasantness. It has some humour, and contains a few amusing incidents. It, moreover, possesses one merit (no small one in our eyes) over many of its competitors—it offers nothing whatever offensive to delicacy. The etchings are dull enough.

*Outlines of Naval Routine,* by W. A. D. Fordyce, R.N. 8vo. pp. 230. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Edinburgh, Lindsay and Co.; Aberdeen, A. Browne and Co.)—Every thing that a seaman can want in the way of information—a *vade-mecum* complete.

*Le Bijou Littéraire, ou Anecdotes Historiques, &c., par C. V. Martin.* Pp. 300. (A Londres, Simpkin and Marshall; Birmingham, Osbornes).—A very pleasant selection from French authors of repute, both "proseurs" (we wish we had one word for them in the English language, say *proseurs*, instead of the compound prose-writers) and poets.

*Bible Quadrupeds: the Natural History of the Animals mentioned in Scripture.* Pp. 271. (London, Tilt).—With sixteen nice pictures, of the most prominent subjects, by S. Williams. This is an excellent little tome for young people; cherishing at the same time a love for the holy volume, and a taste for natural history.

*Morals from the Churchyard, in a Series of Cheerful Fables.* With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. Pp. 120. (London, Chapman and Hall).—A series of well-meant allegories.

*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Davis's China, Vol. I.* (London, C. Knight).—No work could be more worthy of selection for republication in this form, than Mr. Davis's well-known and highly appreciated description of the Chinese empire and its inhabitants. So curious a people cannot be made too well known to every class of readers.

*Notes of the Young.* Pp. 214. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—There is much of sensible remark and valuable precept in this little volume, which seems chiefly to be drawn from preceding writers of acknowledged worth.

*The History of Parity,* by G. Winford Cooke, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 628. (London, Macrone, deceased).—From the year 1762 to 1832, and, consequently, including the Reform Bill, this volume is the most immediately interesting of Mr. Cooke's labours. The nature of the subjects and the rules on which the *Literary Gazette* has been conducted, confine us to the opinion that it displays much ability and offers general views of important matters in a way well worthy of public attention.

*Critica Nova Zealandica Futura, &c.* Pp. 55. (Cambridge, Grant; London, Chapman and Hall).—*Cambridge Crepuscular Conversations.* Pp. 31. (Cambridge, Hall; Hankin).—The first of these *jeux* is a pseudo New Zealand critique on the melodrama of "Mother Hubbard," and supposed to be written in A.D. 3211, the present copy being only the British autograph. There are a good many puns and jests not unworthy of the classic humour of the University. Lord Byron's line on a skull, "yet this was once ambition's airy hall," it is clearly demonstrated should be read "airy hall;" and Mother Hubbard's doggie smoking a pipe leads to a note on the antiquity of smoking, illustrated from Dryden.

"Aventinus drives his chariot round;  
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field."

And a number of other equally apt references. The second production does not strike us as being quite new.

*The British Medical Almanack, 1838, with a Supplement,* edited by William Farr. (London, Churchill).—This is a most useful publication; no medical practitioner can be without it. Every information respecting hospitals, schools, colleges, boards, &c., in London and throughout the kingdom is distinctly given; and, in other respects,



there is a good almanack and recent intelligence of much professional value.

*Selections from the Bostan of Sadi*, by Forbes Falconer, M.A. Member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, and Professor of Oriental Languages, University College, London. Pp. 107. (London, Straker.)—It is with much pleasure we notice this attempt to facilitate the study of the Persian language. To the student of this language, it is needless for us to announce that text-books are dear and often difficult of acquisition; and quite as needless to enlarge on the advantages of a beautifully executed selection from a work of acknowledged and standard merit, published at a price hardly ever affixed to an oriental work before. The *Bostan* is well fitted for a text-book from the beauty, interest, and simplicity of its narratives; the latter no small praise in a language where sound often hopelessly runs away with sense. Sadi's works, on the contrary, are generally elegant, in good taste, and devoid of meretricious ornament. The work under consideration is composed entirely of tales, all in verse.—There are between seventy and eighty of them, and they form about a third of the whole *Bostan*. Of this work there is no English translation. One was advertised by the Oriental Translation fund, but, in consequence of the death of Mr. Ross, the translator, never appeared. It is no small recommendation of this volume, that it is lithographed in a style of writing usual in Persian MSS. The student of Persian and Arabic has, generally, to deal chiefly with MSS.; and the mere difficulty of deciphering some of these is a very serious addition to the labour of the reader: hence it is of great importance early to familiarise the eye with the written character. The whole, as we happen to know, was written by the hand of the compiler.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

December 9th, 1837.

SIR,—The attention of the public having been so recently directed towards the expeditions of Captain Back, and other enterprising navigators, appears to render any account of the views formerly entertained on the subject of the north-west passage, and of the instructions given to our early voyagers relative to these parts, particularly interesting at the present moment, as affording in many respects a remarkable contrast to the more enlarged views and liberal principles on which these expeditions are at present conducted. Prompted by these feelings, I have been induced to offer to your *Gazette* the following instructions given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Martin Frobisher, about the year 1577, contained in a paper communicated some time since to the Antiquarian Society, by Sir H. Ellis.—Yours, &c., G. M.

"Instructions given to our loving friend, Master Farbusier, gentleman, for orders to be observed in the Viag now recommended to him for the north-west parts and Catain.

1. First, you shall enter as capitaine generall into the chardge and governement of theis three vessells, viz. the Ayde, the Gabriell, and the Michell, with all that appertaineth to them whatsoever.

2. Item: you shall appointe for the furnishing of the said vessells the number of cxx. persons, whereof lxxxx. shall be mariners, gunners, carpenters, and other necessarie men to serve for the use of the shippes, and the other xxx. to be mynners, synners, merchants, and other necessarie persons both (to) wayt and attend upon you, which numbers you shall not in any wise exceede.

3. Item: the victuals for vij. monethes, which is delivered into the said shippes for the provision of the aforesaid persons, you shall carefullie see the same expended and preserved without spoile or hurte taking by negligence.

4. Item: you shall not receive into your companie any disordered person as neere as you may, and upon knowledg had, to remove him.

5. Item: you shall use all diligence possible to departe with your said vessells from hence before the xxth of this present moneth, and to take your course either by the north or the west, as the winde will best serve you.

6. Item: in your waie outward you shall (yf yt be noe hindrance to your viadg) set on land

upon the coast of Freezeland, vj of the condemned persons which you carrie with you, with weapons and victuals, such as you may conveniently spare. And yf yt cannot be done outward, you shall doe your indevor to accomplish the same in your returne. To which persons you shall geve instructions howe they may, by their good behaviour, wyne the good will of the people of that land and countrie, and also to learne the estate of the same; and yf you set them a land in your going outwards, then doe your best to speake with them in your returne.

7. Item: when you shall be past the lands of England, Scotland, and Ireland, you shall directe your course with all your vessells to the island called Hall's Island, being in the entrance of the supposed straight which we name Farbusier's straight, discovered by yourself this last yeare, in your journey thitherwards. You shall have a speciall regarde, so to order the matter as your vessells doe not loose the companie the one from the thother. And yf any wilfulnes or negligence shall appeare in any person or persons that shall have chardge (or otherwise) in doing of the contrarie, then you shall sharpelie punish the same to the example of the rest.

8. Item: at your arrivall at Halles Island, you shall seeke good harborrowe for the shippes as neere the same island as may be, and there to place your shippes in safetie. And from thence you shall repaire with such vessells and furniture as is apte to the place where the mynnerall oore which was had, and which you brought hether the last yeare, and there to place the myners and other men to worke and gather the oores; foreseeing as thei may be placed as well from the danger and malice of the people, as from any other extreamitie that may happen.

9. Item: when you have placed your mynners and other persons, as before is said, you shall then embarke your self in one of the smaller barkes, and take the other barke also with you, leaving the Ayde behind you in the chardge of some discrete person, as well to receive and lade the oores which shall be gotten, as also to reserve the workmen; with the which two barkes you shall repaire towards the place where your men and boate was taken from you, and in the way going you shall make search both for good harborrowes and also for other mynnes. And if upon proof you shall find mynes to be richer than those from whence you came, then you shall returne to the first worke and receive the myners, and shipp to those other mynes, as you shall see cause; and the workmen being once well settled, then you with the barkes shall, for the searching out of your owne lost, and also to discover l. or c. leagues westward from that place, as you may be certaine that you are entred into the South Sea, and in your passage to learne all that you can: and not to tarry so long from the Ayde and workmen, but that you be able to returne northwardes with the shippes in due tyme.

10. Item: to consider what places be most apte to make fortifications, if neede require, for the defence of the myners and possessing of the countrie, and to bring perfit plots and notes therof.

11. Item: yf yt shall happen that the mynes doe not yeld the substance that is hoped for, then you shall furnish the two barkes with such as you may take out of the Ayde, and therewith all you shall proceede towards the discovering of Catain, with the two barkes for England againe.

12. Item: yf yt be possible, you shall leave some persons to winter in the straight, geving them instructions how they may observe the nature of the ayre and state of the countrie, and what tyme of the yeare the straight is most from yce; with whom you shall leave a sufficient preparation of victuals and weapons, and also a pyynas with a carpenter and thyngs necessarie so well as may be.

13. Item: you shall mistruste rather to much then any thing to little touching the matter of your safetie when you happen to come to have conference with the people of those parts where you shall arrive: so, againe, we require you that, in all your doings, you doe so behave yourself (and so cause your companie to doe the like) towards the said people as may geve least cause of offence, and to procure as much as in you shall lye to wyne both friendship and liking.

14. Item: yf you finde that the oore be of that qualitie and quantitie that is looked for, that then you do procure to lade so much therof in all your shippings as may be, although you doe leave out other superfluous things.

15. Item: you shall make your returne homeward by the west parte of Ireland, and so by the narrow seas of England to London, for that we doe take the same to be your safest course, because we doe not know what other matters may happen to you in the tyme of your journey; and, therefore, cannot prescribe what is to be done for your relief in a case. We doe, therefore, referre the consideration therof to your good discretion, not doubting but that the order which you take therein shall be agreeable with the good expectation that is conceived of you.

16. Item: we doe not thinke yt good you should bring hither above the number of three, or fewer at the most, of the people of that country, whereof some to be old and the other yonge, whom we minde shall not return againe thether. And, therefore, you shall have great care how you do take them for avoiding of offence towards them and the countrie."

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Book of the Cartoons.* By the Rev. R. Cattermole, B.D. The engravings by Warren. 8vo. pp. 185. London, 1837. Rickey.

THIS is an elegant volume, and must be an acceptable present to all young persons who are cultivating a taste for the fine arts. It commences with a slight sketch of the Life of Raffaele (to which is prefixed a very sweet head); and then proceeds with a detailed examination of the seven cartoons which adorn Hampton Court. Much as has already been said on the subject, Mr. Cattermole has invested it with a new interest by the tone in which he has treated it:—

"Himself (he observes) of the very opposite temper to that which is 'nothing if not critical,' he has, from mental habit, as well as from a wish to do justice both to his readers and his subject, endeavoured rather to assist the student of the Cartoons to admire and love the wonderful excellences of these works, by leading him to contemplate them from the same point of view as they were seen from by their illustrious author, than, by adopting the contrary method, to point out minute imperfections, and dwell on trifling inaccuracies; rather to implant the living principle of enjoyment and profitable delight, than to confirm the sterile faculty of coldly judging."

To one passage of Mr. Cattermole's book we

wish we could effectively call the attention of those who possess the power of carrying into effect that gentleman's recommendations. After observing that, "on rising from the contemplation of such a work as the Cartoon of 'The Charge to Peter,' it is impossible not to retain a strong impression on the affirmative side, respecting the question, whether pictures are, or are not, of any use in promoting morality and religion?" he says, "if it be true—as true indeed it is—that books

'Are a substantial world both pure and good,'

in which, rapt away from all that fevers and degrades us in the world we have to strive with outwardly, we may inform, raise, and delight the wearied spirit; so are pictures, of the highest class, a world also, of a no less absorbing charm and sanctifying tendency. In the church of Rome they are regarded as the books of the unlearned; and that church in all things 'wise as the serpent,' but not 'harmless,' has used them as such—partly, it is to be lamented, for evil, partly for good; for she has made them the instruments of superstition as well as the teachers of truth. But, why should the Church of England disdain, in this as in other things, to secure the use while she discards the abuse? Why may we not hope that, among the real improvements for which the way is being prepared by mighty contention and many illusive shadows of such, we shall hereafter, on entering the multiplying fanes of her pure worship, instead of finding our eyes repulsed by the sight of bare walls, have our minds enriched through that avenue with the ever-living ideas presented by the Bible, embodied in glowing forms, if not by Da Vinci, Raffaele, and Corregio, yet by artists whose hands enlightened patronage, an equally earnest purpose, and a purer faith, may teach almost as divine a 'cunning'?"

We must protest against the too frequent practice of engravers not to reverse pictures on their plates; the consequence of which is (as every tyrn knows), that the prints are reversed. In some few cases, although rarely, this may be unimportant, but in many it is productive of great absurdities—right hands becoming left, &c. For instance, in the "Paul and Barnabas at Lystra," Mr. Cattermole's description of the manner in which the sacrificer holds the axe is completely falsified by the plate. With the exception of the defect to which we have alluded, Mr. Warren has executed these little plates with great accuracy and beauty.

*Outlines of a Plan for the National Encouragement of Historical Painting in the United Kingdom. Originally addressed in 1809 to the Directors of the British Institution, and now respectfully submitted to the Consideration of Lord John Russell, Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.* By Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 90. London, 1837. Ridgway and Sons.

To his reputation as an artist, a scholar, and a gentleman, Sir Martin Shee has always added the merit of an enlightened, generous, and disinterested zeal in the cause of the higher branches of that profession of which he is so distinguished an ornament. We use the word "disinterested," because it is well known that, although no one can doubt that he possesses powers which might originally have been employed with success in a nobler sphere of art, Sir Martin has devoted himself exclusively to portrait painting; and because we are satisfied that, even in the event of any national encouragement being suddenly and unexpectedly af-

forded to historical painting, he has too much judgment to think, at his time of life, of commencing a new and arduous career; and of entering into competition with men, either in the enjoyment of youth and vigour, or whose studies have been long directed to historical composition.

The great object which Sir Martin has in view is to shew the fallacy of the opinion which is unhappily too prevalent, that the spirit of public encouragement in this country is the legitimate resource upon which our arts should depend for cultivation and perfection. He observes that patronage may be said to be of two kinds; that of the public, as exercised by individuals, and that of the nation, as administered by its government: and he maintains that the institution of national prizes and public honours would prove the only effectual mode of calling forth the genius of our painters, and cultivating the taste of the country. The detail of the means which Sir Martin Shee proposes for the accomplishment of this great end has been too long before the public to render it necessary for us to do more than to recommend such of our readers as are interested in the subject, and who are not familiar with the plan, to procure a copy of it without delay. We cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the admirable letter with which Sir Martin introduces the plan to the notice of the noble secretary of state for the home department:—

"To the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P., &c. &c."

"My Lord,—The following Letter was written, as your lordship will perceive, in the year 1809. It originated in a conversation with the late Sir Thomas Bernard and the late Sir George Beaumont, two of the directors of the British Institution, in which I took the liberty of throwing out some suggestions for rendering more effective the operations of that society. Having been assured by those gentlemen that there was nothing which the directors desired more than that some specific plan for the encouragement of the Arts should be offered for their consideration, I addressed to that body the plan which your lordship will find developed in the following pages. A proposition founded upon it was, I believe, submitted to the then prime minister, Mr. Percival. That gentleman, however, as I was informed at the time, after a considerable delay, declined to take any proceeding on the subject, as he did not consider the object in view of sufficient importance to justify the expense required for its attainment. At the period to which I refer, the country was exhausted by a long and burdensome war; the public mind was engrossed by subjects of the most overwhelming interest, and the Fine Arts had obtained so little general consideration, that no attention could be excited to any topic which related to their concerns, or was connected with their promotion. At present, the aspect of affairs is fortunately changed. The nation is now at peace, and its interests are, I trust, generally prosperous. The Arts, also, are more justly appreciated; their influence as effective agents of moral and intellectual refinement is universally acknowledged, and the policy of providing for their cultivation recommended by every enlightened class of the community. Under these circumstances, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that a project directed to that end may now be listened to with more favour, and perhaps attended with more effect. Impressed with these ideas, and under the influence of revived hopes, some of my brother artists have strongly urged upon me the expediency of again attempting to draw the public attention to the following Letter; con-

ceiving that the suggestions which it contains are not less applicable, at the present day, to the state of the Fine Arts, than they were at the period of its original publication, while the remoteness of that period renders it more than probable that the plan in question may have wholly escaped the notice of those on whose liberal character and official influence the interests of taste must now in a great measure depend for that protection of which they stand so much in need. In again offering my proposition to the notice of the public, I confess I am far from being confident of its merits, or sanguine as to its reception. But it is said (according to a favourite argument employed in cases of this sort), that if it should do no good, it can do not harm. It is alleged also, that the time appears propitious for the consideration of such a subject; that the readiness with which large sums have been voted for the purchase of works for the National Collection, decidedly proves that the government and the parliament are influenced by no niggardly spirit in such matters, and that an expenditure for the more direct promotion of the Arts would meet with no illiberal opposition from any quarter. I trust this is a correct estimate of the general feeling. To ascertain what the genius of our country might be able to effect under the application of a proper stimulus, appears to be worth a trial; and the experiment, even if unsuccessful, would reflect credit on any government. If my particular views of the subject are erroneous, they may be corrected by wiser counsels, which your lordship cannot fail to find within your reach; if I am officious, your liberality will discover in my position some palliation of the offence. But whatever may be the result, the same motive which has urged me forward on former occasions, will not allow me now to recede from the adoption of any measure which offers even a possibility of advantage to my profession, and which can be suggested as not only my justification but my duty. Allow me, therefore, to lay the following pages, most respectfully, before your lordship, as a nobleman avowedly desirous for the advancement of the Fine Arts, and as a minister of state, with whose department their interests may be said to be more particularly connected.—I have the honour, &c.

"MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

"Cavendish Square, Sept. 21, 1837."

We trust that this address may have the effect which we are sure it ought to have; for we claim to be ranked in that class of persons "who respect the Arts from a conviction of their importance, as well as a sense of their attractions; who know them to be as useful as they are ornamental; who are enlightened enough to see how far their moral transcend their mechanical effects; that they are as conducive to virtue and happiness, as to splendour and power, and not more essential to the present reputation, than to the future fame of their country."

*Portraits of the Brood Mares of the Royal Stud at Hampton Court.* Parts I. and II. Sams.

DELUGED as the public have long been with all kinds of pictures of the horse, the work before us may be safely pronounced as unique; representing a series of portraits of the most interesting animals,—interesting from their own value and intrinsic beauty, as well as from their having been the property of the King of England. Almost all pictures that have appeared of horses have been delineated from that noble animal when in a state of high condition in the stable; but in the present collection of portraits of brood-mares of the Hampton Court stud, we see them taken in their

natural state, of the advantages of which, for the purpose of pictorial representation, the artist has fully availed. The two Parts contain the portraits of twelve very celebrated mares, all drawn on stone by the artist; so that they possess a truth and correctness of drawing seldom to be met with in the works of able artists when they have gone through the mechanical process of being copied by an engraver. It is, indeed, one great advantage in the lithographic art, that the painter himself can draw upon the stone, and thus the prints possess all the characters of original drawings.

Looking over the portraits, we were particularly struck with that of the celebrated mare "Nanine," sold for 900 guineas at the public sale of the royal stud; and it is impossible to behold the "lop-eared" mare "Galatea," without finding oneself along with her in the paddock. "Fleur-de-Lis," a mare for which George the Fourth is said to have given twelve hundred guineas; and, also, "Maria," so much famed for her beauty and elegant form, and one of the Arab mares, which were presented to William the Fourth by the Imam of Muscat, are all excellent specimens of art, and exhibit a delicacy in the use of the pencil, as well as of sentiment, which will recommend the work as much to the lovers of art as to the admirers of the most noble of our domestic animals. We believe that the public is indebted to a young lady, Miss Wardrop, for these correct and spirited portraits.

*Richly Illuminated Programme of the Opening of King's College, London.* Written and presented to the Council by William Allsup, Second Arithmetical Master in King's College. Engraved under the superintendence of H. D. Smith. Moon.

ALTHOUGH we detest what is commonly called "fine writing," we are great admirers of the art of calligraphy; and a more beautiful specimen of that art than this performance of Mr. Allsup never came under our notice. The publisher's technical description by no means exaggerates its merits in saying, "The *coup d'œil* is highly imposing; the disposition and subordination of the various parts, the graceful undulation of light and shade, exhibit a perfect mastery of the caligraphic art. In the boldness and elegance of his style, and in the arrangement and variety of his emphasis, the author will strongly remind the connoisseur of the best works of Tomkins." The blazonry, by Messrs. Bishop and Tait, is also admirably executed; and the whole forms a superb decorative print.

*Monument decreed to the Emperor Napoleon the Great, by the Expeditionary Army (4th Corps of the Grand Army) and the Imperial Flotille, assembled at Boulogne for the Invasion of England, 23d Sept. 1804.* Lithographed by A. Picken, from a Drawing (after the original design) by W. P. Newenham, Esq., Lieut. R.N. F. Graves and Co.

THE sight of this print reminded us of Burns's stirring stanza.

"Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?  
Then let the loons beware, sir,  
There's wooden walls upon our seas,  
And volunteers on shore, sir.  
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,  
And Criffel sink in Solway,  
Ere we permit a foreign foe  
On British ground to rally!"

We confess our surprise that the good people of Boulogne have not long ago demolished a structure absurdly erected in anticipation of an impossible event.

*Sketches in Spain.* By George Vivian, Esq.; Lithographed by Louis Haghe and P. Gauci, No. III. Colnaghi and Co.

As picturesque and as pleasingly executed as the preceding Numbers.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Entomological, 8; Phrenological, 8.  
*Tuesday.*—Architectural, 8.  
*Wednesday.*—Zoological, 9; Society of Arts, 7.  
*Thursday.*—Zoological, 3; British Architects, 8; Islington Literary, 4, (the President on Component parts of Air and Water, and on the 11th.)  
*Friday.*—Jalington Monthly Literary Meeting.  
*Saturday.*—Royal Asiatic, 2; Harvelan, 8; Western Medical, 8; Electrical, 7.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

MR. ANGUS.

THIS gentleman, for upwards of thirty years accountant and treasurer in the house of Messrs. Longman and Co., finished his faithful services on the morning of yesterday. He died at Greenwich after an illness of several months. Mr. Angus was so generally known to the literary world, and so much esteemed by all who knew him, that we cannot but consider this brief tribute to his memory very appropriate in the *Literary Gazette*.

#### DRAMA.

*Covent Garden.*—A legitimate pantomime, fairly sustained by *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Clown*, and *Pantaloon*, has been produced, and most successfully, at Covent Garden, and, though Mr. Macready has already achieved much in the good cause, a real harlequinade at Christmas was wanting to crown his efforts. This he has now added, and *Harlequin* and *Peeping Tom of Coventry*, in scenery, decorations, *et id genus omne*, will be welcomed by all the holiday folks, children, and children of a larger growth, as one of the best pantomimes they have seen for many a day. At this season, our notice should be confined to the production of the night, but the endeavour to command attention from a Christmas audience, deserves honourable mention. *Jane Shore* was cast in such a manner, that, though the gods, and some in the inferior regions, were extremely riotous, and made much of the play a mere dumb show, yet much more was listened to most attentively, and great applause followed the fine acting of Mr. Macready and Miss Faucit in the parts of *Hastings* and *Jane Shore*. To expect a boxing-night audience to preserve perfect order would be useless, and though Mr. Macready only partially succeeded, yet even that is doing a great deal. The house was crowded in all parts, and, after a good overture by Blewitt, the harlequinade fairly commenced; it opens in the fields of Fungi, with a distant view of Coventry by moonlight, where the witch of Warwick is propitiated by the people to aid them in their endeavour to get the Earl of Mercia to "repeal all taxes;" she desires them to prepare a petition, and, aided by Tom the Cooper, to present it to the Earl. This is done while he is at dinner at his castle of Berkhamstead, a beautiful scene, rendered highly amusing by the grotesquely masked army of the Earl. Every body knows the condition on which the petition is to be granted, namely, that the Lady Godiva ride in a state of nudity through the streets of Coventry. This the lady at once agrees to, and a proclamation is made, forbidding any one to peep, on pain of death. Mr. Bedford sings a capital song, in form of proclamation, with a *bell obli-gato* and chorus; it is very humorous, and was

much applauded. *Tom's* prying propensities lead him to peep; at which piece of natural, but impertinent, curiosity, he is caught by the *Witch* and the *Earl*. The latter insisting on his forfeit life, he is changed by the former into *Harlequin*; a *Columbine* is found for him in the daughter of the *Mayor*, who himself forms the *Pantaloon*; and the *Earl* is changed into *Clown*. Their fun begins, and the *Witch* disappears. Come we to the actors. The *Earl of Mercia* was made most laughable in the hands (legs and body included) of Mr. W. H. Payne, who drew down frequent applause. The *Harlequin*, Mr. C. J. Smith, is a very humorous actor, and a very tolerable *Harlequin*. Miss Fairbrother would make a better *Columbine*, if she would have more liveliness; she is a pretty dancer. The *Clown*, Mr. Jefferini, is very strong, and very comic, but talks "too much." Mr. F. Clarke is equal to the average run of *Pantaloons*. The scenery is very gorgeous, and beautifully painted. We prefer Berkhamstead Castle, already noticed, and the Old Cross and Market Place of Coventry. The distance, in the opening scene, is also very good. The tricks and changes are numerous and excellent: some new, some old; among them we would notice "The Office of the Mirror of Parliament;" the shutters being magically withdrawn, a quantity of weather-cocks (Whig and Tory) are seen whirling round in all directions; and the World Inn, the changes, three or four in number in this scene, were very amusing, and exceedingly well managed. We have now nearly finished our notice, having arrived at the last scene. The interior of Guildhall, with the guests at the late city banquet, which was admirably transformed into the procession, with the Queen in her state coach, surrounded by the Life Guards on horseback, and cheered by her delighted subjects. This was a capital conclusion; and, to any one who did not see the real thing, it will give an adequate idea of the gorgeous spectacle of November. The only part that remains unnoticed is Mr. Stanfield's last work in scene-painting, namely, a diorama, consisting of scenes at home and abroad. It is a series of views, or rather pictures; for, though we have seen many splendid works of this kind of late years, we never witnessed any thing so perfectly beautiful as this diorama. Where all is so excellent, it is difficult to give a preference: we will, however, point out parts that excited general admiration. Lecco and the Adda, a Milanese scene, was a complete picture, as were the Col de Bon Homme, by moonlight, and Huy on the Meuse. The effect of the last scene was greatly heightened by the introduction of a regiment, which marched! in excellent order, over the bridge. The final scene was the British Channel, in which a line-of-battle ship was made to perform the manoeuvre of tacking: it was one of the very best deceptions we ever saw, and drew forth shouts of applause, which lasted for a considerable time. The whole is the greatest triumph of scenic art ever seen on the stage, and in itself alone, sufficient attraction for any night, at any theatre. Our task is ended, and we can only add, how much pleasure we have in having to find fault with so little. No expense seems to have been spared in the getting up; and *Peeping Tom of Coventry* will be more popular in this form, than it was in Kenney's capital farce. The house, indeed, has been crammed every night. Mr. Leffler filled Mr. H. Phillips's part, the

\* This is the great fault of clowns of the present day: Grimaldi rarely spoke.

*Count de Treinar*, in *Amilie*, for the first time on Wednesday. He appears to have given much care to the study of the music, and was completely successful, eliciting several encores, and a great deal of well-merited applause.

*Drury Lane*.—The pantomime here, of *Harlequin and Jack o' Lantern*, is clever and successful; chiefly owing to the capital acting of the principal characters, as well as the appropriateness and beauty of the scenery. Wieland is an inimitable pantomimist; but *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Clown*, and *Pantaloön*, are all full of bustle, smartness, and activity.

The *Haymarket* hashed up *Whittington and his Cat*, seasoned it with an old ballad by Mrs. Waylett, and a few crackers by way of garnishing. As it was not intended to last more than a few nights, it does not call for criticism; and now Power has gone for a fortnight to the theatre, it can do well enough without other attractions.

*Adelphi*.—After the exhibition of some new and pretty scenery—giants, dwarfs, distress (in spite of golden guineas), rescues, and so on, "Now the story is begun"—the fun of *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Clown*, and *Pantaloön*, commences, and goes on for an hour or so with much spirit. It is a regular pantomime—*Harlequin* and *Columbine* dancing and running—*Clown* and *Pantaloön* stealing, fighting, and getting into and out of scrapes—basket-women, eggs, fish, &c. &c., reeling about the stage in beautiful confusion—and one or two good changes. Of the latter, a gin-palace becoming a gaol so quickly is rather a serious affair. Registrar marriages is a capital hit; and a white child turned black creates shouts of laughter.

*St. James's*.—A burletta, called *Pascal Bruno*, and founded on the novel of that name, was produced here pro-pantomime; and, with the most brilliant performance of Mrs. Stirling, and the humour of Mr. Wright, went off with *éclat*.

The *Olympic* novelty is founded on the famous nursery-tale of *Puss in Boots*, which has afforded C. Mathews an opportunity of following the *mews* in a new range; and he got through it most amusingly. Madame Vestris sings some capital parodies; and Brougham, as an Irish ogre, surpassed any thing he has yet done. The scenery, dresses, and machinery, are all excellent; and the dialogue, which is the joint production of C. Dance and Planché, is what might be expected from such experienced hands. The burletta has, in consequence, gone off each night with increased *éclat*. Houses crowded to overflowing, and vehement applause from delighted audiences, have rewarded the fair lessee's exertions during the week.

*Opera Buffa: Scaramuccia*.—On Saturday, the favourite opera of last season was revived. We had also one or two of the performances of last year. Catone has not so much to do *solo* as generally falls to his share; but his sweet tones enrich the concerted pieces throughout the opera. The *Scaramuccia* of Sig. F. Lablache is a capital piece of acting—in one or two parts closely resembling his father, both in manner and in tone of voice. His leading the orchestra with an immense white stick was most laughable. Sig. L. Bellini played *Tomaso* with much humour—a little too boisterous perhaps, but his constant attention to by-play and his spirit, not only renders his own part prominent, but materially assists those who may be acting with him. The lively, coquetish *Sandrina* was played by Madame Scheroni, who made her first appearance in England. Possessing a pretty, fairylike person, a pleasant,

slightly affected manner, and not a little comic talent, this lady is an agreeable addition to the company. Truth, however, compels us to admit, we do not think her voice is above mediocrity, and now and then she sings out of tune. These defects are partly covered by her very fair execution, lively acting, and taking manner. Miss F. Wyndham's pure and rich contralto voice is heard to advantage in a small theatre; though, even here, some of her sweetest notes are quite lost in the more remote parts of the house. Madame Bellini and Signor Sanquirico did justice to the slight parts entrusted to them.\*

#### VARIETIES.

*Captain Burnes*.—The "Bombay Courier" of the 9th of August, contains the most recent accounts from Capt. Burnes, in Upper India. Our intelligent and gallant countryman states, that he has found the latitude and longitude of many places to be very erroneously laid down in our charts. He was near the seat of war between the Sheiks and Afghans, and using his best endeavour to bring about a pacification between Runjeet Singe and Dust Mahommed Khan; but the parties were much exasperated against each other, in consequence of a sanguinary attack upon Runjeit's troops, at Peshawar. Of the navigation of the Indus, Capt. Burnes speaks rather favourably; but the condition of the natives upon its banks is likely to create considerable obstacles to commerce. Capt. Burnes had reached close upon the salt range, in a vessel of 80 tons burden, without interruption; and the only part of the river which has a regular inundation, is above Chittur, where strong southerly winds prevail, insomuch, that the voyage from Chittur to Deru Ismael Khan was made in seventeen days. Every thing useful and beneficial may be looked for from the enterprise and abilities of our brave friend.

*Exeter Hall*.—On the 22d, the performance of Handel's "Messiah," by the Sacred Harmonic Society, attracted an immense crowd. The magnificent choruses and exquisite solos are known and appreciated by all lovers of sacred music. Of course, we have only to speak of the execution, which was most creditable—five hundred performers swelled the choruses; and in the "Hallelujah!" the audience standing, as well as the vocalists, the effect was truly fine; the dreadful heat and crowd obliged us to leave after the second part.

*The Electors* to the Seatonian prize, in announcing the subject for the present year, also gave notice, "that if any poem shall appear to possess distinguished merit, a premium of 100l. will be adjudged."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

*University of Durham*.—The prize for the essay "On the Existence of a Moral Sense," is assigned to Dr. Cundells. Mr. Raymond's prize for the essay by an under-graduate, "The Character of the Historical Narrative of Herodotus contrasted with that of Thucydides," is assigned to H. R. Watson.

*Paris's Drawing of the Queen* is attracting very great applause. Queen Adelaide, among other distinguished members of the royal family, has expressed the utmost approbation of it.

*Queen Victoria's Pocket-Book*, for 1838 (W. Marshall), is quite the thing for the use of lady or housekeeper, with all the appurtenances of almanac, memoranda, &c. &c. and a number

\* Our dramatic notices of this busy week are unequal; but where there were so many claims upon our notice, we were obliged to serve with longest notices those pieces which we had an opportunity of seeing first. All the theatres have been fully attended.

of neat engravings. *The Pickwick Comic Almanac*, with twelve comic subjects, by R. Cruikshank, is not so well. Boz cannot be successfully imitated: in other respects, however, this annual is useful and amusing.

*New Principle of Heat*.—We have not had an opportunity of examining, but have heard an extraordinary account of a new principle of heat, which has been visible, at least its receptacle has, at the Jerusalem Coffee-house. This matter, in an iron vase or stove, radiates during twenty-four hours, and is applicable to the heating of apartments, the boiling of water, the raising of steam; and, in short, possesses every quality of fire, though confined within so small a compass. It is said to be the invention of a gardener, and the most unbounded effects are anticipated from its use. Washing, drying, and ironing, are completed within a few minutes by a small apparatus; but if the principle can, as supposed, be applied to locomotive engines and steam vessels, it is impossible to say what wonders it may be able to produce. Since writing the foregoing, we have, at the latest hour, gone to the city and inspected this invention. We have only to repeat, that we consider it a surprising and very important discovery. It may be safely taken in a carriage, warm halls, cathedrals—in short, answer a thousand useful and scientific purposes.

*Magnificent Pianoforte*.—We were yesterday much gratified by being permitted to see and hear a grand piano, built by Messrs. Zeitter and Co. for Mr. Goding. In music it is of a very high order of merit; but its unique attraction is in the instrument itself, with its embellishments of art. Mr. Goding, it seems, discovered this splendid curiosity in Paris, and, after some years of watchfulness, had the good luck to make himself its owner. It was a harpsichord, built for Louis XIV., and possessing all the gorgeous beauty which, of right, pertained to that sovereign, of the rich and superb in the fashion of furniture. The inside of the lid was decorated by the glowing pencil of Watteau, and every compartment of the frame was decorated in a style not unworthy of this interesting picture. Messrs. Zeitter have been engaged to convert it into a grand pianoforte; and, in our opinion, they have succeeded to admiration.

*Monument to Chatterton*.—An advertisement in this Number will explain the proposition for a monument to the memory of Chatterton at his native Bristol. We had intended to have enforced the recommendation, but this statement, and a review of Dix's Life of the poet, which we have in store, render it unnecessary to enter upon the subject now.

*National Dish*.—Prince P—E— was speaking of dishes peculiar to different countries, and, being told that roast beef was the national dish of Old England, he observed, "No, no; it is not. I have been three months in London, and never seen one bite of roast beef on any von table; but I have never but see the national dish, viz. cock and pig." [Chickens and ham!]

*Weather Wisdom*.—Lieut. Morrison having finished with 1837, we take up Mr. Murphy (Weather Almanac), for the present, without remark. After a sample or two of the prophetic, we will refer to his theory and observations. "Monday, Jan. 1, fair-frost. Tuesday, 2, and Wednesday, 3, the same. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, changeable.

*Clever Thief*.—The newspapers contain an account of a pale-faced youth, who contrived, by delivering a fictitious message, to walk off with a new invisible green great-coat!

**Pompey's Pillar.**—The "Malta Gazette" states that a party of English seamen, belonging to the *Hermes* steamer, lately repeated the feat of ascending to the top of Pompey's Pillar, where ten of them hoisted the Union flag, and drank the Queen's health with thrice three cheers and a salute of musketry. It was very tempestuous at the time, and the pillar rocked so much as to spill the wine out of a wine-glass.

*On a Man who stole a Print.*

"What? Dick a patron of the Arts?" "Tis true,—And so, good sir, look not thus unbelieving; For Dick doth patronise, and practise too, That very ancient art—the art of thieving." H.

*On a dull Preacher.*

From what college, I pray, does you dull preacher come? From St-Bee's, to be sure, he's so very hum drum. H.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*In the Press.*

Thoughts on Tactics and Military Organisation, with an Inquiry into the Offensive and Defensive Power of Russia, by Lieut.-Colonel Mitchell, h.p. Author of "Life of Wallenstein," &c. &c.—Rationalism and Revelation; or, the Testimony of Moral Philosophy, the System of Nature, and the Constitution of Man to the Truth of the Doctrines of Scripture; being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1837, by the Rev. Richard Parkinson, B.D. Hulsean Lecturer.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Animals in Menageries, by W. Swainson, Esq. forming Vol. XCVIII. of Dr. Lardner's Cyclopaedia, with numerous Illustrations, fcap. 6s.—Middleton's Life of Cicero, new edition, 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.—Female Efforts Encouraged, fcap. 2s. 6d.—Rev. B. Powell's Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth, 8vo. 9s.—The Life and Times of Louis XIV., by G. P. R. James, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 8s.—Love, by the Authoress of "Flirtation," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.—T. S. Cooper's Sketches of Nature, hf.-bd. morocco, 11. 11s. 6d.—Sir John Barrow's Life of Richard, Earl Howe, 8vo. 12s.—Dr. J. Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, 8th edition, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Anglo-India, Social, Moral, and Political, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 7s.—Illustrations of the History and Practice of the Thugs, 8vo. 15s.—A. J. Powell on Willis, 2d edition, 12mo. 4s.—Celestial Scenery, or the Wonders of the Planetary System, by T. Dick, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—The Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. VI. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Quarles's Divine Emblems, with Etchings, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Marquess Wellesley's Despatches and Correspondence—Spain. Edited by Montgomerie Martin, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Supplement to Every Almanac for 1838, 3s.—Bishop Reynolds's Meditations for every Day in the Year, fcap. 5s. 6d.—Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV. 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 10s.—Buttman's Catalogue of Irregular Greek Verbs, by the Rev. J. R. Fahlke, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Eloquence, by the Author of "Robert D'Artois," 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.—The Queen's Visit to the City; a Panoramic Representation, The East long. 7s. 6d. coloured.—Freeling's Grand Junction Railway Companion, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—More Hints on Etiquette, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Memoirs of Mr. J. E. Trevelyan, by R. Trevelyan, Jun. 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Eternal Sonship, by R. Trevelyan, Jun. 12mo. 7s.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 21	From 35 to 44	29.75 to 30.21
Friday... 22	.... 35 .. 51	30.02 .. 29.87
Saturday... 23	.... 40 .. 55	29.70 .. 29.69
Sunday... 24	.... 39 .. 53	29.69 .. 29.91
Monday... 25	.... 42 .. 53	29.69 .. 29.94
Tuesday... 26	.... 34 .. 50	29.87 .. 29.80
Wednesday 27	.... 39 .. 47	29.73 .. 29.76

Prevailing winds, S.W. and S.E.

Except the 25th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain; remarkably mild on the 23rd and four following days.

Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude ..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude .... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* Our table is literally covered with new works, which reached us on Wednesday and Thursday, and which we can only mention as likely to furnish us with occupation and matter for a month to come. Wilkinson's "Ancient Egypt" is, we know, a performance of intrinsic value. Croker's "Biography of the Rebel Holt" appears to be full of interest. Not only have Lady C. Bury's "Proofs of Love" arrived, but the thing complete in three volumes. "History of Thugs and Thuggery;" and we know not how many others are in array before us, and shall be reviewed with all convenient speed.

A Friend at Lincoln might have been able to refute the foolish assertion relative to the *quantum* of information. The public is judicious enough to hold a widely opposite opinion.

## ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

### MONUMENT to CHATTERTON.

A few gentlemen of Bristol, admirers of the genius of Chatterton, and desirous of enriching the city of his birth with a memorial of his literary genius, have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, or in some other appropriate situation.

There is no stone or tablet within the walls of Bristol to tell the stranger of one of her most highly gifted sons, or to recall the memory of his genius to the present generation. The local efforts now being made to supply this memorial, will, it is hoped, be successful; but as the fame of Chatterton is a national possession, contributions are invited from all who have sympathized with the fortunes and character of the youthful poet, and who can feel it a pleasure to join in paying a tribute of admiration and regret at the shrine of neglected genius.

Subscriptions will be received by John Dig. Jun., Esq., 2 Duncannon Place, Lullington; The Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand; The Editor of the *Athenaeum*, Wellington Street near Waterloo Bridge, Strand; Mr. Strong, Bookseller, Bristol and Exeter; and by Alexander George, Esq., Bristol, 21, Dec. 1837.

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H. A. Palmer	1	0	0
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Biblical Cabinet, 193, 801. Bibliotheca Cantiana, 699. Bijou Littéraire, 835. Birds, the Language of, 529. Birmingham and its Vicinity, 25. Birthday Tribute, 284. Bivouac, the, 475. Black Sea, Geographical, &c. Account of the Russian Ports of the, 87. Black Sea, Three Voyages in the, 315. Boileau's Linguist, 634. Bollo, Capt. Rambles of, 335. Bonaparte, Biographie de Napoleon Louis, 537. Relation de l'Enterprise du, 537. Bonneville, Adventures of Capt., 300. Book of Beauty, 751, 765. Book of Gems, 688. Book of Human Character, 809. Book of the New Covenant, 49. Book-keeping, Guide to, 192. Book of Sports, 548. Bosworth Field, 351. Botanist, 529. Botanical Manual, 57. Botany, Science of, 209. Elements of, 209. Boulogne le Gourz, Tour of, in Ireland, 47. Bridal of Northall, 69. Bridgewater Treatise, 25, 301. Britannia, &c. an Essay, 192. Britannia Ingrata, 751. British Birds, History of, 107, 446, 558, 705. British Colonial Library, 68, 309, 502, 721. British Colonies, the Emigrant's Introduction to an Acquaintance with, the, 451. British Cyclopædia of Natural History, 496. British Diplomacy and Turkish Independence, 616. British Ferns, Analysis of, 530. British Fishes, History of, 107. British Medical Almanack, 835. British Museum, a Visit to the, 835. British Quadrupeds, History of, 107, 550. Song-Birds, 60. Brougham, Lord, Opinions of, 350. Brougham, Lord, Sir A. B. Faulkner's Letters to, 155. Burke's Genealogical History of the Commoners of Great Britain, 433. Burt's Miscellaneous Papers, 209. Byron's Miscellanies, 417. Byron, Lord, Tales by, 71. Byron, Murray's Pocket, 288; Works of, 350. Cabinet Cyclopædia, 8, 70, 193, 224, 378, 433, 498, 574, 705, 784, 800. Caffre Nations, Wrongs of the, 384. Calderon, Works of, 351. Cambracres, Evenings with, 237. Cambridge Crepuscular Diversions, 495. Camillas, 784. Campbell's Poetical Works, 688. Caragulu, the, a Poem, 85. Carbonic Acid Gas, on the Efficacy of, 530. Cargill, Life of, 331. Carthusian, 834. Case on the 43d of Elizabeth for the Relief of the Poor, 573. Castle of Chillon, 480. Central Society of Education, 413. Chapters on Early English Literature, 609. Charlemagne, 123. Charles Eaton, Narrative of the Melanchole Shipwreck of the, 578. Chelsea Hospital, 685, 699. Cheltenham and its Environs, a New Guide to, 784. Cheltenham Annuaire for 1857, 113. Chest and Spine, on Chess-Board Conjunction, 751. Chest and Spine, on Deformities of the, 70. Child Harold, 8. Children of the Nobility, Portraits of, 734. Child's First Book of Manners, 331. Child's Hand-Book, 463. Chimneys, Description of Patent Metallic Lining for, 561. Cholera, on the Antidotal Treatment of, 433. Christian Correspondent, 57. Christian Keepsake, 653. Christian's Penny Magazine, 40. Christian Theology, 451. Christmas Library, 702. Chronology, Conversations on, 806. Church, &c. the Abuses Swept out of the, 193. Church of England Preacher, 800. Church of England Quarterly Review, 25. Cicero, 654. 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Conversations on the Human Frame and Five Senses, 784. Cooper's Recollections of Europe, 52. Cory's Egyptian Chronology, 528. Cosmo de Medici, 194. Cottle's Poems, Selection of, 801. Coulson on the Hip-Joint, 351. Country Stories, 451. Coup-d'œil sur le Progrès, &c. de la Littérature Anglo-Saxonne en Angleterre, 150. Courtship and Marriage, Philology of, 521. Cowper's Poems, 413, 800, 288, 399, 529, 784. Creation, Progress of, 417. Creta, Travels in, 221. Crichton, 142. Critica Nova Zealandica Futura, 835. Crockett's Exploits, 350. Croly's, Dr., Address to the London Conservative Meeting, 498. Crusades, Results of the, 71. Curiousities of Medical Experience, 18, 36, 54. Cynsore, the, 801. Dante, the Purgatorio of, 71. Danube, Guide along the, 529. Das Sprachgeschlecht der Titanen, 337. Death of Marlowe, 784. De Porquet's First Italian Reading Book, 368; French and English, and English and French Versions, 784; Turning English Idioms into French Idioms at Sight, 784. 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Elements of Practical Knowledge, 271. Encyclopædia Britannica, 192, 368, 578, 835. Encyclopædie des Gens du Monde, 71. England, the Authors of, 683. England, a Family History of, 113. England, Goldsmith's History of, 351. England, with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis, 347. England, History of, 493, 784. England, Lingard's History of, 410. England, Lord Mahon's History of, 410. England, the Seven Ages of, 547. England under Seven Administrations, 209. English Annual, 653. English Grammar, an Abridgement of Murray's, 784. English Grammar, Principles of, 319. English History, Sketches of, 654. English Pleasure Carriages, 451. English Poetry, Lectures on, 529. Enigmatical Recreations, 57. Entomology, Lectures on, 604. Ermanaric, a Poem, 260. Ernest Maltravers, 609, 720. Essays, Literary and Political, 209. Ethelbert, a Poem, 269. Ethel Chetwyl, 623. Etiquette, the Ladies' Science of, 531. Europe, 364. Europe, Alison's History of, 718, 735. Europe, the History of Civilisation in, 255. Europe, Questions on the History of, 654. Exchequer, Issues of the, 729. Exercises for Ladies, 89. Extraterritorial, the, a Poem, 85. Exposure of the Unchristian, &c. Principles set forth in Combe's "Constitution of Man," 339. Eye the Philosophy of the, 451. Factory System, Evils of the, 112. Falkner, 66. Family Library, 351. Family Nurse, 815. Family Poetry, 192. Faulkner's Letters to Lord Brougham, 155, 461. Faulkner's Travels, 481. Female Beauty, 89, 521. Ferdinand and Isabella, History of the Reign of, 733. Fluden's Tableaux, 608. First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan, 236. Forget-Me-Not, 665. Flittings of Fancy, 54. Flora's Gems, 364. Florian, Selection of Fables from, 498. Flowers of Ebor, 269. Flowers of Loveliness, 667. Fly-fisher's Entomology, 441. Fragments and Fancies, 682. Francis Abbot, 481. French Language, Introductory Lessons in the, 57. French Revolution, a History, 380, 705. 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Grape Vine, a Practical Treatise on the, 351. Gray, Works of, 350. Great Metropolis, the, 302. Greece and Turkey, Residence in, 681, 702. Greek Copy-Book, 548. Greeks, Historical Antiquities of, 577. Grond's Americans, 3, 38. Guide for the Sick Chamber, 529. Guide to German and English Conversation, 288. Guizot's History of European Civilisation, 255. George IV., Diary of the Times of, 828. Hall, James, Works of, 492. Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe, 17. Halliday's West India, 252. Handbook for Travellers in Southern Germany, 524. Hannay and Dietrichsen's Almanac, 752. Harold, Earl, 540. Hatt's Poetical Works, 85. Head's, Sir George, Home Tour, 715, 735. Heart, the Nature and

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Illustrations of Human Life, 174, 191. Imperial Classics, the, 58. Impressions of Poetry, 113. India, Rise and Progress of the British Power in, 416, 736. India, Views in, 778. Indian Reminiscences, 35. Indian Tribes of North America, History of, 217, 238. Indus, Abstract of the Proceedings relative to the Trade and Navigation of the, 505. Inglis's Spain, 192. Infant Education, Remarks on, 377. Infant Schools, Instructions for the Management, &c. of, 377. Inquiry into the Nature and Form of the Books of the Ancients, 506. Intergloss, the, 433. Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries, 17. Investigation, 520. Ion, 782. Ionian Islands, Visit to the, 380. Ireland, Moore's History of, 298; Observations on the Present State of, 113. Irish Collegiate Architecture, 835. Israelites, Departure of the, 85. Jack Brag, 171. Jacob Faithful, 234. Jamaica, the Flora of, 686. James's Naval History, 71. Jane Lomax, 795. Java Question, the, 271. Jeannette Isabella, 398. Jefferson, Thomas, Life of, 224. Jersey, Observations on the Topography, &c. of, 399. Jerusalem and Mount Sinai, Illustrations of, 680. Joan d'Arc, a Slight Sketch of, 8. Johnsoniana, 200. Joseph and Benjamin, 351. Josephine, 451. Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls, 126. Juvenile Budget, 816. Juvenile Scrap-Book, 653.

Kaifer's Case, a Succinct Statement of the, 784. Kay's Works, 685, 764. Keapsake, 716. Kemaon, some Inquiries in the Province of, 56. Kindness in Women, 538. Kingly Vale, 654. Kintaid, 633.

Lady Anabelle, 695. Lafayette, Memoirs, &c. of, 350. La Hogue Bie de Hambie, 25. Laill and Magnun, 495. Lamb, Charles, Letters of, 429, 447. Land Log-Book, 71. Landscape Annual, 671. Lane's Modern Egypt, 545, 680. Lang's History of New South Wales, 512. La Scala, the Star of, 71. Lascelles, Edward, Scenes from the Life of, 395. Latin Epigrams, 784. Lectures on the Nature, &c. of the Medical Profession, 915. Lectures on European Civilisation, 473. Lefevre's Letter to his Constituents, Review of, 271. L'Egypte et la Turquie, 4. Lessons on Form, 529. Letters from an absent Godfather, 801. Letters from the South, 398. Letters to Brother John, 654. Letters to the North, from a Traveller in the South, 185. Letter to the Right Hon. T. S. Rice, 654. Library of Entertaining Knowledge, 209, 784, 835. Library of Useful Knowledge, 572. Library of Fiction, 512. Life Insurance, Science of, 784. Literary Leaves, 620. Literary Varieties, 735. Lithotripsy, Compendium of, 70. Lodge's Genealogy of the Peerage, 688. Logarithmic and Trigonometric Tables to Seven Places of Decimals, 801. London, &c. the Churches of, 494; Sketches of, 801; as it is, 451; a Visit to, 57; Present State of the Claims of, 71; History of, 635. Lord Jesus Christ, the Miracles of the, 309. Louise Seymour, 451. Louis the First, Poems of, 460. Louis XIV., Life and Times of, 795. Love and Steam, 480. Lungs, Practical Treatise on the principal Diseases of the, 224. Lyrics, 571.

Magazine of Domestic Economy, 417. Magnolia, the, 20. Mammon Demolished, 351. Manchester, its Political &c. History, Ancient and Modern, 83. Man, Essay concerning the Nature of, 254. Man's Moral Agency, an Essay on, 271. Manuella, 69. Manual of Entomology, 107. Manual of Conduct, 801. Mary Raymond, 785. Marius Manlius, 154. Margam Abbey, 351. Mariborough, Correspondence of the Duchess of, 809. Marriage the Source and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty, 57. Married Unmarried, 186. Marryat's Novels, 25. Martyrs, Tales of the, 192. Maternal Instructions on the Rite of Confirmation, 389. Mechanics of Fluids, 784. Mediterranean, Herault's Voyages up the, 526. Mediterranean, the Shores of the, 333, 348, 366. Memoiretta Italiana, 654. Meteorology considered in its connexion with Astronomy, 126. Meteorology, Seven Lectures on, 451. Miles, Lieut. H., Biographical Memoirs of, 498. Millwright, 654. Engineer's Pocket Companion, 288. Mirror, 465. Missionary Enterprises, a Narrative of, 307. Modern Geography, a Pocket Guide to, 40. Modern Pythagorean, 813. Monk of Cimies, 113. Morals from the Churchyard, 835. Muffled Drum, the, 8. Murray's Summer in the Pyrenees, 176, 205. Muston's Sermons, 111. My Book, 622. Mythological Inquiry, 457. My Travels, 57.

Nabob's Wife, the, 784. Natiades, a Synopsis of the Family of, 209. Napoleon in Council, 153. Napoleon-Louis, Relation de l'Entrepise du Prince, 71, 537. National Education, 350. Natural History of Birds, Quadrupeds, Fishes, &c. 560. Naturalist, the, 107, 538. Naturalist's Library, 107, 220, 417, 622. Naturalist's Pocket, 350. Negative Partisan, an Essay on the Force of the, 57. New and Conclusive Medical Demonstrations, 451. New Covenant, the Book of the, 49; Annotations to the, 49. New Excitement, 654. Nervous System, Changes produced by Civilisation on the, considered, 768. Nervous System, Sketch of the Comparative Anatomy of the, 70. New South Wales, its Present State, &c. 451. New South Wales, Lang's History of, 512. New South Wales, the Felony of, 320. Nibcock's Latin Dictionary, 68. Nick of the Woods, 302. Notes Abroad, and Rhapsodies at Home, 409. Novels of Nature, 254. Numismatic Journal, 70. Oakleigh Shooting Club, 529. Oasi, a Visit to the Great, 396. Observations on the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Record Commission, 203. Observations on the Preservation of Health, 351. Observations on the Russian Fleet in the Baltic, 498. Observations on the System of Currency adopted in this Country, 209. Old Commodore, 611. Oriental Annual, 688. Outcast, the, a Poem, 85. Outlines of Naval Routine, 835. Oxford, Memorials of, 350.

Palestine and Syria, Travels in, 390. Parliamentary Pledges, Observations upon, 498. Parliamentary Pocket Companion, 768. ParLOUR Book, 271. Parterre for 1836, 71. Parterre, the, 784. Parterre Français, 512. Party, History of, 112, 835. Pascal Bruno, 669. Paynell, 70. Peel's Sir R., Speeches at Glasgow, 113. Peers, Memoirs of, 8, 201. Penmanship, Treatise on, 28. Penny Cyclopaedia, 37, 367. Penn's Book of the New Covenant, 49. Annotations to, 49. Percy's Poems, 289. Peter Parley's Wonders of the Earth's Sea, &c. 563. Petit Precepteur, 113. Phantasmion, 768. Philosophy and Religion, 25, 110. Philosophical and Practical View of the Social Bearing and Importance of Education, 193. Philosophy of Human Nature, 368. Philosophy of Instinct and Reason, 399. Philosophy of Living, 209. Phrenology, a Few Arguments against, 654. Phrenology, an Examination of, 510. Phrenology, Introduction to, 209. Physis, the Fallacy of the Art of, 112. Picrodon, the, 270. Picciola, 122. Pictorial Bible, 35. Pictures of Private Life, 337. Picturesque Annual, 698. Picturesque and Historical Recollections, 368. Pirate of the Gulf, 254. Piscatorial Reminiscences, 441. Piso and the Prefect, 202. Plauti Mechanism, 254. Pocket Lacon, 368. Poetic Genius, &c., Substance of a Lecture on, 835. Poet's Daughter, 368. Poisons, an Analysis of, 269. Policy, England towards Spain, Preface to the 3d edition, 309; Sequel to, 620. Politics of another World, 368. Poor Churchman's Quarterly Magazine, 254. Poor Law Commissioners, Second Annual Report of the, 210. Popular Cyclopaedia, 351, 784. Potter's Grecian Antiquities, 209. Practical Religion, 784. Practical Surgery, 747. Practical Treatise on Warming Buildings by Hot Water, 784. Presbyterian Church in Ireland, History of the, 527. Prescriptions, a Selection of One between Protestants and Roman Catholic Churches, 464. Prison Discipline, 121. Prison-House Unmasked, the, 555. Proofs of the Attributes of God, 209. Pulpit, the, 294, 652. Pyrenees, Sketches in the, 391.

Quarantine Laws, the Evils of, 784. Rabbi Joseph, Chronicles of, 463. Ragusa, Travels of the Duke of, 285. Rambles in Egypt and Candia, 40. Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote, 745. Raumer's Contributions to Modern History, 138, 157. Recollections of Europe, 52. Record Commission, Report from the Select Committee on, 65, 106. Recreations in Retirement, 109. Religion without Gloom, 390. Remarks on the Mathematical or Demonstrative Reasoning, 784. Remarks on the Ecclesiastical Condition of the United Kingdom, 351. Reply to the Anglo-Christiano Pamphlet, 271. Retired Mariner, Retrospect of a, 480. Richardson's Movements of the British Legion, 254. Roman Denarius and English Silver Penny, Essays on the, 619. Rome, an Epitome of Niebuhr's History of, 267. Rookwood, 704. Rory O'More, 249. Rosette and Miriam, 113. Rowland Hill, Select Notes of the Preaching of the Rev., 350. Royal Society, a Letter to the President of the, 761. Royal Society of Literature, Transactions of, 498. Rural Rhymes, 85. Russell, Letter to Lord John, 784.

Sabbatical Verses, 411. Sacred Muse, the, 57. Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, 125, 784. Sacred Songs for British Seamen, 56. Saint Cross, a Poem, 269. Scelta di Prose Italiane, 368. Scenic Annual, 812. Schloss's English Bijou Almanac, 815. Scientific Reader, the, 8. Scotland, Tyler's History of, 441. Scotland, the Picture of, 512. Scott, Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter, 69, 190, 208, 267, 286, 335, 412, 431, 636, 831. Scripture, Illustrations of, 716. Scriptures, Oriental Key to the, 622. Selborne, White's Natural History of, 368. Self-Formation, 377. Selections from the Boatan of Sadi, 836. Semilasso in Africa, 107, 207. Sermons for Children, 102. Seven Ages of England, 547. Shakespeare, on the Sonnets of, 126. Shaw, Col. Charles, Personal Memoirs, &c. of, 427. Shore, Lieut. T., Biographical Memoirs of, 499. Shrewsbury, a Guide to, 464. Shrewsbury, Memorials of, 350. Shrewsbury Harbour, Lines commemorative of the Foundation of, 480. Sinclair, Sir John, Memoirs of the Life, &c. of, 208. Singularity, Thomas, Sketch of the Life of, 71. Skin, Practical Compendium of the Diseases of the, 271, 815. Smuggler, Memoirs of, 8, 801. Snareyow, 379. Society in America, 297, 318. Solitaire, Poems of, 654. Sonnets, 368. Southey's Poetical Works, 665, 731. South Wales, Wanderings and Excursions in, 653. Spain and Barbary, Letters from, 40. Spain, and the

Seat of War in Spain, 399. Spain, a Historical, into the unchangeable Character of a War 1. Spelling-Book of Utility, 126. Spencer's Tra Circassia, &c. 425, 448. Spinal Cord, Observations on the Structure and Functions of the, 734. Spirit of the Woods, 543. Sporting, 779. Spry's Modern India, 220, 239. Squire, the, 705. St. Agnes's Fountain, 401. Staines Institution, last Lecture delivered at, 498. Standard Novels, 433, 578. Star of Seville, 252. State Prisoner, the, 137. Statesmen, School for, 512. Stein-holt, the Curate of, 304. Stevens's Lyrics, 571. Still-ing's Tales, 636. Stirring Stanzas, 705. Stokehill Place, 506. Stratford, a Tragedy, 283. Stratford's English Grammar, 433. Street's Poems, 85. Strictures on the Proposed Poor-Law for Ireland, 271. Student's Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts, 58, 193. Summer in the Pyrenees, 176, 205. Summer Visits to Cottages in a Country Village, 548. Sunday Scholar's Offering, 209. Syntax, Dr., Tour of, 797. System of Teaching Congregations to Sing from Notes, 433. Talents, the Use of, 57. Tales about the Sun, Moon, and Stars, 271. Tales in Prose, 71. Tancred, H. W., Letter to, 193. Taste, Two Lectures on, 113. Taurus, the, 670. Teeth, Plain Instructions on the, 399; Popular Treatise on the, 815; Guide to the Preservation of the, 815. Temples, Ancient and Modern, 367. Temptation, 480. Ten Poems, Batch the Sixth, 85; Batch the Seventh, 209; Batch the Eighth, 490. Terrentil Afri Comedie Sex, 281. Thamus, 85. The Chase, the Turf, and the Road, 209. Thelwall, Life of, 539. Theological Library, 25. Thierrouanne, Memoirs of, 539. Thomas's Burlesque Drama, 562. Thoughts in Times Past tested by subsequent Events, 192. Three Opinions, the, 688. Tithes Commutation Tables, 126. Tobacco, National Impolicy of the High Duty on, 271. Token and Atlantic Souvenir, the, 460. Tour of the Don, 368. Transactions of the Philosophical and Literary Society of Leeds, 433. Transition, 399. Traveller's Thoughts, a, 634. Treatise on Painful and Nervous Diseases, 193. Treatise on the Greek Expictive Particles, 337. Trees, a Familiar Account of, 192. Trelawny of Trelawney, 777. Tribute, the, 553. Trusts and Trustees, a Practical Treatise on the Law of, 347. Truths of Protestantism contrasted, &c. 351. Tullii Ciceronis Orationes, 560. Tumults, Sketches of Popular, 451. Turkey, Greece, &c. 383. Turkish Grammar, 529. Two Brothers, 634. Tyler's History of Scotland, 441. Treaties of Peace, History of, 833. Ulcers, Observations on Treatment of, 71. Uncle Horace, 554. Union Liturgy, 654. Universal Mythology, 835. Vacher's Parliamentary Companion, 126. Vedanta Philosophy, Exposition of the, 190. Venetia, 313. Verba Comili, 768. Verschoyle, 399. Veteran, the, 835. Vicar of Wrexhill, 596. Victims of Society, 232. Virginia Springs, Letters descriptive of the, 610. Vir Sum, or the Lords of the Creation, 339. Viable History, 4. Volcans, Theorie des, 70. Volcanic System, the, 40. Waldenses, the, 368. Wales, a Short History of, 722. Walk, the, 8. Wallace, 698. Wallenstein, Life of, 722. Walsingham, 782. Walton's Complete Angler, 25. Wanderings in Greece, 415. Warming and Ventilation of Buildings, Treatise on, 351. Watering Places, a Guide to the Continental, 126. Weeds of Witchery, 123. Wellesley, Marquess, the Despatches, &c. of, 57, 301, 617. Welsh Saints, an Essay on the, 7. Western Virginia, Sketch of, 368. West Indies, the Natural and Physical History of the, 202. Wheels, a Treatise on the Teeth of, 57. Whitfield, Life and Times of, 688. Widow's Offering, 384. William IV. Life of, 635. Wilson's Tales of the Border, 512. Winkebreid, 512. Winslow's Guide to the College of Surgeons, 8. Wisbaden recommended to the Gouty and Rheumatic, 721. Women, Lives of Celebrated, 398. Woodland Gleanings, 254. Wordsworth's Poetical Works, 25, 113, 209, 334. Wörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache in Beziehung auf Abtammung und Begriffsbildung, 337. Wright's Early English Poetry, 252. Wyon, W. Memoir of the Life and Works of 189; Postscript to, 782. Xeniola, 270.

Young Astronomer, 562. Young Duellists, 254. Young, Duties of the, 835. Young Ladies, Sketches of, 417. Young Minister's Guide, 562. Young Scholar's Manual of Useful Knowledge, 784. Zinzendorf, 415. Zulneda, 2.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Adam's Peak, Excursion to, 689. Anglo-Chinese College, 193. Education: China, 144. Euphrates Expedition, 95, 288, 548, 628, 638, 654. Friar Vincente, the Story of the, 71. Geneva, Letter from, 16. Notes on Passages in Prior's Life of Goldsmith, 689.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### MEETINGS OF SCIENTIFIC BODIES.

Architects, 724. Ashmolean, 194. Astronomical, 40, 290. Botanical, 10, 42, 73, 114, 146, 179, 225, 286, 290, 321, 353, 452, 499, 612, 655, 705, 770, 785. British Association, 308, 418, 562, 578, 585, 601, 622, 630, 656, 672. Civil Engineers, Institution of, 466. Electrical, 418, 434, 452, 459, 476, 705, 723, 752, 785, 818. Entomological, 10, 96, 114, 179, 225, 303, 306, 346, 737, 787. Geographical, 26, 58, 113, 146, 177, 242, 271, 304, 321, 352, 385, 390, 417, 433, 465, 736, 768, 818. Geological, 9, 41, 72, 127, 159, 178, 225, 241, 256, 320, 352, 368, 400, 578, 721, 752, 784; of Cornwall, 706. Horticultural, 499.



# INDEX.

an, 41, 113, 126, 160, 224, 289, 368, 723, 732, 801, 818.  
and Chirurgical, 400. Medico-Botanical, 42, 161.  
Meteorological, 114, 194, 321, 386, 802. Maryle-  
bone, 333, 331, 656.  
Numismatic, 74, 160, 241, 255.  
Ornithological, 38, 242, 271, 330, 451.  
Royal Institution, 38, 72, 113, 126, 242, 289, 304, 336, 351,  
369, 394.  
Society of Arts, 26, 384, 735, 801. Statistical, 42, 127,  
183, 320, 409, 754, 817.  
Western Literature, 785.  
Zoological, 10, 72, 146, 225, 353, 369, 434, 578, 645, 690,  
705, 737, 802.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Africa, and African Expeditions, 483. African Natural  
History, 400, 435. Back, Capt. Return of, 597. Coal  
Finding, 419. Crosses Discoveries, 147, 737. Discovery  
in Science, 35. Egyptian Antiquities, 254. Extract of  
a Letter from Sir J. Herschel, 8. Humboldt, Notes from  
a Notice of the Journey of, 499. Infirmary for Flatula  
and other Diseases, 401. Kensington Palace, Soiree at,  
387. New Philosophy of Motion, 464. New Safety  
Coach, 723. Peat, Compression of, 635. Polar Expe-  
dition, 436.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Perspective, a complete Scientific and Popular Treatise  
on, 73.  
Scientific Memoirs, 73.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### MEETINGS OF LEARNED BODIES.

Antiquaries, 26, 43, 59, 74, 97, 115, 128, 147, 170, 226, 242,  
256, 290, 305, 340, 353, 369, 387, 739, 770, 786, 813, 819.  
Asiatic, 42, 73, 96, 128, 161, 194, 225, 256, 339, 387, 401,  
435, 466, 562, 602, 818.  
Literary Fund, 162, 292, 737.  
Royal Society, 26, 58, 73, 128, 161, 194, 242, 256, 272, 305,  
339, 353, 369, 739, 770, 786, 818. Royal Society of Li-  
terature, 114, 272, 387, 739.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Ancient Welsh Literature, 353. Curious Oriental Literature,  
737. Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in America,  
514. Egypt and India, 578. Encyclopædia Metropoli-  
tana, Blunder in, 706.  
University Intelligence, every week. Announcements of  
Literary and Scientific Meetings, every week.

## FINE ARTS.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Abbotsford Family, 403. Ancient Timber Houses, De-  
tails of, 341. Avening a Blessing, 185.  
Baptism of the Covenanters, 787. Bard, the, 404. Beau-  
tiful Gate of a Castle, 770. Belfast, Twenty-one  
Views in, 27. Bellagio, Lake of Como, 404. Bexley,  
Lord, 419. Birthday, the, 257. British Architects,  
Transactions of the Institute of, 59. Bolton Abbey,  
Scene at, 273.  
Cambridge, Memorials of, 707. Catalogue Raisonné of  
the Works of the most eminent Dutch, &c. Painters,  
436. Chess Players, 227. Children of the Nobility,  
739. Christ Church, Woburn Square, 615. Civil War  
in Spain, 43. Compositions in Outline, 36. Constancy  
in Drawing, 436. Continental Drawing-  
Book, 129. Cooper's Drawing Book, 75. Covenanters, 407.  
Cartoons, Brook's of, 836.  
Dalhousie, Earl of, 115. Daughter, the, 565. Die  
Schachspieler, 227. Domestic Architecture, 27. Down  
Charge, 27. Dresden Gallery, 243, 452. Dudley Castle,  
Views of, 59. Duvernay, Pauline, 115.  
Edinburgh New General Atlas, 162. Egremont, Earl of,  
Portrait, 257. Ellason, E., 452. Elizabethan Archi-  
tecture, Specimens of, 515. Elysian the Sorcerer  
struck Blind, 754. Enamel, some Account of the Art  
of Painting in, 365. Encyclopædia of Ornament, 515.  
Essay on the Education of the Eye, 370.  
Father Confessor, 27. Fest-Kalender, 467. Fighting for  
the Standard at the Battle of Marston Moor, 115. Fin-  
den's Ports and Harbours, 258, 803. Finden's Tableaux,  
676. Forget-Me-Not, 660. Friendship's Offering, 669.  
Genealogical Chart, 676. Goethe's Faust, Outlines to the  
Second Part of, 147, 419. Great Chalfield, History, &c.  
of the Manor House and Church of, 404. Grial, Giulia,  
Portrait of, 243.  
Haddon Hall, History and Antiquities of, 27, 530. Hated,  
291. Hanging Lithographic Drawing Book, 129.  
Head, Sir F. B. 676. Heath's Shakespeare Gallery, 257.  
Heidelberg, 404. Hide and Seek, 257. Hints upon  
Colour, 419. Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne,  
419. Historical and Literary Curiosities, 162, 565. His-  
torical Painting, Outlines of a Plan for the Encourage-  
ment of, 837. H. M. S. Inconstant, 436. Hot Break-  
fast, 549.  
Infant Wesley, 404.  
Kay's Works, 629, 771. King's College, Programme of  
the Opening of, 838. Kirkstall Abbey, Views of, 436.  
Landscape Annual, Illustrations of, 613. Lawrence, Sir  
Thomas, Engravings from the Works of, 129, 580.  
L. E. L., Portrait of, 291. Lewis's Constantinople, 323.  
Loe's on the Birmingham Railway, 676. London,  
Wood's Views in, 615. Looking In, 676. Looking  
Out, 10. Lovely Sisters, 323.  
Maid of Saragossa, 291. Malibran, Portrait of, 227.  
Marcus Curtius, 452. Moore, T., Portrait of, 10.  
Napoleon, the Fall of, 419. Monument decreed to, 839.  
New Hints, 754. Newton, Engravings from the Works  
of, 565. Nisbett, Louisa Crautoun, 754.

On the Beautiful, &c., 570. Opening the Seventh Seal,  
305. Oriental Annual, 620.  
Paul Preaching at Athens, 460. Pearls of the East, 273.  
Perspective, Treatise on, 419. Philosopher in Search  
of the Wind, 676. Pickwick Papers, Pictures from,  
292. Picturesque Annual, 707. Picturesque Illustra-  
tions of Great Britain, 515. Planta, Joseph, 629.  
Political Alphabet, 75. Portraits, &c., of the most  
eminent living Political Reformers, 500, 788. Por-  
traits of the Brood Mares of the Hampton Stud, 837.  
Punctuality, Importance of, 676.  
Queen, 436; Swandale's Portrait of, 564; Chalon's 599;  
Jennings's, 787.  
Remarks on Ancient and Modern Art, 418. Restoration  
of the Roman Forum, 257. Retzsch's Outlines to  
Shakespeare, 258. Rime of the Ancient Mariner, 355.  
Rome and its surrounding Scenery, 258, 754. Ryall's  
Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen, 10, 355,  
644, 730.  
Sale of the Pet Lamb, 404. Salomons, David, Esq., 355.  
Silent Angel, 500. Sketcher's Manual, 676. Smugglers  
Attacked, 601. Snap-Apple Night, 467. South Wales,  
Wandering and Excursions in, 514. Spain, Pictu-  
resque Sketches in, 195, 388; Spain, Sketches in, 436,  
515, 838. Sporting, 787. St. George's Chapel, Inter-  
ior of, 540. Stratford Church, Interior of the Chan-  
cel of, 730. Studies from Nature, 676. Sunday, 59.  
Sunshine of Love, 754.  
Tableaux from Crichton, 388. Tennent, J. E. Esq.,  
Portrait of, 292. Thirty-four Subjects of Cattle, 613.  
Village Church, 549.  
Webster, B., 803. Wellington at Waterloo, 388; Por-  
trait of, 549, 613, 707. West Indian Scenery, 210.  
White Mouse, 419. Widow's Hope, the, 130. Wife,  
the, 613.

## EXHIBITIONS.

British Gallery, 59, 74, 95, 129, 147, 243, 340, 354, 734.  
New Water-Colour Society, 242, 257.  
Pall Mall Gallery, 210.  
Royal Academy, 272, 280, 300, 321, 340, 354, 369; Distri-  
bution of Prizes at, 803.  
Society of British Artists, 179, 194, 210, 226.  
Water-Colour Society, 272, 290.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Architectural, 724, 786. Artist's Benevolent Fund, 300;  
General Benevolent Institution, 403. Artist's and Ama-  
teur's Conversations, 707. Art Union, the, 291. Con-  
stable's Paintings, 436. Discovery of Paintings at Pa-  
dus, 435. Etruscan and Greek Antiquities, 59. Gra-  
phic, 95, 162, 243, 329, 403. Institute of British Archi-  
tects, 43, 387, 401, 452, 786, 819. Lottery of Pictures,  
370. Medal Die Sinking, Discovery in, 51. Medallie  
Engraving, 80. National Monuments, 254, 445, 680, 819.  
New Pigment, 628. Ottley Collection of Engravings,  
370. Painting on Glass, 770. School of Design, 388. So-  
ciety for the Improvement of British Art, 621.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

By Mrs. Gent, 43; Fitzgerald Pennie, 210; Maurice Har-  
court, 211; J. E. Reade, 257; Swain, 258, 788; Alpha,  
436, 404; Johns, 452; Rigel, 613; Eliza Cook, 580,  
645, 707, 724, 771, 788; Tennant Lachlan, 708; Brand-  
reth, 306; and at pages 162, 195, 371, 436, 565, 601.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Abbé de Pradt, 227. Albert, Baron, 739. Bond,  
John Linnell, 724. Constable, Mr. 227. Cummin, Dr.  
William, 274. Daniel, W. 533, 581. Davidson, John,  
1925. Egremont, Earl of, 739, 751. Farnborough,  
Lady, 43. Jekyll, J. 227. Latham, Dr. 97. Lock-  
hart, Mrs. 328. Maddox, J. 227. Mudge, Capt. 483.  
Rees, Owen, 541. Ritchie, Professor, 614, 629. Rosen,  
Dr. 614. Sabine, Joseph, 97. Salisbury, Bishop of,  
130. Sherwood, W. 581. Uwins, Dr. 629. Wesley, S.  
680. Angus, Mr., 638.

## SKETCHES.

American Press, Humours of the, 355. Astrolabe of Sir  
F. Drake, 371. Athens, 800. Beefsteak Club, 227.  
Chapter of Accidents, 629. Conversations at Kenning-  
ton Palace, 323. Description of Etruscan and Greek  
Antiquities, 162. Descriptive, the, 372. Egyptian An-  
tiquities, 163. Elections, 517. Fatal Balcony Acci-  
dent, 483. Friendly Loan Society, 163. Lamb's Opinions  
of Publishing, 436. Meeting of the British Asso-  
ciation, 681. Meteorology, 130, 147. Mummy un-  
rolling, a, 243. Notes on Dr. Spry's India, 581. Onei-  
rodynia, 608. Ruseggur, Extract of a Letter from,  
580. Statistics of Crime, 258. Strange Adventure, 273.  
Streetology, 708. Thug and Thuggee, 515, 531. Von  
Schubert, arrival of, at Alexandria, 211.

## MUSIC.

### CONCERTS.

Ancient Concerts, 163, 179, 275, 307, 323, 341, 388.  
Blagrove's, 292. British Musicians, Society of, 180.  
Chambers', 452. Crofts', 388. De Bognis', 408. Dick-  
son's and Foster's, 388. Drury Lane, 75, 481. Hawes',  
292. King's Theatre, 419. Minasi's, 388. Quartet Con-  
certs, 115, 211, 275. Royal Academy of Music, 163,  
307. Royal Society of Music, 388. Salaman's, 341,  
585, 592. Societa Armonica, 211, 244, 275, 307, 388.  
Vocal Society, 27, 59, 131, 163, 179, 211.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Coronet may gild thy Brow, 75. Albion, 437. Angel  
Woman's Tear, 437. A Wealthy Old Man a Wailing

did go, 582. Beautiful are the Hues, 420. Brilliant Va-  
riations on the Cavatina Casta diva, 75. Child and the  
Hours, 75. Coronal, 75. Corsair, 75. Crescentine, Peer,  
and Pellegrini's celebrated Solfeggi, 244. Double Bass,  
a Guide to the Theory of Practical, 75. England's Hope,  
437. Favourite New Waltz, 75. Ferry, the, 437. Fifth  
Set of Songs, 75. First Set of Songs, 75; of Quadrilles,  
582. Flowers of the Forest, 437. Flowers were never  
half so sweet, 75. Goblin Quadrilles, 565. God save the  
Queen, 833. Grand March, 437. Handel, &c., a Col-  
lection from the Works of, 75. Hero of a Hundred  
Fights, 437. Hey! for the Bonny Braes, 533. Jim  
Crow Quadrilles, 582. Know'st thou the Land? 563.  
Les Brillants, 437. Letter, the, 565. Little Gay De-  
ceiver, 833. Lote Tree, 437. Merry, merry go the  
Bells, 75. Merry Mountain Lasses, 437. My Little  
Barque haste o'er the Deep, 438. My Love is o'er the  
Sea, 533. My Rest is gone, 438. My Switzer Home,  
437. Ode on the Accession of Queen Victoria, 453. Of  
what is the Old Man thinking? 533. Prelude and Fugue,  
582. Quadrilles, 75. Queen of my Soul, 437. Rose,  
the Queen of Flowers, 582. Royal Rose, the, 75. Scot-  
land, Vocal Melodies of, 420. Selection of Psalms and  
Hymns, 517. Shadow of the Heart, 437. Soldier in  
Red and the Sailor in Blue, 75. Songs from a Foreign  
Land, 75. Stevenson, Lament on the Death of, 437.  
The Bright, Bright Wine, 582. 'Twas the Day of the  
Feast, 708. Two Weddings, the, 75. Wake, wake,  
mine own Love, 75. Warrior's Home, 582.

## DRAMA.

### PRINCIPAL NEW PIECES.

Abduction, or the Farmer's Daughter, 97. Absent with-  
out Leave, 565. Advice Grats, 645. Afrancesado, 676.  
Alexander the Great in Little, 518. Amilie, 788. A  
Quarter before Nine, 484. A Quiet Day, 676. Assigna-  
tion, 645. Barbers of Basowra, 740. Bengal Tiger,  
820. Blanche of Jersey, 518. Brian Boromhe, 259.  
Bridal, 420. Brigand of Terracina, 148. Caracatus,  
724. Carlo, or the Idiot Boy, 755. Caspar Hauser, 27.  
Catherine Grey, 355. Child of the Wreck, 661. Cor-  
net, 645. Country Squire, 43. Daughter of the  
Danube, 755. Day at the Carnival, 341. Diana and  
Endymion, 534. Douglas travestied, 116. Down East  
Bargain, a, 60. Dream of the Future, 735. Duchesse  
de la Vallière, 11. Duchess of Vauballiere, 10. Eti-  
quette, 614. Exile of Genoa, 582. Eye on, 11. Fairly  
taken in, 97. Fair Rosamond, 148. Folly and Friend-  
ship, 60. French Refugee, 131. Galante Showman,  
212. Gamester Father, 164. Harlequin Jack a Lan-  
tern, 839. Harlequin Peeping Tom of Coventry, 838.  
Harlequin Silver Sixpence, 839. Hassan Pacha, 131.  
Humours of an Election, 27. Indian Girl, 708. Is she  
his Wife? 164. Ivanhoe, 212. Jack Bragg, 307. Joan  
of Arc, 164. Ladder of the Danube, 212. Ladder of  
Love, 820. Little of the Danube, 212. Ladder of  
Love, 820. Love Chase, 681. Love is Blind, 10. Mabel's  
Curse, 212. Maick Adel, 324. Man with the Nose,  
676. Modern Orpheus, 259. Musical Bore, 11.  
Nervous Man, 533. New Servant, 645. No  
Followers, 582. Nourhedin, 212. Novice, 661.  
Original, the, 740. Parole of Honour, 725. Pascal  
Bruno, 820. Peacock and the Crow, 97. Peculiar  
Position, 232. Perilla of Pippins, 212. Pickwick,  
Peregrinations of, 228. Pierre Bertrand, 804. Pocket  
Book, 645. Postillon, 180. Puss in Boots, 839. Queen  
of the Beggars, 614. Rape of the Lock, 212. Riches,  
or the Wife and Brother, 771. Ringdoves, 804.  
Romantic Widow, 676. Romeo and Juliet, Burlesque,  
212. Rory O'More, 645. Ruth Tudor, 212. Sam  
Weller, 453. Sentinel, the, 131. Spitfire, the, 369.  
Strafford, 292. Swiss Swains, 645. Tale of Tub, 569.  
Temptation, 740. Three Courses and a Dessert, 367.  
Tiger at Large, 300. Valah, 700. Victoire, 788.  
Wager, the, 10. Walter T. Tell, 324. Wanted a  
Brigand, 789. Wapping Old Stairs, 755. Whittington  
and his Cat, 830. Why did you die? 755. Winter-  
bottoms, 389. Young King, 500. Charles Kemble,  
Dinner to, 27.

## SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Adelaide Gallery, 771. Astronomy, Adams' Lecture on,  
116, 180. Battle of Courtrai, 306. Colosseum, 550.  
Luny's, Mr., Pictures, 403. Old Painting, by Correggio,  
306, 803. Panorama, Burford's, 74. Yates's Picture  
Gallery, 306.

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 ad's Hope,  
 457. Fifth  
 Quadrilles,  
 were never  
 and were the  
 k.c., a Col-  
 a Hundred  
 , 533. Jim  
 Land? 563.  
 the Gay De-  
 cerry go the  
 My Little  
 re is o'er the  
 nizer Home,  
 ria, 453. Of  
 rand Fugue,  
 457. Rose,  
 he, 73. Scot-  
 f Psalms and  
 Soldier in  
 om a Foreign  
 death of, 457.  
 se Day of the  
 Wake, wake,  
 2.

Absent with-  
 ancesado, 678.  
 onthe, 788. A  
 , 678. Assign-  
 Bengal Tiger,  
 oromhe, 329.  
 i. Caractacus,  
 ar Hauser, 27.  
 ck, 661. Cor-  
 aughter of the  
 il. Diana and  
 6. Down East  
 723. Duchene  
 where, 10. Ed-  
 son, 11. Fairly  
 ally and Friend-  
 ntree Showman,  
 in Jack a Lan-  
 f Coventry, 828.  
 an Pacha, 131.  
 irti, 708. Is she  
 frag, 307. Joan  
 , 10. Mabel's  
 with the Nose  
 sical Bore, 11.  
 ant, 645. No  
 Novice, 861.  
 ur, 725. Pascal  
 , 97. Peculiar  
 212. Pickwick,  
 und, 894. Pocket  
 oots, 830. Queen  
 s, 212. Richer,  
 Ringdove, 894.  
 Juliet, Burlesque,  
 212. Sam  
 spithire, the, 330.  
 Tale of a Tub, 468.  
 und a Desert, 307.  
 u. Victoire, 738.  
 724. Wanted a  
 , 735. Whittington  
 he, 735. Winter-  
 Charles Kemble,

# DON.

Adams' Lecture on,  
 i. Colosseum, 550.  
 diting, by Corregio,  
 4. Tate's Picture

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 mous, with facies,  
 abet.

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 head weekly.  
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